

# 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.

A mighty smart city—electricity.

A sage cheese hasn't any more wisdom than a sage hen, but it is milder.

Self made men are not always to be taken as a model. Sometimes there is too much lumber about the head.

A kitten in the Boston cat show bears the distinguished name of John L. Sullivan. Presumably because of her dexterity in coming to the scratch.

A Vienna man has invented blasting paper. Blasted paper has been known for some years. Ever since personal journalism came into vogue we have heard of some "blasted paper."

Almost everybody has heard of the liberty of the press. We desire to remark that it doesn't mean that a man can have this paper eight or nine years at a stretch without paying for it.

A health journal advises us not to take a long walk on an empty stomach. A stomach is only about ten inches in length, and how a person could take a long walk on it, whether empty or full, is hard to be understood. But no harder than most newspaper "rules of health."

Photography, aided by electricity, has succeeded in reproducing in black and white the waves of sound. The operation was performed in the 24,000th part of a second, which is almost as quick as a boy will eat a piece of candy when he sees a companion coming up the street.

Dr. Henry Power, F. R. S. C., says savages are never near-sighted. Don't have to be. A savage is never called upon to avoid seeing a woman on the opposite side of the street, who is beckoning him to come over and subscribe fourteen dollars toward the foreign missionary fund.

The Prince of Wales is learning to play the banjo. It would be very funny to see the Prince come on the stage in a minstrel show, and while he strummed the strings of the banjo to get them out of tune, hear him tell a desperately humorous thing about his girl's big feet. He'll have to do it, though, if he plays the banjo. All banjo players have to.

John Boyle O'Reilly has considerable to say in a current poem about "the songs that are not sung," and he seems to regret it. We assure you, John, that they are much better, much better, than most of the songs that are sung. If you ever had attended a local concert gotten up for the benefit of the poor you would have noticed this, John. That is, you would have felt satisfied that the songs that were not sung couldn't be any worse.

The New York Sun, which recently published a wood cut of Holman, its candidate for president, says that if there is another American whose likeness would be received with such favor by the nation, it would like to obtain a copy for general circulation. Enclosed herewith please find what you ask for, Mr. Dana. It was taken some time ago by a traveling artist, before we took to wearing our glasses short and our hair long, but still our friends call it a very good likeness, though many say it doesn't look near as pretty as we do. When you print it in the Sun please send us a marked copy as a guarantee of good faith.

### WHERE HE'D COME OUT.

The superintendent was talking to the school about foreign missionaries.

"Who can tell me," he said, "beaming benevolently upon his youthful hearers, 'who can tell me what people live on the other side of the world?'"

It was so still that the breathing of a boy on the back seat who had the asthma could be distinctly heard.

"If a man should dig a hole," pursued the good superintendent, "straight through the earth, starting here, where would he come out?"

There was more stillness, punctuated by anxious silence, and then, away over in one corner of the room, a hand with warts on it slowly rose into view.

"Ah," smiled the superintendent, "I thought somebody could answer. Well, Henry, where would the man come out?"

"Please, sir," piped a shrill, small voice, "he'd come out of the hole."

### FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Every man has 240 bones. Except the mistletoe-end-man, who has 244.

The lungs contain one hundred and seventy-five million cells. This is what makes man a practical joker.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute—that is, unless he is fit, or is walking away from a tailor with a bill.

A man's average weight is 140 pounds. Except when he has to wait for his wife to change her necktie. Then it's forty minutes.

The brain of a man is twice as big as that of any other animal. That is why a really noble dog has so much respect for a nine-spot man.

A man's brain weighs 3 1/2 pounds. A woman's is somewhat lighter but of finer quality. That is what enables her to taste lard in her neighbor's pastry.

The heart in its normal condition beats 75 times a minute, but when a young man meets a pretty girl at a party and steps tremblingly up to proffer an escort home, the number of beats—heart beats—instantly mounts up to 102 in the shade.

The average number of teeth is 32, but when one of them is decrepit, and in the dark it runs onto an ambuscaded raisin-seed in a piece of wedding cake, a man is apt to fancy that he has only one tooth at the most, and that it is three feet square.

## SOME FRIENDLY LETTERS.

III.

MY DEAR CONVERSE:—I don't mind confessing—strictly between ourselves, donchuknow,—that I am a great lover of pure air. You can't get air too pure for me. It was always so with me from my youth up. As a boy I would rather have pure air than a licking, any day. And so the habit has grown on me, till now, if I couldn't have pure air enough, I should die.

They tell me that there is a belt of air around the entire globe forty-five miles high—pure air, of course—and yet it is the scariest thing I know of in Maine, except whiskey. Some day, if you ever get time, I wish you would take a run down this way and see me, and we'll start on a hunt for a room, office or store with pure breathing air in it. If we discover one—but pshaw! we couldn't, and it is useless to follow that speculation.

I go to church. Sometimes. You have been, I think you once told me. If so, you have doubtless noticed, as I have noticed, that there is no religious denomination that includes pure air in its creed. They all differ, some slightly, some greatly, upon certain other points, but in the matter of abjuring pure air they are cordially unanimous. Their good ministers preach to the congregation to be pure, pure in body and mind, and all the while they are sitting there and imbibing carbonic acid and other deleterious chemical constituents till the very sources of their being become poisoned and corrupt. Philosophers have written and poets have sung of the church sexton, but the deepest research has failed to detect why that individual has such a violent and deeply rooted antipathy to fresh air. Six days of the week he labors and keeps the windows shut, and the seventh he doesn't open them.

Places of public meeting in this free but ignorant country are invariably fraught with disaster and death in the shape of bad air. The last thing the architect thinks of is the ventilation—that is, in ten cases out of nine. Occasionally a builder in a lucid interval makes an abortive dash at the matter, but such instances are rare.

I recall the school rooms of my youthful days. From fifty to seventy-five little chaps with lungs like a steam calliope cooped up for hours together, and the only source of fresh wind a broken pane of glass, and that by a heaven directed accident. I notice that these same school rooms remain as of yore. Another generation of children are breathing over each other's exhalations and gathering unto themselves diseases in varying forms, where I and my youthful companions drew in our early instruction and foul air. A few weeks ago—on Independence day—one of these antediluvian school houses caught fire from a cracker—presumably at the avenging hand of some boy who had accumulated a case of consumption within its walls. It was the means of saving the building from destruction, and I think since that I never did anything in my life for which I was sorer. It was very wrong, I now am satisfied, for me to thwart providence in that manner.

And then our houses—our homes. You have lived in New England, my dear fellow, and I have no doubt at some time have visited a country relative and been shown into the spare sleeping room. The window hadn't been up for months—possibly longer—in fact, it won't go up, except with a crow-bar, and traveling with but little baggage you thoughtlessly left your crow-bar at home. You didn't know you would need a crow-bar. There was a feather-bed two and a half feet deep, and a mountain of clothes. You climbed up in a chair, took a desperate leap, and sank out of sight. In the morning the room smelt as if you had killed a second cousin in it and the deed had been undiscovered for seven months. It smelt the same way the next time some other guest occupied it. You dressed feebly and staggered out doors to the pump, with a headache so big that it loomed up and obscured the firmament. Society has not made great progress since that visit. Country and city houses still embody in their bill-of-fare the same general features, with an occasional variation or slight amelioration.

I have in my mind's eye Horatio a little chapel, where are wont to gather from week to week a faithful band of christian people. It is say forty feet square and thirteen feet high, and from a hundred to a hundred and fifty people, who meet there, breathe over its air about once in ten minutes. It thus follows that in the course of an hour every person present has had a sample of several

other person's carbonic acid. I dropped in the other evening when a meeting was half an hour old. The rush of foul air as I opened the door was paralyzing. Not a window leading to the pure atmosphere out doors was open. Everybody looked sleepy. A number were nodding. They were good christian people, and they wanted to help the pastor carry on a lively meeting, but what can a person do under the deadening influence of gallons and gallons of poisoned wind? It was dead and dull.

There was no life—there couldn't be. Here were a hundred people hanging around from one to another a mass of vitiated air that would kill sheep. I didn't like it myself. I do not fancy taking into my system a lot of air that has been used by a mixed assembly. You take an average company, and it contains a great many lungs and livers and other anatomical curiosities that are not healthy. These effete members of society are constantly throwing off things with a scientific name that I don't know how to spell, and you wouldn't know what it meant if I did. It thus stands to reason that in time the air of a close room becomes flavored with a variety of things that wouldn't look very pretty if we could see them in print. I think of these things and it makes me uneasy. I do not fancy drawing into my department of the interior a conglomerate of lung and liver that belongs to several other parties, some of whom may be total strangers. It isn't right. No minister can well expect his people to be bright and smart in the prayer room when they are loaded so full of carbonic acid that they seem to weigh a ton. A man may feel pious, but he can't show it to advantage when he is filled to the muzzle with an assorted collection of bad air in several different languages.

I hate foul air, as I told you before. I hope the time is coming when intelligence in regard to it may not be a thing so far beyond the reach of the masses. Neither you nor I probably will live to see that day. We are too old. But we can hope.

F. L. R.

### ALWAYS GOOD.

Capt. Nash, according to annual custom, favors us with an advance copy of his Maine Farmers' Almanac for 1884. The captain in this, his latest literary attempt, shows the good results of his past three years experience in the almanac business, and this edition will stand as the work of a man whose brain is ripe in the moon and weather business. Even the most captious critic must confess that this year's almanac is free from the few and trifling blemishes that were noticeable in former editions, when Capt. Nash was fresh and inexperienced in the matter of forecasting the best pumpkin planting seasons. There is a smooth and mellifluous sweep to the contents of this number that charms the most unimpassioned observer. Each month is followed by its successor in true precision, and the dates are introduced with surprising regularity and correctness. The public will notice these points with favor. When a person has been misled and deluded so many times by unreliable almanacs, whose publishers are under the control of Jay Gould and other monopolists, and which pander to the depraved tastes of the rich, crowding in a day's extra interest money whenever they think nobody is looking, it is refreshing to turn to the unsullied pages of a publication like this, and feel that if it says Christmas falls on such a day, that it is time to hump one's self after presents. Capt. Nash is a plain, straightforward man, and he publishes an almanac for the plain people, one that any man of ordinary intelligence can understand without a chart. We have made all our appointments by his almanac for the past three years, and never but once have failed, and that time the man we were going to borrow the money of was out of town. We love his almanac, and we shall always bring up our neighbors' children to reverence and respect its moons and weather and algebra signs. We shall hang this copy up in our office with a string through one corner, and when our aunt in New Hampshire writes that she is coming to visit us with two trunks, a copy of Gospel Hymns and the rheumatism, we can look in its pages and calculate with unerring accuracy how many days we have got in which to pack up and start for Philadelphia.

As we go to press the election in Massachusetts is drawing to a close. Both sides announce their certainty of winning by 20,000 majority, but unless we greatly mistake, our readers will soon hear by wire that Butler is a very badly beaten man.

## MR. DINGLEY AND BOOKS.

We have always looked upon Mr. Dingley as a very fine sort of man, and the first opportunity we got we voted for him to go to congress—and he went. We ascribe no credit in this matter—we merely present these two facts, and leave the public to draw its own inference. A Maine public is capable of drawing anything, from an inference to a cork out of a bottle. But what we started out to do was to thank Mr. Dingley, for the able manner in which he has discharged his duties as a congressman in mailing us from time to time sundry ponderous public documents. Eugene Hale used to be a daisy—to speak after the manner of the times—in this respect, and under his beneficent influences we early learned to accumulate a vast array of canned and pickled information in the form of big black-covered books bearing the government printing office imprint. Spread about the walls of our office, or conveniently arranged so folks could sit down on them, these books presented a highly lucid and ornamental appearance, and incidentally filled with solemn wee the rash and unthinking man who occasionally in a rational interval came in to pay his subscription. Once in a while a friend in search of reliable information would come in with a pall to borrow a little till his folks should get a fresh barrel from the store, and then we used to kindly and gently wave him toward the old back numbers of congressional speeches and agricultural compilations and patent office incomprehensibilities, and go out and leave him for a spell. When we came back we always found the seeker after truth sitting helplessly in the middle of the floor, his lips moving unintelligibly, and his eyes fixed in a stoney manner. Then we sent for his friends. There came a fire one night, and these petrified chunks of public knowledge went up in flames and smoke, but chiefly smoke. The labor of moments was gone in a year. Thus it was with the devouring flames.

Then for a time our library languished. March went in and Hale went out. March didn't favor us much with government books. Perhaps he thought we knew enough without them—as indeed we did. Perhaps it was because we didn't vote for him. But we are not disposed to think harshly of Mr. March on this account. He has run his race as a congressman and is now keeping a gorgeous saloon in Boston. Possibly he needs the books himself.

Then Hale stepped into the senate, and once more fortune began to smile upon us; but she didn't get to laughing broadly until a change of luck transferred us into Dingley's district, and now we are blessed beyond measure. Once more our library grows. Its latest addition is a ponderous tome of a thousand pages that treats of the census, and is illustrated with maps. It contains information—priceless information—upon every imaginable topic. It is a valuable and heavy work. We think we could kill a book agent with it easy.

We are grateful to Mr. Dingley for these favors. A congressman who does not get so swallowed up with shipping bills and such matters but that he can remember to mail intrinsic documents to the loyal subjects of his realm, is a man of far more than average intellect, and we are proud to do him honor. Of course Mr. Dingley does not expect us to read this book entirely through. We shall devour certain chapters, and shall read the last few pages to see how the various characters come out, and thus will gain a conversational knowledge of the work, but beyond that we cannot find time this fall. Mr. Dingley can have our vote as long as he wants it while he keeps us supplied with rare and embellished literary gems of his character.

The death of Mayne Reid in London will arouse in the minds of thousands of young men in this country pleasant recollections of their delightful boyhood revelings among that author's popular books. Mayne Reid was a writer who described what he had seen, and he had a wonderful faculty of making his boy readers see the same scenes. His writings were pure and healthy, and led their readers naturally on to seek books of travel, history and the like. Though exciting in character they were as far superior to the average boy's literature of to day, tending toward the pure and manly instead of the gross and flish, as the heart and blood works of Dickens and Thackeray surpass those of the modern Howells school. We used to love Mayne Reid, and we are sorry he is dead.

## NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD.

A Chance for Rockland to Largely Increase its Present Business.

A correspondent in Liberty—a prominent citizen of that enterprising village—writes to THE COURIER-GAZETTE as follows:—We wish to become better acquainted with the people of Rockland, and better still, have the people of your city become acquainted with us. Liberty is a smart little village nestled in among the hills at the head waters of Georges River, twenty-eight miles from Rockland. We have as fine a water power as there is in the state, having 180 feet fall in a distance of three-fourths of a mile. We have on this river at present two sheep skin tanneries, the business of which combined amounts to \$250,000 per year, using from 1500 to 2000 cords of bark annually, 400 cords of wood, employing about 40 men and shifting about 600 tons of freight each year between here and Belfast. There is also a wool pulling establishment and carding machine connected with the tannery of Knowlton & Hunt. There is on the stream one axe factory; one foundry and machine shop, where plows and other agricultural implements are made; one machine shop where all kinds of wood work is done; one flouring mill, which is one of the very best in the state; three stove mills, which consume about 1000 cords of lumber per year; and one new circular saw mill for long lumber, which can saw from six to ten thousand per day.

We have three large stores which each carry from \$3000 to \$10,000 stocks. We have one stove and tinware store, two millinery stores, one harness shop, one meat market, one carriage shop, one drug store, one barber shop, one shoemaker, two blacksmiths, one dentist, one doctor, one lawyer. The trade amounts to upwards of \$50,000 per year.

But there is one serious drawback. We have no mode of transportation, except by teams to Belfast, which is expensive. It costs Hunt & Walker, the tannery firm, more to get a ton of freight to Liberty from Belfast, than to get it from Boston to Belfast. It costs but from 10 to 14 cents a bushel to get corn from Chicago to Belfast, 1500 miles, and it costs 8 cents to get the same from Belfast to Liberty, 15 miles.

We have been looking around to see if we could find a better outlet to the outside world. In looking the ground over we believe that Nature has pointed the way to let us out, viz, by an inexpensive narrow gauge railroad, down the Georges Valley, through the towns of Montville, Searsmont, Appleton and Union, to Rockland. We believe \$200,000—a little more than it would cost to build a steamboat like the Penobscot—would build and stock the entire road. It would make this place and all her vast resources in water power, as well as all the power and trade on the river, a great annex to Rockland. The Farmington & Phillips narrow gauge railroad cart stacked but \$5,000 per mile, and it paid from the start. Its entire earnings last year were but \$15,000. It was run at an expense of \$11,000. It is but 14 miles long, and reaches across but one town—Strong, I think it is.

All enterprises have to start somewhere. Perhaps by agitating the subject in your valuable paper we might cause the business men of your city to turn their eyes in this direction, and in the end we may have the satisfaction of seeing this road completed, to the mutual benefit of your beautiful city and the towns connected with it by this road. I will follow this short article with others, and will enumerate the large amount of freight that such a road would handle between this village and Rockland.

The English love humor. In Liverpool lately two fellows rode through the streets at night and made things hideous with their noise and singing. A report got abroad that they were noblemen in disguise and the public looked on in admiration. Finally an advertisement announced:—

The Mysterious Musicians. These mysterious aristocrats will strip themselves from their disguise, and appear for the first time before a Liverpool audience in full evening dress. Part 1—They will appear in their disguise. Part 2—In full evening dress.

The hall was packed and hundreds were turned from the door. The English love humor. We don't wonder that Punch flourishes.

The Boston Herald tells this good story:—

Gen. Butler was once engaged as counsel for the defendant in a case where the prisoner was accused of manslaughter, and in the course of his argument, based on the assumption of self-defence, he informed the jury that "we have it on the highest authority that all that a man hath he will give for his life." Judge Hoar, counsel on the other side, rose and demolished his opponent's argument by quickly saying that he had "long wondered what Gen. Butler considered the highest authority, and was very glad to have the question settled," and proceeded to read to the court from the book of Job: And Satan answered the Lord and said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

Granite bids on the superstructure of the new U. S. postoffice and court house at Pittsburg, Pa., were opened Oct. 29, and were as follows: Bodwell Granite Co., Rockland, \$177,721; Gill & McMahon, Baltimore, Md., \$192,330; Davis Tillson, Rockland, \$207,000; M. A. McGowan, Washington, D. C., \$214,083 75; Virginia State Granite Co., Richmond, Va., \$217,386; Sweet & Davis, Concord, N. H., \$223,869; Cape Ann Granite Co., Cape Ann, Mass., \$228,851; Mt. Waldo Granite Co., Frankfort, Me., \$239,850; Syenite Granite Co., St. Louis, \$249,780; Jacob Vollmeyer, Washington, D. C., \$255,000. There were a number of limestone bids for the same work. The award is not yet declared, but in all probability the Bodwell Granite Co., will get the job.

## WAYSIDE GLANCES.

Venmor has begun his season's foolishness.

American plays are fashionable in London.

Now look out for patent medicine almanacs.

In addition to Butler, Boston has been enjoying an unique cat show.

Canada's new governor general has entered upon his office practice. Wonder how long he will hold out.

Judge Tourgee is to lecture on "The mission of the dude." Isn't this dude business getting a dude deal played out?

If there is any newspaper in the country the peer of the New York Sun we have yet to hear of it. It is incomparable.

In mailing a newspaper don't stick the stamp half on the wrapper and half on the paper. Government liable not to carry it if you do.

The time is coming in this country when a woman in a big hat will be forbidden to spoil the pleasure of a dozen other people at a concert.

It is now said that Mary Anderson was introduced to the Prince of Wales, and he said some pretty things to her. But Mrs. Wales was present.

Congressman Ermentrout of Pennsylvania was knocked down in a quarrel last week. He is getting in admirable training for the approaching session of congress.

Listz the pianist is growing fat. This is too bad. A fat man can't claw ivory with the grace and abandon of a slim individual. It interferes with his technique, we believe.

The London Times asked the American press to give Henry Irving an impartial hearing. Well, they have done it, and don't seem to think he is the worst actor in the world—nor yet the best.

The New York Sun says the field is open for anybody to run a two cent daily paper, who has a million dollars to sink the first year. Not we, thank you. A five cent paper is good enough for us.

London is enjoying more Fenian dynamite explosions. O'Dynamite Rossa says that city will soon be in ashes unless the English give up Ireland. Well, if that is the case they'd better give her up. But maybe Rossa lies.

Gen. Sheridan's tailor says the general has a perfect figure to fit clothes to. Coming as it does at the time when the general is taking supreme command of the U. S. army, this information is in the widest degree satisfactory.

We believe in practical temperance. The most practical sort of temperance we know of is for a man to drink no intoxicating liquors. If it really is desired to banish intemperance, here is the easiest way to do it. Let every man swear off.

The London Medical Times, after carefully reviewing the field, concludes that a light bitter beer is the ideal drink. Water is pretty good. Just you try water, and stick to it till you get used to it, and you see how well it tastes. Comes cheap, too.

Matthew Arnold debuted in New York Tuesday night, and read a lecture on "Numbers." As it does not advance the theory that number one is the party to be first considered, this lecture will not be received with much favor by Americans.

A French-Chinese war seems imminent. China is old enough to know better than to fight, and France ought to have more respect for age than to attack a nation that was gray-headed when she was just trembling on the dawn of day. That is the way it looks to us.

Willie Curtis of Richmond shot his hand off last week. He was climbing over a fence and had the hand over the muzzle of his gun. It's sad, we know, but that is no place for anybody's hand. Any person who doesn't know better than to put his hand over the muzzle of a gun has no business to go shooting.

A New York man shot a lawyer dead last week. He said the lawyer had wronged him. If every man who has been wronged by a lawyer should go gunning after a member of the legal fraternity, there would soon be a terrible drought of those gentlemen. It would be rough on the lawyers, of course, but it would save lots of trouble.

The Lewiston Journal distinguished itself last week by enlarging its daily edition to a nine column paper, and its weekly in proportion. There are many very fine papers in the state, but we think if any one is better than the others the Journal is that one. It is edited with snap and is fresh. That is, not too fresh, you understand, but just about fresh enough.

Mexico offers \$250 for every Indian scalp. Now here is a chance for the boys of this country, who want to become Buffalo Williams, to enter upon a profitable and congenial calling. There is something very fascinating about killing and scalping an Indian, especially when the scalp brings \$250. Let our youths buy a three dollar and a half revolver and start for Mexico at once.

Out in Wisconsin a man and wife have been living happily together for eight months, but it now turns out that the "man" is a woman. "He" chewed and smoked tobacco and swore such blue streaks that folks began to suspect "he" wasn't a man, and it seems they were correct. The "happy pair" have down and the law hasn't yet been able to ascertain their object in continuing such absurd matrimonial relations.



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By PORTER &amp; FULLER.

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Published every Tuesday Afternoon at  
**ROCKLAND, - - MAINE**  
 Entered at the Postoffice at Rockland, Me., as  
 second-class mail matter.

## TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance—per annum, \$2.00  
 If payment is delayed 6 months, 2.25  
 If not paid all the close of the year, 2.50  
 Single copies five cents—for sale at the office and  
 at the Bookstores.

Subscribers are requested to take notice of the  
 date printed against their names on the paper.  
 For instance, 15 May 81, means that the paper is  
 paid to that date. When a new payment is made,  
 the date will be changed to correspond, and sub-  
 scribers are requested to see that their dates are  
 correct. Subscribers in arrears are requested to  
 forward the same due. No paper will be discon-  
 tinued until ALL ARREARAGES are paid, unless at  
 the option of the publishers.

Advertising rates based on circulation, and made  
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Administrators, Executors and Guardians desir-  
 ing their Probate advertising published in THE  
 COURIER-GAZETTE, will please so state to the  
 court.

Communications of every nature should be ad-  
 dressed to the publishers.

J. B. PORTER. W. O. FULLER, JR.

## A POEM.

READ BY MAUD MOOR AT THE SILVER WEDDING  
 OF MR. AND MRS. THOS. F. PHINNEY, AT THOM-  
 ASTON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 31, 1883.

Men build their alters on the hills of life,  
 On youth's fair mount—on old age's whitening  
 crest;  
 And yet the level plain that lies between,  
 The "happy valley" lying wide, serene,  
 Is what we love the best.

The hills of youth are rough and hard to climb,  
 Young hearts grow weary, vain ambitions fret;  
 And the fair hills of age are white with snows,  
 Whereon the glory of the sunset glows,  
 And brightens but to set.

But o'er the peaceful vale that lies between  
 The hills of life, the skies are bright and fair;  
 There are no pitfalls for unwary feet;  
 The paths are smooth, the summer flowers are sweet  
 And sunshine everywhere.

The two who bid us welcome here tonight  
 Have climbed the hills of youth, and hand in  
 hand  
 Are journeying under summer skies serene,  
 And o'er peaceful meadows wide and green—  
 The sunny middle land;  
 And if sometimes they give a backward look  
 To hilltops shining in the morning sun,  
 And sigh for days that cannot come again—  
 The sigh has more of pleasure than of pain,  
 For rest and peace are won.

Spring-time has fled, but summer lingers still;  
 Life has grown sweet, its bitter tears are shed;  
 For love has been proved faithful all the way,  
 And fairer is this "silver wedding" day  
 Than when they first were wed.

Touch them with gentle fingers, Father Time!  
 And as they journey on 'till life together,  
 Give them fair winds and pleasant summer  
 weather!

Touch them with gentle fingers, bid each year  
 Heap countless blessings in their outstretched  
 palms,  
 And when the snowy peaks of age appear,  
 Guide them both gently to the "zone of calms."

FOR THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

## A TWILIGHT THOUGHT.

The sun's last rays fill upper air,  
 And tinge its mists with crimson hue,  
 All things below the rich dusk share,  
 Earth dyes her robes in Heaven's dew.

The yellow leaves of yonder wood,  
 Field, home and distant mountain high,  
 Each beams with modest gratitude,  
 And mirrors forth the blushing sky.

Heaven from earth seems moved afar,  
 Yet heaven's hues tinge earth's rough face;  
 Man's heart, though oft with God at war,  
 Will sometimes mirror Heaven's grace.

Thomasson, October 18, 1883.

## THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

Bayard Taylor.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
 The outer tent's dim light shone;  
 When the heated guns of the camp allied  
 Grew weary of bombardment.

The dark Redan, in silent scold,  
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;  
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardman said,  
 "We storm the mountain now;  
 Sing while we may, another day  
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
 Below the smoking cannon;  
 Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,  
 Forgot was Britain's glory;  
 Each heart recalled a different name,  
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the strain,  
 Until its tender passion  
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—  
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
 But, as the sound grew louder,  
 Something upon the soldier's cheek  
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
 The bloody sunset's ember;  
 While in Crimea valley learned  
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
 Rained on the Russian quarters,  
 Wrote screams of shot and burst of shell,  
 And howling of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,  
 For a singer dumb and glover,  
 And English Mary mourns for him  
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
 Your truth and valor wearing;  
 The bravest and the tenderest—  
 The loving are the daring.

## LONE PURPOSE.

Thomas S. Collier.

Who holds his hand out, thinking it will fill  
 With blessings for which he has given naught,  
 Has never sounded the great Master's thought,  
 Nor fashioned one iota of his skill.

Why should the whole of strength lie prone and  
 still?  
 And why was all this mechanism wrought,  
 If it was not with noble action fraught,  
 And set to labor with high heaven searching  
 will?

Out from the distance where worlds are born  
 God sends the soul to build to love or hate,  
 And all the paths of earth to it are free—  
 Here towers the mountain, yonder lies the sea.  
 It glows the night, there shines the sunlit  
 earth,  
 And with strong grasp it holds the key of fate.

## HOUSE DECORATION NOTES.

An easel frame made of ordinary  
 white wood may be covered with velvet,  
 plush and satin, and make a very pretty  
 rest for good sized pictures.

Japanese fans suspended spread from  
 the ceiling are picturesque if filled with  
 greens, grasses, cat-tails, etc.

Friezes or borders of fanciful Japan-  
 ese fans are very pretty. The sticks, of  
 course, must be taken off.

A mantel lambrequin made of sky  
 blue satin with banded water-lilies on  
 the sides and center, and having an edg-  
 ing of blue and white floss hairs, is par-  
 ticularly attractive.

After the dust has been thoroughly  
 beaten out of carpets, and they are  
 tacked down again, they can be bright-  
 ened very much by scattering corn meal  
 mixed with coarse salt over them, and  
 sweeping it all off. Mix salt and meal in  
 equal proportions.

Blocks for a crazy quilt have different  
 shapes and styles of fans on them.  
 These blocks, and in fact all those used  
 in the quilt, gain in effect by having a  
 frame-work of black velvet ribbon.  
 This can be brightened as much as you  
 please by the use of embroidery silks.

Pretty banners for the wall, or small  
 screens, are made by taking a strip of  
 silk or satin and applying the handsome  
 woven rose buds or pawns which can  
 be purchased on cards at stores where  
 fancy goods are kept. Tasteful fringe  
 can be made by raveling out the ends of  
 the silk and tying it in knots.

To polish ebony give the wood two coats  
 of copal varnish and rub down quite  
 smooth with pumice stone; put on a  
 third coat of the same and rub down  
 with rotten stone; clean, and put on a  
 flowing coat of best spirit copal varnish,  
 and when this has become quite dry,  
 polish with chamois skin.

A plaster ceiling is not bound to be  
 washed over with the regulation whitey  
 blue workhouse tint, but should, em-  
 phatically, be light in tone; and some-  
 what whitewash (fashionably termed  
 distemper) is best for the purpose, inas-  
 much as it is cool, flat in tint and gives  
 a fresher and more airy feeling than  
 either paper or fresco.

A beautiful tidy for the back of a  
 large chair is made of a square piece of  
 cloth about ten inches each way; on this  
 is sewed patchwork of plush and velvet  
 in the form of a wide spread fan. The  
 corners of the block are of black velvet,  
 and on the top, drooping over the fan,  
 is a spray from a moss rose bush, in rib-  
 bon embroidery. The edge is finished  
 with lace. The design is pretty for a  
 block in a quilt or sofa pillow.

## Adventure with a Wild Cat.

One day towards the latter part of  
 the afternoon, says a Brooksville cor-  
 respondent of the Mount Desert Herald, I  
 was coming from Sedgwick on foot and  
 alone. When about half way down the  
 hill above Black's schoolhouse, I heard a  
 very low, peculiar kind of a purring  
 sound, with an occasional low snapping  
 noise at the same time, which seemed  
 to be very near the road. The land on  
 the Brooksville side of the road was  
 quite thickly wooded with spruce and  
 fir trees, the limbs growing near the  
 ground. After listening a minute or  
 two and locating the sound as near as I  
 was able to, I stooped low in the road;  
 looking under the branches of the trees  
 I saw a large wild-cat some fifteen or  
 twenty feet from the road, very busily  
 engaged with something.

Not really expecting to get near the  
 animal, I went back a few rods and suc-  
 ceeded, after some trouble, in getting a  
 small stake from the fence on the oppo-  
 site side of the road, and started for the  
 wild-cat. By creeping very easy I got  
 within five or six feet of him before he  
 saw me. I saw that he was busy eating  
 a rabbit he had just killed. As soon as  
 he saw me he jumped into the limbs of  
 a small spruce directly over his head  
 with the rabbit in his mouth. By this  
 time I was in reach of him with my  
 stake, and struck at him through the  
 limbs of the tree, which, however were  
 so thick, that, although I hit him on the  
 back, I didn't seem to hurt him. But he  
 dropped the rabbit and turned to-  
 ward me with a savage growl. He  
 looked wicked, and I instantly put my-  
 self into a posture of defence, and none  
 too soon, for he immediately leaped  
 from the tree directly at me.

I was all ready for him, and met him  
 with my stake fair in the forehead. It  
 dropped him in the snow, and broke my  
 stake short off leaving the longest part  
 in my hands. Before he could recover  
 himself I got my foot on him and got in  
 a half dozen more good kicks on his  
 head that finished him.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for  
 November present a large variety of  
 interesting and edifying reading, and  
 are rich in illustrations. The opening  
 article, by Professor V. L. Conrad,  
 Ph. D., "Luther and His Work," is  
 timely and full of interest. "Lutheriana,"  
 "Albrecht Durer," "Sacred Musicians  
 of the XIXth Century," "Providence  
 in History," "The Apostle of Greenland,"  
 etc., are notable articles. "Mr.  
 Burke's Nieces," a charming serial, is  
 continued, and there are short stories,  
 sketches and essays by some of our  
 most popular writers, lay and clerical.  
 There are poems of great merit; the  
 "Home Pulpit," with sermon by Dr.  
 Talmadge, "Footmen and Horses" the  
 "Collection Basket," "Historical Facts,"  
 "Obituary," "Editorial Comments," etc.,  
 and abundant miscellany, amusing and  
 instructive. The price is only 25 cents  
 a number, or \$3 a year, postpaid,  
 Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, New York.

## GRINS.

Pleasant, healthy grins are seen only on the  
 faces of healthy persons. The dyspeptic and  
 debilitated can smile; only in a half-hearted way.  
 Purify the blood, tone the stomach and strength-  
 en the tissues with Burdock Blood Bitters, if  
 you wish to laugh well and often.

The usual solution of the Indian question,  
 "Move on!"

Catarrh of the Bladder.  
 Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney  
 and Urinary Complaints, cured by Buchu-  
 paiba. \$1.

## The Temperance Question Again.

Advance.

How is it with the saloon-keepers?  
 Their establishments are the yawning  
 pits into which is poured the great bulk  
 of the earnings of the labor of the city;  
 they are the nurseries and schools of  
 crime; to them are due the drunkenness  
 of men, the wreck of families, the im-  
 poverishment of the multitude. In  
 their places the victims are poisoned  
 and robbed of their strength, their  
 health, their intelligence; their business  
 encourages the wife-beaters and the  
 thieves, burglars and ruffians. By it  
 boys are educated to be drunkards and  
 brought up in idleness, vice and bestial-  
 ity. By them idleness and vice are  
 taught to take the place of industry and  
 sobriety. Everything that is criminal,  
 debasing and villainous finds its natural  
 birthplace in the saloon; and nothing  
 produces or promotes these that is not  
 destructive of decency, industry, thrift  
 and good morals.

The above is taken from the Chicago  
 Tribune, a paper which last year, before  
 the election, had so much to say against  
 prohibitionists that it might have been  
 called the organ of the liquor dealers.  
 There is no longer any doubt that the  
 country is becoming thoroughly alarmed  
 at the spread of intemperance and con-  
 sequent increase of crime.

Take Chicago alone. Ten days ago a  
 man on the West Side came home  
 drunk and whipped his wife to death in  
 the sight of her child. The saloon did it.  
 The next day a drunken man mur-  
 dered another in a saloon in the same  
 neighborhood. Liquor did it. Last  
 week two noted desperadoes met in a  
 saloon and fought to the death of one  
 and the wounding of the other, with  
 revolvers. Whisky did it. More than  
 three-fourths of all crime is traceable  
 directly to the saloons.

This nation pays the liquor-dealers  
 over seven hundred millions of dollars  
 each year, and in return has all the ex-  
 pense of prosecuting and punishing the  
 victims of these men, and then spends as  
 much more guarding society against  
 the evils they create. And this is not a  
 tithe of the cost. If all the tears and  
 groans and sighs and grief; if all the  
 ruin and misery and blighted hopes and  
 wrecked lives which the liquor dealers  
 cause could be seen at once, the sight  
 would raise up an army of opposition.  
 There is only one privileged class in this  
 country—the liquor dealers.

One of the surest paths for the feet of  
 a good man is to find out what these  
 outlaws and murderers want the Leg-  
 islatures to do and then do the opposite  
 thing with all his might.

There are several things which we  
 must constantly do. The pulpits must  
 thunder against the evil, and the press  
 give no uncertain sound. We must help  
 those women who are banded together  
 in Christ's name in the Women's Chris-  
 tian Union. We must educate the  
 children and youth to know the nature  
 and effect of alcohol, and to hate the  
 traffic in the poison as they hate nothing  
 else. The church of Jesus Christ must  
 fling itself into the struggle, and in the  
 primaries and at the polls, help to an-  
 swer its own prayers for deliverance  
 from this curse.

There should at once be formed in  
 every community a citizens' league  
 for the enforcement of existing tem-  
 perance laws. We must fight or sur-  
 render.

## COMMON SENSE JUSTICE.


Burdette in the Hackney.

There is one justice in America who  
 does not believe that the singing of a  
 revival hymn on the street makes any  
 more noise than a brass band on its way  
 to a picnic at a beer garden. The police  
 of Trenton, New Jersey, arrested  
 George Sorter, the Methodist revivalist  
 for singing hymns and preaching in the  
 street, and Justice Caine, before whom  
 the prisoner was tried, discharged him  
 saying: "There are few who have  
 enough moral courage to go into the  
 streets and preach the gospel. So long  
 as the rights of others are not infringed,  
 I know no law that would punish the  
 preacher. I admire the prisoner's zeal."  
 And we admire the judge's good sense.  
 May his tribe increase. The Salvation  
 army is certainly no noisier than the  
 beer garden. Certainly it teaches no  
 worse morals. A sober man, singing  
 "Sweet bye-and-bye" on the street Sun-  
 day afternoon, makes better music than  
 a drunken man, howling the same song  
 out of tune, Sunday night. Yet the  
 people who want to arrest the street  
 preacher, only laugh at the other fellow.  
 Give the street-preacher a fair show  
 with the Sunday garden. Street preach-  
 ing is eminently respectable. At least  
 it has the respectability of ancient and  
 eminent example, if it was never very  
 popular. Paul preached in the streets,  
 on the steps of temples. True he got  
 clubbed and stoned for it, by the same  
 sort of riff-raff that persecute the street  
 preacher of today. Yet Paul was a  
 good preacher. He could say enough  
 in a little three-line paragraph to keep our  
 parish of to-day going for fifty minutes.  
 And a greater man than Paul preached  
 good sermons by the sea-side, in the  
 desert. The people who didn't like  
 his preaching crucified him for it, but  
 those people don't stand very high in  
 public esteem to-day, for what they did.  
 Barnabas and Peter and Silas and  
 Stephen and James and John were street  
 preachers. Aaron preached in a tent;  
 Jonah preached in the street—Why, the  
 street-preacher has as much to be proud  
 of in the line of glorious precedent, as  
 has the man in pulpit. And, sometimes,  
 even in these later days, he preaches  
 about as well. Give the street preacher  
 a show. And as often as he is arrested  
 by mob, we hope he may be taken before  
 such a magistrate as Justice Caine.

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 by mob, we hope he may be taken before  
 such a magistrate as Justice Caine.

When you feel yourself gradually breaking  
 down don't wait until you have taken your bed.  
 While you are still able to be up and about  
 fight the grim monster disease by the use  
 of proper restoratives. The best remedy for ma-  
 laria, indigestion, weak kidneys, constant fa-  
 tigue, fits of dizziness, heart disease, short  
 breath and other complications of a disordered  
 system is Brown's Iron Bitters. Its magic in-  
 fluence in conquering diseases of an exhaus-  
 tive nature, is most astonishing.

# PARSONS



## PILLS

## MAKE NEW 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 pos-  
 sible. For curing Female Complaints  
 these Pills have no equal. Physicians  
 use them in their practice. Sold every-  
 where, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in  
 stamps. Send for pamphlet FREE.

L. S. JOHNSON &amp; CO., Boston, Mass.

# DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,  
 NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (for  
 Internal and External use) will instantaneously  
 relieve these terrible diseases, and will pos-  
 itively cure nine cases out of ten. Information  
 will be sent to you free of charge by mail.  
 Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better  
 than cure. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

# MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Hens  
 and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worth-  
 less. That Sheridan's Condition Powder is ab-  
 solutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on  
 earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's  
 Condition Powder. Dose, 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 \$1.20.

L. S. JOHNSON &amp; CO., Boston, Mass.

# DR. R. B. BAYNES,

DENTIST.  
**New Departure!**

How to save money. Great reduction, in ac-  
 cordance with the times, without any depreciation  
 of his well known habitual skill.

HIS HANDS' capacity are his own; will put  
 them to whatever service may be beneficial to the  
 patient. Tranquility of mind secured from any  
 regrets of patronage, in faith of true honor.

REFERENCE to most any number wearing  
 gold and rubber sets of Teeth of his make, still in  
 good condition, doing efficient service, for over  
 twenty years past. Can it be beaten in durability  
 of workmanship? If so, he would like to see the  
 artist; heated superiority over his well-known  
 veracity. Numerous patients, for over thirty  
 years, are cognizant of his dental manipulations; of  
 exacting up to the scratch, which leaves  
 nothing to be desired beyond perfection in fitting  
 serviceable substitutes for assisting mastication.

KNOWING his business, it is very unusual doing  
 the work twice over; thereby considerable incon-  
 venience and vexation are avoided to both patient  
 and professional artist.

NOTWITHSTANDING his advancing years,  
 Dr. B. is still in vigorous condition of good health,  
 well preserved, in possession of his faculties, both  
 mental and physical; has not seen a sick day  
 since ten years old.

AWAY then, this cant of the envious; 'tis  
 not conducive to christian virtues in cultivation of good  
 graces.

OFFICE 225 MAIN STREET,  
 ROCKLAND, ME.

# THE QUESTION IS

What shall I get for a FALL HAT?  
 Why, just step into BERRY'S and  
 examine the largest line of HATS  
 in Knox County. All the new and  
 popular shapes.

Stiff Hats in Browns and Blacks,  
 From \$2.00 to \$3.50.

Examine the Fly Hats!  
 Children's Hats in To-day!

# IMPORTANT!

Everybody likes a nice fitting, good  
 style, well made, durable SHOE.  
 These qualities are ALL in the  
 Curtis Hand Sewed Shoes. We have  
 sold these goods for past five  
 seasons, and are confident that they are  
 far ahead of any hand sewed goods  
 now in the market.

WE HAVE ALL  
**FALL STYLES**

Now in, and have the largest and  
 most complete line of Hand Sewed  
 Shoes east of Portland. We have  
 the EXCLUSIVE sale of Curtis &  
 Co.'s and Hathaway, Soul & Harring-  
 ton's Hand Sewed Goods for this  
 city.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's  
**FINE BOOTS and SLIPPERS,**  
 All Qualities! All Prices!

We have the best Kid Button Boot  
 for \$2.00 in the city. Every pair  
**WARRANTED.**

We guarantee our Prices on  
 ALL Goods as Low as the Lowest.  
**E. W. Berry & Co.**  
 Opposite Thorndike Hotel,  
 ROCKLAND.

# S. SIMONTON B. BROTHERS

Are offering the following Barg-  
 gains for a few days; but as the  
 GOODS cannot be duplicated it is  
 important for those who expect to  
 secure their share of them to call  
 early.

10,000 YARDS  
**Best Prints**

5 cts. sold everywhere at 8.  
**96 White Bed Quilts**

35 Cents.

100 Pairs Corded

# CORSETS,

45 CENTS.  
 Also a full line of Dr. Warner's,  
 "Coraline," "Health," "Corded  
 Side," "Nursing" and  
 "Abdominal" Corsets.

100 dozen Men and Boys  
**White Shirts;**

58 Cents Each.  
 Regular 75 ct. Shirt at other stores.

Be sure and buy the S. B. Flan-  
 nel Shirt and White Shirt.  
 1 case Men's Shirts and Drawers at  
 38 cts., worth 65 cts.

90 PAIRS  
**White Blankets,**

At \$2.25, worth \$3.00.

45 PAIRS  
**Colored Blankets,**

\$1.15 a Pair—Slightly Damaged.  
**48 COMFORTERS**

At \$1.00 each, worth



## A CHINESE COURT.

Rapid and Unsparring Justice—Open Bribery Before the Bench.

In that part of the native town of Shanghai, which lies beyond the city walls, and is under foreign jurisdiction, writes a London Telegraph correspondent, there is a curious shaped range of buildings called the "mixed court." Here cases affecting disputes between Europeans and Chinamen are tried, a mandarin named Chen presiding, while a representative of the consulate to which the European whose case is being decided belongs, sits as assessor. The "mixed court" proper consists of a single room, not unlike an English magistrate's court in London; but it is only one of a series of chambers all duly arranged for the promotion of virtue and the discouragement of vice. Some of these take the form of large wooden cages, in which prisoners are confined—others, again, are reception rooms for Mr. Chen. But the most important place of all is the native hall of justice where Chen sits in the potentiality of his glory to try Chinese prisoners. This hall is covered in by a sort of tiled canopy, the gable ends of which are turned up in approved Chinese style. On three sides it is shut in by walls; the fourth, or front side, opens into a large yard facing the door of the prison cages. The seat of justice is vermillion—a sort of throne, with a table in front. On this table rests simply an inkstand and a bronze imitation of a human hand, whereon repose the pens with which Mr. Chen signs his sentences. Behind the chair are ranged a large number of vermillion painted boards or stands, those boards being covered with hieroglyphics denoting the virtues of the mandarin. That representative of law occasionally gives more than ordinary satisfaction to people who come before him. They go away pleased, and at once extol his goodness on a vermillion board which they send him. This board Mr. Chen at once puts in the rack behind his chair; it is a testimonial to his worth, it can be seen by all who come before him, and can be carried out in his procession whenever he goes through the town in state. Said an American friend who accompanied me as he saw these: "These boards must be very

CONSOLING TO DISSAPPOINTED SUITORS; they show that if justice is not around just now, it has been at some time or other, anyhow."

Our introduction to Mr. Chen found us in the presence of a little old man who could speak nothing but Chinese. Chen was polite, but firm on one point. He could not execute justice, he said by daylight. Try prisoners he could, even in the early morn; somebody said he had once disposed of 300 culprits on a single morning. But the carrying out of his sentences was a very different thing, and, if we would see the arm of justice really at work, we must come a little later. So we returned when evening had set in and the candles were lighted. He almost apologized for the paucity of criminals when at last he prepared to take his seat. But he hinted that those he was about to deal with might well make up for many more for they were parious rogues and deserving of many stripes—which he proposed to give them. Then, making a signal, he led the way from his reception hall to the judgment seat, preceded by a gentleman with a tremendous gong, two gigantic fellows with high red cone caps, two men, each armed with split bamboos, and some men bearing cangues—large square pieces of board with a neckhole in the centres. Bang went the gong, "Ay!" cried out the lictors. "Ay!" shouted the people who were gathered in the hall; and thus went Mr. Chen to execute justice. I now saw that on a form near the prison doors sat a ragged and miserable crew apparently waiting for something more or less doleful. They alone of all persons in the yard shouted not. They had some shouting to do later on, and perhaps were reserving their powers. One, in fact, very shortly received good reason to shout. "Chang Huen!" said the magistrate. "Chang Huen!" echoed the victors; and forthwith the wretched owner of the name was

## SEIZED BY THE PIGTAIL

and hurried up to the vermillion table. Down he went on his knees, but all to no purpose. "One hundred blows!" ejaculated Mr. Chen, looking at his judicial notes, and forthwith the culprit was seized by the two men with the conical caps, pulled a little way along the stones in front of the table to a point where the mandarin could get a good view of him, and then flung on his face, his arms being twisted over his head by one lictor, while he was divested of a portion of his clothing. Chang Huen evidently understood what was to follow, and he howled pitiously. But howling did not save him, for as soon as the two lictors had got him into proper position and had knelt on him, one of the men with bamboo came up, and, squatting down on the ground, began to strike him on the inner part of the naked thighs, counting the blows as they fell. At first sight, despite Chang Huen's noise, I thought the punishment was very light, but I saw soon afterward that the skin was already black, and that the first 25 strokes had left a band of color quite six inches broad. Executioner No. 2 now came up and laid on another 25; then his comrade had another turn, and lastly he finished his 50. It will perhaps be thought that the injury thus inflicted would be severe. But the skin was not broken, and I should say that the bruises would heal in a week or 10 days at most. Garroters in England, flogged as they are on the bony back and shoulder blades, are apparently hurt much more, though I was told that the beating without breaking the skin was much more painful than it looked. Chang Huen, however, had very few to pity him; he was evidently either a very bad or a very impetuous man, for no sooner was the beating over than he was roughly seized once more by the pigtail and hauled along over the yard to the prison with great rapidity, he screaming loudly all the while.

Far more fortunate was a culprit who followed him, and who, as he was thrown down by the lictors, put out two fingers in such a way that the executioners could see them plainly. "What does that mean?" I asked of the magistrate's interpreter. "He means, he give \$2 if he not spoiles too much with bamboo," was the instantaneous reply. "But, surely," said I, "he cannot

## BRIBE IN SO OPEN A WAY.

under the very nose of the mandarin?" "Yes," said the interpreter, "everybody know. More better man give \$2." He was certainly speaking the truth; this gentleman, culprit No. 2, got off lightly. His bruises were very small, his pigtail was not pulled, he made plenty of noise, had gone at any rate through the semblance of a severe punishment, and had lost \$2—which to him was no doubt a painful event. Possibly the mandarin looked upon the monetary transaction in the light of a fine by which his underlings benefited. So the punishments went on. When men had to receive 50 stripes only one executioner wielded the bamboo; when 100 had to be inflicted, they were laid on in the way I have already described. Those who put out their fingers got off lightly; those who did not experienced the majesty of the law in a very thorough fashion. Then, the beatings being over, several men were brought up and cangued, the square boards being opened, their heads thrust through, the boards nailed up, pieces of paper detailing the sentences posted on the top, and the wearers of this very inelegant species of necktie bundled into the prison. As each sentence was uttered, all the understrappers of the court and the spectators called out "Ay!" in commendation, no doubt, of the mandarin's sagacity, the crowd, consisting of men and women, looking on with evident satisfaction at both the bamboeing and canguing. With a brief hearing of a quarrel between a man and a woman, in which the man was adjudged the aggressor, and sentenced to be locked up, Mr. Chen now vacated the seat of justice, and the crowd dispersed; the executioners went to look after the dollars that had been promised them—and which, by the way, I heard, are always paid promptly—and we departed much edified by the spectacle of the way in which justice in China disports herself.

## THE SLIM MAN'S FIRE ESCAPE.

Pick's Sun.  
"You will observe," remarked the man who is in charge of the fire escape at the exposition, "how utterly impossible for a man to lose his life in a fire if one of these escapes is on the building."  
"You think it's pretty good, do ye?" asked a slim individual in the crowd.  
"That's what I remarked."  
"I know of a better thing than that," replied the slim man.  
"What's that?"  
"Well I don't know as I ought to give it away," replied the slim man, "as it isn't patented yet and one or two more safety valves have got to be put on it. I was the first man to try it, and my wife is the man who invented it."  
"Your wife?" asked half a dozen who had become interested.  
"Yes, my wife. You see it was like this. We was in the Kimball House fire at Atlanta. We were given rooms up in the twelfth story of the hotel, and—"  
"Hold on, old man, that hotel wasn't twelve stories high," protested a ministerial looking man.  
"Were you ever there?" asked the slim man.  
"No."  
"Well, how in thunder do you know the hotel wasn't twelve stories high then? You don't know, and as I was there, I don't want you to interrupt me again. Well, our room was on the twelfth floor. My wife scooted down, and I followed, but when half way down the first flight of stairs, I thought of my watch, and went back to get it, and before I could get on to the stairs again, the fire headed me off. I rushed to the windows. I looked down and saw my wife below. I called to her that I was going to jump. I jumped, and when I had reached the fourth story, she threw up an umbrella, which I grabbed and spread it over my head, and began to settle the rest of the distance in a slow and gentle manner, when a gust of wind came around the corner, got under the umbrella and carried me up again, beyond the flames, and I landed about half a mile out in the country. Had I an escape valve to let out the air, I'd have landed all right, and not had to ride so far in the night air, only half dressed. This machine may be a good one but when I—"

The speaker was alone.

The Envious Man's Revenge.  
N. Y. Life.  
Abraham and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner. It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot. Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a salt spoon. But an idea struck him. "My friends," he cried, "I will show you some tricks." Taking up a spoon, he said: "You see dees spoons? Vell, it ees gone!" he cried passing it up his sleeve. "You will find it in Joshua's boot." It was found.

It wasn't that Bonnie had the measles that made her cry with rage and vexation," the fond mother remarked, so much as the mortifying thought that he caught them of those hideous, vulgar little brats, the soapman's children. All her other children," she said, "had contracted all these things in highly respectable neighborhoods, and among the best children in society; but Bonnie always was so queer, she knew he was so queer, she knew he was going to be a Nihilist or something." And she sobbed till all the complexion on one cheek was fairly ruined.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Be Joyful! If sick, you can be made to rejoice by the use of the true "L. F." Atwood Medicine, "L. F."

## They Didn't Believe Word of It.

Boston Transcript.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?" was Mrs. Smith's greeting. "You're looking nicely. You know I was talking about that Robinson fellow the other day. Well, they do say that he has been discharged from the bank, for being seen in bad company, so they say; but I don't believe a word of that. He was always real particular whom he went with, you know."

A little farther down the street Mrs. Brown meets Mrs. Jones. "Good morning, Nancy," she says, "did you hear about young Robinson?"  
"No," replies Mrs. Jones eagerly; "what is it?"  
"Why, he has been turned off at the bank."

"You don't say so! What's he been doing?"  
"They say he's been going round drinking and carousing with some of the worst characters in town."

"Mercy!"  
"Yes, that's what they say; but then I don't believe a word of it."

Mrs. Jones calls upon Mrs. Black, and after the usual preliminaries, remarks—  
"Jack Robinson is going to the dogs fast. He has lost his situation at the bank. For a long time they say he has been carrying on awfully, and when it came to the ears of the directors that he went home drunk night after night, they got rid of him."

"Ain't it awful!" exclaims Mrs. Black. "But is it really true? It doesn't seem a bit like Jack."

"That's just what I say, and as I was telling Mrs. Brown just now, I don't believe a word of it."

Next, Mrs. Black tells Mrs. Green of Robinson's downfall.

"Yes," she says, "he has been discharged, sure enough."

"But what has he been doing?" inquires Mrs. Green.  
"Drinking," replies Mrs. Black; "and you know when a young fellow gets to drinking, he's not to be trusted. They do say that the directors were suspicious that he wasn't altogether honest; but anybody who knows Robinson knows he wouldn't touch a cent that didn't belong to him, even if it was to save him from starving. They may talk as they will, but for my part I don't believe a word of it."

When Mrs. Green sees Mrs. Brown, an hour later, the Robinson scandal is again brought up.

"You know Jack Robinson?" she begins.

Yes, Mrs. Brown knows Jack.

"Well, he's left the bank."

"Left the bank! Why, I thought he had a splendid situation there."

"So he had; but they say he's been taking money."

"It can't be possible!"

"Just what I told Mrs. Black. It's awful what stories they do get up, ain't it? The idea of Jack Robinson stealing!"

Mrs. Brown of course carries the news to Mrs. White.

"That Robinson fellow has been discharged. They say he has been stealing money right along; but then I don't believe a word of it."

Mrs. White relates to Mrs. Gray the story of Robinson's downfall.

"Do you know," she asks, "that Robinson who was in the bank? Well, he has lost his place. They caught him robbing the safe. That's what they say, you know; but I don't believe a word of it."

Mrs. Gray has a new version to impart to Mrs. Red.

"Robinson," she says, "has been arrested for bank robbery and has got to go to prison. So Mrs. White told me; but I don't believe a word of it."

Mrs. Red tells Mrs. Blue that Robinson has been arrested for breaking into the bank the other night, and is going to be sent to prison for twenty years; but she doesn't believe a word of it; and Mrs. Blue doesn't believe a word of it when she tells Mrs. Violet that Robinson has broken into the bank and killed the watchman and stolen all the money.

So it goes, the story accumulating strength as it travels from month to month; and all grows out of the fact—if it happens to be a fact—that Robinson has left the bank.

But then it can't hurt Robinson's reputation, as nobody believes a word of it.

Bernhardt and Her Ex-Husband.

A Paris letter to London Truth says: "Sarah Bernhardt has sought, and seeks every non-professional means that a fertile imagination could devise for advertising herself. Her wedding was a grandiose expedition for keeping the ball rolling. She then broke the nuptial tie and sent Damala about his business. He has come from Tunis. He went to act a hero's part in a foreign legion, but fatigue duties and the soldiers' mess not agreeing with him, he flung down his musket and returned to Paris, out at the elbows. Some journalistic friends, in attempting to awake public sympathy on his behalf, related how he had to put up with gargoyles dinners and begin life over again as an actor. In doing so they furnished his gifted and irreconcilable wife with another opportunity of getting herself talked of. She appears this time in the character of a victim. Damala has cost her a mint of money. She had to borrow of Arthur Meyer 135,000 francs to get him out of him theatrical enterprise and to pay 30,000 francs to Madame Minelli, to keep certain letters written by him to that lady from being published. The martyred husband, the victimized wife declares, is still living on her money. He obtained part of the forfeit which she paid for the non-fulfilment of his dramatic engagements, and she only hopes that he will not force her to make a clean breast about all his infamous conduct (les choses infamantes qui sont a son actif). If she is again insulted by his friends she will let the world have 'proofs of his disonor.'"

Dr. Theo. West, Marianna, Fla., says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters the best tonic that is sold."



**AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.**  
No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

**A Terrible Cough Cured.**  
"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."  
HORACE FAIRBROTHER,  
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

**Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.**  
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,  
Mrs. EMMA GIBNEY,  
150 West 128th St., New York, May 10, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effective remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried."  
A. J. CHASE,  
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL."  
JOSEPH WALDEN,  
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles."  
E. BRADGON,  
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY  
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by all Druggists.

**DR. J. B. HUGHES,**  
Private Medical Rooms.

**CONFIDENTIAL.**  
Ladies or Gentlemen requiring medical advice or treatment, arising from any private cause, would do well to banish all diffidence and make an early application to DR. HUGHES.

The Doctor's long, successful practice in this city, together with the marvelous cures, are unquestionable guarantees of his skill and ability. Persons who can not personally consult the Doctor can do so by writing in a plain manner a description of their disease, and appropriate remedies will be forwarded immediately. All correspondence strictly confidential. — All correspondence strictly confidential. — All correspondence strictly confidential.

**No. 300 CUMBERLAND ST.,**  
PORTLAND, ME. adly9

**PROF. NELSON,**  
THE BARBER.

Can now be found in his elegant room in Jones New Block. Two handsome new chairs, new Razors, new everything. Call and get a first-class shave or hair cut.

**ORDERS BY MAIL**  
For any kind of Work, promptly filled at  
**Courier-Gazette Printing House.**

**SHIPPING TAGS,**  
HANDSOMELY PRINTED AT  
**Courier-Gazette Printing House.**

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THREE TRAINS each way between CHICAGO and the MISSOURI RIVER. TWO TRAINS each way between CHICAGO and MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL via the famous

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**E. ST. JOHN,**  
Gen'l Tkt't & Pass'g Agent,  
**CHICAGO.**

## CITY OF ROCKLAND. NEW CITY LOAN. Strictly Municipal.

A limited amount of Rockland Municipal Bonds are now offered for sale, or in exchange for Bonds issued in aid of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad, if applied for immediately.

LEANDER WEEKS, Treas.

**CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
ELY'S CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation, wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit.

**CURES COLD IN THE HEAD. IS NOT LIQUID OR SNUFF**  
Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It has absorbed it effectively, cleanses the nasal passages of virus, causing healing by secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranous lining of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sore and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Send for circular. By mail 50c—stamp received. Sold by all druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y.

(Continued from last week.)

**How Watch Cases are Made.**

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Ross' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Ross' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

**GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.**  
The Great English Remedy.

**TRADE MARK.** An unfailing TRADE MARK. Weakness, Spasms, Paralysis, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of a stroke, or loss of Memory, Universal Languor, Pain in the Back, AFTER TAKING.

Dimness of vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Infancy or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money, by addressing

**THE GRAY MEDICINE CO. Buffalo, N. Y.**  
Sold in Rockland by W. H. KITTREDGE.

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## AUTUMN ECHOES.

Ten marriage licenses were issued by the city clerk in October.

White & Case's wharf is being strengthened with several loads of granite.

Joey McLaughlin while scuffling at school Wednesday dislocated an elbow.

Cobb, Wight & Co. have a new delivery outfit of horse, wagon and harness.

The horse belonging to Will Barnes ran away Wednesday, badly smashing the buggy.

H. N. Pierce has moved into the J. F. Fogler house, recently purchased by him and Capt. T. R. Pillsbury.

A number of city youths have been pilfering from vegetable gardens. They are likely to get into trouble.

Special meetings of Aurora Lodge to-morrow (Wednesday) night. There will be work on the second and third degrees.

Thirteen interments, four of which were non-resident were superintended by City Undertakers Burpee during October.

G. F. Kaler & Co., block makers, have fitted out two barkentines and two three-masted schooners at Waldoboro this season.

Correspondents will confer a favor by getting their copy to us by Monday night. Otherwise we cannot insure insertion on Tuesday.

A sealskin glove was found on the Thomaston road yesterday. The owner can get it at Ames Bros.' store, North-end, by paying for this notice.

Druggist Wiggins is about to advertise his Balm of Roses by distributing 1000 bottles free throughout the city. It is a fine preparation for chapped hands and the like.

It is decided that no convention will be held by the K. & L. Musical Association this fall.

The regular monthly meeting of the City Council occurs next Monday night.

Subscribers failing to receive this paper any week are requested to inform us at once, either by postal card or in person, when the mistake will be promptly remedied.

We have a very fine and handsome specimen of granite on our desk in the shape of a paper weight, that came from the Star quarry at South Thomaston, Brown & Wade, proprietors.

There will be no preaching service at the Church of Immanuel next Sunday. The pastor goes on a visit to Rhode Island. The Sunday school will meet as usual at 12 o'clock.

Mrs. E. M. Godfrey, of Philadelphia, will receive pupils for instruction in vocal music. Mrs. Godfrey comes to our city with excellent recommendations, and has had experience in teaching. Further particulars will be found in advertisement.

The large and handsome wedding cake, exhibited in the recent fair by C. E. Rising, the baker, was disposed of by lottery among South-end ladies. The drawing took place Saturday and Mrs. E. B. Butler, married within a few days past, won the prize.

The shed of the Gregory kiln at the North-end took fire about 10 o'clock Sunday night. There was a big blaze, and a vigorous alarm was sounded in the vicinity but it didn't reach down-town. The fire was put out with pails of water. Damage slight.

Pearl Wight, formerly of Rockland, now of Woodworth, Wight & Co., New Orleans, has been elected president of the Mexican and Central and South American Exchange, of that city. Mr. Wight is also one of the board of directors of the Whitney National Bank, just started in that city with a paid up capital stock of \$400,000.

That neat and comfortable hotel at Rockport—the "Carleton"—has changed landlords. Mr. Drummond retiring and Herbert Lovejoy taking charge. "Bert" is a royal good fellow, an obliging and courteous gentleman, and it naturally follows that the house must be popular and prosperous. We certainly hope so.

Friday night as S. A. Adams and Leslie Cross were driving up South Main street, in the darkness they collided with a truck wagon standing in front of the junk store, throwing both out heavily. Mr. Adams had one shoulder dislocated and was otherwise bruised. Cross struck on his face and carries some bad scars.

Robert Anderson, a stone cutter from Roundout, N. Y., was drunk Saturday night on Main street. Deputy Marshal Bramhall arrested him, and on the way to the station Anderson kicked the officer heavily in the stomach. Bramhall is confined to the house from the effects of the kick. Anderson will be dealt with for assault.

A young Thomaston boy strayed into the gallery of a church in that town the other day during communion service, and finding some old love signs, hung one over the rail. When the congregation rose up and turned around they were confronted with bold faced letters announcing "Refreshments."

Dan—Handsome Dan, as can be verified by the lithos in the windows—is to be at Farwell Hall Friday night. This is what the Blüdford Journal says about him:

Dan Maguinis, the Apollo of the American stage, whose rollicking Irish wit and melodious voice are familiar to every theatre goer in New England from his sixteen years connection with the Boston Theatre, as leading comedian, brings his romantic drama Willie Riley to the opera house, Monday evening. Handsome Dan has met with surprising success since he began to star in this place, drawing big houses everywhere, and the critics here in the east are unanimous in their praise both of the star and his supporting company.

The Monument Association have decided to hold their opening entertainment on Wednesday evening the 14th instant. Admission will be free, and an opportunity will be given for contributions to defray expenses and aid the fund. We hope our leading citizens, and especially ladies, will show their interest and good-will by attending. Of all the tickets sold for the night of the storm, not more than half a dozen have been returned. This shows the right spirit. All who purchased tickets may contribute them as cash on the night of the entertainment. Two other entertainments are in contemplation in aid of the fund. Miss Emma A. Pond of Boston, aided by local talent, will soon produce the beautiful opera of "Little Red Riding-hood," and an evening of music and readings by first-class talent is talked of.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

Personal Paragraphs of More or Less Interest to Our Readers.

Gen. Tillson has gone to Florida. Mrs. A. I. Mather and Mrs. D. N. Mortland are making a visit in Boston.

Miss Annie Simpson of Bath is visiting Prof. Clarke and wife.

Capt. C. S. Packard is out again, having recovered from a severe sickness.

Mrs. Mary C. Burpee went to Boston last night for an extended visit.

W. W. Case and E. S. Healey have returned from a shooting expedition at Hurricane.

J. F. Fogler and wife are making a ten-day visit in Boston.

Mrs. A. T. Crockett has been dangerously sick but is now recovering.

Mrs. Geo. Otis of Everett, Mass., is visiting Mrs. T. W. Hix, Jr.

Mrs. W. A. Kimball and daughter are on a visit to relatives in New Hampshire.

Mrs. E. M. Godfrey of Philadelphia sang at the Methodist church Sunday afternoon.

Misses Flora Wise and Stella Keene are making a visit in Boston.

Dr. Hitchcock and wife were passengers on the afternoon train for Boston.

Charles, oldest son of Rev. W. S. Roberts, enters Colby University this week.

Editor Pressey of the Deer Isle Gazette was in the city Friday.

Mrs. W. H. Glover is visiting in Boston, the guest of Mrs. Mary Bachelor.

Capt. W. A. Barker has resumed his position at Snow & Pearson's, after an extended vacation.

A. J. Malker is canvassing in Auburn for the sale of the "Blue and the Gray," in co-operation with Capt. Cilley.

Mrs. A. O. Bowler went to Thorndike Thursday. Her father, Isaac Hodgman, died the evening before her arrival.

Miss Clara M. Farwell started Thursday for an extended visit to Boston, New York and elsewhere.

Mrs. John Reed and child returned to Damariscotta Saturday, after a three week's visit at W. O. Fuller's.

Mrs. W. H. Woodcock of Portland, (formerly Miss Abbie Young of Thomaston,) is the guest of Mrs. Nathl Jones.

W. R. Holmes, who has been clerk at the St. Nicholas, has left that position, and goes to Boston.

Mrs. H. N. Lancaster of Belfast and sister, Mrs. Duntion, are visiting their brother, W. L. Torrey, at Dr. Williams's.

W. A. Kimball, the efficient passenger agent of the B. & B. Steamship line, starts Wednesday for a trip to the south, in the interests of the line.

Sam'l Higgins, who left this city fourteen years ago, and has since lived at Bar Harbor, visited his old friends here for the first time last week.

Editor Rich of the Camden Herald ran in to see us last week. But only for a minute. A man who is a postmaster, lawyer and editor all in one breath hasn't time to make long calls.

Mrs. L. A. Hawes and her child, of Waltham, Mass., are at Mrs. S. Tibbets's visiting Mrs. Lottie Seabury, Mrs. H's mother. Mrs. Eliza A. Fuller of Warren is visiting at her brother's, W. O. Fuller.

Dan'l Churchill, who with his son Herbert is engaged on a job of trimming 350 sleighs, at Westboro, Mass., is at home today. He returns to Westboro this week, having about 50 sleighs to finish to complete the job.

J. S. Kidd and wife (formerly Miss Clara E. Hewett of this city) of Astoria, Oregon, are visiting in town. Mr. Kidd, who is an engineer, will take charge of a steamer now building in New York and will take her to Astoria, where she will run on the Pacific coast.

Orrin G. Shepherd died of pneumonia Saturday afternoon at the age of 62 years. Mr. Shepherd was a well-known figure in this city. He came here from Jefferson in 1861 and opened a public boarding-house at the Brook, Main street, and did a prosperous business for many years, assisted by his two daughters. During recent years owing to ill health Mr. Shepherd was able to do but little active work, though occupying the same old stand-up to the time of his death. He leaves a considerable property. The funeral occurred this forenoon and the remains were taken to Lincolnville for burial.

## Births.

Rockland, Nov. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, a daughter.  
Rockland, to Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Emery, a son.  
Ow's Head, Nov. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Philbrook, a son.  
Thomaston, Oct. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Almon Shuman, a daughter.  
Friendship, Nov. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Bickmore, a son.  
Thomaston, Oct. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Linnell, a daughter.

## Marriages.

Rockland, Nov. 3, by Rev. H. A. Philbrook, Charles W. Mulliken and Mrs. George C. Baker, all of this city.  
South Hope, at the parsonage, Oct. 27, by Rev. G. A. Chapman, Edward D. Harrington and Cora E. Thorndike, both of Camden.  
Lincolnville Center, Oct. 25, La Forrest Rankin, and Annie May Frobie, both of Lincolnville.

## Deaths.

Rockland, Nov. 3, Orrin G. Shepherd, aged 62 years.  
Rockland, Nov. 3, Albert A. Richardson, aged 27 years, 8 months, 17 days.  
Friendship, Oct. 20, George Poland, aged 79 years.  
West Camden, Oct. 29, James Blood, aged 60 years, 6 months, 3 days.  
Tenants Harbor, St. George, Oct. 26, Charles Caswell, formerly of this city, aged 62 years.  
So. Thomaston, Nov. 5, Martha J., wife of Dennis E. Carver, a ed 42 years, 11 months, 11 days.

## GIRL WANTED.

CAPABLE GIRL to do general housework in a family of four persons. Apply to  
G. W. BERRY,  
Fleming St.

Mrs. E. M. GODFREY,

(Pupil of Miss Abbie Whinnery, of Philadelphia.)  
Will receive pupils in  
SINGING.

Particular attention given to correct formation of tone, clear enunciation, and thorough training of the voice.

At Mrs. Godfrey will be at Mr. Smith's Music Store, Thursday, Nov. 14.

REFERENCES—Miss Abbie Whinnery, Philadelphia; Rev. Mr. Southard, Messrs. Albert Smith, F. R. Sweetser, Rockland. 2w42

## FARWELL HALL.

Friday Evening, Nov. 9.

DAN MAGUINNIS,

(Sixteen years principal Comedian at the Boston Theatre.)

Supported by a Strong  
Dramatic Company.

Under the Management of George Hackett, in the New Romantic Drama, in three acts, entitled

WILLIE REILLY!

Mr. Maguinis as Willie Reilly,

Introducing his Unrivalled Songs.

TICKETS 50 CENTS.

To all parts of the house. Buy them NOW at Spear & May's and get the one you want.

125

Parlor Stoves!

Of Every Description.

They must be sold  
within 30 days.

G. W. DRAKE,

190 and 192 Main St., Rockland.

EXHIBITION

—OF—

Art Embroidery

Tuesday & Wednesday,  
Nov. 13 & 14.

A. R.  
MORSE & CO.,

313 Main St.,

Will make a

Special Exhibition

OF

Fancy Work & Material,

COMPRISING

Latest Novelties in Kensington, Outline and Byzantine Embroidery,

.....IN.....

SILKS, ARRASENE, CHENILLE and JAPANESE GOLD THREAD.

NEW COLORS  
In Plush, Satine & Felting

New Styles  
IN  
ORNAMENTS, CORDS,

ETC., ETC.,

A Full Line of Colors  
in TWINE for Crochet  
Work.

A. R. Morse & Co.

DR. STACY,

WOULD say to the citizens of Rockland and vicinity, that he has opened an Office at

235 MAIN STREET,  
(over Tibbets's Market.)  
Where he may be consulted (free of charge,) upon any and all diseases. Dr. S. has been very successful in the treatment of Chronic Disease.

Office hours from 1 to 5 P. M. Thursday, Friday and Saturdays of each week. Commencing Friday, Oct. 12th. 2w

## BARGAINS

T. A. WENTWORTH'S.

	Worth.	Selling
Men's Top Sole Calf Boots,	\$3.25	\$2.50
Men's Light Sole Calf Boots,	3.00	2.50
Men's Top Sole Kip Boots,	3.00	2.50
Boys' Top Sole Kip Boots,	2.50	2.00
Youth's Top Sole Thick Boots,	1.50	1.25
Child's Copper Tip Boots,	1.25	1.00
Women's D.S. Grain Button Boots,	1.50	1.25
Women's Kid Button Boots,	1.50	1.25
" " " "	1.75	1.50
Women's Fine Kid Button Boots,	2.25	2.00
" " " "	4.00	3.50
Women's Fine Donga " "	4.25	3.75
Women's Fine Goat " "	2.50	2.00
Misses' Fine Goat " "	1.75	1.50
Misses' Fine Kid " "	1.50	1.25
Women's Kid and Goat Shopworn Boots,	3.50	1.50
Boys' Caps, .25, .35, .50, .75 and 1.00.		
Men's Caps, .50, .62, .75, 1.00 and 1.25.		
HATS all prices from 15 cts. to 50 cts.		

T. A. WENTWORTH,  
243 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

They Have Come!

We have just received another big line of those fine

New York Ties

and have now in stock the largest line of

Neck Wear

ever shown in the county. These goods are bought direct from the New York Importers and comprise all the New and Nobby Patterns and shapes for Fall Ties.

Call and See this Elegant Line.

Our Large Sales of the

\$2.00

Kid Button Boot

Show the popularity of this boot.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED!

If you want anything in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Men's, Boys' or Youths' Boots,

Ladies', Misses' or Children's Fine Boots,

Child's Spring Heel Goods,

.....CALL AT.....

BERRY'S.

Opposite Thorndike House.

25¢ Prices always as Low as Lowest on all Goods.

BELDING BROS. & CO.,  
SILK MANUFACTURERS.

Dress Silks of a superior grade, excellent in quality

and finish. Serges and Satin Linings, for Gentlemen's Clothing, Hosiery, Sewing Silk and Machine Twist, Embroidery Silk and Flosses, "Superior" Pure Thread Knitting Silk.

MILLS, Rockville, Conn., Northampton, Mass., Montreal, Canada.

OFFICES, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco. ADAMS & CURTIS, Agents, 105 Summer St., Boston. Goods for sale by the Trade.

HOUSE PLANTS MUST BLOOM

—IF YOU USE THE—

PLANT BEAUTIFIER.

After years of careful experiment I have obtained a CHEMICAL FOOD for Flowering Plants and Vines that cannot be too highly praised. Having used it on plants displayed in my store window with wonderful results, so great a demand for one plant for nearly three years, at the small cost of 25 cents, it brings it within the reach of all. For sale by Druggists or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. Manufactured by C. H. Pondleton, Druggist, ROCKLAND, ME.

THE ROCKLAND COURIER-GAZETTE



EBEN B. MAYO

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

Black Silk Velvets, 24 inches wide, \$1.65 and \$2.40 per yard. Sold this season at \$3.00 and \$4.00.

Silk Circulars Fur Trimmed and Fur Lined, \$20.00.

Silk Circulars Fur Trimmed, Quilted Linings, \$15.00.

Black Diagonal Cloth Dolmans, \$6.00 up to \$20.00.

One Lot Manufacturers' Samples Ladies' Cloaks, at 50 cts. on the dollar, including Cloaks at 2.50 each and upward.

Seal Skin Cloths, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$16, \$18 \$20 per yard. Splendid Goods for Ladies' Cloaks or Cloak Trimmings, and at prices much less than the same qualities are usually sold for.

99 dozen Men's and Boy's White Shirts, 57 cts. each, usual price 75 cts.

White Blankets 1.35 per pair, worth \$1.88.

WHITE BLANKETS, 1.75 per pair, worth \$2.50.

148 pairs WHITE BLANKETS, only 2.50 per pair, worth \$4.00.

148 pairs WHITE BLANKETS Extra Size, subject to manufacturer's slight imperfections, 3.00 each, worth 5.00 in perfect goods.

Extra Heavy and Extra Large Size Colored Blankets \$2.00 per pair, worth \$3.00. Scarlet All-Wool Blankets at Low Prices.

15,000 yards best quality and best styles Prints, will be sold by Piece or Case to parties buying to sell again, at Boston prices.

Come early and avoid the rush.

Goods delivered to any part of the city.

EBEN B. MAYO.

FOR CHORUS CHOIRS!

FOR QUARTET CHOIRS!

Concert Selections and Choruses in Six Numbers, each 25 cts. By L. O. Emerson. Each number contains about 7 choruses, mainly for Musical Societies, but quite available for Chorus. An admirable compilation of the best music, sacred and secular.

Shepard Church Collection. Quartets, Anthems, etc. \$1.00.

The newest, and exceeding good for its purpose being, in this respect, on a line with

Emerson's MAILED QUARTETS, 50 c.

Emerson's MALE VOICE CHOIR, 50 c.

Emerson's CHURCH OFFERING, \$1.25.

Dank's ANTHEM SERVICES, 50 c.

Dow's SACRED QUARTETS, Male Voices, 50 c.

Chadwick's GEM GLEANER, 50 c.

Parker's CHURCH COMPOSITIONS, 50 c.

Emerson's BOOK OF ANTHEMS, Perkins' ANTHEM HARP, and Johnson, Tenny, and Abbey's AMERICAN BOOK, (each \$1.25) are among the best collections ever published.

Ditson & Co.'s MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD, \$1.00 per year, is much larger than the Weekly, greatly improved, and most valuable to all students and purchasers of Music. Appears Nov. 1.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

E. A. BUTLER,

238 Main St., Rockland, Me.

Ship and Marine Insurance Broker.

Risks on Hulls, Cargoes and Freight effected in reliable Companies at reasonable rates.

All orders for vessels or freight will receive prompt attention.



## Turgenev's Last Work—The Quail.

New York Tribune.

The last sketch written by Turgenev's pen before it dropped from his hand forever is given below. It is a remembrance of his childhood, tender simple and touching:

I was about ten years of age when what I am about to relate occurred.

It was summer time. In those days I lived with my father on a farm in Southern Russia. Around us for a distance of many versts the steppe extended in every direction. No forest, no stream could be found in the neighboring country; only shallow ravines, covered by brushwood and looking like immense green snakes, here and there made their way through the otherwise unbroken surface of the plains. Tiny rivulets flowed at the bottom of these ravines; in places to which well-beaten foot-paths generally led you could see, very near the top of the bank, small springs of limpid water, like tears issue from the ground, and on their edges in the damp clay the tracks of numberless birds and other animals. Man and beast alike need fresh, pure water.

My father was passionately fond of hunting. Every moment that he could spare from his work—provided the weather was fine—would see him take down his rifle, strap his pouch about his waist, whistle for his old dog, Tresor, and start to hunt quail or partridge. Here he thought little of; fit only, he would say, a hunter run. These and snipe's which came in the autumn, were all the game found in the neighborhood.

But quails and partridges were quite numerous; especially the latter. In following the banks of the ravines you would encounter at every step little hollows in the dry ground where they love to squat. Old Tresor would then come to a sudden stop, his tail wagging furiously, and his forehead gathering in wrinkles, while my father, pale with excitement, would cautiously rise the hammer of his gun.

At times, to my great joy, I would be permitted to accompany him. I used to tuck the legs of my trousers into the tops of my boots, hang my little flask over my shoulders and, so equipped, would imagine myself a true sportsman. Though perspiration might cover me from head to foot, and gravel and dust enter my shoes, I never felt the least fatigued, and never in a single instance allowed myself to drop behind. At each report of the gun, and as soon as the bird fell, I bounded forward with a joyous shout—I felt so happy! The wounded quail might struggle, flap its wings, sometimes on the ground at other times in Tresor's mouth, its blood flow—I only became enthusiastic; I never felt the least sentiment of pity!

What wouldn't I have given to be able to fire a gun myself, to kill quail and partridges with my own hand! But my father had repeatedly explained to me that I was not to have a gun until I had reached the age of twelve, and that then I was to have a single-barreled gun, and that I would be allowed to shoot larks only. Large numbers of these were found near our house; on sunny days you could see them by the dozens in the clear sky mounting higher, with chirps resembling the tinkling of little bells.

I looked upon them as my future spoil, and aimed at them with a stick which I carried over my shoulder like a gun. It is very easy to get close to them, when they hover with quivering wings perhaps five or six feet above the ground, before suddenly plunging into the grass. Sometimes, in the distance, on stubble fields or the green prairie, bustard could be seen. "Ah!" I would sigh; "to kill a big bird like that, and die!"

I pointed them out to my father with my finger, but he would invariably answer that the bustard was a very shy bird, which would not permit anybody to get near it. Once, however, he attempted to steal upon a solitary bustard, thinking that it had been wounded perhaps, and was lagging behind the rest of the flock. He ordered Tresor to keep behind him, and bade me not to stir. Charging his gun with buckshot he turned to the dog and exclaimed in a low voice, "Back, back!" Then cowering as low as possible he advanced cautiously upon the bustard. Tresor would not crouch down, but assumed a gait something like that of a bandy-legged person, wagging his tail and holding one of his lips between his teeth. I couldn't keep still any longer, and followed my father and Tresor, crawling carefully all the way. But the bustard wouldn't allow us to get within three hundred yards; it started on a run first, then flapping its wings flew away. Tresor made a bound forward and stared at it. I, too, looked at it—with such a disappointed heart! Couldn't it have stayed just a little longer? We should certainly have killed the bird.

One day I started with my father to go hunting. It was on the eve of St. Peter's Day. At that season of the year the young partridges are still very small, and my father would not shoot any. He therefore entered a patch of oak trees situated on the edge of a rice field, where you were always sure to find quail. As it was rather difficult to get into the grass in this place of wood, it had been allowed to grow freely and had attained a great height. Myriads of flowers, vetch, clover, harebell, mouse ear and sweet william throve there in abundance. Whenever I came to this spot with my sister or the maid servant I carried home whole armfuls; but when in the company of my father I did not think of picking flowers. I considered that occupation unbecoming a sportsman.

Suddenly Tresor came to a stop. My father made a signal to me to be cautious. Right in front of Tresor a hen-quail rose and flew away. But she flew in a strange manner, turning and tumbling over and over again in the air, and then falling to the ground as if she had been wounded. Tresor made for her as fast as possible—a thing he never did when the bird flew in its usual manner.

My father could not take aim for fear of hitting the dog. Presently Tresor made a sudden dash, and, before we knew it, he had seized the quail, and brought her to my father. My father took the bird from him and laid it on its back on the palm of his hand. I ran up to him.

"What's the matter?" I cried; "is she wounded?"

"No," replied my father; "she must, however, have her nest with her little ones close by. She acted as if she were wounded so that the dog might think he could catch her easily."

"Why did she do so?"

"In order to divert the dog's attention from her little ones; after which, if she had succeeded, she would not have flown away. But this time she missed her little game, and Tresor has caught her."

"Then she is not hit?" I inquired again.

"No—but she won't live—Tresor must have injured her with his teeth."

I stepped nearer, to have a better look at the quail. She rested motionless on the palm of my father's hand; her head was drooping and her black eye looked at me sideways. All at once a feeling of pity overcame me. It seemed to me as if the poor little bird regarded me and thought, "Why must I die? Why? Have I not done my duty? I tried to save my little ones, to draw the dog's attention away from them, and here I am a captive! Ah, me! Poor me! This is not just; no, no, it is not just!"

"Papa, perhaps she will not die," I cried, trying to caress the little bird's head.

My father answered: "She'll die. Look! In another moment, and her legs will stiffen, her body will tremble, and her eyes will close."

Indeed, that's what did happen before long. When her eyes had closed I began to cry.

"Well, what's the matter?" my father exclaimed almost laughingly.

"I pity her," I replied. "She did her duty and she has been killed. It is not just!"

"She wanted to play a deceitful game," my father answered, but Tresor was too smart for her."

"Bad dog!" I thought (at that moment I even thought my father himself was not good). There was nothing deceitful in her action. It was the love for her young that prompted her to do it. Because she was forced to dissemble in order to save her brood it does not follow that Tresor had to seize her."

My father wanted to put the quail in his game bag, but I begged him to give her to me. I placed her in my two hands and warmed her with my breath, hoping to bring her back to life again; but she did not stir.

"You waste your time," said my father. "You can't revive her. Don't you see how her head is drooping?"

I tenderly raised her head by the bill, but as soon as I let go it would fall back.

"Do you pity her so much?" asked my father again.

"Who will feed her young?" I replied.

My father looked at me attentively.

"Don't worry about that," he said; "the male bird, the father, will feed them. But listen! There's Tresor pointing again. Perhaps it's the nest! It is."

In fact, among the stalks of some tall grass two feet in front of Tresor's snout, I perceived four little quails nestled close together and with outstretched necks. They breathed so quickly I thought they were trembling all over. They had already little feathers, only their tails were still very short.

"Papa! papa!" I cried, "call back the dog; he'll kill them too!"

My father recalled Tresor, and prepared to sit down a little way off under a bush to eat some lunch. I remained close by the nest and refused to eat. I pulled from my pocket a white handkerchief upon which I placed the quail. "Look, poor orphaned little ones! There's your mother! She has sacrificed herself for you." The young birds seemed to breathe more rapidly when I said it, and their little bodies seemed to tremble still more violently.

I went to where my father sat.

"Will you make me a present of this quail?" I asked.

"If it gives you any pleasure, of course. But what are you going to do with her?"

"I am going to bury her."

"Bury her?"

"Yes, there; right close to the nest. Give me your knife, so I can dig her little grave."

"You expect the young to go and pray on the grave, I suppose?" suggested my father in astonishment.

"No," I replied; "but the thought pleases me. She belongs there, close to her nest."

Without adding another word my father looked for his knife and handed it to me. I set to work at once to dig the little hole. I pressed a kiss upon my quail's breast, and placed her gently in her grave, and then I filled it with earth. I cut two sticks, and after removing the bark I made a cross by tying them together with some dry blades of grass; and this I placed upon the grave.

We started soon after I went to go home. At each step I turned to look back. The cross was white, and I could see it far off.

That night I had a dream. It seemed to me I was in heaven, and there, perched upon a tiny little cloud, I saw my quail—the very same quail I had buried in the morning, only she was all white, like the cross on her grave. Around her head a halo of gold spread its lustre; no doubt, I thought, a reward for what she had suffered for the sake of her children.

Five or six days after I returned in company with my father to the grave. The cross had become a little more yellow, but had remained in its place. The nest, however, was empty; not a trace of the little ones was left. My father assured me that the male bird had carried them elsewhere. Indeed, at that very moment, only a few steps from where we stood, the little male flew out of a bush, and my father forbore to fire

at him, and I—I said to myself, "No, no; papa is not bad!"

Strange to say, from that day my love for hunting left me completely, and I never even thought of the gun which my father had promised me. Later, it is true, when I became a man, I took to hunting too, but I never was a true sportsman.

One day I was hunting with a friend of mine. We soon came upon some grouse. The mother bird rose and we fired. She was wounded, but did not fall, and got away with her young. I proposed following them.

"Let us remain here," my friend said. "We'll imitate their cry and the whole flock will return before long."

My companion knew well how to imitate the call of these birds. We seated ourselves among the bushes, and my friend began his tactics. At first a young grouse answered, then another, and before long the mother herself quite close to us replied in a subdued and soft voice. I raised my head and saw her approach through the grass with all possible speed. Her breast was covered with blood. The instincts of a mother were prompting her; she evidently wished to divert our attention. At that moment I seemed to myself a monster of cruelty. \* \* \* I rose and clapped my hands. The mother flew away, and the young at once became silent. My companion was furious; he looked at me like a madman.

"You have spoiled our entire sport," he said.

But from that day on, to kill, to shed blood, became more and more painful to me.

An Illinois philanthropist has willed his corpse to a medical school. That is a dead give away.—*New York Herald.*

We have struck smoother road, haven't we?" asked a passenger of a conductor on an Arkansas railway.

"No," replied the conductor, "we have only run off the track."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"You're guided too much by others' opinions," said Mrs. Fogg to her lord; "for my part, I believe in having a little mind of my own." "And you've got it," was the brutal remark of Fogg, as he put on his hat to go out.—*Boston Transcript.*

"The hog cholera is raging in Montville," read old Mrs. Pinaphor. "And no wonder," she added. "Any one who has seen the awful stuff eaten by pigs—decayed vegetables, rotten fruit, tainted meat, and such trash—would wonder how any of them escaped getting the cholera."—*Norr. Herald.*

"How is Johnnie doing at school?" asked a lady of Johnnie's mamma during a call. "Splendidly. He talks in two languages now." "Dear me. What are they, French or German?" "Oh, no. English and profane."—*Marathon Independent.*

Epilepsy Entirely Cured.

Prof. Irving B. Smith, of Pike, N. Y., makes the following statement. "Samaritan Nervine" has entirely cured me of epileptic fits."

Mr. A. E. Gilder, Strong, Me., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia. It makes a person quickly feel new."

An exchange confidentially asks: "Tell us, ye millionaires, does your wealth make you truly happy?" Well, it doesn't worry us much. Come around next year about this time.

Will it Really Cure Rheumatism?

We answer, honor bright, it will cure rheumatism, and the severest cases, too. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was specially prepared for the rheumatic and lame. Notice letters from the people relative to its merits in nearly every paper in the country.

A man in Galveston, according to a despatch was fairly riddled with bullets by a Mexican. This is not an item from the *Texas Siftings*.

Given Away.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Blood Purifier. Those who are requested to call at W. H. Kirtledge's Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle free of cost, if you are suffering with Consumption, severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affections of the Throat and Lungs. It will positively cure you.

While her mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked: "Is that a butterfly, mamma?"

For sometime it has been a household remedy at our home, we have found it indispensable in cases of sore throat, cold and rheumatism.—*G. O. Bailey, Publisher Sunday Times, Portland, Me.*

We wonder which pays the best—boxing matches or matching boxes.

Covetousness in Disguise.

The wonderful success of James Pyle's Pearline, has given rise to a flood of imitations with an "ine" to their names, evidently to have them sound like Pearlina. Enterprises of this sort are quite liable to be more selfish than beneficial. 1m42

Always possessed of a devil—a printing office.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE

Is three times the man he was before he began using 'Wells' Health Renewer.' St. Druggists.

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

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Bunker Hill Monument is a cheap advertising medium. It only costs twenty-five cents to go to the top of the column.

Be Your Own Doctor.

It won't cost you one-half as much. Do not delay. Send two 3 cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufmann's great work, fine colored plates from life, on disease, its causes and home cure. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

When a powder magazine blows up, it can, we suppose, be called flash literature.

"SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 15, 1881.

"I have been sick with pleurisy and pneumonia. It left me with a very hard, hacking cough. All the physicians and medicine did me no good. A friend advised me to try Adams' Cough Balsam, one bottle of which did me more good than all the doctors and medicines I have tried; and I shall recommend it far and near. MARY A. BROCKWELL."

There's the stuff in Thanksgiving that makes it the most popular of our national holidays.

Penetrated to the Bone.

Alderman John Baxter, Toronto, Canada, avers that St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. I know it, for I have tried it; it hits the mark every time.

## PLAIN WORDS

Are Best to Express the Suffering so Long Endured by a most Excellent Lady, Mrs. G. Fisher, 29 Clark St., New Haven, Conn. Her Kind and Grateful Expression Towards the Means that Afforded Relief.

Facts clothed in plain words are best. Mrs. Geo. Fisher lives in a pleasant cottage at 29 Clark St., New Haven, Conn. She says: "I was a terrible sufferer from Liver disease for a period of twelve years. My family physician told me that it was chronic inflammation of the Liver. I tried a great many remedies recommended for liver difficulties. I was under the physicians care a great deal, but could get no relief, until I began taking Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. I experienced relief at once, and to-day I am enjoying good health through the use of this. I had also been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs and shoulders, for I have been cured entirely through the use of FAVORITE REMEDY. I consider Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY a most excellent medicine. I know of many in this city who have received great benefit from the use of FAVORITE REMEDY. It is, in fact, a good medicine. I know it, for I've tried it."

Mrs. Fisher is a lady of character and means what she says. Grateful patients are common. Dr. Kennedy is daily in receipt of letters from them expressing similar sentiments. These letters are spontaneous and put in all varieties of phrases, but invariably setting forth one thing—the value of Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY for many forms of disease. It may be just the thing you have been looking for. Is your Liver disordered? Have you derangement of the Kidneys or Bladder associated with Constipation of the Bowels? If so, you want Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. Dr. Kennedy practices medicine and surgery in all his branches, writes and states your case frankly. Letters promptly answered. Address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. 1m42

## Half Out of his Head.

"Blessed be the man," said Don Quixote's wreny square, "who invented sleep." Sanchez's gratitude is ours, but what if one cannot for any reason enjoy that excellent invention? "Nervousness in me had become a disease," writes Mr. William Cullen, the well known wholesale druggist of Buffalo, N. Y.

"I could not sleep, and my nights were either passed in the most restless and nearly crazed manner, or in a kind of stupor, haunted by tormenting dreams. Having taken PARKER'S Tonic for other troubles, I tried it also for this. The result has surprised and delighted me. My nerves were toned to concert pitch, and, like Caesar's fat men, I fell into the ranks of those who sleep soundly. I should add that the Tonic speedily did away with the condition of general debility and dyspepsia occasioned by my previous sleeplessness, and gave me strength and perfect digestion. In brief the use of the Tonic thoroughly re-established my health. I have used PARKER'S Tonic with entire success for sea-sickness and for the bowel disorder incident to ocean voyages."

This preparation has heretofore been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. Hereafter it will be sold under the name of PARKER'S TONIC, omitting the word "ginger." Hiscox & Co., are induced to make this change by the action of principled dealers, who have for years deceived their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger. We drop the misleading word all the more willingly, as ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient in our Tonic.

Please remember that no change has been, or will be, made in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. 1m38

## ALCOHOL AND INSANITY.

Dr. Mann.

Alcohol and opium are today responsible for much deterioration of brain. Dipomania and the opium habit being on the increase among Americans, there is a greatly increased nervousness and an increasing inherited disposition to the different neuroses; and the condition known as cerebral hyperemia, an increase in the quantity of the blood within the capillaries of the brain, or rather one form of it, of vaso-motor origin resulting from overwork and mental strain, is greatly on the increase.

Insanity is not only appearing at an earlier age than formerly, but there is also a decided increase of insanity disproportionate to the increase of population. Educational pressure on the young, to the neglect of physical exercise the increasing artificial and unnatural habits of living, the great excitement and competition in business, are all tending to induce and multiply nervous diseases, many of which must terminate in mental maladies.

## OUR BEST FAMILIES.

I have been troubled for over six years with a severe kidney complaint, also a weakness of the urinary organs, with its attendant troubles. My water contained a peculiar sediment, some days as many as twenty times, with severe pains in the bladder, as well as in the back and loins. At times I passed a limited quantity of urine, highly colored with unnatural heat and sediment; frequently evacuations would be very painful. I concluded that I must do something for it, fearing that more serious trouble would follow. I went to the druggist and was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used with wonderful success in several severe cases of dropsy and kidney and bladder affections here in Bangor. I concluded to try it, and before I had used one bottle found it was helping me beyond expectations. My water became more natural, less color and sediment, the pains in back and that heavy feeling gone, with a general toning up of the system; and I continued to use it until I used six bottles, and it has entirely cured me.

Others of my family have used Hunt's Remedy with equally as good success, and we do not hesitate to recommend it far and near, believing it a duty as well as a pleasure to recommend so good a remedy as Hunt's Remedy. You are at liberty to give my testimony to the public.

D. T. HODGDEN,

ORRINGTON, ME., May 19, 1883.

I endorse the above statement.

A. M. ROBINSON,

Apothecary, Bangor, Me.

## A COOPER'S EXPERIENCE.

Some ten years ago I was troubled with kidney and liver troubles. I had severe pains in my kidney and bladder. I tried several remedies that seemed to do me no good until I went to one of our drug stores here in Bangor, and they recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used here by many of our best families for diseases of the kidneys, bladder, and dropsy with wonderful success. I purchased a bottle, and found that it went to the right spot and did me a great deal of good. I have no more pains in the back and limbs. I used five bottles (5 in all), and it has completely cured me; and I consider it a duty to let others know that Hunt's Remedy is a valuable medicine for all it is troubled with any of the above complaints.

E. Q. VAN WYKE,

Bangor, Me., May 19, 1883.

"No time like the present," remarks the boy with a new gift watch.

To Repair Damages.

Dear lady, there is probably no use telling you that fashionable life in a great city is a rough one on your beauty. Late hours, loss of sleep and mental excitement will leave you by and by worn and shorn of those beautiful tresses which drew lovers around you in other years. Artificial substitutes can never pass for those rich and glossy locks. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop your hair from falling out, restore its natural color and softness, and prove cleansing and beneficial to the scalp. 1m42

## E. B. Hastings,

## SPECIALTIES

We Offer this Week.

LOOK AT THE PRICES.

50 pairs good quality Blankets only 1.25.

50 pr. nice quality White Blankets large size, only 2.00 a pair. This is a Blanket never sold less than 3.00 a pair.

25 pairs large size 11-4 Blankets, which we shall sell for 2.50 a pair.

1 case best quality Print only 5 cents a yard.

Nice White Batting, only 10 cts. 1 bale Crash, 6 cents a yard. A Bargain.

Another lot of those Half-Wool Dress Goods, all colors only 12 1-2 cents a yard.

Fine Black Cashmere, only 50 cts a yard.

We have the best assortment of DRESS GOODS, with VELVETS all shades to match, to be found in the city.

1 case Remnants of Sheet 1 yd. wide, best quality only 7 cents a yard. This is one cent a yard under price, and a good trade.

Best quality Feather Ticking only 15 cents a yard.

Grey Mixed Flannel only 12 1-2 cents.

Bargains in Dress Flannels at 20 cents a yard.

1 lot Table Linen, only 25 cents, worth 37 1-2.

The best Undervest for children for 25 cents to be found in the city.

1 case Ladies' Undervests, only 37 1-2 cents.

We have another lot of those handsome Embroidered Ladies' Vests at only 50 cents. This is a great Bargain, and we shall have no more of them when this lot is sold.

1 lot Ladies' Scarlet Vests and Pants at 1.25, worth 1.50.

Job lot of Ladies' Wool Hose, only 37 1-2 cents.

Job lot of Children's Wool Hose, 25 cents, worth 37 1-2 cts.

## Cloaks and Cloakings!

We have a large assortment of Ready-Made Cloaks in Dolmans, Russian Circulars, Paletots, New Markets, etc.

## REMEMBER

You can find all the above Bargains

## E. B. Hastings'

Central Block.

ROCKLAND, - MAINE.

## Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 5th St., New York, May 16, 1882. MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good. Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY



BRIC-A-BRAC.

Maggie Caldwell, the dancer, has returned to her home in Camden.

For 15 years with distressing pain over my eyes, gradually the disease worked down upon my lungs. About a year and a half ago I began using Ely's Cream Balm with most gratifying result, and am today apparently cured.

Rockland, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Rockland, on the third Tuesday of November next, and show cause, if any they have, why the said account should not be allowed.

E. M. WOOD, Judge.

A true copy—Attest:—B. K. KALLOCH, Register.

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3w40 E. M. WOOD, Judge.  
 A true copy,—Attest:—B. K. KALLOCH, Register.

Bill Heads and Statements  
A SPECIALTY, AT  
Courier-Gazette Printing House.

M. A. ACHORN.  
MRS. O. A. WIGGIN.



## Marine Department.

Sch. Nellie E. Gray, Snow, has loaded lime for A. C. Gay & Co., for New York.

Workers are engaged on the old war ship Kansas, tearing out bulk heads, etc.

Sch. Warner Moore, Crockett, is at Portland, discharging coal from Richmond, Va.

Sch. Jennie Greenbank, Pillsbury, has been painted, and has loaded lime for New York.

Sch. R. L. McKenney and Lonita Frances discharged coal at Spear's elevator Saturday.

Sch. Rockie E. Yates is being re-rigged at the South Railway, and will soon be ready for sea.

Sch. Wm. H. Allison, Kenniston is at Boston discharging coal. Capt. Kenniston is at home.

Back Henry Knight of Camden, from Belfast bound south, has been in our harbor several days.

Sch. Milford, Look, has just discharged a cargo of coal at Vinalhaven and will load stone for Philadelphia.

Sch. Minnie Smith, Arty, at New York, is chartered to load coopers at that port for Port Spain, Trinidad.

Sch. Horace Sturges, Spear, is in our harbor bound to Painesboro, N. H., where she will load old rails for New York at \$2.50 per ton.

Sch. Maggie D. Marston, Ann Eliza and Wm. Rice, lime loaded for H. O. Gurdy & Co., sailed from here Saturday for New York.

Sch. Helen Montague, Green, loaded with plaster from Windsor, bound for Alexandria, Va., arrived in our harbor Saturday afternoon.

U. S. steamer Gedgey, Lieut. Commander Snow, sailed from here Friday for New York, having finished her season's work on the coast.

Sch. Hunter, Whitten, has arrived here after discharging a cargo of coal at Saco. She is chartered to load stone at Hurricane for Washington, D. C.

Bark C. B. Hazeltine, Gilker, at New York from Hong Kong, reports June 12th, in the China Sea, sprung fore and mainmast head and mastsail yard.

Capt. Well Spear's new schooner has received her masts and will launch the 14th. She measures 212 tons, government, and will be named the George Bird.

Sch. Fannie Whitmore, Whitmore, is at Boston discharging coal, after a very quick trip from Portland to Baltimore via New York. Capt. Whitmore is at home.

Sch. Maggie M. Rivers, Robinson, sailed from here Sunday loaded with lime from New York. The cargo was shipped by Farrand, Spear & Co., and A. F. Crockett & Co.

Sch. Commerce, Shute, discharged chalk in Boston from New York last week, and arrived here Sunday, 18 hours from Boston. Loaded lime yesterday for Perry Bros. for New York.

Sch. Maggie M. Rivers, while getting underway in our harbor Sunday, collided with the Helen Montague, damaging the latter's fly-rail, after chock, etc., to the amount of \$100.

Cobb, Wright & Co. have built a set of ways just south of their shipyard, and sch. Edward Lameyer is hauled out for repairs. Master Builder John Melan has charge of the work as usual.

Sch. Laella A. Snow, now at the South-end, goes to Talacotalpan, Mexico, in ballast, and loads there with mahogany for New York, at \$8.75 per ton. Capt. R. K. Snow will have command this trip, and his wife will accompany him.

The government gives notice that the wreck of sch. Sunbeam, in Gloucester harbor, is an obstruction to navigation, and unless removed by Dec. 1st, will be removed and sold by order of the secretary of war. The Sunbeam was of this port, and caught fire and was scuttled two years ago this fall.

Capt. Grant informs us that last Tuesday a bowsprit, from the vessel reported ashore by us on the Triangle, came ashore at White Head. It was twenty-four feet long, outer end white, center black and inner end green, the last color presumably that of the vessel's bulwarks. It had decayed for two or three years. These marks ought to identify the vessel if her owners should hear of them.

The sch. Spartan, reported to us by the captain of the Cygnus last week, is probably no other than the Sparta, formerly of Winterport. From E. C. Arty of Winterport, we learn that the Sparta was built at Sedgwick and was nearly 40 years old. A year ago last March she was sold to Capt. Lincoln of Cohasset, a man about 75 years old, by whom she was commanded on the present trip, with a crew of three or four men. She was from a western port bound to Bangor.

There are many strange providences that are noted among sea-faring men. One of them of recent occurrence is worth alluding to. Oct. 21st a large fleet of vessels left our port for the westward, and all got safely to sea except the little M. Bird, which mis-layed off Halfway Point and was forced to anchor just off the rocks. The next day the America sailed, and passed the Bird which was then getting out a kedge. The Bird got to sea four or five hours later, and following the ill-fated America was the means of receiving Capt. Trueworthy and crew, as reported in another column. But for the fact of the Bird's slight mishap in getting to sea, the fate of the America's crew can be easily imagined, as that was the only vessel the America sighted.

Last night, Nov. 3d, the new light on Ram Island, at the mouth of Boothbay harbor, shone forth. This is the light, it will be remembered, that Capt. Olin Ingraham, of steamer Cambridge, was the means of securing. It shined, working hard all last winter toward that end. The new lighthouse is a monument to that gentleman's interest in the marine affairs of our coast, and the captain will long be remembered for his labors in securing it. The light is a fixed white light, 4th order, with red ray, between compass bearing W. 1 1/4 N. and W. 3 1/4 N., and another between E. by E. and N. E. The apparatus lights the entire horizon, and the local plane is 35 1/2 feet above mean high water spring tides. The light should be seen 100 feet above the sea in clear weather, from the deck of a vessel 11 nautical miles distant. In entering from sea mariners should keep within the red light by which they will avoid all dangers.

THE WAR SHIP SABINE.—The old frigate Sabine arrived at this port Sunday morning about two o'clock, seventeen hours passage from Portsmouth, N. H. She was towed here by tugs Knickerbocker and Clara Clavay of Bath. The Sabine rated in the old navy as a "44," and usually carried 50 guns or more. She was built in 1822, but not completed and launched until 1855. She is a flush deck vessel with four decks—the spar deck, gun deck, berth deck and orlop. No plank are laid on the orlop amidships. She is 208 feet long, 46 feet beam, and about 30 feet deep, and her tonnage is 1726 old, and 1475 new measurement. She draws 17 feet and 14 1/2 feet forward with sweep hold and no masts in her. She is very square at both ends above, but is sharp under water, and has fine lines beneath, and has the reputation of being one of the fastest frigates in the Navy. Her principal cabins are aft on the gun and berth decks. Aft the captain's cabin on the gun deck is a room containing the rudder-head and tiller. This space has two ports for stern chasers. Forward on the berth and orlop decks are numerous store rooms. The gunwales are forward on the orlop deck and are lined with copper. The vessel's open ports give her a very old fashioned appearance. She is built of live oak and her timbers are remarkably sound. The Sabine has an honorable record. She has visited many foreign ports, and in the late war saw active service, being engaged in blockading, and took part in the bombardment of Fort Fisher. Later she was used at Portsmouth as a receiving ship. She went out of commission four years ago, and was bought by Capt. I. L. Snow of this city, in the recent sale of government vessels, for \$11,100. Several Rockland men served on this vessel, among them being the late Mont Pillsbury. Wm. Harding died on board of her during the war. She swings at a 7000 pound anchor off Railroad wharf, and will probably be thrown open to the public sometime this week.

Capt. Higginson, a prominent Bath ship-builder, is in town to-day.

Capt. Geo. Jameson is recovering from his severe sickness.

New York.—Our correspondent writes under date of November 3:

Sch. Speedwell, Dyer, is loading lime for New York for Cobb Line Co.

Sch. D. B. Everett, McLain, takes lime to New York for Joseph Abbott.

Sch. Corvo, Averill, is at home again and will load lime for New York for R. W. Messer.

Sch. Faunie & Edith loaded lime here last week for Providence, for A. F. Crockett & Co.

Sch. Ella Pressey is lying at G. L. Snow's wharf and will load lime for New York.

Sch. H. C. Higginson, Fales, from Rondout with a cargo 800 tons of coal, arrived in Boston yesterday afternoon.

Sch. Bertha Glover, Grav, arrived here Sunday, 14 days round trip to New York. She brought a cargo of corn for White & Case.

Sch. Catawamuck, Kennedy, is discharging coal for A. F. Crockett & Co. She is chartered to load lime for Richmond, for Perry Bros.

Sch. Charles Handley, Nash, discharged a cargo of coal last week for Crockett & Co., and has since loaded lime for Cobb Line Co. for Providence.

Capt. Geo. Kendall late of sch. "Edward Lameyer" is to take command of the sch. Brigadier, which is now at the Point loading lime for Richmond, Va.

Sch. Mary Van Cleef (of Camden) Small, is at the North Railway wharf, having decayed timbers forward removed and forward deck raised.

Brig C. S. Packard (of Camden) Harkness, is out on the North Railway, recasting, coping; having new upper deck; some defective timbers removed and other repairs.

Capt. Hiram Hall, Jr., arrived home this morning from Delaware Breakwater, where he went last week to look after the Bedabedec, reported last week as ashore. He had the vessel pumped out and an attempt was made to leave her off, but she filled, and the attempt was abandoned. Capt. Hall sold the vessel as she lay. The Bedabedec was 95 tons, and built in 1864 by Snow, Farwell & Co.

No change to report in freights during the past week. Coal to Boston, \$1.05 to \$1.10; Portland, \$1.05 to \$1.10; and Rockland, \$1.10; Portsmouth, \$1.15, and Rockland, \$1.20. The arrivals were—schs. D. H. Ingraham, S. M. Bird, Carrie Bell, Woodbury M. Snow, Nina Tillson, L. T. Whitmore, Minnie Smith and Adeline Wells. The charters—Edw. Gerry, corn, hence to Wareham, 3;—Bertha E. Glover, corn, hence to Rockland, 3 1/2;—Carrie Bell, coal, Hoboken to Boston, \$1.05—L. T. Whitmore, coal, Amboy to Portland, 85c, and discharged.

## DOMESTIC PORTS.

BRUNSWICK.—At 29, sch M. K. Rawley, Rawley, Providence.

PROVIDENCE.—At 1st, sch Laverne, Philadelphia.

ROCKLAND.—At 30th, sch Jennie Pillsbury, Pillsbury, New York.

SAVANNAH.—At 31st, sch Belle Brown, Perry, Caracas.

PHILADELPHIA.—At 31, sch Herald, Apalachicola.

BALTIMORE.—At 30, sch Grace Webster, Young, Point-a-Pitre.

BOSTON.—At 1st, sch John Gerard, Robinson, Rockland.

## FOREIGN PORTS.

Sid from Hull, E. 30 ult, ship Levi G. Burgess, Starrett, New York.

At Port Antonio, Ja, 13th, sch O. M. Marrett, Barbadoes.

## SPOKEN.

Sapt 17, lat 22 S, lon 39, ship Henry Knox, from Liverpool for San Francisco.

Anybody needing rubber repairing of any kind should carry it to F. J. St. Clair. He mends ladies' and gents' rubber and gossamer coats, rubber boots, etc., in superior manner. Every variety of boot and shoe repairing also done by skilled workman. The finest of custom work turned out for patrons. Those wanting anything in the above line will do well to give Mr. St. Clair a call. They will meet with the best of treatment.

BRITISH SCHOONER META.

She Goes to Pieces on the Shores of Ragged Island.

Down into the snug little cabin and cook-room combined of a small Matineux craft dove a CORRIER-GAZETTE reporter Saturday afternoon, and reaching around into his pistol pocket drew a note book on Capt. John Edgett, a bluff and sturdy New Brunswick sea captain.

"Schooner Meta," said the captain, "was 99 tons, built four years ago at St. John. She was a fine craft in every way. Oct. 19 I cleared from Boston in ballast for Hillsboro, N. B. There were four of us all told on board. We went along all right to Petit Manan, and then struck heavy weather and were blown back to Cape Ann. Oct. 29 we struck heavy weather off Cape Ann, the wind blowing from south-east. I steered my course for Portland, but the wind hauling around I couldn't make it, and had to head for the eastward. It came on to rain and grew very thick, the wind increasing constantly. Put her under close reefed mainsail and jib. At 4 p. m. split the foresail. At 10 that night the sea was tremendously high and the wind blowing a hurricane—it was thick and dark. I think I never saw a tougher blow on this coast. At 12 the wind hauled to the southward and I hauled to south-east. I thought I was making about four miles leeway, but in reality it must have been seven.

At 1:30 o'clock Tuesday morning the 30th I made breakers on the lee. I let the mainsail go by the run and put the helm hard down, but it was no use. In a moment the schooner struck on the rocks, and went over, the sea breaking over her heavily. We dropped both anchors but they did no good. We had struck on the northwest point of Ragged Island, near Matineux. The heavy sea washed us over the ledges, and across the ledges of the harbor to the eastern point, where we struck heavily again. It was pitch dark. The vessel was rapidly filling. The sea soon threw us up beyond the surf, and the mate managed to get ashore with a line, and we were all soon in safety. At 10 o'clock that morning the vessel had beat to pieces.

"We were most kindly cared for by Capt. Robert Orie and other of the islanders. We saved nothing from the wreck but a few articles of clothing. Last night M. A. Whitney, who owns this craft, brought us here to Rockland. I shall start Monday for Hillsboro, where myself and crew belong. The Meta was worth \$5000. There was no insurance. Yes, I know it's rather tough, but, I'm mighty glad to get out of it with my life."

A great many people buy copies of THE COURIER-GAZETTE from week to week. We invite such to become regular subscribers, and allow our carriers to leave the paper at the residence. It comes sixty cents less a year if subscribed for outright.

## SCHOONER AMERICA.

A C-G. Reporter Interviews Her Former Commander.

Capt. A. E. Trueworthy of the schooner America, which we reported last week as burned, arrived home Friday morning. The captain received a reporter of this paper cordially, and told the following graphic story:

"The America left Rockland Monday, Oct. 22nd, for New York, with 1400 barrels of lime from White & Case. At 8 o'clock that evening took a light easterly breeze off Monhegan and shaped for Cape Cod. The wind continued moderate till 12 o'clock Tuesday night, when it began to freshen up from the east-north-east, with rain. It increased up to four o'clock Wednesday morning, when I put two reefs in the mainsail and furlled it. The wind grew heavier and the weather thick, with sea making fast. At six I judged the schooner to be five or six miles from Cape Cod light. It was so thick that I didn't deem it safe to run any further and hove the schooner to on port tack under foresail, and she laid well. The decks were full of water.

"At 9:30 I discovered smoke issuing from the hatch on top of the house. The forecastle of the America was under deck. When I saw the smoke I rushed forward and opened the hatch, when I was met by a dense volume of smoke which drove me back. The cook was down in the forecastle. We shouted at him a number of times and finally got him on deck. All the men's effects were below, and they tried to get down, but couldn't for the smoke. We took a boat-hook and fished about and got the chests out. We then began to slacken line to close up the vessel, but were prevented from doing this successfully by reason of so much water on deck. It was this water that caused the fire by working under the sills of the house. The vessel didn't leak. We kept the vessel off and ran in west in hopes to make Cape Cod. In about an hour or so we made breakers. Saw land through the fog and rain, but couldn't tell what it was. Hauled schooner to and set two reefs—mainsail and jib and tried to fetch by the land, but soon saw land on weather bow also, and were ship, just fetching by the breakers, which made a terribly ugly sight with the water breaking high over them. This was about one o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The fire was still increasing, and by holding the car to the side of the after house we could distinctly hear the fire roaring and crackling inside. It was plain that the fire would soon burst through. We consulted together, and decided that the only chance was to put the vessel ashore head on and take to the rigging, depending on the masts holding for our lives. We decided to change our clothes, then after waiting as long as possible, to beach the schooner.

At this time we sighted a close-reefed schooner on our weather quarter, about an eighth of a mile away. We set a signal of distress, but it was a half-hour before she sighted it, when she kept off and bore down on us, when I discovered that it was the Addie M. Bird, Capt. Cushman, of Rockland. I requested him to stand by us for awhile, which he did. This was about 4 o'clock. A terrible sea was running. We launched the boat with great difficulty, and the men got into her one by one with much effort. I took a final look around the vessel. The fire was breaking through the house. I took off my oil clothes and grasping an iron brace that ran from the davit I swung down to the boat, but a wave took her past me with lightning speed and I went into the water, but still grasping the brace. I called to the men to haul up to me by the line, but it had slipped off the cleat on the vessel and as they pulled it payed out and they went drifting away. I saw the line passing me, and swinging out my legs I twisted about the line, and held it for the men to haul in, when they hauled me into the boat. We then made for the Bird. When we were a gun-shot from our schooner the flames burst from her twenty feet into the air. It was now rapidly growing dark. The Bird was half light and was as high out of water as a ship. It was with great difficulty that we kept from getting rolled on. So heavily did she roll, indeed, that, strange as it may sound, one of my men as she rolled towards us jumped from the boat onto her decks. We all followed and grabbed her main rigging. We tried to save the boat but it was impossible.

"It was now dark. The America was a mass of flames a quarter of a mile distant, and was the most terrific sight to me that I ever saw. I had sailed her seven years and she was like a member of my family. She burned fiercely, a mass of flames, for about twenty minutes, and then the fire went out suddenly, the vessel partially sinking. We must have been about five miles east of Nauset light, Cape Cod.

"That was the end of our troubles. Although the gale increased and heavy weather held for two days, we went along all safely in the Bird, and were landed at Newport News, Va., Monday morning the 29th, as your paper reported last week. My men reshipped and I arrived home Friday morning. I want to speak in the highest terms of the kindness of Capt. Cushman, of the Addie Bird, and his officers and men. They did everything that could be done in such a case, furnishing us with clothes and all else that was needed. This was my first mishap in twenty-five years of sea life—and I don't think I want to repeat it. I had a large amount of charts and personal effects on board—all was lost. One of the pleasant things of the adventure, however, was my splendid usage in New York by Hayland & Pressey, Capt. Tom Dermot, Capt. Tom Madlocks and others."

A grand temperance revival is in progress in Thomaston. J. K. Osgood, the reformer, of Gardiner, has been holding meetings for several evenings with good results. The clergymen are all taking hold of the work in good earnest. It is the intention of Mr. Osgood to open a temperance campaign in Rockland at an early day.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Mrs. Langtry opens her dramatic season in Bennington, Vt.

Ed. H. Neil agent for the Dan Maguinis Co. was in the city Friday.

Dora Wiley has been singing at the Covent Garden (London) promenade concerts, with marked success.

A misplaced trap in the stage of the theatre at Fort Worth, Tex., last Monday night, caused Miss Lillian Brown to fall and sustain serious injuries.

## KNOX COUNTY COURTS.

The following cases have been tried since our last issue:

David White vs. George Mark and Milton H. St. John, copartners as. Clark's Island Granite Co. Plaintiff worked for defendants during a period of time covering some three years. During this time he signed the monthly payrolls and received monthly statements and monthly payments accordingly. Each of these monthly statements showed a charge, "To board percentage," the amounts so charged each month, averaging about \$2. It appeared in evidence that White kept house on the main land and did not board at any time at the Company's boarding house. He brought this suit to recover the amounts so deducted, alleging that they were made without his assent, and that he did not know and never knew what they were for. The defence was that the Company, having expended large sums for the erection of their boarding houses, made a rule that all their workmen should board at them or pay to the Company the sum of 12 1/2 cents per day, being the equivalent of the sum paid by the keepers of the boarding houses per man, as rent. They offered in evidence a notice, which they kept posted at the postoffice at the island, giving their regulations, one of which was that men should board at the Company's boarding houses unless by arrangement with the Company, and also the testimony of two men who worked for them and kept house for themselves during the same period that Mr. White was employed, testifying to such an arrangement made between the Company and a committee of the men employed by them, and boarding themselves outside the Company's boarding houses. They claimed that this arrangement was well-known to all their men and understood by White, and assented to by him, he knowing that a refusal to so assent would ensure his discharge from their employment. White testified in rebuttal that the arrangement between the Company and the committee of workmen was not known to him. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff for \$97.75, the amount sued for. The defendants have filed a motion for a new trial. Gould for plaintiff, Rice & Hall for defendants.

Edward W. Singleton vs. Elbridge Wason. Eben F. Pillsbury vs. same. Defendant is the owner of the powder mills at Warren. These are two actions to recover against him, the first for labor rendered at and about the works, the second for balance due for services as an attorney rendered in procuring the enactment of a statute by the Maine Legislature. It was understood that the defence was to be that the services performed were for Mr. Burrill, who has managed to a large extent, at least the powder business conducted at the mills, and that he and not Mr. Wason was at that time conducting the business and was the party responsible for their payment. In each case, however, the defendant, after hearing the evidence of the plaintiff put in no testimony and the cases were submitted without argument. In the first there was no charge to the jury, and in the second the judge directed the verdict. Verdict for Singleton, \$48.84. Verdict for Pillsbury \$29.69. Gould for plaintiffs. Rice & Hall for defendant.

Alexander Wilson vs. George A. Lynde et al. Action of trespass alleged to have been committed in erecting a stable partly upon plaintiff's land. The question involved was the true location of the line between the land of the plaintiff at Port Clyde, St. George, and the lot leased by the defendant, G. A. Lynde, and occupied by his son Wm. A. Lynde, who keep a hotel there. Wm. A. Lynde and the men employed in the construction of the stable were joined with G. A. Lynde as defendants. The action was closely contested, the trial occupying a couple of days. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff with damages assessed at \$25. Gould for plaintiff. J. E. Hanly and F. Rice for defendant. Mr. Rowell who was admitted at the present term, opened the case for the defendants, in a very creditable manner. He is a gentleman of character, a graduate of Colby University, and is regarded as a young lawyer of promise.

Inhabitants of Camden vs. Inhabitants of Belgrade. Action to recover for pauper supplies furnished to one William O. Kaber, alias Orrin S. Carle, who was four times married, which complicates the case. The legality of the last marriage and hence the town to which the wife and children of that marriage are chargeable, are the questions at issue. The case is on its second trial. Orville D. Baker of Augusta is trying it for Belgrade. Gould for Camden. Now on trial.

Louis Vincent, the Frenchman who broke into the store of Gen. Tillson at Hurricane Isle a short time ago, was brought in on Saturday, and pleaded not guilty to the indictment. Afterwards on consultation with J. E. Hanly, his counsel, he retracted his plea and pleaded guilty, upon which he was sentenced to the state prison, for eighteen months.

Court will probably continue into next week.

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