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LARKS ABROAD.

CHIEFLY CONCERNING THE ENGLISH DISTRICT OF LAKES.

An English Market Day, including a Ballad—Robin the Devil—Open Air Worship—Land of the Poets—We Visit Wordsworth's Home and Grave—Difficulties of Poets in America—The Grave of Southey—Wheeling Eloquence—Greta Hall.

SIXTH LETTER.

The English lake district embraces a remarkable variety of charming resorts, where one might exhaust a month and then be scarcely able to say that he had seen everything. Inasmuch as we devoted far less time than that to the task, it hardly could be expected that our knowledge of the district is limitless. Still, we saw enough to satisfy us that the charms of the place have not been greatly exaggerated. We have finer lakes and grander mountains in America, but I doubt if there is such a succession of natural beauty as one encounters here.

First we made stop at Kendal, an attractive city girt about on every hand by hills of brightest green. The King's Arms tavern received us, and in a comfortable room with a gigantic feather-bed we washed off the marks of our late encounter with dirty railway trains. It was market day in the town, and the streets were thronged with every species of English rattle, from the burly farmer and his buxom wife, to the maiden in ribbons bedecked and the uncoth hobbledehoy with enormous feet and a countenance that reminded you of a bowl of blanc-mange that somebody had inadvertently sat down upon. Booths of various sorts lined the streets, where were displayed for sale every kind of merchandise likely to attract the rural buyer. It seemed to me that the amount of business transactions were hardly commensurate with the number of booths, but it may be that I didn't understand the customs clearly. The public houses were not idle, however, and the flowing bowl was paramount.

Amid all the pushing and jostling and buying and selling, three men stood in the center of the market-place and lifted up their voices in song. One of them bore a banner on which was pasted a variety of newspaper pictures illustrative of the Sudan war, with a large likeness of Gen. Gordon in the center; another manipulated an exceedingly efficacious accordion, while only an occasional note would respond to the touch of his fingers, and that was always a wrong one; while the third man carried a pile of printed ballads, which he sold to the surrounding audience at a penny each. And the three men, accompanied by the deleterious accordion, were punning forth their muffled voices, to the unspeakable gratification of the country people gathered around. The song was one of three printed on the penny sheet, all relating to the achievements of the British forces in the east. It consisted of seven verses, and the trio sang it over and over again, all the day long and far into the night, with a steadfastness of purpose and strength of lung simply amazing—and as often as they completed the seven verses, and paused an instant for breath, the shower of copper began afresh and the ballads went off with a rush. In one of these musical rests I joined the mob in buying a ballad, which consisted of four pages printed in very morning-like type, and all the rest of that day, and the next, and even in my dreams at night, I went about humming the exasperating burden of the song—for it was written to the tune of "Sweet Dreamland Faces," and this is a sample stanza:

"The bullets fell around us,
Like a storm of lead,
The enemy surrounded us,
In this death-dealing gale;
Five to one against us,
We fought until we fell,
I'm sure they'll say in England,
We did our duty well."

A BOLDER TOWN.

Kendal is a thriving place of some thirteen thousand people, with the remains of what was one time a pretentious castle crowning a neighboring hill, celebrated as the birthplace of Katherine Parr, the queen who survived Henry VIII. The town is a very old one and bristles with memories of the border wars that raged along this district. "Kendal green," you recollect, a staple product of the old town, was what clothed Robin Hood and his foresters good, no less than the archers who formed a strong arm of olden England's military service. It still is manufactured here, though not in so large quantities as one time. The streets and byways of the city can never cease to interest the visitor, for they are so narrow at times that two persons can scarcely pass abreast, and the houses seem to be slouching into each other across the way as though they had taken too much beer and it had suddenly mounted into their heads.

Perhaps the parish church is as interesting a spot as one here can see, dating back to the 11th century. We got the key of a beautiful lady who kept a little shop hard by, and who said she was sorry her son, who was "the clerk," as she called him, wasn't at home to show us around. We thanked her for her kindly intentions, though we didn't mind saying to ourselves the fee that the clerk's presence would have engendered, and taking the iron key, which was a foot long and weighed a trifle over two pounds, let ourselves into the ancient edifice, where we studied at our leisure the aged memorials and epitaphs most quaint, no less than the excellently preserved specimens of the architecture of the time.

In the year sixteen hundred and something, when times were very troublous here, as they were wont to be in almost any part of England previous to the present century, one Robert Phillips, surname, because of his reckless martial achievements, the Devil, was besieged upon a neighboring island by a certain Colonel Briggs and his followers, who, however, were unable to capture the satanic Robie, and were forced to retire. Thereupon the fiery Robin in turn essayed the colonel's capture, and to this end he one Sunday, when all were at devotions in this very selfsame church, pranced on his horse in at the open

door and clattered down the broad aisle in quest of his enemy's pew. The boldness of the proceeding quite took away the people's breath, as I fancy it would be likely to do even in this day of surprises, but rallying after a time, an alarm went up from the worshippers, and an attempt was made to intercept the bold invader of the Sanctuary, whereupon Robie, seeing his designs frustrated, put spurs to horse, turned up the northern aisle and dashed out the smaller door, which being low, caught him a resounding thump in the forehead and knocked off his iron helmet. Outside he was unhorsed by the guards and a terrific row ensued, but three companions, who had lingered near, by desperate charge rescued their leader and so Robie the Devil got off. We saw the identical helmet which was knocked off, and the sword of which the brave intruder was dispossessed, hanging in the church, where they are preserved as singular relics of its history. Sent words this true incident into "Rocky."

They burn a little time at Kendal, the few kilns standing on a hill at the rear of the town, whither we somewhat laboriously climbed, but though the kilns were alive, we could find nobody to explain to us their character. They appeared to be a cross between our old-fashioned and patent kilns though smaller than the latter, and were guileless of the huge shed that characterizes lime-burning at home, only a slight shelter close to the arch serving to protect the lime and laborers from the weather.

A SUNDAY OF SURPRISES.

At a comparatively early hour Sunday morning—say 9.30 o'clock—we were aroused by the strains of a familiar Sankey hymn, insistently tolled forth by masculine voices. Putting aside the curtains we saw a body of like-looking men formed in a circle in the square beneath, from whose throats were issuing the sounds that had awakened us, and who presently broke circle, formed into ranks and went off down the street at a swinging pace, still singing as they marched.

"It must be getting near meeting time," the Judge remarked, and we were beginning to pull on our regalia, when we heard the soft strains of a bass drum, and looking forth again we saw a procession, this time coming up the street, headed by a good-looking young man in uniform, who was followed by the drum and a number of ordinary appearing men and women, all of them singing at the top of their lungs, except the drum, which a consumptive individual was pounding fiercely, being always half a beat behind the slowest singer. These in turn took up the spot the former band had occupied, and the leader held forth for a brief season, when the procession reformed and went off again, the bass drum going it worse than ever.

"Everybody seems to be getting out before us," the Judge was somewhat nervously remarking, as he fitted his studs into a clean shirt, when our ears were saluted by another bass drum, keyed a trifle higher than the first one, with which seemed to discordantly mingle the strains of a cornet and a fiddle, all played very much out of tune and time—and peering forth for the third time our eyes were greeted by the spectacle of a far more extraordinary procession than we yet had seen. It was larger than the other two, and seemed to attract a poorer class of people. The leader wore a red jersey and a cap with a small visor and red band, as did also several of his followers, while the women were accoutered in ugly looking black dresses and black poke bonnets that would be apt to make the best intended person smile. This company likewise halted in the square, and the leader and the fiddle player and some others delivered a number of exhortations, to which the crowd listened respectfully, and then followed a song of one verse which was sung over and over a dozen times with great strength and metion, the bass drum and fiddle and cornet coming in at spasmodic intervals with startling effect, the young women, who would not have been pretty under any circumstances, and who labored at even greater disadvantage in the absurd dress they had donned, meantime shaking and thumping on tambourines. One of the young men bore a banner with a strange device which I could not at the distance distinguish. Presently the leader directed the big drum to be laid on its side, and called for contributions, and a number of copper coins being tossed from the crowd upon the drum's head, while the band gave vent to another song, the leader made this announcement:

"Now, my friends, we have been very happy this morning, and I hope we shall be happy all the time. We are now going to march to our hall, where we'll have a salvation meeting. I invite you all to come. This afternoon at four there will be a halldeluh meeting, and at seven a free and easy—and we want you all to come." Then the bass drum and the fiddle and the cornet and the tambourines struck up afresh, the company burst into song, and filing down a narrow street disappeared from view, the motley throng of men and women and boys straggling slowly after. The Judge and I gazed into each other's faces a moment in silence and then went down to breakfast.

"Mary," I asked of the trim looking maid as she sat on the fried mackerel and toast and coffee, "what was that first company of people we heard this morning?"

"Good looking ones, was they, sir?" Mary returned.

"Quite so," I said.

"Them, sir," Mary explained, "was Hanters. Methodists, sir, they are, but we call them Hanters, here."

"And the next one?" I pursued; what were they?

"That was the Church Army, sir. It is a little better than the Salvation Army, sir, I believe, because sometimes the Church of England ministers themselves speak in their meetings."

"Then the third one?" I said.

"Yes, sir, them was the Salvation Army. I suppose they are all good enough in their way, sir, but the Church of England is good enough for me," the maid added, loyally.

She further informed us that there were Congregational and Baptist chapels in town—

dissenting places of worship are called chapels here, no matter how pretentious the building—and while the Judge went off to the ancient parish church, I sought the house of the Baptist persuasion; but though I was directed up one street and down another until my legs were nearly worn off I failed to find it, and at length wandered into a Congregational service instead, where twenty-four people were looking very forlorn in a great rambling barn-like structure, lighted by such obtrusive windows that do what one would to avoid it, one must perforce lose the thread of the sermon and fall to counting the panes of glass. The preacher was a benevolent looking elderly gentleman, and preached from a dry-goods-box-like pulpity away up in the air. He had the most extraordinary manner of asprating his h's that I have yet encountered, dwelling upon the encumbering letter so long and with such emphasis that he quite made of it a separate syllable, until I got to studying with much interest his remarkable performance in that direction, and waiting with a sort of fascination for the advent of another h. I have forgotten what the sermon was about. It was very emphatic, I remember, and had something in it about striving to be good, but the window-panes and the h's got in between it and me to my undoubted loss. I seem to have grown awfully wicked since I left home.

AMONG THE LAKES.

I can't relate other pleasant experiences of our sojourn in this delightful town, but for the present I will pass them by. It was as beautiful a June day as history ever has produced when we climbed on to the outside of one of the stages by which the greater portion of travel through the lakes is accomplished. The sun shone brightly from a sky of clearest blue, the whole country luxuriated in the freshest and clearest of verdure, the well-kept hedgerows were just beginning to put forth the fragrant blossom of the hawthorne, and the peaks of mountains near and far seemed to smile and bob their heads to us in a friendly way as we passed along, as though it all had been gotten up for our particular benefit. I do not know that I need dwell upon the special characteristics of the several towns we visited, save to remark in passing, that while they nearly all are of comparatively recent growth, for the lake district only of recent years has been made popular, they abound in scenes that charm the eye and offer a degree of restful comfort that one rarely meets with in the hackneyed "resorts." You will find the lake district on your map, indicated by such melodious names as Windermere, Ulverston, Ambleside, Keswick, Grasmere, Derwentwater, Kewdale, and the like. The lake poets, as they are termed, of whom Wordsworth was the chief, have made the region classic to sentimental travelers, and there's not a spot in all this fine expanse of mountain, lake and glen that is not fixed in some setting of song.

Wordsworth lived at Rydal Mount, a mile or so beyond Ambleside, and near him, enjoying his friendship lived also Hartley Coleridge, while Dr. Arnold, of Rugby fame, at times occupied a cottage in this vicinity, and De Quincy as well. The couch put us down as we came near to the house where Wordsworth lived and died, and we walked up a winding lane to inspect the premises. We had thought to wander about the garden where the great singer strided and thought out a hard rhyme, and to look into the house that his dwelling-in has made sacred, but we were doomed to a bitter disappointment, for on coming up to the gate we found it closed and locked, and bearing an ominously black-lettered "No admittance," supplemented with the information that the premises were not open to the public. Some factions party had rubbed out the "not" of the legend, but we hardly felt that that destroyed its force. So we roamed disconsolately about the high, moss-covered wall and sought points of advantage whence we might peer over into the sacred precincts of the blooming garden beyond. The house was a many gabled affair of brick and stone, and as comfortable as it was old-fashioned in appearance. Fine, large trees threw their grateful shade over the neatly laid walks, and the whole place looked as though a poet might carry on business there for many years with wide success. We pushed around to the rear of the house, where some pieces of the family wash were contentedly drying in the sun, and we made as though we would ask a domestic, who peeped at us cautiously out of an open window, to let us in, but our hearts failed us, and we scaled the heights that rose just behind and gazed down upon the scenes that the poet of nature loved so much to wander among.

"It seems, sir," the Judge said to an elderly gentleman who was passing, "that we can't get admitted to Wordsworth's home?"

"No," the elderly gentleman pleasantly made response. "You see, the place has passed into the hands of Mr. Kutzenn, a private gentleman, who is my neighbor, and I have often expostulated with him on the subject, but he tells me that the public have so injured the premises by picking and pulling for relics, that he was forced in self-defense to bar them out."

The elderly gentleman added that he was very sorry for us, and passed on. We were sorry, too, but it didn't do us any good—it only made us feel badly, I think. But we could sit there on the hill where the poet used to sit, and look upon the same scenes his eyes had looked upon, and that was some consolation. Truly it was a lovely spot, with the huge trees growing all about, the bright face of Rydal Water just at our feet, nestling at the base of a bright green hill beyond, from whose thickets came the round notes of the cuckoo, while on every hand peaceful flocks of sheep were browsing and the whole landscape glowed in a profusion of wild flowers.

A MAN'S ENVIRONMENT.

"What a beautiful sight," the Judge exclaimed, drawing in a long breath and taking a large bite out of a sheet of gingerbread—for we had seized the opportunity to eat the lunch that we had brought along in pocket.

"That's so," I assented, as I picked a new kind of fly out of the piece of currant cake I was munching. "Almost anybody could be a poet if he spent his days in homes like these."

"Certainly," the Judge pursued. "Even the very names of the region hereabouts are in themselves, the essence of poetry. Grasmere, Lodore, Ulverston—how sweetly they fall upon the ear. Now with me, a man doesn't have half a chance. Take it around Rockland for instance—who can make poetry of such names as Hope, Warren, Unity, Seigelesville, St. George and the like?"

"Nobody," I assented. "To be sure, he might turn out something like—"

"There was a young man in South Hope, Who swam that he'd hang on a rope, But the folks called with laughter, When he fell from the rafters, He had given himself too much scope—"

"—But that wouldn't be accepted by the world as poetry—not poetry that would live, I mean."

"Certainly not," the Judge gravely acknowledged, and getting a drink from a spring near by, we walked along the remains of an old Roman road that swept its broad smooth way over a neighboring hill, and so dropped abruptly down into Grasmere, where Wordsworth lies buried and whose grave we visited. St Oswald's church is here, a very fine example of Early English architecture, and gracefully described in verse by the poet himself, whose grave we immediately sought in the churchyard, where we found a plain slate slab, bearing only his name and the date of his death—1850. Close by lie buried the poet's wife and other members of his family, while the grave of Hartley Coleridge, his friend, is at its head. The grass on the Wordsworth graves is trimly cut, but that of Coleridge's grows unkempt.

WILHELM SOUTHLEY LIVED.

Next we took coach for Keswick, which bore us up over the mountains of the Helvellyn range, in the course of which ride the driver pointed us out a number of curious formations on the mountain tops, from which the beholder could extract the images of lions, lambs, old women and other natural curiosities.

"And that, sir," he added, as he pulled up at a little wayside inn called the Xag's Head, and pointed to a building opposite, "that is the smallest church but one in England, and it has the smallest congregations."

"How large congregations?" we asked.

"Oh," the driver replied "five, or if it's some extra occasion, maybe six."

Keswick—they call it Kessick—is a charming little place, huddled down under the base of Skiddaw mountain, and here the tourist resumes the railway that takes him out of the delightful lake district. The famous Derwent water lake is close by, and the Falls of Lodore, where Southey saw the water come down, as you will remember. The water still comes down, very much as it did in the poet's day. Coleridge lived here, and his wife Shelley brought his child wife and dwelt when he was forced to leave Oxford.

Southey is buried at Crosthwaite church, where his effigy in full length lies carved in marble, bearing a fine inscription written by his friend Wordsworth. We looked at the effigy. It seemed very calm. I can't say that I am fond of full length effigies on tops of tombs. I trust I may be forgiven if I appear irreverent, but to me they seem foolish. But it's the taste of these people, and I suppose they will have them. A little girl in a red checked gingham dress and hair in two tight braids down her back conducted us around a well-worn path to Southey's grave, behind the church, and here we picked some grasses that grew up from the edges of the huge box-like affair of slate that bore the name of the poet and date of his death.

The other object of interest here is Greta Hall, where Coleridge lived before Southey—a large, brick dwelling with bows upon each end, and admirably surrounded by trees and flowering shrubs. We walked up the long lane that sloped to the house, picking a leaf here and there. We wanted very much to look inside that house.

"You follow me," at length the Judge said, determinedly. Then he went up and lifted and let fall the iron knocker that graced the door's outside. A maid in a white apron answered the rap.

"You will excuse us," the Judge said, with a persuasive jury sweep of his right arm, "but being in your place for a brief season, we make bold to enquire if it would be possible for us to view the interior of this house?"

The girl hung upon the door-handle in an embarrassed fashion and stammered something about not knowing.

"We are from America," the Judge continued in the same persuasive tenor, "and would much like to see the rooms in which poets whom we know so much about once lived."

There was more to this effect more smoothly expressed than I can recall it, and it finally moved the girl to say that she'd see so, vanishing, she presently returned and asked us to walk up into the library. Then she conducted us through a totally dark entry and up a stumbling flight of stairs with a ghostly old clock ticking on the landing, and the half-suppressed sound of young ladies snickering behind closed doors we were passing, and introduced us into a large square room with old-fashioned appointments, which was in substantially the same condition as when Coleridge and Southey here lived and wrote what made them famous. Then we excused ourselves and bade good.

Stopping in the garden for the Judge to sketch the house, we were presently apprehended by a lady who came up the walk and went into the house, whence she speedily issued again, and coming up with us graciously inquired if we had seen all of the house we wished, spoke of the large number of Americans who visit the spot, at the same time alluding to Hawthorne's description of his visit thither, and ended by desiring us to walk further about the grounds and along the river bank, which pleasant privilege we availed ourselves of with thanks.

"Who lives in Greta Hall, now?" the Judge casually enquired of a gentleman at the station, as we were taking our leave, next day.

"Mrs. Saunders," was the reply. "But you

mustn't think of getting in there to look about. They've been over-run with visitors that she has shut down upon them completely and nobody can get in."

And I don't believe we would if the Judge hadn't kissed the Blarney Stone.

A TRIP.

How the "Millerites" Went Up the Mountains and What They Saw.

From the heart of Woomblek M. House, From the lake that never falls, Falls the Snow, in the green lap Of Conway's intervals.

There, in wild and virgin freshness, It's waters foam and flow, As when Dante first did saw them Two hundred years ago.

Leaving Thomaston at 2.10 on Wednesday, the 8th of July, we arrived at the Randall House, North Conway, at nine o'clock and did ample justice to the hot supper provided for us. And right here we want to say to those wishing to spend a few weeks among the mountains, that if they desire a place where the prices are reasonable, rooms neat and well cared for, table well furnished, food well cooked, and above all a place where they will feel perfectly at home they can do no better than to go to the Randall House. "So say we all of us," and no party could give a house a harder test than did we "Millerites."

This name was adopted because we were "going up" and well did we deserve it for we not only went up ourselves but "took up" everything else with us. Early on Thursday morning the whole party were astir eager to see what kind of a place they were in. Truly it might be said that North Conway "nestles among the mountains," for on either side the Mount and Rattlesnake ranges shut us out from the busy world, while the whole Presidential range, with Washington in the center, stands at the head of the valley on the north and symmetrical Kearsage, the queen of the mountains, which one writer has said ought to have been named Martha Washington, stands like a sentinel guarding the valley on the northeast. No village could be better situated, and the efforts put forth by the citizens to keep it in harmony with its beautiful surroundings make it the place of resort of the whole mountain region.

The first day was passed in seeing some of the nearer places of interest including Artist's Falls, Diana's Baths, Echo Lake and the Cathedral. Of course a description of all the places we visited would be impossible but a few words must be said of the last place mentioned. At the base of a perpendicular cliff 650 feet high, those powerful geological agents, frost and water, have hollowed out a vast arch 80 feet long, 10 feet deep and 60 feet in height to which has been given the name of the cathedral. Bryant's "The groves were God's first temples" never seemed to have such a meaning as when standing in that place. Perfect it is, in its representation of a basilica, even to the bell hanging in the archway and no stained glass window can be compared for an instant to the view of Kearsage and the intervals afforded by the opening through the trees in front. Surely petty bickerings never disturbed the life of the couple whom Starr King united in marriage in that place some years ago. A glance at Echo Lake reflecting the trees and rocks in its placid surface, a listening to the echo from the face of the cliff, a short ride home and a dance in the dining hall after tea, complete the first day's work and we go to bed to wake on Thursday refreshed and ready for something else. A drive around Humphrey's Ledges and a stop at Bartlett's Bonlder for the purpose of having our pictures taken by the amateur, who is always found in such parties, occupy the forenoon and the afternoon is spent in hammocks and winging chairs, under the maples on the lawn.

So far the weather has been all that could be desired and best of all should forget that he was preparing it especially for our benefit we determine to do Mt. Washington the next day. The morning was very clear and we left the house at 6 o'clock to drive the whole distance 25 miles and return. Pictures and pens have ever failed to do justice to the drive through the Glen Woods and to Goodrich Falls, Glen Ellis Falls and Crystal Cascade which are passed on this drive, and we will take up the party again at the foot of the mountain, which was reached at 12.30. Eight of the party in a mountain wagon and three on a buckboard proceeded by the carriage road, eight remained at the base to await our return while five of us decided to do something a little out of the usual course started by the footpath up through Tuckerman's Ravine. The distance by this path is four miles while the carriage road winds around to a distance of eight miles before reaching the summit, but the path leads up over the very steepest part of the mountain. A tramp of two miles brings us to the "camp" of the Appalachian Club and we are at the foot of the ravine. Although it had been up hill all the way and we could see the mountains behind us growing lower, our climb had just begun. The view up the ravine is one of the grandest in the whole mountain region. Words cannot describe it but if the reader can imagine himself in a vast three sided amphitheatre whose walls on either side rise to the height of two thousand feet while down the wall in front is pouring the "Fall of a Thousand Streams" broken into indefinite cascades by the rocks and cliffs over which it tumbles, with the top of Mt. Washington stretching back a mile from the head of the ravine he can get a faint conception of the place. At the foot of the falls we find the "Snow Arch" and enjoy the luxury of a snowfall in the middle of July. The arch was about 200 feet long by 50 feet broad and will doubtless last some time although not so long as the one of 1880 when the writer found snow there on the 31st of August. The effect of the snow and cold water can be seen in the vegetation. The ravine is a vast wild flower garden and the climatic which appeared here about June 1st has just begun to blossom. From the arch the climbing is directly upward

and one needs to grasp the bushes and rocks firmly to keep from falling. Every step now brings out more wonderful views. Kearsage with its house on top appears, and only a few steps above over the shoulder of Kearsage the level plain of Maine can be seen stretching away to Portland. A little higher up Mount Cleburnia, Tripvaind and all the southern peaks are visible, and with one final spurt we are at the head of the ravine with the Franconian Range before us on the west, while between in a north-westerly direction, is a vast mass of mountains piled one upon the other in reckless confusion. A climb of an hour takes us to the summit. The view seen on such a day as we saw it is one never to be forgotten. Not a cloud in the sky and the atmosphere so clear that a mountain only fourteen miles from Montreal, and Wachuset in Massachusetts are visible. It was one of the red letter days of our lives and the mountains, rivers, lakes and villages spread out underneath us formed a picture which is indelibly impressed upon our memory. To those who would climb Mt. Washington we would say, make the ascent as we did if you can. It is no place for the city dude with tight pants; but if your physical condition is good and you wish to see the mountain in all its grandeur and beauty, to be taken as it were right into the heart of the mountain, go by the way of Tuckerman's.

Home at eleven p. m. the most of us were willing after attending service in the morning to lie around the house and rest from our long drive. Two new members were added to our party and as one could stay only for a day, it was decided to go through the North on Monday. At Bartlett the observation cars are taken on and soon we enter the lower end of the North. The mountains begin to close in upon either hand and to grasp us closer and closer. It is with a feeling of awe that one is carried along the side of the mountain on that triumph of engineering skill the P. & O. R. R. No wonder the psalmist exclaimed "I will lift up my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help," for it seems to us that any one brought up under the shadow of such mountains as these must imbibe strength of purpose and firmness of character with every breath. The gentlemanly conductor, Mr. Richards, calls our attention to Nancy's Brook where the faithful girl gave to the world another example of woman's devotion to the man she loves; further on the train almost stops to give us a chance to see the finest view of the mountains on the road; now our attention is called to the Willey House, far below us in the valley, which, more strongly than could any granite monument, calls to mind the sad fate of the family who perished here in the great slide of 1826; Frankenstein Trestle and Willey Brook bridge are now passed and it is with a feeling as if awakening from a dream that we see the train shoot through the "gateway of the North" and come to rest on the level plain in front of Crawford's. After a short stop at Eddyman's some go on to see the Profile, some back to Crawford's to sketch and others Mt. Willard and all return to Conway on the 6 o'clock train. And here I must leave them. During the remainder of the time, we just enjoyed ourselves at the house, sketched, visited the studio and photographer's rooms, had rides on horseback and in the buckboard, played tennis, sang, danced, went to the opera, and did other things the more mentioning of which would fill a column of this paper. On Saturday we returned home. We have given here a very imperfect account of all the wonders and beauties we saw while at the mountains. If a man is a skeptic, let him go there for "the mountains declare the glory of God." If he is sick, let him go there and "the strength of the hills shall be his also;" if he has a week's vacation with no particular object in view let him go there and he will come back as if he were feeling better prepared to go to work again and full of enthusiasm for the Switzerland of America.

W. E. M.

Jelly, speckled with strawberries, is the favorite dish for suppers after dances in England.

A paper canoe piloted by a member of the French Geographical Society is to explore the source of the Danube and will visit all the Swiss lakes, returning to Paris by the Rhine, North Sea and the Seine.

A new field for stamp collectors has been furnished by the Prince of Monaco, who has replaced the current French stamps by those which bear his own head in profile, with "Principality of Monaco" printed above.

Over 7000 cigars were found by revenue officers aboard a steamer which arrived in New York a few days ago. The cigars were found in the ice boxes, the water tanks, under the coal and other out of the way places.

Swimming manœuvres have been introduced into French military practice, to accustom troops to ford rivers in the face of an enemy. Dragoons at the Lunenburg garrison cross the Vienne on horseback, carrying their ammunition on top of their heads.

The Annamese are said to be slow, indolent and weak. They require plenty of hard words and frequent beatings to stimulate them when at work, and sailors and traders who have to employ them sometimes subject them to such violent abuse that death results. One shopkeeper is said to have killed four of the wretched people without being called to account by the authorities.

In Alaska in mid-summer, according to an interesting letter, the almost continuous light of day shines upon bright green slopes, shaded here and there with dark timber belts, rising up from the deep blue waters. An endless variety of bright hued flowers, the hum of insects and melodious song of birds, together with a degree of heat dispensed by the sun on, which to our thickened blood appears oppressive, would cause a stranger suddenly transplanted there to think himself in any country but Alaska.

Farm, Garden and Flower-bed.

WRITTEN FOR THE COURIER-GAZETTE BY A PRACTICAL FARMER AND FLOURIST.

FARM AND LIVE STOCK.

Have good fly-nets.
Early roosting is bad.
Work off the scrub stock.
Milk in any form suits hens.
Keep the calves growing rapidly.
Insufficient water may cause hens to stop laying.

Morning milk is superior in quality to evening milk.
Bad smells in the stable effect the milk and butter.
Every man may keep bees to forage where they will.

It pays best not to keep steers beyond two years old.

In most cases a self-sucking cow should go to the butcher.

The hay crop of this country in 1882 was estimated to be worth twenty-three million dollars.

Boys don't leave the farm as often from distaste of the work as from forced restraints placed upon them.

The finest honey is secured by removing the boxes as fast as the combs are filled and capped over.

One of the heaviest losses from forest fires is the burning of the vegetable world of the earth. This is a matter that greatly affects the future value of the land for the farmer. Less carelessness on the part of smokers and brush burners would save some heavy losses from forest fires.

Whether honey is extracted or kept in combs for marketing better prices may be obtained by keeping the different grades separate. This is not necessary with clover, raspberry and basswood honey, which are nearly alike, in their light color, but is important as concerns the later kinds which run darker.

Weeds in the Hoof Crops.—It is the late weeds which escaped the late hoeing that make the most trouble in fouling the land for future crops. Such weeds have a chance to grow strong, and perfect a full crop of seeds. Even if standing widely apart, enough seeds may be scattered to recupe the entire surface next year. The fields of hoof crops should be gone over several times after the last hoeing, to render them perfectly clean of the late rank weeds.

Haus in the Summer.—Well cured haus are not difficult to guard from the flies if only they are properly covered. Haus that are bought covered with cloth need no other protection or care than to be hung in a dry cool place. Home cured haus can be similarly covered with cloth to a trifling cost to ensure freedom from flies. Even placing them in bags of heavy paper, and tying these securely, with a piece of twine, by which they may be suspended, answers well. A dry atmosphere is important to their well doing.

Subsoil Plowing.—No tiller of the earth who has ever tried the subsoil plow fairly can esteem its value lightly. Through loosening the compact soil which lies below the reach of the common plow, it extends the range of the roots of plants thus ensuring additional safeguards against the suffering of crops from drought. The texture of the soil is improved throughout and to a greater depth by the admission of air more freely to it, and the readier escape of surplus water that falls upon the surface. It is not a rare thing for the direct benefit to the crops from subsoiling to be equivalent to an increase of from 30 to 50 per cent. The most thorough subsoiling is that in which a subsoil is made to follow in each furrow of the ordinary plow. Should the farmer find himself short of help or teams, by subsoiling in every alternate or even every third furrow, results not distinctly approximating the most thorough work would follow. Still the best kind of work in this line should be the aim.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Gather the pickles daily.
Allow no weeds to seed.
Let squash vines take root.
Keep sweet potato beds mellow.
Good culture will add to the growth many fold.
Raspberries readily stand a richer soil than the other small fruits.
Mulching the surface now may save the newly set cherry trees.
The free use of fruit lessens the tendency to fevers in malarial districts.
Thinning the fruit and good culture is the foundation of success in pear growing.

Object Teaching at the Fairs.—Let exhibitors of fruit, who want to educate the people as to the importance of proper culture, show one lot of suitable products, labelled, "Fruit grown by careful treatment." Then pick another lot from neglected trees and label, "Fruit allowed to raise itself." Such lessons would be helpful to many people.

Layering Grapes.—It is an easy feat for any one to propagate the grape by layering. A shoot of the present season's growth is bent down with the middle portion in an opening a few inches deep in the soil at the side of the old vine. The earth is returned to the opening, and by its weight keeps the middle part of the branch down. The growing extremity extends upwards out of the earth and may be staked. If the season is dry the ground should be mulched to promote moisture and free rooting. By fall there will be a well rooted plant, or perhaps two of them, which must then be severed from the parent stem before planting elsewhere.

FLOWERS AND THE LAWN.

Gather flower seeds.
Tie up the gladioli.
Keep the lawn weeded.
Shrubs may now be layered.
Remove all sprouts from budded roses.

Pot plants should be pruned to give neat forms.
Plants for winter flowering in the

house should not be allowed to produce a bloom in the summer.

Flowers will be finer and more enduring if the plants are kept shaded from the mid-day sun.

Beauty and utility go together in the garden. Even where there are no weeds present in a flower bed, the bed looks handsomer for having the surface made mellow with a rake, after each rain, than to have it in a beaten-down and baked condition. The plants will do vastly better for this treatment.

Double Flowers from Seed.—Flower growers often feel disappointed after having sown seeds of what they took to be double flowers, to find the plants producing single flowers. This in a measure must be expected, as single flowers usually have a part to perform in the fertilization and producing of all seeds that produce double flowers. Generally the very worst case of "double seed coming single" is not so bad as it appears at first, because of all the plants from such seed, those destined to yield single flowers come in bloom earlier than the others. Then again it often happens that the plants which produce flowers that are single or nearly so at first, show an improvement in the bloom and possibly complete doubleness later on.

In dealing with these cases the right course to pursue is to pull up as they show bloom all plants with flowers that are decidedly single, leaving the semi-double and late ones to stand. Then what at the first promised to be lots of single flowers, may after a few weeks turn out to be entirely satisfactory, as regards being double.

A PIE STORY.

I met a typical old New England Yankee the other day, writes Halston in New York Times, who seemed very anxious to get what particulars he could of James D. Fish's recent fortunes. "You see I used to know Jim," he said, half in apology, half in explanation, "and I can't help being curious about him. He was always a cute one, and never forgot to look out for No. 1. A good many years ago, more than I care to count, Jim Fish came to spend a couple of months in my town. I was about as green as a Yankee boy can be, and Fish was a great attraction. I was sure that nothing was too good for him, and I was only too happy to share all my treasures with him, or, that is, all but one, and to that one he took a particular fancy. As I said, I was young and foolish; I had an idea that a little pink and white bit of femininity that attended the seminary in our town (it was a school famous in all that country) was rather the nicest thing on the footstool. She was a pretty girl—girls were pretty in those days. Fish saw her first in church, where she sat dutifully in one of the school pews. As usual, I spent more time admiring her bonnet than in listening to the sermon. Fish was with me, and I suppose his eyes followed mine; at any rate, before church was over he asked me who she was, and I told him. He soon made her acquaintance, and in pretty short order the schoolmistress had learned that Annie had a cousin in the town whose existence she had never heard of before. In those days the rules of the girls' schools were strict, and all that the pupils were allowed in the way of poetry was pica. These were frequently sent to the scholars by their relatives; the seminary authorities soon learned that Annie's cousin must be a famous pie maker. Her pies grew more and more numerous, till it became a standing confidant how such a delicate girl could possibly eat such enormous quantities of New England's staples. One day Annie had a trifling headache; she was confined to her room, and the daily pie fell into the hands of a teacher who was acting as nurse. It was a good fat pie that the cousin sent out this day, and the teacher, whose lunch was behind, made free to help herself to a small slice. She felt sure Annie would think it all right. In went the knife; off broke the crust; but displayed to the amazed gaze of that teacher was no such wholesome compound as she had expected of apples and spices and molasses, but instead a mass of indigestible writing paper. And the paper wasn't blank; it was covered all over with writing—a genuine love letter. That was enough; Annie's pies were no longer a mystery, and the cousin's interest wasn't hidden any more crust. School discipline had its own sweet way for awhile, and it did not take Annie long to get well, nor Jim long to leave town after the story leaked out. No I didn't win my sweetheart back again. She is the wife of a Massachusetts judge now, and Jim he's in trouble again for being too turnabout smart." My friend moved away, apparently satisfied that Providence finally had avenged the wrongs of his youth.

The American nation has a double birthright—liberty and land. Its liberty it has guarded jealously, but until very recent years it seems to have been indifferent to the loss of its landed estate and ignorant of the methods by which it has been diminished. A veteran legislator, the Hon. George W. Julian, who has given special attention to the acts disposing of our public lands, tells the story in brief in a contribution to the North American Review for August.

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Our Little Ones and The Nursery, published in Boston, is a worthy of patronage from all who have very small children in the family. It is a bright picture book, filled with the purest reading. We are constantly surprised at the excellence of its engravings.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.
The most important discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it positively cure Consumption, but Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this, get a Trial Bottle Free, at Wm. H. Kirtland's drug store.

AS END TO BONE SCRAPPING.
Edward Lehigh, of Harrisburg, Pa., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to suffering humanity know it. I have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

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Speech is certainly silver at the telephone office. Ten words for a quarter.—Somerville Journal.

Gentleman—I am sorry to learn of your wife's death. Uncle Rastus. Uncle Rastus—Sah? Gentleman—I say that I am very sorry to hear that your wife has recently died. Uncle Rastus (with a puzzled look)—I gise da' am some mistake 'bout dat; Mistah Brown. I lef' de ole woman in gud health dis mawnin', sah. Who said she wadh dead? Gentleman—I've forgotten now. But I certainly heard so several days ago. Uncle Rastus (his face clearing up)—O, yahs, now I understand, sah. Dat wuz er forlorn wife ob mine, Mistah Brown. She died mo'n foah weeks ago. De present incumbent am all right.—Chicago Tribune.

Harper's Magazine for August is a brilliant mid-summer number. It opens with a delightful frontispiece by E. A. Abbey. Illustrating a quaint poem by Austin Dobson, entitled "A Love Song." Very bright and seasonal is Mrs. Sandhams' article, "A Trip on the Ottawa," which is beautifully illustrated by her husband. Mr. J. C. Beards' "Decorative Sentiment in Birds" is not only a handsomely illustrated article—containing seven pictures in Mr. Beards' best style—but full of novel and curious information. The Rev. John E. Edwards, D. D. (a Southern writer), contributes an interesting brief sketch of the celebrated "Pawnee" panic. A brief paper on "Aix-les-Bains" contains much interesting information, especially to travelers in search of health. Sold at the bookstores.

Lippincott's Magazine for August is specially adapted for summer reading. The only "solid" papers in this number are one on "The Scottish Crofters," by Prof. D. B. King, and second of two by Edmund Kirke on "The Pioneers of the Southwest." The former contains a clear statement of the grounds on which the claims of the crofters are based, as well as of the present tendency of legislation and public opinion in Great Britain in reference to the tenure of land. "Our Villa," by Margaret Bertha Wright, is a very amusing sketch of French provincial life. "Fishing in Elk River," and much other reading that is of intense interest. The short stories are uncommonly good. "The Primitive Couple," by M. H. Catherwood, is artistically worked out, while it has the charm of freshness, the scene being laid on one of the Canadian lakes and the characters of an unfamiliar type, while evidently true to life. "A Pleasant Spirit," by Margaret Vandegrift, is a realistic village sketch, and "My Friend George Randall," by Frank Parker, is a story of college life written in a very agreeable and sympathetic vein.

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when neglected or improperly treated often degenerate into cancer. By our new and improved treatment without knife, cauterization, or any of the worst cases in ten to thirty days. Throat, chest, and rectum, and other internal diseases. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 608 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT SHOULD BE GENERALLY KNOWN.
that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a rapid action of the liver. The blood becomes impure, because the liver does not act properly and new blood formed from the system, and certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections, or settings upon the lungs and a poisoning their delicate tissues, until absorption, breaking down and consumption is established. Dr. Thomas' Golden Medical Discovery will be acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy.

Don't give up the hopes of recovering if you are afflicted with Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Remedy has been a speed in thirty years—many great cures are known from its use. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge Mass.

FOUND
Relief for Cramps, Colic, and Summer Complaint in Baker's Great American Specific. It immediately allays the griping pains and distress. N. B. Dutton Portland, Me.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE
Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.
Aid Remedy for Consumption.
Dr. H. J. Pratt, Montello, Wisconsin, says: "After a heavy cough of over two years, I voluntarily recommend your Scott's Emulsion to those afflicted with consumption."

THE TERRIBLE DRAIN
Which scrofula has upon the system must be arrested, and the blood must be purified, or serious consequences will ensue. For purifying and vitalizing effects, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy superior to any other preparation. It expels every trace of impurity from the blood, and bestows new life and vigor upon every function of the body, enabling it to entirely overcome disease.

"Now."
Now the system begins to relax. Now is the time to cleanse it. Now purify the blood. Now purge the pores of the skin which begin to open. Now use Brown's Sarsaparilla. Now is the time to begin to use spring medicine. Brown Sarsaparilla for sale by all druggists.

GRANDMOTHER SAYS!
When she was a girl her mother always gave her sulphur and molasses to purify her blood, but she now gives Sulphur Bitters to her grandchildren. It is the best medicine she ever saw.—The Father.

It is said that effluvia from gamblers have been made by the Chicago police and that the business is practically broken up in that city.

TWO YEARS AGO!
I was a sight to behold and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years.—W. H. Burman, Manchester, N. H.

The Arnica-root Tonic says that the diphtheria is prevalent at Sherman Mills. Three of the town's schools have closed in consequence.

The relaxing power of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is almost miraculous. A gentleman whose leg was bent at the knee and stiff for twenty years had it limbered by its use and the leg is now as good as the other.

The evil consequences resulting from impure blood are beyond human calculation, so are the vast sums expended in worthless remedies. Parsons' Purgative Pills make new rich blood, and taken one a night for three months will change the blood in the entire system.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa.: "I have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, stomachic, bilious attacks, liver and kidney troubles."

Some Remarkable Cures of dentists are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Never fails to cure cancras.

"Rough on Rats,"
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

"Rough on Cattle,"
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Cattle." Do. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Corns,"
Quick, complete cure. All skin diseases, blisters, and itchy eruptions. Scurvy, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. \$1. Druggists.

"Rough on Piles,"
Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, and all other. Guaranteed to cure. Remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

"Rough on Catarrh,"
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Hiccups,"
Cures Hiccups or Hiccuping, Indigestion, Protruding, Bleeding, and all other. Guaranteed to cure. Remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

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RAILROADS AND STEAMBOATS.

KNOX AND LINCOLN RAILROAD.

Summer Time Table.

Commencing Monday, June 29, 1885.

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Portland to Bangor, Monday, June 29, 7:30 a.m.; Tuesday, July 1, 7:30 a.m.; Wednesday, July 3, 7:30 a.m.; Thursday, July 5, 7:30 a.m.; Friday, July 7, 7:30 a.m.; Saturday, July 9, 7:30 a.m.; Sunday, July 11, 7:30 a.m.

Bangor to Portland, Monday, June 29, 10:30 a.m.; Tuesday, July 1, 10:30 a.m.; Wednesday, July 3, 10:30 a.m.; Thursday, July 5, 10:30 a.m.; Friday, July 7, 10:30 a.m.; Saturday, July 9, 10:30 a.m.; Sunday, July 11, 10:30 a.m.

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THOMASTON.

Frank L. Gilchrist is at home from sea. Mrs. Harris M. Conant is at residence of D. J. Starratt. Bert Henderson with R. H. White & Co., Boston, is visiting home. Mrs. Frederick A. Robinson, of Hudson, Mass., is home on a visit. Miss Adeline Johnson, of Portland, is a guest of Miss B. H. Robinson. Charles Andrews and wife of Boston, are at the house of Wm. Andrews. Kendall W. Kellough, mate of ship Henry Santer is at Fullerton Kellough's. Miss Lela M. Loomis, of Rockland, is at the residence of Mrs. Mary Crawford. Henry Kendrick Robinson has returned home from a voyage to South America. Mrs. Caroline Weston, of Massachusetts, is at the house of S. S. Gory, Knox street. Capt. Joel H. Hopper, of schooner Henry Santer, has arrived home from Genoa. Miss Marie Keene, of Washington, D. C., is visiting relatives and friends in this locality. Ship J. B. Walker, Capt. Geo. E. Wallace, arrived at Liverpool August 24 from San Francisco.

Major Delano and family and Mrs. Sarah Church were at the McIntyre Cottage, Cushing, for the past three days.

Mrs. Thoma McKenney and son George have returned from Massachusetts, where they have been since last autumn.

Miss John Brown and Miss Alice Sprague with R. H. White & Co. Boston are guests at the house of W. W. Barlow.

Edward Caldwell and wife with Miss Germond of Brooklyn, N. Y., are guests at the house of Alpheus Sherman, Knox street.

Mrs. Jerry Bucklin and Miss Hentz with Miss Edith Fales, of Boston, are at the residence of Anson N. Bucklin, Bowker street.

Ship Manuel Llaguno, Capt. Edwin S. Smalley, arrived at San Francisco, July 29th, after a passage of 66 days from New York.

Mrs. Timothy Murphy and children have returned from a protracted visit to Norfolk, Va., at which place the ship John Bryce, Capt. Murphy, is loading coal for San Francisco.

Capt. William H. Smith and family returned from sea last week. Capt. Smith's family remain at home, but Capt. Smith has called on schooner Capt. C. Berry for New York with cargo of ice.

Memorial services will be held at the Methodist church at half past one o'clock on the day of Gen. Grant's funeral, Saturday, 8th inst., to which the public are invited to attend. The sermon will be by Rev. J. L. Huntington, Moderator of P. Henry Tidson Post are expected to form at their hall at one o'clock prompt.

W. C. Crawford of Belfast has been engaged as principal of our High School and enters upon his duties Sept. 7th. Mr. Crawford is a graduate of Colby University, Waterville, class of '82, and was one of the ranking scholars of his class. For two years past he has been principal of the Upper Grammar school in Belfast, having the superintendence of all the schools below that grade, a position created for him. The Belfast school officials have made every effort to hold him, and while they regret to see him go, they deplore his leaving. He is a young man deeply interested in his calling and will doubtless give the best of satisfaction. Supervisor O'Brien's choice is evidently a wise one.

The entertainment in aid of the Ladies Library Association will take place at Union Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, August 11th and 12th inst., at which the following interesting pieces will be presented: On Tuesday evening the drama entitled "Home" by the Belfast School Drama Club; on Wednesday evening the comedy "Engaged" by the Lawn Tennis amateurs. The programme of each evening will be well worth the attendance of all, especially in so important and worthy an object as the support and sustaining of a fine library of choice books among our young people. We think as a rule parents are not careful enough about the kind of books that their children read. It is there is any one thing more than another which exerts an evil influence over the young, it is the reading of cheap books of the so-called yellow literature sort. This cheap stuff has led many young boys to commit crime and even to become paupers. The Ladies Library has already many well selected books, and more are required. A library of this kind cannot be sustained in this community unless supported by the people. Let all who are desirous of circulating good literature in our town sustain the Ladies Library by attending the entertainment and thereby give the association funds for the worthy object mentioned. Music will be furnished each evening, and the usual refreshments served.

VINALHAVEN.

Fred Killman has bought a trotter. C. D. Atherton has commenced work on his new sidewalk.

W. E. Combs' colt is improving. We should say he would trot a mile in 2:50. The trotting park is in a flourishing condition. Charles is going to work Monday.

F. S. Walls arrived from Northport Saturday where he has been making some repairs on his cottage.

Rev. Mr. Gledhill of Augusta delivered a very satisfactory sermon Sunday at Union church.

The new flag presented by the Ladies Relief Corps to the G. A. R. will be exhibited before G. A. R. Hall, Aug. 10th.

The B. T. L. U. Club made a trip to Round Pond Saturday evening to see the surplus funds which were left in the treasury.

The following general order from the Commander in Chief, G. A. R., was received: "All Grand Army men are to wear mourning for sixty days." The order was acted upon and the Post agreed to go into mourning.

E. R. Graffam left bound for Boston Tuesday. H. D. Patterson of Canton arrived in town Saturday. Capt. Henry Spaulding made a short visit to town Saturday. E. W. Berry and wife left the Granite Hotel for home Monday. They will be missed by many friends. Eugene Palmer is in town selling lots of jewelry and watches.

The final arrangements have been made by the G. A. R. Post No. 14, in honor of the obsequies of Gen. Grant, and on Aug. 31st the Post will hold memorial services in the church. The Ladies Auxiliary Corps and Sons of Veterans come out in a body and services will ensue at 2 o'clock, p. m. to be conducted by Rev. W. H. Littlefield. All phases of business are requested to be closed.

WEST CAMDEN.

W. L. Cook and wife of Salem, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Richardson and daughter and Mrs. J. S. Smith and daughter of Boston, Edw. Ousterhouse of Portland, Oregon, E. L. Cleveland of Houston, Mo., John D. White and F. G. Cleveland of Van Buren, Arkansas, and W. A. Cleveland of Danvers, Mass., are at Mirror Lake cottages.

SOUTH MONTVILLE.

Second crop grass is starting up lively. Crops are looking nicely and bid fair to be good.

We have harvested an average crop of excellent quality hay.

John Eastman, quite an aged man, died quite suddenly in Appleton, July 21st.

J. L. Simmons of Watkinson, Mass., who has been visiting his parents here, returned home today. First J. P. Knowlton, Blueport Seaman, with his family, has been spending his vacation with his father at the old home here.

W. B. Hills of Rockland is driving the mail stage from Liberty to Belfast via So. Montville, Seaboard and Bangor. This is a model stage. He has one of his horses in the harness in Belfast, but the horse named in Rockland and has changed and got a small little pony which will replace it. Was disappointed in S. horses to him.

CAMDEN.

Mrs. A. C. Faine wishes to sell her millinery stock. Remember "Lost in London" by the Universal Society.

Holmes & Co., clothiers, have the daisy white shirts and neckties.

Capt. Dickinson, Jark Edward Cushing, sailed from Portland Saturday.

Elder Geo. W. Brown of Orrington preached at the Advent Chapel Sunday.

Yacht "Piedmont," Commodore Chas. E. H. H. Anthon, sailed from here for New York.

Mrs. Fenderson's concert at Megunticook Hall, Friday, did not realize the audience it was expected to draw.

The summer cottage of Capt. Isaac Combs, "The Pioneer," was completed this week at Lake City.

The Comical Brown Concert Company gave one of their popular entertainments in Megunticook Hall Tuesday evening.

Frank M. Young made a gentleman from Watkinson, Mass., by selling him his driving horse "Colony" last week.

Geo. S. Cobb Post, G. A. R., and his drivers are to observe Saturday, Aug. 8, by prayer, music and addresses in honor of Gen. U. S. Grant.

Ingraham, the veteran horseman, offers purses to the amount of \$250, to be trotted for at Rockland, Aug. 19 and 20. Bring up your horses gentlemen!

Rev. A. H. Tyler held memorial services at the Cong'l church, Elm street, Sunday the 2nd, to a large congregation. The church was draped appropriately for the occasion.

Scene at Atkins' 90-cent store. Girl—1 will look at your hammocks, please. Dealer—Yes, now, there is something here. Not expensive, but at the same time pretty and strong; and I will guarantee it to sustain a weight of 300 pounds, miss. Girl—Let me see; 120 and 160 would be just 280—very well, I will take one.

Among the notables at the Bay View this week were J. S. Stone, wife and daughter, and Miss Roper, Montreal, P. Q.; Rev. Henry Jones, rector of St. Thomas Episcopal church, has recovered from his recent illness, and held services Sunday. Hon. T. R. Simonton and wife returned from Moosehead Lake, Saturday.

Miss Barbara Porter, daughter of Hon. W. R. Porter, Cambridge, is at Mrs. Buchanan's, Mountain street. Gordon E. Weld, wholesale coal dealer, Boston, is in town.

Capt. Fountain went to New York Thursday last to take his vessel. Jos. H. Simonton, of the Union Mutual Insurance Co., Portland, is at home on his vacation. Capt. Isaac Combs left for New York Monday.

Samuel, agent for Adams Express Co., Ottawa, Kansas, is visiting friends in this vicinity. Timothy Heald and daughter from Lincoln are the guests of D. H. Bishop, Mountain street.

ROCKPORT.

There has been a new ice cream saloon opened here.

The new ship is almost completed. She will be finished this week.

There will be a big time in Rockport at the launching of the ship.

Rockport Co. expect a number of vessels to head for the coming week.

Miss Leona Miller fell from a swing and broke her collar bone last week.

The dance at Ballard Park was postponed last week on account of bad weather.

R. J. Jenks of Newport, N. H., a junior of Yale College, is the guest of H. W. Page.

G. F. Burgess' line shed is almost completed. It is one of the finest line sheds in Knox Co. The new ship has been named "Frederick Billings" and will launch the 11th of August.

Mr. Cleaves of Saco is visiting at Hon. E. E. Richards' at present. Rev. Mr. Tyler and wife have returned to Massachusetts. They left Tuesday. They have been making Mrs. Linnell a visit here. Horatio Andrews is at home on a visit. He is employed in Boston as clerk at R. H. White's. Venzie Blanchard and wife of Stockholm are making a visit at Mrs. Blanchard's father's, R. C. Harvey. Dr. Randall Barrett of Norfolk, Va., is making his mother, Mrs. Charles Barrett, a visit. N. Maguire and wife have returned to Boston. Mrs. Henry Collins is very ill.

SOUTH THOMASTON.

John Rogers has moved into the tenement over the post office.

J. P. Green has returned from Milford and is to work for Smith & Ingram.

Mrs. Deborah Miller is suffering from a lame foot. She is unable to step on it.

Those wishing to aid in cleaning the chapel will have an opportunity Wednesday.

Ben D. Littlefield collided with Martin Sweetland, while in Rockland, breaking three feet from the pole of Mr. Littlefield's coach.

W. F. Butler has moved his goods that were not sold at the auction out of Mrs. Nancy McLean's store, which she is having repaired. Capt. H. S. Sweetland moves in.

The Lord said "Let there be light and there was light." The people of South Thomaston said these dark nights, "Let there be light," and Friday our little village was greatly improved by the erection of five street lights.

Geo. Harding's night blinding cures blossomed Tuesday evening. As it began to open about four o'clock, Mr. Harding invited his neighbors and friends to witness the opening of the flower, which was very fragrant.

T. E. Wiley has gone to work for Ward & Stanley, learning the stone cutter trade. Will J. Thayer has gone on a trip to Danvers, with Capt. John Robinson. Capt. Henry Spaulding and wife were in town Wednesday. Mrs. Spaulding's ankle is much better. Miss Marie Birnie is confined to the house with sickness. Mrs. Henry Sweetland and daughter Maud, have gone to Bucksport. The presence of Mrs. Lewis is in town visiting friends. F. D. Combs is harpist for the Wee Wee Granite Co., also for Brown & Wade. Mr. Conway from Newburyport, Mass., is visiting Chas. Wiggins.

Capt. Pearson and family of Rockland spent the Sabbath at the home of Henry Spaulding at Pleasant Beach. John Miller is at work for Ward & Stanley. Capt. Packard, wife and child from Clark's Island, Ed Butler and wife from Thomaston, spent a pleasant Sabbath at the beach with W. Frank Butler and family. They were all invited to take tea at the Sea Gull.

M. Elwell has erected in his cemetery, over the remains of his three children, a beautiful triple head-stone of Gothic style, consisting of two bases and slabs. The first base, rock face without margin line, is second base, polished, with the name of Elwell on one side in polished letters. The tablet is divided by springing two small arches from the bases of the pedestals on the sides to the center or large arch, making the three one complete whole. The base, or faces are richly decorated with a variety of flowers and leaves of the natural and conventional order, making a neat and tasty design. Designed and executed by Geo. Green.

SOUTH WARREN.

The meadows and marshes in this section will yield abundantly this season, which fact will be pleasing to those of our farmers, whose crop of English hay has fallen off.

Ed Storer has his new house nearly completed which will add greatly to the attractions of Pond Hill district. Ed is one of the many prosperous young farmers of that section.

Allen Conner and Isaac Libby bought the grass on the Bowdoin farm, and in thirty-six hours, from the time they commenced to mow, the hay came ten tons, was in the barn in excellent condition. The work was done by seven men and the horses.

Miss Susie Leonard of Bath was at Mrs. Elizabeth Spear's last week. Henry Locke at home from sea. Miss M. F. Conner has returned home after an absence of several weeks. John Bradford left home Thursday to join his father Rogers, lying at Tenand's Harbor bound for Bangor. Miss Alex. Leonard made a trip to her residence, South Main street, last week. Mr. S. R. S. has been making a short stop in town, returned to his home in Cambridge.

APPLETON.

The Appleton correspondent would be thankful for items of general interest in this department. News of marriages, births, fires and other serious accidents, thankfully received. Aware that much of interest to the public is daily transpiring in town that does not come to his notice, he cannot do better than to send him, respectfully requests any and all persons having items of news of general interest to hand the same to T. A. Gushier, who will forward them to the reporter.

Prof. A. R. Dutton of Camden has been visiting in Appleton. Miss Annie Sleeper is visiting her parents. Edward A. Thordike, detective at Seattle, Washington Territory, has been visiting at J. A. Sherman's. Miss Annie, sister of Mrs. Sherman, and Miss Alice Haines of Swampscott, Mass., have also been visiting in Rockland.

Mr. Sleeman, Mrs. Allen and Frank Thordike of Rockport. Mr. Hobar and wife of Denysville have been visiting at E. D. Gushier's. The acquaintance was formed in the legislature last winter. Mrs. Florence and Mr. Thordike of New York with her sister, Mrs. Hennebury and children. Mrs. Ripley of the Appleton House has gone to Clinton, Mass. Her son-in-law, Frank Kimmins, is sick with typhoid fever. Mrs. Florence and Mr. Thordike are visiting in town.

Mrs. Lizzie Osgood, nee Linneken, is visiting at her father's, A. Linneken, Mrs. Hathaway of Rockland, Cal., with two children, and Mrs. Stone of Lawrence, Mass., with three children, are visiting their father, Levi Pease.

WEST APPLETON.

Raspberries and blueberries are abundant. Fruits of all descriptions look unusually well.

James H. It has a very fine display of choice vegetables.

Time Plain Lodge, L. O. of G. T., elected officers. Now, there is something here. Not expensive, but at the same time pretty and strong; and I will guarantee it to sustain a weight of 300 pounds, miss. Girl—Let me see; 120 and 160 would be just 280—very well, I will take one.

C. C. Pond of Rhode Island is visiting relatives in this place for a few weeks. John Eastman died Saturday very suddenly. The funeral was held Sunday, Rev. C. Purinton officiating.

Gen. N. Prall, now at work in Rhode Island, intends to take his family to Pawtucket, R. I., this fall for permanent residence.

The women and children are nearly all engaged in picking berries and carrying them to Liberty, where they sell them for eight cents a pound.

Wm. Clark who has been sick the past week is better. Thomas R. Collins is making his home at J. W. Ulmer's. James Hart is at work having for T. Webb of Warren.

OWL'S HEAD.

Owing to the fog and showers our farmers managed to have a lively time the past week hay.

The Rev. Dr. G. D. B. Pepper, president of Albion Seminary, will preach at Timber Hill school-house Sunday, at 3 p. m.

Mr. Brown and family of Boston are boarding at Capt. L. G. Perry's. Miss Nellie Clifford is sick with neuralgia of the heart. Mrs. Emma Storer and daughter of Boston are residing at Capt. Eben Pinkham's.

W. H. Glover & Co. have completed a beautiful cottage on the shore of the Henricson farm for Capt. Adams of Waterville and the Rev. Dr. G. D. B. Pepper and family of Waterville, who came Friday night and will occupy it the present season. Mr. Henricson has sold seven lots to Waterville parties.

CUSHING.

Mrs. Riley Davis broke her arm Sunday by falling in a boat.

Reuben Demuth, who has been sick for some time, died Thursday morning. He was one of the best of our citizens and friends.

The big whale which was cast upon Georges Island last week has been towed by Capt. Charles Cazillis to the eastern shore of Gay's Island, Cushing.

Willard Humphrey of Boston is visiting Sewell Payson. Joseph Granger returned to New York City, Thursday. Dr. C. B. Smith and wife of Auburn at Judson Payson's. Miss Rose J. Bowler of Waterville was in town last week visiting her large circle of friends.

NORTH WASHINGTON.

The hay crop is nearly harvested and is considered to be of excellent quality and an average crop as regards quantity.

Mead Howard invited a few of his friends and neighbors to a mowing bee Friday, at which time an unusual amount of labor was accomplished in a short time.

No changes in our mail arrangements have been announced, although there is said to have been recent improvements and valuable additions made in the direction of the post office here. "Did well, Fred."

Dr. A. R. G. Smith was in town about two weeks ago in consultation with Dr. Tribble in several cases in this town and Union. Miss Susie R. Collins is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Skinner, who has been quite sick, but who is now much better. Dr. J. T. Sanborn was in town last week from Wadsworth in company with E. E. Harvey.

The son of the farm of A. A. Skinner was cut year by his hired boy, Granite Robinson, sixteen years of age, in six days; it being the best time made by any one who has ever attempted the job. The farm is uneven and requires a large part of the morning to be done. The amount of hay harvested this year is not stated but it is, however, not less than 20 tons.

We noticed in the Union correspondence of Tue. C. G. of a recent issue that mention was made of the death of one of Union's oldest and most respected citizens, a man who has been a resident of Union for more than half a century and whose life has been a busy, earnest, christian life, and may well be remembered by the young men of our land. We refer to the death of Dea. Martin's father, and very respectfully request that the Union correspondent should give so worthy a subject so little space.

HOPE.

Daniel Bartlett is in very poor health.

The measles have again visited us, this time stopping at C. D. Barnes.

P. T. True has bought Mrs. R. F. Matthews and her family, and will Bartlett that of the Drake estate.

Wesley Smith of Rockland visited his son Charles here recently. Miss Nettie Allen and Miss Helen Deneritt of Natick are at Miss Allen's brother Allen's.

One of our neighbors has been sold by placing part of the bones of a dead cow in his mowing field and putting on a man's garments over them so as to represent a man, to the excited farmer. It was found while mowing. The farmer sent for one of the selectmen to investigate matters. No little excitement was stirred up, as the crowd would testify.

WEST WASHINGTON.

The hay crop is about over here. Good weather has prevailed and an abundant crop harvested.

Prof. L. C. Bateman of Seaboard, a former Washington boy, now one of Waldo Co's solid citizens, spent a few days in our vicinity last week, and was much interested in our relatives and friends here. The general prospect is always a welcome visitor.

Wm. Hodge, an aged and well known resident of this town for many years, died recently in Lynn, Mass., at his daughter's, where he was visiting. He was an industrious and humble gentleman.

Joe L. Clark, Jr., of Rockland, Miss Alice M. Davis and Nellie Heath of Wadsworth are visiting at T. S. Bowden's. Master Ralph Gilpatrick of Waterville is visiting his grand father Thos. Pelton. Willie W. Keniston has gone to Hallowell, Me., to assist in the funeral service of the late. Mary, eldest daughter of D. H. Clark, is under the treatment of Dr. Jackson for poisoning, received in some unknown way. She will recover. Rev. J. M. Fawcett is in very poor health. He is expected to leave for his home in Waterville. Willie Deoster is thought to be improving under the treatment of Dr. Allen of Wadsworth.

WARREN.

Francis Pond, who has been visiting in the village, has gone to his home in Alfred.

The band entertained a goodly crowd Saturday evening until the rain dispersed them.

Dudley Gould is to assist in the market for a few weeks, while Miss Robinson takes a vacation.

O. A. Spear has taken a shop where he is ready to attend to the wants of those needing jobs of joinery work.

Repairs have been made on the Congregationalist church. The bell and its supports have been strengthened, a new rope provided, the walks repaired, etc.

Thomas Walker is residing at Old Orchard for a rest. Mrs. John Jones of Lynn, Mass., is on a visit to her daughter. Mrs. Clifford Buxton and daughter of Toledo, Ohio, are visiting here.

We are not able to write much this week owing to the carache from the victory of the Warrens over the Thomasons on their last grounds Saturday, being the second victory they have won; 10 to 10.

The ministerial troupe did not have so full a house as we predicted, owing probably to the evening shower. Our people were disappointed in them by the paper they distributed, their performance not being up to the mark.

Our streets have been made somewhat lively this week by vendors of small wares, corn medicine that would flip a corn or wart out before you was aware of it without pain. No more rough hands or limping people.

Workmen have resumed on the Baptist church. One of the church committee wrote a letter to one of its former members stating that they were in need of a little more light in the way of a chandelier, and asking him if he felt disposed to aid them. A check was received for \$50. "Ask and ye shall receive" proved a motto.

Susan C. Starrett died at her home in this village Saturday at the age of 33 years. Miss Starrett was an accomplished lady, well known as a successful instructor throughout the state. For ten years she has been assistant of the Belfast High School, holding a warm place in the affections of her pupils. She was a finished scholar and writer, and was interested in the formation of the Maine Pedagogical society, of which she was an honored member, being for several years one of its executive officers.

Saturday night at 1:30 the McCallum Bros. blew their whistle and left their moorings for Marshall's Island, with a jolly crew of nine, and baskets filled. On landing they made their wants known to Mr. Stone and son by the blowing of their whistles, which were warmly welcomed. Soon the lobsters were boiling and the clams dug while Weston and Weatherhead attended to the cooking of them. The others with Mr. Stone left for the fishing grounds, where Matthews was high finer, and eleven large cod-fish were taken, when they returned to the wharf happy over the success, or the times of cooking. The hearty meal over, several baskets of lobsters, clams and fish were taken on board for home trade. On departing a large crowd here and came again was returned. "We will," was the reply. On arriving at her moorings they had so much that they did not care to divide, but took what they wished and gave up the rest to whoever wished.

The Thomaston Herald in its report of the game of base-ball between the Thomasons and Rocklands says that the Thomasons lost the game on account of the errors of Newbert in this place, who caught for the Thomasons. The Herald's report is probably a little exaggerated in the business as he follows this statement with another that the Rocklands made eight base hits and the Thomasons five. It would seem from this that the Rocklands out-batted their opponents, which of itself would indicate the reason for the loss of the game by the Thomasons. The Rocklands did no batting until the last half of the game when they rattled Sands for earned runs. It is something new in base-ball reporting to see a catcher run for earned runs. On the part of any one of the players. The Thomaston reporter also forgot to mention the fact that Newbert caught Sands on short notice, that he knew nothing of his style of pitching and caught a ball which he considered the circumstances. It is well known in this vicinity that Newbert, with any kind of a fair show, is a most excellent catcher. As a pitcher he spoke for himself Saturday.

The steam mill started up this week. E. Smith received a car load of coal last week.

Mrs. Hentz and family are stopping at Mrs. Man's.

Hay makers are busy in the meadows gathering wild hay.

Nine visited Gardiner from Warren on Saturday's excursion.

A party of young people will indulge in a trip to Hallowell Saturday next.

Seth Oliver is negotiating with a party to occupy his new room as a jeweler.

Blackberries are quoted at 6 cents per quart and raspberries at 6 cents per pound.

Ed Storer's house is fast approaching completion and will be a fine looking building.

Rev. A. G. Pettengill, who preached at the village Sunday, was the guest of M. H. Stald and wife.

A. Barlow, who has been living on the White place for about two years, is moving to Hallowell.

Albert Arnold of Rockland is doing the mason work on the Mallett house and A. Shen the plumbing.

John Rollins who has been at work four years in Bath, has returned to Warren and will go to work at the woolen mill.

The Georges River Mills have contracted for a new water wheel of greater size than the present one, and the village will make.

The oil stove convenience is appreciated in this place judging from the fact that one dealer (E. Smith) has sold thirteen this season.

Samuel Ladd while at work stowing away hay Tuesday at Mrs. Wade's fell a short distance striking on his side. Two ribs were injured, but he is doing well.

Business is better at the shoe shop than at this time last year as the figures will show. Eight hundred and eighty-five cases were shipped last month against 452 shipped the corresponding month last year.

We notice the Warren correspondents to different Rockland papers are giving us considerable news of late. If we keep on we shall have to have a separate sheet in order to be fully represented, but don't call it the Warren Times.

The N. O. Minstrel troupe stopped at the Warren House and we overheard some conversation among them in which one said after coming from the dining room, "That is the best meal I have struck since we started out." Fish is running a first-class house and the fact is appreciated.

Lewis Hall started for his western home in Dakota Monday morning. Chas. Andrews and family are in town. Mrs. Clifford Buxton and daughter arrived last week. Mr. Otis Andrews is quite unwell. L. B. Curtis is much improved and is able to go out when pleased.

EAST WARREN.

William Swift has a boy eleven years old who has done all the mowing and raking on quite a large farm, the present season, and not a very smooth farm at that.

ASH POINT.

Charles O. Shaw and wife of Chicopee Falls, Mass., are spending a few days with Mrs. Lucy Heard.

Our fishermen report good success. Fish are generally scarce, but are at present very plenty.

A party of our young people enjoyed a moonlight picnic recently at Rocky Point.

Marine Department.

Seamen are quite plenty at the prices quoted last week.

Sch. A. J. Fabens, Peck, arrived here yesterday from Salem.

Sch. Brissard arrived this morning. Sch. Varner Moore arrived yesterday.

Sch. George, Maher, was loading lime Saturday from Perry Bros. for New York.

Sch. Yosemite, 125 tons, built at Damariscotta in 1873, has been sold at \$1,500.

Sch. Hunter, Whitten, is at Rockport loading ice for Suffolk, Va., at 21 per ton.

It is reported that the big ship at Rockport is to launch next Tuesday, the 11th inst.

Sch. Mahel Hall, Snow, sailed Tuesday for New York, time laden from C. H. Dreyer.

Sch. Nile, Manning, was in the stream Saturday, time laden from Perry Bros. for New York.

Sch. Thomas Hix, Yeaton, arrived yesterday from New York with coal for H. H. Hall & Co.

Sch. A. F. Crockett, Thorndike, is chartered to load plaster at Windsor for New York, \$1.50.

Sch. John Ames, Adams, commenced loading lime yesterday from A. J. Bird for New York.

Sch. L. T. Whitmore, Blackington, is chartered to load stone at Vinalhaven for Baltimore.

Sch. Lucy Ames, Melvin, is loading lime from Perry Bros. and Ames & Co. for New York.

Sch. Ida Hudson, Collins, was loading lime from H. O. Gundy & Co. Saturday for New York.

Sch. Vulcan, Lewis, goes on to the North Maine railway for new paint and other slight repairs.

Sch. Jennie G. Pillsbury, Pillsbury, was on duty from White & Case, Saturday, for New York.

Sch. Lizzie Gault, Smith, was in the stream Saturday, time laden from F. Cobb & Co. for Portsmouth.

Sch. Ralph C. Grant, Grant, arrived Wednesday from Portland with wood and hoops for A. J. Crockett.

Bark Jennie Harkness, Amesbury, from New York for Shanghai, was spoken June 27, lat. 41 N. lon 12 W.

Sch. Fleetwing, Madrox, arrived here Saturday from Bangor where she discharged cargo from New York.

Bark C. H. Hazeltine, Gilkey, from Brunswick, Me., for Montevideo, was spoken, June 15, at 43 N. lon 28 W.

Sch. D. H. Ingraham, Mullen, was in the stream Saturday, time laden from F. Cobb & Co. for Richmond.

Sch. Win. Rice, Gregory, arrived from Portland Wednesday, where she discharged whiting from Staten Island.

Sch. S. J. Lindsey, Kennedy, lay in the stream Saturday, time laden from Joseph Abbott for New York.

Sch. Vulcan, Lewis, arrived Wednesday from Danversport where she discharged coal from Perth Amboy.

Sch. George E. Prescott, Truworthy, lay in the stream Saturday, time laden from Vinalhaven for New York.

Sch. E. A. Arundell, Marston, at Norfolk is chartered to take coal to Wilmington, N. C., at 14 1/2 cents per bushel.

Sch. Nina Tillson, Auburn, loaded ice at Gardner last week for Washington and towed down to Bath Saturday.

Sch. Helen, Bunker, from Bluehill, loaded with paving for New York in our harbor yesterday, waiting for a tug.

Sch. W. A. Wake, Wingfield, was loading lime at Brown's wharf Saturday, for A. J. Crockett & Co. for Richmond.

Ship Chaudas, 1,500 tons, built at Belfast, in 1869, overhauled in 1879, now at New York, has been sold for Holland account at \$24,000.

Bark John R. Stanhope, De Winter, schs. Cathie C. Berry, Wm. Rice and a large fleet sailed from our harbor Sunday forenoon with a fine N. E. breeze.

Ship Levi G. Burgess, Johnson, is at New York, loading oil for London, and she will be ready for sea the 15th. She is chartered back to New York. Capt. Johnson is at home.

Sch. Milford was towed to Vinalhaven Saturday by steamer Hurricane to load stone for Baltimore. Capt. Albert Plauders takes command this trip. Capt. Lock remaining home for a little vacation.

Sch. St. Elmo, Sprague, from A. J. Crockett & Co., American Chief, from A. C. Gay & Co., Julia Baker, French, from Perry Bros. and Ella Frances, Torrey, from Farrand, Spear & Co., lay in the stream Saturday, time laden for New York.

Sch. Mary A. Dow of Ellsworth ran on a ledge near Swan's Island a few days since in a fog. The cutter Woodbury was telegraphed and started promptly for her assistance, but being detained by the fog the schooner went to pieces before the cutter reached her. The vessel and her cargo of mackerel were a total loss.

Sch. David Faust, of Ellsworth, and Fleetwing, of Hallowell, from Calais, bound west, were in collision July 25th, while going through the Narrows, off Lubec, and both went ashore on Sheep Point. Both came off last high tide, the Fleetwing, some flying jib. The David Faust lost jibboom and cutter and is leaking some.

New York.—The following charters are reported under date of Aug. 1: Ship Alfred Watts, 10,000 bbls. Reined to Liverpool, 25, 6d; bark Helen Sands, from Portland to Buenos Aires, 24; schs John C. Gregory, from Rockport to Cincinnati, 15, 20; Warner Moore, from Windsor, N. S. to Newburg, plaster (two trips), \$1.50; James L. Talbot, from Portland to Baltimore, plaster, \$1; Irene F. Meservey, from Westchester to New Bedford, coal, 25 cents; Chase, hence to Havana, corn, 2 1/2 cents per bushel and meat 6 1/2 cents per bag; Woodbury M. Snow, hence to Portland, cement, 10 cents; Ella Pressey, from South Amboy to Rockland, coal, 80 cents; Sch. S. J. Lindsey, from Portland, salt, 80 cts. and discharge; Nellie E. Gray, from Jersey City to Boston, pig iron, \$1.20; Setegawa, from Athens to Portsmouth, and, \$1.30; Clio Chilcott, hence to Gloucester, salt, 85 cents and discharge; Fred Gray, from Hallowell to Fall River, lumber, \$1.75, loaded and discharged.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Portland.—Old 31, bark Edw. Cushing, Birkenhead, Philadelphia, Clark & Chapin Ice Co.

New York.—Ar 31, brig Caroline Gray, Pillsbury, Barbadoes.

Old 29, sch Lucia A. Snow, Surinam; steam sch Maynard Sumner, Maracaibo.

Baltimore.—Sch 29, sch Horace R. Sturges, Spear, Boston.

New Haven.—Ar 29, sch Lizzie Chadwick, Chadwick, Fernandina.

Norfolk.—Sch 29, sch E. Arundell, Marston, Wilmington, N. C.

Providence.—Ar 30, bark Freda A. Wiley, Wiley, N. Y.

Perth Amboy.—Ar 29, sch S. M. Bird, Merrill, N. Y. (and sch 30th for Boston.)

Richmond.—Ar 30, sch Speedwell, Webster, Texaco, Ar 24, ship Wm. Campbell, Hallowell, San Pedro.

Boston.—Ar 27, schs Lizzie Wilson, Chadwick, Manitow, Arney and Fleetwing, Madrox, San Francisco.—Ar 29, ship Manuel Llaguno, Smalley, N. Y.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Sch. Rosario 25, Hannah McDonald, Bowers, Rio Janeiro.

At Barbadoes 17th ult, sch John K. Souther, Balano for Philadelphia; 19, Belle Howell, Gilkey, for N. Y. hatteries, Arg.

Sch. J. Denner 3d ult, sch Abby Dunn, Gilchrist, Haiti.

At Cuba 5th ult, bark James A. Wright, Spear, from Manilla, ar May 22, for Boston.

At the sale of Butts relics at Ayr Thursday the Tam O'Shanter and Souther Johnnie chairs were bought for the Burns cottage for £17 each. A wooden silver bowl stoup cup was sold for £35, and an autograph letter of the poet to Hamilton Nimmo brought 47.

THE TRAMP.

The construction of the Georges River canal from the tide waters in Warren to the Quantaboe in Seaboard is an interesting enterprise concerning which the younger portion of our readers know very little. That the enterprise for various reasons proved a financial failure detracts little from the interest. The entire cost of Georges River canal was \$79,100. It was built in four sections. The first extended from the tide waters in Warren to the head of Seventeen Pond in Union; the second from Seventeen Pond to the head of Semeebe Pond; Appleton; the third from Semeebe Pond to Smith & Conant's mill pond, Appleton; the fourth from Smith & Conant's to the Quantaboe.

The canal was built in 1846 during a season of drought and low water. The Goldthorpe, Captain George Dow, built at Seventeen Pond, was the canal boat. She was a stern wheeler, or "wheel barrow" boat, as they were facetiously called in those days. The wheel would frequently get "on the center," and the captain, crew or passengers would be obliged to give it a turn so that the craft could continue her course. The rates of passage were one dollar a buck for men, women, children, sheep and calves. As there were several locks it cost something to travel on the Georges River canal. The boat was well patronized, but the expense and labor of "locking" the boat up the stream were so great that in 1849 the scheme was abandoned. John Miller was president the last year that the company did business.

"There have been many methods proposed for preventing the spread of intemperance and many different kinds of temperance organizations formed, but I suppose the queerest society of the kind on record is one that was formed in a town less than ten miles from Rockland about seventy years ago." Thus originally discredited a respected Knox county man.

"The people of this town and vicinity became so impoverished by drunkenness that almost all the farms were mortgaged to the ruinless. Every business enterprise became stagnant on account of the universal drinking habit. The dealers soon found themselves in a queer strait. They had plenty of custom, but their customers could not pay their bills. So they formed a protective society for the suppression of intemperance, and pledged themselves not to sell any one person more than three drinks a day, and induced their customers not to drink more than three times a day."

"One of those who fell at Castine at the time the fort was bombarded by the English was John Carver, an uncle of Reuben Carver of Vinalhaven. John Carver lived in Rockport when the Revolution broke out, and went to Bagaduce or Castine with others. When the English opened on the fort Mr. Carver was standing near a man named Metcalf also a resident of Rockport. Mr. Carver was struck in the side with a cannon ball and instantly killed. He was a young man of great promise."

FISH AND FISHING.

Sch. Astoria, of Bucksport (before reported), sprang a leak on Grand Banks 8th inst and was abandoned in a sinking condition, having first been set on fire. She had 250 qts fish on board. The crew of nine men took to their boats, saving cable and some sails. They were picked up by sch. Bacchus, of Provincetown, and remain on board 10 days, when water getting short the sch was obliged to abandon good fishing to land rescued crew at St. Johns, N. E., arriving Friday 18th.

The schooner Sarah E. Babson brought in 200 barrels of mackerel, Solitaire, 350 barrels; Ralph F. Hodgdon 300 barrels. Arrived at Portland July 28th. Sch. Geo. W. Cushing, Grand Banks, 15,000 lbs. halibut; John H. Kennedy, 20,000 lbs. sch. E. K. Dreyer, Bay Fundy, with 200 bbls mackerel; J. S. Glover, 250; Arizona, 250; James Dyer 300; Dreadnaught, 125; Lott Hopkins, 200; H. H. Wilbur, 325. Fishing ship Susan M. Chase was sick in a small舢舨 between St. Man's Land and Block Island. Crew saved.

Sch. from Hallowell 25th, sch E. R. Nickerson, and Gen. Grant, Bay Fundy. Arr at Bucksport 29th, sch Princess Davis, Bank Queto, with 100 qts fish. Arr at Gloucester 29th, sch Mystery, from Georges, with 250 bbls mackerel (all very large and fat). Sch. S. E. Babson, Bay Fundy, with 200 bbls mackerel; Solitaire, 350; R. F. Hodgdon, 300; Chappard, 100. The Solitaire reports fish scarce in the bay. Arr at Bucksport 30th, schs J. G. Cowell, McGinnis, Queto, with 100 qts fish; G. W. Lewis, Delian, Grand Banks, with 1200 qts do. Arr at Boothbay 29th, schs James S. Glover, Robert Ripley, and Idella Small, from Portland, bound fish.

Sch. arrived at Portland Friday sch Ellen W. Sawyer, Bay Fundy, with 100 bbls mackerel; Henry Morgenthau, 350; S. L. Foster, 175; Cryena Ann, 150; Laura Belle, 375 Eddie Pierce, 300; Lizzie Maude, 250.

The cattle kings must go. The President refuses positively to extend the time for the removal of the cattle from the Indian Territory.

Already petty jealousies are beginning to be shown by the arrangements for the military pageant at Gen. Grant's funeral in New York.

A petition containing 500,000 signatures, half a mile long, was presented to the British Parliament, urging action on the Criminal act amendment.

Secretary Bayard has received a dispatch from the Council at Versailles, saying that the report of an outbreak of cholera in France is unfounded.

Cardinal Manning and other members of the committee that investigated the charges made by the Pall Mall Gazette pronounce them substantially true.

It is shown that Henry Comover, Cashier of the Manufacturers and Traders' Bank of Buffalo, who recently died, embezzled the sum of \$71,000, taken at various times.

In the Mary Celeste trial Thursday a letter from Captain Parker to the mate was introduced, advising him not to know too much about the wrecking of the vessel.

Mrs. Rosa C. Gilbert telegraphs from New York that she is not dead, that she never worked in a restaurant, that her husband was never a butcher and that her family is respectable.

WASHINGTON.

Rev. Mr. Reed exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Norcross Sunday.

The farmers all report their yield of hay much greater than any previous year in a long while.

Mrs. Dr. R. L. Harlow of Auburn and her stepson Corydon, who have been visiting in town, have now gone to Seaboard, the home of Mrs. Harlow's parents.

Arthur Tribou and wife of Bath have been

visiting Dr. Tribou... Alvin D. Burns of Boston is visiting his mother. His health is quite poor... William Young's health is feeble. It is believed that he cannot live many days... George H. Brown and wife who have been sick so long and both confined to their house have at last recovered sufficiently to be able to attend church. We were pleased to see them at church the last three Sundays.

Suitable services will be held at this place Saturday upon the occasion of the funeral of our lamented friend General F. S. Grant. An obituary notice will be delivered by Rev. L. H. Peck, Borneham Post at North Waldboro will be present joined by several members of other posts. The Washington corner band will be present. If pleasant the "Sage" stand will be used, thus making it an open air occasion and accommodating all who attend.

We learn that an effort is being made by a document to secure the post office from the present incumbent, although the person who claims he holds the office in his hands has in the meantime declared that he will not, and upon the strength of that assurance the office has been supplied with boxes and a suitable delivery which has not been the case for twenty years before. So one good thing can be said of the present administration in our post office.

GREEN'S LANDING.

Rev. Mr. Beach, our new pastor is starting some good singing by his choir.

Arthure Tribou, the late lecturer, was at Eureka Hall Saturday evening.

The pews in the new church were sold Friday evening, but as they were not all engaged the rest will be sold as soon as possible.

Our minister, Mr. Hack, who preached two or three Sabbaths, received news that his wife and child were ill and so was obliged to leave. Homer's new occupier the pulpit every other Sabbath.

Miss Rose Small is practicing with the children for Grand Pa's Birthday, which will be given at Green's Hall Thursday next. Melvin Pert will take the part of Grandpa.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdett of Boston have been visiting E. J. Russ for the past two weeks. Mrs. Burdett and Mrs. Elmer Billings of Sedgewick have been visiting at this place. Mrs. Lydia Mather of Vinalhaven arrived Saturday, the 25th.

Quite a delegation of men came from St. Helena, Sunday evening a week ago, and after making the evening hideouts with their songs and noises started to go home but were unable to manage the boat and upset her. Some one came to their rescue and picked them up and sent them on their way a little wetter if not wiser.

Saturday evening as Goss & Small's men were rowing home from their work part of them thought it would be rare sport to see the rest get wet, so accordingly one of the mischief makers jumped to one side, shouting to the rest to do so. Careless as they would have the boat upset. It is seemed to be the main end of the rest jumped to the same side. The result that all went overboard. It was fun for part of the crowd but not for the people ashore who watched them as they sank and rose and floundered round in the water.

Sch. Garnet of Duxbury came in our harbor week before last, and loaded at Goss & Small's quarry, and on Friday night the captain, James Jellison, was taken insane besides being very ill otherwise. The following week as he grew no better the Masonic lodge, of which order he was a member, sent for a nurse and doctor. He died Saturday July 25th, and was buried with Masonic honors in the cemetery at this village. The funeral services were held in the new church, the first funeral ever held in it. Capt. Jellison was about 45 years of age and seemed to be respected by the owners of the vessel who came last week.

LINCOLNVILLE.

Mrs. Will Randall and children of Portland are visiting at G. E. Sanford's... Mr. and Mrs. Philmore Warren and daughter of Charlestown, Mass., are stopping at the Elm House.

The officers of Central Lodge, I. O. G. T., were installed Saturday evening, Aug. 1st by L. D. B. F. Young, and are as follows: W. C. T. E. M. Hall; W. V. T. P. Fernald; W. S. E. L. McKimney; W. F. E. Anna Fernald; J. W. Fernald; W. C. Jennie Thomas; W. M. A. E. Knight; W. I. G. S. F. Leadbetter; W. O. G. S. A. Nutt; R. H. S. Annie Lamb; D. H. S. Myrtle Thomas; A. S. Jennie Lamb; D. M. Jennie Calderwood; P. W. C. T. R. Sanford.

CASTINE.

Campmeeting will begin the 17th of August. There was a dance in Town Hall Wednesday evening.

Excursions, buck-board rides, picnics, etc., are now in order.

The Unitarian Sewing Circle met in Town Hall Thursday last.

A Sabbath School concert was held at the Methodist church Sunday evening.

Wm. McDonald of Ellsworth preached at the Unitarian church last Sunday.

The Bangor Base Ball Club brought an excursion here Friday evening and held a dance at the skating rink.

Mrs. L. H. Parker and Miss Ella Westcott returned from Boston Wednesday morning... Mr. Woodward of Denver, Col., arrived Saturday morning... Miss Mattie Westcott returned from Isle au Haut, Monday, where she has been teaching school.

Arthur Elmer Hatch, a blind man and a graduate of Perkins's Institute, Boston, gave a lecture on "Popular Education" Tuesday evening in the Congregationalist vestry. He explained how to read, write and cipher and at the close of the lecture gave each one present a sample of his writing. A collection was taken to help him along, as he is trying to work his way through college.

DEER ISLE.

The funeral services of Barnes Thompson were held on Tuesday last.

An Indian with a "striking machine" draws crowds nightly near the square.

An ice-cream social was held at the vestry Friday for the benefit of parsonage debt.

The young ladies of the Deer Isle Social Club have issued invitations for a basket party.

Miss Julia Spafford has resumed her school teaching at Stinson's Neck after a vacation of four weeks.

Mrs. Wm. Urquhart (nee Augusta Haskell) of Georgetown sailed with her husband and child by steamer for Halifax, N. S., Saturday.

Capt. Jellison, who died of paralytic stroke at Green's Landing Saturday the 25th, was a Mason. Quite a body of the fraternity from this village attended the funeral services.

Sch. D. B. Webb was wrecked on Herring Island ledges the 23rd and proved a total loss. She was loaded with barrels of mackerel of which between two and three hundred heads were saved and their contents scattered along the shore. Vessel and cargo were owned by Seth and C. H. S. Webb of Oceanville. Uninsured.

Mrs. Ed. A. Richardson and daughter Mattie have gone to Philadelphia to accompany Capt. Richardson on a short sea voyage... Mr. McAllister of Fergus Falls, Minn., who is following a theological course in seminary in New York City, is a guest at the parsonage... Charles Cotton Daniels arrived here from Europe Tuesday and will remain for a season, boarding with Mrs. Rebecca Haskell.

...Florence Haskell is at home from Georgetown, Mass., for the summer vacation... Capt. Wm. H. Reed and two sons of Portland are among the summer visitors here. Capt. Reed was formerly a resident of this town.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.

When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.

When she became a Man, she clung to CASTORIA.

When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

MAINE MATTERS.

The close time on plover ends the 1st day of August and the fall shooting will open then.

Ramon says that a large chair business is to be done in Paris next year by a New York firm.

Enoch Staples, a prominent business man of New Vimeau, dropped dead Thursday afternoon.

More Italian laborers are expected in Gardiner by the last of the week to work on the water works.

The Anderson monument is now being loaded on some six cars at Hallowell to be sent to New Haven.

East Machias has voted \$17,000 for the Shore Line Railroad. This makes \$47,000 raised by Machias and East Machias.

Large quantities of plank for flooring to the Brooklyn bridge have recently been sawed at the mills in the western part of the State.

Mathian Auger of Auburn, a well known and highly esteemed French Canadian citizen, dropped dead at his residence Wednesday.

The officers of the New England Fair are contemplating having a balloon ascension for one of the attractions during the week of the exhibition.

Samuel Hanson of Skowhegan, about 15 years of age, was drowned while bathing in the Kuncleher river Thursday noon. His body has not been found.

The corner stone of the new Salvation Army barracks at Augusta was laid Tuesday. Major Frank Smith, the commander of the army in America, was present.

Samuel O. Grover had a nice colt, grade Norman, two years old, in a pasture at Hallowell. He went to salt it a few days ago and found it dead. It was killed by lightning.

The Boothbay Register says that Captain Jason Collins of Gardiner has been appointed deputy inspector for the port of Boothbay, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. H. Fisher.

Oliver Condit, aged 80 years, who lived five miles out of Bangor, committed suicide Thursday morning by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been depressed mentally for some time past.

Rev. A. B. Lovewell of Bolster's Mills died Sunday of heart disease recently. Mr. Lovewell was a well-known preacher of the Methodist denomination and had resided for many years at Bolster's Mills.

Colby University has bought of H. C. Burleigh, esq., of Vassalboro, the old Bruges or Clark house on College street, to be occupied as a boarding house or home for the young lady students at the institution.

Harry C. Hopper, a mining engineer of Auburn, and brother of the late Justice A. Hopper, formerly president of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, was found dead in the woods in Elizabeth, N. J., Monday night.

Postmaster H. B. Rice at Unity has resigned his commission. Two aspirants for the postoffice are laboring with a will. At a caucus Saturday to nominate a democratic candidate to fill the vacancy, John Vandels led with a petition.

A new company for operating the Katahdin Iron mine was organized in Bangor, Friday, under the name of the Katahdin Charcoal Iron Company, with a capital stock of \$40,000. Hon. A. P. Gould of Thomaston is one of the directors.

There is a great rush among hawk agents in this section to secure territory for Grant's Menus says the *Kennebec Journal*. It is reported that orders are being taken very rapidly for the hawk. A Whitcomb man has secured Kennebec County.

The examination of William A. Ray, charged with committing an assault on Mary Crosby the 14th inst., at Pleasant Point, was discharged Thursday afternoon after Charles, occupying six days. Cheers greeted the announcement of the verdict.

The following fourth class postmasters for Maine offices have been appointed: F. B. Dutton, in place of Mr. Drake, who has resigned at Centre Lincolnville. W. H. Small, in place of George Dyer who has been removed, at Parker's Head Phillipsburg.

Joshua Wright and Willie Baker of Weld were out fishing on Wed. p.m. Thursday afternoon, when the boat filled with water, and young Baker, being unable to swim, was drowned. The body has not been recovered as yet. He was twenty-two years old.

A new locomotive of the St. Croix and Penobscot Railroad, while being loaded at St. Stephen for Calais, recently, met with a peculiar accident. The forward part fell into the river and now remains imbedded in the mud, while the rear end is supported by a saw.

Ray Gould says that he has had so pleasant a time at Bar Harbor, he will remain away from New York longer than he expected to. The Atlanta was the scene of festivities Thursday, from 70 to 100 of the most distinguished visitors in the place being on board as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gould.

The *Free Press Journal* says: L. A. Dorr, Brigadier's Island, Seaboard, Co. far as we can learn, was the champion salmon catcher in this vicinity for the season just ended. He caught 507 salmon, averaging thirteen pounds each—a total of 6,591 pounds. It was a profitable season's work for him.

During the Grand Army of the Republic encampment at Portland, Anna and Rosa Carson were stolen from the Children's Home at Hallowell. They were found in Haverhill, Mass., Thursday. They were stolen by a man dressed in a Grand Army of the Republic uniform, and who discovered were living with a family at Haverhill.

Monday night thieves entered the store of George Wadsworth at East Whitcomb, and stole some \$10 worth of goods. At Manchester they made an attempt to enter Jesse Wood's store, by cutting through a shutter. A lady residing in an upper story of the building discovered them, however, and ringing a dinner bell drove them off before they had gained entrance.

Eastport boatmen and the owners of the weirs are considerably excited over the new methods used by the Canadian boatmen to avoid the payment of duties on herring. It seems that many of the boatmen from the other side, have, without acquiring a residence in the United States, gone to Calais, where they have been naturalized by the British consul, and thus able to bring in fish free of duty, the same as other American citizens.

The surprising rapidity with which black bass increase in numbers and become dispersed through the waters in this region is shown by their appearance in the Kennebec. They are now appearing in great numbers in the dam to Waterville, there is very good fishing, and in the course of several years an abundance of bass can be found there. They have also found their way into the Sabattuslock, where they are caught in quite large numbers this season.

The past days of hot weather have caused something of an increase in the shipments of land and honey. Capt. Rich has resumed work. The Knickerbockers are shipping at Farmington and will commence again at Eastport this week. They will employ their tuberos houses early in September. Bowdoin is shipping, and Haynes & Lawrence have the store of E. S. D. Votr, the house and stable of Ida Votr, the house of O. S. Turner, the barn of J. Look, and the farm buildings of Charles Durrell were burned by lightning...

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THE OUTLOOK.

The French government has declined to aid financially the Panama Canal project. This sounds like its death knell.

It is a fact worthy of national congratulation that Gen. Grant lived long enough to complete his history of the civil war.

A telegram has been received in England announcing the death of El Mahdi from small pox. Wagers are now being made as to the length of time he will stay dead.

There are four iron-clad prohibition states, with a constitutional prohibition against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. These are Vermont, Maine, Iowa and Kansas.

Monsieur Capel, in recording his impressions of California, states that the climate of that state is unfavorable to the cultivation of piety. Capel is right. California makes a specialty of grapes.

The summer resorts report a goodly influx of visitors. At Bar Harbor the cottages are full and the hotels, somewhat empty at present, are rapidly filling. At Old Orchard, Squirrel Island and Peck's Island large crowds and lots of summer fun are reported.

The widely circulated reports about a poor hay crop in our state this year seem to have been a little premature. In this county and vicinity farmers report more than an average crop, while a gain of from one-fourth to one-third more hay than was harvested last year is reported from many sections.

It seems almost as though Spain would be depopulated by the cholera. The disease has now crossed the border into France and one fourth of the inhabitants of Montegaud, in the province of Soria, have died of cholera during the past ten days. The survivors have fled with the exception of one gendarme, who has remained to bury the bodies of the victims.

General Grant knew how to obey; he could not otherwise have known how to command. Just before the fall of Richmond he was walking on the deck at City Point, with a lighted cigar in his mouth as usual, absorbed in thought. A negro sentinel stopped him, and said, "No smoking on the deck, sir." "Are these your orders?" "Yes, sir," answered the soldier, quietly but positively. "Very good orders," said Grant, as he threw his cigar into the James river and walked away.

It is with feelings of subdued pride that Americans read the eulogies of the foreign press upon the life and labors of our great soldier who has just passed away. The world unites in doing homage to his memory and paying tribute to his many virtues. The London Telegraph devotes two columns to a review of Gen. Grant's military career. Editorially it says:

The greatest and most successful soldier that the United States has produced has breathed his last. In no portion of the United States have the financial disasters marking the close of General Grant's career been regarded with more sympathy and regret than in England. Beyond all others he was best fitted to cope with the tremendous crisis which made him, and when the grave closes over all that is mortal of Ulysses Simpson Grant it will be felt that he leaves behind him no man cast in a simpler, sin-cere, or a more heroic mould.

The French have settled their trouble with China and now are diverting their energies to the Island of Madagascar. The political situation of the island is somewhat as follows: The Hovas, an enterprising tribe of natives, have conquered almost the entire island, the conquered tribes in almost every instance having acknowledged fealty to them. The fertile island with its undeveloped resources is a tempting morsel to a nation which is desirous of building up elsewhere the prestige lost in Europe. French influence is predominant in those seas. Tananarive on the eastern coast of the island is French, while several small neighboring islands are under French influence. The basis of the French claims to the islands are treaties with several rebellious tribes and a drunken king. There is nothing in these treaties to entitle France to the ownership of the island. The Hovas naturally resent the interference of the French and will resist their claims with all their power. They claim, and justly, that the French treaties do not give them a title deed to the island and if the treaties did contain such provisions a few disaffected rebels could not reasonably give away the property of their compatriots.

The Maine Press Association excursion to Moosehead Lake last week.

Work if you wish to keep cool. Let the mind and body be continually engaged and it will do you more good than a sea of icebergs.

Maine has been suffering from an epidemic of fires the past three weeks. Incendiaries and carelessness seem to be the causes in most instances.

Wm. Vanderbilt and family and Jay Gould and family are at Bar Harbor, where Bar Harborites are greatly exercised. As long as they pay their bills they have as much right there as any one else.

The first number of the Northport Sea Breeze, George E. Brackett, editor, is at hand. It is well printed and ably edited. Editor Brackett anticipates a prosperous and busy season at Northport.

It has now been discovered that gentlemen residents of Copenhagen, occupying high positions in society and office, have been indulging in outrageous practices. Let the good work go on. It should not stop with more exposure.

A Boston physician has been investigating Dr. Ferran's alleged discovery of cholera inoculation and is somewhat sceptic as to its practical value. One of our exchanges pertinently says that as many people think the method is of value so consequently it does some good whether it has intrinsic worth or not. Imagination at times is better than physics.

The funeral services of Gen. Grant occur next Saturday and preparations are being made to render them as imposing as possible. Gen. W. S. Hancock has charge of the affair and the funeral oration will be delivered by Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D. The day will be observed all over our country as one of national mourning. The remains will be interred in Riverside Park, N. Y., a beautiful locality.

Few are the surviving generals who held high positions during the War of the Rebellion. Grant and Lee, Meade and "Stonewall" Jackson, Thomas and Hood; Scott, Halleck, McDowell, Burnside and Hooker; with Hill, Stuart, Ewell, Bragg and Pemberton, conspicuous among the Confederate commanders, are dead. Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, McClellan, Howard and Fremont are among the most conspicuous survivors of the Union soldiers; Joseph Johnston, Longstreet, Beauregard and Buckner of the Confederates.

John Platt, a carpenter from Yonkers, N. Y., employed in the Hotel San Pedro, San Domingo, was shot dead recently by soldiers, who mistook him for a political fugitive. He resembled the fugitive very little and it is said there was no need of showing violence in any way. The American consul at San Domingo has presented a claim to the Dominican government for \$81,000 for the wife and child of Platt, but no official notice of the demand has yet been taken. The least our government can do under the circumstances is to compel the payment of the sum claimed, and that immediately.

Although Washington, the capital of the nation, is naturally the place one would first choose as most appropriate for the sepulchre of our Presidents, it is surprising that only General Taylor was buried there. In the following list will be found the place of sepulchre of all the Presidents, as far as it has been possible to ascertain them:

Washington.....Mt. Vernon, Va.
John Adams.....Quincy, Mass.
Jefferson.....Monticello, Va.
Madison.....Montpelier, Va.
Monroe.....New York, N. Y.
J. Q. Adams.....Quincy, Mass.
Jackson.....The Hermitage, Tenn.
Van Buren.....Kinderhook, N. Y.
Harrison.....North Bend, Ind.
Tyler.....Richmond, Va.
Polk.....Nashville, Tenn.
Taylor.....Washington.
Fillmore.....Buffalo, N. Y.
Pierce.....Concord, N. H.
Buchanan.....Lancaster, Pa.
Lincoln.....Springfield, Ill.
Johnson.....Greenville, Tenn.
Garfield.....Cleveland, O.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the old man beneficent, is dead. Sir Moses was born October 21, 1781, and became a prominent citizen of London. About the year 1810 he went on a mission to the East in order to secure certain rights for his Jewish brethren at Damascus. This mission was successful, and on his return the Jews of London presented to him a handsome testimonial. In 1816 he was raised to the baronetcy, an honor which expired with him as he left no heir who can take his title. He was an energetic friend of persons oppressed on account of their religious convictions, in whose behalf he undertook several missions to foreign countries. He was noted for his charitable disposition, and on the death of President Garfield sent \$500 to be distributed among the charities of Boston in honor of the deceased president.

STREET ROMANCES.

New York Edition.

I happened to be in the company of an old South-street merchant a day or two since, from whom I gleaned an interesting insight into the peculiarities of the commercial men of the old school. My friend is himself nearly 75 years of age, but his memory is still green, and his frame is robust and vigorous. The time he referred to was during the speculative fever in 1862-63, when all classes of people—merchants, tradesmen and farmers—invested their savings in gold options. But fortunately brokers were honest then, and did their best for their customers instead of "doing" them. James D. Fish was unknown, and the Marine bank was yet unborn. Ferdinand Ward had not then been launched into the world, and Ulysses S. Grant had just earned his fame as a general.

People who knew nothing of stocks came into the city to speculate. One of these was, so the merchant informed me, a farmer, whose only valuable possession was a fine blooded horse. His owner made his first trip into Wall street, and sought out Lawrence Jerome, father of Leonard Jerome, whose daughter is now Lady Randolph Churchill. Lawrence Jerome was a shrewd business man, and had an eye to humor. Like his son he was an ardent sportsman, and knew a good animal when he saw one. With him the farmer deposited his horse as a "margin," the value of which Lawrence said daily depreciated because of the animal's inordinate appetite for grain was dear. The man returned to his village, and in six months he was informed there was a credit on Lawrence Jerome's books of \$50,000. Here is another incident culled from the same source: Ely Hopkins, a Connecticut store-keeper, sold out and came on the street with \$30,000. In six months he hadn't a cent. Determined to end his existence he set out one evening for the Courtland street ferry with the intention of drowning himself. On the way he met a gentleman with a valise. He looked a pleasant fellow enough, and being hungry, Hopkins offered to carry it. On arriving at the Astor house Hopkins received a dollar for his trouble. With the possession of that dollar returned the wish to live. Late that night he came out of a Bleeker-street bar bank with \$50 in gold. His experience had made him wiser and in six months or so he returned to his native state worth \$100,000. He then went into the government contract business and died worth nearly \$2,000,000.

At the corner of William street and Exchange place was a broker's office, in front of which, on a certain day in '62, stood a couple. Its occupant was a handsome lady about 22, who dismounted and entered the building. At that time gold was up to 250. The lady asked for the broker, a slightly stout, round faced, bald and pleasant looking man, about 35 years of age. He led her into his private office, and ascertained that she was in deep distress. She said she had been induced to speculate, and had lost heavily—not her own funds only, but money held in trust for her younger sisters. She was on the verge of absolute poverty, and had but little left.

After several polite intimations, her new broker promised to do the best he could for her. But it was a losing game. He peremptorily called upon her for more margins, and at last threatened to sell her out. She begged and implored him to carry her debt. But he was obstinate. Now this broker was a self-made man, and had risen to his present position from the post of office boy. The young lady belonged to one of the best families in the state. Exposure meant social ruin and disgrace. Vainly she pleaded, and driven by the desperation of her situation, she exclaimed: "Am I worth nothing? Take me for a margin!"

"I'll do it," he replied. "I'll take you as a 5 per cent. additional and carry your debt thus far for you. This was equivalent to an additional margin of \$10,000 to her credit. He kept his word, but the stock dropped and again she lost. The day her margin was wiped out she presented herself at the broker's office and simply said: "Here is your margin." He accepted her. A brief courtship intervened and to-day the lady is a portly matron with a charming family, which is at present sojourning in the Berk-shire hills.

WOMAN IN THE AGE.

North American Review.

No man can write worthily of a woman who does not approach his subject with a kind of religious reverence, and a true man will ever treat woman, both in life and in literature, not with justice merely, but with generous sympathy. Into her arms we are born, on her breast our helpless cries are hushed, and her hands close our eyes when the light is gone. Watching her lips, our own become vocal; in her eyes we read the mystery of faith, hope and love; led by her hand, we learn to look up and to walk in the way of obedience to law. We owe to her, as mother, as sister, as wife, as friend, the tenderest emotions of life, the purest aspirations of the soul, the noblest elements of character and the completest sympathy in all our joy and sorrow. She weaves flowers of heaven into the vesture of earthly life. In poetry, painting, sculpture and religion she gives us ideals of the fair and beautiful. "Innocence is a woman, clarity is a woman, charity is a woman. And yet, true as all this is, and is felt to be throughout Christendom, such views and sentiments, when considered in the light of history, seems to be a little less than absurd. The poets have sung divinely of woman, but man has treated her inhumanly. At the origin of society she is everywhere a drudge, a slave, a chattel. Among the Babylonians, we know from Herodotus it was the custom to offer women for sale to the highest bidder, and every woman was required, at least for a time, to put a price on her virtue. With the Lydians this was a universal practice. The Syrians, to the humiliation of children to idols, joined

the compulsory sacrifice of woman's honor. Strabo affirms that even the most distinguished families among the Armenians presented their daughters to the goddess of debauch in the Temple of Anaitis, and the same writer tells us that a law of the Medes required every man to have not less than seven wives. That polygamy and infanticide were common among the Persians is a fact to which Herodotus testifies, who also says that the Scythians were promiscuous in their relations with women, were conjugal despots and immolated widows on the graves of their husbands. And Strabo asserts that the ancient Hindus bought their wives, treated them as slaves and burned them when their husbands died. Among the Mongols, community of women was consecrated both by law and custom.

QUITE TOO REALISTIC.

New Letter.

There is a mansion on California street where there will be no more amateur theatricals. The dramatic muse has been fired out the back window, never more to return. Here is the scene five minutes before the climax:

Augustina is on the stage to be loved. Augustus, the husband, is in the dress circle among the guests, and Guleino, the dude, plays the lover. Slow music by the piano as the portiere of the back drawing room rises Augustina advances timidly. The audience expresses its admiration by a low murmur. Augustus, the husband, mutters: "She does look pretty?" Augustina murmurs: "It is the hour of our tryst. Will he meet me? Alas! I fear he will be too late." This is Guleino's cue. At "too late" he rushes on, and clasps Augustina in his arms. "Whew," growls Augustus, "he needn't be so violent about it."

Guleino—How I adore you! Another kiss, sweet one. (Oar, two, three and a teaser.)

Augustina—Ah, what is thy love compared to mine, darling? For thee I have heaved the wrath of an angry father. (Kiss.)

Augustus (in the audience)—I don't like this. There was none of that kissing at rehearsal. Had there been I would never have thought of permitting Augustina to make such an ass of herself.

Guleino—I appreciate the sacrifice, darling. Sit upon this primrose bunk, and we will talk of our love. (Kiss.)

Augustus (in the audience)—Denise take it, but I think the villain has got her on his hip. "Pon my soul, Tina is conducting herself shamelessly."

Augustina—I am so alarmed, darling; my father will have discovered my flight. Guleino—Fear not, beloved. (Kiss.) I am near thee. (Kiss, hug, kiss.)

Augustus (in the audience)—Here, I say, stop this! Drop that curtain! Darn it, you scoundrel, do you think I've got nothing to do but sit here all night and see you hug my wife?

Audience—Shame, shame! Augustus is surely drunk.

Drunk or sober, the play broke up in a row, and the last tableau beheld was the worthy host choking the wind out of the gifted but too ardent Guleino.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

ending.

The American girl is neither mercenary nor material. Her knowledge of human nature does not ordinarily deter her from idealism. Nor is the "future" she enshrines in her imagination any the less inspiring because his physical properties are hazy. Like girls all the world over she cherishes this form of ideal, but she is so absorbed in her earnestness to realize a perfect soul that, unlike her Gallic kinswoman, she rarely dreams of a mistake or a definite pair of legs.

Her fearlessness and self-reliance are also traits that command attention. Accustomed to be served and waited upon by men with more consideration than in any other society, she is yet less dependent upon surveillance. She has a wonderful faculty of forecasting circumstances and understanding how far she can act independent without hazard. I remember being struck at Bar Harbor by the response of a girl of 18, who was questioned as to the prudence of having spent most of the day and evening on the water with a young man who was almost a stranger. "Oh," she answered, "the canoe itself is a great protection."

Bar Harbor is a theatre well chosen for the free play of these traits. As most people know, it possesses exceptional natural beauties, both of seacoast and interior. Its walks and drives are attractive and various, and the smooth surface of the island dotted bay is admirably adapted for boating. All the elements that make up the place are opposed to artificiality. The very air is superabundant with ozone. The host of young people that alighted at Mt. Desert like a vast flock of dove birds within a few years of its discovery as an available resort emphasized a silent protest against the conventional customs hitherto limiting their relations. If marriage is woman's whole existence, let her have the opportunity to choose intelligently, and to obtain more than a ball-room impression of him upon whose character the happiness of her life is to be mainly dependent. This was the keynote of the movement, and as a corollary thereto the companionship of maidenhood was advocated as a refining influence on young men. At this new departure the old nations shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders.

The intimacy established between marriageable young folk is the great feature of life at Bar Harbor. The emancipation of women has been effected thereby in a sense much more satisfactory to them as a sex than any bill of political rights could accomplish. Perfunctorily spoken of in other civilizations as the companion of man, she has demonstrated her right to the designation. She has insisted on knowing the world from other standpoints than merely the nursery or the colliery. She has learned to discuss and to form opinions. She no longer permits herself to be put off the track in her pursuit after truth by amiable legends invented for her benefit. In brief, she thinks for herself.

The Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, was married Thursday to Prince Henry of Battenberg.

A number of disasters have occurred to mountaineers in the Austrian Alps this season. Two young Viennese, who climbed the "Reichenstein," without a guide, were dashed to pieces by falling into a gorge 6000 feet deep. The remains of an unknown tourist have been found in the Styrian Alps, and several excursionists among the mountains are missing.

A clergyman and a professional gambler had a bicycle race in Arizona. The pastor's congregation brought a charge of unseemly conduct against him, and he has indignantly resigned. He says that it is folly to erect too high a standard of dignity in a border community; and, moreover, he doesn't believe that the brethren would have complained but for the unfortunate fact that he lost the race.

A female snapper, a dealer in diamonds in New York city, has disappeared with \$15,000 belonging to confiding people.

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