

# THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

ROCKLAND GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1846.  
ROCKLAND COURIER ESTABLISHED 1874.

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## THE COURIER-GAZETTE

By PORTER & FULLER.

W. O. FULLER, JR., EDITOR.  
A MODERN PAPER.

An exchange asserts that Mexico is a country with a future before it. This is important if true. Most futures are behind.

The Crow Indians have become civilized enough to bale up rocks with their hay.—*Exchange.* Another example of caws and effect.

"Secretary Chandler prefers Worms to Flies," reads a head-line in the Portland Advertiser. Evidently he has never been much troubled with flies.

Eli Perkins was attacked by a hotel keeper in New York state last week, and fired out of the house. Probably the hotel man had just been hearing Eli lecture.

President Arthur has the advantage of ordinary fishermen. Several newspaper reporters accompanied him to Florida. It's an easy thing to catch big fish when a newspaper does the lying.

Gen. Butler denies that he has presidential aspirations. That makes it easier. We had begun to fear that the General had his eye (the straight one) on that coon, and it had got to come down.

The papers of the state, with commendable enterprise and a wonderful degree of unanimity, have during the past week been presenting their readers with supplements, containing the laws enacted by the last legislature.

"I notice you spell 'program,' 'quartet,' 'quintet,' and such words in the new spring style," said a caller; "now why don't you be consistent with the name of your paper?"

"How so?" we asked.  
"Spell it COURIER-GAZET."  
Sure enough—why don't we?

Type Founder Bruce has been fined \$3792 for trifling with the affections of a young woman. Well, there is a satisfaction in knowing that with the present war prices on type Mr. Bruce is abundantly able to pay. We are glad of one thing—we don't need to match up any type from Mr. Bruce's specimen-book. He will doubtless be out of sorts for some time to come.

Last week a New York boarding-school girl named Gould ordered a burglar alarm sent to her by mail. When the machine was dropped into the mail-box it exploded. The news spread like fire that an attempt had been made to blow up Jay Gould's daughter with an infernal machine. Why anybody should want to blow up Jay Gould's daughter with an infernal machine was a mystery, but there was no need of excitement. If she had received such a machine she would have put it in a bucket of water that her father uses to water stock with and it would have been harmless. But the people didn't stop to think of that, and it looked at one time as if it would be necessary to call out the troops.

What came near being an affair occurred in New York last week between two dudes. One of them was mashed on an actress, and sent her bouquets until his money ran low, when he induced the other dude who was rich to take a corner in the speculation, furnishing the bouquets in return for a promised introduction. The second dude came down handsomely, but finally discovered that his friend was imposing upon the noblest attributes of the human heart by sending the bouquets in his own name. The deluded dude said that for such a deadly blow aimed at the very foundation of the sacred edifice of friendship blood alone could atone, and he armed himself with a rattan cane and gave out that he should commit murder on sight. The friends of both parties, learning of the deadly encounter that was inevitable—as the other dude had bought a toy pistol and carried it in his hand inside his pocket—interfered to prevent bloodshed, and the chances are that nothing serious will result. It is stated upon unimpeachable authority that the murderous rattan cane which was forcibly wrested from the second dude, weighed nearly an ounce and a

## REWARD OF MERIT.

The city council of Rockland have shown their appreciation of real talent by electing the editor of this paper a Pound Keeper. For years we have yearned for a sphere in which our peculiar talents could enjoy free and untrammelled exercise. At last it is found. While we are by no means insensible of the honor which falls upon us, we are fain to remember with, we trust, a pardonable degree of pride, that the honor is thrust upon us and is entirely unsought. And yet (we say it modestly) the responsibilities could not have been entrusted to worthier hands. For two years Rockland has been totally unprotected in this direction. No longer shall this be thus. Having taken a solemn oath of allegiance, and duly filed the bond in such cases made and provided, we enter upon our duties with a firm trust in the destiny that controls all government, and conscious that our official acts, so long as they do not overstep the bounds of the constitution, will be upheld by the intelligent voters of all parties. There are animals freely treading the avenues of our city that need pounding, and we are prepared to do it. Only last week a loose horse stopped opposite a house where a North-end woman had just hung out a choice assortment of white clothes fresh from the wash, and with malice aforethought kicked up his hind legs and filled those clothes full of mud. The next day a stray cow ran into a dude who was taking his cane out for an airing, and bunting him violently out into the muddy street, totally ruined a very choice pair of the tightest pants that ever kept a man from sitting down. Atrocities of this sort are of too frequent occurrence. The clotheslines and dufes of our city must be kept sacred. This task we shall endeavor to execute, if we have to pound the everlasting hide off of every sore-backed hoss in Rockland.

One of the most notable features of French journalism is the clearness and perspicuity with which it follows the many turnings of American politics, keeping the French public intelligently informed upon the salient points of our national political history. For an example we quote from a recent issue of *Le Temps*: "It is known that custom in the United States generally invests a member of the delegated party with the functions of the Vice Presidency—purely honorary under ordinary circumstances which acquire real importance only in case of the death of the Chief of State. With Vice President Arthur, temporary heir of General Garfield, the Democratic party therefore entered the White House, and has since been able to pull the thousand wires which the possession of power places in the hands of rulers. The most important decision—that for President of the Union—is often determined by a very small majority. The next to the last President, Mr. Hayes, carried it by only one vote, and, moreover, the count occupied more than a year, during which the Union found itself without an official chief."

The new two-cent stamp will be blue, and the green three-cent retiree after honorable service of fourteen years. Shortly after the latter came into use, a rumor was current that the green ink used in their use was poisonous. A newspaper joker said: "Thousands of people have died since the green stamps came into use." And so they had, but the joker didn't say what caused their death. But people were scared, and said they wouldn't gum no stamps. So they would put down their three cents at the postoffice delivery window, make the clerk paste on the stamp, and then stand back and watch for him to drop down in a fit. But somehow he never dropped.

Bishop Marly of Dakota, the leading Indian missionary of the United States, is in Milwaukee, and says he has converted Sitting Bull to the Catholic faith and is on the eve of receiving him into the church. The interesting event will take place early in May. About 400 Indians, it is said, will follow their chief's example.

The annual session of Good Templars at Lewiston last week was well attended. B. C. Torsey was elected Chief and George E. Brackett of Belfast Secretary. This latter choice is especially good. Brackett has filled the office seven years, and has done a big work for the order—which now numbers over 20,000 members.

With today's paper we present our readers the full text of all laws enacted by the last legislature. It is exciting reading.

Some of the "genuine maple sugar" in the market by any other name would taste as sweet.

## HE FORGOT IT.

The *Maine Industrial Journal* says: "Three thousand acres of land on Isle au Haut have been recently purchased by a syndicate and negotiations are pending for more. The island contains seven thousand acres, has a shoreline of twenty-four miles and a highland range through the centre six hundred feet high. The island is distant 25 miles from Rockland and 40 miles from Bar Harbor. The purchasers are residents of Chicago, New York and Boston. There is a valuable mineral spring on the island." It is to be hoped this scheme will result in more practical good than the one attempted in 1877. A man named Montgomery—a benevolent looking party with gray whiskers—made Rockland his headquarters, in that year, and lived here nearly all summer upon the pleasant fiction that he had bought this island, and was going to convert it into a summer resort of colossal proportions, making it only a question of time with Mount Desert. We believe he did enter into some sort of negotiations with Isle au Haut people, and started on preliminary "improvements"—for all of which the islanders are still unpaid. Montgomery subsequently went to Portland and was editor of a greenback paper. We tried to urge upon his unfettered attention the favorable impression which we would receive of his promptness and reliability if he would settle a six-months bill for printing some doggers. He wrote us that in the bustle and confusion incident to publishing a great family newspaper in the heat of a political campaign he was fearful the matter might entirely escape his recollection. As indeed it did.

Woodstock, N. B., has had its usual fire. It is a very cold year when Woodstock doesn't have a big fire.

On request we republish on an inside page one of the very best things ever written by Bob Burdette—"How the Brakeman Went to Church." It is worthy a place in anybody's scrap-book.

For the benefit of former residents of Rockland, who have for many years been separated from the city of their birth, and whose every feature they hold in fond and loving remembrance, we would state that the spring mud remains as constant and unchanged as a plugged quarter.

Grotius, the three hundredth anniversary of whose birth was celebrated at Delft a few days ago, was one of the greatest men of his age. He was a statesman, a philosopher and a jurist, and the founder of international law. His chief work, entitled *Mare Liberum*, advocated the necessity and justice of free navigation upon the high seas—a principle upon which the prosperity and growth of commerce was founded, and with which it is now inextricably bound up. This year is also the anniversary of Raphael, who was born in 1483; of Irving, who was born in 1783, and of Luther—the greatest of them all, who first saw the light at Eisleben, on the 10th of November, 1483.

## COUNTY FINANCES.

Correspondence Boston Journal.

An examination of the Treasurers' reports of all but one county in Maine shows a healthy condition in each. Seven of these counties have no bonded debt, and six of the others have decreased their bonded indebtedness during the year. All had a surplus of cash on hand to commence the new year with, and the county of Cumberland had about twice as large a treasury balance as would be required to pay its outstanding bonds. Kennebec county had also an excess of resources over liabilities and a surplus in the treasury of more than one-half enough to pay all its outstanding bonds. The following table will show the liabilities, resources and bonded debt of the several counties from which returns have been obtained:

	Liabilities.	Resources.	Bonded Debt.
Androscoggin	\$95,970.64	\$20,190.56	\$75,780.08
Aroostook	17,549.93	16,725.69	17,000.00
Cumberland	27,152.08	74,216.28	35,000.00
Franklin	1,094.31	11,150.73	0.00
Hancock	287.50	6,989.44	0.00
Kennebec	28,145.28	32,786.10	23,000.00
Knox	86,820.12	1,691.93	80,000.00
Oxford	1,266.67	6,133.53	0.00
Penobscot	84,949.69	56,541.38	47,500.00
Piscataquis	9,633.15	6,312.16	0.00
Sagadahoc	64,000.00	26,682.96	51,500.00
Somerset	6,241.92	3,224.63	5,500.00
Waldo	5,963.94	5,320.66	0.00
Washington	8,510.57	8,510.57	0.00
York	1,321.96	16,888.86	0.00
Total	\$399,100.75	\$271,005.67	\$344,000.00

The total valuation of these fifteen counties as fixed by the last commission, is \$228,976,274, or an average of \$15,265,085 to each county, while the liabilities will only average \$8,543.33. During the past year Androscoggin decreased its bonded debt \$8,224.43; Aroostook, \$4,500; Kennebec, \$3,100; Penobscot, \$4,500; Piscataquis, \$3,121.02; Somerset, \$815; and Washington, \$1,000, leaving no indebtedness in the last named for the present year. The several counties also commenced the year with the following sums in their treasuries: Androscoggin, \$12,048.69; Aroostook, \$1,955.02; Cumberland, \$51,173.63; Franklin, \$3,817.36; Hancock, \$1,275.74; Kennebec, \$14,270.80; Knox, \$1,579.04; Oxford, \$5,703.88; Penobscot, \$18,488.09; Sagadahoc, \$3,846.17; Somerset, \$493.52; Waldo, \$748.75; Washington, \$7,711.22; York, \$4,149.96.

## DYNAMITE DEVILTRIES.

Boston Traveller.

No sane person can doubt the truth of Mr. Michael Davitt's assertion that "the dynamite policy can have only the effect of exasperating the English democracy," or that, indeed, "it would be far better to work and wait for another twenty years than to play into the hands of Ireland's enemies by giving rein to despair and revenge." Whether the chronic grievance which the Irish people have cherished against the English from the time of Elizabeth down to the present day is or is not a legitimate one, is a matter with which we as Americans have no concern further than the expression of our sympathy with the wronged and down-trodden gaoth. If Ireland is indeed wronged, and there appears to be a substantial foundation for the belief that in some measure, at least, she is, she certainly has no individual commiseration, though as a nation we ought not nor can we afford her any aid or comfort. It is not for us to interfere in any foreign broils; in this respect it is simply our duty to follow the Washington basis pointed the way. As honest and consistent journalists, however, while wishing well to every cause which has for its object the advancement of the people, we cannot refrain from saying our face and entering our protest against the course which has been urged and is indeed pursued by many of the so-called friends of Ireland—who, as it would appear, have not the best interests of the Irish people at heart, but who are simply laboring to gain a personal notoriety—who are nothing more or less than dynamite fiends, and who are infinitely worse than were the petroleum fiends of Paris.

It is an axiom almost as old as the everlasting hills, that two wrongs do not make one right, and in this view of the case the question naturally arises, How is the Irish cause to be benefited by the destruction of public buildings, the demolition of cherished monuments, or the sacrifice of innocent life? In short, what is to be gained by dynamite? Supposing the office of the London Times, with all its valuable equipment, should be destroyed, would it be a gain to the world? Would it be a gain to the Irish people? Would it be a gain to the English people? Would it be a gain to the world? The effect would be simply to strengthen the hands of the nation, to knit its more closely together, and to cause it to rise in its might as one man. We are not without experience of this nature in our own country, and every one remembers how the entire North felt together, during the rebellion, when it was known that Southern emissaries were attempting to fire our great commercial cities; then the rank and file of the nation rose up and the radical republicans, the pro-slavery and the pro-secessionists became as one in sentiment, and all animosities were buried in the universal sentiment of national and personal preservation.

And so it will be found to be in England. There are in the large cities of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham many Irishmen and those of Irish descent, who, albeit gaining their bread from the Briton, unquestionably take the woes of Ireland to heart; and there are many Englishmen of the working classes, ripe for a democracy, who sympathize with them,—so long as the Irish leaders confine their efforts in the cause within the bounds of reason and civility on the plane of law and order—and create a strong moral sentiment. But in the face of such splendid outrages as have been committed, Mr. Davitt, who is evidently a far-seeing man, is correct when he says that the dynamite policy can have only the effect of exasperating the English democracy. Again, the resort to a policy of destruction does not show the hopelessness of a cause, but simply its weakness. The attempt to blow the houses of Parliament and the Houses of the Empire into the air, for the moment, create a temporary panic among the people; but neither that, nor the threats which accompany it, can have the effect of intimidating the government, or the leaders of the Irish cause, (whether they be guilty or not of participation in these monstrous atrocities), in the words of the *Banished Duke*:

"What would you have? Your gentlemen's more than your force move us to gentleness."

The cause of civilization was never advanced by the commission of unholy acts. The cause of Ireland can never be helped by a resort to unnecessary bloodshed or the doing of desperate deeds. The dynamite demon, with his dastardly devices, is, indeed, playing "into the hands of Ireland's enemies by giving rein to despair and revenge." He is more closely riveting the fetters which his country wears; he is alienating from her cause all those sympathies which are always ready to give to the distressed and the oppressed; and he is creating a revulsion of feeling in all breasts, which is more hostile to Ireland and Irishmen than any hostility that was ever engendered in the past. For such a fiend no punishment can be too severe; no course too bitter.

The sentiment of the United States with regard to these outrages seems to have been voiced, and well voiced, by Mr. Lowell, our Minister, when on Saturday night last in London he said at the banquet of the Corporation of Civil Engineers, "that no American, any more than an Englishman, believes that assassination is war, or that dynamite is the raw material of policy," and every true American will feel that applauding that sentiment to every echo. In some inopportune words spoken by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it is attempted in some degree to hold this country responsible for the outrage. This is foolish, and we have every cause to suppose that our countrymen spoke with more haste than discretion. In any event, it could not be aware of the tone of the most influential journals of the country in reference to the matter, who have condemned the perpetration of these outrages with unflinching severity. Our country knows her duty in this matter, and she will not shrink from the proper performance of it. There is soon to be held in Philadelphia a convention of delegates from all parts of the country, of the friends of Ireland, to act in the best interests of her cause. Let them show to the world at large that they are indeed what they purport to be, friends of Ireland, by condemning, with all that strength of language to which sorrow gives words, the acts of the assassin and the deeds of the dynamite demon.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "DUDE."—The just now popular word dude, meaning an empty headed, languid-mannered young swell who bangs his hair, proves to be no foreign importation, but, like many another expressive term, to be of good New England parentage. The word (pronounced in two syllables) has been used in the little town of Salem, N. H., for twenty years past and it is claimed was coined there. It is common there to speak of a dapper young man as "a little dude," of a sweetheart as "my dude" and of an aesthetic youth of the Wilde type as a dude. But how the word attained so sudden and widespread a notoriety puzzles Salem. Its revival at New York is credited to a disgusted Englishman, who remarked, after visiting a rich club, that the young men were all "dudes."

## Murderous Legislation in Maine.

Boston Advertiser.

Fatal blows at the body as well as at the bottle were given during the recent session of the Maine legislature. Here are two sections of a bill just enacted:—  
"Sec. 13. Any officer or agent of any society for the prevention of cruelty to animals may take possession of any old, maimed, disabled, diseased, or injured horse or other animal not properly cared for, and may have the same valued by two reputable persons, called by him to view such horse or other animal, whereupon he may destroy, or cause to be destroyed such horse or other animal."

Sec. 19. In this act, the word animal shall be held to include every living creature.  
As the law stands, therefore, men, women, or children who can be described as old, maimed, disabled, diseased, or injured, if not properly cared for, are liable to be destroyed, after being viewed and valued by two reputable persons. The horrors of the Inquisition pale before this flesh example of legal ferocity, and it will be worth while to view and value this enactment which concerns every living creature in Maine, and has an interest for every citizen in New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, if not in Rhode Island and Connecticut. Laws are to be scrutinized literally and not romantically, or in an imaginative way, and the work of the Maine legislators must be subjected to the dispassionate test of precise reading and construing. These are some of the disasters that will follow the enforcement of the statute—

Confer the tremendous discretion committed to any officer or agent of any society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He is to decide as to age and disability, as to what constitutes a maimed person who is to view and value, and then he is to destroy or cause to be destroyed, "such horse or other animal." An army of potentates is thus created. In short, the State of Maine is henceforth divided into two classes of officers or agents, and every living creature within the borders of the State to whom age or infirmity may come. Happily, however, as the statute stands, any agent may pass judgment on any other agent, for these agents are living creatures, and judges whether he is aged or wounded and properly cared for. The agent of the Meddysbemps Society for the Prevention of Cruelty may have come to Portland to see the Great Eastern or other novelty, and be pounced upon, if he get exhausted or lame by walking on the pavements, by a resident agent, viewed, valued and destroyed; for, of course, wandering alone through the city, he could not be held to be properly cared for. But this remark is merely a judicial aside, not for the jury to hear.

The statute invites to fraud and violence. The agent can be corrupted, and be bribed to neglect and neglect and injuries in a way to suit designing connections or political enemies. The mind starts back from picturing the dire results that may follow this legislation. On due respect, let the possible experience of a prominent citizen be portrayed. The father of prohibition, Neal Dow, is a living creature. Suppose he visit a remote hamlet full of anti-prohibition "village Hampdens." What easier matter than for the local agent of the society to prevent cruelty to organize a conspiracy. In his limitless discretion the agent, deciding that Mr. Dow is old and not properly cared for, summons two citizens, whom he, in his further and judicial discretion, calls reputable. The champion of prohibition is viewed, valued and destroyed. No human law has been broken, and the triumph of the anti-prohibitionists is complete. It is not difficult to imagine divers devices of this sort. Any objectionable persons can be disposed of, and the end will be that societies for the prevention of cruelty will be formed on every hill-top and in every valley and during every day will anger and play havoc with the peace of mind of the community. Discretion, as made possible by this law, will be almost an object of worship.

The gravest feature of this legislation is the spirit of usurpation which pervades it. Maine has tried to take the universe under her control. "In this act the word animal shall be held to include every living creature." What does that mean, unless it signify that any agent of any society formed in Maine is to have jurisdiction over the millions upon millions who populate this planet and other worlds? There is something grand in the thought that Soemmer W. Smith of Plantation, in the State of Maine, may, in his discretion, judge that the King of the Cannibal Islands is old and not properly cared for; that thereupon he may call upon two of his neighbors, if their expenses are paid, will proceed to view, value and destroy with dynamite that monarch. When the Maine lawmakers passed this measure they fired a legal shot to be heard round the world.

## PERSONAL POINTS

Concerning People More or Less Known to Rockland People.

A large number of Rockland people are in Boston this week.

Mrs. M. A. Bacheider, the artist, of Boston, is in the city for a few weeks.

Gen. Tillson arrived home from Florida Friday, his family stopping in New York.

Chas. A. Stone and wife have returned from their winter's sojourn in Enterprise, Fla., and are now in Gardiner.

We are pleased to see Capt. Mark Ingraham 1st. Pilot of steamer Cambridge, out again and fast recovering from his injuries.

H. Sanford Flint started for New York Saturday, and will accompany Capt. Colcord on schooner John S. Case on her trip to Baracoa.

Miss Helen M. Snow, of this city, has been re-engaged at a good salary to play the organ at a Newton, Mass. Church for the coming year.

Mrs. James Sullivan and sister, Miss Julia C. Reilly, are in the New York and Boston markets securing spring styles for their coming millinery opening.

While in Boston last week, Rev. Mr. Philbrook slipped and fell on Washington street, severely injuring his knee. Luckily the injury was not serious.

A new piece of piano music entitled "Vals Melodique," composed by the celebrated Richard Hoffman of New York, is dedicated to Miss Etta I. Bailey, formerly of this city.

We are pleased to learn that Capt. Chas. Allen is fast recovering from his recent attack and will soon be home from Augusta. He has written a letter home which shows how rapid his recovery has been.

Z. Pope Vose, formerly editor of the *Gazette*, writes a long letter to the editor of the *Gospel Banner*, which Dr. Quinby prints. It strongly deprecates the recent enactment of the death penalty by the Maine legislature.

E. P. Mayo of the *Shewhagan Reporter*, who is in Florida, in a letter to his paper describes a visit to Magnolia on the St. Johns river, and says in that place is probably the best hotel in the whole South. It is under the management of Mr. Seavey, who opened the Elmwood at Waterville two years ago. At this house he met Hon. A. P. Gould and his beautiful young wife, and Congressman Dingley and party from Lewiston were there for a little while.

## MR. ROMER.

How He Gently Prevails Upon His Boy Not to Run Away.

A report was current on the street Saturday that a man residing on "the Point below" had been pulled for keeping his little boy tied up by the thumbs all night, and committing other barbarities. A C.-G. reporter found out the following particulars, which, though not quite so bad as the rumors, are yet too bad for civilized communities.

Friday afternoon the city authorities were informed that a man named Moses C. Romer, residing in the "Long House" on the Point, was abusing his child in a shameful manner. Officer Mank proceeded to the locality, and entering the house, found the son of Romer, a boy aged eight years, tied hand and foot, his hands being fastened behind him, lying on his back on a chest with nothing beneath him to ease his uncomfortable position. The officer immediately released the little fellow, who was crying bitterly. The boy was fastened with a half-inch rope, which was drawn so tight as to sink half its thickness into his flesh, and both hands from the rope down were swollen and of a dark purple color. After freeing the little prisoner the officer left the house, and procured a warrant for the arrest of Romer, and returned just in time to see his man enter the house, upon which he hurried forward and heard him ask the boy who released him. The boy told him, and the man was preparing to tie him again, when Mank entered, and showing his warrant attempted to take the man into custody, which, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in doing.

Saturday forenoon Romer was brought before Judge Hicks, and the wife and children, two in number, summoned. Officer Mank testified as above and the boy was then questioned. He gave his name as Austin Romer, and said he was eight years old; that his father tied him Friday morning just after breakfast, and then went away and left him till dinner time, when he was untied while eating, and was then refastened and left till found by Officer Mank, at about five o'clock. He said that his father always tied him tight, and that the punishment was for running away from the house; that on Friday his father slapped his little sister who was younger, for spilling water which she was bringing him to drink. Mrs. Romer testified that her husband tied the boy about eight o'clock Friday morning, and that she unfasted him several times during the forenoon, but that in the afternoon she was away from the house, so that she could not unfasten him, and that on her return at four o'clock she did not dare to free him. She said that her husband had never whipped her, but had threatened her frequently, and had in fact made certain threats Friday morning. She said that the boy ran away several times, and the last time was gone a day and night, spending the night in a lime-kiln, and was brought home by a neighbor. Both the boy and the mother were evidently in great fear of the husband.

Romer himself then testified, giving his name as Moses C., and that he hailed from Bangor, his father's name being Reuben Page, residing on the corner of Market and Willow streets north of Kenduskeag stream, and that he was adopted when three months old by Capt. Wm. Romer, whence the name he now bears. He stated that he was a model parent and believed in bringing up his boy so as to be an honor to the community. The boy was in the habit of running away and he had been advised to whip him, but as he didn't believe in such methods he reasoned with him in a gentle and kindly way, but all to no purpose. So to keep him from falling into bad company, he very considerably and humanely tortured the poor boy as described. Romer claimed that he did not tie the boy tightly, and to show that the method used by him was not cruel, told of a whipping he received once when a boy. "Why," said he, "I was sick for three weeks and couldn't help myself. That was a thrashing worth talking about."

Mr. Romer, who was very garrulous, informed the court that this was his second wife. His first wife, according to his testimony, is dead, but is, according to common report alive. In reply to the question of the Judge as to the name of his first wife before marriage, he answered that he did not know, that it had entirely escaped his memory. He proceeded to give scraps of his own history, all of which tended to show that he was in every respect a pattern of goodness. On one occasion, he shipped on a vessel and the captain became very much attached to him, and while lying at one of the ports of Chili had him put in jail to keep, as he was afraid he would desert the ship and start for California; and he thought so much of him that he could not bear to part with him. He was bound over in \$300 bonds to appear at the September term of court.

This same man was before the police court a few months ago for knocking down and abusing his children, and was discharged on promise of good behavior and better treatment in the future. The neighbors report rough and brutal treatment of the children. It is said that at times he boxes the boy up to punish him, keeping him shut up for hours. The wife is sickly and unable to work. The little children are bright, intelligent and interesting. The man is a brutal, ignorant appearing fellow and should be taken care of.

Unity of Action, concord, sympathy and goodfellowship are admirable traits in human character; but they will not heal our physical infirmities. Catarrh, for example, stubbornly resists their effects or influence. In fact this malady withstands all of its would-be destroyers, except Ely's Cream Balm. "Solitary and alone" this Balm stands as the only recognized and infallible specific for Catarrh. "For fifteen years," says J. B. Chase, St. Denis Hotel, B'way and 11th St., N. Y., "I have been greatly annoyed with a disgusting catarrh. My sense of smell, not to mention other troubles, became much impaired. A thorough use of Ely's Cream Balm has cured me of these troubles. It is not a liquid or snuff, and is easily applied. Only 50 cents a package."

## DENOMINATIONAL RAILROADS.

A Brakeman Gives us His Opinion of Churches as he Finds Them.  
*Burlington Hawkeye.*

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of a "Buddhist Temple at Benares."

To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."  
"Yes," I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.  
"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said. "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch, Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.  
"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2 extra for a seat; fast time, and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too expensive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.  
"Broad-gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are vague, though, and the trainmen don't get along well with the passenger. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.  
"Narrow-gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to get straight through for the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rails."

Maybe you joined the free-thinkers," said I.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road-bed, no ballast; no time-card and no train-dispatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-tracks and every switch well open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road runs to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said nobody. I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said, 'he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it.'"

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.  
"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it, steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; aint a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan-house air-brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church," said I.

"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road, beautiful

curves, sweeps around everything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a single side track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; river roads always do; river on one side, and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday when the conductor came round for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me; but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want!"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting: "Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

## MODERN CREDULITY.

Absurdities Implicitly Believed by Many People.

At Madeley in Staffordshire, England, in 1867, a man went into a neighbor's house, and there found a child troubled with severe cough. The father had delayed sending for a doctor until he had tested the efficacy of a remedy which he declared had never failed. This remedy or charm consisted in cutting a few hairs from the part of the patient's head where it joins the neck, placing them between two thin slices of bread-and-butter, and giving them to a dog to eat. Resisting his neighbor's expostulation at such an absurdity, the father of the child administered this delectable sandwich to a dog; if the animal had sickened, a doctor for the child would have been sent for; but as Rover did not seem to care much about it, the invalid was left to recover without medical aid.

In the same year, a whole family held firm to a belief that they were visited by beings of very exceptional character—sometimes a human creature carrying his head under his arm; sometimes a headless being that descended the chimney; sometimes a headless couple that tossed the beds and the inmates about, and made havoc with the furniture. Neither ridicule nor serious talk could shake them in this belief; they declared themselves to be bewitched, and that relief could only be found by drawing blood from the person supposed to be the witch. Unfortunately for her, the foolish people suspected a woman named Jane Ward, who lived a door or two off. The father pounced upon her one day, held her firmly, and cut her hair with a knife. The family professed to be at once relieved by this mode of breaking the spell; they all slept well that night, which they declared they had not done for some time previously. Jane Ward of course did not approve of such an extraordinary proceeding; and the magistrate committed the man on a charge of cutting and maiming.

About the same period, the law had to mete out justice to an evil-doer, who had met with a dupe of almost incredible silliness. A laboring man whose wife had an attack of paralysis, believed that she was "ill-wish'd" by some one—apparently a modification of the old belief in the "Evil Eye." Having heard of a woman possessing magic power, he went and sought her out, as a means of ascertaining who was the ill-wisher. The "wise woman" was equal to the occasion. She told him that his wife would have to gather certain herbs in the church-yard for twenty-one nights. Moreover, certain powders were to be burnt in the fire, one in the morning and one in the evening, and the ninety-first Psalm was to be read during the burning; a "skin" was to be worn round the neck, put on for the first time on a Sunday. A piece of parchment was given to him under the name of a "charm," bearing cabalistic signs or hieroglyphics, with a few sentences—"Whosoever beareth this sign, all spirits will do him homage;" "This sign against witchcraft, putrid infections and sudden death;" "Whoso beareth this sign need fear no foe;" "This is a sign against witchcraft and suicide and evil demons." The man lent a willing ear to all this; and as he had saved a little money, he became a dupe to the wise woman, who fleeced him. As his wife became more "ill-wish'd" than ever, or, at any rate, more paralyzed, his eyes were opened a little; he told his grievances to a magistrate, and imprisonment with hard labor was allotted to the wise woman.

A delusion, at once sad and ludicrous, took hold of a youth a few years ago. He was subject occasionally to epileptic fits, and anxiously sought for preservatives from his malady. On one occasion he was known to stand outside a church, and collect a penny each from thirty unmarried women, wherewith to purchase a ring to wear as a charm against fits!

In 1870 a woman was suddenly attacked by an old man, who scratched her with a needle, drew blood and exclaimed: "You have had power over me long enough, and now I will be revenged!"

The aid of a magistrate being obtained, the old man declared that he had suffered affliction through her for four years, that he had had four complaints about him at once, that he had lost fourteen canaries and about fifty goldfinches; and "more than a hundred persons" had told him that he would get rid of all his troubles if he could only "fetch" the blood of the old woman. He was rather disconcerted at being punished for adopting this singular mode of disenchanting himself.

The belief in a mysterious power attributed to a corpse by some old superstitions is almost incredible. At Bewdley, in the year just named, a man was found drowned in the Severn. When the inquest was over, a woman came, bringing with her a boy afflicted with many unsightly wens on the neck. She begged permission to draw the boy's hand nine times over the deceased man's throat, in order that, as the body decayed

and wasted away, so might the boy's wens! The chief constable (rather unwise, we think) acceded to this strange request. About the same time a Suffolk man died of typhoid fever, and superstition led to deplorable consequences. An old "wise woman" persuaded a neighbor, whose son was afflicted with some disease, to submit the diseased part of the boy's body to the touch of the dead man's hand. The typhoid was communicated to the poor boy, from him to other members of the family, and from them to the neighbors; several deaths occurred, and the village long remained in a tainted state.

In the same year, a well-to-do farmer, a shrewd man of business, was troubled with a strange fatality among his cattle. Believing that they had been "overlooked" by a witch, he applied to a "wise woman" to remove the spell. Acting on her advice, he heaped up a pile of fagots around the body of the animal that had last died, buried the carcass, and pronounced over it an incantation she had provided. A veterinary surgeon was also called in. The remainder of the herd recovered; but the farmer and his neighbors attributed the good result to the "wise woman" rather than to the surgeon.

On one particular Monday morning in 1874, the pitmen at Bedworth Colliery, Warwickshire, England, obstinately refused to descend the pits; they roamed idly about Bedworth all day, losing a day's wages (and in all probability spending something additional for drink). The reason assigned was, that the "Seven Whistlers" had been heard during the preceding night in the neighborhood, and that this always presaged some colliery disaster. Whether these Whistlers were birds or ghosts, the pitmen did not know, nor could they be certain that the number was exactly seven; but they had heard the cries, and that was enough. The sounds produced by these "Whistlers" proceeded from birds flying overhead during their migrations.

One more example, and our budget shall end. One day an aged woman was returning with bread from a baker's shop, when a man ran up to her and wounded her so severely in the leg with a hay-fork that she died the next day. The man had for years entertained a belief that fifteen or sixteen witches, whose names he gave, had bewitched him, and interfered with his work. The superintendent of police told the coroner and jury that many of the villagers believed in witchcraft, and that the older women were those on whom the accusation of the bewitched mostly fell.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for May is an unusually interesting one; prominent among the many admirable articles are a continuation of "What is Presbyterianism?" the present paper being by Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D. D.; also a continuation of De Leon's "The American Pilgrim in Palestine;" the first of a series of papers by Lieutenant Schwatka, "Among the Natives of the North," and a characteristic article by the editor, "Home." There are contributions of articles, serial and short stories, sketches, essays, poems, etc., by Alfred Hervey, Adelaide Stout, O. M. Birrell, Edwin Arnold, Robert Buchanan, Ida E. Hervey, Rev. Mr. Hammond, J. W. Thirwall, and other favorite authors. In the Home Pulpit, is a sermon by Dr. Talmage, "The Eye," and there are interesting Obituary Notices, Record of Important Events, the Collection Basket, Personal Notes, and Editorial Comments, etc., etc. This Magazine's popularity is constantly increasing, and it should be taken by every family in the country. The subscription is \$3 a year; single copy, 25 cents, postpaid. Address, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, New York.

S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford, Conn., have in press, and will issue in May next, a new book entitled "On a Mexican Mustang Through Texas," by Sweet & Knox, the humorous editors of the famous *Texas Siftings*. It will be a work of 650 pages, giving sketches of the characteristics, eccentricities and atrocities of some of the quaintest people in some of the queerest corners of the United States, and will contain more than 200 original illustrations, drawn by the best artists in our country. The writings of these excellent humorists have been received with universal favor by the press and people, not only in this country, but in England and elsewhere, and it is safe to predict for the forthcoming volume an unparalleled sale. Authors, artists and publishers have combined to produce a book of rare interest, elegant in its make-up and unique and attractive in its illustrations. It will be sold only by subscription, and canvassers will do well to make early application to the publishers for further information.

"Where are your kids?" a society man asked looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving editor at Vanderbilt's party. "At home in bed," was the indignant reply, "do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Did you go to the grand ball last evening?" inquired a merchant of a dupe. "Yaws, I was there," was the languid reply. "What costume did you wear?" "Oh, my regular dress suit, you know." "Ah! then you were disguised as a gentleman."—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

A Towanda man proposed to three girls Easter Sunday and now for the soul of him he can't remember how many or which one of them accepted him. He has gone back into sackcloth and ashes under the impression that Lent comes after Easter.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A stand fell down with a crash, A number of men it did mash, But the entire ten Wers soon well again— St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lives in Duluth, Went crazy one night with a tooth, He rubbed the gum boil With St. Jacobs Oil, It cured him, and this is the truth.

## AMERICAN HUMOR.

Every college has its faculty, but it isn't always a faculty of getting along smoothly with the students.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"No," he said; "I suppose Clarence and I will never be friends again. I lent him ten dollars yesterday, and hereafter I presume we shall meet as strangers."—*Lowell Citizen.*

When a country school teacher in Ohio can't agree with Webster's Dictionary as to the pronunciation of a word something has to break, and it is Webster who most always gets hurt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Joseph Cook says: "I hope the day will come when we shall have only one postal stamp for the whole world." That would be an awful big job of lapping for some one. Just think of it, Joe!—*Lowell Citizen.*

We have heard hundreds of girls say they wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, but have generally found that they were quite willing to wed the best men who would have them.—*Boston Transcript.*

Two Ohio men played checkers for thirty-seven hours without eating or sleeping, and the game would not have been broken then had not the wife of one of the players made clubs the trump.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A young man in Texas cut off his mother's head with an axe while she was sleeping. "Just for fun," he said. It may have been a practical joke, but his mother didn't live to appreciate it.—*Norristown Herald.*

A New York doctor knows of a husband who kissed his wife on the ear and made her deaf. She would not have been deaf if he had kissed some other man's wife, and it had come to her ears.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Pa," said a little boy at the theatre the other night, "I wish I would hurry up and get baldheaded." "Why, my son?" "Because, then I could always sit in the front row of chairs."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"I am a native American citizen, born, be jabers, in this country," said Mr. Muldoon, at a recent political gathering, "and if ye disbelieve it, come around home and I will show ye me naturalization papers."—*The Judge.*

People used to believe that if you went to the end of the rainbow you would find a pot of gold. Now we know the pot of gold isn't at the end of the rainbow, but at the end of keno, and the man on the first row gets it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Professor Haxley says that the presence of a rat in the house always indicates a connection with a sewer. This will surprise many persons who don't live within ten miles of a sewer, and are troubled by rats, all the same.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Goin' fur?" the inquisitive traveler asked the man on the wood-box. "Well, yes," he replied, "I reckon it's 'fur.' I'm going to Buffalo." And being thus pelted with this answer, the inquisitive man looked as though he wanted to hide somewhere. But this is furin' to the subject.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

That celebrated white elephant, the Great Eastern, cost its unfortunate proprietors \$20,000 for maintenance in the past year, while her total earnings are represented by the miserable sum of \$65, which was received as visitors' fees.

On the day before the reception tendered her at St. George's Bermuda, the Princess Louise went on a sketching expedition along the shore, all alone, and, after a time becoming thirsty, went for a drink to the cottage of a negro fisherman. No one was there but "auntie," and she was busy as could be ironing a shirt for her "ole man" to wear at the reception. The Princess asked for a drink. "Ise no time to bodder getting water for you," was the reply; "Ise faeful busy, for I's bound to see the Queen's chile to-morrow."

"But if you'll get me a drink, I'll iron while you do so," said the thirsty Princess. The offer was accepted, the Princess finished the shirt and got her drink, and then revealed her identity. "Fo de Lo'd, honey!" exclaimed "auntie," when she recovered from her surprise, "ole man no," no one else ever wear dat shirt again, nohow!"

The nerves of the human body have been called so many strings, is the make-up of that mighty mechanism. Excessive tension or relaxation of these chords is always followed by ill effects. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of nervous prostration, sleeplessness and heart disease in every stage.

The right kind of a dog in a yard is a terror to evil doers.

If your friends ask which is the best thread for sewing machines, say Williamamitic. If they doubt it, ask them to try it.

Characteristics of a rich man—The elegance of his carriage and the loftiness of his gate.

Mrs. S. E. Wing of Hampden, Me., writes: "I have used several bottles of your Wheat Bitters and think them an excellent remedy."

True art, like love, excludes all competition and absorbs the man.

Mrs. I. S. Livingston, of Contoocok, N. H., writes: "I have used your Wheat Bitters and highly recommend them to all."

Why throw away so much hard-earned money trying worthless medicines, when for 35 cents a remedy can be procured that will cure coughs, colds, sore lungs and croup? Give it a trial. Adamson's Balsam will do it. Trial bottles 10 cents.

A is the best letter in the alphabet for a deaf woman, for it makes her hear.

Tax Pearl's White Glycerine for burns, scalds rough or chafed skin, chapped hands, etc., and then you will be convinced of its value. Druggists have it.

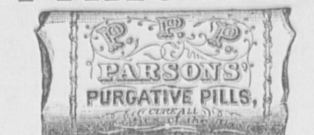
A Vexed Clergyman. Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away at Kittredge's Drug Store.

The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded.

When you feel life is a burden, and nothing you try seems to ease your dyspepsia, find a sure relief in Brown's Iron Bitters.

You can be cured, if you buy the true "L. F." Atwood Bitters, always having the large trade mark "L. F."

## PARSONS



## PILLS

MAKE MORE RICH BLOOD, And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Send for pamphlet (FREE). I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

## DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE EXERCISEMENT (for Internal and External use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston.

## MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Hens and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. These one teaspoonful to each pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. We furnish it in 24 lb. cans, price \$1.00. By mail, \$1.25. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

## SMITH'S

Music & Variety Store.

Customers desirous of purchasing a first-class PIANO FORTE will find it to their advantage to call at SMITH'S and examine the new

## CHICKERING UPRIGHT

Three union strings, grand metallic action, and full iron plate. In point of workmanship, durability, tone and action, they are unequalled.

We have also in stock the excellent Bourne & Son's Square and Upright, Hallett & Davis Square Grand, Wessner (N. Y. make) Upright, Emerson and New England Piano Fortes,

Mason & Hamlin George Woods', New England and Ithaca (N. Y. make) Organs.

We are prepared to give customers the Lowest Prices, and make favorable terms of payment. Instruments warranted.

Rent of Instruments payable in advance. ALBERT SMITH. Rockland, March 20, 1883.

## NOTICE.

THE Joint Standing Committee on Accounts and Claims of the City Council of the City of Rockland, will be in session on the Saturday preceding the second Monday of each month, for the purpose of examining Claims against the City. All bills must be approved by the party contracting them, and should be left City Treasurer's Office previous to the date mentioned above.

Committee on Accounts and Claims. S. A. FISH, S. B. HASTINGS, Sec'y.

## CATARRH

A POSITIVE CURE IS ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR CATARRH OF THE HEAD, THROAT, LUNGS, AND BLADDER.

Agreeable to Use. UNEQUALLED FOR COLDS IN THE HEAD, HEADACHE & DEAFNESS, or any kind of mucous membrane inflammation, inflamed and rough surfaces. A preparation of undoubted merit. Apply by the nose, throat, or into the ear.

It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Send for circular. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—postage stamps Sold by wholesale and retail druggists. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., OREGON, N. Y.

## BURNHAM'S STANDARD RUBBER

WATER-PROOF RUBBER. BURNHAM BROS., YORK, PA. Or B. D. WHITNEY, Gardiner, Me.

## A GENEROUS OFFER!

HILL'S Rheumatic Pills! For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Biliousness and Headache, have been used more than sixty years and have never failed to cure. Also.

## HILL'S PILE OINTMENT

Is a never failing cure for all kinds of Piles. Thousands testify to these facts. Circulars and sample boxes, (full size) sent free. Please send stamps to pay return postage. For sale everywhere. Price cents per box. D. A. HILL, Proprietor, Portland, Me.

For Sale in Rockland by W. H. KITTREDGE, 335 Main St. And in Thomaston by G. I. ROBINSON. 1312

## SHIPPING TAGS,

With and Without Strings, PRINTED AT THE

Courier-Gazette Printing House. On James River, Va., in a North-eastern Settlement, Illustrated circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia. 4w12

## FARMS

For Sale in Rockland by W. H. KITTREDGE, 335 Main St. And in Thomaston by G. I. ROBINSON. 1312

## Railroads &amp; Steamboats.

Rockland and Vinalhaven. CHANGE OF TIME AND TRIPS. ONE ROUND TRIP A DAY.

On and after Monday, Nov. 6th, STM'R PIONEER CAPT. WM. R. CREED.

WILL leave Carver's Harbor Vinalhaven, for Rockland, at 7.30 A. M. RETURNING leave Rockland, Tilson Wharf, for Vinalhaven at 3 o'clock, P. M., touching at Hurricane Island each way.

G. A. SAFFORD, Agent, Rockland. H. M. ROBERTS, Agent, Vinalhaven. Rockland, Sept. 25, 1882.

## SPRING ARRANGEMENT!

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK! Commencing Tuesday, April 8, 1883. STEAMER CITY OF RICHMOND, W. E. DENNISON, Master.

WILL leave Railroad wharf Portland every Tuesday evening at 11.15 o'clock, or on arrival of train leaving Boston at 7 P. M., for Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgewick, South-West and Bar Harbor, (Mt. Desert) and Milbridge.

Also leave same wharf every Friday, at 11.15 P. M. (or on arrival of train), for above landings and Jonesport and Machiasport. N. B. Tuesday's Trip as far as MILLBRIDGE only.

Connect with B. & B. Steamers at Rockland, Saturday, coming east, for Bangor and River Landings. Returning, will leave Machiasport every Monday at 4.30 A. M., touching at all landings, and Milbridge every Monday and Thursday, at 8 A. M., touching at intermediate landings, and connecting at Portland with Pullman trains for Boston.

Connect with Boston & Bangor Steamers, at Rockland, going West, Monday, for Bangor. On or about May 15, Steamer Lewiston will go on the route and make two trips per week through to Machiasport.

E. CUSHING, Gen'l Ag't, Portland, Me. Rockland, April 2, 1883.

## BOSTON AND BANGOR STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

BOSTON, ROCKLAND AND BANGOR FOUR TRIPS PER WEEK.

On and after Monday, April 16, STEAMER KATAHDIN, Capt. W. R. ROSE, STEAMER CAMBRIDGE, Capt. O. Smith.

COMMENCING April 16th, the Steamers of this line will run as follows until further notice.

Leave Lincoln's Wharf, Boston, for Rockland, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY at 5 o'clock P. M.

Leave Rockland for Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 5 o'clock P. M.

Leave Rockland for Bangor and intermediate landings, every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY morning about 5 o'clock A. M.

No other line offers cheaper rates, or better passenger accommodations. Staunch, comfortable and reliable steamers. Passengers for Boston have a full night's rest, arriving early in the morning.

Tickets sold on each steamer for Portland, Lowell, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and all Western and Southwestern points, and baggage checked through.

CALVIN AUSTIN, Gen. Freight Agent, Boston. JAS. LITTLEFIELD, Sup't, Rockland. O. A. KALLOCH, Agent, Rockland, April 16, 1882.

## Steamer Mt. Desert.

Boston and Bangor Steamship Co. Boston, Rockland, Bar Harbor and Sullivan.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK. ON and after MONDAY, April 16th, STEAMER MT. DESERT, CAPT. DAVID ROBINSON.

Will make two trips per week until further notice, between Rockland, Bar Harbor, Sullivan and intermediate landings, as follows:

Leave Rockland for Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY morning, on arrival of steamers from Boston. Returning, leaves Sullivan MONDAYS and THURSDAYS at 10 o'clock A. M., touching at intermediate landings, and

FOR THE COURIER-GAZETTE.  
PAINTING.

HARRY HAZELTON.  
Do you ask me, dear, for a picture?  
A warm, summer picture, you say.  
Well, first draw the curtains more closely;  
For the sky, with its cold twilight gray,  
Chills my heart until all of its pictures  
Are landscapes deep covered with snow;  
Now sit with me close by the fireside,  
With your face in the warm, ruddy glow.

There! now I can see summer pictures!  
Here's one of them, darling, for you;  
A miniature dell by the seaside,  
A glimpse of the infinite blue,  
And snowy white sails gleaming softly,  
Far out on the sparkling tide,  
As the outward bound ships sail proudly  
Away o'er the ocean so wide.

This picture is not to your liking,  
It warbles you, dear, I can see.  
What? Yes, 'tis too wide, is the ocean,  
Its wideness oftentimes warbles me.  
Well, here is another, — a valley  
"Mong' emerald hills far away,"  
With its low fall of violets golden,  
And a wee, laughing streamlet at play.

You do not like this one? Why, surely  
Your fancy is wayward tonight;  
Or maybe the beautiful picture  
You see in the flickering light,  
Have something in them you like better  
Than valley or gleaming sea;  
If so, little golden hair, show them, —  
Your pretty heart pictures to me.

Ah! something beside the red firelight  
Is deepening the rose of your cheek,  
And I see now the fault in my pictures,  
So never a word need you speak.  
Creep closer, my little one, closer,  
Outside let the dark shadows lie;  
Heart to heart in the dim, pleasant firelight,  
'Tis summer tonight in our sky.

## GEORGE PECK'S BAD BOY.

How He Leads the Old Man Peck a  
Sorrowful Existence.

Peck's Son.

"Give me ten cents worth of saffron, quick," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in the grocery on a gallop, early one morning, with no collar on, and no vest. He looked as though he had been routed out of bed in a hurry, and had jumped into his pants and boots, and put on his coat and hat on the run.

"I don't keep saffron," said the grocery man, as he picked up a barrel of ax-handles the boy had tipped over in his hurry. "You want to go over to the drug store on the corner, if you want saffron. But what on earth is the mat—"

At this point the boy shot out of the door, tipping over a basket of white beans, and disappeared in the drug store. The grocery man got down on his knees on the sidewalk and scooped up the beans, occasionally looking over to the drug store, and just as he got them picked up, the boy came out of the drug store and walked deliberately towards his home, as though there was no particular hurry. The grocery man looked after him, took up an ax-handle, spit on his hands and shouted to the boy to come over pretty soon, as he wanted to talk with him. The boy did not come to the grocery till towards night, but the grocery man had seen him running down town a dozen times during the day, and once he rode up to the house with the doctor, and the grocer surmised what was the trouble. Along towards night the boy came in in a dejected sort of a tired way, sat down on a barrel of sugar, and never spoke.

"What is it, a boy or girl," said the grocery man, winking at an old lady with a shawl over her head, who was trying to hold a paper over a pitcher of yeast with her thumb.

"How in blazes did you know anything about it," said the boy as he looked around in astonishment, and with some indignation. "Well, it's a girl, if you must know, and that's enough," and he looked down at the cat playing on the floor with a potato, his face a picture of dejection.

"O, don't feel bad about it," said the grocery man, as he opened the door for the old lady. "Such things are bound to occur. But you take my word for it, that young one is going to have a hard life, unless you mend your ways. You will be using it for a cork to a jug, or to wad a gun with, the first thing your ma knows."

"I wouldn't touch the darn thing with the tongs," said the boy, as he rallied enough to eat some crackers and cheese. "Gosh, this cheese tastes good. I haint had nothing to eat since morning. I have been all over this town troling for nurses. They think a boy hasn't got any feelings. But I wouldn't care if ma hadn't been sending me for neuralgia medicine, as I feel fever snuff all winter, when she told me to get rid of me. I have come from lots of times when ma and these girls were at work on some flannel thing, and ma would hide them in a basket and send me off after medicine. I was waked up to about four o'clock this morning, when pa come to my room and pulled me out of bed to go over on the West Side after some old woman that knew ma, and they have kept me whooping ever since. What does a boy want of a sister, unless it is a big sister. I don't want no sister that I have got to hold, and rock, and hold a bottle for. This affair breaks me all up," and the boy picked the cheese out of his teeth with a sliver he cut off the counter.

"Well, how does your pa take it," said the grocery man, as he charged the boy's pa with cheese, and saffron, and a number of such things.

"O, pa will pull through. He wanted to boss the whole concern until ma's chum, an old woman that takes snuff, fired him out into the hall. Pa sat there on my hand-sled, a perfect picture of despair, and I thought it would be a kindness to play it on him. I found the cat asleep in the bath-room, and I rolled the cat up in a shawl and brought it out to pa and told him the cat wanted him to hold the baby. It was a good idea, for the cat was indispensable around the house, and he took the cat on his lap as tenderly as you ever saw a mother hold a cat. Well, I got in the back hall, where he couldn't see me, and pretty soon the cat began to wake up and

stretch himself, and pa said, 's-h-h-toot go to sleep now, and let us pa hold it,' and pa he rocked back and forth on the hand sled and began to sing 'by, low, baby.' That settled it with the cat. Well, some cats can't stand music, anyway, and the more the cat wanted to get out of the shawl, the louder pa sung, and bimeby I heard something rip, and pa yelled, 'seat you brute,' and when I looked around the corner of the hall the cat was bracing himself against pa's vest with his two nails, and yowing, and pa fell over the sled and began to talk, and then pa picked up the sled and seemed to be looking for me or the cat, but both of us were off our seats. Don't you think there are times when boys and cats are kind of few around their accustomed haunts? Pa don't look as though he was very smart, but he can hold a cat about as well as the next man. But I am sorry for ma. She was just getting ready to go to Florida for her neuralgia, and this will put a stop to it, cause she has to stay and take care of that young one. Pa says I will have a nice time this summer pushing the baby wagon. By the great horn spoons, there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, between business and pleasure, and I strike the line at wheeling a baby. I had rather catch a string of perch than to wheel all the babies ever was. They needn't procure no baby on my account, if it is to amuse me. I don't see why babies can't be sawed off onto people that need them in their business. Our folks don't need a baby any more than you need a safe, and there are people just suffering for babies. Say, how would it be to take the baby some night and leave it on some old bachelor's door step. If it had been a bicycle, or a breech loading shot-gun, I wouldn't have cared, but a baby! Bah! It makes me tired. I'd druther have a prize package. Well, I am sorry pa allowed me to come home, after he drove me away last week. I guess all he wanted me to come back for was to humiliate me, and send me on errands. Well, I must go and see if he and the cat have made up."

And the boy went out and put up a paper sign in front of the store, "Leave your measure for saffron tea."

## THE FRECKLE-FACED GIRL.

How She Entertained a Visitor While Her Ma was Dressing.

"Ma's upstairs changing her dress," said the freckle-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her everyday clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond today. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'the Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn-books to send 'em. Say, do the bigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, making a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Sliderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick— you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house— he says I'm a holy terror and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannonball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natis'd be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it?" Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.

## HAPPY AND HUNGRY.

For over five years I was a constant sufferer with that most terrible and annoying disease, dyspepsia. After paying out hundreds of dollars, the only medicine I found that would do me any good was Sulphur Bitters. Six bottles cured me. Now I can eat well and am happy and hungry. — Editor. 2w13

## The Robber and the Editor.

Virginia City Enterprise.

"Listen, my children," said a venerable man, "and I will tell you a story, beautiful and true. Once upon a time, there was a bad, bold robber, who had his haunt in the wilds of a mountain. At the foot of the mountain, in the valley, was a village. It was not a very large village, yet in it a newspaper was printed. The robber looked upon the editor of the newspaper as being the chief man of the village, and thought he must be very rich. So one dark night he came down from his den in the mountain and stole into the dwelling of the editor and then into the room where he slept. The editor, being a good man, slept as soundly and sweetly as a child. The robber searched all the place, but could not find the caskets of gold and diamonds he had supposed to be stored up in the room. He then put his hands in all the pockets of the editor, but found no money in any of them. The robber then stood for a time as in a stupor. He was like one awakened from a dream. He listened for some moments to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeping editor, and as he stood so he began to feel sad. The heart of the bold, bad man was touched. Quietly he took from his purse \$1.75, placed the money in the editor's pocket, and softly stole from the house. In the morning, when the editor got up and put on his pantaloons there was a jingle as of money. A look of astonishment came into the face of the editor. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. When he saw this great wealth the knees of the editor smote together; he turned pale, fainted, and fell to the floor, and there lay as one who is dead."

"Oh! oh! grandfather, did they catch the bad robber man and hang him on a tree?"

"No, my dears, they did not catch the bad, bold robber. He is still living. From that day he reformed, and got a place as cashier in a big bank, where you will be glad to hear that he is doing well and is greatly respected by all in his church."

"And the poor editor man, grandfather! What became of him?"

"Ah, yes, my darlings! I had almost forgotten him. Well, when he came out of his faint, and his eyes again saw all the money lying about the room where he had fallen, he was sorely perplexed. At last he felt sure it had been quietly placed in his pocket in the night by a great and rich neighbor, who owned a tanyard, and was running for the legislature. So for days and days he printed in his paper whole columns of praise of the rich neighbor, who was elected to the office, and ever after the two men were the greatest friends. Thus, my dears, do good actions always meet with their reward."

## JOHN RANDOLPH.

Reminiscences of the Quaint Virginia Statesman.

Ben Perley Poore contributes to the Century a richly illustrated paper on "The Capitol at Washington," from which is taken the following:

The despot of the debates for many years was the eccentric John Randolph, who would ride on horseback from his lodgings in Georgetown to the Capitol and enter the House wearing a fur cap with a large visor, a heavy great coat over a suit of Virginia homespun, and white-topped boots with jingling silver spurs. Striding down the main aisle, followed by his brace of pointer dogs, he would stop before his desk, upon which he would deliberately place his cap, his gloves and his riding-whip, listening meanwhile to the debate. If he took any interest in it he would begin to speak at the first opportunity, without any regard to what had previously been said.

After he had uttered a few sentences (and had drank a glass of porter, which an assistant door-keeper had orders to bring whenever he rose to speak), his tall, meager form would writhe with passion; his long, bony index finger would be pointed at those on whom he poured his wrath, and the expression of his beardless, high-cheeked and hollow countenance would give additional force to the brilliant and beautiful sentences which he would rapidly utter, full of stinging wit and angry sarcasm. So distinct was his enunciation that his shrill voice could be heard in every part of the hall; his words were select and strictly grammatical, and the arrangement of his remarks was always harmonious and effective.

Randolph, having had a dinner-table difficulty with Willis Alston of North Carolina, never let pass an opportunity for alluding to him in the most bitter and contemptuous manner. Alston, enraged one day by some language used by Randolph in debate, said, as the representatives were leaving the hall, and Randolph was passing him: "The puppy has still some respect shown him." Whether the allusion referred to Randolph or to one of the pointer-dogs, which was following him was afterwards a question, but Randolph immediately began beating Alston over the head with the handle of his heavy riding-whip, inflicting several wounds. The next day the Grand Jury, which was in session, indicted Randolph for a breach of the peace, but the court allowed him to offer the remark about the puppy as evidence in extenuation, and inflicted a fine of twenty dollars.

During the debate on the Missouri question, Mr. Philomen Beecher, a native of Connecticut who had emigrated to Ohio, and who had there been elected a representative, became somewhat impatient as his dinner-hour approached, and at last, when Randolph made a somewhat lengthy pause, moved "the previous question."

The speaker said, "The gentleman from Virginia has the floor," and Randolph proceeded, to be again interrupted when he paused again to collect his thoughts, by a demand for "the previous question;" nor was it long before the demand was made a third time. Randolph could stand it no longer, but said in a voice as shrill as the cry of a peacock: "Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands, a man

of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few moments construct that which, with the pressure of the finger and thumb, will cry 'Cookoo! cookoo!' With less ingenuity, and with inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question! previous question!' And, as he spoke, Randolph pointed with his attenuated index finger at Beecher, who did not attempt a reply.

## SHIP GOV. ROBIE.

N. Y. Sun.

Conspicuous in the mass of spars and rigging in the slips below the Brooklyn landing of the Wall Street Ferry Thursday afternoon were the bright new masts and yards of the Governor Robie, a clipper ship just off the stocks. The Governor Robie was built in Bath and is the property of William Rogers of that place. She is 224 feet over all, 41 ft. beam, 24 ft. depth of hold, and her gross tonnage is 1,712 tons. In model she is a beauty. It is said that she has the finest lines of any ship that ever came out of Bath—a port well known for its fast sailers. The spars are lofty and well proportioned. The mainmast is eighty feet long, with a fourteen-foot head; its topmast is fifty feet long, with an eight-foot head, and its topmast makes measurements are twenty-six, seventeen and seven feet. The main yard is eighty feet long, the lower topmast seventy-one, the upper topmast sixty-four, the topmast fifty, and the royal forty. From these figures one can gather some idea of the cloud of canvas she will spread.

Her poop deck extends forward of the mainmast. As the forward house is forty-six feet long and the topmast forecastle extends well aft, one hardly realizes the length of the ship as she stands on the quarter deck. The cabin is forty-five feet long. It contains captain's room, a bath room, the mates' rooms and four spare rooms, all neatly finished in walnut and ash. A peculiar feature of the cabin is the lamp-room at the foot of the forward ladder. The captain says he wants to have the lamps where he can see if they are kept in order. In the after end of the forward house is a room for a steam hoisting engine, but the engine is not yet in place. Then comes a coal locker, the galley, the sail room, and the comfortable forecastle. There are sixteen bunks.

The man at the wheel will find the pilot house a comfortable innovation on the old style especially in going around the Horn. The bell is arranged so that it can be struck by the man at the wheel. The steering gear is the old style tiller and pulley. It is very strong, and easy working. I want good steering gear, good anchor, good chains, and a good windlass," explained the Captain, as he opened the door of the pilot house.

There is a four-thousand-gallon water tank just aft of the mainmast, and several small tanks and casks on deck forward. There is a double action pump, fitted to work by steam when the engine is in place. The patent anchor tripper is a handy fixture, by which the anchor is thrown clear off the rail when it is let go at the dock. The best made. The Governor Robie will load general merchandise for San Francisco, sailing in the Van Vliet line. She is commanded by Capt. William H. Goodell, a young sailor, who has commanded vessels for nine years, getting his first when only 19 years old.

We present no pretended miracle.—  
"Truth is mighty and must prevail."  
No sophistry can withstand the power of its honest utterance.

Editor of Evening Press:

DEAR SIR,—Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits which I have received from the use of a very valuable article which has its origin and home in our beautiful city, and hoping that others who are afflicted as I have been may find relief from its use, I beg the indulgence of a few lines in your valuable paper for the privilege of communicating to you a brief statement of facts, for the benefit of the multitude of sufferers to be met with on every side. Many of my friends well know that I have been very severely afflicted with heart disease for a number of years, and have suffered from it as only those can suffer who have that disease; it reduced my strength so that I could scarcely walk across my room, and the least exertion rendered me so short breathed that I dared scarcely move, and life seemed very burdensome. I was treated for my malady by the best physicians, and derived no benefit from their treatment or prescriptions until I was advised by my family physician to use Hunt's Remedy, as my trouble was caused by inaction of my kidneys, which affected very seriously the action of my heart. I commenced taking it (having little faith in it or any other medicine), and it has helped me wonderfully, and I am now a great deal better, and have been ever since I began its use. In fact I have taken no medicine that has benefited me so greatly. My breathing is easy, and I have gained in strength so much that I am able to do my household work. I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who may be afflicted as I have been, or who are suffering from general debility and nervous prostration. Respectfully,  
Miss A. O. ROCKWELL,  
Pearl Street, Providence, R. I.

A standard medicine for curing Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Kidney, Bladder, and Glandular Maladies is Hunt's Remedy. Female Weakness, Pain in the back and loins, Gravel, Diabetes, Intemperance, Excess and Prostration of the nervous system are cured by Hunt's Remedy. Hunt's Remedy imparts health and vigor to the constitution when it has become debilitated. Hunt's Remedy restores the invalid to health.

Public benefactors are not alone confined to the higher order of scientific research. Indeed, but few have done more for the welfare of the working masses than James Pyle through the introduction of his labor-saving Pearlina.

The Wadsworth, Martinez & Longman Pure Prepared Paint is sold by every Agent under written guarantee warranting satisfactory results. This Paint is more extensively used for House painting than any other known. Its character for durability is unquestionable, and its cheapness, though higher priced than any other Paint, has become an acknowledged fact. Every buyer has the privilege of using a quantity at the manufacturers expense. 7w8

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an improper thing.

## Ancient Law Makers.

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Archimedes invented the slang phrase, "Give us rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

## SHE BLUSHED

awfully when I told her what to do for those horrid pimples with which her face was covered. She now says if you want a pink and white complexion with a nice clear smooth skin, you must use the best of all blood purifiers, Sulphur Bitters. 2w13

Annie married is not the dull girl she used to be when single—because she is Annie-mated. Why are you ill? Why do you suffer? Everbody knows all aches and pains, all languor and debility are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

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## THE COURIER-GAZETTE

By PORTER &amp; FULLER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THOMASTON.

Cape Samuel Watts and wife will be here tomorrow.

Cora Russell has returned from her visit to Boston.

Miss Cynthia Thompson has gone to Hallowell.

Oliver E. Copeland and son Benjamin have returned from Kentucky.

Capt. Fred W. Stackpole has purchased of F. H. Jordan his yacht.

Miss Clara Jordan still remains in Boston. Mrs. F. H. Jordan has returned.

Fessenden Allen has brought wharf and kiln privileges of Prince & Morse.

Dr. T. E. Tibbitts, of Rockland, sang in the quartette at the Baptist church last Sunday.

Capt. Johnathan Strong came home from Boston Thursday, where his vessel now lies.

Mrs. Charles C. Rivers (nee Hannah M. Jacobs) is at her mother's, West Main street.

Next Thursday (Fast Day) services will be held at the Congregationalist Church. Sermon by Rev. A. Prince.

The Eastern Argus of Friday reports A. P. Gould, esq., and wife at Magnolia, "a beautiful place," on the St. John's river Florida.

Mrs. James C. Henderson, West Main street, has eighty-one beautiful house plants of different varieties, thirty of which are in bloom.

Pansies in full bloom were picked last week in the open air by Mrs. H. C. Levensall block.

The *Harriet* says that the meetings at the old church on the hill at Mill River are interesting and very fully attended. What is the attraction now?

Capt. Edward Watts, of the ill-fated ship H. S. Gregory, came home Friday accompanied by his wife and son. He resides in St. George.

Harry Dennis, son of Henry Dennis, is to be employed in a jewelry establishment in Portland. He is a very worthy young man, and we wish him prosperity.

Ship A. D. Snow, Capt. William Wilver, arrived at New York 10th inst., from Liverpool, March 12th.

Capt. Wm. Wilver, who has two daughters, is with him in New York.

Mrs. Geo. C. Dow (nee Sarah Piper) and D. Norris Piper left for California Monday.

They took with them the child of Mabel Beveridge. We hope that Norris will enjoy life on "the Pacific Slope."

Miss Maggie Lemond came home Wednesday from Boston, where she has been the past winter under treatment of Dr. Derby for disease of the eyes. We are pleased to learn that her eyes affectation is better, but she will take a voyage to sea for the benefit of her general health.

Capt. William J. Lemond, of ship J. B. Thomas, leaves tomorrow to join his ship in New York now loading for San Francisco.

His wife and two children go with him. Mrs. Margaret Norbeck will also go with Capt. Lemond taking a sea voyage for the benefit of her health, which we trust will be helped to her. The captain's sister, Maggie will likewise be a passenger. Bon voyage to them all.

Mrs. Peter Vesper on Friday last received from her son, Curtis N. Crawford, three good sized cucumbers grown at his orange grove, at Wildwood, Florida, this winter.

The seed from which these cucumbers were grown was planted from a ripe cucumber in the garden of Capt. Vesper in Thomaston last October, and planted by Mr. Crawford in Florida. He went to Florida in October 1881 with Edmund W. Prince of this town. Since that time he has planted 800 orange trees, and has under cultivation two acres of vegetables. His grove adjoins that of Will T. Banks, son of Dr. Banks of Rockland, and about two miles from the grove of E. W. Prince. He has been boarding with Will Banks the past winter, but recently has erected a house on his own place.

Rev. H. S. Burrage of the *Zion's Advocate* is generally very accurate in regard to historical matters, both secular and ecclesiastical; but in relation to the Centennial of the establishment of the Baptist Church in this town he is in error. It is the Baptist Church at South Thomaston, which was organized by Rev. Isaac Case, then a young Baptist minister, of Hallowell, at the barn of Oliver Robbins on the 27th day of May or June 1784; authorities, says Eaton, differing as to the month. It is held that time that South Thomaston then constituted a part of the original town of Thomaston, and when Elder Case closed his labors with the church its numbers had increased to 123, and included individuals from all parts of what is now Knox County and parts of Lincoln County. It is now proposed for this church to observe the Centennial of the establishment of the Baptists in this section by a gathering at this church edifice in 1884, and a committee has been appointed to take the matter into consideration. Rev. Mr. Case married a daughter of the Rev. Eliza Snow, who upon the rival of Mr. Case, was awakened to an interest in the gospel, and was soon after ordained as a Baptist minister. Mr. Case was the grandfather of George and Col. John S. Case, of Rockland, and Elder Snow has many descendants in this section. Do their descendants remain true to the faith of their fathers?

The public schools commence the spring term of the school year on Monday the 23d inst., except the High School which begins Tuesday the 30th inst. The assignment of teachers is as follows:

High School—L. H. Owen, Principal, Miss Nellie Fales, Assistant.

Grammar—J. M. Kellogg, Principal, Misses Lucy Catland and Hattie Aldrich, assistants.

Main St. Intermediate—Miss E. L. Crawford.

Bailey Intermediate—Miss Lizzie Sampson.

Mill River Primary—Miss Mary Tillson.

Gleason St. Primary—Miss Alice Fales.

Bailey Primary—Miss A. M. Geer.

Wadsworth Primary—Miss A. M. McDonald.

Oyster River—Miss Eva Woodcock.

Beech Woods—Miss Abigail Mathers.

Eastern Meadows—Miss H. M. Luce.

Mr. Owen, teacher of the High School is a graduate of Colby University, has had experience in teaching and comes well recommended. For particulars in relation to promotions in the several schools see list to be put up in postoffice Wednesday.

## SOUTH HOPE.

The industries in South Hope are thriving. Water is plenty and the mills are all running and farmers are getting ready to sow their early peas.

William Hewett's house and barn were destroyed by fire together with most of their contents April 9th, loss \$1,800. Insured for \$900. This loss falls heavily on Mr. Hewett, for he is getting along in years and it is quite an undertaking for him to rebuild.

## ASH POINT.

Will J. Thompson, owing to the sickness of the valedictorian of his class has been appointed valedictorian in his place. This is the highest honor the class can confer.

D. V. Smith, of this place, has a fine ten-year-old Knox horse, a round, hard built animal that weighs 1050 pounds, just the horse, high spirited but kind. His dam was the E. G. Chapman now more than thirty years old, but still fat, smooth and limber as a colt.—Maine Farmer.

## CASTINE.

The assignment of class parts at the Normal School has been changed. Frank H. Wallis, who was chosen valedictorian, was obliged to decline on account of his health. Will J. Thompson, who was chosen salutatorian, is now to be valedictorian, and John T. Gresley is chosen salutatorian.

## CAMDEN.

Dr. Stone has the mumps.

The keel is laid at Bean's yard for another schooner.

Fred Frye is getting his new house ready to move into soon.

Capt. Hemmingway arrived home last Saturday morning.

Mrs. C. F. Hobbs has gone to Boston on a visit to friends.

Our schools were never in a more excellent condition than now.

There were shipped last week 1700 casks of lime to different ports.

At the lobster factory they are making cans for the summer business.

Atwick & Trim, grocers, have just hung out a nice large sign of A. L. Horton & Co's. make.

We regret to notice the closing of F. H. Calderwood's grocery store, he having been obliged to go to insanity.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Fannie Berry to Camden again after her absence in Boston in the study of music.

Charles Murphy has sold his livery business to Frank Higgins & Son who will run it in connection with their stage business.

Mrs. Joseph Perry and daughter have gone to Wooster, Mass., where Mr. Perry is engaged. They expect to make that city their home.

James Perry is putting a bay window to the second story of the front end of the brick building corner of Commercial and Main streets.

On Fast Day which occurs on the 19th inst., there will be union services at 10 o'clock a. m. with a sermon by Rev. A. Prince.

Ed. Rose is the mechanical druggist of this place if not of the county. Every little while something new appears in his store of his own device and making, combining utility and excellence of workmanship.

The pupils of the High school are taking a commendable interest in the collection of a cabinet of rare, ancient and historical specimens. They have lately received a fine specimen of whale bone from Charles Robinson, who cut it from the whale's mouth himself this spring off Matineus.

The three-masted schooner *Cora Etta*, Fales, Rockland, having a cargo of zinc ore, struck a ledge near Mark Island last week Monday, which caused a bad leak, and it was only by vigorous pumping that she was able to reach Camden harbor where she anchored last night, and was then shipped to so far repair her damage as to proceed to Rockland.

The Geo. S. Cobb G. A. R. Post of Camden, are alive and active. Taking time by the forelock they have already engaged Gen. James A. Hall to deliver the address at the annual Memorial Day. No better selection could have been made. It should be further said of the Post that of their observance of the anniversary of Lee's surrender, which took place on the 9th inst., nearly one hundred ex-soldiers participated in the ceremonies who were not members, twenty-five of whom made application for membership. One thing that made this camp fire the more interesting was that some of those present were also present at Lee's surrender.

## ROCKPORT.

One of Scott Davis' children is very sick with lung fever.

The schools commenced in the school corporation Monday the 16th.

Dea. Erastus Payson, an old and respected citizen, died Sunday night after a long illness. He was about 81 years of age.

The town clock has been silent for over a week, owing to the lack of funds to wind it; but John wound her up Saturday and all are happy. There is a paper in circulation to raise money to pay him for winding her up.

Mr. Mansfield has had bad luck with his singing school entertainment, owing to the storm. Wednesday night there was a small audience in attendance. He is out about \$25 on the last night. We are sorry for him as he is a good teacher and ought to have good success.

Charles Barrett is very sick with pneumonia. The ice business is booming, and the line and wood business as well. The firm of Sidelinger & Morse has dissolved partnership.

Morse buying Sidelinger out. The business will be carried on by Morse alone hereafter.

Horace Packard about 65 years of age died Tuesday, 10th. He has been in poor health for nearly a year. He was an old veteran of the civil war and was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. He belongs in Hope though he has been in this place for several years. The remains were carried to Hope for interment.

Henry Gray of this village took a bath Monday morning in an unexpected manner. He was assisting in hauling the Bertha J. Fellows into the wharf. He got into the boat hanging to her davits—the rail davits—boat, and Henry with his pipe and all went into the water together, but he hung to the pipe and got out all right, but a little wet.

## MARINE.

Sch. *Satilla*, Scofield, arrived 9th from Bath to load with ice for Carleton & Co.

Sch. *Arcade*, McFarland, sailed 10th for Boston to load with ice for Carleton & Co.

Sch. *Alfred Chase*, Robinson, sailed 10th for the interior of Mass. Sch. *Cynosure*, Pettie, arrived 10th from Boston with freight.

Sch. *Antelope*, Banks, arrived 10th from Boston. Sch. *James Young*, Young, arrived 10th from Boston to load with ice for Carleton & Co.

Sch. *Alfred Chase*, Robinson, sailed 10th for Camden with freight. Sch. *Lydia M. Webster*, Green, arrived 11th from Brooksville with wood. Sch. *Albert Dillingham*, sailed for Boston with lime. Sch. *C. M. Gray*, Gray, arrived 11th from Camden with wood.

Sch. *Sellers*, arrived 11th from Deer Isle with wood. Sch. *Alfred Chase*, Robinson, arrived 11th from Camden to load with lime for Carleton, Norwood & Co.

Sch. *Wm. Cedie*, Rider, arrived 11th from Boston with wood for G. F. Burgess. Sch. *Satilla*, Scofield, sailed 11th for Portland with ice for Carleton & Co.

Sch. *Mary Hawes*, Kent, sailed 11th for Boston with lime. Sch. *Flavilla*, Wall, sailed 11th for Boston, lime laden. Sch. *Lydia M. Webster*, Green, sailed 11th for Castine. Sch. *June*, Coombs, arrived 11th with freight for Carleton & Co.

Sch. *Ripley*, sailed 11th for Boston, lime laden. Sch. *Jennie R. Morse*, Colcord, sailed 11th for Morehead City, 500 tons of ice. Sch. *Liberator*, Sellers, sailed 11th for Deer Isle. Sch. *Lulu*, Leighton, from Millbridge—wood.

Sch. *Antelope*, Banks, arrived 11th from Camden to load with lime for G. F. Burgess. Sch. *Australia*, Hopkins, arrived 11th with wood for Shepherd, Jones & Co.

Sch. *Brigs*, Golconda, Hall, arrived 11th in tow from Botton, to load with ice for Rockport Ice Co. Sch. *Alta*, Oaks, Merriam, is bound to Boston from Roundout with cement at 25 cents. Capt. Andrew Blake has bought the sch. *Bertha J. Fellows* of Portland, and will use her for the coasting business for parties in this village.

Sch. *Willie L. Spear*, arrived 15th from Charleston for Baltimore. Sch. *Sarah Hill*, Robinson, sailed 13th for Boston lime laden. Sch. *Silas McLoon*, Morrill, arrived 16th from Boston.

## FRIENDSHIP.

E. F. Holden of Bowdoin '83, was in town last week.

Many of our fishermen have gone to Portland to fit out for summer fishing.

Mrs. Mary J. Cook went to Michigan last week to attend her son, who is very sick there.

The Friendship band has lost its baritone player, who has left town on permanent business.

## SOUTH THOMASTON.

Schools in the Grade district begin May 7th.

Mrs. John Allen has been quite sick but is getting nicely again.

At our annual schoolmeeting J. A. Chadwick was appointed agent.

Miss Rebecca Sleeper is at home from Vinalhaven on a short visit.

John Wilson is putting a bottom in parts of the road through the Keag woods.

Allen Bros. commenced quarrying last week having closed last winter on account of ice.

Ward & Stanley have just completed a fine derrick to be placed in their black quarry at George's River.

It is reported that young Joshua Thorndike was killed in the recent troubles with the Indians in Arizona.

Capt. Joshua Bartlett and family are at home. His vessel is discharging hard pine in Boston from Pensacola.

Miss Melvina Grant, daughter of Capt. Isaac Grant of White Head, formerly a pupil of our High school, is to teach at Spruce Head.

Smith & Ingram shipped their first stone by water Saturday, to Mr. McKenney of Beverly. It goes to Danvers by the schooner Pearl.

Mr. Lewis who has been stopping in Massachusetts this winter has returned, and will spend the summer with his daughter at Owl's Head.

Will Deane, among other improvements, is building an addition to his barn, and we understand is about to set out a large orchard.

A petition is in circulation for the Rev. Mr. Mitchell to remain with us another year which we hope no one will have any hesitancy about signing. Mr. Mitchell has been with us two years and has proved himself to be a good citizen, a true christian and a man in every way worthy to command our respect and esteem.

Mrs. Nettie Woodward entertain a large party of friends at the residence of her father, Capt. Henry Spaulding, Thursday afternoon. Fried onions formed the principal feature of a highly delectable supper. The evening was passed very pleasantly with music and the usual social amusements. The company enjoyed themselves very much and pronounced the party one of the best times yet.

Mrs. Livonia Deane left here Saturday morning for Portland which is to be her future home. Mrs. Deane's departure will be sincerely regretted by her neighbors and friends near this place, from which she has learned to appreciate her many good qualities as a kind-hearted christian and a true lady. Mrs. Maria McKenney who was to have accompanied her will remain here until fall with her daughter, Mrs. Fanny Bartlett.

## SOUTH UNION.

Dr. Geo. McCurdy, formerly of this place is about to move to Searsmont.

Miss Alice Fogler was taken with a fit at her grandfather's, Chas. Fogler's, last week.

Ethel Thurston sowed a piece of oats the first week in April, having prepared the ground last fall.

Services will be held at the Congregationalist Church Fast Day at 10.30 a. m. Mr. Norcross will preach a sermon to the children.

Veal calves bring a good price here, there being such a call to Boston for them that it worth the price up. A good four-weeks-old is worth \$10.

The Congregational Sabbath School held their annual meeting for choice of officers at the church on Fast Day, after the regular services of the day.

Working, stage driver from Warren to Appleton. The driver says he never saw the road so bad during his twelve years staging as they were Thursday night. We do not get our mail until about eight p. m. during the muddy traveling.

The faith doctors, Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, remained here one week and held four public meetings, three at this place. The meeting Monday afternoon at the schoolhouse was very largely attended, some 125 being present. Mr. Pierson gave a public reading of about an hour which was listened to with interest by all present, and which an opportunity was given for any who had any questions to ask upon the subject to do so, and Mrs. P. would answer them. Some one asked why President Garfield was not restored to health when so many prayers were offered in his behalf. Her reply was that prayers would have to be on conditions, and they would have to have the united prayer of the president, to have the desired effect. And then again the nation would need to repent, and that never was done. Another asked why they did not pray. She said that the doctors were of no avail without the combined efforts of the other parties. She said they sent a telegram offering to come to the White House and pray according to James 5-14, but received no reply. No such subject was mentioned to the meeting. The meeting Thursday afternoon was still more largely attended, the house being filled to overflowing, and all listened with much interest to Mrs. P., who gave a very interesting bible reading. Both ministers were present, Rev. Messrs. Beal and Norcross. The doctors were invited to remain longer and hold meetings, but they had calls elsewhere, and could hardly see clearly that it was the will of God that they should remain here longer, although many regret that they did not. A number consulted them at Mr. Jones' after the meetings, and we hear of some of them saying they are better, but have heard of no instantaneous cures. We think they have done some good by their being here, and have left an influence behind them which will be for good. They went from here to Rockland.

## OWL'S HEAD.

Capt. Mauford Dyer is at home.

Capt. Thomas Kinney is at home.

A few farmers have begun to stir the soil.

Mrs. Emma Roberts is visiting at Julia C. Arty's.

Mrs. Achsa Perry has been quite sick but is improving.

Chas. Cross who has been sick with lung fever died yesterday morning.

Capt. Chandler Farr's wife and her father, Thos. Lewis, have arrived from Beverly, Mass.

Capt. Joshua Bartlett and wife have returned from a winter's voyage in his vessel which is in Boston.

Miss Mary B. Grant who is stopping at Lewis A. Arty's will go to Matineus Rock Wednesday.

Miss Addie F. Maddocks who is attending the Normal School at Castine is very sick with congestion of the lungs, and has sent for her mother. Mrs. Maddocks started for Castine Sunday morning.

## WEST WASHINGTON.

A valuable cow belonging to Aretas Wellman died last week.

John Howard has a cow which dropped twin calves recently. The whole family are doing nicely.

Mrs. Nettie Robinson has moved into her house at Stuckney's corner. She has been spending the winter with her brother J. L. Barnes at the mills.

Fred Folsom, Alasco Folsom and Albert Jones, who have been south the past winter cutting ship timber returned home last week.

Chopping bees are now in order. Freeman Jones esq. had a rousing one last week, at which a large amount of wood was manufactured.

Augustus Cogswell has received from the U. S. Government a pension with arrears amounting to \$1200. His many friends congratulate him on his good fortune.

We learn that Miles Sillinger has bought the Newhall stand at Stuckney's corner. This is a splendid stand and in a good situation. Now Miles all you need is a helpline.

## CUSHING.

Miss Hannah P. Hathorne, who has been totally blind for about sixty years, died Saturday, at the advanced age of 90.

## WARREN.

Elmer Walter starts for Michigan this week.

Wild ducks are plenty in the river and ponds.

J. T. Calderwood and wife are at Vinalhaven on a visit.

E. W. Brown is soon to put in a soda fountain.

J. Eastman received a carload of middlings last week.

Some of our young men are lucky in shooting wild ducks.

W. F. Wight has some idea of opening a hotel and livery stable at his place.

No more Sunday shooting—but then you can go trouting just the same, you know, on that day.

Rev. Mr. Monroe preached at the Congregational Church Sunday forenoon, Mr. Pond being absent.

High school closed Friday, and as the town refused to raise more money for its support, this is the last term, unless a private school is opened.

We saw the two new churches in Rockland last week for the first time. We should never have guessed what they were if we had not known. Can't say that we admire the architecture.

Don't forget to see the drama, "Enlisted for the War," by the Warren Dramatic Club, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. The Warren Orpheus Club furnishes the music for the occasion.

## VINALHAVEN.

Frank Graffam, son of Joseph Graffam died here last week of decline. He was a promising young man and much regretted.

Capt. Boman, who died here Monday morning, was a well known and highly respected citizen. He has lived here upwards of thirty years, and carried on the business of sailmaking. He was the native of Sweden, and a follower of a seafaring life in his early days, and was very well posted in navigation.

A horse belonging to the livery stable made a bad runaway one day last week. He started from the steamboat wharf and ran towards the harbor at full speed. The truck wagon to which he was attached was smashed on a big rock by the roadside, but the horse did not get clear of the fore wheels and was thrown down a number of times. The shafts were broken and a splinter made a bad wound in one of his hips, from which the blood ran. Happily no one was hurt but the horse, and he is coming out all right.

## GEORGES RIVER.

Wild geese are very plenty in the river.

Josiah Clark put the plow into the ground last Friday, commencing his spring farming.

Charles B. Oliver arrived home last Thursday from Virginia, where he has been getting out ship timber.

L. L. Wheeler's heifer got her hip out of joint last Saturday while in the yard with another cow.

Ward & Stanley raised a new derrick last Thursday with a forty foot mast. This firm has put up a blacksmith shop and hired Edwin Williams to sharpen and oversee the quaring.

The speedy conviction and sentence of Joe Brady of the crime of murdering Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke must have been foreseen by all who read the testimony. Brady's attempt to prove an alibi failed, while the confessions of Kavanagh and Carey, supported by outside testimony, were too circumstantial to admit of doubt that Brady was guilty. It would have been more satisfactory, however, if the Government had established its case without relying upon the statements of informers. Brady, while he richly deserves hanging, is not the only one whom the law should punish. What effect his sentence will have upon the dynamite plotters who are still bent on destruction, cannot be foreseen. It ought naturally to make the members of other criminal organizations tremble lest they too should be betrayed by their pals.

## Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." \$15c.

## Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

## THIS WEEK

## OPENING

## —OF—

## Spring Millinery

## .....AND.....

## FANCY GOODS

## MRS. F. I. GAY,

(Successor to MRS. I. BAILEY)

Has returned from New York with her New Goods, embracing all the

## MINOR CHORDS.

## New Advertisements To-day.

Assessors' Notice.  
Mrs. John Bird—Girl Wanted.  
Lewandow's French Dye House.  
John A. Hobbs—Notice of Foreclosure.  
Hiram Knight—Pigs and Shotes for sale.  
W. J. Robbins—Painter and Paper Hanger.  
Mrs. F. I. Gay—Opening of Spring Millinery.  
B. Ackerman—Latest Styles Tailoring Goods.  
Dauchy & Co.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
Blue Hill Steamboat Co.—Two Trips per Week.  
Abbey's Uncle Tom's Cabin—Wednesday, April 25.

Burpee & Hahn—Painters and Ready Mixed Paints.  
Simonton Brothers—New Goods in Every Department.  
W. O. Fuller, Jr.—Found Keeper and Justice of the Peace.  
Annual Meeting of the McDonald Boat and Shoe Ventilating Co.

Thursday gave a thunder storm.  
Rockland supports 49 telephones.  
Probate Court was in session today.  
Our millinery stores are menacing the family wallet.

A great many flounders are now being speared.  
Forepaugh's advance posters gladden the hearts of small boys.

Tom McIntosh the colored comedian is immense. Especially as to his mouth.  
A large number took supper at the Baptist vestry Thursday evening—and it was a right good supper too.

W. H. Harrington's store window is decorated with banana leaves from the tree at the Custom House.

The High School Lyceum will meet to-morrow evening with Miss Annie Wright on Summer street.

James Wright received last week two handsome wood ducks for breeding purposes from Factory Point, Vt.

F. P. Knowlton & Co. are to make a handsome twelve foot, double monument for a Mr. Sayward of Dover, N. H.

James Donahue made a shooting trip to Hewett's Island last week and returned Saturday with thirty-seven black ducks and sheldrakes.

A fine painting of schooner Fannie Whitmore by J. C. Babbidge is on exhibition at O. S. Andrews' store. It belongs to Capt. A. F. Ames.

A pugacious fellow amused himself and a crowd by knocking down a couple of other fellows in front of Gen. Berry engine house Saturday night.

Lettuce and rhubarb from the hot house of R. H. Counce, Thomaston, are in the markets. Lettuce is worth ten cents a bunch and rhubarb twelve cents a pound.

Simonton Bros. announce that they are "re-organized" and have a large and very fine line in new goods, a portion of which they specify. In laying out their spring buying our readers will notice these points.

The great Triennial May festival of the Handel & Haydn society of Boston is to begin May 1st and last until the following Sabbath. Some of Rockland's musical people are making preparations to attend.

Another squabble took place at the depot among the hackmen Friday noon, one of the jehus being knocked out of his equilibrium. A railing has since been put up, behind which drivers of hacks are expected to stand.

Frank A. Owen, manager of the Bangor Opera House, has our thanks for a copy of the handsome souvenir program used at the first anniversary of the opera house—the play being "Esmeralda," by the Madison Square Company.

The road between Rockland and Thomaston is very passable and the mud is rapidly drying. But the highway between this city and Camden and the road to South Thomaston is almost impassable for teams, being in the worst condition that it has been for years.

Among their other duties the assessors are making an enrollment of male persons between the ages of 18 and 45, indicating all who are exempt from military duty. A copy of this list is filed at the Adjutant General's office, and the authorities can always ascertain Maine's war footing.

The accommodation was three hours making the trip from this city to Camden Friday night on account of the bad condition of the roads. A party of masons, who were intending to visit the lodge at Camden, were deterred from going for this reason and District Deputy Wiggins started but gave it up as a bad job.

Sixty-three barrels of lobsters were shipped to Boston last week. Nineteen were from the pond at Vinalhaven and forty-four were shipped by Chase and came from Seal Harbor and Port Clyde. Yesterday Chase bought a tub of 4000 lbs. of fish of a Bristol vessel. He intends soon to open a market on Tillson wharf.

Fast Day falls on Thursday. First Baptists, Congregationalists and Freewill Baptists unite in religious services at the house of the first named, at 10.30 a. m., Rev. W. S. Roberts preaching. The Methodists hold services in their own house at the same hour, and afterwards elect Sunday-school officers for the ensuing year.

The city schools begin next Monday with nearly the same corps of instructors. Miss Josie Thorndike, who has been teaching in the Oxtown district, is to be assistant at Oak Grove school, and her place supplied by Miss Ida McIntosh, of Blackington's Corner. T. H. McLain, principal of the Grammar School, enters upon his twelfth year as instructor in our city. It is needless to say that he gives excellent satisfaction.

Whitmore & Clarke's Minstrels showed to a good house Tuesday evening and gave an old-time minstrel performance. Harry Whittier, soloist, and the Hennessey brothers were the best parts of the entertainment. Hank White on account of lameness was deterred from giving any of his specialties, but as one of the men contributed to the success of the performance. In the opening part of the performance, a sham quarrel among the performers, was given so naturally as to appear to be the real thing, and the audience felt as relieved when the true inwardness of the affair was seen.

Now select bean-poles.  
Havener has "resumed."  
G. A. Safford's grocery store has the telephone.

Kiln wood is plenty and sells for four dollars per cord.  
The voice of the frog is heard singing "Spring, Spring—"

The first mayflowers of the season were gathered yesterday.

Allie McDonald shipped a trio of game fowl to Milton, Penn., yesterday.

The Railway Granite Company have recently put in a new lathe. The company is rushed with work.

The attention of readers is called to Chapter 157 of the new laws which makes Sunday a close time for game and birds of all kinds.

At the meeting of the Juvenile Templars last Saturday afternoon, sixteen new members were added. The work among the children throughout the state is going briskly on. There are now forty-six Temples in Maine with a membership of 3500.

School Agent R. H. Burnham assisted by Geo. W. White and Chas. C. Lovejoy has completed the census of the school children of our city and finds the total number to be 1974 apportioned among the different Wards as follows: Ward 1, 307; Ward 2, 148; Ward 3, 352; Ward 4, 290; Ward 5, 330; Ward 6, 330; Ward 7, 247.

Monday evening the ladies of the W. C. T. U. held a musical and literary entertainment in the Baptist Vestry for the purpose of raising funds for the carrying on of their good work. The program will embrace readings, songs, duets, quartets, etc., by Rockland's best talent. Admission is fifteen cents and it is hoped that there will be a large attendance.

We would call the attention of our readers to a communication in another column in reference to St. Peter's Episcopal Society, which has been holding services in Merrill's hall on Limerock street. It seems as though something should be done by the people to help sustain the society. It is in every respect worthy the help and assistance of citizens and the Rev. Wm. Walker the rector, a thorough and consistent christian, is highly respected and esteemed by all. Something should be done.

A large attendance at the "Advoirdupois Supper" Thursday evening gladdened the hearts of the Methodist society. An elegant supper was provided for the hungry and all present seemed to be in a starved condition. Great amusement was caused by the weighing and consequent mathematical work and it was voted one of the best times of the season. Sammie Dermot and Gracie Singhi as Tom Thumb and wife created great amusement and were very cute. The affair netted some sixty dollars.

The temperance meeting Sunday afternoon was opened in the Baptist Vestry, but so large a number was present, it was found necessary to adjourn to the church which was well filled. Rev. J. J. Blair presided, and the time was employed in interesting remarks by temperance workers present. The singing was unusually good. The meeting next Sabbath is to be held in Farwell hall, and will be addressed by O. G. Hall, C. E. Littlefield, True P. Pierce and other interesting and talented speakers. The meeting will commence at 3.30 o'clock.

John A. Keen has at his store an incubator in successful operation. The incubator resembles a huge chest. In the upper part is a tank filled with water which is kept at a temperature of about 105 degrees by a large oil lamp. Beneath the tank the eggs to be hatched are placed and subjected to uniform heat. Mr. Keen has a number of chickens hatched out by this process and more are being turned out each day. As soon as eggs are hatched their place is supplied with others and the process goes on without interruption. Roscoe Robinson has a mechanical hen of the same sort at his work-shop on Grove street.

POLICE NEWS. John Jeffries was arrested Saturday for drunkenness and disturbance, brought before Judge Hicks Monday and fined \$5 and costs. . . . Hosea Knowlton was arrested Friday night for drunkenness and disturbance and brought before Judge Hicks Saturday morning. He pleaded not guilty and said that the day before his arrest he started with his team from his home up country to bring a man named Phillips to this city. Meeting a teamster he asked "if he had anything to grease the wheels with." The teamster mentioned, having some of the aforesaid lubricator in a bottle, Knowlton and his companion "greased the wheels." He came to Rockland and at night applied to the police for quarters. He said that he was not drunk and was very positive that he came to Rockland the previous day. On being asked by the Judge what day of the week he thought the present day to be, he answered Thursday, and was somewhat astounded on being informed that it was Saturday. He was fined \$5.04 and in default of payment was sent back to the station house. . . . Annie Corcoran was arrested this forenoon for drunkenness.

In the Court of Commissioners of Alabama claims at Washington on Wednesday, J. E. Moore of Thomaston, Maine, and H. D. Turnhune, of Paterson, N. J., were appointed special commissioners to take testimony. Among the judgements announced were the following: N. A. Farwell, \$1,052; Francis Cobb, \$1,052; W. H. Luce, \$1,336; Rebecca S. Luce, administratrix, \$10,550. The claim of Messrs. Farwell and Cobb was for a cargo of lime shipped from this port in the bark Ocean Eagle for New Orleans, which was seized near the mouth of the Mississippi by the Confederate cruiser Calhoun. Capt. W. H. Luce had command of the bark and his claim is for detention and loss of personal property. The bark was owned by the estate of A. G. Luce, of which Mrs. Rebecca S. Luce is administratrix, and the claim is for damage and losses sustained by the vessel. The bark sailed from this port for New Orleans April 10th, 1861, with a cargo of lime consigned to Messrs. Crevey & Farwell. She was intercepted at the Balize by the armed steamer Calhoun and taken up to New Orleans. The captain was released on parole, after losing all his private property and papers, and the crew put into the Parish prison as prisoners of war. When the rebels evacuated New Orleans in 1863 they set fire to the shipping, but the hawser which held four of the vessels burned and let the crafts drift before the flames reached them, and they were thus saved. Of these four the Ocean Eagle and Chas. Farwell belonged to this port, and one of the remaining two belonged in Bath. The claims given above bear interest from time of seizure until 1877.

The Penobscot is open.  
The assessors' notice is printed elsewhere.  
Ackerman the tailor is again "on deck" and ready for business.

E. L. Marsh, near the Pond, has had the telephone put into his residence.

Nelson Ulmer and John Hanrahan have gone to Montreal in quest of horses.

Nelson Cobb of the firm of Fuller & Cobb went to Boston last night to purchase goods.

Brackley's maple syrup has arrived from Vermont and can be found at E. D. Graves'.

Attention is called to the opening advertisement of Mrs. F. I. Gay, successor to Mrs. Isabel Bailey.

Nova Scotia Alewives, fat and sweet, are in our fish markets, selling at three and four cents each.

Mrs. O. A. Wiggins of the firm of Achorn & Wiggins is in Boston purchasing goods for the coming season.

Arthur Shea returned last week from Castine where he has just completed an extensive job of plumbing in the Acadia House.

Miss Julia Withington has gone to Boston after millinery goods and will open her store, No. 9, Limerock street, Perry Block, this week.

Who will report the first mayflower? The person first reporting one at this office will receive THE COURIER-GAZETTE six months for one dollar.

The ladies of the St. David's Society will occupy Farwell Hall May night for their annual levee and ball. The usual good time may be expected.

Saturday night, a loaded car on the eastward bound freight train of the Knox & Lincoln road jumped the track at George's river, injuring the car somewhat.

The directors of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad met at Bath Saturday afternoon and elected Frederic H. Low, Treasurer, vice, L. S. Alexander, resigned.

District Deputy Nathan Wiggins accompanied by a delegation of Rockland Masons, makes an official visit to Moses Webster Lodge F. A. M. of Vinalhaven this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Singhi have gone to Boston and New York to purchase new goods and get the spring styles for their millinery and dressmaking establishment.

Gen. Berry Lodge Knights of Pythias are having a prosperous season. Each regular weekly meeting is well attended and the lodge is having as much work as it can attend to.

Glover & Ames are building one of the finest wharves in the city. It is 68x135 and of solid limberlock. They have blasted away a troublesome ledge and will have a fine berth for vessels. Richard Rankin is directing the work.

The depth to which frost has reached this past winter has been something unusual and has created sad havoc with water and gas pipes. A great number of breakages have occurred on this account. On Sea street the frost descended five and one-half feet.

The Commercial says that the ice left Bluehill harbor and bay Thursday night, April 12th, and vessels can now reach the wharves. For five consecutive years the ice has left Bluehill on the same date that the Penobscot opened to navigation, and the circumstance has attracted considerable attention.

The headquarters of the Maine Division Sons of Veterans have been stationed at Auburn. It is thought that the division officer will be placed in this city. The appointment of officers upon the staff of the commanding officer will be issued next week.

In our item of last week about the influx of gas into E. J. Murphy's residence, we were slightly in error. The gas main does not pass beneath Mr. Murphy's cellar as we stated, but directly along Union street, as supt. Frost informs us. The break in the pipe was at the place where the main crosses the old brook; and the wind drawing through the bridge carried the gas down the brook and up into the house.

The managers of the skating rink are making arrangements to secure a lady skater for three successive nights at the rink but no dates have been settled on yet. In the meantime our local skaters are putting in a tremendous amount of practice so as to make a good impression on the young lady on her arrival. The rink will be open Thursday afternoon and evening. In the afternoon the regular music will be furnished by Morey's Quadrille band. Skating from 8 to 10 o'clock and dancing from 10 till 12. Open every afternoon as usual.

"Abbey's Double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company" opened their week's engagement last evening at the Globe Theater to an overflowing house, standing-room not being available after eight o'clock. The larger portion of the audience was composed of ladies and children, who as usual cried over the death of Eva. But the comicities of the Two Topsy's and the eccentricities of the Two Lawyers, Marks Sr. and Jr., brought forth screams of delight. The remarkable scenery exhibited by the trained Russian Bloodhounds, was a complete surprise and elicited a perfect storm of applause."—Boston Globe.

THE CHURCHES. Rev. Mr. Roberts preached to the Congregationalists Sunday afternoon. In the evening Rev. Mr. Blair preached to the Baptists on "Modern Orthodoxy." . . . Rev. Mr. Philbrook's fourth lecture in the current series will be given next Sunday evening. Subject: "The Miracle of the Manna and What it Signifies." . . . Elder John Brown preached at Burpee Hall Sunday and led the social meeting in the evening. The regular meeting of the Advent society are held Sundays and Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week. . . . The large vestry of the Methodist Church is crowded every Sunday night. A good religious feeling prevails and several have started in the christian life recently. . . . Rev. J. W. Hamilton of Boston, will lecture in the Methodist Church Thursday evening at 7.40 o'clock. Subject: "Fits and Misfits." Quarterly meeting will be held next Saturday and Sunday at the Methodist Church. . . . Rev. B. S. Arey, Presiding Elder of Rockland District, will preach Saturday evening at 7.45 and Sunday at 10.30 a. m. There will be a love feast at 9.15 a. m. At 2 p. m. the pastor will preach and at the close of the sermon there will be a baptismal service. Mr. Southard's text Fast Day will be Col. 4-5. Sunday afternoon the text will be Deut. 11-31.

Work on the breakwater will be completed the first of July.

Don't put on spring clothing too soon. It breeds pneumonia.

W. F. Norcross & Co. are giving out as change some of the new five-cent pieces.

J. S. Smith, traveling agent for the Union Pacific Railroad, was registered at the Thorndike House Friday.

Senator Hale has our thanks for the two-volume compendium of the tenth census. It contains a great many figures which we shall endeavor to commit to memory.

The fine opera company that is to appear in this city May 11th, is thus spoken of by the Milford Journal:

"The evening entertainment given by Parsons & Crossman's Ideal Opera Company was well attended. The audience was quite enthusiastic in its praise. Miss Sherman won the highest commendation. The music and singing was good throughout. Bettina, the Mascot, could be well described in Milton's words: 'A daughter so fair, so buxom, blithe and debonaire,' and with her pleasing face, graceful movements, spirited yet modest acting, was deservedly a general favorite; her voice was strong, clear, flexible, sweet, well managed."

The present term of the Commercial College closes July 1st for a two months' vacation, opening again the first Monday in September. The past year has been a very prosperous one, and the college is no longer an experiment but a well established success. The attendance the past year has been the largest of any in its history. This attendance has been made up of pupils from all parts of New England. A great amount of money has been and is being constantly expended in the purchase of appliances and it is now one of the best fitted colleges in the country. A number of pupils are entering and those who are desirous of attending the school this term should apply at once.

Bishop's Georgia Minstrels gave on Wednesday evening the most enjoyable minstrel entertainment ever in this city. The company made a short parade Wednesday noon and the band gave a concert in front of the hall in the evening. Notwithstanding the rain the house was well filled. The whole entertainment was first-class and there was not a tire some number on the program. The singing was "immense" as is always the case where colored people are concerned. Tom McIntosh and Havercraft are two of the funniest actors on the minstrel stage. The Georgians expect to return in May, when they will be greeted with a crowded house.

The following is of interest in Rockland, though we doubt if even the plan there described would prevent the use referred to:

"The rules of telephone exchanges forbid the use of the telephones by persons not subscribers, but the telephone men have hard work to enforce this rule, as subscribers are inclined to give it a very liberal interpretation. There has recently been invented a device for photographing in a telephone exchange all persons using the telephones on wires emanating therefrom. The photograph appears on a ribbon which runs under the eye of the operator. If the person using the instrument is not a subscriber the fact is at once apparent, and the person in whose office the telephone is located is charged a fixed sum for allowing his instrument to be used by one not entitled to use it."

Edwin Libby Post G. A. R. have been adding to their membership lately and now numbers 135 comrades. No date has yet been assigned for their grand camp-fire as the time will depend upon the action of the governor's council in reference to their visit to the State Prison, the governor intending to do the camp-fire and prison on the same trip. The order throughout the state is in a very flourishing condition and a number of new posts organized. Burnside Post, Auburn, is now the largest in the State, numbering 350 comrades.

A pleasant company attended the concert and levee of the Congregationalist society at Skating Rink hall last night. The program program presented a pleasing variety and the Operetta of King Alfred was bright and interesting. Walter Tibbetts made a handsome King Alfred, Miss Ada Simonton a charming Ambella, James Wight and Miss Maggie Pierce created a great deal of amusement as the old man and dame. Jarvis Perry was a laughable Dumplin, James Lassel and Harry Burr made two funny little nigs and the soldiers under Capt. Ernest Davis marched with military precision. The singing of Miss Ada Kennedy and the recitations of Miss Martha Wight were greatly enjoyed. A plentiful supply of cake and cream satisfied the hungry.

SCIENCE. William A. Simonton, a teamster, residing with his widowed mother, Mrs. Rebecca Webster, on the Marsh road, suicided yesterday morning at about half-past seven o'clock by hanging. Simonton was a man of somewhat dissipated habits, and for several days preceding this catastrophe had been indulging rather freely in liquor. Monday morning he arose and took breakfast with his mother as usual, and left the house for the barn. A neighbor saw him standing on the steps and wringing his hands. His mother, going to the barn about an hour after, found him hanging from a beam by a halter. She unloosed the rope from his neck, but life was extinct. Help was summoned and the body was carried into the house. After looking over the circumstances of the case the coroner decided an inquest unnecessary. The rope by which the deed was committed was an ordinary halter and was fastened by half-hitches to a beam about six feet from the floor. A slip-noose was formed at the other end, which when detached from the neck of the unfortunate man hung only a few feet from the floor, showing that he must have had a desperate determination to end his life. The neck was black and blue showing the marks of the rope. He was about 37 years of age.

FOR THE COURIER-GAZETTE.  
"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."

The little band of worshippers of the Episcopal faith in Rockland, after years of self sacrificing devotion to the cause so dear to them will be obliged to yield to the inevitable, and give up their weekly services, for the want of funds to meet expenses. Their church, by the inroads of time, has been rendered unsuitable for use, and hence they are obliged to rent a hall for a place of worship, but will be obliged to relinquish it in a few days and discontinue services. The owner of the hall, Edward Merrill, with his characteristic liberality requires a mere nominal rent and would, doubtless make further reduction—but the society would regard it as an act of ingratitude to ask him to take less. Consequently, unless aid is proffered from the neighbors of the hall and others who would prefer to see it occupied for religious purposes rather than for dances, the society must abandon religious services here.

## Births.

In this city, April 12, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. White, twin daughters, 8 days.  
In Thomaston, April 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Creamer, a daughter.

## Marriages.

In this city April 11, by W. O. Fuller, Jr., esq., Edward W. Merrill and Miss Lizzie Merrifield, of Rockland.  
In Appleton, April 14, Augustus Vaughan of Union, and Mrs. L. A. Simmons of Appleton.

## Deaths.

In this city, April 12, Samuel Hassen, aged 90 years.  
In this city, April 10, Willie L., son of E. H. and Hattie L. Flye, aged 2 months, 3 days.  
In this city, April 10, Lemmie M., son of L. H. and Ellen Clough, aged 7 months, 3 days.  
In this city, April 10, Wm. A. Simonton, aged 56 years, 6 months.  
In Camden, April 14, Mrs. Margaret T. Norwood, aged 75 years, 7 months, 8 days.  
At Owl's Head, April 16, Elias Cross, aged 75 years, 6 months, 8 days.  
In Cushing, April 14, Hannah P. Hathorne, aged 90 years, 1 month, 2 days.  
Drowned in Rockport harbor, April 9, William Dix of Bucksport, aged 56 years.  
In Rockport, April 8, Mrs. Sarah Burgess, aged 40 years.  
At Vinalhaven, April 16, R. L. Boman, in his 87th year.

**GIRL WANTED.**  
COMPETENT GIRL to do general Housework. Apply to  
13 MRS. JOHN BIRD.

**GIRL WANTED.**  
A COMPETENT GIRL to do general housework. Apply to  
12 MRS. S. M. BIRD, Blackington's Corner.

**GIRL WANTED.**  
COMPETENT GIRL to do general housework. Apply to  
12 MRS. J. J. BLAIR, STICKPOLE HOUSE.

**COOK WANTED.**  
WOMAN of experience to cook in boarding house for about 35 boarders. Must come well recommended. For further particulars apply at  
12 THE COURIER-GAZETTE OFFICE, ROCKLAND.

**PIGS AND SHOTES.**  
I HAVE a fine lot of Pigs and Shotes and those who want to secure good bargains by calling on me, or leaving their orders at R. Fred Crie's.  
HIRAM KNIGHT, 4w13\* Blackington's Corner, Rockland.

**NOTICE.**  
THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the McDonald Boat and Shoe Ventilating Company will be held at the office of C. E. Littlefield, Esq., in the City of Rockland, Me., on TUESDAY, the eighth day of May, A. D. 1883, at 4 o'clock p. m., for the choice of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them.  
Per Order,  
C. E. LITTLEFIELD, Sec'y.  
Rockland, Me., April 13, 1883.

**W. J. ROBBINS, PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER.**  
EVERYBODY has got to be dashed this year. For I am in the business. Paper Hanging and Fine Painting a Specialty. Give me a trial, before you hang your papers this spring. I am always in the shop when not away, and then orders can be left on slate. Shop over R. FRED CRIE'S STORE, at the Brook. Ready-Mixed Paint for Sale.  
Rockland, Feb. 6, 1883. 1y3

**W. O. FULLER, JR., POUND KEEPER & JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, ROCKLAND, MAINE.**  
A large and well-selected assortment of pounds constantly on hand. Those contemplating doing any pounding will do well to call before buying elsewhere. Orders by mail receive the same careful attention as when delivered in person.

**Choice Arrostook Seed Potatoes.**  
I AM prepared to furnish in large or small quantities, any variety of potatoes grown in this section. Special care taken in selecting and packing for seed. Excellent results obtained by using this strong new land seed on old lands.  
Address, E. L. CLEVELAND, JR., 4w12 Arrostook Co. HOULTON, ME.

**HOME FOR AGE WOMEN.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the above named corporation will be held at Rockland, Thursday, April 19, A. D. 1883, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the Universalist vestry, for the choice of officers, and such other business as may legally come before said meeting.  
N. T. SLEEPER, Secretary.  
Rockland, April 2, 1883. 2w12

**LADIES!**  
A NEW HAT or BONNET can be made of your Old One at the BLEACHERY, 281 Main St., Rockland, Me. B. F. SARGENT.  
N. B.—Agent for Knox County for the PLY-MOUTH LAMP BOARD, "It is the best." 4w11

**Dress & Cloak Making.**  
Mrs. E. J. Dennis and Miss H. E. Young ANNOUNCE that they can be found at the corner of Main and Lime Rock Sts. Orders for Dress and Cloak Making solicited. 4w11 Children's Work a specialty.

**Notice of Foreclosure.**  
WHEREAS Eben A. Snow, of South Thomaston, in the County of Knox, and State of Maine, on the 15th of April, 1878, conveyed to me by mortgage deed certain real estate, situate in South Thomaston aforesaid, and described as follows, to wit:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, beginning on the eastern side of the town road, at land formerly of Barzilla Pierce; thence easterly by said Pierce's land about two hundred and fifty rods to land sold to I. Kimball; thence by said land southerly sixty rods to stake and stones; thence easterly by said land and land of J. Perry one hundred and thirteen rods to land now formerly of A. B. Butler; thence southerly by said land and land of Isaac Hix, sixty rods to land formerly of George W. Pierce; thence westerly by said Pierce's land to the town road; thence northerly by said road to the first mentioned bound. See mortgage deed aforesaid, recorded in Knox Registry of Deeds, Book 49, Page 329. The conditions said mortgage deed having been broken, I claim a foreclosure upon the same, and give this notice for that purpose.  
Rockland, April 16, 1883. 3w15 JOHN MEHAN.

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## OLD GRIMES IS DEAD.

[This famous Ballad was written by A. G. Green born at Providence, R. I., 1802, died 1868.]

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,  
We never shall see him more;  
He used to wear a long black coat,  
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true;  
His hair was inclined to gray,  
He wore it in a queue.

When'er he heard the voice of pain,  
His breast with pity burned;  
The large round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,  
He knew no base design;  
His eyes were dark and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true;  
His coat had pocket holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd the sin which earth pollutes  
He passed securely o'er;  
And never wore a pair of boots  
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown;  
He wore a double-breasted vest,  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest never sought to find,  
And pay it its desert;  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,  
Was sociable and gay;  
He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze  
He did not bring to vest;  
Nor make a noise when meeting days,  
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
In trust to fortune's chances,  
He lived (as all his brothers do)  
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares  
His peaceful moments ran,  
And everybody said he was  
A fine old gentleman.

## BUDELLS' PROPOSAL.

Belgravia.

This time two years ago our Square Club was flourishing; now I am sole member. Budell, Marby, Smithers and myself had formed ourselves into a private bachelors' club for the purposes of whist and other intellectual occupations, and a very good time we contrived to have together. We hadn't many rules and by-laws for our club. We were sworn bachelors and each of us had to allege a reason why we did not intend to wed; but we had so far recognized the possibility of a change in our sentiments as to solemnly bind ourselves to inform the club at once if we should ever meditate "halving our pleasures and doubling our expenses." Smithers said he hadn't time to marry; I was too poor; and Marby, who was regarded as our romantic member, gave us indefinitely to understand that "blighted affections" stood between him and the hymeneal altar. Budell at first laughed at the idea of assigning a reason; and he wished to allege as his that he hadn't met Mrs. Budell yet. That was unanimously rejected by the rest of the club; whereupon he insisted upon our accepting as an alternative that he was afraid of ladies. We were willing to stretch a point in favor of Budell, who was one of the jolliest possible fellows at a bachelor supper, and so we received this second reason. For the rest we nobly resolved not to fly, but to withstand temptation; our maxim was that every lady is charming so long as one is not married to her; and we were all ready to go into society, and even sustain the reputation of being "dancing men."

We used to relate to each other over our celibate pipes wonderful stories of narrow escapes from gulfed women every season; but if these were all as dependent upon the narrator's fancy for their important details as my contributions to the conversation, the escapes were somewhat more than hair-breadth. Budell was especially a favorite in society; he was one of those rare phenomena, young barristers with some practice, and he had besides a very comfortable allowance from his father.

Like the rest of the club, I had at first taken as a joke his assertion that he was afraid of ladies; but I gradually came to see that there was some truth in it. So long as Budell was in a large company—in a ballroom or any place like that—he was quite at his ease and as bold as a lion; but if by any chance he happened to fall a temporary captive to a solitary damsel's bow and spear, he was almost overwhelmed with nervousness, and his usual powers of conversation completely deserted him. I once met him at the Royal Academy, escorting a very pretty young lady, and looking as uneasy as if he had a worse conscience than King David; and I have seen him tremble at a mere passing mention of the conservatory by his partner at a dance. However, in the Square Club he was our most enthusiastic member; and horror and indignation filled our souls when we realized the direful fact that Budell was in love, and doing his best to be married.

Had we been women we might probably have seen the symptoms of the advancing malady; but we were only obtuse and short-sighted men. Now as I look back over three months I recall incidents that might have been warnings. The gradual decrease of Budell's hilarity at the club and the gradual increase of his excursions into society could hardly, indeed, have been portents, for Budell always did go more into society than the rest of us. The first allusion that he made to me about the lady who was afterward to play Beatrice to his Benedick was at a concert—or rather in the cloak-room after a concert. "That's what I call a pretty girl," he whispered to me; "that dark-eyed girl over there in the warm, fleecy brown shawl—none of your flimsy white opera-cloaks." The girl was pretty, in a fresh piquant sort of way; and even a sworn bachelor might have been excused for being pleased at receiving such a frank smile as she greeted Budell with.

Again, not many days after he remarked to me *à propos des bottes*—"Met rather an interesting girl last night; quite agreeable with me on the subject of names." I may be excused for neglecting this hint. Budell I think would have found a mollusc "interesting" if it had only agreed with him that there was nothing

more objectionable than to have one's name murdered. He was nervously anxious that his name should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable; and I afterward found that he had been introduced (for the second time) to this "interesting girl" as "Buddle." "Just as though I rhymed to 'Buddle'—as he indignantly expressed it. But the most important hint was given the night after Mrs. Barton's ball, at which we had all been present. We were lounging in Budell's rooms, and Smithers was giving us a highly colored and graphic illustration of the frivolity that passes for conversation between young men and maidens. "That's all nonsense," broke in Budell; "it's your own fault at any rate. Why, last night I had quite a serious and interesting conversation about woman's education with a 'maiden.' I even quoted Scripture to her."

"Bet you a hat you misquoted," said the irreverent Smithers, who thought every one was ignorant as himself.

"No; I'm not joking; it's a fact, and I got an idea or two, let me tell you." Had he only told us that he had ventured into the conservatory in order to carry on his conversation without interruption, I am convinced that I at least should have surmised that the acquisition of an idea or two was not the only result.

However, I was not long in my state of ignorance. One day, a month or so after, Budell hunted me up to confide to me that the bachelors' club was all bosh; he was over head and ears in love, and did I think he ought to tell the other men? Then there followed a shower of apologies, in which "soft brown eyes" and goodness knows what other personal attractions were prominent. When I recovered breath I assured him that I thought it quite incumbent upon him to inform the club. I was rigid and cold with him, for I felt indignant; it was almost an insult to select me as his confidant, as though my celibate principles were less fixed than Marby's or Smithers's.

His announcement that evening was received in solemn silence by the Square Club; even Smithers had at first nothing to say. At last Marby asked, "Is it permitted to inquire the lady's name, and when the marriage is to take place?" Budell looked uncomfortable. "Well, the fact is," he said, "I thought I ought to tell the club at once; but I haven't—that is, I don't quite know how to set about asking the lady."

Budell looked so comically distressed as he made this confession that the club hailed it with a shout of laughter. The notion of the bold and confident Budell finding himself muzzled by the tender passion was too suggestive for our risibility. Budell was annoyed. "I don't think," he said, "that my courtesy to the club has been met with courtesy." He glared at me as if I specially had been guilty of revealing his confidence. We apologized humbly, and at last pacified him. He really was puzzled as to how to accomplish his proposal. Marby suggested the old-fashioned plan of plumping down on his knees, like a swain in a valentine; but Budell paled visibly. It was such a cold-blooded way he objected; yet it appeared he had almost adopted it on two occasions. The first time a little brute of a brother had inopportunely appeared; "I never knew a nice girl that hadn't a little brute of a brother," exclaimed Budell, hastily generalizing; and on the second occasion he had even got the length of informing the object of his affections (to adopt a phrase that used to madden Budell) that he had something to tell her, when her mother entered, and she had hastily to devise some idiotic fact about a flower show. It was quite evident that his nerve was not equal to a third attempt. I suggested that he should write; but it seemed that the young lady, in talking about a certain novel, had laughed the hero to scorn for resorting to so cowardly a plan as writing his proposal.

"Can't you save her life in some thrilling manner, and then cast yourself at her feet?" asked the romantic Marby.

"Or can't you get overtaken in a shower, and then you could neatly ask her to share your lot as well as your umbrella?" suggested Smithers.

Budell smiled faintly. "It's all very well for you fellows to make fun of it when you haven't to do it yourselves; but all the same it's a ticklish thing to do well. I wish to do it in a neat and direct manner without any humbug."

"It's my opinion," said Smithers, "that you'll end by 'popping the question' in some altogether extraordinary and absurd manner."

"Very well, sir," said Budell with dignity, "we shall see."

But when we left him, the idea of the irrepressible Budell being tongue-tied before a dainty little damsel who couldn't even sit on a jury, came upon us again with redoubled force, and we awoke the echoes of the silent street with renewed shouts of laughter.

Poor Budell could find no opportunity of settling his fate. He revolved drearily round my rooms, where he materially interfered with my work by constantly putting skillfully elaborated questions to me, devised to extract my opinion as to his lady-love, without revealing her name. I rose and fell in his estimation as my answers were what he desired or not; and I committed myself to an immense number of definite opinions as to the preference between blondes and brunettes, large mouths and small ears, etc., etc.

"Whether do you prefer Greek or Saxon names for ladies?" he once asked me. I answered at random that I liked them both equally.

"No, but really," he persisted. "I mean modern names derived from those languages." "Well," I replied at a venture, "I like Saxon names." "Do you?" he exclaimed; "why, so do I. For example, I don't think you could find a prettier name than Edith anywhere."

"Oho!" I cried, "her name is Edith, is it?" Budell blushed, but couldn't deny it; and I daresay he would have revealed her surname also had I pressed him.

August brought me an invitation from Will Carlyon to spend a fortnight at his

father's place in Scotland, and have a shot at the grouse. "I've asked Marby, Smithers and Budell," he wrote, "and I expect them all. I know you four have frightful chains-and-slavery notions about matrimony; but there are lots of nice young girls staying here with Fanny, and if you don't go home with the full intention of forthwith becoming Benedicks I shall be surprised. Anyhow, we have plenty of birds."

When I arrived I found the house full of pleasant men and agreeable girls; while the grouse gave very fair sport. The club was there in full force. Budell was in tolerable spirits, and came out in grand style as master of the ceremonies, and as the originator of all sorts of amusements. He was too busy to inflict any more confidences, but I had no reason to suppose that he had yet accomplished his proposal.

One afternoon a heavy rain-storm had driven the sportsmen in sooner than usual; I was examining my breech-loader in the gun room when Smithers mysteriously requested me to come to the smoking-room at once. There I found Budell and Marby. Smithers had convened the club, and we had the room to ourselves. He briefly explained his object.

"I have an announcement to make," he said, "similar to one made by Budell not long since. I'm going to follow his example, and I hereby invite you all to the wedding. Like Budell, I haven't yet put the final question, but I am not afraid of the answer. I have no objection to tell you that the young lady is at present in this house, and that her name is Miss Maxwell."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Budell. "Well," said Marby, "I may as well take this opportunity of informing the club that I too am going to follow suit. Only I've taken the precaution to speak to the young lady first, and Fanny Carlyon is shortly going to become Mrs. Marby."

I was thunderstruck. "In that case," I said with dignity, as I strode from the room, "I am now the only member of the Square Club."

Just as I was tying my neck-tie a few minutes before dinner, and reflecting that, though nervousness, want of leisure, and even blighted affections, might be got over, I at least had a reason that would preserve me from matrimony, Budell hurried into my room.

"Look here," he said; "I'm in a dence of a box! Smithers is going to Miss Maxwell; and, hang it, that's Edith!"

"What! You're both in love with Miss Maxwell?"

"Yes; and that forward beast, Smithers, will be sure to propose right off. And I've never had a good opportunity."

"My dear Budell, you must make your opportunity. Do it to-night."

"To-night? Why, it's dinner-time already. And after dinner we're to have those blessed *tableaux vivants*; and goodness knows what Smithers will do while I am looking after the wretched affairs. And then, to-morrow, I've promised Carlyon to start for the east moor at nine o'clock."

I endeavored to comfort him by suggesting that possibly Miss Maxwell might refuse Smithers; but Budell shrugged at the possibility of being forestalled. He was palpably upset, and he looked nervous and anxious all dinner-time. The company generally attributed it to theatrical responsibility, but they were wrong; Budell was too old a hand to be anxious about anything so simple as *tableaux vivants*. Smithers, on the other hand, had secured a seat beside Miss Maxwell, and seemed to be making himself vastly agreeable.

The *tableaux* began immediately after dinner, and they were a great success. Budell had skillfully arranged them, without attempting to make them into a series; and music, supposed to be appropriate or have reference to each tableau, was played while the curtain was up. Curiously enough, in the last tableau, Miss Maxwell, Smithers and Budell were to appear by themselves; and still more curiously the subject of it was "The Rivals." Where Budell had got it I don't know; probably in his inner consciousness. It was supposed to be a woodland scene in the paint-and-powder days. A young lady was discovered seated on a bank, with a lover kneeling at her feet, and holding one of her hands. At a little distance, and unseen by either of the lovers, was a rival glaring from among the trees at the unsuspecting pair. The tableau was very effective. Miss Maxwell looked charming in her costume, and Smithers glared splendidly. Budell's face it was impossible to see, for his back was to the audience. Up till now the performers had all managed to remain as rigid as statues; but in this tableau Miss Maxwell, who had already appeared several times, seemed to lose her nerve. The curtain had not been up a minute when she started, looked down at Budell, and at last, flushing crimson, fairly ran off the stage. However, the last tableau went off without a hitch, and the slight mistake did not effect the general verdict.

An adjournment was made to have a dance in the hall, and I was standing idly looking on when Budell, once more in his usual garb, rushed up to me in a fever of excitement.

"By George, sir," he whispered, "congratulate me! I've done it; it's all right."

And he dragged me along with him from the hall into the empty library.

"What on earth do you mean, man?" I exclaimed. "What have you done?"

"I've proposed sir; and I've been accepted."

I cordially congratulated him; and then I inquired "How did you manage it—when did you find the time—and where the courage?"

"I'll tell you. I did it in that tableau. Under cover of the music I told Edith that in all sober earnestness I was at her feet, not in jest alone; and I asked her to be my wife. That's why she ran away."

"No wonder!" I interjected. "Wasn't it splendid doing it under Smithers's very eyes? And then of course I saw Edith afterward in the little drawing-room; and he'll be here directly, whenever she has changed her costume."

"Well, I'm glad you've settled it; and

I think Smithers was right when he said you would end by proposing in some extraordinary way. And it seems to me that it was decidedly embarrassing for Miss Maxwell."

Smithers married Edith Maxwell's sister eighteen months after the tableau.

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The young man who "went off like a shot," probably found too much powder on his girl's cheek.

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We sneer at the Stames for worshipping the elephant; but think of the money that is paid here annually just to see it.

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Gradually Supplanted by a Better Article Certain Old Things are Done Away.

In the general reception room of the Western Union Telegraph building, on Broadway, New York, are exhibited the coarse, crude and clumsy instruments of the infancy of telegraph. They only rely on noise. More perfect machinery has superseded them.

Years ago what is now styled the old-fashioned porous plaster did some good service. There was then nothing better of the kind. Now all that is changed. Science and study have gone deeper into the secrets of medicine, and produce ADAMSON'S CAPSINE POROUS PLASTER, which embodies all the excellencies thus far possible in an external remedy. The old plasters were slow—the Capsine is rapid; they were uncertain—the Capsine is sure. Cheaper articles bear similar names. Be careful, therefore, that some thrifty druggist does not deceive you. In the center of the genuine is the word CAPSINE. Price 50 cents. D4w9 Seabury and Johnson, Chemists New York.

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From George W. Martin, M. D., Graduate of "University of New York," "Aylett's Surgical and Medical Institute," "Bellevue Hospital," and "New York Ophthalmic Institute," "in the Army, etc.," and L. H. Stearns, M. D., formerly Surgeon National Military Asylum, Togus, Me.

Having examined the formula from which Adams' Botanic Cough Balm is prepared, we recommend it as a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of coughs, colds, whooping coughs, asthma, etc., etc.

Cured Asthma when all Else Failed. I was troubled with Asthma for 12 years. Employed skillful physicians of Boston without effect for good. I have felt nothing of this trouble since taking ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM. B. FRANK SWAN, Boston.

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I have had a troublesome cough for more than five years and have had advice of three of the most skilled physicians, but I found nothing to relieve and cure me till I used ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM.

## HUMORISTS IN VERSE.

Erratic Enigma in The Judge.

This land o'flowing with wit,  
Or what is called for it,  
And, from sage to college chit,  
There abound,  
In the sanctuaries of "The Press,"  
Facile the writers of a mass  
Of squibs and nothingness  
That goes round.

And to Flam, as well as Film,  
Is signed name or pseudonym,  
So that every Jack and Jim,  
Who can read,  
Knows at once that it's the odd  
Conceit of "M Quad"—  
Of Bill Nye or "Derrick Dodd,"  
Or indeed—

That the grin is one that's made  
By Burdette, who learned his trade  
On the Hackney comic grade,  
Way out West;  
Or that James Montgomery B—,  
Who spoils Danbury with a D,  
Is still joking, and as free,  
As the best.

"Ha! ha! That's good, egad!"  
Chuckles one who likes "B. Dadd,"  
Whose readers have been glad  
All the years  
That he's been upon the staff  
Of that *Herold* whose broad laugh,  
Caused by sketch and paragraph,  
First appears—

At a place dubbed Norristown—  
You will find it jotted down  
In the atlas bound in brown,  
With side stamps.  
William's the proper name  
Of this jovial John, the same  
At whose door we lay the blame  
Of mirth—cramps.

Then there is "Bad Boy" Peck,  
Who of buttons makes a wreck—  
I'll bet your restaurant chuck,  
For this mirth,  
That you stranger full of fun,  
With coat and vest undone,  
Has got "M Quad's" Sun—  
Hear him squeal!

And at least two dozen more,  
Are heaping up Glee's Store,  
Many skin-cracked sides are sore  
From the mirth.  
Texas Knox and "Alec Sweet"  
Spread *Siftings*, as a treat,  
Which you everywhere may meet  
On this earth.

"Mrs. Partington" and Iko,  
And that other smirking Smike,  
The dot-garbed "Spoonyednik"—  
Bless my heart!  
I can't think of half the men  
Who sling a joke and a pun,  
I've omitted nine or ten  
Mighty am—

Ope Read of Arkansas,  
Obeys the humorous law,  
And fills each *Traveler's* maw  
With rare jests.  
While "Remus" and "Old Si,"  
With *The Judge*, who winks so sly,  
They are welcome all, as my  
Honored guests.

For they ventilate each fraud,  
Stripping Humbug of his guard;  
No wonder thieves shrink awed,  
Get the blues.  
If these rhymes be out of joint,  
Greasy critics will anoint  
The brow of "Pith and Point"  
Of the News.

## NORWEGIAN FOLK-STORIES.

Big Peter and Little Peter.

Translated by Minnie Ward Patterson.

I.  
There was once two brothers, and each  
of them was named Peter, so the oldest  
was called Big Peter and the youngest  
Little Peter.

When the father died, Big Peter took  
the land and married a wife with a great  
deal of money. But Little Peter re-  
mained at home with his mother, and  
lived on her income till he was of age.  
Then he received his inheritance, and  
Big Peter said that now he should no  
longer remain at the farm and devour  
his mother's living; but would better go  
out into the world, and set about doing  
something.

Well, Little Peter himself thought  
that was not so bad. He bought a fine  
horse and a load of provisions and start-  
ed off to town with them. Here he took  
some of his money and bought whisky  
and other drinkables, and he had no  
sooner got home again than he began to  
hold high carnival.

But when the shillings were no more,  
and Little Peter's purse was empty, he  
came home to his old mother again, and  
now he had nothing left but a calf.

When spring came he turned out the  
calf and let it nibble the grass in Big  
Peter's meadow. Then Big Peter was  
angry and killed the calf.

Little Peter skinned the calf and hung  
the skin up in the drying-room. When  
it was perfectly dry, he rolled it up, put  
it in a sack, and went out into the neigh-  
borhood to sell it; but wherever he went  
they laughed at him, and said they had  
no use for a smoked calf-skin.

When he had gone a long way, he  
came to one more yard. There he went  
in, and asked if he could stop there over  
night.

"No, I really cannot keep you," said  
the woman, "for my husband is away,  
and I am alone. You will have to try  
to get lodging at the neighboring yard,  
but if you do not succeed, you can come  
back again, for you must not be without  
shelter."

As Peter went past the closet window,  
he saw that there was a man within,  
whom the woman was entertaining with  
whisky and a large kettle of old cream  
porridge.

When the man had begun to eat and  
drink the man of the house came home  
again, but when the woman heard him  
coming on the porch, she took the kettle  
of porridge and sat it under a tub, the  
ale and whisky she put in the cellar, and  
the man she locked in a large chest  
which stood there. Little Peter, who  
was standing just outside the window,  
saw all that was done.

A little while after the man came in,  
Little Peter followed, and asked if he  
could stay there over night.

"Yes," said the man, "you can stay."  
And then he asked Peter to sit up to the  
table and have some supper.

Well, Little Peter sat up to the table,  
laying his calf skin at his feet.

When they had sat there a little while,  
Little Peter began to trample on the  
skin.

"Now what are you saying again?  
Can you not keep still?" said Little  
Peter.

"Who is it you are talking with?"  
said the man.

"It is a prophetic I have in the  
in," said Peter.

"What does she predict?" asked the  
man.

"She says it would not be strange if  
I was a kettle of cream porridge  
standing under the tub," said Little  
Peter.

"She prophesies rather so so then,"  
said the man, "for there has not been  
any cream porridge in the house for a  
year and a day."

But Peter begged him go and look,  
which he did, and of course he found the  
kettle of cream porridge.

They began to regale themselves upon  
it, but while in the midst of the enjoy-  
ment, Peter again began to trample on  
the skin.

"Hush!" said he, "can you not hold  
your tongue?"

"What does the prophetic say now?"  
asked the man.

"She says it might be possible to find  
ale and whisky in the cellar," answered  
Peter.

"If she has never prophesied amiss be-  
fore, she has done so now," said the man.  
"Ale and whisky! I can scarcely re-  
member when we had those articles in  
the house."

"Look and see," said Peter.

The man did so and found them both,  
and, of course, was delighted.

"What did you give for that prophe-  
tic?" I must have it, whatever you ask  
for it," said the man.

"I inherited it from my father, and  
never set much value upon it," said  
Peter. "Really, I have no particular  
desire to part with it, but it does not  
matter much. If you will let me have  
the old chest which stands in the closet  
you shall have it."

"The key of the chest is lost!" cried  
the woman.

"I will take it without the key," said  
Peter. So he and the man soon became  
agreed as to the trade.

Peter got a rope; the man helped him  
get the chest on his back and he ram-  
bled off with it. When he had gone some  
distance, he came out upon a bridge.  
Beneath it a river flowed so rapidly that  
it foamed and frothed and made such an  
uproar that the bridge trembled.

"That whisky! That whisky!" said  
Peter. "I can taste it yet. What can I  
be tugging this chest around for? If I  
had not been tipsy and crazy I would not  
have traded my prophetic away for it.  
But now the chest is going into the river,  
and that, too, in short meter!" and  
he began to untie the rope.

"Mercy! mercy! Do, for Heaven's  
sake, save me! It is a man you have in  
the chest," cried the man who was inside.

"It must be the devil himself, who  
wants to make me believe he is a man,"  
said Peter; "but, whatever he is, he is  
going out into the river now."

"Oh! no, no! it is a man. The wo-  
man's husband is ugly and crazy, so she  
was obliged to hide me in the chest. I  
have a silver watch and a gold watch  
with me, which you shall have, and \$800  
besides, if you will only let me out,"  
cried the man.

"Can it be possible? Is it really a man,  
then?" said Peter, as he took a stone and  
broke the lock, letting out the man, who  
made a rush for his garden, quickly and  
easily, for you know he was no longer  
burdened with his watches and his money.

Little Peter now returned home and  
said to Big Peter: "Calf-skins were in  
pretty good demand today at the market."

"Indeed! What did you get for that  
rag of a skin you had?" asked Big  
Peter.

"Poor as it was I got \$800 for it, but  
the skins of larger and fatter calves  
bring twice as much," said Little Peter,  
showing him money.

"It was well you told me that," an-  
swered Big Peter, and he killed all his  
calves and cows and started off to town  
with their skins and hides.

When he came to the market place  
and the tanners asked him what he con-  
sidered his skins worth, Big Peter asked  
\$800 for the little ones and more accord-  
ingly for the large ones. But all the  
people only laughed and made fun of  
him, and said there was no need of his  
taking so much trouble about it; per-  
haps he could get into the mad house,  
and make better bargains. Then he  
understood that Little Peter had out-  
witted him.

II.  
When he came home again he was  
not very good natured. He said some  
very bad words, and swore that he  
would kill Little Peter that night.

But Little Peter happened to hear  
what he said. So when he had gone to  
bed, and it was getting rather late at  
night, he asked his mother to change  
places with him; he was so cold, and it  
might be warmer by the wall, he said.

Well, she did so, and by and by Big  
Peter came with an ax in his hand, and,  
tip-toeing over to the bed, he chopped off  
his mother's head with one blow.

In the morning Little Peter went into  
the room where Big Peter was and said:  
"Alack! my brother, that you have  
killed our mother! The Lensman will  
not very much like our mother! The  
Lensman will not very much like your  
way of getting her allowance!"

Then Big Peter became so afraid that  
he begged Little Peter for Heaven's sake  
to keep still about what he knew; he  
should have \$800 if he would.

Well, Little Peter pocketed the money,  
and then, putting his mother's head on  
her again, he got her on a hand-sled,  
drew her to market, and sat her up  
there with an apple basket on each  
arm and an apple in each hand.

By and by a sailor strolled past, and,  
thinking it was an apple-woman, he  
asked her if she had apples to sell, and  
how many he could have for a shilling.  
But the old woman did not answer. The  
sailor asked once more. Still she did not  
answer.

"How many can I have for a shilling?"  
shrieked he, the third time, but the old  
woman sat as though she neither heard  
nor saw him.

Then the sailor became so angry that  
he boxed her ears, and the head rolled  
away across the market.

At that moment Little Peter sprang  
upon the scene. We wept and lamented,  
and threatened to make dreadful trouble  
with the sailor for having killed his old  
mother.

"My dear sir!" said the sailor, "if  
you will only keep quiet about what you  
know, you shall have \$800!" and in this  
way peace was restored.

When Little Peter returned home he  
said to Big Peter:

"The old woman brought a pretty

good price at the market to-day. I got  
\$800 for our mother."

"It is a good thing I found that out,"  
said Big Peter.

He had an old housekeeper whom he  
killed, and started off with great speed  
to sell her. When it became known  
that he went about offering dead folks  
for sale, they were upon the point of  
passing him over to the Lensman, and it  
was much as a bargain that he es-  
caped.

When Big Peter returned home he  
was so disgusted and mad at Little  
Peter that he threatened to kill him on  
the spot.

"Yes, of course, we are all going that  
way," said Little Peter, "and there is  
but a night's difference between to-day  
and to-morrow. But, if I am to quit  
the garden now, then I have one thing to  
beg of you. Put me in the sack that is  
hanging there and carry me to the river."

And as Big Peter had nothing  
against it, he stuffed him into the sack  
and started off. But after he was some  
distance on the road, it popped into his  
head that he had forgotten something  
which he must go back after, and mean-  
while he left the sack sitting by the road-  
side. Pretty soon a man came along  
driving a large, magnificent flock of  
sheep.

"To Heaven! To Paradise! To  
Heaven! To Paradise!" cried Little  
Peter, who was lying in the sack, and  
kept on repeating it in a sing-song  
fashion.

"Will you not let me keep you com-  
pany?" said the man who was driving  
the sheep.

"Yes, if you will untie the bagstring  
and creep down into my place; you will  
get there," said Little Peter. "I will  
not mind waiting till another time.  
But you must not fail to keep shouting  
the same as I do, or else you will not  
get to the right place."

Well, the man untied the bagstring  
and put himself into Little Peter's place.  
Peter tied the bag again, and the man  
began to shout: "To Heaven! To  
Paradise! To Heaven! To Paradise!"  
and continued the recitation as Peter  
had directed him.

When Peter had got him secured in  
the sack he lost no time, but hurried off  
with the flock, making a wide detour  
on the road.

Meanwhile Big Peter returned, took  
the bag on his back and carried it off to  
the river, while the drover, who was in-  
side, kept up his cry, "To Heaven! To  
Paradise!"

"All right! Try if you can find the  
way!" said Big Peter, tumbling him in.

When Big Peter had done that and  
started homeward again he met his  
brother driving the flock of sheep be-  
fore him.

Big Peter was surprised beyond ex-  
pression, and asked how Little Peter had  
got out of the river and where he had got  
that fine flock of sheep.

"That was a really brotherly act,  
your throwing me in," answered Little  
Peter. "I sank like a stone straight to  
the bottom, and there I saw flocks of  
sheep, you may well believe. They go  
about down there in thousands, and  
every flock you come to is larger than  
the last. And you can see for yourself  
they are good wool sheep."

"It's a good thing you told me that,"  
said Big Peter, and off he went like a  
streak to his wife, took her with him to  
the river and, creeping into a sack,  
bade her tie it up quickly and throw him  
out over the bridge.

"I am going after a flock of sheep,  
but if I should remain too long you may  
know that I cannot manage the flock,  
and you will have to jump in and help  
me," said Big Peter.

"Well, only do not stay away too  
long, for I long so to see the sheep,"  
said the woman.

She stood and waited awhile, but  
then, thinking to herself that her hus-  
band probably could not manage to get  
the flock of sheep driven together, she  
jumped in, too.

So Little Peter was rid of them all,  
and inherited the garden and the land,  
the horses and the tools, and even had money  
enough to buy draught cattle, too.

## DEFERRED MATTER.

## VINALHAVEN.

The B. G. Co. paid off Monday night.

Delegates were chosen Saturday evening to  
represent Granite Lodge at the April session of  
the Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T., to be held at  
Lewiston the 18th.

Rev. Mr. Cook of Dover and Foxcroft, (er-  
roneously stated of Parsonsfield last week) is  
expected to preach here next Sunday.

Schools in District No. 3 commence next  
Monday, with the following teachers:—  
Grammar, Annie M. Woodward; Intermediate,  
Vera M. Lord; 1st Primary, Rena Eaton;  
2nd Primary, Emilie Roberts; 3rd Primary,  
Mabel Stone.

W. S. Vinal is having the shop recently vac-  
ated by Mr. Coombs fixed up in good shape  
to be occupied as a confectionary and cigar  
store. The front is being modernized and the  
interior renovated. Expect to see it opened  
about the first of May.

Last Wednesday evening the Debating Club  
wrestled with the question: "Resolved, that  
the American Indian ought to have the sym-  
paty and protection of the U. S. Government."

T. W. Hall, aff. O. P. Lyons, neg. After  
much animated discussion, it was decided by  
a large majority that the affirmative had the best  
of it on the merits of both question and argu-  
ment.

SOUTH THOMASTON.

Littlefield makes but one trip per day during  
the muddy going.

Ward & Stanley are putting up a large der-  
rick at their black granite quarry on George's  
river.

Henry Sweetland has just purchased a fine  
gray mare of Samuel Pierce to be used in his  
livery business.

Sunday night floating ice carried away one  
of the gates of the mill dam. Workmen are  
now repairing the damage done.

Grade district school meeting was held at  
the High School house last evening with a  
good attendance. Luther Rowell was chosen  
moderator; George Sleeper clerk and John A.  
Chadwick, school agent.

J. W. Sayvan writes us from Temescal,  
Cal., in regard to the item in our columns a  
few weeks ago about the Thorndike family.  
He says that the last that was heard of Capt.  
Joshua Thorndike was that he was alive in  
Arizona and that the crew of Capt. Fred  
Thorndike's vessel were tried, and convicted  
for mutiny and killing the captain on the voy-  
age from Shanghai to Puget Sound for lum-  
ber.

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And think the Kidneys or Liver are at Fault.

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Middings, Oil Meal and all kinds  
of Feed at Bottom Prices.

Mineral Salt for Horses and Cattle,

## CHAS. T. SPEARS

Store 329 Main S  
Elevator and Mill Spear's Wh  
ROCKLAND

**TO WHOM IT MAY CONC**

HAVING made good and suitable prov  
the support of my wife, LOTTIE E.  
I hereby warn and forbid any person ha  
trusting her on my account, or I shall pay  
contracted by or for her, after this date:  
AUGUSTUS E.  
Vinalhaven, April 2, 1883.

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