

THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

ROCKLAND GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1846.
ROCKLAND COURIER ESTABLISHED 1874.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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THREE LINKS.

A SOMEWHAT MYSTERIOUS NARRATIVE OF CHRISTMAS.

LINK THE FIRST.

It was a very strange experience from beginning to end, and one which altogether sounds more like an extract from the thousand and one tales of Queen Scheherazade than a veritable relation of facts as they actually occurred. I have never been able to solve the mystery myself, nor do I ever expect to be. At present I can see no way by which any more light can be thrown upon it, and for the want of a more satisfactory theory I am therefore compelled to number it with the few unfathomable occurrences that have been grouped under the head of occult phenomena. Believe me, I am not a spiritualist; I have no sympathy with the idea of ghostly manifestation, yet I am certain that nothing "of the earth earthy" could possibly have produced these miracles, in which I chanced to be an actor.

I shall never forget the night of October 19, 1876. I had been spending a week in Philadelphia, paying my third visit to the Centennial, and stopping with a friend on West Spruce street. After strolling through the much-crowded corridors of Memorial Hall, enjoying the paintings and reveling in the wealth of well-executed statuary, I had dined at the Philadelphia club with an old Harvard classmate, whom I had happened to meet the day before, and was walking leisurely out Walnut street, contentedly smoking a cigar, when I suddenly heard voices and the patter of footsteps behind me. I paid little attention to this at first, but as my followers seemed to show no signs of falling in the rear or of passing me, I took the liberty of crossing the street, and as I did so, to turn to see what description of persons they were. From the unconnected snatches of conversation that had come to my ears, I judged that a young lady was being accompanied by a rather elderly gentleman, probably her father, and that they were about to pay a call upon some friend or acquaintance. As I turned to see whether my supposition as to the character of the couple was in any degree correct, I was astonished to discover that no one whatever was in sight. As far up or down the street as I could see by the light of the rising moon and the pale glimmer of the gas lamp, there was not on either side a living soul. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I was puzzled. That the conversation and the sound of footsteps had not originated in my imagination I was positive, and continuing my walk I fell to fruitlessly pondering over the event. As I approached my friend's residence I noticed coming toward me what appeared to be a man and woman. The moon was now shining brightly, and as they came up to me I saw them both quite plainly. They stopped, and the gentleman spoke to me. "He was, I then discovered, very old and rather feeble; he wore a long black cloak that seemed strangely out of place, the night being anything but cold, and his hat, of the style said to have originated with Kossuth, hid the upper part of his face. His beard, I noticed, was long and white, and his features seemed to be pinched and pale, though bearing the unmistakable stamp of the gentleman."

"Can you direct us to the residence of Mr. De Merville?" he asked. "My grand-daughter and myself are strangers in the city and have become somewhat confused."

"I am very sorry," I replied, glancing at the young woman who accompanied this gentlemanly old person, but failing to see her face, as at that moment she was looking toward the house, seemingly endeavoring to make out the name on the door-plate. "I am very sorry, but I too am comparatively a stranger, and am not at all acquainted with the people about here."

The old gentleman bowed gracefully, caught his grand-daughter, feebly by the arm, and was about to continue his way down the street, when the young woman turned to me and asked if I knew who lived in the next house. It was then that I discovered her to be quite a pretty girl, of not over twenty, rather tall, with a clear pink and white complexion, and large eyes that seemed to sparkle unnaturally, giving one the impression that they were filled with tears, and yet no other feature gave any token of sorrow or any suspicion of an inclination to weep. It was a face and figure that im-

pressed me strangely, and which for months after I could not drive from my mental vision. I informed her that I was not acquainted with the name of the residents in the dwelling she indicated. The gentleman touched his hat again and the two continued their walk. I was about turning to go into the house—the conversation having occurred exactly in front of the residence of my friend—when my attention was attracted by a glittering object which lay on the sidewalk. The moonlight was sparkling upon it, causing it to sparkle with a brightness which, whether because of my experience while coming up the street or not I cannot say, seemed to me unwonted. I picked it up and discovered it to be an oddly-shaped link of wrought gold, in the centre of which was an oval gold plate, bearing the letter N., and at one end was a small gold ring. The link proper was of red gold, brightly polished, while the plate and the ring were of a dead yellow color. I immediately came to the conclusion that this was part of a chain—yet its peculiar shape almost forbade the supposition—and that it probably was dropped by the young lady who had just left me. I was on the point of calling after her, but on looking up I could see nothing of the strange couple. I ran to the corner, and met a solitary policeman patrolling his beat.

"My good sir," I said, "did you see a lady and gentleman pass here about a minute ago?"

"But he had seen no one. They had vanished as miraculously as had the two whom I had undoubtedly heard following me; and I could but believe that the first couple and the last couple—be they what they may—were the same. When I went in, I found mine host, Harper, sitting in the library glancing through a new French novel. I showed him the link, and related the occurrence, but strange as it may seem, I was utterly unable to remember the name of the family about whom the old gentleman had inquired."

"Too much wine, my dear fellow," remarked Harper, unsympathetically

and skeptically; but subsequent events showed very conclusively that something more potent than wine was at the bottom of it all.

LINK THE SECOND.

As I have said, the remembrance of this event clung to me continually for several months. I was living in New York at the time and did not visit Philadelphia again until the 24th of December, 1878. About a month before I had received a pressing invitation from Harper, with whom I was very intimate, begging me to come on and spend the holidays with himself and his brother, who lived in Germantown. Being assured of a pleasant week in congenial society, I accepted the invitation, and on Christmas Eve took the 7.30 train at Jersey City for the staid Metropolis of the Friends. Whether it was the mere fact that I was going to Philadelphia that brought up recollections of the weird event of my former visit I cannot say, but I was certainly very much impressed with all the minutiae of that occurrence, and—why, I cannot explain—took particular care to place in my bag the mysterious gold link that I had kept stored away ever since that time. The features and general appearance of the strange couple that I had met were vividly pictured in my mind, and during the whole three hours' ride that one subject in all its details, held an absolute monopoly of my thoughts.

I alighted at Germantown Junction. The night was dark and bitterly cold; an east wind, sharp and cutting, swept across the open fields and chilled me through and through. I descended from the upper station of the Pennsylvania Railroad to the lower one of the Germantown and Norristown Branch, and walked briskly along the snow-covered platform until I reached the comfortably warm waiting-room. There were only two people here, a middle-aged woman and a young man, who, as I learned from the latter's questions of the station master, were waiting for a train to take them into the city. The clock marked 10.25, and by a time-table on one of the walls I dis-

covered that the next train for Germantown was not due for fifteen minutes. I sat and waited contentedly, while the clocks measured off the seconds in audible tick-ticks. Gradually the hands worked themselves around until 22 minutes of 11 was indicated. I thought I heard the rumble of an approaching train, and picking up my hand-bag, I quit the waiting-room for the bleak atmosphere outside. No signs of a locomotive headlight were discernible, so I lit a fresh cigar, turned up the collar of my great coat, and walked down the platform. I had not taken half a dozen steps when, suddenly, as born out of the crisp, keen air, appeared before me the mysterious old gentleman and the young lady whom it had been my fortune to meet on my previous visit. I stared hard at them, and felt rather inclined to put out my hand and touch them, to discover whether or not they were real flesh and blood. Their appearance, however, gave me no cause to doubt it. The black cloak and the Kossuth hat were apparently as much matter as my ulster and felt deer stalker. There was nothing ghostly or spiritual looking about the fresh complexion and rounded form of the young lady, whose eyes still beamed brightly, and wore the same tearful expression that I had remarked before. I pinched myself to make sure that I was awake.

"Can you tell me, sir," asked the old gentleman in the same trembling, yet refined tone, "what time the next train for the city is due?"

"I am sorry to say I cannot," I replied, feeling some hesitancy about addressing so mysterious an individual. "I dare say the station-master can tell you."

"Thank you," he added, and bowed just as graciously as when, two years before, I was unable to inform him where his friend resided. The young lady looked at me, smiled sweetly, impressed me more than ever with her loveliness, and, with her hand on the old gentleman's arm, passed up the steps of the station and into the waiting-room.

As they closed the door after them I heard the shriek of the coming locomotive and saw it dart out from under the bridge a few rods down the line, throwing ahead of it, from its dazzling reflector, a broad shaft of yellow light. At that moment my walking stick and umbrella slipped from my hand and I stooped to recover them. To my intense surprise, directly in front of me on the platform, I saw, surrounded by the snow and glittering in the bright light from the approaching engine, a link apparently very like the one which I had found in 1876. I was actually amazed, and as I reached out for it I almost expected it to melt into thin air; but it was quite solid and real, and, looking at it hurriedly, I discovered that it was the exact counterpart of the other in shape and design, save that the oval plate bore the initial A., instead of N. I had seen the gentleman and lady pass into the waiting-room, and I was quite sure that they had not left it, so I ran hurriedly up the steps and burst open the door, intent upon returning to them their link. I was hardly surprised at not seeing them; it was so like my former experience, and that had become so impressed on me, that it seemed now almost natural that I should not find them.

"Did you see an old gentleman and a young lady come in here about five seconds ago?" I asked of the young man who was standing intently engaged in studying a time table.

"No sir," he replied confidently, "no one has been in here since you went out."

It was as I expected, so I put the link carefully in my pocket, rushed out and boarded the train which had come to a standstill. A second more and the steam was finding its way into the cylinders, the pistons were working, the driving wheels were slipping on the icy track, the train had started, and I was on my way to Germantown.

LINK THE THIRD.

Time—Quarter-past eleven on the same night. Scene—The great hall



LET ME SEE—WHO NEXT?

in Jack Harper's country-house near Germantown. There is no light save from the glow of the fire on the wide hearth, about which sit half a dozen people toasting their feet and ankles and listening to thrilling tales of ghosts and goblins appropriate—by time-honored custom—to Christmas-tide. There is Jack, himself, a great burly fellow, seated in a low leather-cushioned arm-chair, puffing up volumes of smoke from a richly-colored meerschaum that he holds firmly between his teeth; opposite him sits his adorable Anne, a neat, sturdy little English woman, who loved this brawny American so well that she forsook her kindred and friends and her native city of fogs and rains to wed him and to come to dwell among the Yankees in this new land of the free. My old friend Dick, straddling a chair and resting his arms on its back, smokes cigarettes unceasingly, and listens to the tale of the two links which I have just been rehearsing. There are two rather intelligent looking young ladies in the party who gaze at me with a kind of wrapt awe as I dwell with particular stress upon the more supernatural points of my story.

"I remember something of that," says Dick, lighting a fresh cigarette, "but I was sure that wine had a great deal to do with it."

"Oh how very strange!" exclaims Miss Jeffreys, one of the young ladies who comes from Boston, and who is said to be a little inclined to believe in Spiritualism, "it is quite more wonderful than Miss Atherton's dreams."

"O, yes," chimes in Miss Maynard, a cousin of the Harpers, a fair girl who goes to Vassar, but who is now taking her Christmas vacation, "she tells things that are preternaturally bewildering, but I really think yours are much more strange; for Miss Atherton's are dreams after all, while yours are waking experiences."

"May I ask who Miss Atherton is?" I say, when they have finished their comments.

"She is my sister," puts in Mrs. Harper, in her sweetly modulated English tone of voice. "Nattie De Merville Atherton."

"De Merville?" exclaimed, rather excitedly, "that was the name that the old gentleman inquired about, and that I could not recollect."

"De Merville was the name of my mother's father," adds the lady, quietly. "As she speaks there is a rustle of curtains at the end of the hall; the heavy silk portiere is pushed aside and another young lady comes toward the group. The light is too dim for me to discern her features, and when she is introduced to me as Miss Atherton, I fail to get any more than a glimpse of her face. Little as it is, however, it reminds me strangely of the young woman I have met so mysteriously twice before. She sits on a low stool with her back to the fire, and her features are to all intents hidden from me."

"Have you had any more dreams, dear?" asks her sister. "We were just talking about those wonderful visions of yours."

"Is your headache better?" inquires Jack, bluntly. "You have been asleep long enough to cure half a dozen."

"I have been dreaming, and my headache is better," she replies, and I notice that she is looking at me rather intently.

"O do tell us what you dreamed?" exclaims Miss Jeffreys; (and then turning to me,) "Do you know, she was not in this country at all during the Centennial, and yet she dreamed having visited the Exhibition, and when she arrived here she seemed to know all about Philadelphia, though she had never been in America before. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Can you account for it?"

"I am sorry to say I cannot," I reply; and as I speak the words I notice that Miss Atherton starts suddenly and apparently trembles as it in a chill.

"It is very strange," she says, "but I think there is something more remarkable about this, my last dream, than about any of the others."

"O do tell us," urges Dick, "I hope you don't mind my cigarette smoke."

"Not in the least," she replies sweetly, and then she begins to relate her story.

"I must go back to my Centennial experience," she says. "To begin with; you remember I told you that in October of that year I was in Rome. On the 20th we expected to start for Paris. On the evening of the 19th we were to go to a party at the house of the English Minister. I lay down after tea, suffering with a

[Concluded on the last page.]

MR BEECHER'S INDEPENDENCE.

A gentleman who sat at the next table to that at which Mr. Beecher was seated in a hotel in this city last week is willing to make oath to the statement that the distinguished pastor of the Diamond Church said with his knife. Send him a copy of "Don't."—Saturday Evening Gazette.

Mr. Beecher, with his knife, on principles of "Don't," by the way, is a man of good manners, and a knife than to watch your neighbor while eating and then talk about him in a news paper?

The following from the New York Ledger of some years back gives Mr. Beecher's views on this subject, and will be read with interest at this time:

My dear Mr. Bonner—Among all the declarations of liberty which American mankind is so fond of making, it seems strange that there is no league, association, party or other combination to defend honest men against worn-out or absurd customs.

For example, will any man tell me why I am forbidden by what is called "good manners" to pour my tea into a saucer, and cool it there? Much reproach has been heaped upon "strong" tea and coffee, which properly belongs to hot tea and coffee. Every one knows how much the efficient action of chemical agents is intensified by heat. Scolding is far worse than strong tea; but to be both scolding and strong is an attack upon the human body which no man ought to venture who has any regard for health. But, etiquette forbids me to cool my coffee in any other manner than by waiting. Coffee cups, in houses where the secret of making good coffee is known, should be like the human heart, large and deep, and in such cases the beverage will, like true affection, cool very slowly. Hence, one who does not wish to wait till the meal is over before drinking coffee must either cool it in his saucer or drink it hot, or wait and drink it after breakfast; and all because of the absurd notion that it is not good manners to pour coffee into your saucer.

The spirit of "Seventy-six" ought to rise with every sizzling gulp of hot coffee. The custom is wanton and cruel. It is tyranny over the inner man, carried on by force; it is not by the sword, I count it, therefore, a duty to humanity to set at defiance the edicts of this liquid despot, hot drink. For the welfare of mankind I refuse to burn my mouth or scald my stomach. In behalf of mute devotees of the superstitions of etiquette I raise a plea for relief.

Meantime, endowed with courage and armed with principle I rejoice in pouring forth the fragrant liquid into a capacious saucer and, before the wondering eyes, to raise the beverage to my lips. Superstition is rebuked. Health is justified of her children.

Even more will be shocked when I avow myself an advocate for the rights of the knife. Now, custom has reduced to the mere function of cutting up one's food. That done, it is laid down, and a fork serves every other purpose. By practice one gains unexpected dexterity in using a fork for purposes to which it is ill adapted. The Chinese, in like manner, make awkward chop sticks rarely serviceable, by practice little short of legions; but is that a good reason for the use of chop sticks? A fork, as now made, is unfitted to pierce any morsel upon its tines, and yet they are sharp enough to afflict the tongue if carelessly used. They are split so as to be useless for liquids, and yet they are used as if they were spoons. The fork compels the manipulator to poke and push and pile up the food material which tends to fall back and apart; it is made to pursue the dirty tidbits, in which often the very core of flavor resides, around the plate in a hopeless chase, and at length a bit of bread is called in as an auxiliary, and thus, while the slim-legged fork, in one hand, is chasing a slim liquid morsel, a waif of bread, in the other goes mopping and lapping around to form a corner, and between the two is at length accomplished what is called genteel feeding!

Meanwhile, a broad knife is fitted for the very function which the fork refuses, and the wad of bread performs. The reason for refusing the knife as an active feeding implement are worthy of the awkward practice.

"It is liable to cut the mouth" no more than a fork is to stick into lip or tongue.

If men ate with razors there would be some reason for avoidance. But table knives are blunt edged. It is even difficult to make them cut when one tries, and if they are properly used the back of the blade will be turned to the mouth. We do not object to the fork; but we demand a restoration of the knife from banishment. We do not desire to enforce its use, but such a liberation as shall leave each one free to use the knife for conveying food to the mouth when that is most convenient, and the fork when that is preferred. Equal rights we demand for black and white, for home born or immigrant, for rich and poor, for men and women, and for knives and forks.

Samon, the Laconia murderer, was given a hearing in the office of the jail, before Judge Jewett, Thursday. He appeared nervous and troubled. In answer to the question, "Samon, are you guilty or not guilty?" he responded "guilty, sir," and was ordered to remain in jail till March, when the case will be heard. He said his confession was true in every respect, and he was ready to suffer the penalty. His crime is thought to weigh on his mind, and it may break him down and cause his death before March. He eats very little and complains of nothing. There are no chances for a plea of insanity in his defence. His actions have greatly changed since his confession. He says his mind is relieved by the confession he has made.

The National Temperance Society Thursday afternoon adopted a resolution asking Congress to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to prohibit the liquor traffic entirely.

Holidays ! VISIT PURINGTON !

I have by far the largest stock that I ever have carried, and varied in design.

I have some of the most beautiful

Ever shown in the City.

A SPLENDID LINE OF SILVER WARE

BOTH SOLID AND PLATED,
Embracing every known article, and surpassing any previous exhibit.

Large and Elegant Line of
Ladies' and Gentlemen's

Gold & Silver Watches,
CHAINS, RINGS,
Bracelets, Lockets, etc.

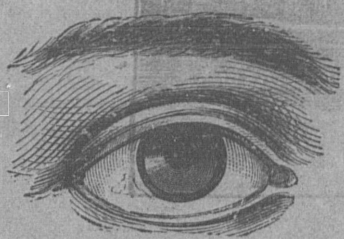
Everything Beautiful
In the Jewelry Line.

OPERA GLASSES

In Handsome Styles. This is the place to buy a pair.

These Goods I do not pretend here to enumerate nor describe. Holiday Buyers will miss it if they fail to see my fine display.

W. M. PURINGTON,
301 Main Street,
ROCKLAND.



G. W. PALMER & SON

Jewelers

And Opticians,

Call Special Attention to a fine
Selection of Christmas and
New Year's

GIFTS!

CONSISTING OF

Watches,

Diamonds,

Solid Silver,

AND

Plated Ware,

OPERA GLASSES,

And all Classes of Goods kept in
a First-Class Jewelry Store.

Remember that we
are the Oldest Jewelry Firm in
Rockland, and know what our
Customers want.

288 Main St., Rockland.

HOUSE PLANTS MUST BLOOM

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, as great a demand for the article has sprung up that, at the solicitation of many, I have concluded to manufacture it for sale under the name of PLANT BEAUTIFIER, and as each package contains sufficient nourishment 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. Pendleton, Druggist, ROCKLAND, ME.

NEW ENGLAND

Clothing House!

HEADQUARTERS

FOR FINE

Over Coats

SUITS.

280 Main Street,
ROCKLAND.

COAL

COAL! COAL! COAL!

GREAT REDUCTION

—IN PRICES—

Lehigh, Lackawanna, Kingston,

and the celebrated.....

Mount Carmel Coal

A free-burning anthracite of the purest quality, from Philadelphia.

For Cook Stoves and Ranges, the Mount Carmel is superior.

Wood, Hay, Straw, Sawdust, etc.

All merchandise of the best grade.

Orders by telephone or otherwise will receive careful attention.

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

JAMES FERNALD.
OFFICE: 378 Main, Foot of Pleasant.
YARD: Snow's Wharf, Water St.

COAL

REDUCTION OF PRICES

—BY—

A. J. BIRD & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

HARD WOOD,

Flour, Groceries, Provisions,

PRESSED HAY AND STRAW,

Cement, Lime, Hair, &c.

Our Goods are First Quality, and our Prices Low as the Lowest for Cash.

Goods Delivered Promptly to all parts of the city.

Telephone Communication can be had with us from all parts of the City.

Front Street, North End,
ROCKLAND.

COAL.

A. F. Crockett & Co.,

—HAVE—

Reduced the Prices

—ON—

Broken, Egg, Stove and
Franklin Coal

A. F. CROCKETT & CO.,
Crockett Block, North End,
ROCKLAND.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR THE Christmas Trade!

FULLER & COBB'S.

We have decided to mark many kinds of Goods down now, when they are wanted, instead of waiting until the winter when everybody has bought, and would not buy at any price, and we were in the city last week and secured many bargains. Also a good many FANCY GOODS for the HOLIDAY TRADE, which are displayed in our store, to which we would invite all to call. Whether you wish to purchase or not, we shall be pleased to show our stock.

Below we will mention a few of the many Bargains and New Goods suitable for presents:

15 PIECES OF BILLIARD CLOTH,
in Colors for 60 cts., former price \$1.00 and \$1.25. This is the biggest bargain in dress goods for ten years. Call and get a dress, or send for samples.

10 pieces All-Wool Shodda Goods,
42 cts., former price 60 cts.

10 PIECES DRESS GOODS,
37 1-2 cts., sold everywhere for 50 cts.

15 PIECES DRESS GOODS, 50 cts.,
former price 75 cts.

25 PIECES DRESS GOODS,
all colors, 6 1-4 cts., sold everywhere for 10 cts.

5 doz. FULL WEIGHT JERSEYS
In black for \$1.38, former price \$2.50, (going fast.)

25 pairs extra large and fine BLANKETS
Marked down to \$4.50. A Bargain.

25 pairs White Blankets for \$2, worth \$2.50.

75 pairs GREY BLANKETS, \$1 a pair, worth \$1.50.

50 pairs Grey, 75c a pair, worth \$1.00. Extra good for Horse Blankets, &c.

BLANKETS as high as \$12.00 a pair. These make AN ELEGANT PRESENT.

10 doz. Gents' SHIRTS and DRAWERS marked down to 25 cents, worth 40 cts.

10 pieces Blue Mixed Flannel, marked down to 12 1-2c, worth 17.

5 pieces Check Flannel 25c, sold everywhere for 35.

10 doz. Ladies' Scarlet Vests, marked down to \$1, from \$1.25.

REMNANTS BRUSSELS CARPETS in lengths for Rugs and Lounge Covers for \$1 a yard, worth \$1.50.

10 pieces Colored Velvets \$1.25, former prices \$1.38 and \$1.50.

Many kinds of CLOAKS AND JACKETS Marked Down, some as low as \$2.

RUGS. RUGS. RUGS.
We have just bought the largest line of RUGS that we have ever carried, we have TAPESTRY, BRUSSELS, KIDDERMINSTER, VELVETS, MOQUETTE, SMYRNA, TANJORE, KENSINGTON SQUARE, DRUGGETS, &c. These make a present that everybody is pleased with.

A Carpet Sweeper is good for a Present.

A PILLOW-SHAM LIFTER
Will please every housekeeper for a present. Only \$1.25.

A New Lot of RAW SILK and JUTE TABLE COVERS, for Square and Extension Tables. These will be good for a present and useful as well.

PIANO COVERS in Great Variety.

A Few Yards of EMBROIDERED FLANNEL, will be pleasing for a present.

HANDKERCHIEFS.
Handkerchiefs for 3 cts. Handkerchiefs for 5 cts.
Handkerchiefs for 12 1-2 cts. A Bargain.

A large assortment Fine Linen and Silk, which always make good presents

LACES! LACES!
Bargains in Real and Imitation Laces. Look at our Duchess Lace by the yard and in fitches. Bargains in Real Thread Lace.

A large assortment of Oriental Lace by the yard and made up. Every lady is pleased with a present of real lace.

A great variety of SILK HOSE AND MITTENS, in Colors and Black, for presents.

KID GLOVES, for Presents.

SILK DRESSES
Are always acceptable for presents; we keep the largest variety in the city

25 doz. SATCHELS and PORTEMONNAIES, just received.

Largest assortment CHRISTMAS CARDS in the city.

Plush Boxes, Plush Mirrors, &c., for Presents.

DOLMANS, all Prices, which would make a nice Present.

We have just received new goods in BROWN and GREEN for New Market Garments.

Wednesday, Dec. 12th, we shall finish trimming our store, and we most cordially invite you all to come and see how gay we are looking for the holidays.

Store will be open every evening, from the 17th until Christmas.

FULLER & COBB,
FARWELL BLOCK, ROCKLAND, ME.

J. L. BRECK & CO.'S CHRISTMAS ADVERTISEMENT

GO TO THE BOSTON VARIETY STORE,

Or to the more variety than

any other store in the city.

Traveling may be had, well kept

crossing clean

there may be a crossing made by "H. E. Vaseen."

The Prophet still lives—he may be

and at that

He is human and liable to see like all men

Even now on his prophecy, he'll bet

"old hat."

BEAT ALL, is our motto, in quality

Price.

Of toys we've all kinds and all very nice.

Such "alls" as this are to point out our

place.

To know all about it we must meet face to

face.

Of wisdom is bliss, and it's wrong to be

lolly.

No one should be ignorant—Im sure you

be folly.

Various places you'll go to and trade, and

that's fair.

And we want you to find us, then

we'll get our share.

REMEMBER as in everything else we're first

(in the block).

In the next door is Mrs. Perkins, where the

all flock—

Enter next, the Laundry, where they wash

shirt or frock.

To find a good harness, there's Fish and

son—

You'll go to the D— if you'll only keep on.

So give us a call, we get new goods every

day.

To deal fair we've tried, and find it will pay

our business never presses us, we press the

every time.

Remembering to do business, write poetry

rhyme.

SENTRY and BRATTS are what count in

than TIME.

A Merry Christmas to you all, here's a

and full name.

J. L. BRECK & CO., Rockland, Me.

BUY YOUR
STOVES

—OF—
DRAKE:

AND BUY THE
AUTOCRAT RANGE.

IT IS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS.

DRAKE

Also keeps a fine line of other stoves among which

may be found the

Good Luck, Octagon, Fal-

mouth, Oxford, Signal

and others.

Come and see them.
GEO. W. DRAKE,
190 & 192 Main Street,
ROCKLAND, MAINE.

MUSICAL GIFTS!
Christmas! New Years!

Gems of English Song, 250 Sheet Music, Size pages.

Revised, enlarged and best collection of the kind.

Minstrel Songs, Old and New.

215 Sheet Music, Size pages. All the old-time

world-famous Minstrel and Plantation songs.

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THE COURIER-GAZETTE
By PORTER & FULLER.W. O. FULLER, JR.,
EDITOR

A MODERN PAPER.

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CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

Christmas present—the one just at hand.

"Lead astray," softly murmured the poor reader, as he gently drew his pencil through the wrong font letter.

Prof. Gerhardt of Germany is satisfied that the difficulty can be propagated by chickens. That's the toughest thing yet about the chicken. Except its meat.

A sure cure for a cold is a sweat. Ten grains of quinine, a hot mustard foot-bath and a good night's sleep is the formula. Or—oh, well, never mind the quinine and foot-bath.

We infer that the New York editors didn't attend Vanderbilt's ball, judging from the newspaper reports of that shoddy affair. Well, editors have to draw the line somewhere.

Emma Abbott has a dress so tight that she can't get in or out of it without help, and her maid has to button it with a boot-hook. But she likes it. It feels like a man hugging her.

An Ohio man has invented another folding ladder. If his ladder doesn't contain the eternal principle of shutting up just as a man is reaching up to hang a picture, then it differs from every other folding ladder and will have a big sale.

Sullivan is willing to bet \$1000 that he can knock down an ox with his bare fist. Pooh, that's nothing. We saw a man once—a small, narrow-chested man, with a cough—knock down a pair of oxen with a six-ounce mallet. He was an auctioneer.

A lecturer who has delivered a humorous character sketch several thousand times is now reported to have a clouded mind. We don't wonder. There are a number of American humorous sketches that would cloud a man's mind in one reading.

"Here is Miss Phillips of Norwood, R. I., who is 100 years old, saw all her own wood," said a Rockland man the other evening, glancing sternly up from his paper at the hearer; "and yet you complain at three sticks a day."
"Huh!" grunted the young man, "she's older than I be."

Another attempt will be made in this congress to have Jeff Davis's political disabilities removed. Oh, let the old man vote, we say. The fierce hatred engendered within us has died out since the war, and we are willing Jeff should vote, provided he votes the right way. Give the old man a chance.

Speaker Carlisle, who is a Kentuckian, alluding to our rigorous northern winters, says no man with an income of not less than one thousand dollars, should neglect to provide his wife with a sealskin cloak. [To the ladies—this is a lie, but you will need something to work with during the week. Cut this item out and paste it in your husband's hat.]

"Yes," said the merchant, "I always mark the most expensive of my goods as sold, during the holiday season. Then when women read the signs it makes them crazy to have the same article, and they are so disappointed, that I finally promise to try and get them another—which, of course I have no trouble in doing. Oh, it's a great scheme, I tell you, and never fails."

A Rockland man, who used to believe in luck, picked up a horse-shoe in the road, the other day, and carried it home in great glee. The next morning his wife's aunt from Boston arrived on the boat, and she hadn't been in the house fifteen minutes before she caught her foot in the horse-shoe, which one of the children had left on the floor, and fell over two chairs and broke her left arm, and it cost the Rockland man sixteen dollars for her doctor's bills. The next day he took the horse-shoe down on the wharf, tied a sixty pound rock to it and fired it into the ocean.

WHY HE WOULD WANT THEM.

As the train slowed up at a station, a commercial looking man, who had been noticed in earnest conversation with another party of the same general appearance, was heard to remark: "Smart? He's the smartest drummer you ever went anywhere. Why, he's smart enough to sell suspenders to a dog."

The other commercial looking man nodded his head at this very happy illustration, and everybody thought the conversation was ended, when a lonesome looking individual on the opposite side of the car remarked:

"It doesn't take a very smart man to sell suspenders to a dog."

Even the sleepy passengers aroused at this startling remark by the lonesome looking individual, and the commercial man asked in some surprise:

"Why not?"

"Because it doesn't."

"What would a dog want with suspenders?"

"To keep up his pants," softly murmured the lonesome looking individual, gazing out across the snow-swept waste, with a far-away look in his voice.

And the astounded brakeman sighed so loud as to crack every lamp-chimney in the car.

CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

BY HENRY TROWBRIDGE.

Ye deep toned bells, with richest chime,
Peal forth the grandest truth of time;
Today proclaim that wondrous birth,
Creation's God a child of Earth.

Ring of fathomless love and grace—
Creator takes his creatures' place;
God's only Son to Earth's sons given,
That sons of Earth may reign in Heaven.

Tell how, two thousand years ago,
Within a manger, meek and low,
Lay the Lord of life and day,
Clad in mortal robes of clay.

How through the mists of ages gone,
Bethlehem's star gleams out alone;
Yes, far beyond the walls of time,
Illumines bright the eternal clime.

Ring of the conquests grand, yet mild;
How nations bow to Bethlehem's child;
Ring the knell of Error's reign;
Ring the rule of God in men.

Then massive bells, with grandest swell,
The final Christmas triumph tell,
How Heaven's King again appears,
And ushers in the "Thousand Years."

LET US SMILE.

It seems superfluous to call the attention of our readers to the character of Christmas time. It is pretty well understood in these enlightened days. And yet we shouldn't forget to draw a lesson from the season. If there is a tender spot in any person's heart it is pretty likely to get touched at this time. And when you are feeling good, and the world looks better than you generally think it is, it's an excellent time to haul yourself over a bit, and see if some of the disagreeable experiences you pass through from time to time are not the outgrowth of your own evil disposition—the logical result of pulling yourself too much into your shell. Don't you know, that a turtle can't see much when his head is hauled in. Neither can a clam. You don't want to be a clam. Do then look on all sides and have a good time as you go along. There are hundreds and hundreds of good people in the world, and you could enjoy the society of some of them every week, if you didn't stay in the shell so much. It is one of the beautiful features of Christmas that it warns a man up to seeing some things in a new light. We are too prone to live to ourselves and be hogs. Nobody likes a hog—that is, not till he is dead. We know a man who grows all day. Nothing is right—nobody is right—except himself. He can discover grave mistakes in the conducting of the universe. He isn't happy—he says he isn't—it makes him mad to see anybody else have a good time. He has the dyspepsia, his clothes don't fit him, his pants bag at the knees and he wears a shawl. That isn't the kind of a man to be. He is a mistake. Old folks dislike him, children are afraid of him and dogs bite him. Think about this thing, as you live up with the holiday season, and if you discover any tendencies toward being like this man, check 'em. Laugh. Go out and say pleasant things to somebody. It'll come hard at first, and they'll be surprised, but it will do you good, depend upon it.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Certainly the patrons of THE COURIER-GAZETTE cannot complain at the quantity in this issue of the paper, and even in point of quality we fancy they may in a degree be satisfied. Without stopping here to enumerate the good things to be found in to-day's columns, we beg our readers to accept the paper and its contents, as a slight token of the regard which we feel in return for the generous patronage of the year just past.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We are desirous when the New Year arrives that our books shall present a clean appearance. To this end we request all friends owing us amounts large or small, either as newspaper subscriptions or otherwise, to make us an early remittance. Subscribers can easily ascertain amounts due by referring to the address on the margin or wrapper of their paper. We do not trouble our patrons with begging letters nor duns, and we trust they will be as courteous to us in return.

It appears that some western concern has been saying mean things about H. P. Hubbard, the New Haven advertising agent, calculated to hurt his credit. As far as our experience goes the strictures upon Mr. Hubbard are uncalled for. We have done business with him for several years and he has always dealt with us with gentlemanly fairness. The only fault we have to find with him is that he sometimes wants us to work too cheap. Oh, we guess Hubbard is all right. But how about the western man?

Why should the Phillips Phonograph refer to "the editor and lady?" Isn't she your wife? Now don't get out of it by saying—because she is a lady. Of course we know that.

This copy of THE COURIER-GAZETTE will require two cents postage if sent by mail. Bear this in mind if you mail copies to friends.

CHRISTMAS AND RUM.

We wouldn't like to be a liquor seller at Christmas time. Suppose we had been to Congress, and had graduated and opened a bar. Business would perhaps be good, and money would flow in upon us like beer, and we would be looked up to and be fined and buy pieces of vessels and own a house and a dog. But at Christmas—well, we would probably make some nice presents in our family and buy ourselves a large diamond shirt-plin. But we know that something would then begin to gnaw into us. We would hang around the bar during the day, and see poor men coming in and spending their last dollar, and boys squandering their own money and possibly somebody's else. Going home that night we would see these boys and men reeling about the streets, and we would think about the anxious mothers, in the quiet homes, praying to God that He will keep their darling boys from sin, and then we would think of some boy being brought home to one of those mothers by his boisterous companions, and how she would cry and moan as she took his drunken head upon her breast, and the shame and sorrow of the father as he went to his business the next day with a keen feeling that the whole town knows of his son's disgrace.

And as we went to bed other thoughts would come crowding into our unrestful head. We would think of the dozens of poor men whose money had come over our bar that day, and how they had gone home to their families. A dark and cheerless home—a wife faded and worn, little children ragged and thin—no signs of Christmas. The trifling amount necessary to render the day of great joy to mother and children is in our pocket, and in return we have given the man what? Poison—we know how it is made—that steals away his manhood and makes him a brute. And to his family what have we given? Sorrow, poverty most cruel, anguish of spirit, nothing that breathes of Christmas-tide. The money poor men have passed over our bar in the day would have given joy indescribable to a score of families. And we would think of the gifts we had bought with this money, and the thought would make us sick.

And then we would be in just the right condition for other thoughts to come flooding in upon our mind. We would think of the paupers our bar was responsible for, the crimes committed by men and boys hot from the liquors it had dispensed, the families it had broken up, the boys it had ruined, the sin and misery and degradation and woe that daily and yearly flowed from it, and the thought would be enough to crack our brain. No matter how brazenly to the world and in the daytime we might defend our business, in such a time as this our mental arguments would be of no avail.

No, we wouldn't want to be a liquor seller at holy Christmas time. When all the world was at peace, and nothing but love and happiness seemed in place, we wouldn't want to feel that we were in any degree responsible for one of the great festering evils that makes this earth a hell.

AN EVEN HUNDRED.

Rockland possesses a centennarian in the person of Daniel Murphy, who will be 100 years old at eleven o'clock next Monday evening—Christmas eve. Mr. Murphy was born in the city of Cork, County Cork, Ireland, December 24th, 1783. About 37 years ago he came to this city accompanied by his wife, who died here at the age of 84. Mr. Murphy lives with his daughter, Mrs. Peter Carroll, on Willow street, having made his home there since coming to this country. Two years ago, being then in his ninety-eighth year, he went to Iowa and visited his oldest daughter, who resides in that state, travelling all the return journey of about 1800 miles, alone. He has always been well, strong and smart. Recently however he has become a cripple through rheumatism. Possessing a wonderful memory, he can converse fluently of events occurring in his native country 75 and 80 years ago. Before his journey west he could narrate correctly and minutely the events in the history of the old country without effort, and the names of the streets of his native city were as familiar to him as if he had just left them. Since his long journey he has not been so well and lately has become much enfeebled. He came from a family noted for their longevity.

BAD TO FOOL WITH.

A young city athlete who has uniformly come off victorious from several wrestling matches and scuffles, and who is withal a wiry, powerful fellow, has been anxious to try a twist with Officer Hewett. Hewett at last consented to satisfy him, and Saturday evening and Court House square were the time and place selected. Looking holds Hewett lifted the young man from his feet and laid him on the ground. A second grapple was made, and the officer picked up his antagonist and threw him several feet, so that he struck with some violence on the frozen ground. Ten dollars a side had been put up on the contest, but Hewett declined to take the stakes and the other participant claims that he wants to try it again. Hewett stands six feet one inch high, and weighs 225 pounds. He is straight as an arrow, powerful as an ox and is a bad man to grapple with. His opponent was no child to handle either. Is there any one else who would like to try the big policeman?

A Christmas Carol.

SHOWING HOW A PROMISING
YOUTH MADE A HOG
OF HIMSELF.WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

Voracious Sammy Stuff
Could never get enough,
No matter what he had he wanted more;
So on a Christmas day
They let him have his way,
Which pleased him very much, you may be sure.



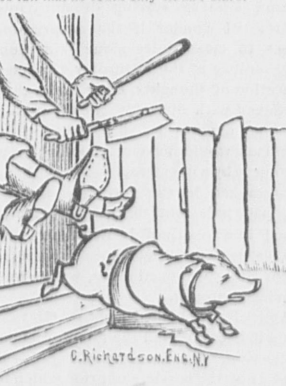
At breakfast he was thin—
And didn't begin
To polish off the cakes and ham and eggs;
And wastfully he looked
At the dainties that were cooked
Almost too full to get upon his legs.



At ten he asked for lunch,
Still eager for a munch;
He caused his friends remarkable surprise;
His cheeks they grew so fat,
So red and bloated, that
They almost hid his greedy little eyes.



At dinner he partook
Of everything the cook
Had daintily prepared for Christmas fare,
And fatter Sammy grew,
With beef—plum pudding too—
So full that he could only sit and stare.



At supper time—Alas!
That it should come to pass—
This little boy, who never had enough,
Had turned into a hog—
So out into the bog
His friends with angry blows drove Sammy Stuff.

Howard Owen writes us that at odd jobs he has been grinding out some poetry to be inflicted upon the editors of the state at their annual meeting, if they have one. If they don't have one, he says they will escape a great mercy—he probably means infliction. His subject is "The Editor in Hell." He is taking sulphur bitters as a mental and moral assistant.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

What the Seeker after Gifts finds in
Rockland Stores.

As Christmas, the red letter day of the year, approaches, each household becomes a mine of little mysteries, and each secluded spot or niche the repository of some gift intended for this or that friend. As the time draws nearer for the explaining of these mysteries and the disclosing of these gifts, the mystery becomes more mysterious and the hiding places are guarded with more jealous care. For weeks the children have been saving up their pennies, and the more mature their dollars for the purchase of gifts.

A tour of the stores of our city reveals the fact that our merchants have the largest and finest assortment of Christmas goods ever brought into this place. As one travels from store to store and examines the many things so appropriate the difficulty of selecting becomes more and more troublesome, and the bewildered customer involuntarily exclaims: "If there were half as many beautiful articles I could make my selection twice as easily!" In the toy stores the little folks revel. Dolls of all sizes and shapes, all colors and prices, fill the shelves. Dolls with black hair, white hair, yellow hair, with leather bodies, kid bodies, canvas bodies, pack the show cases. Singing dolls, who warble "Grandfather's Clock" and "Yankee Doodle," attract the attention of the little ones. The small boy with trucking propensities covets a handsome four-wheeled cart, while boxes of tools, ranging in prices from ten cents to a dollar, make the boy with a mechanical taste long for a set, that he may begin work immediately and spoil the symmetry of the best parlor chair. Tin kitchens, sets of dishes in tin, crockery, pewter and wood, cause the heart of the small girl greatly to rejoice, while the child with a musical ear longs for a drum, trumpet or tin whistle with which to awaken the slumbering echoes of the paternal mansion. And so in endless variety, bedsteads, furniture of all kinds, games, jumping jacks that go with a string and jumping jacks that go not with a string, safes, writing desks, nine-pins, ring-toss, engines and cars attract attention. And here is a box of blocks; and you put them together and they make a fort, and here in the box is a little cannon, and you put in the cannon a little wooden ball, and you aim the cannon at the fort and you snap a spring, and the wooden ball hits a spring in the fort, and the fort is blown up. But when you look at the penny banks, then you begin to appreciate the ingenuity of man. Here is the "pickaninny" bank. A little "nig" with an aperture in his back receives the penny, having printed on his breast the legend, "Gimme cent." Here is a horse standing in a stable. A penny is put between his hind hoofs. The spring is touched; up go the heels; in goes the penny over the horse's head into the bank, and out comes a little dog to see what is the matter. The "acrobat" bank is ingenious. A penny is placed at the opening of the bank but does not go in. A spring is touched at the end of the toy; an acrobat takes the "giant swing" and strikes a looker-on at the other end of the bank under the chin and turns him completely over, thus permitting the penny to fall into the bank. A bull dog drops a penny from his nose and catches it in his mouth; and a heathen Chinese shows a straight poker hand and takes the "ante."

In the book stores are to be found all kinds of books from the one cent picture book of "Jack the Giant Killer," to elegantly bound copies of Longfellow at fifteen dollars per volume. There is nothing better for a present and nothing that will give more satisfaction than a good book of some description. In the hardware stores can be found skates for the ice and skates for the rink, pistols and guns, jack-knives, etc. In the dry goods stores, silks for dresses, lace collars, hosiery, rich silk neck-ties and handkerchiefs, material for aprons, fancy articles of all descriptions, kid gloves, etc., can be found in great profusion. In the boot and shoe stores, a pair of boots would make a fine present, or a pair of slippers, there being some new and very handsome styles. At the gentlemen's furnishing stores, handsome neckties, silken scarfs, mittens, hosiery, new hats, help to fill out the list of desirable gifts. In the crockery stores are some beautiful articles. Bisque and marble figures in new designs, elegant pieces of majolica and French china, chandeliers and library lamps, royal Worcester and Dresden china, fancy cups and saucers, fruit sets, vases, amber, amberina and crackle glass ware, present an inexhaustible supply to select from. Brass repousse plaques form something new for presents and are elegant. Hammered and cast brass frames are new. Scenes in polished brass and bronze with cut glass bobeches and ornamental candles would make elegant presents. The jewelry dealers are carrying a very fine stock of goods; heavy silver ware, napkin rings, spoons, knives, table services, opera glasses and pens and pencils in all styles, enamel, gold inlaid and pearl make a rich display. Diamonds and Rhine stones, pearls and carnelians, rubies, and sapphires are in stock and are having a ready sale. The drug stores are resplendent with holiday goods. Perfume cases and toilet sets in unique and rich designs are offered. Fancy articles such as toilet cases, brush brooms in fancy cases, fine toilet soaps, etc., make a large assortment to select from. In the grocery and supply stores appropriate Christmas gifts can be found. A turkey or goose from the supply stores, a barrel of flour or a bag of meal from the feed stores, a box of raisins or a barrel of apples from the grocer would make many a household glad. The fruit and confectionery stores are well stocked with all kinds and varieties of toothsome fruits and candies. Walnut candies, apricot and peach bonbons, almond candies, sugared dates and prunes, marshmallows, chocolate creams, broken candies, nuts of all kinds, walnuts, castanas, almonds, filberts, etc., dates, figs, apples, oranges, pears and all other such things that make the mouth water are to be found for sale.

In fact all of our merchants can sell you articles excellent for presents and at reasonable prices. The Christmas trade despite the bad going has opened up well. Several merchants state that they have sold much more the past week than the corresponding week of last year. We have enumerated but a few of the articles that can be obtained of our dealers, and here's hoping you'll find just what you want, for just the price you expected to pay.

There was a false alarm of fire Saturday evening.

WAYSIDE GLANCES.

London is overcrowded.

Oscar Wilde fails to draw.

It's Lord Tennyson the poet, now.

Gen. Grant denies that he is a spiritualist.

The Cambridge Tribune calls Matthew Arnold a literary dupe.

Paris policemen get \$340 a year. Ten thousand policemen are paid \$500.

November fires in this country aggregated a loss of nearly \$12,000,000.

Alaska has a population of 236 whites, and they would get away if they could.

Matthew Arnold the English engraver will spend Christmas in New England.

London has a temperance bicycle club. We don't see how anything but a sober man could stick on a bicycle.

The republican presidential convention will be held in Chicago June 3rd. Blaine's friends will be there, mark that.

It is estimated that no less than 650 grand new poems on "Christmas" will be printed this month in this country alone.

A southern speaker of the house would mean a democratic president, though many of our exchanges seem to think it does.

The novels of Alexander Dumas were sold in Paris at the rate of 200,000 copies annually. Possibly the French are fond of them.

Rev. Dr. Newton wants to welcome the day when a truer refinement will cause absent-going ladies to wear plain clothing in the house of God.

Correspondence addressed to Mr. Clance at the factory will no longer find that gentleman, as he has started upon his grand annual excursion around the world.

A lady informs a New York paper how she remove hair from the upper lip. Westcliffe prefer to let the hair remain for a spell, especially if it is a young man's mustache.

Congress will probably settle the trade dollar nuisance, by making them interchangeable with the standard silver dollar. This would be a step in the right direction.

A Boston beat telegraphed the Hawaiian minister at Washington for the loan of fifty dollars, using the name of Smith, and the minister sent on the money. The name of Smith is always potent.

Mr. Beecher invited Mr. Irving and Miss Terry home to dinner with him. It is impossible to conjecture what strange act Mr. Beecher will next perform. It is the awfully unexpected that occurs with him.

A scientific exchange says that a vacuum is a good conductor. We have seen some conductors who carried a highly successful vacuum on their shoulders, but we never thought they made good conductors.

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.

The heart of every true American is saddened at the intelligence that Vignaux the Frenchman beat Scheffer in the Paris ballad contest. But then, John Sullivan can lick the biggest Frenchman that ever breathed. That is one comfort.

Miss Hanson, the belle of Maple Park, Ill., hanged herself in a corn-crib on Wednesday last, because her lover was addicted to whiskey, and her father would not let her marry him. She left a note saying she was heart-broken and hoped to meet her lover in heaven.

The eminent basso, Karl Fornice, tells American parents that they make a grave mistake in sending their children to Italy to study music when they can attain much better results at home. He says musical science is at its lowest level in Italy, and the great singers are not Italians.

New cotton factories are the order of the day in the south and west. At St. Joseph, Missouri, a new establishment, employing 100 hands, is to be erected to make coarse cloths for local consumption; at Augusta, Georgia, a new mill is in operation, running 26,500 spindles and employing 600 hands.

It appears from the record of the State Department that some of our American girls who have been traded off by their parents or who have sold themselves to titled vagabonds in Germany are having an unpleasant awakening from their dream of bliss. They find themselves but little better than drudges in their foreign homes. Housework, cooking, and even washing, to say nothing of patching and mending, are expected of them. This is no better than marrying an American stone-keeper.

Mr. Tilden has chosen a noble way to keep his memory green. A public library, a building suited to its requirements, and an endowment fund sufficient to perpetuate its usefulness and usefulness—all made ready and complete under the eye of the donor—is a Christmas gift to the city of New York most fit to be made by one of her most illustrious citizens. The Tilden library will keep Mr. Tilden's name and fame fresh in the recollection of men when it will have been forgotten that he was elected president of the United States.

Wendell Phillips, speaking of Sojourner Truth since her death, says: "Her natural wit and happiness in retort I have hardly ever seen equalled. Her eloquence was at times marvelous. I once heard her describe the captain of a slave ship going up to judgment, followed by his victims as they gathered from the depth of the sea, in a strain that reminded me of Clarence's dream in Shakespeare, and equalled it. The anecdotes of her ready wit, and quick, striking replies are numerous. She used to say to us: 'You read books; God himself talks to me.'"

THE COURIER-GAZETTE

By PORTER & FULLER.

A MODERN PAPER.

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court.

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

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

CHRISTMAS IN SONG.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!
[O. W. Holmes.]

And when darkest clouds shall gather
And with fear thy bosom thrill;
When the storm is wild and raging,
Listen for His "Peace be still!"
[Kate A. Van Schick.]

Through woods and mountain passes,
The winds like angels roll;
They are chanting solemn psalms,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray!"
[J. W. Longfellow.]

Light to a realm of sin and grief;
Light to a world in all her needs;
The Light of Life—a new belief,
Rising o'er fallen creeds.
[T. Buchanan Reed.]

That of all good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.
[J. G. Whittier.]

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet, of which
to make our bread;
Praise God for yellow corn with which His waiting
world is fed;
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl he gave to
men for food;
Praise God for every creature which he made and
called it good!
Praise God for winter's store of ice; praise God for
summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit-tree bearing seed, "to you it is
for meat!"
Praise God for all the bounty by which the world
is fed!
Praise God, ye children all, to whom He gives your
daily bread!
[Edward Everett Hale.]

When every stocking was stuffed with dolls and
bells and things,
Whistles and toys and dogs (of all conceivable
things!)
Old Kris Kringle looked round, and saw on the
elm tree bough,
Higgledy, an oriole's nest, lonely and empty
now.
"Quite like a stocking," he laughed, "pinned up
there on the tree!
I didn't suppose the birds expected a present from
me!"
Then old Kris Kringle who loves a joke as well
as the best,
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's empty
nest.
[T. B. Aldrich.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

Edward C. Hancock.

"Ho! there at the wicket, who pounds at the door!
Such a din in Olympus was ne'er heard before—
I would sleep—get ye gone—I'm ailing, I'm sick,
What the deuce—there again—who is calling Saint
Nick?"
Arouse ye! Arouse ye! It's dawning again—
The star that once beamed o'er Bethlehem's plain—
The star of the Magi, that shone on the morn,
When earth's blessed Saviour the Christ-child was
born!"

"Ho! Ho! Is it so? Then I'll up and away
As soon as the Goblins can harness my sleigh."
Then he roared such a laugh as he sprang out of bed
It startled the stars in the sky overhead;
And they winked at each other as much as to say,
There is something gone wrong and Old Nick is
to pay.

It took but a moment to jump in his boots,
To wrap himself up in the best of fur suits,
To run to the closet and drag out his pack;
Which he swung with a chuckle across his broad
back.

Then off to the stable he dashed through the snow,
Where the reindeer was prancing all ready to go.
He was up in a jiffy, and cracking his whip,
With a "Ho, there! my hearties!" he let the reins
slip.
Straight down through the welkin they sped like
the light.

Without pause or turn to the left or the right;
The clouds dragged their skirts to get off of the
track,
The winds shrieked alarmed—all quite taken aback;
Even the moon drew in haste a veil over her face,
So quick cracked the whip and so fast was the pace;
And he pealed out a laugh so loud and gay
That Aurora woke up long before he was away.
Oh, never such sleigh-ride was ridden before
As that of St. Nick with his rich Christmas store!

Far down in the distant East, rolled such a fog,
Dark night having wrapped it in silence so deep,
That the children, tucked close in their snug little
beds,
When nothing peeped out save their cherubim
heads,
Were dreaming of fairies, of trolls and fun,
And other stern facts of life just begun.

It was three by the clock, when out on the roof
That tink of sleigh bells and tinkle of hoof
Made their little hearts bound and flash round the
Earth.
A smile such as welcomed the Lamb at its birth;
But they woke not. Oh, no! Old Nick is so sly
He fastens a padlock on each prying eye.

With a "Whoa, there, my pretties," he stops with a
jerk,
Lights his pipe, swings his pack, then away to his
work.
Over steeples and house tops, in windows, down
flues,
So fleet you would think he had wings to his shoes.
In parlors he peeps and through bedrooms he
whirls,

Now pinching the babies, now kissing the girls,
Filling up their stockings with goodies and toys,
Now forgetting the switch, always left for bad boys.
Then on through the playrooms to plant those
great trees,
Which grow dolls and drums with exquisite ease.

What a jolly fat fellow! so little and spry,
With round dimpled cheeks and fine flashing eye.
Hair jeweled with laurel, and such a red nose,
It lights up the pathway wherever he goes!
Then his rich merry laugh—ah! never, I fear,
Will music so sweet again gladden the year!

But time flies apace. Even now a faint ray
Struggles up through the east as the herald of day;
The winds wake in protest and scatter the snow;
Now, listen! the signal! I hear the cock crow.
"Ho, ho!" cried Old Nick, with his cherriest warn-
ing,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good morn-
ing!"

Dr. Greyson's Xmas.

AND HOW LITTLE PAUL HAR-
PER FOUND A HOME.WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse."

Yet just outside the old Greyson home-
stead at Millville, some one *was* stirring,
in the person of a very small boy, viz:
little Paul Harper. Indeed, at 11 p. m.,
Dec. 24, 188—, when the mercury in the
thermometer tube was coldly calculating
the number of degrees "below," for the
following morning's indication, it was
obviously necessary to stir—or freeze.

Such, at least, was little Paul's idea, as
in the clear moonlight, between intervals
of hand-thrashing and feet-stamping, he
banged away at the big brass knocker
that had so often awakened Doctor Grey-
son with local appeals for services attend-
ant on the beginning of life, or those
necessary to life's continuance.

"I wish somebody would come," said
little Paul half aloud, for though warmly
clothed, he shivered like the bare brown
twigs in the leafless elms over his head,
as a keen wind direct from the North
Pole via Greenland and Spitzbergen ag-
gressively whirled the dry snow round
the nearest corner, into his eyes and ears.
"But Miss Agnes told me to rap till some-
one answered the door," continued little
Paul, glancing involuntarily across the
street, where, at an upper window
against a background of light, stood a
tall, slender lady in black, who waved
her hand to him encouragingly, whereat,
little Paul applied himself with renewed
energy to the knocker—hoping, perhaps,
to warm himself, by these additional
outer wraps.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat!" and Mrs. Moriarty,
the old housekeeper who had dandled
Doctor Greyson in his baby-hood, and
had closed the eyes of his parents in their
last sleep, began drowsily to com-
prehend that some one was "affair the
doethur"—that long suffering individual
having been called into the adjoining
neighborhood to attend a colicky baby,
(their first), I may remark. Enveloped
as to her head in a mammoth night-cap,
the good lady, reluctantly leaving her
downy couch, called sharply from an
upraised window:

"Who is it, now, thin?"—the lingering
emphasis on the adverb, suggesting a
mild intimation of personal injury, con-
sequent upon frequent previous arousing.

"It's me, Paul Harper—I'm Doctor
Greyson's nephew, and I've come to stay,"
returned little Paul through his
chattering teeth.

Mrs. Moriarty's astonished response
was drowned in the bang of the suddenly
descending sash. A moment later, her
portly form, clothed upon with a wrapper
of most redundant pattern, appeared at
the door.

"The saints be good to us," exclaimed
Mrs. Moriarty with a hysterical sob, as
the light from the candle in her tremulous
hand, fell upon the grave little face, up-
turned to meet her own. "It's me darlin'
Mis' Ellen's boy for sure—I'd a' known
his ashes in a whirlwind." And, empha-
sizing this somewhat astounding asser-
tion by a hearty action of her strong
arm, little Paul, half benumbed with the
cold, was whisked over the threshold,
and into an old-time room with an im-
mense open fireplace, wherein, from half-
consumed chunks of beech and maple,
arose the dancing flames with warning
welcome.

No wonder, that good Mrs. Moriarty
alternately laughed and cried—in fact
went through the entire gamut of her
somewhat emotional nature, as little
Paul related his simple story. Had not
Mis' Ellen been the darlin' of her heart,
years before, and was not this, her own
boy who had come thousands of miles
over land and say (Mrs. Moriarty's ge-
ographical ideas were somewhat vague)
to find the only kith and kin that was left
him, now that his mother—rist her soul
—was an angel in glory?

For, the shadows which, differing only
in their intensity, fall upon every heart
and home, had not been absent from the
Greyson family. It was a not uncom-
mon story. Miss Nellie, the Doctor's
twin sister, was left to his peculiar care
by the death of her parents. As many
another pure and beautiful young girl
has done and will do, till the Millennium
dawns, she became infatuated with a
handsome, dissipated scamp, and despite
her brother's stern remonstrances, she
would believe nothing against the char-
acter of the man who had thus enslaved
her young affections.

The usual results followed. An elope-
ment and hasty marriage—gradual neg-
lect and actual abuse—was ended by the
death of her dissipated husband in a far-
away State, leaving his wife and one
child penniless; and so it was that little
Paul's mother lay down to die.

But before entering into the story, she
called her boy to her bedside. With a
sort of intuition concerning the unseen
presence of the Death angel, who but
ushers the released soul to the portals of
a kingdom over whose threshold his own
silent feet may not pass—"And Death
shall be no more!"—little Paul sank on
his knees, and buried his face in the
coverlid.

"Paul, dear," she said with ineffable
tenderness in her weak voice, placing
her hand on his bowed head as though in
silent benediction, "When I leave you—
and that time is close at hand—you must
seek out your uncle Paul Greyson in New
England, and tell him that with her last
breath, his sister not only implores his
forgiveness, but asks a home for her
orphaned boy at his hands. Miss Agnes,
the kind lady who has done so much for
us, will arrange for your return with
her," feebly added the dying mother,
checking the boy's convulsive sobs by a
tender touch, "and now Paul, kiss me
good night—may the God of the father-
less—But the prayer begun on earth,
reached its completion in Heaven. And
when Miss Agnes—a tall, sweet-faced
young lady from New England, who,
during a temporary visit to San Fran-
cisco, had constituted herself a sister of
both mercy and charity, entered the
room a little later, Mrs. Harper had
fallen into that sleep whose only awak-
ening is in the clear light of eternity.

And so the days had passed, till on the
night when my story begins, the tall hall
clock in the Greyson homestead—a time-
piece which second by second, had ticked
off rather more than a century—echoed
the last brazen hour of midnight, usher-
ing in the beginning of the anniversary
of the Christ child's birth. As the final
note died away on the clear air, Doctor
Greyson, who was not only tired and
cold, but cross withal, ushered himself
into the old-fashioned parlor, guided by
the rays of the flickering firelight, which
was painting fantastic shadows on the
wainscoted wall, as he partly groped his
way into the room.

"And this"—grovelling the Doctor in
an audible soliloquy as he substituted
slippers and dressing gown for boots and
overcoat—"this is the beginning of what
some enthusiastic people are pleased to
call a 'Merry Christmas.' Very merry
it will be for me," he continued grum-
blingly, as he poked the fire into a partial
blaze,—"making out bills against delin-
quent patients, and dosing children who
have gorged themselves to repletion on
turkey and mince pie! No, I won't go
to bed, nor will I light the lamp!" he
snapped out fiercely, as though answer-
ing some inward suggestion of his *alter
ego* who perhaps might have been a trifle
softened by the influence of the holiday
season,—"I'm going to sit in the dark,
here by the fire, till I get a little circula-
tion into my feet." Thus remarking, he
threw himself into the big chair which,
by reason of its permeation—if I may be
allowed the expression—with the cries
and groans of toothache-tortured victims
resorting to cold steel as a final relief
from pain, was well calculated for gloomy
reverie.

"Merry Christmas," repeated Doctor
Greyson still merrily harping upon this
one theme, as though it were a personal
grievance,—"when seven years ago this
very night, Nelly, my own twin sister,
allured by the promises of a good look-
ing scamp, left my care and love," and the
year after, Agnes—

But all at once, the clear stillness of
the winter's night was broken by the
distant chiming from the steeple of the
little chapel at Upper Millville, and Doc-
tor Greyson turned his head to listen.
Without doubt (as was customary at
such times) old Bangs the bell ringer was
more or less inebriated; but softened by
the distance, "Coronation" and "Old
Hundred"—the only two tunes within
the scope of that gentleman's musical at-
tainments—affected the Doctor strangely.
He was anything but poetical or imagina-
tive, yet blended with the chiming, the
words of a poem he had read in some
paper, drifted through his mind, giving
him, somehow, a quieting sense of free-
dom from his morbid remembrances.
The lines were simple, and in some way
had become engraven on the tablets of
his memory at the time of reading, yet
until tonight, he had not recalled them,
and half unconsciously he spoke the
words aloud:

"Peace, sweetest peace rest in each heart that
beareth;
Let sorrow vanish, when
The dear Lord Christ hath risen, and entreateth
Good will to men."

"Good will to men," repeated Doctor
Greyson as he sat staring dreamily into
the fire. "I wonder if that expression
applies to masculinity alone"—involun-
tarily smiling at the absurdity of such a
connection of thoughts, even as he thus
communed with himself. As though—if
I must so express it—the spirit of the
Christmas would answer Doctor Grey-
son's query by a negative, he saw two faces
quivered in the glowing embers.
One, had pale and beautiful features
framed in a wealth of brown hair, with
deep, earnest eyes that seems to return
Doctor Greyson's fixed stare, with a look
of loving reproach.

"Agnes!" exclaimed Doctor Greyson
with a half groan, and the flood of tender
recollection, and love long repressed,
swept away the barriers of pride which he
himself, six years before, had erected be-
tween himself and his betrothed, since
when he has stubbornly turned with its
face to the wall of the hidden chamber in
his heart, the picture once held so dear.

"She need not have been so stubborn,"
muttered the doctor, endeavoring—as
have the male sex from Adam down—to
lay the blame upon the woman—and I
would say in passing, that the salient
feature in Doctor Greyson's own make-
up, was a doggedness of purpose peculiar
to the Greyson family, that brooked no
opposition. In and as connected with

himself, he called this trait "unyielding
firmness"—as applied to others whose
wills opposed his own, he mentioned it
as "stubborn obstinacy."

From his youth up the doctor had
loved Agnes, who had lived in the old
square-roofed house across the street,
and was her accepted lover at the time of
his sister Nell's elopement and subse-
quent marriage. Agnes had more than
once gently remonstrated with him for
his stern refusal to forgive the young
girl's imprudent step, for Doctor Grey-
son in the bitterness of his anger, for-
bade even that her name should ever be
mentioned within the walls of the Grey-
son homestead, and returned her letters
unopened.

Thus the rupture began, and learning
one day that his betrothed was in corre-
spondence with her former playmate and
friend, who already was reaping the re-
sults of her folly, he harshly forbade
further communication between the two.
Agnes' pride was touched, and she coldly
refused to accede to the imperative de-
mand. A few angry words on Doctor
Greyson's part, and the betrothal was
broken.

Agnes persuaded her widowed mother,
who was very wealthy, to shut up the
house and travel. They had roamed
over the continent from place to place—
Agnes vainly seeking rest, but finding
none. Returning to this country, the
steamer had left them at San Francisco,
where by a strange providence, Agnes
discovered Mrs. Harper in poverty and
suffering, in time to minister to her needs
as she have seen.

The other picture I have mentioned
as being mirrored side by side with that
of his former love, in the fire, was that
of his sister Nell; and now, his heart
began to grow very tender, as the recol-
lection of her love for him drifted across
his mind, mingled with which, was much
of remorseful sorrow.

"Poor child," he said, half aloud. "I
wish I knew where she was, to-night—I
would write to ask her forgiveness, and
offer her the shelter of a home, if she
were in want." As he spoke, he arose to
replenish the fire, and throwing on an
armful of pitch pine splints, the flames
leaped up to meet them, illuminating
every nook and corner with their ruddy
light.

Now, good Mrs. Moriarty had decided
in her own mind, that it would be far
better that little Paul should introduce
himself to his uncle, than go through any
regular form of presentation.

"Sure, the face of the darlin' spake for
himself, better nor any words, I'd be
after sayin'," she thought, and after
bidding him lie down on the lounge un-
til the arrival of the "mather," she went
to her own room.

Of course, little Paul proceeded to fall
asleep with boyish expedition. And un-
awakened by Doctor Greyson's entrance,
he slumbered on, till the sudden glare
and crackle of the newly-aroused fire,
caused him to suddenly start upright
with a little cry of astonishment, which
was drowned in the doctor's half terrified
exclamation.

"Who are you?" were the words that
framed themselves on the latter's lips;
but as the boy came toward him, the
doctor had no need to ask the question;
he knew, for his sister's look shone from
the wistful brown eyes—there was Nell's
soft curling hair, her small mouth.

"If you please, Uncle Paul," said the
boyish voice. "I'm little Paul Harper.
Mother—is dead—" and as Doctor Grey-
son dropped into a chair, covering his
face with his hands, little Paul's lip
quivered, and he swallowed a sob. Re-
covering himself manfully, he went on.
"The last thing she said, was for me to
seek out my Uncle Paul in New England,
and tell him that with her last breath his
sister not only implores his forgiveness,
but asks a home for her orphaned boy." And
then little Paul, with downcast eyes
and folded hands, stood before his uncle,
awaiting his verdict.

Doctor Greyson rather prided himself
upon possessing a thoroughly unemo-
tional nature. "A practical man—espe-
cially a professional one—has no busi-
ness to let his emotions get the better of
him—self-repression, Sir, is the easiest
thing in the world," he was wont to say.

But just then, something rose in the
doctor's throat that nearly strangled
him. Moreover, two large tears followed
each other down the rim of his Roman
nose, which together with a certain
huskiness of voice as he spoke, he, with
great presence of mind, attributed to a
temporary attack of influenza, consequent
upon his night ride.

"May God deal with me, as I with you,
little Paul," he said in a very low voice,
as he drew the boy within the shelter of
his strong arms, and solemnly kissed his
white upturned forehead.

Then followed little Paul's pathetic
story. And as in its recital, his loved
mother was the most prominent feature,
he spoke unconsciously of their benefac-
tress, who had done so much for them,
only as the "kind lady," without calling
her by name.

"And where did the kind lady—as you
call her—go, after she had left you here
as a Christmas present?" abruptly in-
quired Doctor Greyson after a long pause.

"Miss Agnes?" returned little Paul
drowsily, as he rested his curly head
against his uncle's shoulder. "Oh, she
went right back to her house just
across the street—she said she hadn't
been home on a Christmas day, for oh, I
don't know how many years, and wanted

to see how it would seem to sit before the
old fire-place where she used to hang up
her stocking, and play that to-night Saint
Claus would bring her a Christmas pres-
ent—and—I guess—"

What little Paul guessed, must have
been whispered to the people of dream-
land, for the lids slowly closed over his
dark eyes, and his regular breathing
showed that the boy had drifted away
toward the lands, that
"On the North and West are bounded by rest,
On the South and the East, by dreams."

Laying little Paul softly down on the
lounge and covering him up warmly,
Doctor Greyson, in great mental agita-
tion, walked to the window. Pushing
aside the heavy curtain, he looked at the
house across the way, which had been
closed so long. Lights were visible from
two or three of the windows, and he
vaguely remembered wondering when he
entered his own door, nearly an hour pre-
vious, whether some new tenant might
not have moved in. For, until little
Paul's startling revelation, he had known
nothing of Miss Agnes' whereabouts, be-
yond being aware that according to the
"hearsay" of Mrs. Moriarty, she was
"travellin' somewhere in furin' parts,"
but whether in China or Khamaschatca,
did not lie within the province of Mrs.
Moriarty's information, and the doctor
was too proud to ask.

But his pride was to-night completely
broken down, and as he saw against the
drawn white curtain, the silhouette of a
slender form, Doctor Greyson's heart
gave a great bound.

He did not stop to reason with himself,
nor did he form any particular plan of
action, further than changing dressing
gown and slippers, for overcoat and
boots. Then he grabbed—I use the word
advisedly—his hat from its peg, and shot
through the door, and across the street.

I don't know why the front door of the
house over the way, should have been
left unlocked and unbolted. How should
I? I only know, that while Miss Agnes
sat alone in the sitting room, studying
the glowing coals very much as Doctor
Greyson had done an hour or so previous
in his home, some one softly entered the
room, and without anything like an
apology for the intrusion, dropped on
his knees before the young lady in ques-
tion, and buried his face in her lap.

And I have furthermore to state, that
despite this very irregular proceeding,
Miss Agnes neither screamed nor fainted,
as under the circumstances, might have
been expected, on the contrary—

"Agnes," asked Doctor Greyson humbly,
"can you ever forgive me?" And betwe-
en her emotion and the folds of the
black silk, his voice sounded really as if
he were greatly moved—which indeed he
was, though he would not have acknowl-
edged it, for the world.

"Paul," returned the sweet tremulous
voice, "I forgave you, a long, long time
ago, but I must tell you that I have
never changed my views regarding—that
which separated us."

"But I have," was the meek response,
and then, of course, there was nothing
more to be said. When Doctor Paul Grey-
son acknowledged himself in the wrong—
why, a sort of moral revolution might be
expected, not exactly, to be sure, in a
general sense, but individually—the in-
dividual himself, being Doctor Paul.

And so, when with a vague idea of
where he was, or how he came there,
little Paul awoke late on Christmas
morn, to find his stocking, which by
some mysterious means, had been hung
before the fireplace, filled to overflowing,
he asked his Uncle Paul, who greeted him
with loving words:

"But, Uncle Paul, what did you get for
a Christmas present?"

Doctor Greyson answered in a some-
what embarrassed way:
"A—wife and a nephew."

Young girls in society when in full
dress are wearing the hair arranged in
five or six heavy curls in the back, con-
fined low in the neck by a sparkling or-
nament of some description, a sabre,
with a hilt of mock diamonds or Rhine
stones and pearls, being very popular.
The hair waves over the entire crown of
the head, and is arranged in a fluffy,
careless fashion over the forehead. No
other ornament is worn when this style
is adopted, except the glittering sabre.
Many young ladies wear the curls in the
back, and have all the rest of the hair
cropped close and laid in loose, airy rings
all over the head.

Washington was the father of his country, and
blowing out the gas on retiring is one of its
smothers.

"A GOD-SEND." The children of Israel were once fed by
manna sent from Heaven. This was an un-
doubted case of "God-send." The amelior-
ation of human ills and ailments has been
often undertaken, and has often failed. Ely's
Cream Balm, however, "has been weighed in
the balance and not found wanting." It is a
sovereign, speedy, certain and pleasant cure
for Catarrh and cold in the Head. Thousands
of persons have attested this fact. "Ely's
Cream Balm is a God-send," wrote Mrs. M.
A. Jackson, of Portsmouth, N. H., May 22d,
1882. "I had Catarrh for three years; had
tried nearly all remedies, but to no purpose.
Two or three times a week my nose would
bleed quite freely, and I thought the sore in it
would never heal. Your Balm has cured me."
This preparation is not a liquid or a snuff, and
is easily applied. Can you, readers, afford to
experiment with injurious snuffs and injections
when a pleasant and certain cure is at hand?

Not what it is cracked up to be—a worm-
eaten nut. We are happy. The true "L. F." Atwood's
Medicine cured us. Our health continues by
temperance in all things."

Unnecessary misery is suffering from corns.
HIND'S RADICAL CORN REMOVER removes
them and leaves the skin soft and smooth. 15c
Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears.
God made one and the tailor the other.

WHAT MRS. BRUCE

Of 25 Grant St., Springfield, Mass., says
about Her Husband's Sickness, and
what Finally proved a Real Boon to
Him—Words of an Affectionate,
Good Woman.

Mrs. Bruce says: "My husband is an employee
in the United States Army in Springfield. He has
for years been a terrible sufferer from bilious sick
headaches. He has fearful attacks of this kind.
Sometimes they will come on every week or so.
He has never found any medicine which would give
him any permanent relief or prove any preventive
against these severe attacks until he tried Dr. Ken-
nedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. He has received the
greatest benefit from its use." The testimony
of Mrs. Bruce is like that of hundreds of others,
who say: "I procured a bottle of Kennedy's FA-
VORITE REMEDY, and used it with the best
results. I have no more headache or pain in the
side. Indeed, the medicine seems to have an al-
most magical effect, and I feel very grateful for
FAVORITE REMEDY. Dr. Kennedy is glad to
recommend his medicine to all who are suffering
from sick headaches resulting from any of the above
causes, for it is a sure, positive cure."

To Keep the Blood Pure
Is the principal end of invocations and discoveries
in medicine. To this object probably no one has
contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy,
of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine
which has become famous under the title of the
FAVORITE REMEDY. It removes all impurities
of the blood, regulates the disordered Liver
and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia and
all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.
Sold by your druggist, \$1.00 a bottle. 1m46

Climbing the Spiral Stairs.

Invisible Architecture in a New England
Parsonage.

"Yes," she said, "our children are married and
gone, and my husband and I sit by our winter fire
much as we did before the little once came to
widen the circle. Life is something like a spiral
staircase; we are all the time coming around over
the spot we started from, only one degree further
up the stairs."

"That is a pretty illustration," remarked her
friend, musingly, gazing into the glowing coals
which radiated a pleasant heat from the many
windowed stove. "You know we cannot stop tell-
ing up the hill, though."

"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find
fault with that necessarily provided the advance in
life is not attended with calamity or sorrow, for I
have had my share of that. Not long since my
health utterly broke down. My system was full of
malaria. My digestion became thoroughly dis-
ordered, and my nerves were in a wretched state. I
was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it,
and had no strength or ambition to perform even
my light household duties. My physician treated
me to reach the seat of the trouble. The dis-
ease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital
organs—progressed until I had several attacks,
which my physicians pronounced to be acute
congestion of the stomach. The last of these was
a desperate struggle, and I was given up to die.
As the crisis had partially passed, my friends
heard of the merits of PARKER'S TONIC, as

The Poor Boy's Christmas Eve.

With S. Days.
"Mamma, why don't you smile tonight,
For this is Christmas Eve,
This is the time for joy and mirth,
And not a time to grieve.
Hang up your stockings now, be glad!
Put mine beside it, too;
If old Kris Kringle don't fill mine,
He may fill yours for you."
"For me, my child? Ah! no, not me,
Kris Kringle only knows the rich,
And we are very poor.
And that poor stocking never her heart,
With we and grief oppressed;
She kissed her boy and folded him
Still closer to her breast."
"Well," said the child, "mamma don't weep,
I know we wait for food,
And other things which we would have
If papa were not dead."
"It is so cold," she howl'd in grief;
"Mamma, your face and ears
Are just as cold as ice—don't cry;
The rich don't care for tears."
"My child, God bless you!" she kissed
Her little darling's cheek;
She look'd upon his smiling face
As if she durst not speak.
Her eyes were full of tears, but with smiles;
She sobb'd, "Oh, must it be
That I must live a life of woe,
And help and pity me?"
His little arms, so thin and pale,
Look'd in their close embrace;
That mother's neck, and with his lips
Kissed her cheek from her face.
"Mamma," said he, "this Christmas Eve,
Come, let us happy be,
Don't talk of *what*, but *how* mamma,
For God, *generally* and *me*!"
She knelt and pray'd; God lent his ear,
And heard her earnest prayer,
And they were happy Christmas Day—
A Christmas has it on there.
Oh, ye, whom God has thus bless'd,
Don't close your selfish door,
And shut your comforts up inside;
Go share them with the poor.

CHRISTMAS.

Legends and Superstitions Connected With the Season.

If the sun shines on Christmas day, the Devonshire people consider it a sign of an abundant crop of apples.

The Duke of Norfolk, who flourished between 1648-1679, usually spent twenty thousand pounds sterling annually in keeping Christmas.

In old times revels begun on Christmas Eve, were continued often until Candlemas, early in February, every day being a holiday till Twelfth Night, January 6th.

There is an old Swedish superstition that at Christmas time men are transformed into wolves of the most malignant kind, doing far more harm to the human race than the animal itself was ever known to do.

The word "carol" is from an Italian word meaning a song of joyous devotion. According to Tertullian, the primitive Christians, at their feasts, collected the singers in their midst, and made them sing to God pieces from the scriptures, of their own composing.

Many and dire are the misfortunes which are supposed to attend the non-removal of Christmas decorations before Candlemas—viz: February 2d., the Feast of the Purification. So many leaves are left, so many goblins will appear. They portend also a death in the house or family.

Many superstitions have been attached to Christmas. One was that witches were harmless—no ghosts were out. Shakespeare says:

No spirit dares to stir abroad—
The nights are wholesome then;
No Fairy tales, nor witchcraft power to charm,
No hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

The old Puritans set themselves against Christmas observances of all kinds. In the blue laws of Connecticut all celebrations of Christmas are prohibited. There are still those in New England who think it a sin to celebrate Christmas, have Christmas trees or make presents, but this prejudice is fast wearing away with time.

It is considered lucky for Christmas day to fall on Sunday, and unlucky to fall on Saturday. The former it is said, brings great winds, but a fair and dry Summer; and the child born on that day shall be a great lord. The latter betokens a severe, tempestuous Winter, a failure of fruit and corn, a wet Summer, the death of old people and of children born that day.

The mistletoe has many a legend and superstition attached to it. The maiden who receives no kiss beneath it at Christmas time must not hope to be married with the year. Clinging as it does, to the oak, the favorite of the divinity Tutanus, the Druids ascribed many curative powers to it; and at the annual winter gathering of the priests, two white bulls were tethered beneath the oak while the mistletoe was cut with a golden knife. Its procreations, being ascribed to the mistle thrush, which feeds upon its berries. It is but rarely found on the oak now—far more frequently on apple trees—and most of that imported into London comes from Gloucestershire and Worcestershire.

The Christmas yule log dates from Scandinavian feasts in honor of the God who raised their huts to it as a light in, and, as the fire burned, the liquor bubbled in the wassail. The reservation of this Christmas log was deemed an effectual security against fire. It was considered a bad omen if a squinting person, a flat-footed woman or anyone with bare feet, entered while it was burning. It ought to be lighted from a brand of the preceding year's log. Herrick writes:

"Part must be kept where'th to tend
The Christmas log with here,
And where 'tis safely kept the head
Can do no mischief there."

A VERY ACCOMPLISHED PRINCE.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes: "I hear wonderful accounts of the linguistic aptitude and achievements of the Crown Prince of Portugal, who is only a few weeks over twenty years of age. He has already acquired a private library of some 40,000 volumes, containing many rare and precious editions of the leading authors of the world. But he promises, in addition, to develop into the Mezzofant of his age, for he not only speaks English with competent facility, after no more than two years' study, but converses in fourteen languages, so that he is the master approximately of all the languages of Europe."

HOLIDAY FASHIONS.

Dresslike Cloaks:—Bunchings—Opera Toilets—Arranging the Hair—Jewelry—Gloves—December—Notes.
The complexion taken on by newly imported cloaks gives a broad hint of the way we are traveling. A way of puffing and bunching, dresses are pulled and bunched, and cloaks to be worn over them must take character therefrom. Many are fitted in to the waist, apparently to show off increasing complications below, while skirt-like plaitings and combinations, not only of material but colors, render these new garments dress-like in the extreme. In dresses the chosen field for bunchings and puffings is the upper half of the skirt and here such fantastic tricks are played as might put the Heathen Chinee to the blush. For slender belles a seasonable refuge, but for the plump causing horrid complications. Bunching in the first degree is an affair of magnitude. The catching of four or five breadths of train in a single or double pouf at the back is a feature, yet a train is by no means necessary for a bunch. Far from it, and numerous short costumes show puffings on the upper half of skirts that to say the least result in curiosities of contour. Our sole consolation is that the adoption of these styles is not obligatory. Even the sober-minded however are beginning to wonder if their drapery stands out enough in the back, and call in bustles to their aid: the newest and best invention being the Novelty Flexible bustle, which is the most graceful of its kind and one that does not get out of shape.

Ordinary mortals
AT THE OPERA
must roast that the half-clad fashionable may be comfortable. There especially one sees lovely brocaded dolmans, where white or delicate colors vie with red or flaunting yellow. Beauty when divested of them shows occasionally bare shoulder, while bare arms or arms covered only by kid are common sights. Flowers are extremely popular, from a glowing bouquet of a dozen or more roses to a delicate spray or bud, while in the manner of wearing there is an equal liberty; some being set high on the shoulder, others at the waist, at the throat or elsewhere. Heads are in equal diversity. The high coiffure is gaining on the low, but the low is still in high vogue, and shows not the least sign of "going." Yet the high is not very high, characterized rather by moderation; a small coil, a few puffings, etc., set well back from the forehead, while two or three occasional curls may dangle. Only occasional, however, and always short. In

FRONT PIECES
a very Tower of Babel diversity reigns. Belles peep forth like sky terriers, or calmly gaze from serpentine surroundings of *erect* *erect* locks; the bushiest of bushes stand upright over the forehead of others, while a few straggling frizzes may form a sole adornment. On a moist day one's own hair may be bound down by an invisible net, or if one has bought a front piece genuine of curled hair, she may fling it to the breeze assured it will curl all the tighter. At the opera one notices in jewelry that the lace pin is Babel-like in design as the front piece, and used with an equal lack of rule. It catches the lace which covers a Dowager's otherwise bare neck; with the same facility holds in position her grand-daughters shoulder-knot or draws together the folds of a thousand dollar shawl. Brooches, though not popular, are placed with the same abandon, while the medallion of yore can be utilized if provided with a pin. Bracelets jingle over long gloves and gloves are as long as ever. No more can be said, since reaching to the shoulder they can go no higher. But one sees a determination to show a pretty arm, and though one must have a certain stretch of kid, a ten or twelve button length, yet beyond that, sufficient expanse is visible to show what might have been but for that wrinkled mousetraps, contrasting illy with a delicate toilette or a rounded arm.

DECEMBER NOTES.
Lace trimmed scarfs of white or pale colored silk maslin are thrown over the head when leaving the opera—Square, full fishes have bands covered with lace and straps of very narrow ribbon tied across the front.—Christmas and New Year cards are in great vogue as never and form fine displays in book store windows.—Broadway and Fourteenth St. to the culminating point of Lord and Taylor's famous bow window at Twentieth, is a blaze of holiday light and beauty.—Mme. Judie's costume of Nonpareil velveteen has a basque with pointed plaiting of broche; the front of the skirt also of broche velveteen with panier plaits crossing the sides and joining a full train caught in puff at the top.

A Question of History.
Great American Specifics, so extensively verified, will knock any pain clear into the middle of next week; as G. Washington remarked to Lafayette, "and don't you forget it."

DICKENS ON CHRISTMAS.

I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year.
Christmas is the only holiday in the year that brings the whole human family into common communion.
It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when his mighty Founder was a child himself.
I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.
The only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely.
Christmas is a time in which the memory of every remediable sorrow, wrong and trouble in the world around us should be active with us.
There are people that tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before dimmed and passed away; that the present only seems to remind them of reduced circumstances and straightened incomes—the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world, who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the 366 for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire—fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter and empty it off-hand and fill another and troll off the old ditties you used to sing, and thank God it's no worse. Look on the merry faces of your children, if you have any, as they sit round the fire. One little seat may be empty; one slight form that gladdened the father's and roused the mother's pride to look upon may not be there. Dwell not upon the past; think not that one short year ago the fair child now resolving into dust sat before you. Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—upon your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry, and your New Year a happy one.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

A pretty German legend of the Christmas time is told in many of the cottage homes of that country, suggestive of kindly impulse and unselfishness. It relates how, on one Christmas Eve, when the night was dark and the snow was falling fast, Herman, the charcoal burner, drew his cloak tighter around him and went to bed. He lay in the bed, while the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He was poor and worked hard to support his little family, and many were his cares and his trials, which did not, however, permit his kind heart to forget the misfortunes of others. Before he reached the little hut, where he had toiled at his work through many a day, he, on this stormy night, heard a low, plaintive call, as of a child in distress. Guided by the sound, he groped about, and found a little one, alone, and shivering in the cold, scantily clad, near the door of his own hut.

In reply to the kind man's tender words of sympathy at finding the forsaken child where it must needs have perished of cold and hunger, the little one could utter no reply, but spoke with beseeching eyes the gratitude he felt for his deliverance, as the good man wrapped his cloak around him, his shivering limbs and carried him to his cottage home.
"When he opened the door, he exclaimed, 'Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper;' and he led the new comer by his tiny hand to the blazing hearth, where he soon regained the needed warmth and comfort.
"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Let him share with us the gifts which Christmas Eve has brought;" in which children and all agreed.

How to Cook the Christmas Turkey.

A lady who is reputed to always have "good roast turkey," wrote out the following: "Unless it is badly soaked, never soak, wash, or wet a turkey, as many do. Indeed washing injures any kind of meats and fish, except those kept in salt brine. Carefully draw the turkey, and wipe thoroughly inside and out with a dry towel. It will thus keep longer uncooked, and be better flavored. If it chances to be a tough one, steam it an hour or two, as needed, before baking. If one has not a steamer large enough, as few have, it may be done in a wash-boiler, supporting the bird above the water on a couple of inverted basins, or suspending it by strings from the handles. My family has learned to like plain stuffing rather than the highly-seasoned, rich, indigestible dressing so much in vogue. I use stale bread, chopped fine, just moistened with scalding water, not to a mush, and add a little butter, salt, pepper, and, if desired, a small pinch of sweet marjoram or thyme; most like summer savory. After stuffing and sewing, fasten the wings and legs down closely with skewers or by tying with strings. Roast in the dripping pan without water. To keep the skin from scorching, baste now and then with a little water seasoned with butter and salt. Bake through uniformly to a light brown, avoiding browning or burning any part. A good oyster stuffing, when easily obtainable, is liked by many as follows: Drain off most of the liquor from the oysters, season with sufficient butter and pepper and roll them in cracker and bread crumbs. Fill the cavity of the turkey entirely with these."

WHAT A PITY
that so many otherwise attractive, polite and particular people afflict their friends by the foul and disagreeable odor of their breath, it is mainly caused by disordered digestion and can be corrected by removing the cause, by using that pure medicine Sulphur Bitters—*Health Magazine*.

JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Stomach, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER ACUTE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., VALLEY CITY, N.D.
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SAMARITAN NERVE

NEVER FAILS.
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits—
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness—
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured. Equalled by none in delirium of fever—
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness. Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation. Eliminates Bile, Catarrhes and Scalds—
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing cause. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it—
Restores life-giving properties to the blood—
Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders—
Reliable when all opiates fail—
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded—
Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading physicians in U.S. and Europe—
Leading clergymen in U.S. and Europe—
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror—
For sale by all leading druggists. \$1.50—
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co., Props., St. Joseph, Mo. (2)
Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE 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 possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians can do so by writing in plain manner a description of their disease, and appropriate remedies will be forwarded immediately. All correspondence strictly confidential, and will be returned if desired.
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CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (the Internal and External use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure you out of them. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

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It is a well-known fact that most of the Hens and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless. That Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. It has, on a long trial, been found to be the best. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. We furnish it in 2 lb. cans, price \$1.00 per can and \$1.00 per lb. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

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TRADE MARK. An undiluted TRADE MARK. A sure cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomach, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER ACUTE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS. Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

BEFORE TAKING. Pain in the Back. **AFTER TAKING.** Pain in the Back. Diphtheria, Erysipelas, Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.
On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper only genuine. 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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was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause, the entire fulfillment of its promises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.
The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dandruff, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N.H.
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Ladies or Gentlemen requiring medical advice or treatment, arising from any private cause, would do well to consult this office 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 cannot personally consult the Doctor can do so by writing in plain manner a description of their disease, and appropriate remedies will be forwarded immediately. All correspondence strictly confidential, and will be returned if desired.
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THREE TRAINS each way between CHICAGO AND THE MISSOURI RIVER.
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All Through Passengers carried on Fast Express Trains.
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Has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit.
CURES
COLD IN THE HEAD, IS NOT LIQUOR OR SNUFF

When absorbed it effectually cleanses the nasal passages of virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, prevents the membrane of the head from additional colds, completely breaks the force 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—stamps received. Sold by all druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Oswego, N. Y.

WANTED
Male or female agents to sell Turkish Balm. Address E. S. Frost & Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THOMASTON.

Church societies are numerous and frequent. Guess on the weight of the doll at Gill-chest's.

Hon. E. K. O'Brien went to New York last Thursday.

Chase Lenfest is at his father's house on Dunn street.

William H. Hatch has been in Boston since Thursday last.

J. Edwin Walker attended the Commandery ball at Bath last week.

Capt. William O. Masters is absent visiting in Boston and New York.

R. H. Conner will teach a singing school at the old church on the hill at Mill River.

Misses Eve and Addie Liscomb will pass the winter with their father at Sedgewick.

D. J. Starrett and wife are on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Harris Coates, Boston Highlands.

The High School dramatic has been deferred on account of the sickness of one of the scholars.

Capt. Edwin S. Smalley and wife and Miss Flora Watts are in Provincetown, Mass., visiting relatives.

A large petition has been presented to the selectmen, asking them to appoint Eli M. O'Brien supervisor of schools.

Master Alfred W. Matthews, son of O. D. Matthews, has a neat little camp built near the residence of Isaac Matthews, West Main street.

Charles A. Thompson, of Round Pond, brother of Mrs. J. E. Mears, sent a nice lot of fish to Major Delano, Mr. Mears, and C. H. Gloyd.

There will be a sale of useful and fancy articles at the Methodist vestry Wednesday afternoon and evening. Also an entertainment of vocal music, readings, recitations and music by the M. G. R. Club, and by the Young America band. Evening admission 10 cents.

It evidently depends upon a man's individual tact and efforts whether he will succeed or not. Such indeed is the case in regard to Thomas C. Stackpole on Green street, who, from a small beginning has worked up a large trade in the furniture business, and is now putting on quite an addition to his building, an increase of trade demanding it.

Rev. G. P. Matthews has had a call to become pastor of the Baptist church in Brunswick, and has accepted the position. He will preach his last sermon as pastor of the Baptist church in this town next Sunday. Dr. Matthews has been here the past nine years, and he and his wife have many friends, who will regret their departure.

Still greater anxiety is felt for the safety of the bark Minnie M. Watts, Capt. Edwin Watts, who sailed from New York for Portland, Oregon, May 12th last. She has now been out 220 days. The captain has his wife and three children with him. His oldest son is mate of the bark. His son Edwin is at home at the house of E. W. Robinson.

The Boston Post is one of the best commercial papers in New England, and is well calculated for our business men, largely engaged as we are in commerce with relations with all parts of the country, and in fact with the world. We have read the paper for many years, and upon financial, commercial and marine matters we always find the Post O. K.

A sociable was held at the Baptist vestry last evening under the direction of Miss Cassie Vinal. The pleasant features of the evening were readings, recitations, vocal and instrumental music. Piano duet, Misses Vinal and Putnam; sonata in D; reading, Sonnet Tucker; Nellie and Willie's Prayer; song, Eda Mills; Defton Woods; recitation, Fred Whitcomb; The Use and Abuse of What we Call Thin; duet, piano and violin, Putnam and Atkins; reading, Kate Robinson; The Ballad of Lady Lena; quartette, Misses Mills and Vinal; Will Watts and Trowbridge; recitation, Lucy Watts; Little Daisy's trial; duet, Fred Whitcomb and Grace Barber; Matrimonial Troubles; piano trio, Misses Putnam, Vinal and Catland; Fantasia, Scotch airs.

Our stores make the usual and attractive display of useful and fancy articles for the holidays. Notably among which is A. P. Levensaler, an elegant assortment of crockery and glass ware; C. Stubbins, silver and plated ware and fancy articles; C. C. Morton and W. M. Cook, dry and fancy goods, well selected stocks; Edwin Wash, toys and holiday cards; Geo. I. Robinson, books and fancy articles; and William E. Vinal, dry and fancy goods. There has gone a step beyond, and offers to the gaze of the admiring public a window scene from the well known and thrilling child's story—"Little Red Riding Hood." The ground covered with snow, the cabin laden with the contents of the charming little heroine of the story, who stands in the foreground with her basket of goodies for her grandmother, the woodman's dog following; the cabin laden with the contents of the charming little heroine of the story, who stands in the foreground with her basket of goodies for her grandmother, the woodman's dog following; the cabin laden with the contents of the charming little heroine of the story, who stands in the foreground with her basket of goodies for her grandmother, the woodman's dog following.

LIFE OF A CHINESE BOY.—Many people in Thomaston will recollect the little Chinese boy, Jimmie Robinson, whom Capt. Walter E. Carney and wife brought home with them in 1881. Capt. Carney and wife have just returned after an absence at sea of fifteen months, and in conversation with them we were enabled to get a history of this boy, which we think will be of interest to the readers of THE COURIER-GAZETTE, showing the exciting scenes which he passed through in his brief life. Mrs. Carney, who in the main relates the incidents of Jimmie's life, first knew this Chinese boy at Victoria, British Columbia, in April, 1880. He was cast away in a ship entering the straits of Juan de Fuca in 1879, and had been in Victoria up to the time they had met him. The castaway vessel was a British ship, Capt. James Robinson master. This captain got the boy in Hong Kong, who was given to him by an English officer. It has been said that both of his parents were massacred during one of the riots in Shanghai, this officer rescuing him and presenting him to Capt. Robinson for whom he was named. At that time he was (perhaps) ten or eleven years old. Capt. Robinson sailed from Hong Kong direct to Victoria. The vessel was wrecked as above stated, and was a total loss. All hands were saved. The mate swam ashore with the Chinese boy on his back. The ship striking suddenly on the rocks, they had only time to save themselves, losing everything else. The captain had this boy to look after his children, and going home to England overland left him in Victoria in charge of Dr. Thompson, a dentist at that place, who had an office boy. The boy's real name was Lo-chai-luan, but he continued to go by the name of James Robinson as long as he lived. He remained with this dentist three months, and then lived with a man named Crow Baker until he was attacked with rheumatic fever, when he went to the hospital in Victoria. After his discharge from the hospital, this Crow Baker not using the boy well, he ran away from him, and came to Capt. Clemons, commander of a tug boat at Victoria, who treated the boy with kindness, and placed him in the care of Capt. and Mrs. Carney at the time alluded to in the commencement of this article. Capt. Carney was then in the bark Mary G. Reed, of Waldotho. The bark sailed from Victoria for Valparaiso, South America, and from there to Philadelphia, the captain and wife arriving in Thomaston in June, 1881. Jimmie was then about 13 years old, very small but bright and attractive. When he first came to Capt. and Mrs. Carney he could not read, but Mrs. Carney took great pains to learn him to read and write well on board the vessel. In connection with her son George, who was with him on the voyage. The late Capt. George L. Carney (father of Capt. Walter E.

Carney) took a great interest in this Chinese boy, and did all he could to improve and store his mind with knowledge, paying particular attention to his religious instruction, taking the boy always to church with him. Jimmie preferred to go to church in the evening, for he said that in the day time the people stared at him so much that he did not like to attend at this time of day. He remained with Captain and Mrs. Carney until November, 1881, and then went to Milford, Mass., to the house of J. F. Daniels, whose son married Miss Louisa Nash, a cousin of Capt. Carney's. He remained with Mr. Daniels about a year, when he went to live with Dr. W. J. Clarke in Milford. During all this time Mr. Daniels and his daughter, Annie, paid particular attention to this boy and sent him to school. They did all in their power to make his life useful and happy. After going to the house of Dr. Clarke, both he and his wife were very kind to Jimmie. While at Dr. Clarke's he was taken sick with rheumatic fever, and although he had suffered from rheumatism through the winter, yet his case was not considered dangerous. He had been sick in bed after a week's illness, and the doctor was at the house at the time of his death. Mrs. Clarke was about to give Jimmie his medicine, when upon attempting to sit up he placed his hand over the region of his heart, saying that he had a severe pain there, and immediately expired. His death took place January 27th, 1883. His funeral took place from Dr. Clarke's residence, and his remains were buried at Vernon Grove Cemetery in Milford. Jimmie had great affection for Captain and Mrs. Carney and their children and for Capt. George L. Carney and his family. He frequently wrote to them, and his letters were models of clearly written English. He endeavored to learn all he could, and was very observing. He became strong in his attachments to religious duties, which at first appeared strange to him, but he soon learned its true relation to mankind, and became very earnest and devout in all the routine of attendance at church, Sunday school, and constant religious readings and prayers.

WARREN.

C. P. Payson is making an addition to his house.

The time for catching pickerel at South pond has arrived.

Alden Leach killed a spring pig recently, which dressed 375 pounds.

Mrs. Elvira Stevens has sold her farm and stock to M. R. Stevens.

Our traders have put in a good stock of holiday goods.

John M. Holt has been appointed assistant engineer of the fire department.

Will Smith, while at work in the woods last Wednesday cut his foot badly.

Whooping cough is said to have made its appearance in town.

Mrs. Hermon Mero, a widow lady, of this town has this fall killed 1,240 pounds of pork, viz., a hog which weighed 615 pounds and two spring pigs weighing 300 and 325 pounds each. The butchering was done by Benj. Little, who sold the above. She has also sold from two cows and one heifer \$140.55 worth of butter, \$5 worth of milk, \$24 worth of veal since March. The lady has done all her work herself having no hired help. Who can find a smarter woman?

APPLETON.

Allie Pease is sick in Dakota.

T. J. Gushie returned from Dakota a week ago.

Seth Carlin arrived from Dakota last Saturday night.

There was a sociable at Carlin's, Sat. night. The proceeds are to be devoted to the procuring of "more light."

The school in district No. 5 closed last Friday continuing only one week. The teacher was homesick. School in district No. 1 began December 10th and school in district No. 4 the 17th inst.

David Esanney Post G. A. R. held a camp fire Thursday evening. Speeches were made by J. O. Johnson, commander of E. H. Bradstreet Post, G. A. R. of Liberty, and by Messrs. W. H. Meservier and S. J. Gushie of Appleton. An appropriate selection was read by Dr. A. A. Gushie. A "big eat" and grand ball closed the exercises. It was a good time.

G. Mitchell's pig weighed 279 pounds. He says it was the poorest one he has killed. Edgar Butler's, killed the middle of November, weighed 314 pounds. Wm. Smith's pig, six months and thirteen days old, dressed 301 1-2 pounds. Lewis Sidlinger's hog was the heaviest one slaughtered in the vicinity for some time. He bought this pig last fall and kept him in the pen fourteen months. His weight was 390 pounds. Lewis thinks if he had kept him fourteen months he would have dressed an even 600 pounds.

ROCKPORT.

Dancing school commenced Thursday evening with about 13 couples in attendance.

Quite a number of young people attend D. F. Mill's singing school at Camden.

Capt. Metcalf, who erected the fish market at the west end of the bridge a short time ago, intends to open in a few days. The captain will without doubt keep a neat and well supplied market, and his efforts in this direction will be duly appreciated.

P. J. Carleton's horse ran away Thursday, while Mr. Carleton was attending to some business at the school house. The horse reached the stable with a few slight bruises, but the carriage resembled a picked up dinner.

The skaters have enjoyed themselves on the Lily Pond, the past week, the ice being some three or four inches thick.

HOPE.

Miss Minnie Barrett will teach at Hurricane this winter.

Mrs. Lucy J. Athearn is going to Boston to spend a part of the winter.

Pierre Barrett will attend the Commercial College at Rockland, this winter.

Fred Barnes will shut up his house and spend the winter in Boston, and his mother will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Louise Trainor of Rockland.

The stove mill near the town house, formerly owned by Isaac Hobbs, but recently by Rockland parties, was burned on the night of the 7th. It was insured for \$500.

Fire destroyed the building at Lincolnville Center, known as the cheese factory, on Monday night of last week. It was used as a vest factory by a Mr. Lane. The wind was blowing very hard at the time, and it was with much difficulty that the house of Mr. Hodges, opposite, was saved. Loss \$3,000; insured for \$600.

OWL'S HEAD.

Sch. Hume, Calderwood was in part the 15th inst.

Mrs. Amanda Hix visited friends at Timber Hill last week.

Sch. J. R. Bodwell, Tolman, sailed for New York the 15th inst.

Sch. Polly's masts were cut away at high water one day last week. She will be supplied with new ones.

Miss Hattie E. Dyer and Mary L. Maddocks have come to Medford, Mass., to work in a straw factory.

School at Timber Hill began yesterday. Addie F. Maddocks, teacher. School at the Head began Dec. 10th, Miss Cora Ames of Vinal Haven, teacher.

N. B. Maddocks sold live sheep to Albert Ames for \$3.50 per head. B. A. Emery has bought a cow of Wm. Hovey, price \$28. J. A. Philbrook has bought a cow of Fisk, price \$30.

CAMDEN.

Rev. Mr. Howard spoke Sunday morning on "Selfishness and Self-love."

Mrs. Clark has sold her house on Washington street to her son-in-law, Capt. C. H. Dow. The remains of Joseph Perry, a Camden

born man, who has been in business in Worcester, Mass., a year or two, arrived in Rockland Tuesday the 11th inst., by railroad and taken to the residence of Johnson Knight, of Camden, where on Wednesday the funeral services were held. The remains were taken to Mountain Street Cemetery for interment.

LIBERTY.

J. O. Johnson has been re-elected commander of E. H. Bradstreet Post, G. A. R.

If John Bird & Co. of Rockland can make it pay to sell goods in this village by shipping them to Belfast by boat and having them hauled out by team, how much better it would be to ship them to us directly by the Georges Valley Railroad. Try it.

The buildings on the plains in Montville, known as the John Wellington house, about one and one-half miles from this village, now belonging to L. E. Brann, were burned together with ten tons of meadow hay, last Friday night. The buildings and hay were insured.

The people are waking up all along the line on the subject of the Georges Valley Railroad. One man in Appleton says that he will put \$1000 into the proposed road. We have only to get one hundred and ninety-nine more like him, and the thing is done. We have several of them in Liberty.

Frank Washburn, formerly of the firm of Spur, Washburn & Holmes, wholesale grocers of Boston, but now doing the same kind of business at Bath, informs us that he can do business at Bath for about one third that it costs to do business in Boston, or in other words that post at McLeans Mills on Thursday evening. The affair was a grand success, about three hundred people being present. A fine supper was furnished the boys by the ladies of Appleton. The people showed much enthusiasm over the event, which shows that the boys in blue have a warm place in the hearts of the good people of McLeans Mills. Hon. S. J. Gushie, in behalf of the ladies of Appleton, presented Commander J. O. Johnson with a fine bouquet of flowers. The camp fire closed with three cheers for the Grand Army of the Republic, and three more for the Georges Valley Railroad.

CUSHING.

Alden Bradford has gone to Virginia to spend the winter.

Capt. James Thompson arrived home from sea Saturday night.

Capt. Oliver Page sold a piece of woodland to South Warren parties last week.

Miss Fannie Miller, who has been in Rockland some time, came home last Monday.

Capt. E. M. Maloney, schooner Silver Spray, arrived from New York via Boston, last Tuesday.

Isaac J. Rivers of Jamaica Plain, Mass., is visiting at Hon. F. C. Hathorne and A. R. Rivers.

William J. Jameson, a native of this place, now of Vinahaven, spent a day or two here last week visiting relatives.

Miss Clara L. Kerly has gone to Island Falls, N. H., to teach school, this winter. Miss K. has taken a great deal of pains to fit herself for teaching, and so far has given great satisfaction.

E. B. Miller, a former sprightly and newsy correspondent of THE C-G, from this place, returned from North Cutler Monday the 10th inst., where he taught a very successful term of school, and yesterday he went to Warren to commence another in Dist. No. 6. If he is as successful as the writer wishes him to be or as he deserves to be he will without doubt have a fine school.

The members and friends of the Sabbath-school at Broad Care are making great preparations for a concert to be held at the Free Church Christmas. From what your correspondent has heard of the program we judge they will have a very desirable concert. It will consist of music, dialogues, declamations, readings, etc. There are quite a number of very little children who will take part in it, who are most "cute for anything." The proceeds of the concert are to be used in replenishing their library. They deserve, and we hope they will have a crowded house. If stormy Christmas, the concert will be held the next fair night.

KNOX COUNTY COURTS.

Matters Transacted by the S. J. C. During the Past Week.

CHIEF JUSTICE PETERS PRESIDING.

At the September Term, which recently adjourned, three cases between Friendship parties, known as the Poland cases, were assigned for trial on the first day of the term now pending. These were the libel of Nathan W. Poland for divorce from his wife, Atilda E. Poland, on the ground of alleged adultery of the latter with one Hallet Hamlin; and suits for libel and slander by the wife, her name being given in the writs as Wilda E. Poland, against George W. and Stephen E. Poland, brothers of her husband, for falsely accusing her by word, and by letter to her husband, of the alleged adultery; and alleging damages for the estrangement and final desertion of her husband, alleged to have been caused by such accusation.

After the calling of the docket on the first day of the term, the question came up, which of the assignments had precedence. Mr. Mortland counsel, for the wife, claimed that the divorce case should be tried first, as standing first. Mr. Gould on the other side claimed that the suit against George W. Poland should be tried first as having been first assigned. The Court sustained the position of Mr. Mortland. Thereupon Mr. Gould obtained leave to amend his libel, and striking out the allegation of adultery substituted for it one of incompatibility. Upon the libel as so amended, the defendant ceasing to contest, a divorce was decreed.

This action taking the divorce case out of the way, a jury was drawn for the trial of the case for libel and slander against George W. Poland. The libel charged was contained in a letter written by the defendant to his brother Capt. Nathan W., and the slander is alleged to have been spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Geyer, the father and mother of the plaintiff, the charges made in each case being of such familiarity of Mrs. Poland with Hamlin as would imply the commission of adultery between them, and damages are claimed in the sum of \$5000. The defendant in his pleadings disclaims all malice; claims that the representations made to the parents were made in the interest of the harmony of the family, and to stop the scandal that had arisen; that the letter to his brother was a privileged communication, not published nor intended for publication, and that the representations made were true.

At the September Term, 1882, Hamlin was indicted for adultery with Mrs. Poland, tried, defended by Charles E. Littlefield, esq., and acquitted. The evidence presented for the state at that trial is substantially the same as that adduced at this term in justification of the alleged libel and slander, and consists

mainly of testimony that Hamlin was in the habit of visiting at Mrs. Poland's house, during the absence of her husband, who, formerly a master mariner, has for some years past been in business at Appalachicola, Florida; that he never came there during the occasional visits of the husband to his home; that his calls were made at unreasonable hours, and under circumstances calculated to excite the gravest suspicions, there being testimony that he was seen on many occasions to go there late at night, and that after his coming lights would be extinguished; that after he had been seen to go there during the day time other callers had been denied admission, no response being made to knocks or rings at the door; that he was several times seen to leave the house at a very late hour in the night, or a short time before light in the morning; and that he was a man of bad reputation for chastity. There was testimony tending to explain his conduct on some of the occasions testified to, and though upon the whole the jury could hardly have failed to believe that the evidence tended to show at least very reckless, if not guilty conduct on the part of the parties implicated, they were at least of opinion that it was not of such a character as would justify them in sending a man to state prison.

At this trial as bearing upon the question of the damages which the jury are to assess to make good her reputation, if they find that the writing and speaking of the defendant has damaged it, the defence are allowed to introduce testimony to show that Mrs. Poland has not sustained a good character for chastity, and a large number of the witnesses of the defendant, of whom there are some three dozen in all, are called on this point.

The scandal out of which the case has originated is probably the largest one which has ever arisen to disturb the relations which in all likelihood have existed, and which certainly should exist, in a town bearing the name of Friendship, and the trial naturally excites very great interest among the people of that community, very many of whom as witnesses and spectators have been in attendance. The testimony for the defence was finished yesterday forenoon.

The case is likely to be completed or nearly so today. The scandal is pretty well ventilated, but as Judge Peters remarked at the adjournment on Saturday: "We have been so long grinding the thing out that the grist is likely to cost the county a large price per bushel."

The Grand Jury Friday reported the following indictments:

Robert Anderson assault and battery, Eugene Blackington, attempt at arson, Raymond D. Robinson and Delora Smith—larceny, stole Berry Bros' horse.

Patrick Welsh alias Tewksley Welsh and Charles Dennis Claples—burglary.

Patrick Welsh alias Tewksley Welsh, aiding and abetting in burglary.

Geo. A. Lynde, Wm. F. White, Geo. Baker, James Sidelinger, James D. Weil and Lydia Weil, common nuisances.

Robinson, Claples, Welsh and Anderson were arraigned this morning. Robinson pleaded guilty and was sentenced to one year in Auburn jail, with alternative sentence of the same length in state prison in case of bad behavior. Claples and Anderson both pleaded guilty but their sentences have not yet been given. Welsh pleaded not guilty to both indictments and will be tried at this term of court. Delora Smith, who was connected with Robinson in the larceny case, is in the poor house at Bangor and will not probably be tried.

THE LARGE DOLL! IN OUR NORTH WINDOW WILL BE GIVEN AWAY

Every customer purchasing goods to the amount of \$2.00, in cash, will receive a numbered ticket, and on

The Evening of Dec. 24, the drawing will be held at the store, when the holder of the corresponding number will

Take the Doll!

We invite the attention of customers to our fine selection of

HOLIDAY GOODS! AND...

Christmas Cards.

A. R. MORSE & CO., 313 Main St. Rockland, Dec 18, 1883.

JUST RECEIVED 1000 BBL. FLOUR.

Shall sell at LOW PRICES to make Room for more that is on the way here!

It will pay you to get our Prices before buying. Have on hand the following:

Washburn, Crosby & Co's Extra Flour, Pillsbury's Best Flour, Neptune Winter Wheat Patent Flour, Forest City Winter Wheat Patent Flour, Perfection New York Roller Flour, Gordon's Best New York Roller Flour, Bridal Wreath Roller Flour, Newport Bile St. Louis Roller Flour, Planet St. Louis Roller Flour.

LOOK! Fresh Ground Wheat, Meal or Graham Ground at my Mill. Also Large Stock

Corn, Meal, Oats and all kinds of Feed. Wheat for Hen Feed.

Chas. T. Spear, STORE 329 MAIN ST. ROCKLAND, ME.

BENJ. WILLIAMS, M.D., Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence, Elm Street. Calls answered night or day.

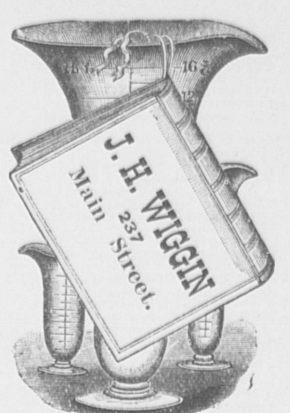
FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE. We have a superb Stock of

Fancy and Staple Groceries! FRUIT AND NUTS. Teas, Coffees, Cocoas and Chocolates, Flavors and Spices, Raisins, Citron and Currants, Fancy Family Flours, Fall and Winter Apples.

O. B. FALES & CO.'S, 337 MAIN STREET.

To Save Time is to Lengthen Life. I AM prepared to do COPYING on the TYPE-WRITER in a satisfactory manner, and at reasonable prices. C. C. CROSS. With COCHRAN & SEWALL, 219 Main St., Rockland.

HOLIDAY GOODS!



J. H. WIGGIN, Apothecary, AND DEALER IN—

Patent Medicines.

Respectfully solicits the Public Attention to his Large and Elegant Line of Useful Goods.

TOILET SETS A SPECIALTY.

We are still at the Front with nearly every desirable style.

Celluloid, Rubber, Florence and Diatite, in Leather, Plush and Leatherette Cases, at very Reasonable Prices.

Pocket Books, Letter Books, Note Books, Card Cases, Specie Purses, and Cigar Cases, A Larger and Better Variety than ever.

PERFUMES.

OF THE BEST MAKES, In Fancy Stands and Cases. Perfumes in Bulk a Specialty.

I have recently added several new and delightful odors, to my already Large Line.

Sachet Powders in Bulk. Cut Glass Bottles in every variety.

Hand Glasses. The Largest Line ever shown in Rockland. Celluloid, Ivoryoid, Florence, Rubber, Plush, Leather and Fancy Frames, with Hair Brushes to Match. A Large and Handsome Line of

Fancy Corn, Horse Hair and other Whisk Brooms.

NAIL SETS. Several Styles and Prices.

A LARGE LINE OF COURT PLASTER, In FANCY CASES, Hand Painted and Embossed.

TOILET SOAPS. Of various grades, Foreign and Domestic Manufacture.

A FULL LINE OF Druggists' Staple Goods.

J. H. Wiggins, Apothecary, 237 Main St., Rockland.

XMAS PRESENTS.

Christmas trade is booming.

The local entertainment season has fairly begun.

A good second-hand melodeon for sale cheap. Inquire at this office.

A great many rabbits have been slaughtered the past week by local sportsmen.

The New Year's masquerade is to be a big affair and costumes should be selected at once.

The city stores that usually are closed evenings will be kept open every night until after Christmas.

Thirty-one Friendship people were registered at the Lindsey House one day last week. The case in court was the attraction.

The Mechanics & Laborers Association hold their second annual ball this evening. Preparations have been made for an enjoyable time.

G. E. Torrey's make-up, as the "Wolf" in the operetta was so good that many little ones in the audience were frightened at him and cried bitterly.

The Steamer boys have made great preparations and are to have one of their most successful affairs, Christmas night. They always have a fine time.

The injury received by Miss Pond, from an arrow, as mentioned last week, was not so serious as at first apprehended and she is now almost entirely recovered.

Some eighteen or twenty con cats have been shipped to Boston from this city and vicinity within the last few weeks by express. These cats are sold to a Boston man who pays a good price for them.

The installation of the newly elected officers of Claremont Commandery occurred last night closing with a supper and social dance. The affair was confined to members of the fraternity.

The Methodist Sunday school are to have their annual concert and Christmas tree in the vestry of Pratt Memorial church, Christmas eve. The concert is under the direction of Rev. C. A. Southard.

The markets are getting in good supplies of poultry for the Christmas trade. One dealer expects some 600 pounds of turkeys. Turkeys will bring 20 cents; chickens and ducks 16 cents and geese from 12 to 14 cents.

"I could die happy if I could hear the Schubert Quartette sing once more," said one of Rockland's music lovers, last week. The Schubert Quartette give a concert here January 2nd, assisted by F. R. Sweetser, pianist. Thus we are sure of one musical treat this winter.

HORSE NOTES.—W. G. Moody has recently purchased a matched pair of chestnut horses in Newport, R. I. He has also added to his rolling stock a handsome two-seated side-bar manufactured by Henderson Bros., North Cambridge....J. S. Willoughby has an elegant team recently purchased in Boston.... Rufus Rand, who formerly sold horses in this city, and who failed last year, was arrested at Toronto Thursday upon an indictment found in New York for the larceny of \$3,300 from John B. Doerr, a creditor.

The recent warm weather has been remarkable for the season. Instead of snow and frost December has brought this city little save mud and wet—and the mud, dear brethren, has been of the nastiest and most profound. Ex-Mayor Wiggin, authority in such matters, informs us that a parallel mild season hasn't been known since 1837, in which year so mild was it that the earth on the southern slopes of Dodge's Mountain was in good plowing condition Jan. 1st. However, a cold wave struck down upon us Saturday and snow and ice now abound.

Capt. Fanjoy of Schooner Seattle, of St. John, N. B., was brought here Saturday evening in an unconscious state, the result of a blow in the head. The schooner was bound home from Boston where she had discharged a cargo of wood, and was loaded with grain, corn and flour for the home market. While jibing the mainsail just off White Head, Thursday afternoon, a cleat was torn off by the swinging of the boom and hurled with tremendous force, striking Capt. Fanjoy in the left side of the head, knocking him senseless. The mate brought the schooner to this port. The wounded man was carried to the saloon of Z. F. Higgins and medical aid summoned. The surgeon found the man in a senseless condition suffering from the effects of the concussion. He has not recovered his senses yet and the chances are about equal for his recovery or death. The Seattle has been shipping wood for A. F. Crockett & Co. and the captain is well known in this city.

An article on the part of the Mechanics and Laborers Association with reference to the present status of the lime business in the city is printed in another part of today's paper. We are not disposed to criticize either the article or the relations of the Association to the lime manufacturers, but one point in this communication strikes us as a little erroneous. We refer to the statement that lime is worth today as much and commands as good a price as it did last summer when the market was booming. Mr. Gurly, himself a manufacturer, informed us last evening that his latest advice from New York stated that there were 31,000 barrels of lime unsold in that market, and that there was no demand whatever. The market is dead and time has no sale. Only four kilns are now running in the city—three by the Cobb Lime Co. and one by Perry Bros. These simple statements prove at once that the lime market is in a state of the greatest depression. When the kilns were shut down, the Cobb Lime Co. had 27,000 barrels in their sheds. It is no object for them or any other manufacturer to continue on this state of the market. The kilns now running have men hired at \$1.50. The manufacturers say that is every cent they can afford to pay. The association says there is no strike upon its part—its men simply refuse to work for less than \$2. The various points involved in the communication have all of them two distinct sides which thinking men will dwell upon carefully. A conflict between capital and labor in our city is to be in the widest sense deprecated. Bitterness on either side is a most unfortunate thing to have arise. Every fair-minded man will be glad to see the laborer receive large wages, and every right claim belongs to him; and every such man knows that the employer as well has rights that should be held in respect.

The show windows of E. B. Hastings have a unique display.

J. W. Covel of this city has been granted a patent for a tobacco cutter.

The Christmas concert at the First Baptist church next Sunday evening will be a pleasing affair.

This copy of THE COURIER-GAZETTE will require two cents postage if sent by mail. Bear this in mind if you mail copies to friends.

The ladies of the Freewill Baptist society give a levee, apron sale and fair Thursday evening. A musical entertainment will be given and numerous attractions offered.

The Methodist Sunday school are to have their annual concert and Christmas tree in the vestry of Pratt Memorial church, Christmas eve. The concert is under the direction of Rev. C. A. Southard.

At the meeting of Gen. Berry Lodge, No. 8, Knights of Pythias, next Thursday evening, nomination of officers for the ensuing term takes place. Work is also expected in the first and second degree. Every Knight is requested to be present.

January 15, 1884, the Rockland Band is to give a gift concert and levee and all should bear it in mind. The band kindly furnished an out door concert afternoon and evening for the operetta of Little Red Riding Hood and played in fine time and tune.

During the coming week the stores will be thronged with holiday buyers. If our readers would be guided in their purchases let them consult the advertising columns of our paper. Therein they will find the names of the most enterprising business houses. Those who have the best stocks as a matter of course have advertised them. The streets will be unusually brilliant during the week and will present a sight worth witnessing. Let everybody in the city and all our readers in the outlying towns fail not to pay our city stores a visit.

POLICE NEWS.—The janitor of the First Baptist church on entering the building at a late hour Thursday evening to attend to the fires, found it occupied by four boys, who had entered through a window for the purpose of enjoying the refreshments after the social. The boys were arrested the next day, brought before Judge Hix and fined \$1.40 each. Their names were James Dunham, Al. Titus, George Colburn and Al. Sewall....A rough looking tramp from Newfoundland was picked up the other night by officer Bramhall and placed in the lockup for shelter.

Remember the ball to be given by the steamer boys Christmas night, Dec. 25th, which promises to be one of the finest affairs of the kind ever held in Rockland. The company have extended invitations to the R. G. L. Conner, Eureka and steamer Cos. of Thomaston; the Tigers of Warren, and the companies in Rockport and Camden, and all are expected to be present. They have engaged a quadrille band of six pieces to play for dancing. The companies are always ready and willing to respond when duty calls. Let citizens show their appreciation of these services by giving them a full house.

THE CHURCHES.—Rev. Mr. Philbrook's seventh and last lecture in the current series will be given in the Church of Immanuel next Sunday evening. Subject: "The Land of the Pilgrims, and some of its lessons and results." The day marks the anniversary of the first Sunday passed by the pilgrims in this country....The singing at the Pratt Memorial church Sunday under the direction of Albert Smith was unusually good....The Christmas festival will be observed at the Congregational church next Sunday. A sermon appropriate to the occasion will be preached in the morning; and an elaborate musical program will be given. In the evening the pastor will lecture upon "The Palace Beautiful....Rev. F. J. Bicknell preached at the Freewill church Sunday morning and evening.

The jail at the Court House is now occupied by Tooksey Welsh and Dennis Chaples, indicted for burglary. Robt. Anderson, indicted for assault; on Officer Bramhall, and R. D. Robinson, for larceny of a horse from Berry Bros. Chaples states that he intends to make a confession of the whole matter and expects to get one year in prison. He expresses himself as very sorry for his actions and that it was a good thing that he was apprehended, since if he had not been he very likely would have been into something more serious. Chaples is a smart young fellow. Yesterday afternoon he gave the officer a specimen of his agility. The prisoners were allowed free access to the outer apartment in front of their cells. Chaples said that he could escape from that room. The officer told him to try, and Dennis clambered up the wall, in through the ventilator and poking his head up through the register in the room of the Register of Deeds, saluted that astonished official, who was present. The prisoners are now locked up in their cells at night. Robinson, who belongs in Thomaston, seems to care very little for his position. Welsh expresses ignorance of the whole affair of which he is accused. Anderson is a brutal looking fellow and seems unconcerned.

The operetta of Little Red Riding Hood was given as advertised last week. The matinee in the afternoon was fairly attended, but in the evening the house was packed. The affair passed off very smoothly and was enjoyed by the audiences, who were very enthusiastic in their applause. Miss Carrie Wadron as Red Riding Hood, was wonderful. Though only eight years of age, her acting and singing could not be surpassed by many older and more experienced artists. All of the soloists were well received. Mrs. Spear, who took the part of Mother at very short notice, on account of the illness of Miss Pond, acquitted herself admirably. The singing of the little ones astonished all and the appearance of the Blue-bells and Fairies brought down the house. The pony scene was one of the cutest in the entertainment. Rose, Buttercup, Roy and Robin took their parts splendidly. The success of the affair is due to the hard, efficient work of Miss Pond, who certainly is admirably qualified for such labor. The miscellaneous program gave good satisfaction. Miss Fosset's selections were difficult and showed study. The rendering of "Money Musk" was good and was heartily enjoyed. Miss Lillian Sprague kindly consented to sing a solo to help fill up the places in the program rendered vacant by Miss Pond's indisposition and executed her selections in a very pleasing manner. About \$230 was netted from the affair.

It is a pleasing recreation to the monotony of listening to an entertainment to have the steam pipes in the hall begin to crack and snap, and just as the soloist is getting in his best work, to have the janitor of the hall open the stop-cock and let off steam. It encourages the singer and soothes the audience.

A small audience listened to the lecture by Rev. Dr. Hamilton, last evening. The discourse was very interesting. Every sentence was a thought. Flashes of wit, words of wisdom and inimitable skill in illustration held the attention of the audience and his closing remarks were received with feelings of regret.

There is to be a masquerade carnival at the rink Thursday evening under the management of the proprietors. Elegant and tasty costumes are being prepared for the occasion. The carnival is to be a select affair. There is only one thing more enjoyable than watching the maskers from the gallery and that is to form one of them and enjoy the fun.

The postmaster-general has issued the following letter to postmasters: "In consequence of the recent reduction in the letter rate of postage, postmasters are directed to exchange for the public as applications may be made the three and six cent denominations of postage stamps and stamped envelopes for others of different denominations." Postmasters are informed that under no circumstances must money be given in exchange for stamps or envelopes. Stamped envelopes will be exchanged at their full current rate. Stamped envelopes bearing printed cards and special requests as well as ordinary stamped envelopes are to be exchanged. Also stamped envelopes that bear printed addresses. Stamps and envelopes of issues prior to 1861 must not be exchanged.

A letter received here yesterday from St. George, states that two sailors, formerly part of the crew of the sch. Wm. Penn, Capt. Peter Dexter of that place, arrived in Thomaston Sunday and reported that the schooner was run into by an inland bound steamer. These two men took to sea in a boat and were picked up and carried to New York, and from there shipped to Thomaston. Of the fate of Capt. Dexter and the other sailor they know nothing except that the captain and the other man ran aft, which was the last seen of them. They state that the accident occurred about the 18th of November. Some doubt is felt about the truth of the story from the fact that the Penn did not originally carry a small boat. The Penn has been missing a long time as stated by us last week. It is to be hoped that if the above report be true, that Capt. Dexter and the other sailor may turn up safe.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Personal Paragraphs of More or Less Interest to Our Readers.

Joseph Abbott is confined to his home by sickness.

Harry S. Lord is visiting his home in Brooksville.

G. F. Meserve played at the G. A. R. fair at Damariscotta last week.

Capt. Greenleaf Cilley has returned from a successful canvassing tour in Lewiston and Auburn.

J. D. May, of the firm of Spear & May, has been confined to his house the past week with sickness.

Hon. Thompson H. Murch, retail liquor dealer, Thomaston, has been petitioned into insolvency.

We are glad to learn that Collector Kennedy of Waldoboro, reported sick by us last week, is much better.

W. O. Fuller, Jr., delivered a poem at the opening of the G. A. R. fair in Damariscotta, last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. H. O. Hewett and son Frank have gone to Boston to join Capt. Hewett of schooner Delphi for a winter's cruise.

Miss Clara M. Farwell of this city has been re-elected one of the lady visitors to the Halliwell Industrial School for Girls.

Capt. Herendene and wife started toward home yesterday. They will visit friends in Massachusetts before proceeding toward California.

James R. Farnsworth, president of the water company is seriously ill with kidney trouble. Fears have been entertained of his death but he is now improving.

Wm. H. Harrington is to move to Ailton, Mass., in a few days to reside, and has accepted a position with Thurston, Hall & Co., the well-known cracker house, Boston. Rockland will be sorry to lose so popular a fellow.

A despatch received here Saturday stated that Thomas Tolman, U. S. A., son of Jeremiah Tolman, of this city, was dead. Capt. Tolman was a graduate of West Point and since his graduation has been stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where in all probability his death took place.

Wm. L. Torrey died suddenly at the residence of Dr. B. Williams last Tuesday. Mr. Torrey and wife came to this city last summer from California, to which state they removed in 1849. His wife was a daughter of the late Ephraim Dean of South Thomaston, and a sister of Mrs. Williams. Mr. Torrey was a native of Belfast and the remains were taken to that city for interment. He had been ill for some months, and his visit east was in search of health.

Capt. E. Wood Pendleton died very suddenly this morning at about seven o'clock. Mr. Pendleton was somewhat ill Sunday but was better yesterday. This morning however he was taken ill suddenly and expired before medical aid could be summoned. Capt. Pendleton was born in Hope in 1811 and was 72 years of age. He has till within a few years followed the sea and was a well-known and respected citizen. His death was caused by heart disease.

FURNITURE.—Palme has in stock the largest variety of Chamber and Parlor suites, Lounges, Easy Chairs, Book Cases, to be found in any one place in America. We cannot speak too highly of this immense stock of nice furniture to be had at very reasonable prices. This establishment packs and delivers goods very promptly, giving their customers the best satisfaction. Call at 48 Canal Street, when you go to Boston and see for yourselves.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, express our thanks to all who assisted, in any way, at the fire on Thanksgiving day; also, to the friends and neighbors who so cordially opened their houses to us. Special thanks are extended to Mr. J. S. Coburn, Capt. M. K. Willey, Capt. Freeman Hall and Mr. O. E. Blackington, for services rendered.

JOHN O'DONNELL,
MARTHA O'DONNELL.

SPEAR & MAY.

A Look Through Their Large and Elegant Christmas Stock.

Persons who visit Spear & May's establishment, and have any knowledge whatever of the immense stock of goods always carried by this firm, will appreciate and realize what is meant by the statement that the firm has this season added largely to its stock. It means that their large store is to be literally packed with the choicest of articles in order to supply the wants of their multitudes of customers. A visit to their store is almost as good as a trip to Boston or New York; and to give the entire stock a thorough inspection requires as much time as such a trip to the cities would need.

A BUSY SCENE.

Standing in the door, of an evening, and looking down the length of the well-lighted store between the long line of counters and cases, the gleam and glitter of silver ware, the cases and shelves filled with brightly colored books, the walls lined with fine engravings, and the crowds of customers waited on by attentive clerks, make an interesting and inspiring sight.

The first case on the left as you enter is filled with an assortment of elegant fancy articles, beautiful and costly figures in Parian marble and bisque, plush goods, toilet sets and perfume cases of ingenious and artistic design. One combination case consisting of a toilet set and jewel box is especially fine. Here are several of those brass fire-sets, which are having such a ready sale. One corner of the case is devoted to deer-foot paper cutters, ranging in price from fifty cents to four dollars. A plush album in crimson, mounted, worth fifteen dollars, occupies a prominent position.

The second case on the left is filled with samples of scrap books, albums, etc., of which a very large stock is always on hand. The next case on the left contains cutlery of the finest make, and of all styles and descriptions. The next case has cases and picture frames of all sizes and shapes. Beyond this on the same side is a large case devoted entirely to Christmas and New Year cards. The cards this year are very beautiful, and those wishing for elegant specimens can easily make a selection from this lot, ranging in prices from two cents to two dollars. Some of these cards are very elaborate and highly colored. It is worth while to feast one's eyes on these artistic productions. The manufacture of these cards has assumed great proportions and some of them are most exquisite.

The first case on the right as you enter is filled with rings, gold and silver watches, gold chains of every conceivable degree of richness and design. The assortment of rings is particularly complete. Diamonds, Rhine stones, amethysts, opals, rubies, pearls, sapphires, cameos, in many unique and beautiful settings are there in bewildering variety. The great rage now is for tiger's and cat's eyes, and a stock of these is on hand. There is an especially fine line of bracelets and chains.

The second case contains a full line of plated ware, knives, forks, spoons etc. stamped with the firm name and made expressly for them.

The front center case is filled with a variety of fine silver and plush wares, several unique perfume cases being especially noticeable.

In the extreme rear of the store are two cases completely stocked with heavy silver ware, tea sets, celery dishes, goblets, pickle jars, in fact everything one can imagine. The supply of silver ware and jewelry is unusually large and rich, even for this firm to carry.

The center of the store is taken up with a long table loaded down with an immense collection of books, pleasing alike to old and young. The Widawake series, the Nursery, Chatterbox, The Knockabout Club and others pleasing to the little folks occupy one part of the stand. On the other are complete sets of Scott and Dickens ranging in prices from \$8.50 to \$20. "Gueni" by Blanche Howard, "Beyond the Gates" by Mrs. Phelps, Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" and "A Family Flight" by E. F. Hale and Mrs. Susan Hale are among the stock and in great demand. The firm buys largely of Cassell & Co's books. A large stock of bibles in all desirable sizes and styles of binding can be bought here, from the little pocket testament to the great family bible. Some of the most elegant volumes ever seen are Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Dante's "Inferno" illustrated by Gustave Doré.

The toy department is in keeping with the rest of the store. Toys of all descriptions are here found in profusion and confusion. Yankee ingenuity has here an exhibition and the products of brain and jack-knife are heaped up in stacks. Doll's houses, steam engines, banks of all kinds are here from "The bull dog on the bank" to the "Heathen Chinee on his back." To examine all the toys would require days and the store is crowded with children who go in there to feast their eyes on the different articles.

The largest assortment of French clocks in the city is to be seen here in prices ranging from \$15 to \$45.

Spear & May are sole agents in this section for the stationary and groups of West of Chicago. These groups have had and are having a large sale. Some of the finest are "The Hunters," a magnificent thing, "The Two Wonders," "At the Seaside," and "The Two Brothers."

Some very fine engravings are upon the walls of the sale of which this firm makes a specialty. Among the best are "Priscilla," a Roman interior, very fine and valued at \$25, and "The Mithraic Bait."

The largest assortment of albums ever brought into this city are among the stock. These albums are bound in leather, morocco, and alligator and in both plain and fancy covers. Some of the designs for album covers are very elaborate with embossed flowers, hand worked silk and other styles of ornamentation.

A few of the articles of Spear & May's large stock have been outlined. No attempt has been made to enumerate half of the different articles for sale here. The best way to find out what they have is to drop in and see them.

No mention has been made of the large jobbing business done by this firm. A team is kept on the road constantly and within a radius of fifty miles, the name of Spear & May is proverbial for fine goods and better bargains. This jobbing business is almost entirely in dry goods supplies, hosiery, thread, corsets, and stationery, of which they keep an immense stock, constantly on hand. They are the largest buyers of paper hangings, of any retail dealers in the state. The jobbing business has begun to assume large proportions and promises well for the future.

A careful reading of this brief summary will enable one to visit their establishment and appreciate to a certain extent the immense stock on hand.

These goods are always placed where they can be seen and people are invited to call and examine. A business concern doing so large a jobbing and retail trade is a credit to any place, attracting as it does so much business here. It is safe to say that no house in the state shows so large, varied and complete a holiday stock as do they.

Births.

Rockland, Dec. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Hopper, a son.
Rockland, Dec. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. George C. French, a daughter.
Rockland, Dec. 3, to Capt. and Mrs. Miller Pratt, a daughter.
Deer Isle, Dec. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Crockett, a son.

Marriages.

Rockland, Dec. 15, by Rev. J. J. Blair, John W. Knowlton and Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, both of this city.
Rockland, Dec. 12, Othello M. Doty and Miss Addie Wood, both of this city.
Camden, Nov. 29, Llewellyn H. Young and Ella A. Wellman, both of Camden.
Washington, Dec. 15, by Rev. F. Howard, Artwell Keene, of Washington and Nancie E. Cunningham.
Washington, Dec. 16, by Rev. F. Howard, Nelson Stevens and Laura E. Hixler, both of Washington.
Lynn, Mass., Nov. 30, Benjamin A. Post, of Knox, Me., and Frances Jane Keller, of Lynn, formerly of Camden.
Rockport, Nov. 29, Glen J. Tribon, M. D., of Washington and Nancy J. Ingraham, of Rockport.

Deaths.

Rockland, Dec. 11, Abram S. Jones, aged 39 yrs., 9 months and 15 days.
Rockland, Dec. 11, William L. Torrey, aged 64 years, 10 months and 17 days.
Rockland, Dec. 11, Mary L., wife of Charles L. Demuth, aged 32 years.
Rockland, Dec. 17, Lizzie A., daughter of Wilbert and Mary J. Boynton, aged 15 years, 2 months and 1 day.
Rockland, Dec. 18, Capt. E. Wood Pendleton, aged 72 years.
Boston, Dec. 15, at residence of G. S. Bean, Miss Abbie E. Gerrish, of Auburn, aged 33 years, 1 month and 20 days. Remains taken to Auburn for interment.
Worcester, Mass., Dec. 1, Clemmie M., only child of Walter H. Small, formerly of Deer Isle, aged 16 years.
Kansas, Nov. 28, Celestia, widow of Miles Crawford, and daughter of the late Joseph Vaughn, formerly of South Union.
Worcester, Mass., Dec. 9, Joseph Perry, of Camden, aged 62 years.

CHRISTMAS!
Enormous Mark Down!

A. B. REILLY & CO.,

Announce to the public that they have on hand an unusually large and beautiful stock of

MILLINERY

Which they wish to dispose of before the season closes, and in order to do so, are selling VERY CHEAP.

Our assortment is as fresh and varied as it was early in the season. In FRAMES we have every thing desirable, and attend to orders with promptness.

Ladies who have not yet supplied themselves with their Winter Millinery, will find it to their advantage to examine our goods and prices before doing so.

A. B. REILLY & CO.,

311 Main Street, Rockland.

CHRISTMAS GOODS
—AT—
W. F. NORCROSS & CO.'S,
260 MAIN STREET, ROCKLAND.
ODOR CASES—Finest Line in the City.
Toilet Sets, Traveling Cases, Jewel Cases, Cut Glass Bottles.
50 different Handkerchief Extracts for sale by the oz.

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.

Information given at Smith's Music Store.

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

USEFUL GIFTS

.....FOR THE.....

HOLIDAYS!

.....AT.....

E. W. Berry & Co.'s

Fancy Slippers!

We have the largest stock, and most complete variety of these goods for Ladies, Gents and Children, to be found in any store in the city, bought direct from the manufacturers at the lowest cash prices. All styles and prices. Hand Embroidered Velvet and Fancy Leather Slippers, at prices from 75c. to \$3.00.

Fine Neck Wear

This line of goods we make a specialty of. We are the only concern in the city that buy these goods direct from the New York importers, and none of the patterns we show can be found in any store in the city. Our large and successful sales of the goods last season, induced us to buy a much larger stock of fine Neck Wear in French and English Satin, Silks and Plushes in the most popular shapes of the season. We have now in stock the largest line of Neck Wear east of Portland. Put up in neat Holiday Boxes, at prices from 50 cts. to \$1.25.

Silk Handkerchiefs
and Mufflers.

We have a big line of these goods just received, and have lots of patterns to be found in no other store in the city. We guarantee our prices on these goods as low as any in the city. Call and examine this elegant line before buying elsewhere.

Gloves & Mitts!

Kid Gloves and Mitts, Fur Gloves and Mitts, lined or unlined, in Spring, Rubber, or Fur Wrists, for Ladies, Gents and Boys. These goods we have in all styles and prices in the most popular shades, bought at the Lowest Cash Prices, and we sell accordingly.

Silk Suspend'rs

In all qualities. Put up in neat glass covered boxes. Just the thing for a Christmas Present.

Furs! Furs!

Ladies' Seal, Otter, Lynx, Beaver, Black Hare and Fancy Sets, Ladies' and Gent's Seal Caps, Gloves and Mitts in all grades. If you are in want of anything in the Fur line, give us a call and we will guarantee prices lower than same quality can be bought in Boston or New York.

A full line of Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods of all kinds. Agents for the "Curtis" Fine Hand Sewed Goods.

Any of these goods make useful, desirable and always very acceptable gifts. If you contemplate buying anything in this line, give us a call, as we guarantee to sell ALL goods as Low as the Lowest, and have no big prices for the Holidays, but sell all goods at rock bottom prices.

E. W. BERRY & CO.,

Oppo. Thorndike House.

JONATHAN.

STORY THAT TREATS OF SOME CHRISTMAS EVENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

BY F. S. RICKFORD.

North of the pleasant village of Ipswich, on a gently rising hill, stands the "horning mansion." It is a square, roomy dwelling, white, with green blinds, and a spacious yard on the south, opening to the main road, which comes up the hill, straight as an arrow, from the village. There is also a front yard, closed in with the regulation white fence, of huge posts and stout rails above and below, connected by slender cylindrical pickets. Two majestic elms stand as porters by the front yard gate, and a bulky gigantic willow hangs over the road, about half way across the unenclosed south yard first mentioned. At this willow the driveway from the barn divides as it enters the road, one path turning toward the village, the other up the road to go out into the country. The barn has a well finished front; a commodious martin-house, over-topped by a prancing horse in wood, for a weather vane, is securely perched on the front gable. The interior of the adjacent barn-yard is concealed from the passer-by, behind a high white fence. A long ell reaches from the house to the barn, at one end of which is the kitchen, at the other a carriage-house, and midway, a wood-shed. The farm lies along the road from a considerable distance above the house to a broad, deep, sluggish brook at the foot of the hill, where it intersects the road under a substantial wooden bridge.

Twenty years before the date when my story opens, this property was possessed by Reuben Thorning, who had lived with his wife for ten years at this pleasant home, without any children. But one Christmas morning a very small boy was invested with the rights of a permanent home with the delighted couple, without any bargaining about his board and lodging. This youth produced a great and sudden change in the atmosphere of the Thorning mansion, and indefinitely postponed the symptoms of old age that had begun prematurely to exhibit themselves in the quiet going pair. As the mite of humanity began to have a particular existence of his own, an entirely new set of wants and privileges was recognized by the happy father and proud mother. The time came length when it was really necessary that the baby should have a name, a period of much debate and many decisions, which were invariably reversed, and it began to appear that the child would have to bear as many names as an European prince, when it was agreed that he should be called Jonathan. This name was not adopted by either parent without much hesitation. His mother was persuaded to denominate her child by this old fashioned appellation, in consideration of the fact that her husband's father had borne it, and his grandfather, and so on, every third generation as far back as the ancestry of the Thornings was traceable; while Reuben would not have yielded even to this persuasive, had he not looked upon the significance of the name in the old family Bible, and felt thereupon convinced that the youngest was God's real Christmas gift to him.

The boy grew as boys grow on the home farms, strong in body, and hungry for an acquaintance with the world beyond his country horizon. He had but few playmates, his principal companion being a girl who lived a few rods down the hill on the opposite side of the road, in a house once very pretentious in paint and superlative pillars; but it was now become rather speckled, and the climbing ivy scarcely covered the vacant knot-holes and gaps in the decrepit old columns. Mrs. Colonel Craig, as she desired to be styled, found it quite impossible with her slender income to resist the tooth of time on her decaying dwelling, where she assiduously cultivated climbing plants of one sort or another and decorated the somewhat shabby piazza with a couple of old chairs painted bright red. She lived alone with her daughter, after the death of her excellent husband, the Colonel, which happened when the little girl was about ten years old.

A large pile of wood in the angle of the ell and barn was a conspicuous object in Farmer Thorning's door yard. One December morning the stout, curly haired hired man was chopping this up for the stove. Talking to himself somewhat louder than is the usual custom with soliloquists, he took no notice of a lame visitor who had hobbled into the yard, and selecting a warm sunny spot under the lee of the wood-pile, had established himself on a projecting log, ready to enter into conversation as soon as the chopper might be willing to edify some one beside himself. It was uncertain how long the lame man's patience would have permitted him to sit in silence, overbearing remarks which gave him a sense of embarrassment at listening to

what was evidently not intended to be heard, when he gave notice of his presence in a rather unexpected manner; a chip flew from the swiftly plied axe, and striking him on the nose with a smart tap, caused him to lose his balance and tip over backward, plunging into a deep bank of light snow which buried him quite out of sight. He uttered a short exclamation of alarm, but it was quickly smothered in the snow. The chopper heard it, stopped, looked about him, but the pile of wood and snow prevented a glimpse even of the disaster, so he resumed his work and soliloquy together.

"If the old feller had just let his cap'n gone on to Rome—"

"Samson! Samson! Halloa there! Won't you give me a lift quick!"

The wood cutter stopped again, stood up erect, axe in hand, and looked about him in bewilderment.

"What's wanted? Who is it? Where are you?" shot forth the interrogatives.

"Here!" Samson caught sight of a cane sticking up from the snow and waving about in the air, and sprang to help the cripple.

"Why, Jack Smith—how! what!" and the jolly woodsman went off into a succession of shouts of laughter, which seriously impaired his usefulness to the recovery of the diver, who contrived however to get his seat again.

"Well, let me brush you down a bit, Jack. You was just about the position Hannibal had 'em in, when his cap'n there wanted to march on to Rome."

"What is his name?" asked Smith, ready for anything that would make conversation.

"Hannibal."

"Hannibal what? What's his other name?"

"Didn't have any. But then, I didn't expect you to know anything about him."

"Sure 'twasn't Hamlin?" pursued the man on the log.

"No, I ain't sure 'twasn't Hamlin, for history don't say anything about his hind name—but he never saw the state of Maine."

"Isn't the man I was thinking of then, Samson," returned Smith with sententious deliberation. "It must be a distant relative, for it's such an uncommon name that his folks may have wanted to keep it in the family. But did you know Cadet—er—what'dyer-call him—was down to the widder's? Guess Jonathan's nose 'll be out of joint now, for they do say that he's crazy after Theo, and this cadet has the inside track sure, for the widder's crazy after him."

"Jonathan 'll have to do his own courtin' far's I'm concerned, and I guess it'll turn out for the best which ever way it goes;" and Samson cut a two-inch maple in two at a blow, as if to indicate that he would also cut off conversation on that subject as abruptly.

The lame man took the hint, but determined not to give up the prospect of a chat without one more effort to be social.

"There's a man with a lot of second-hand books has rented Bob Clark's back shop, and they say he is doing a driving trade. Just in time for Christmas."

"Has he got any ancient histories?" asked Samson with interest.

"Dunno what he has got, really. I heard Susie Brown, the school-master's girl, say that he'd a handsome set of Gibbet's Roaming Empire or something to that effect; and she said he had Abbott's 'Fredric,' but I ain't bookish enough myself to know whether it's history or fictions, or a leetle of both."

Samson stood in deep thought and calculation; so profound was his abstraction that he did not hear a voice at the door calling for some wood, till his friend aroused his attention to the summons. Obediently he loaded himself from the tips of his fingers to his chin, and staggered into the house. As he entered, a young man arose quickly from his prostrate position on the lounge, and raised the lid of the wood-box, into which Samson deposited his load with a loud crash, and speedily returned to the wood pile and the conversation with his gossip.

Samson's entrance had interrupted the tall young gentleman, who was delivering quite an oration in the sole audience of his mother. After the faithful servitor's withdrawal he went on in his half serious, half bantering way.

"So you see, mother, that I am like that remarkable sportsman in Mother Goose, who

Drew his bow

To shoot a crow,

And killed a cat in a window.

I most accurately miss what I aim at, and hit something I never thought of. First, I was all packed for going back to college last spring, and father's accident befell him, so that the whole charge of the farm came on me, and instead of getting a prize for a Latin oration I took the prize for the finest ox-team at our agricultural fair; and instead of digging Greek roots, I have eradicated all the stumps on that fifteen acre lot. Then when I had it all planned to go back to college again this winter, in comes the carpenter and must have his pay or be ruined this very month, so that father must take all he can scrape together for

him, and I must earn my salt at teaching at Squannicook, instead of studying in my own cosy den with the boys."

"And Theo?" asked his mother softly.

The young man's brow knitted for a moment, but cleared presently.

"Theo is a splendid girl, and if she wasn't so devotedly obedient to that hobby-horsical mother of hers, I would give myself no uneasiness; but the old lady is so bewildered by a uniform that I don't see how I could get her consent to my becoming a member of her family without joining the army or navy, which is not expedient for an undergraduate, you know: so I presume I shall miss my crow and kill my cat, as usual."

"Well, my son," said the loving mother, "there is another saying just as pertinent as Mother Goose's to your case: Man proposes but God disposes. I don't think He will let a lad like you make an utter failure of your life, either in love, study or business. Whether you 'hit or miss' you have at least the right to your father's praise, and he doesn't strain much after compliments. He said to me only yesterday: 'This year has developed more of the man and Christian in our boy than forty years in college could ever do; he is a real Jonathan—a real, genuine Jonathan.'"

"Well, mother," was the well-pleased response, "I'd rather have father's good opinion than any of the Prof's. But after all it's a rather equivocal compliment to be dubbed a real Jonathan, you know," he added laughing.

"Oh! but your father always takes your name in its Bible meaning, 'Gift of Jehovah,' so he never allows any one but Theo to nickname you. But go in and see him now, while I help Priscilla about dinner."

But Priscilla would have none of her help. She could get her work along all right, and she good-naturedly but firmly escorted the lady of the house out of the kitchen. Mrs. Thorning wandered into her own room and seated herself at the organ.

The front room was cheery with its open fire-place, soft, brightly figured carpet, antique mahogany furniture and well filled book-case, through the glass doors of which a store of well selected volumes were to be seen. Flowering plants on brackets at the windows prevented the gloomy impressions of winter from prevailing within doors, and a boisterous canary joined his piercing music with the conversation of other inmates of the pleasant and spacious apartment. Farmer Thorning had occupied this room ever since his accident nine months before, in which he had broken his hip, and received some mysterious internal injury from which he was recovering very slowly, if at all.

"I wish, Jonathan," said he, "you would have some of the neighbors in to tea to-morrow evening, as it is Christmas and it will do us all good to have a social time. Ask Elder Roundy, and the schoolmaster and Widow Craig and her daughter, and don't forget Jack Smith. He's a decent fellow, and a pauper by misfortune rather than by bad habits. We shall at least obey the scripture in asking one who cannot ask us again. We are not likely to exchange many presents this year, as money is so scarce, but we can have a social evening, so the day won't pass altogether unnoticed. Hand me the writing tablet and a pencil, and I'll send Mrs. Craig and Theo a note from my own hand."

"Do you know, father, that they have a sort of relative visiting them—a young West Pointer?"

"Ah! is that so? Well, that alters the case, then," said Mr. Thorning, laying the tablet aside. "No," he continued, taking it again, "rather than omit the good woman, I'll venture to ask the young man."

A queer feeling affected his son for an instant, but he repressed it and said nothing.

At the Colonel Craig mansion there was seated about the front room a very reserved and polite party, talking under the constraint which circumstances imposed upon them. Cadet Wintergreen was more used to conversation of a more trifling and dawdling character than suited the intelligence of his present listeners, and he felt an unusual bashfulness in relating the coarse behavior of his "chums" on the after-dinner exploits at hazing and general lawlessness, in which, in other company, he had gloried. He had come to see his aunt and cousin at the earnest solicitation of the former, and with a confident expectation of capturing the affections of his beautiful cousin. The cousinship was distant, but he concluded within two hours of his arrival that it would be the nearest relationship that would ever exist between them. There was a refinement about the young lady that extinguished his audacity, and he thought that if she would only be a little more cordial and approachable, he would exert his inert powers of fascination to more effect.

He had a chance to satisfy himself of this, however. A complete change seemed to come over Theo after dinner. Perhaps her mother saw how things were drifting, and had given her daughter a little motherly command to be

not so over-civil, and a little more frank in her conduct toward this embarrassed suitor. The advice seemed to suit the girl, or a spirit of mischief took possession of her. She presented herself in the drawing room after her afternoon toilet, looking twice as radiant and more irresistibly lovely. She was cordial now almost to boldness. The cadet was surprised and pleased; her mother was surprised but dubious. She felt rather than saw that Theo was ripe for pranks, and she detested pranks. So plebeian!

"Why cousin Dolph!" exclaimed the young hostess, with sudden animation, "I haven't asked you into my study! Just step right in," and she opened a door from the drawing room which led into a small apartment containing two old chairs, a small square table, a mantel shelf covered with shells, impaled beetles and moths, and an old book case filled from top to bottom with specimens of rock, bones, bird's nests and eggs, grasses, leaves and so on. Ushering her wondering visitor into this curiosity shop, she began to rattle away in the most confusing fashion. "Take a chair, please—oh, be careful! I declare, I believe you are stepping on that dead rat I had just begun to dissect!" Her guest retreated quickly two or three steps. "No, here he is," pulling the deceased rodent by the tail from behind some books on the table. "Sit down, please—but first let me take these snails from the chair. They are of some peculiar genus sent me from Australia by my Uncle; quite a trip for a snail, wasn't it? Here is a charming little snake,—no, where is he? There he is, right over your shoulder on the mantel." The young man edged away from the spot indicated toward the window.

"Isn't he a beauty! But he is harmless. That added upon the window-sill wasn't, though." Cousin Dolph moved his chair around side to the table so as to see the reptile from a safe distance. "But he's dead now. I put him there only for ornament; don't you think he is a great addition to the room? Here is a splendid batrachian—no, he must be in the drawer on that side. Won't you please take him out?—here he is now—how stupid I am!" And she extended her hand, across the table—her jolly white hand which Cadet Wintergreen thought could never have known the contact of anything common or unclean—loaded down with an enormous green frog! The cadet shuddered, but endeavored to exhibit an interest in the bespectacled monster quite opposed to the one he actually felt. "He is a very choice specimen which it took hours to catch."

"Did you catch the beast—the bug, the—er—the—er—creature, yourself, Miss Craig?"

"Oh, Jock helped me—I never could have got him alone," she said, putting the reptile into a dish of water, where he sat staring at the nervous cadet. "And Jock brought me some splendid spiders. Where is that large one? It is so troublesome that my pets will get away! Why, as I live! he is on your sleeve now, Cousin Dolph! Be careful please, and not injure him. Jock found him away up among the rafters in his father's barn. It is a perfect palace for spiders."

"I think your mother is calling us, Miss Theo," said the young man, as soon as he was rescued from the horrid insect.

"Well, we will go, unless you would like to look at a box of lizards and some leeches I have in a bottle. Do you enjoy dissecting, Cousin Dolph? I expect Jock will send me an eye from an ox they recently killed at the farm, and perhaps you would like to make a study of it?" The cadet's reply was unintelligible.

No other explanation of this curious scene is needed by the intelligent reader, than that Theo was an enthusiastic member of the freshman class in the G—Normal School.

Tea was ready in a little while, but the cadet had little appetite. Somehow food had lost its charms, and though the lovely Theo passed him the richly frosted cake, he thought of the frog, and only nibbled a morsel. The evening passed without much conversation, and pleading excessive fatigue, the cadet withdrew to his chamber at quite an early hour.

"Theo, I am ashamed of you," said her mother when they were alone. "If you didn't fancy him, you might at least have treated him decently."

"Why, Mother Craig," said the injured girl, "did all I could to cheer him up. You ought to have seen him jump when I found that precious spider on his sleeve. What a brave soldier he will be, mother. I s'pose he will go and fight the Indians and get scalped. How would you like me to have a husband without a scalp, mother? Not the smallest bit of hair on his cranium!"

"Oh, you'd rather marry Jonathan and spend your days in a farmer's kitchen—"

"Than take a bold soldier boy who can't talk sense to save his life, and is likely to return to his anxious family per-

forated with bullets, sans hair, sans teeth, sans ears, sans everything but glory and a pension. I don't know but I rather teach school and die an old maid than be compelled to spend my days with a man with a glass eye, false teeth, a wooden leg and a wig. I can look with entire composure on any of God's creatures as He made them, but I can't endure the p-p-etual vision of a mere fraction of a man!"

"There, Theo, stop your nonsense and go to bed! I'm enough disappointed in you both to spoil a week of Christmases."

Jonathan lay a long time on his bed in the south front chamber of the farm house, thinking over the subjects on which he had conversed with his mother. Everything seemed to have gone persistently wrong all through the year. It was not a year wasted in every respect, but all his schemes for completing his college course were demolished for the present, and the only hopes he had were founded on a success at teaching his first term of school in a small back country district. As for Theo—he was confident that in some way he would not lose her, but it was a confidence that he had never expressed to any one, or even put into words for himself. It was the confidence that all men, women, boys and girls possess in an over-ruling power; some call it fate, some providence; to Jonathan it was providence; so he felt that though the way lay dark in his future, yet a real light shone obscurely on it. He resolved to take up his work at Squannicook with resolution. A light struck on the muslin curtain of the window at the foot of his bed as this thought came into his mind, and he watched it as he continued his reverie. He believed that every light of providence, duty and religion, if followed, grows gradually stronger, that it was never weaker than when first perceived, and the only wise way was to have faith in it, until it became a positive guide; so the light on the curtain, which was first a glimmer, grew plainer, as if some one far down the road were approaching with a lantern. He watched the gleam, and it worked into his waking dream, and so steadily increased that he began to be hopeful beyond his wont. For several weeks past his faith wholly dispelled his despondent shadows as this lantern—flash! went the gleam on the curtain, his room was light as day; he jumped up and ran to the window, and behold, the roof of Mrs. Craig's house was in a blaze of fire!

Shouting the alarm, as he quickly dressed himself, he aroused the household in a few seconds, and bidding Samson to follow with a ladder, and Priscilla with pails and buckets, he was soon out of doors, and instantly at the scene of danger. A sense of horror almost chilled him motionless, as he saw that none of the inmates were moving. Putting his foot against the front door, there was but slight resistance to his onset, and in he sprang and in three bounds ascended the stair-case. From a child he had been familiar with every room in the doomed dwelling; and now he found his way in the dark and smoke without difficulty. The door to Theo's room was slightly ajar, and over his head the fire was loosening the plastering and sending down clouds of suffocating smoke. He called into the girl's room:

"Quick, Theo!"

"Who is it?"

"Jock; the house is all ablaze! Wrap this coat around you and take my hand." They threaded the dark passage and reached the lower landing in safety, where they were met by Mrs. Thorning and Priscilla.

"Where is mother?" inquired Theo hysterically. In response, Jonathan sprang up the dark stairway again, and quickly made his way to the old lady's chamber door. It was locked, but he broke it down with a blow, and called to the inmate, but no response was returned. A dense volume of smoke nearly choked him as the door gave way before him, and drove him back for a moment. Rallying, he pushed into the room, and saw the unconscious woman lying on the bed, which was quite surrounded with flames, and some of the clothing was just kindling as he seized the stupefied lady and undertook to carry her from the room. The smoke was now so dense in the passage that he could not breathe there, so he turned back with his load and rushed to a window overlooking the yard. The carpet was burning under his feet, the furniture was all aflame, the hot ceiling fell on him in large flakes, when, as he was about to drop his burden and yield to his dreadful fate, a ladder head was thrust through the window, and the draft of cold air, though it rekindled to a fierce heat the fire, yet blew aside the flame for a moment from the only way of escape. He lifted the helpless load he bore through the window, where it was received by stout Samson, and when he saw them safely on the ladder, not to hinder it with his own weight, he made a sliding leap to the ground.

About the same time that Theo was rescued, Priscilla emerged from the front door, lugging in her arms the half-dressed cadet, who had taken the alarm first of any of the inmates, but in his desire to make himself presentable to the ladies, had remained in his room till the stout and half-frantic domestic had burst in upon him and carried him out, struggling to get free, and protesting that he was able to save himself.

When Christmas morning dawned, the Craig mansion was gone forever; a few black sticks and the stone door-steps at the edge of the cellar, strewn with ashes marked its site alone. The snow had melted for a rod or two all around and was speckled and trodden in a strip beyond, then it stretched away beautiful, white and pitiless. The rising wind drifted it in again upon the sad marks of ruin, and obliterated them as much as possible, as if Nature in remorse would bury her own destructive work from the sight of man.

Up in the farm house of the Thornings there was the stillness of a hospital ward through all the forenoon. The village physician was summoned long before light, and attended to the wounds and injuries of those who needed his care. He found that Jonathan had broken his leg by his wild jump in the dark; and been bruised about the wrists. He could not discover any serious external injuries about Mrs. Craig, but she was very weak from inhaling smoke and cinders. Theo was busy under the direction of Mrs. Thorning, caring for the sick; and it was decided without much debate that she and her mother would remain there until they heard from distant friends; and the young lady said that she should stay there till Jonathan was well, if she staid forever; a resolution which lighted that young hero's face with a pleasure that did not fade from his countenance under the severest twinges of his broken limb.

But the evening party was not forgotten. The pleasant room of the invalid farmer was none the less cheerful because of the presence of other disabled occupants. Mr. Thorning sat in his invalid chair, nearly in the middle of the room; on his right within his reach lay Jonathan on the lounge, which for his convenience had been brought in from the dining room. Theo sat in a chair near his head, interchanging a word now and then with Jonathan and his father. Mrs. Thorning and her afflicted neighbor were talking by themselves near the window. The school-master and minister were discussing with each other the merits of the new schoolhouse, Samson had just brought in a large stick of wood, and was yet kneeling with it before the fire, when a knock was heard at the door, and in a moment Priscilla came in and laid two bundles and a letter on the table. The letter was directed to Jonathan.

"Open it, Theo," said he; "my wrist is so sore I can't use my hand." She opened it and held it before his eyes. He read it silently; the rest at the same time read delight and wonder on his countenance.

"John Smith has got his pension of back pay, and wants me to take two thousand dollars as his best investment. Oh, Theo!" and he actually kissed her, just as if she were John Smith himself. "Good by Squannicook, now for college! Oh h-h-h!" His broken limb drew forth the concluding exclamation.

"Samson, this bundle is yours," said Mrs. Thorning, picking up one of the packages. Samson got the wrapping off after a while, and to his gladdened eyes was presented a set of Gibbon. A card dropped to the floor, which Priscilla picked up and read to the company. "With the kind regard of John Smith, to his preserver, Samson."

"What have you been preserving?" asked Priscilla.

"Ho! ho!" roared Samson, "he was in a pickle and I preserved him!"

But before he could explain, curiosity demanded that the other package should be opened; this was addressed to Priscilla, who found a volume in bright blue and gilt entitled "Daring adventures of the bold highwayman Dick Turpin." On the fly leaf was inscribed, "To my heroic rescuer, Priscilla, with the grateful remembrance of Cadet Wintergreen." The cadet had called, in the morning, before taking the coach for his departure; and having returned to the hotel at which he had taken up his lodgings after the fire, purchased this book, with reference to its binding more than to its contents, and sent it to Priscilla. That determined woman took the inscribed leaf out very carefully, folded it and put it into her pocket, and then tossed the book into the fireplace, with the stern remark: "If you hadn't appeared to have more vally than your book, Mr. Cadet, I'd 'a' never pulled you out o' the fire."

"So these are the Christmas gifts," said Mr. Thorning. "Well, I have had one, more precious than you all, when, out of death's grip"—placing his hand on his son's curly hair—"I received alive my Jonathan."

"The Gift of Jehovah," responded the minister.

And then the Widow Craig, in the midst of the hushed company arose, and crossing the room to the place where Mr. Thorning sat, with his hand on Jonathan's forehead, placed his other hand on Theo's head and the girl's hand in her future husband's, and said:

"I am a homeless and needy woman, Mr. Thorning, but I have this one treasure to give, and I gladly add to your Gift of Jehovah, my Theodora."

"The Gift of God," interpreted the minister.

THE YULE FIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE
COURIER-GAZETTE.

BY M. E. H. EVERTT.

In the lonely hours of the silent dark
The yule fire burns with a steadfast glow,
And many a glimmering, ruddy spark
Wanders o'er the fields of snow.

Why blazeth the fire on the cottage hearth
While the household rests in quiet sleep?
"There is still a hope on this weary earth,"
The yule fire signals, that hope I keep.

"If any wake, they shall see my flame
Curl slowly up the dark wood fire;
Are any passing?—a blessed name
Shall comfort them all their journey through.

"Because of the morn, sweet and dear,
I pierce the gloom with shafts of light;
I bid ye all be of right good cheer,
For the merry morn is as sure as the night."

Then I said to my heart, "Our night is long,
We will kindle our yule fire very bright,
We will watch for his star with a thankful song,
God's day shall dawn on the darkest night."

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

A baby born on Christmas is appropriately styled a holly-day gift.

The poor tramp never hangs up his stocking—he doesn't wear 'em.

The same Saviour, whose birthday we celebrate, is the hope of the poor as well as the rich and the day should bring a store of happiness to all.

Let us assemble about the festive board on Christmas Day with joy and happiness. Let us enshrine the day in our memories and make it another star in our sky, while we enjoy the hospitality of our own home, let us remember those who are not blessed as we are.

"Christmas comes but once a year," and when it does come those who have the means should give liberally to the poor and needy, so that the festive season shall not be one of unrelieved misery to those whose lines are not cast in pleasant places. Many worthy persons among us are suffering from want. They should be sought and their necessities relieved. The street beggars are not those who feel the woes of poverty most. The greatest sufferers try to hide their wretchedness from the world. Christmas should not find the honest poor without something for which to be thankful.

Edmund Yates says:—"The American Christmas is purely due to Charles Dickens. When he invented or rather revived Christmas, the Americans took up the matter warmly. The celebration had long been made out in the States to be the festival of the winter solstice and a purely pagan affair. Dickens infused new life into it, and the Americans have taken Christmas at his estimate. Before that they had only three festivals—the Fourth of July, New Year and Thanksgiving. Christmas became the fourth and is now very popular among Americans, who delight in entertaining any Briton who may be among them."

Christmas is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners are in one's favor, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the use of stockings are unknown, and Christmas trees are hung with unfortunate travelers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the north pole, where the night lasts for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux can not distinguish Christmas eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's Birthday or Decoration Day.

THE BONANZA KINGS.

Speaking of the bonanza kings, a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* says:—"Flood, Fair and Mackay are brawny full-blooded men, with good color, heightened by good living and drinking. They dress carelessly and have all the California characteristics—free and easy in address, half fellows well met with all their friends. Sharon, on the contrary, could sit for a picture of a good Connecticut deacon. He is thin, angular, undersized, flat-chested, with straight, lank hair, whitened by age combed down smooth over his small head; a pallid face almost destitute of expression, and a monotonous tone adds nothing to the countenance. When he looks at you, however, you notice a pair of eyes as sharp as those of a weasel, and the quiet gestures show that the small body has a good deal of nervous energy. He always dresses in plain, black broadcloth, of ministerial cut, and this, with his white necktie and silk hat, adds to his clerical appearance. He is one of the best poker players on the Pacific coast."

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

"Christmas is coming the children cry,
Counting the weeks that are hurrying by,
Dear little children who live at home,
And do not guess what it is to mean
From morn till night, with stockings full of feet,
Up and down, through the ice and sleet.

"Christmas is coming!" thinks little Tim,
But what can the Christmas do for him?
His home is a cellar, his daily bread,
The crumbs that remain where the rich are fed.
No mother to kiss him when day is done,
No place to be glad in under the sun.

Th'at wonderful fellow, old "Santa Claus,"
Who never is late a moment, because
He is kept so busy with piling the toys
Into the stockings of girls and boys,
No wonder he sometimes forgets you know
Into the homes of the poor to go.

But, dear little children, you understand
That the rich and poor all over the land
Have one dear Father who watches you,
And grieves and smiles at the things you do,
And some of His children are poor and sad,
And some are always merry and glad.

Christmas will bring to you many joys—
Food and plenty, frolic and toys.
Christmas to some will bring nothing at all;
In place of laughter the tears will fall.
Poor little Tim to your door may come,
Your blessings are many; spare him some.

Ti' Christmas bell will sweetly ring
The song that the angels love to sing.
The song that came with the Saviour's birth,
"Peace, good-will, and love on earth!"
Dear little children, ring I pray,
Sweet bells in some lonely heart that day.

A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

The Red Sunsets, Cyclones and Earthquakes Foretelling Coming Disaster—How to Meet It.

The recent mysterious appearances following sunset and preceding sunrise have attracted wide attention from students of the skies and the people generally. During the days of recent weeks the sun seems to have been obscured by a thin veil of a dull leaden hue which, as the sun receded toward the horizon, became more luminous, then yellow, then orange, then red; and, as night settled down upon the earth, a dull purple. At first it was thought these appearances were ordinary sunset reflections of light but it is now pretty certain that they are either the misty substance of the fall of some unseen comet, in which the earth is enveloped, or a surrounding stratum of world dust or very small meteors. Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., has turned his telescope upon these objects and discovered what he thinks are myriads of telescopic meteors. If it is unorganized world dust, or decomposed vapors, as the *Democrat and Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., remarks:—"How is this matter to be disposed of? Will it settle and form a deposit upon the earth, or remain a partial opaque shell about the earth to cut off a portion of the sun's light upon it?"

Whatever the mystery is, there is no denying that some very strange forces are at work in the upper air. The terrible tornadoes and cyclones which have swept our own country, and the fearful volcanoes and earthquakes which have destroyed so many cities and thousands of people—the tidal waves which mysteriously rise and fall on coasts hitherto unvisited by them—the tremendous activity which is evident in the sun by the constant revelation of enormous spots upon its surface—all indicate unusual energy in the heavenly bodies.

These circumstances recall Professor Grimmer's prophecies that from 1881 to 1887, the passage of the five great planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn—around the sun would produce strange and wonderful phenomena. He says:—"The waters of the earth will become more or less poisonous. The air will be foul with noisome odors. Ancient races will disappear from the earth." He attempts to prove his prophecy by the fact that in 1720, when Mars and Saturn made their passage around the sun coincidentally, great destruction and mortality visited all parts of the globe. He also found the same results in previous perihelion passages of the planets, and argues that these circumstances always produce epidemics and destructive diseases which will buffet the skill of the most eminent physicians; that the poor will die by thousands, the weak and intemperate falling first, those whose blood has been impoverished by excess of work or dissipation next and only those who are in comparative vigor shall escape to enjoy the era of renewed activity and prosperity which will follow the period of destruction.

Inasmuch as the entire world seems subject to the sway of the heavenly bodies no part of the earth, he thinks, can escape scourging. He even predicts that America will lose over ten millions of people; that farmers will be stricken with fear and cease to till the soil; that famine will make human misery more wretched. That hundreds will flee to overcrowded cities for aid in vain. That sudden changes in ocean currents, temperature and surroundings will entirely transform the face of nature and climate of countries; that the air will be so foul with malaric and other noxious gases; that those who survive will be troubled with disorders of the digestive organs. That many who escape other ills will be stricken with dropsy and suddenly pass away, while others will grow thin and drag out a miserable existence in indescribable agony for weeks. Neuralgic pains in different parts of the body will torment them. They will easily tire and become despondent. A faint, hot feeling will be succeeded by chilly sensations while hallucinations and dread of impending ill will paralyze all effort. "The birds in the air, the beasts of the field and even the fish of the sea will become diseased, poisoning the waters of the globe." We are told on the other hand that those who shall pass through this period of trial will have larger enjoyment of life and health. The earth will yield more abundantly than ever before. The animal kingdom will be more productive and life prolonged very materially. This prolongation of life will be owing to the healthy electric and magnetic influences that will pervade the atmosphere. It would perhaps seem that the present redness of the sun, and the presence of a belt or veil of cosmic matter, justified, in a measure, the prediction of Professor Grimmer, but disturbing as his prediction may be we are told for our comfort that the strong and pure blooded need have little to fear in these calamities, that those who are delicate or indisposed should adopt means to keep the system well supported and the blood pure and that the most philosophical and effective method of accomplishing this is to keep the kidneys and liver in good condition. From the testimonies of such men as Dr. Dio Lewis and Professor R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and thousands of influential non-professional people, it seems almost certain that for this purpose there is no preparation known to science equal to Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. This medicine has acquired the finest reputation of any preparation that was ever put upon the market. It is a radical blood purifier, which soothes and heals all inflamed organs, strengthens the nervous system, washes out all evidences of decay, regulates digestion, prevents malassimilation of food in a philosophical and rational manner, fortifies the system against climatic changes and malarial influences and the destructive agencies which seem to be so abundant in these "evil days."

It is not our purpose to dispute the correctness of Professor Grimmer's prophecies. As we have said, the marked disturbances of the past few years would seem to give a semblance of verification of his theory. It is certain, as above

stated, that we are passing through what may be regarded as a crucial period and it is the part of wise men not to ignore, but to learn to fortify themselves against the possibility of being overcome by these evils. It is a duty which each man owes to himself, and his fellows, to mitigate as much as possible the suffering of humanity and in no way better can he accomplish this purpose than to see to it that he, himself, is fortified by the best known preparation in the strongest possible manner and that he exert the influence of his own example upon his fellows to the end that they, too, may share with him immunity from the destructive influences which seek his ruin.

A Baptist Minister's Experience.

"I am a Baptist minister and before I thought of being a clergyman I graduated in medicine, but left a lucrative practice for my present profession forty years ago. I was for many years a sufferer from quinsy. *Thomas' Electric Oil* cured me. I was also troubled with hoarseness, and Thomas' Electric Oil always relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria, and Thomas' Electric Oil cured them, and if taken in time will cure even times out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cold or cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with Oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the Oil out of the spoon into the head, by sniffing as hard as they can, until the Oil falls over into the throat, and practice it twice a week, I don't care how offensive their head may be, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For deafness and earache, it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine dubbed patent medicine that I have ever felt like recommending, and I am very anxious to see it in every place, for I tell you that I would not be without it in my house for any consideration. I am now suffering with a pain like rheumatism in my right limb, and nothing relieves me like Thomas' Electric Oil." Dr. E. F. Crane, Corry, Pa.

The boy who hit a green apple remarked, with a cry, "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.
Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, 25c.

There are dismal-looking men who can throw such a gloom over a funeral that the corpse will be quite forgotten.

Rough on Corns.
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, Bunions.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the finest structures.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."
Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

It is a brave inspector who will sleep over an old steamboat boiler he has certified to as being sound.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.
"For several months I endured a dull pain through my lungs and shoulders; lost spirits, appetite and color, and could with difficulty remain for my bed. My present healthful condition is due to Burdock Blood Bitters." Mrs. E. A. Hall, Bangor, N. Y.

"Oh! said the dressmaker, as the procession marched by: "they are going double-breasted."

Cured when Physicians Give Up.
"Our family physician gave up our child to die," wrote Henry Knox, Esq., of Verilla, W. Va. "I had tried his *Samaritan Nerve* and it had cured the child." \$1.50.

A man don't have to live long in Paris to learn the road to Rome.

No other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state and country, and among all people, as Ayre's Sarsaparilla. It is the best combination of vegetable blood purifiers, with the iodide of Potassium and Iron, ever offered to the public.

When the man with a deep voice sings he is sure to get off his bass.

A clear head is indicative of good health and regular habits. When the body feels heavy and languid, and the mind works sluggishly, Ayre's Cathartic Pills will wonderfully assist to a recovery of physical buoyancy and mental vigor. The constipated should use them.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
General Grant has visited every civilized country; yet in all his travels, he has never seen a more effectual remedy for coughs and colds than Ayre's Botanic Cough Balm. Sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents. Trial size 10 cts. Large bottles 75 cts.

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.

A High Opinion.
Capt. John J. Dawson, late of the British Army, residing on Love street, between Mandeville and Spain, this city, says he used St. Jacob's Oil, with the greatest possible advantage when afflicted with rheumatism.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Sable is said to be about the only fur fit to maintain its identity in these days of imitation and sham.

Absolutely the best Porous Plaster ever made. The *Hot Plaster* is composed of Fresh Hops, Balsams and Gums. Weak Back, Side Ache, Sore Chest, and all pains are speedily cured by its use. Apply one. Only 25 cts., at any drug store.

A base-ball muff keeps no hands warm.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures all the above in a short time. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. H. Kirtledge.

A Life Saving Present.
Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan., saved his life by a simple Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle, and completely cured him, when Doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, are guaranteed to cure. Trial Bottles free, at W. H. Kirtledge's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Ruin Wrought in the Forest.
How depressing it is to see acres of trees cut down in the midst of a noble forest. How sadening it is also to see that thin spot in the midst of your otherwise abundant hair. Stop it at once by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam. For actual efficiency this famous article stands at the head of its class. Elegant for the toilet, delicious in odor, and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Economical, as a slight application keeps the hair and scalp in perfect order.

When a giraffe wants a drink he knows what a long-felt want is.

HOW TO READ.
your doctor's prescriptions. Send two 3 cent stamps to pay postage and receive Dr. Kaufmann's great Treatise on diseases; illustrated in colors; it gives their signs and abbreviations. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

He gave her a ring and a holly wreath,
On a Christmas Eve, as the sun went down;
"Never was lover more true than I,"
The moon climbed into the frozen sky;
A great star shone in the darkening west;
A red fox, shivering, sought his nest;
The wild wind whistled and laughed with glee,
Though his breath was as cold as the northern sea;
But the fire was bright, and hearts were light,
And frolic and festivity filled the night,
Till loud rang the bells, the merry, merry bells,
For joy on Christmas morning.

Christmas Eve, and a maiden's heart
Throbbed with pain as the sun went down;
A ship had sailed on a Summer's day;
A wreck in the ocean's depths it lay;
Pha-vms gathered about the door,
Voices were the shadows on wall and floor;
The wind sang a dirge in the chimney old,
For the brave young lover whose heart was cold;
Sad were the eyes that watched the stars,
Till dawn crept in through the window bars,
And loud rang the bells—the pitiless bells,
On a cheerless Christmas morning.

Hearts were happy and eyes were bright
On a Christmas Eve, as the sun went down;
For the sea had given up its dead,
And the captain brave to his wife is wed.
Phantoms fled from the lighted hall;
Cured me I was also troubled with hoarseness,
Warmth and fragrance and sicken shewn;
Laughter rippled bright lips and eyes;
Merriment and festivity filled the night,
Till the stars had set and the east was bright;
Then loud rang the bells, the happy bells,
For joy on Christmas morning.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

What to Give as Presents and How to Give Them.
Philadelphia Call.

One of the annoyances peculiar to this time of the year is the difficulty everybody finds in selecting appropriate Christmas gifts for his relatives and friends. One may have unlimited means at his disposal and be utterly at a loss to know what to buy; while another may have a very large knowledge of what selection he would like to make, but have no means at his disposal. So far as our own individual case is concerned, the chosen few whom we number as our friends and relatives belong strictly to the latter class. The following suggestions will be found of value:

A husband in selecting a present for his wife is confined to narrow limits. It must be either a saskin saccie or diamond earrings. "But," some of our readers say, "she may have both." To which we answer: "It makes no difference; no true wife will sniff at a saskin saccie or a pair of diamond earrings, provided they cost a little more than the ones she already has."

A woman in selecting a present for her husband should first consider his comfort. Consequently a pair of slippers is the proper caper. If he has credit at a shoe store, this loving wife will get the very best. In former days wives used to make the slippers themselves, entertaining the absurd notion that their husbands might prize them more highly on that account. But those were the days when pumpkin pie was made out of such common truck as pumpkins, and didn't have any nice nutmeg or cinnamon or coriander or extract of vanilla or ylang ylang or hair oil, or any of those delicious ingredients which go to make up the modern scientific pumpkin pie.

A sister should invariably present a grown brother with six hemstitched linen handkerchiefs and a pair of bright-colored, 25-cent cotton suspenders. To make the presentation as effective as possible she should shed tears—happy, joyous tears, we mean, not those of a scolding, grief-laden character, for at the glorious Yuletide time the heart should be filled with gladness, not sorrow.

A brother should give his sister a pound of French candy, a \$1.50 Jersey and all of his old neckties and scarfs for a crazy quilt.

For the younger members of the family, the little boys should have drums and horns, and the little girls boxes of paint. We are a little bit timid in offering advice to lovers. Our scheme was a \$75 Christmas card, and a volume of Mrs. Hemans' poems bound in blue and gold. That the scheme was successful can be inferred from the fact that we now spend \$10 a month for shoes, and bought the second baby carriage only last week.

The eldest son should receive from his parents jointly a prayer-book with a ten-dollar bill inclosed between the fly-leaf and the cover. He will take good care of the prayer-book and the prayer-book will take good care of the ten-dollar bill.

Grandpa and grandma should be remembered in the shape of easy-chairs. Anybody can sit in an easy-chair without danger, and, besides, it helps to furnish the house.

Outside of the family and among friends one should spend as much money as possible, or he will be looked upon as mean.

Your washerwoman should receive a Christmas card. Nothing will brighten an humble home like a Christmas card. They can be purchased this year for one cent, which price brings them within the reach of the poor and lowly as well as the high and mighty. Another very nice present for your washerwoman, and one that she will appreciate, is to pay her what you owe her.

If the above suggestions are acted upon yule tide over the holidays in good shape.

This season presents quite an astonishing variety of ornaments for the hair, side combs, high back combs and pins being often seen en suite. Those studied with mock gems are charming for full dress occasions. Steel, too, is much used for the same purpose, while as carved ornaments in ivory, tortoise shell, or natural horn, they baffle description. A few daring women affect the Roman style of hair-dressing, and band the hair with strings of pearls or fillets of gold, but upon the whole it is a failure. At a performance of "Mignon" the other evening, it was noticed by the writer that hardly a single well-dressed lady in opera toilet wore her hair in the old fashion. The two styles alluded to above were paramount, and in nearly every instance jewels took the place of flowers in the ornamenting of the hair.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stocking
All over the land to night,
Hanging in the choicest corner,
In the glow of crimson light!

The tiny, scarlet stocking,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have to go.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

"Now Eliza Ann,"
YES!

What's the use of talking about pills and plasters when you know that every time I have been ailing in the last twenty years nothing has helped me so quickly and surely as "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, and when neighbor Brown was all used up last spring with biliousness and indigestion, it didn't take a half bottle of the "L. F." to put him on his feet again, and in a week he was around at work as well as ever he was in his life. I shall never use anything else as long as I can buy the true "L. F." Atwood's Bitters.

Purify your blood and obtain new strength and vigor by using the powerful "L. F." Atwood's Bitters. Be sure you get the "L. F."

JUST 50c.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE BEST AND GREAT-EST MEDICINE!
It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clear and smooth. Those Pimples and Itchings which mark your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in short time, if you are using the great blood purifier, SULPHUR BITTERS. It is a sure cure for all skin diseases, and will cure the most obstinate cases of Scabies, Eczema, and all other eruptions of the skin. It will cure the most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and all other diseases of the blood. It will cure the most obstinate cases of Nervousness, Headache, and all other diseases of the system. It will cure the most obstinate cases of Indigestion, Constipation, and all other diseases of the bowels. It will cure the most obstinate cases of Anemia, Chlorosis, and all other diseases of the blood. It will cure the most obstinate cases of Dropsy, and all other diseases of the system. It will cure the most obstinate cases of all diseases of the blood and system.

The Dose is small—only a few drops. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it. You will be satisfied. Get it of your druggist. DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE.

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure. A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive an elegant set of fancy cards free.

Send 25c. stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive an elegant set of fancy cards free.

VEGETINE
WILL CURE

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples or Humors on the face, Coughs and Colds, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Pains in the Back, Faintness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with PERFECT SAFETY, as it does not contain any metallic compound. For eradicating the system of all impurities of the blood it has no equal. It has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease. Its wonderful effects upon the complaints named are surprising to all. Many have been cured by the VEGETINE that have tried many other remedies. It can be well called

The Great Blood Purifier.

Dr. W. ROSS Writes.

Scrofula, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. Stevens, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold Vegetine for 7 years and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

Sept. 18, 1878.

Dr. W. ROSS, Druggist, Wilton, Iowa.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

TRUE P. PIERCE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law

Office Custom House Block, Main Street, Rockland, Me.

FURNITURE.

NEW STYLE FOOT RESTS, can be attached to any rocker. Price \$1.37 to \$2.75.

CROCKERY WARE.

New Style of Very Handsome Ware, CLIFTON and AVALON, Just Received.

GREAT VARIETY

Majolica, China, Glass and Plain Ware.

LARGE ASSORTMENT

Fancy Cups and Saucers, HANGING & FANCY LAMPS, Plated Ware, Japanese Waiters, Albums, Dolls, etc., etc.

G. W. THOMPSON,

Red Front Store 304 to 308 Main St. Red Front Store.

BOSTON AND BANGOR STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Boston to Bangor via Rockland and intermediate Landings on Penobscot Bay and River.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
THREE TRIPS PER WEEK!

One of the palatial steamers of this line leaves Lincoln's wharf, foot of Battery street, Boston, at 5 o'clock p. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for ROCKLAND, Camden, Belfast, Seaboard, Bucksport, Winterport, Hampden and Bangor.

Returning leaves BANGOR for Boston via Rockland and intervening points, at 11 o'clock a. m., leaving Rockland at 5 p. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Friday arriving in Boston in season for early morning trains for the South and West.

Rockland, Bar Harbor & Sullivan.
THREE TRIPS PER WEEK.

Steamer Rockland,
CAPT. W. C. SAWTELLE.

Leaves Rockland for Sullivan via North Haven, Green's Landing, Swan's Island, Bar Harbor, Seaboard, West Harbor and Bar Harbor (Mt. Desert), Seaboard, Bucksport, Bucksport, Winterport, Hampden and Bangor.

Returning leaves Sullivan for Rockland via intervening points every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock a. m., making close connections at Rockland, every Monday and Wednesday with steamers for Boston direct.

Tickets sold on steamers of this line for Lowell, Lawrence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and luggage checked through to New York.

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

BAY STATE RANGE,
QUICKEST BAKING RANGE MADE.

Sure to work in any draught. 1 extra large oven; patent grate. Don't fall to examine this Range before purchasing any other. It is for sale in your town send to

HARSTOW STOVE CO.,
60 Union Street, Boston.
dd445

BEHNING
PIANO.
BURDETT
ORGAN.

HUNT BROS. Managers.
608 Washington St. Boston
Send for Catalogue. dd445

FARMS
On James River, Va., in a North end settlement. Illustrated circular free.

CARDS
J. F. MANCIA, Claremont, Va.
Esthetic, (4 designs). Something good. Mailed on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps. HEARNE & Co., P. O. Box 1487, N. Y.

MUSIC WITHOUT A TEACHER!
Super's Instantaneous Guide to the Keys of Piano and Organ. Price \$1. Will teach any person to play 20 pieces of music in one hour. You couldn't learn it from a teacher in a month for \$20. Try it and be convinced. Sample copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps by HEARNE & Co., Publishers, P. O. Box 1487, New York. (D445)

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS
For Gen. DODGE'S & Gen. SHERMAN'S New Book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS.

The fastest selling new book out. Induced by Pratt Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock and thousands of English Judges, British Congressmen, Editors, etc., as "the best book on Indian Life ever written, and the most thoroughly reliable work ever issued." This famous book takes D445

Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. \$2-1000 New Agents Wanted. The bar free. Chance to make money ever offered. Send for Circulars. Specimen Plate. Extra Terms, etc. A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Hartford, Conn.

FIT'S
Epileptic Fits.
From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may wish their express and P. O. Address. We send any size without charge to address.

Dr. Ab. MESEROLE, No. 95 John St., New York.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills
Secure Healthy action to the liver and relieve all bilious troubles.

Purely Vegetable; No Drying. Price 25c. All Druggists.

GRAVES' PATENT
IMPROVED LOUNGE BED.
PERFECT BED. NO SPRINGS NEEDED.

FOR SALE BY
N. A. & S. H. Burpee, Rockland, Me.
7uch27

Marine Department.

Sch. Nettie Cushing, Robinson, is to go into winter quarters.

Sch. Tennessee and Nettie Cushing are lying at the Atlantic wharf.

Sch. Corvo, Averill, has gone into winter quarters at Vinalhaven.

Sch. Abbie S. Emery, Foster, is in winter quarters at Owl's Head.

Sch. Nile, Webster, has gone into winter quarters at Pulpit Harbor.

Sch. John Girard, Robinson, is to go into winter quarters at Pulpit Harbor.

Sch. Millie Trim, Robinson, is loading lime for A. F. Crockett & Co. for Pulpit Harbor.

Sch. J. R. Bodwell, Talman, sailed Wednesday for Fall River, lime-laden from Cobb Line Co.

Sch. Atlanta, Lizzie Gupill and Charlie Handley have gone into winter quarters at the South railway.

Capt. A. J. Hall is at home. His vessel, brig Golconda, is at Boston discharging hard pine from Paspago.

Sch. Hume, Calderwood, arrived from Lynn Sunday, and is loading lime at the Crockett kiln on the Point, for Salem.

Sch. Geo. E. Prescott, Farm, discharged a cargo of coal at Vinalhaven last week and has now gone into winter quarters there.

Sch. Horace Sturges, Spear, from Parrishboro, without to Philadelphia, put into Newport 12th with loss of foremast and foremast top.

Sch. Mabel Hall and Carrie L. Hix have been bailed up for the winter at Vinalhaven; and schooner Nellie E. Gray at Sherer's wharf.

Sch. Ada F. Whitney, Bartlett, arrived at Boston last week, lumber-laden from Charleston. Capt. Bartlett was home during the week.

Capt. Hiram Rhoades arrived home last week sick with cholera. Capt. Rhoades takes command of his vessel, the S. J. Gilmore, during his sickness.

Sch. Gen. Adelbert Ames, Brewster, arrived at Hoboken last Friday, with coal at \$1.20 from Georgetown, D. C. Capt. Jameson left yesterday to rejoin the vessel.

New schooner George Bird, Spear, has 2,300 bbls. of lime on board, bound to Norfolk via New York. She left the wharf Saturday, and anchored in the bay ready for sea.

The new schooner Clara E. Colcord, Capt. Emory Colcord, arrived here Saturday morning from Belfast. She has on board 140 tons of hay for Brunswick, Ga., at \$3 per ton freight.

Sch. Helen Montague, Green, was recently taken out on the railway at Alexandria. She is chartered to bring 650 tons of coal to Bluehill at \$2.05 per ton freight, for the Douglas Copper Co.

Ship Martha Cobb, Greenback, arrived at London 13th 45 days passage from New York. On the way over, she picked up the crew of the British bark Grecian, from Philadelphia for Oporto, which foundered at sea.

Capt. A. N. Fales, of schooner H. C. Higginson, was unable to go in the vessel on account of a carbuncle on the neck. The vessel is to be taken to Alexandria by Capt. Weston Gregory, who sailed from here last Wednesday and was reported at Portland the next day for a harbor.

British schooner, Wide Awake, reported last week ashore on Two Bush Island Shoal, was sold with her cargo, at public auction, at the office of E. A. Butler, last Tuesday afternoon. The vessel brought \$420 and the cargo \$80, both of which were bought by Capt. Israel Snow and Maynard Sumner. The schooners Yankee Maid and Willie, with quite a large crew of men were immediately sent to the wreck. Fine weather and off shore winds, with unusually high tides followed, and the vessel was successfully floated Wednesday night and towed full of water to Rockland by the Yankee Maid, arriving Thursday morning at daylight, and anchored outside. During the forenoon the Pioneer towed her to the South Railway, where the vessel has since been visited by many interested citizens. She seems not to be very seriously damaged, except in the bottom, and will be a valuable addition to our coasting fleet.

"There has been great progress made in the building of vessels," said an old sea captain, in a South end store Saturday, as he looked out of the window and saw Capt. Colcord's handsome new 450 ton schooner at anchor a short distance from the wharf, having just returned from Belfast. "I remember," he continued, "when Capt. John Spear, father of A. K. Spear, sailed out from here in the ship Hughes, taking just lime enough for ballast, 20 to New Orleans to load there with cotton for Havre or London. He would start from here in September, and returning home from the voyage anchor the vessel almost off to the ledges, not daring to anchor her in where the other coasters were, because she was so large, having a tonnage of 400 tons. She was so big, she was thought to be a big ship in those days, and I used to go down to the shore and look off to her and think what an immense craft she was. Once I sailed in the Tyron to New Orleans, and she was the largest vessel I ever saw. She attracted a great deal of attention, and she was only about 700 tons. Now they have them twice as big and think nothing of it. This is an age of big things."

NEW YORK.—Our correspondent writes under date of Dec. 15th, 1883:

Freights have been scarce during the week and rates low. Coal to Boston, \$1.10 to \$1.20; Portland, 95 cts. to \$1 and discharged; Salem, \$1.20; Portsmouth, \$1.25 to \$1.30.... The arrivals were:—Schs. Brigadier, Ann Eliza, Montecello, Maggie Bell, H. S. Boynton, Jennie Greenbank, Emma L. Gregory, St. Elmo, Laconia, Thos. Hix, E. Arcularius, Allie Oakes, Jennie G. Pillsbury, Chase, Catawamuck, M. Luella Wood, Fannie Whitmore, Rival, Segawaga, Cora Etta, John Bird, Richmond and Gen. Adelbert Ames. The charters:—Sigsbee, E. B. Smith, salt, hence to Boothbay, \$1.25; Helen Thompson, salt, hence to Portland, \$1.25—Brigadier, coal, Amboy to Boston, \$1.15—A. J. Faben, lumber, hence to Kingston, J. A. Thence to Mobile in ballast, coal, hence to Portland, \$1.25—Lucy Ames, coal, Amboy to Portland, \$1 and discharged—Mary Langdon, coal, Amboy to Portland, \$1 and discharged—Fannie Whitmore, pea and dust coal, hence to Portland, \$1.05 and discharged—Black C. P. Dixon, oil, hence to Centre of Hesseltes and back north of Hatteras from Trapani with salt, terms private.

The Penobscot River closed to navigation last Saturday, having been open eight and one-half months. It was frozen up once before this winter, but only for a few days. We print our usual table:

The Pensacola River closed to navigation last Saturday, having been open eight and one-half months. It was frozen up once before this winter, but only for a few days. We print our usual table:

	Opened.	Closed.		Opened.	Closed.
1813, May 1,	Dec. 10	1851	"	8,	59
1819, April 19,	"	5, 1852	"	21,	15
1820, "	18, Nov. 28,	1853	"	5,	8
1821, "	15, Dec. 1,	1854	"	15,	2
1822, "	19, Dec. 18,	1855	"	15,	2
1823, "	19, "	9, 1856	"	16,	1
1824, "	10, "	12, 1857	"	6,	10
1825, "	11, "	14, 1858	"	11,	12
1826, "	5, "	16, 1859	"	10,	9
1827, "	2, "	6, 1860	"	April 16,	7
1828, "	1, "	24, 1861	"	April 2,	13
1829, "	12, "	10, 1862	"	18,	3
1830, "	9, Dec. 8,	1863	"	19,	2
1831, "	9, Jan. 3,	1864	"	31,	12
1832, "	9, Dec. 3,	1865	"	31,	1
1833, "	19, "	4, 1866	"	April 1,	13
1834, "	9, "	1, 1867	"	18,	4
1835, "	8, "	9, 1868	"	18,	10
1836, "	17, Nov. 27,	1869	"	11,	9
1837, "	12, "	27, 1870	"	8,	21
1838, "	15, "	27, 1871	"	Nov. 17,	17
1839, "	17, Dec. 24,	1872	"	April 19,	Dec. 10
1840, "	1, "	1, 1873	"	19,	1
1841, "	1, "	1, 1874	"	16,	12
1842, "	17, "	19, 1875	"	16, Nov. 29,	12
1843, "	21, Nov. 19,	1876	"	13, Dec. 10,	12
1844, "	21, "	30, 1877	"	Feb. 29,	30
1845, "	12, "	27, 1878	"	April 2,	13
1846, "	31, Dec. 7,	1879	"	24,	19
1847, "	29, "	16, 1880	"	6, Nov. 26,	11
1848, "	23, "	10, 1881	"	Feb. 20,	Dec. 11
1849, "	1, "	21, 1882	"	Jan. 2,	2
1850, "	1, "	7, 1883	"	April 10,	Dec. 9
1851, "	12, Dec. 8,	1883	"	April 12,	Dec. 15

"BEYOND THE GATES."

A Glimpse at Miss Phelps' Very Remarkable Book.

Years ago, after her dear Roy had passed through the gates into the city of God, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps discovered what she supposed to be a ray of light shining upon her tear-wet and shadowed way. It seemed to stream through the unshut gates of the New Jerusalem. Roy's entrance there evidently was so unexpected, that the warden in his astonishment had neglected the duties of his office. What a providence to a sorrowing heart! She would go up and look in. So, with a reverent, womanly curiosity, Miss Phelps applied herself to see how it went with her darling in the strange place, and the result of her observation is recorded in that semi-pagan book, "The Gates Ajar," out of which many persons have claimed to draw comfort that they could not find in the Word of God.

Providence continues to be gracious to Miss Phelps. At some time during the past fifteen years she has passed through the celestial portals, and what she saw and heard in the heavenly land is put into a thin leaf, stamped "Beyond the Gates," and cast upon the earthly waters to feed the weary, restless, hungry voyager.

This is the most unsatisfactory work that Miss Phelps has produced. It will find multitudes of readers, for the subject is of endless attraction, but it will be put down, often, with a feeling of disappointment and pain. It leaves an impression upon the reader such as no book upon the celestial life ought to leave. If it gratifies a sentimental taste it also surely shocks a spiritual one. It is of the earth earthy, and not always the most delicate earthiness at that. It contains beautiful descriptive passages, many noble thoughts, happy turns of expression and some reasonable doctrine. It is daring in its conception, but pitiful and flat in its execution. It is labored in its movement as if of one of the writer's "mental muscles," of which she speaks, were overstrained. It is sometimes irreverent, but Miss Phelps is an old offender in this matter. It is unscriptural, but in these days of free criticism of the bible, that perhaps may be a recommendation of the book to a class of readers. Her style is freer from mannerism and less stilted than usual, and we are conscious of a grateful change from the torture of expression so exasperating in "Ave."

The burden of the book is this: A rather self-conscious and pleasantly assertive maiden lady in brain fever—and it may be that the morbid condition of the brain of the reporter of the sights beyond sense is a sufficient explanation of their peculiar character—leaves her body for awhile, wraps her spirit in a white flannel dressing-gown, puts upon her spiritual feet a pair of slippers, and with her deceased father for a guide, goes out over the snow into the world of spirits. In addition to her mourning friends, she leaves behind a red easy-chair and a magenta geranium. And the terrors of dying must have been greatly assuaged by the consciousness that death would remove her from this dreadful juxtaposition of color.

She passes at once into a community of people who have died, but who possess too little spiritual momentum to carry them away from earth, and there they tarry, wandering aimlessly about, waiting the development of their spiritual sense. Fortunately for our fevered released traveler, she is a believer in Christianity, although "not a devotee," and her spiritual momentum was sufficient to drive her through space, until she reached a country of rare surprises. Impressions came to her in masses, "like the touch of a brush upon canvas," but sometimes their coming suggests a white-wash brush upon a fence. Here was "elastic and wondrously tinted grass." She had seen green grass before, but green like this, never. It so affected her to find what the color of green should be, that the whole current of feeling was arrested, checking her like a great dam. She saw a brook whose musical waves ran over a bed of shells and agates, and smelled deliciously perfumed air. Even the rain was scented. Hill, forest, and field of color, beautified the landscapes. A bird on a bough sang a Te Deum. And although our heroine could not tell *how* she knew it was a Te Deum, yet she knew that she had not mistaken the piece. A species of mignonette upon which she could recline without crushing it, grew there. Spiritual mignonette, probably, or else she divested herself of the white flannel dressing gown and removed her earthly slippers before taking a sleigh. In her wanderings she chanced upon a four-leaved clover, which she kept for "good luck." Her "luck" would have been assured had she found a horseshoe also. But we suppose the heavenly blacksmiths do their work with greater fidelity than those who shoe terrestrial steeds, and not a shoe is lost there.

She had reached a place where the "infinite ether throbbeth," where she could look upon worlds that luxuriated in scarlet, green and purple days, days that put our red letter days to shame, and where delicious fruit satisfied her appetite, and water that flowed over shells quenched her thirst. But yet she was not happy. She was homesick. She choked. She would go back and see them all. How she rid herself of her spiritual momentum that brought her up to these heavenly heights doth not appear, but without any difficulty she reaches home again, and remains on earth until after her poor old body is put into the ground. Then, in a happier frame of mind, she returns to heaven much fatigued by her excursion.

She now meets a strange gentleman to whom she freely confides the spiritual struggles of her earthly existence. He is so sympathetic, so helpful with counsel and suggestion, so admirably adjusts himself to her mood, that she feels herself more understood. We suspected as much, and now it is confirmed, that she belonged to the multitudinous misunderstanding, unappreciated sisterhood: the aspiring, heaven-kissing order of beings, who are always chafed and chilled by the dull, coarse lines about them. Something like love began to kindle its fire under that white flannel wrapper, and the spirit in those Massachusetts slippers felt that heaven would be no heaven to her without the presence and companionship of this remarkable man. Still, as the sequel shows, she managed to get along very cleverly and to all appearance satisfactorily without him, although he was the Lord of the place. For the most subordinate person to the heavenly joys, according to this book, is the Christ himself.

She strolls by the shore of the sea, and a maiden who puts on "celestial airs" rows her across the water to a populous town. Here she finds a hospital for the heart-sick and the

cottage that her father has built for his family. We are glad to know that the flower garden suited her taste, and that a fine dog was sunning himself on the steps. "For the wind drove up from the sea." The "boyish delight" of her father as he showed her over the place ought to have been tempered by sorrow for his selfishness, for she tells us that he had "ransacked heaven" for its choicest art, voice and works of skill to put into his home. It seems, however, that the supply at best was small, as the cottage was by no means crowded, but we are sorry for those who must, hereafter in the skies, be content with second-rate statues and pictures, and find solace in refuse bric-a-brac and rejected furniture.

We were surprised to find heaven so full of Boston, but it appears that Boston is really planned after the pattern of things in the mount. And every loyal Bostonian must thrill, with an ecstasy that surpasses for the time the "infatigable throbbing" of the ether, or he reads of heaven's music hall, with the living Beethoven conducting an orchestra of angels. On Saturday afternoon there was a symphony of color, and our alert observer suspected that Raphael had a hand in the management of it, but as his name did not appear on the program the corrected material, and choice illustrations by the best artists, give it added value. 4to, elegantly bound, \$4.00.

"Field, Wood," and "Mea low Rumbles," and "Wild Flowers," and where they grow," by Amanda B. Harris, are two books whose pages are full of interest, and whose illustrations are admirable in design and execution. Mothers, in reading them to or with their little ones, will repeat the unalloyed happiness which came to them in the midst of field and woodland flowers, in the which will not return. "Wild Flowers," 6c., extra cloth, gilt edges, \$3.00; "Field, Wood," 6c., \$2.00.

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Per Order,
MECHANIC AND LABORERS' ASSOCIATION.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Those who wonder what books are best to get for Christmas time, should select from the following list of that sterling house, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

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"How the Rain Spirits were Freed" is a story of two little children in search of "the store house of the rain." The conceit is pretty wrought out, and the book is worthy of comparison with some of the tales of Andersen and Grimm. With its lithographic illustrations and illuminated covers, it is a choice gift book for young readers. 4to, \$1.00.

"Child Love: its Classics, Traditions, and Tingles," by Clara Doty Bates, will prove a mine of treasures to the boys and girls fortunate enough to possess it. German, Italian, Norse, as well as English folk-lore have furnished its material, and choice illustrations by the best artists, give it added value. 4to, elegantly bound, \$4.00.

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CHRISTMAS NEW YEAR'S GOODS HASTINGS

Great Display of New Goods for the Holidays!

We have made this year unusually large purchases of goods suitable for

CHRISTMAS TRADE, And our stock is now ready for inspection.

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HANDKERCHIEFS! In Plain Linen and Fancy Borders.

Over 300 styles of SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, from 25 cts. to 3.00 each.

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Embroidered Flannels, For Skirts, which would make a desirable present.

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LACE TOILET SETS, LACE BED SPREADS with

Shams to match.

Marseilles Bed Spreads in great variety.

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We have DOLLS in great variety for the children.

We shall sell all our

Cloaks, Shawls, Dress Goods,

Black and Colored Silks, at reduced prices during the Holidays

We have arranged our windows to represent the Night Before Christmas and Christmas Morning. We think this will please the children, and we cordially invite every one to come and look at our store and to bring the little ones.

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72 Pairs all wool Country Stockings, 38 cts. each, worth 50 cts.

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Misses Merino Vests and Pants 25 cts. each.

50 Gray Mixed Long Shawls, largest Size and best Qualities, at less than Boston Wholesale Prices.

New lot nice Styles Dress Cambrics, 31 inches wide, 9 cts per yard, worth 12 1-2.

C

[Concluded from the first page.]

headache, and slept for several hours; it was then I had my dream of a day spent at the Exhibition in Philadelphia. I thought that Grandpa De Merveille was with me—Grandpa De Merveille who at that time had been dead fully ten years—as she says this she turns slightly, and the red glow of the fire falling on her face shows me that this is, without the shadow of a doubt, the same young woman that I met mysteriously twice before; but I make no sign of my discovery, and listen attentively as she describes how the old gentleman was dressed in a long cloak, and a soft felt hat; how in the evening she thought they attempted to visit her great uncle De Merveille, who lived somewhere on West Walnut or Spruce street; how they inquired of a gentleman as to which was the house, and how she then suddenly awoke, finding it was time to go to the party. She went to her jewel box, she said, and was about to put on an old bracelet, given to her by her grandfather when she was a mere infant—a bracelet that she had only recently been able to wear, because previously it had been too large for her slender arm—and discovered that one of the links was missing.

"Will you describe it to me?" I asked, suddenly. "What was this missing link like?"

"It was of heavy gold wire, enclosing a small disc of gold, with the initial of my Christian name upon it—N."

"Did you ever find it?"

"I did not."

"Have you the rest of the bracelet?" I ask. The others in the party having heard my story, with which this so wonderfully corresponds bend forward interestedly and listen for her answer.

"I have kept the other two links," she says, "and I dare say they are safe now in my jewel box."

"But about your dream to-night," urges Dick.

"This evening," she says smiling, "I met your friend there at the junction. I dreamed that I was with Grandpa De Merveille again; that he wore the same cloak and hat, and that he inquired of you," she goes on, addressing me, "what time the next train for the city was due."

"Wonderful!" exclaims Miss Jeffries.

"Preternatural!" adds the Vassar girl.

"And then," Miss Atherton continues, "we started to go into the waiting-room. We were just passing in the door when I awoke."

"Would it be too much trouble," I ask, after the ladies have again expressed their astonishment, "to get the two links of the bracelet that you still have?"

"Not at all," she replies, and she leaves us to fetch them.

"If you'll excuse me a moment, I say, I will go to my room for the first link," and off I go, wondering all the time whether this young woman has vanished for the third time, and whether I shall ever see her again. When I come back the candles in the sconces on the chimney-piece have been lighted and Miss Atherton is standing, holding in her hand one link, not so much bent as the other two, shaped more like a bow, and the ladies and gentlemen of the party are standing around her examining it closely. I get a good look at her now and see that she has the same clear pink and white complexion, the same large bright eyes that I saw on Spruce street and at the junction, but there are no signs of tears as there were before. She looks at me scrutinizingly as I come up, and evidently recognizes my features.

"Would you mind shaking hands with me, I say, I want to make sure that this is a woman and not a ghost."

She looks rather astonished—she has not heard my story—and grants my request.

"The other link is gone," she says, as she shows me the remaining one, which she holds. Upon the gold plate in this I find the cipher De M. It is evidently the middle link, and goes between the two which I have in my pocket.

I cannot describe the expression of amazement on her face when I produce them and tell her how they came into my possession. As she takes them into her hand, the clock tolls the hour of twelve. The bells in the tower of a neighboring church clang joyously forth the tidings that Christmas day has come again; and the party each trying to solve the mystery, take up their candles, and with "a merry Christmas" to all around, start off for their respective rooms, to dream of ghosts, goblins and sprites, until the sun shall be well up in the heavens.

THE BRACELET.

Can any one wonder that I became strangely interested in the young English girl? that I ran over to Philadelphia frequently and paid long and pleasant visits to the Germantown residence that she was making her home? Is it surprising that we became fast friends, and that at the end of six months this friend-

ship had developed into a love not merely platonic? Whether it is surprising or whether it is not, it is nevertheless true, and on Christmas eve of 1879, just a twelvemonth from the time that we became acquainted, we were married. The three links of the bracelet we had never been able to put together. In the middle of the third link was the clasp. This could be divided, but the small gold rings were welded firm in all their parts, as were each of the other links, and it was impossible to join them unless one or the other was cut. How they had become separated, unless by supernatural means, it was impossible to discover. Natalie, however, refused to have a goldsmith touch them, and so they were put in a case together and treasured as a sort of talisman indisputably connected with our two lives. We were married at Jack's house, just out of Germantown. The ceremony was over and most of the guests had departed. The clocks had just struck twelve. I had related the strange story of the bracelet to some friends that evening, and I had the case containing the links in my pocket as, standing with my wife in the hall before the great fireplace, we exchanged remarks on the company that had just left us. There were still a few people in the drawing-room, but not a soul was in the hall but ourselves. Happening to look up, I saw pass out from the door of the library and come toward us an old person in a long black cloak, carrying in his hand a Kosuth hat. It was undoubtedly Grandpa De Merveille. There was the same pale face and the same white hair and beard. Natalie grasped my arm nervously.

"Look!" she exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with fear. The old man came nearer, a smile of pleased contentment was on his features; he extended his hand to Natalie, as if to congratulate her. She shrieked and fell back into my arms. Grandpa De Merveille had disappeared; vanished just as I had known him to do twice before. My wife recovered herself in a moment and looked about her.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Gone!"

"And the bracelet?"

I took the case from my pocket, and opened it. I think we both expected that all three links would be missing; but they were not. They were not only there; but they were not divided as before. The rings connected them. The bracelet was a perfect whole.

STATE BREVITIES.

Diphtheria is prevalent in Bangor. Prisoners break out of Calais jail. Bar Harbor does not want a railroad. Belfast and Bath are having new skating rinks.

Three attempts to kidnap children recently have been made in Maine. The port of Bangor froze up last week but opened again, Thursday.

Nickerson, the Bangor kidnapper has obtained bonds and is free.

People in the northern part of the state are enjoying splendid sleighing.

Stacy Braddon of Biddeford while out gunning Saturday shot himself fatally.

Dora Wiley Golden, Maine's famous singer, sailed for England, Monday of last week.

Bath masons have been making great preparations for their carnival to come off this week.

The Lewiston city government is in trouble over what is claimed to be illegal expenditures of money.

Waterville has been blessed with a number of burglaries and James Bang has been arrested for the crime.

The temperance interest at Waterville is thoroughly aroused. The hotels and other public places have been indicted.

The Sons of Maine in the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, gave a banquet at the St. James Hotel in that city Thanksgiving Day.

ROCKLAND NATIONAL BANK.

The Stockholders of the Rockland National Bank are hereby notified that their Annual Meeting will be held at their Banking Rooms, on Tuesday, January 8th, 1884, at 10 a. m. To fix the number of, and elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

Per Order, G. HOWE WIGGIN, Cashier.

Rockland, Dec. 3d, 1883.

The semi-annual dividend will be payable on and after January 2nd.

NORTH NATIONAL BANK.

The Stockholders of the North National Bank are hereby notified that their Annual Meeting will be held at their Banking Rooms, on Tuesday, January 8th, 1884, at 10 o'clock, a. m. for the choice of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, N. T. FARWELL, Cashier.

Rockland, Dec. 4th, 1883.

LINE ROCK NATIONAL BANK.

The Stockholders of the Line Rock National Bank are hereby notified that their Annual Meeting will be held at their Banking Rooms, on Tuesday, January 8th, 1884, at 2 p. m., to act on the following article:

1st. To see if the Stockholders will vote to amend article 3rd, of the articles of Association, by striking out the words, "The Board of Directors shall consist of six Stockholders," and inserting in said article instead thereof, "The Board of Directors shall consist of not less than five Stockholders, the number to be fixed at any annual meeting for the choice of Directors; notice thereof being given in the call for said meeting."

2nd. To fix the number of and elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

3rd. To act on any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

Per Order, G. W. BERRY, Cashier.

Rockland, Dec. 3d, 1883.

500 Cords of Wood!

PERSONS wishing to contract for wood to be delivered after March 1st, 1884, may address T. M. GRATH, Chamcook, St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

MERRILL & BURPEE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS

233 Main Street, On the Corner.

Our Stock of Drugs and Medicines

Is full and complete in all departments.

A SPLENDID LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS!



ODOR CASES!

We have the most elegant line in these goods that has ever been displayed in this city. They make an elegant present.

ELEGANT TOILET ARTICLES!

Inlaid Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar Holders, &c.



CELLULOID SETS, In all the Desirable Styles for Christmas Presents

THE FINEST LINE OF PERFUMES

Ever shown in the city. Call and see them.

The public are invited to call and look at our stock.

MERRILL & BURPEE,
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
ON THE CORNER.

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE, 286 Main Street.

We are again to the front with the largest and best selected stock of Goods we have ever had the pleasure of showing our numerous customers.

MEN'S Suit Department

Our men's suit department is brimming full of all the staple Styles and Novelties in the market—SOME RARE BAR-GAINS.

YOUTHS' Suit Department

Embraces everything desirable from strong, medium priced suits, to finest imported Goods. You cannot afford to overlook it.

Men's, Youths', Boys', Children's

OVER COATS OVER COATS OVER COATS

An immense Stock.

BOYS' Suit Department

Children's Department, We make a special study and flatter ourselves we can suit the most fastidious.

MEN'S Furnishing Department.

We have received our Fall and Winter Stock of Gen's Furnishing Goods—the most complete and largest in the city.

HAT & CAP DEPARTMENT.

All the staple and nobby styles will always be found in this department.

A Full Stock of
TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES,
RUBBER GOODS,
UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.

Remember, \$1 Saved
Is \$1 Earned.

Don't Forget, the
Boston Clothing Store

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:

"To E. S. H. St., New York, May 16, 1882.

Messrs. J. C. Ayer & Co., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable, burning, itching, and 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-mentioned 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 percent 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."

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 Scrophulous 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

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists, price, \$1, six bottles for \$5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Best Purgative Medicine cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.

Sold every where. Always reliable.

"A WONDERFUL REMEDY."

GREAT AMERICAN SPECIFIC!

Relieves and Cures PAINS OF ANY KIND FROM ANY CAUSE.

IT WILL Instantly Relieve and

CURE CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, SORE THROAT, Sore and

Weak Lungs, etc. It will cure Ulcerated Teeth or Common Toothache. It will cure the worst case of Salt Rheum in a very short time. Circu-

lars giving full directions with each bottle. It is an invaluable HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

Price 50 cents per Bottle. ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by Maurice, Baker & Co.

W. W. Whipple & Co., Agents, Portland, Me.

Obtain one bottle and see if it is not as hundreds have said

"A WONDERFUL REMEDY."

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS

THE

LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME

SIMPLE

STRONG

SEWING

MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR

HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL

OTHER SEWING MACHINES COMBINED

NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE CO.

30 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO, ILL.

ORANGE, MASS.

AND ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

G. B. HAYES, Agent, Thomaston, Me.

D. H. MANSFIELD, Agent, Hope.

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WE ARE GIVING AWAY

Gold, Silver and Nickel Watches,

Diamond Rings, Silver Ware,

White and Decorated Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets,

Moos Rose and Gold Band Franch China Tea Sets,

and thousands of other valuable and beautiful

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