

# THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

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## LARKS ABROAD.

Cold Weather, With a Casual Dissertation Upon Turpentine Fomentations.—Melrose Abbey. Adventure With a Female.—Sir Walter Scott's Abode.—We Meet a Man Who Was Well Acquainted With the Great Novelist.—Hankering.—Foreign Waters.—A Poetical Way to Make Traveling Pleasant.

[TWELFTH LETTER.]

I was alluding incidentally to the apparent incompatibility that exists between cold weather in Scotland and your only suit of winter underflannels in the wash. I am aware, of course,—none knows it better,—that the subject, say the word itself, of underflannels does not partake of that dreamy, romantic aroma that attaches to the land of Scott and Burns; but there be times and seasons when it is essential that man should throw off his poetic emotions, as you might say, and grapple with the sterner realities of his existence. That was the way with me, though I must here in frankness confess, that I have been totally unable to detect the logical relation between winter underflannels in the wash at the middle of June and rheumatism in the back of the neck. And yet I have recorded in my diary that the one was an undoubted antecedent of the other.

SOMETHING NEW.

Now a still neck is the very worst thing a man can do when he is viewing the sights of a new and interesting country. There is something so incongruous in going about with your head immovably fixed, and glancing straight forward at the horizon as if you were watching for the dawn of better days, that somehow you grow tired of it. When it comes home to you with awful force that you can't lift your head to take in the beauties of some vaulted roof, or include in your range of vision more than a few square feet of historic territory, sight-seeing begins to pall upon your intellect. In addition to this, you do not enjoy yourself, when you are skinning painfully through a crowd, with your head carefully balanced, to have a total stranger jolt you in the back with a suddenness and an umbrella that nearly snap the tensely strung cords of your neck and momentarily mingles your reason. This explains why, when I got down to Melrose, which place we visited next from Edinburgh, I extended a cordial invitation to Dr. Melkie to come in and see me, who when he had poked his fingers one by one with great energy into my neck, said in the friendliest of tones:

"Are you fond of turpentine fomentations?" I used to be, I told him. There was a time, I said, when I little thought I should become a slave to them, but once, in an unguarded moment, I took a turpentine fomentation with a friend, merely in a social way, and the result was that I speedily became addicted to them, and the appetite grew so ungovernable that it was only after years of manly battling, aided by the kind ministrations of friends, that I had succeeded in at length freeing myself of the galling yoke. The doctor heard me kindly out, wrote down a few zodiacal signs and algebraic equivalents for the apothecary's inspection, and said he would call again the next morning.

Did you ever take a turpentine fomentation when you were not feeling particularly robust? No? First your head, which is a very kind lady indeed, in spectacles, slips a rag in a dish of turpentine and deposits it very neatly on the muscles that run up just back of the ear. On top of this she deposits a nice white cloth, which at intervals she wrings out in hot water. Then you lie back upon your pillow and smile affably. You don't see anything so very bad in that. You even essay a joke or two, just to show the inhabitants that though cast down you are not destroyed. Then suddenly, without the least warning, somebody jams you in the back of the neck with the flat side of a red-hot shovel. At least, you think at first that that is what ails you, and in the excitement of the moment you yell out some very audible conversation, but it subsequently transpires that it would have been wiser to withhold your yells until later, when they seem better calculated to do you good. Whoever it is with the shovel now begins to press it against you hard. You groan aloud at this, and if you are a profane man as I am afraid you would be, you possibly indulge in a variety of quotations that cannot fail to cause your headlady pain.

"Am I not almost done?" You presently groan as that good woman renews the wringing-handage.

"Done?" she interrogates, as she carefully attends to getting the shovel back in exactly the same agonizing spot.

"Yes," you say, "cooked."

"Oh," the headlady kindly returns, "it has only just begun."

Then she goes out of the room a moment, you don't know what for, but you suspect after more turpentine. Now you fall into a sort of horrid nightmare, and you find your neck locked in one of Turley's sand moulds, which a sooty faced workman in a dirty apron is pouring full of molten brass. How it sizzles and burns. You shriek aloud. Then you snatch off those wet and fiery bandages, and you fling them madly across the room, just in season to catch the headlady, who at that instant unsuspectingly opens the door, square in the face, to her undoubted astonishment and alarm.

"Why," she exclaims, when she has recovered her composure and the rage, "they haven't been on half long enough, yet."

"Woman," you scream, as she approaches the bed with the cloth in hand, "keep away from those odious implements of wrath. Away, I say—away! One step nearer and I stretch you a living corpse at my feet!"

You don't mean this, of course, and you couldn't do it, anyway, for your feet are tied up in your bed-clothes, but in your delirium you hardly know what you say. But the headlady soothes your agitation with some cooling remarks, unties your burning, blistered neck in oil, and leaves you to pleasant dreams. In the course of six or seven hours the fire begins to subside and you sink into troubled sleep.

But in the morning you find yourself better. There is no doubt of this.

There is nothing like going abroad to secure recreation. Travel, they say, enlarges and broadens a man's intellect to an extraordinary degree, and makes him acquainted with things he never dreamed existed. I am prepared to believe this. But what jolly people these Scotch are. I should think, between oat meal cakes and turpentine fomentations, that life with them would be one unending round.

I went the next day to return the doctor's call. I thought that would look more friendly and social and come cheaper than paying for it. But he wasn't at home. So I had to pay him, after all.

ABOUT THE ABBEY.

Melrose is a small and compact and beautiful village, decidedly English in appearance. Its interest to tourists rests wholly in the abbey, into whose ruined interior we could look from our chamber window. I have already intimated my fondness for these old ruins, and surely nothing more beautiful in its way, with its numerous evidences of ancient magnificence, and looking deliciously peaceful under its rich cloak of ivy, could be imagined than the Melrose Abbey of today. The foundation of the abbey dates back to 1136, under the Cistercian monks, and it was the mother church of all the abbays of that order in Scotland. In 1322, when Edward II. was getting his troops out of the country just as fast as he could, that factious monarch gratified his humorous propensities by despoiling this in common with other religious houses. The abbey was rebuilt, however, just in season to permit Richard III., upon one of his incursions into Scotland, to sleep therein, as a prelude to setting the building on fire in the morning. Splendid fellows were those English kings in olden times. The more I hear of them, as I travel over this country, and come in contact with evidences of their playful disposition, the more I am surprised that these people didn't long ago rise up and sweep every vestige of royalty from the face of the island. And yet they seem to think just as much of a king or queen over here today, as though the blood that flowed in titled veins were something that ought to be caught in golden goblets.

The monastery was again destroyed in 1545, and the Scottish Reformation coming shortly after, there was no more rebuilding, and these glorious ruins are the result. They are extensive, and in such excellent preservation that one is afforded the best opportunities for studying the marvelous degree of perfection to which decoration was carried in the erection of these religious edifices. Many have told of the monks of old, what a saintly race they were, but 'tis most true that a merrier crew could scarce be found elsewhere (you will notice that I am quoting from the song), and one is prone to envy the jolly old fellows who had such grand places as these ruins give evidence of to dwell in and lived off the very fatness of the land. Such were the monks who occupied this very structure I now am strolling through, in the days immediately preceding the reformation that forever crumbled out the monastic orders of Scotland. The monks began well enough, and for a time their mission was valuable, but with accumulating decay became inevitable. This teaches us to shun wealth.

Walter Scott considered Melrose Abbey the most wonderful ruin of his character in the country, and he has paid many a tribute to it in his poems. For a pleasant description of the place I can refer you to no more readable author than Washington Irving, who in his usual graceful style recounts in his *Crayon Miscellany* a visit he paid to Scott and the abbey, both of which articles will well repay the reading—a second or a third time, if not already familiar with them, for no American can read Irving too much. The walls of the interior of Melrose abound in quaint inscriptions, chiefly to the memory of the dead, among which one reads with interest that one admired by Irving: "Hic Lysia the Race of ye Hovs of Zair." The broken pavement covers load after load of bones of Monks and others who have been buried here through seven centuries of time. The stones covering a number of noted graves are easily identified, for instance, those of several of the celebrated Douglasses, Alexander II. of Scotland and others. There is also shown the grave of the "Wizard," whose somewhat hair-elevating burial by the Monk you will find in the "Lays of the Last Minstrel." There was somewhat of a hole in the stone that covered this grave, through which I poked my cane and rustled it around to see if I could stir up anything, but my efforts were fruitless. If that really was where the wizard was interred, he must by this time have become completely desiccated.

You remember the romantic tale of the heart of Bruce—how the king commanded that it should be buried in Melrose Abbey, but afterwards issued an extra naming the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem as the spot of interment; how Sir James Douglas, as brave a knight as ever soldered himself up in sheet-iron armor, took the heart and started for Palestine, but being met and overcome by the Saracens and killed, the heart was brought back and buried under the high altar of the abbey. Here, then it lies, and a small and crumbling stone marks the place of sepulture. One is constantly knocking up against things he always has read about in traveling around this romantic country.

HOW TRAVELLERS ARE INTERFERED.

It cost me fourpence to get into the abbey, which is protected by a gate. I was let in by a thin-faced young lady, who had on a very sumptuous dress and a straw hat that turned up rakishly at one side—the hat did. There was a raw east wind making execrable draughts among the ancient tombs, and causing me to shiver bitterly, although at that instant I was fortified with a double suit of underflannels. I did not tell the thin-faced young lady, of course, that I had on two suits of underflannels, for we were both of us total strangers to each other, but I looked at her light and airy costume and it made my heart ache. Still she was a nice girl, and she went along by my side and called my attention to a variety of attractions, and

bade me sit down on the very seat that Walter Scott used to occupy whenever he came to study the glories of his favorite ruin.

"Perhaps, sir," the thin-faced young lady said, after I had gazed about me to a considerable extent, "perhaps you would like to step down here?"

She unlocked an old door in the wall as she said this, and disclosed some gloomy sort of underground premises.

"What is it?" I faltered. I had seen no mention of such a place in the guide-book. "Oh, sir," the thin-faced young lady smilingly returned, "it is only the place where the monks used to keep their wine." With this she stepped through the door.

"What did she mean?" I asked myself. I reflected that I was cleanly shaven, decked out in comparatively fresh collar and cuffs, and altogether looked very attractive. Could it be possible that this thin-faced young lady intended to get me down there in that dusky recess and kiss me?

"I don't—don't think I—" I stammered, faintly.

"Quite interesting, sir, I assure you," smiled the thin-faced young lady. I noticed now that she had freckles.

The man who hesitates misses the train. I could see the Judge writing by my chamber window. I made up my mind hastily that I would go down into that place, and if that thin-faced young lady offered the least resistance, I would scream just as loud as I could and alarm him. Down, then I went, into a shallow underground room lighted by a window. There was a large table, where the wine used to stand, covered with boxwood mementoes and a great assortment of those panoramic photographs in red pasteboard covers. I groaned aloud. Every tourist knows what such an exhibition betokens.

"These are very beautiful," the thin-faced young lady murmured as she held up one of the sausage-like strings of views for my inspection. "Charming," I assented. "How much is it?"

"Only two shillings," the thin-faced young lady said, a strange light glittering in her eye. I flung down the coin, seized the red-covered book and fled for my life.

WHERE SCOTT LIVED.

This is sacred ground about Melrose. There isn't a square mile of all the territory that hasn't been tramped over by the illustrious author and poet of Scotland, while not a small portion of it figures in his various writings. Abbotsford is only three miles away, and thither we were conveyed by a friendly young man in a straw hat and just the modest suggestion of a cream-colored moustache, who drove us over for the reasonable sum of six shillings.

Abbotsford is a fine specimen of a baronial residence. It is built of stone, of course, and with its commanding and comfortable style of architecture, and the beautiful woods and park that surround it, presents a picture that the visitor would enjoy looking at far longer time than is accorded him in his brief visit. The place has been improved considerably since Scott's time, and everything is kept in a high state of order about the premises, by the granddaughter of Lockhart, the novelist's son-in-law, to whom the property now belongs. We fancied that we were to be permitted to roam over the beautiful grounds and inspect the appointments at will, but we learned otherwise.

We walked through a gate and down a descending path, high walled on either hand as though it might be leading us to a prison, and in a little vestibule were intercepted by a bald-headed man in gray clothes, the trousers whereof of baggy holiness at the knees. He said we would have to put our names in the register and pay him a shilling a piece, both of which directions we followed implicitly. Then he conducted us up a winding flight of stone steps, and ushered us into the library. It was a comfortable looking apartment. In the center were Sir Walter's desk and large arm-chair, to whose capacious embrace we entrusted ourselves for a moment, that we might have it to say that we had sat in the very chair that held the immortal author when he wrought many of the romances that have delighted the world.

The sides of the room from top to bottom were filled with books, protected from the touch of impudic visitors by light wire gratings. In one corner was a winding stair, leading to a balcony that skirted the apartment halfway between floor and ceiling and communicating with his private bed-chamber, considerably introduced by Sir Walter, that when his literary labors should detain him far into the night, he might seek his rest without disturbing the balance of the household. This was very thoughtful. All of us know how uncomfortable it is to go prowling through the house along towards one o'clock in the morning, pressing our heated brows against half-open doors and knocking our slippery feet across the malignant extremities of unbalanced rocking-chairs. Besides the injury it wreaks on our person, this never fails to arouse the feminine portion of the household, and it isn't always pleasant to be transfixed by a variety of female eyes, at breakfast table next morning, and listen to a sarcastic accompaniment regarding men who stay out all night. Scott's suggestion of the private stair case is valuable in more ways than one. Perhaps the most interesting sight in this library was the manuscripts of the larger part of Sir Walter's novels, written in a fair, plain hand and with a singularly small number of interjections and exclaims. I think I should have borrowed one of them, if they hadn't been under cover.

The guide next introduced us to the drawing-room, armory and entrance hall, which completed the round of rooms to which visitors are admitted. The bald-headed man pointed out to us a very large number of beautiful and costly articles, as he took us through these apartments, but we saw them too hastily to catch more than a passing glimpse. I remember that a magnificent drawing-room set of furniture in ebony, a present from George III., particularly caught my fancy, and there were a number of very fine paintings that pleased the eye. In the armory, which was hung about

with every variety of weapon that man could imagine, we saw the sword of Robert Bruce and the gun of the rebel table Rob Roy himself, together with the gorgeously jeweled sword once worn by Prince "Charlie," as they call Charles II. There was a vast number of interesting relics besides, gathered by Scott in his lifetime, including several reminders of Napoleon, presented to the novelist by the English government after the victory of Waterloo. I confess that the sight of these last did not afford me pleasure. I never liked Scott's life of the great French general. It seems to me to be too English, to savor too much of the intolerant light in which every Englishman of the time viewed the hero of Austerlitz. It doesn't matter whether I am right or not, this is merely my individual opinion which nobody is expected or invited to join in, but it caused me to turn away from the Napoleonic relics with dissatisfaction. Somehow their presence there inspired me with a feeling that Scott was gloating over the downfall of his country's enemy. It wasn't pleasant.

In this house Sir Walter died. The suit of clothes he last wore is shown under a glass case. There is the long blue coat with brass buttons, the light figured vest and the black and white checked trousers, the white hat, very tall and straight, and horizontal of brain, the dark colored plaid in which the author wrapped himself upon his long tramps over the bleak Scottish hills, and the shoes, one of which was much smaller than his mate and exhibited unmistakable evidence of the lameness with which Scott was afflicted.

"Do you remember Sir Walter?" we asked of the guide as we came out.

"No, indeed," the bald-headed man answered, shortly. "He died before my time."

I don't know about that either. What little hair the bald-headed man possessed was extremely gray, and he seemed to be growing old in spite of himself. But I have noticed that there are men, as well as women who are sensitive in point of age.

"There are people hereabouts who remember him," we ventured to believe.

"Yes," the bald-headed man acknowledged readily. "He was dreadfully short. We knew what he looked like, however: he wanted some little gratuity for himself. But we are getting on that we are not so much on gratuities as we used to be. It costs money."

"Who, now, for instance?" we asked in a pleasant tone.

"James Burns," the bald-headed man answered crustily, holding open the door and looking at us with a hungry air. There was yet time for the experience, he saw.

"Good-bye, sir," we said affectionately, as we went down the stairs.

"Bye," the bald-headed man returned, biting off the word close up to the butt.

"Good-bye," we repeated, backing out of the door. We really hated to tear ourselves away.

But the bald-headed man refused to answer. We could hear him breathing heavily as we tripped up the walk.

We met James Burns himself at the gate. He was a little old man in an older shirt—it looked older, and he obligingly opened the door of our carriage for us, and touched his ruined hat for a fee.

A FRIEND OF SCOTT'S.

"So you remember Sir Walter, do you, sir?" we said as we took our seats.

"Oh, very well, sir, very well indeed," Mr. Burns replied in a little cracked voice.

This was valuable. How interesting it would be to tell at home, that we actually had seen and conversed with a friend of the great Scottish bard.

"What do you remember of him, now?" we wanted to know.

"Oh, sir, I remember that he was sheriff," Mr. Burns's little cracked-cymbal voice replied.

It is a singular fact, that during his lifetime Scott was far more highly esteemed by the people about him, because of this office he held, than for the writings that had made him world-famous.

"Anything else?" we asked. "Did you ever see him?"

"Oh, yes, sir,—deed I have," Mr. Burns enthusiastically exclaimed.

"Well, what did he look like?"

"I don't know as I skursely can remember, sir, it was that long ago, don't you see," Mr. Burns confessed. "A man can't always remember how a man looked when a man has been dead these a-many year, don't you know."

"Did you ever hear him talk?" we ventured.

"Oh, yes, sir, many's the time," Mr. Burns replied with a shake of the head that implied that the amount of conversation he had held with the renowned sheriff was something prodigious. We felt now that we were getting to something of real importance, and I jugged out my note book, that I might have its valuable aid in remembering what it was Sir Walter talked about.

"Well, then," we said, impatiently, as Mr. Burns stood with his hand on the wheel, as though in desperate effort to recall some important bit of conversation, "what did Sir Walter say?"

"Well gentlemen," Mr. Burns returned, in an apologetic tone, "I don't know as I can skursely remember what he said it was that long ago, don't you see. A man can't always remember what a man said, when a man has been dead these a-many year, don't you know."

We tossed the reminiscent Mr. Burns some copper.

"Drive on," we said briefly to the driver.

THE UNFAITHFUL.

While the Judge is taking an eight-mile tramp out to view the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott and his family are buried, I am sitting in my room and enjoying the comfort of a good fire. A coal fire in the middle of June seems like an anachronism, but no man cares to freeze to death so far away from home simply from a matter of sentiment. As I write, somebody in the house across the

way is worrying a very mature piano. What is that she is playing? Ah, yes,—she hits the wrong key now, and then the piano has a good deal, but I recognize the tune—There is a happy land, far away. I know there is—about three thousand miles away. I wish I was there, you, and I tell you what I'd have, I'd have some of my mother's brown-bread and beans the first thing, and some warm biscuit with a bit of mountain-side butter dropped in between and some strawberry preserves on top of that, and then I'd have some lobster salad the way my mother-in-law makes it, and a good cup of coffee and some squash pie, and then I would go down and have Professor Nelson shave me, in a chair that doesn't saw a man's head, and then I would stroll about for an hour or two, and talk with a variety of good people who do not leave off their hats when they seem most essential and crowd them in to totally unexpected places. You'll say at once that I'm homesick, but I don't think I am. Still, I would like to get my teeth into a little straight-forward New England cooking.

POINTS OF RESemblance.

"Do you observe," the Judge said, in a low, mysterious voice, as we sat at table next morning, "do you observe that these waiters seem to be all run in the same mould?"

I had noticed the fact. The individual who was now serving us was a trifle under the medium size, and wore a solemn suit of black, the swallow tail coat whereof bore evidences of gray spilling on its front. The low-necked vest displayed a flaming expanse of somewhat dirty shirt-bosom that was ornamented with a very large stud with the gilt-wash worn off in spots. His boots were thin, and enabled him to skid about the room in a noiseless and ghostlike fashion peculiarly annoying to one of a sensitive nature, and he carried a napkin over his left arm with which he occasionally mashed an obtrusive fly, or flicked a bit of dust off the chandelier, or wiped out a cup before he handed it to us for coffee. But his face was the most remarkable study.

It looked like a face that was made a great many years ago for somebody else, and as if its present owner had got it somewhere at a bazaar and brushed it up a trifle to make it do. There were wrinkles in it that gave it a prematurely aged appearance, and yet as you looked at that face, and looked and looked, you grew more puzzled to determine how old it was. There were dark colored whiskers strutting out in a wiry fashion from the cheeks and some hair that wouldn't stay brushed, while the entire features were dominated by a pair of restless eyes that never let you out of sight, and seemed to move in conjunction with a set of strings that were perpetually thrusting out a nervous hand for fees. We have seen a hundred such. They are the most extraordinary specimens of humanity in existence.

A NEW RECREATION.

As we steamed away from Melrose, luxuriating in an entire compartment, which a sixpence judiciously slipped into the palm of the guard had secured to us, we found ourselves after a time growing tired of watching the swiftly passing scenery, and this led to the invention of what I think is an entirely new amusement—at least I never heard of it before. As we do not care for a copyright, I will make the thing public, that anybody may enjoy its benefits. This was the game.

When the train stopped at a station, each of us must, between that time and the next stopping prepare a verse of the style given below, introducing the station's name and making a perfect rhyme. Failure to complete the verse in season, or an unpermissible rhyme, was punished by a forfeit of a half-penny to a general fund to be applied to deserving objects of charity. To show you how the scheme worked, I will give you some of my verses. I would like to print those of the Judges well, but he wants to save them for the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first stop was at Recreation. This was a tough one for a starter, but the next town was some distance away and I saved my half-penny.

A Scotchman named Smidy St. Nickerton  
Went down on a big spree to Recreation:  
Next day his head ached  
Made him say "De'll take

The place—no't before did I see a town."  
I didn't claim that this was a perfect rhyme, but the Judge, who was referee, kindly allowed it. Then we came to

KILLDEER.

A defunct being in Kellider  
Remarked, "Upon a terrible whelldier!"  
With his bat broad and tall  
He'll do the hall  
Clean over the head of the fiddler.

TASSEL.

A lady who lived close to Tassel  
Went down on a visit to Tassel:  
She stayed a long while,  
But her husband did smile  
When she brought him a fancy cigar-st.

A man who was riding through Saughtree  
Remarked, "May the powers do't be  
Most kind to this place,  
For it holds all my race,"—  
Then loudly and cheerily coughed he.

Sometimes the distance between stations was so short that we were put to it to complete the verse, and the last line I remember, always considered us feverish anxiety as we felt the train slowing up, but we fortified but few half-pennies to the hat. Occasionally we struck a town that not even Tennyson himself could have disposed of and I recollect that we hastily and with great unanimity tossed out the copper coin when the name of Leuchkill stared uncomprehensibly at us from the board. But we got on famously with

CHOLERAION.

A drayman residing at Choleraion  
Was paid a big price for to haul a ton.  
He hauled a small piece—  
When they called the police  
He roared, "So-and-so—that's what I call a ton!"

HEEDSMOOTH.

In this pleasant old village of Heedsmooth,  
Which lies to the north of the Fosse's mouth,  
Lived a drollish, whimsical,

He lived, as he said,  
He was bound to meet all of his week-month.

POETRY.

A thoughtless man passing through Heedsmooth  
Was certain his nose kept smelling a tooth.  
He stopped at the inn,  
But he said, "I wish my skin  
If the water would ever stop gilling him!"

SCABBS.

A madden who once lived in Wark  
Told her mother she wanted to spunk.  
And the old lady said,  
With a nod of the head,  
"Don't you never stir up after dark."

As a means of whiling away the tedium of a railroad trip I know of nothing better. When we were done, there was only a small amount of copper in the hat. According to the inflexible rule of the game we divided the amount equitably among two imprudent American travellers who were in the compartment. They seemed to be the most deserving charity that was, and at that moment put our hands upon.

FOOTER.

## "MARYLAND MY MARYLAND."

(Continued.)

From Mrs. Dutton Harrison's Recollections of a Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War, we quote the following as to the origin of some of the Confederate war songs. "It was at this time, after a supper at the headquarters of the 'Maryland line' at Fairfax, that the afterwards universal war-song, 'My Maryland,' was set about upon the tide of army favor. We were sitting outside a tent in the warm starlight of an early autumn night, when music was proposed. At once we struck up Randall's verses to the tune of the old college song, 'Lauriger Horatius,'—a young lady of the party from Maryland, a cousin of ours, having recently set them to this music before leaving home to share the fortunes of the Confederacy. All joined in the ringing chorus, and when we finished a burst of applause came from some soldiers listening in the darkness behind a belt of trees. Next day the melody was hummed far and near through the camps, and in due time it had gained and held the place of favorite song in the army. No doubt the hand-organs would have gotten hold of it; but, from first to last during the continuance of the Confederacy, those electrical instruments of torture were missing. (I hesitate to mention this fact, lest it prove an incentive to other nations to go to war.) Other songs sung that evening, which afterwards had a great vogue, were one beginning 'Re-buff Patience's billowy dash,' arranged by us to an air from 'Puritani,' and 'hunted hoistly,' and 'The years glide slowly by, Lorena,' a ditty having a queer little quivering triplet in the heroine's name that served as a pitfall to the unwary singer. 'Stonewall Jackson's Way' came on the scene afterwards, later in the war."

Secret of Trollope's Fertility.

At The Year Book.

Trollope's system is well known, but we may quote a curious explanation of his fertility:

"When I have commenced a new book I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered day by day the number of pages I have written, so that at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time—whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed—I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and as high as 112. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words; and, as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went."

Purifying Water with Alum.

Popular Science Monthly.

Those of our readers who have traveled on the Mississippi river know how turbid the water is, and they may have seen people tie a bit of alum to a thread, let it down into a tumbler of water, and swing it about a little, after which operation the liquid becomes as clear as crystal. Recently the matter has been carefully examined into and reported upon by Professors P. T. Anstett and F. A. Wilder, of Rutgers college. In their experiments, two-tenths of a grain to the liter (one and one-fifth grains to the gallon) caused the separation and settling of the impurities in the New Brunswick, N. J., water. Double this quantity may well be used, as a rule. This amount of alum is too small to be perceptible to the taste, or to exert any physiological action.

"O LOR" HIT 'IM AGAIN!

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Highland, ye donna read a new chapel. I'll give ye for repairs." Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Highland, it's worse than I thought, I'll make ye a new chapel." "O LOR," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

## A MURDEROUS AFFRAY.

## COWARDLY DEED.

Joseph E. Clinton Shoots T. B. Severance Dangerously Wounding Him.

Yesterday morning about 10 o'clock, at the house of Mr. Clinton, a most extraordinary and cowardly deed was committed. It was the cowardly deed of Joseph E. Clinton, who, in the presence of a large number of people, shot and dangerously wounded T. B. Severance. The deed was committed in the presence of a large number of people, and the deed was committed in the presence of a large number of people.

On reaching the place where the deed was committed, the crowd was so large that it was impossible to get near the place where the deed was committed. The deed was committed in the presence of a large number of people, and the deed was committed in the presence of a large number of people.

Severance was taken into a wagon and carried to his home, to which place Dr. Hatchcock was promptly summoned. He found the wound on the side of the right thigh about the center of the middle third. On probing this the instrument passed upward, inward and backward about five inches. This probably was the wound of the exit of the ball. There was another wound on the side of the right thigh about the center of the middle third. On probing this the instrument passed upward, inward and backward about five inches. This probably was the wound of the exit of the ball.

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discovered a dark and discolored wound about an inch long. Severance then struck twice more, and the crowd, which had collected by this time, was shouting to kill me, and I began to think I was in a bad way. Suddenly someone struck me from behind, and then I drew my revolver. I fired one shot aiming low, as I did not want to hurt anyone. The person who struck me from behind was a small, dark-skinned man, and he was the one who shot me.

The man who shot me was a small, dark-skinned man, and he was the one who shot me. He was the one who shot me, and he was the one who shot me. He was the one who shot me, and he was the one who shot me. He was the one who shot me, and he was the one who shot me.

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## SHOT HIMSELF.

A Belfast Man Suicides by the Aid of a Pistol.

Edwin L. P. Sullivan of Belfast, aged about thirty-five, and unmarried, committed suicide Friday morning by shooting. The ball entered his eye and came out of the back of his head, killing him instantly. He had a hereditary tendency to suicide, and the deed was committed during a fit of despondency.

## THE YACHTS.

Which American Flyer Will Race the Genesta?

All people interested in yachts and racing have been waiting with interest for the preliminary races which should point out the contestants of the dangerous Genesta which has come over from England to compete with the cup. The first of the preliminary races was held Friday, the Puritan of Boston winning. The course was 20 miles due to windward, measured by a log, due south from Scotland lightship and return. A stiff breeze that compelled all the contestants to use topmasts, but which was steady from the start to the finish and favoring none, made the contest an exceedingly satisfactory one. The Puritan's actual time of 4 hours 28 minutes 19 seconds is it is said, the fastest time ever made by a sailing vessel under similar conditions, averaging as it does nearly ten miles an hour.

In the second race Saturday's the Priscilla was victorious, beating the Puritan 6 minutes 28 seconds actual time and 15 minutes 11 corrected time. In the run before the wind, from the start to first mark, the Priscilla beat the Puritan 1 minute, 32 seconds. In the windward run from first to second mark, she beat her three seconds, and in the run home before the wind from there the Priscilla was beaten 3 minutes, 62 seconds. The result of Sunday's races are not specially flattering to the Priscilla, still they show her to be a little faster in smooth water and light weather than the Puritan.

In yesterday's race the Puritan was by 20 seconds. The Puritan is evidently the fastest boat and we hope to see her take the cup right out of the jaws of the Genesta.

The Knox County District Lodge, I. O. of G. T., was opened Wednesday, Aug. 19th, at 11 o'clock, a. m., by District Templar J. Fred Hall, in the hall of Rockland Lodge, in this city. The weather was all that could be desired and about 300 Good Templars were present, the largest number ever attending any session of this Lodge. About three-fourths of the Lodges in the district were represented by 100 delegates. The forenoon session adjourned at 12 o'clock. After partaking of an excellent dinner in Farwell Hall, prepared by Rockland's ladies, the visitors amused themselves by seeing the sights about the streets until the afternoon session, which opened at two o'clock in Farwell Hall.

One of the most important and interesting features of the meeting was the exemplification of the secret work of the order by the Appleton delegation, under the direction of State Deputy Newbert. The service was performed without rituals and was pronounced by those members well up in the order to be the best they had ever seen. It is desired that the subordinate lodges follow out the work as closely as possible. The Lodge adjourned at five o'clock to meet at seven. The evening session occupied about three hours and much was done for the good of the order. Great praise was given to Rockland Lodge for the manner in which they entertained their guests. Among other things baked beans, brown and white bread, cake, pie, doughnuts, fruit, coffee and milk were served in abundance. The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That it is with pleasure that we learn of the recent movement to enforce the prohibitory law in this city, and as true temperance men and women we must and will give such efforts our moral support.

Resolved, That we recognize the efforts of the local press heretofore, we earnestly recommend them to devote a portion of their columns to special temperance work.

Resolved, That we tender to Rockland Lodge our hearty thanks for their generous hospitality.

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## ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

A Rockland Lady Jumps Into the Water but is Rescued.

Last night as the steamer was between Camden and this city Gen. E. Smith, daughter of F. W. Smith of this city, attempted drowning by jumping from the hurricane deck of the steamer into the water, a distance of thirty feet. Mr. Smith and party were returning from Verona, where they have been attending camp-meeting. They had been sitting quietly together, when Mr. Smith left them on an errand.

The daughter, after her father departed, rose, proceeded to the rail, and deliberately took the awful plunge. The alarm was given, the steamer stopped and two boats lowered, one of which succeeded in rescuing her after she had been in the water about half an hour, her clothes buoying her up. It is supposed she was seized with a fit of temporary delirium, which led to the rash act.

Mr. Smith, father of the unfortunate lady, has handed us the following letter for publication:

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir—Knowing that there would be various inquiries and conjectures in reference to my daughter's terrible leap into the sea, I desire to say a few words. God has thus far in her life ordered that it should be up through struggles, trials and temptations, such as none but He can tell. She has a stainless character, a fine and sensitive organization with noble powers and aspirations, but at times her burdens have been more than she could bear and she became overwrought; such was the case at the time of this act; she was seized with a momentary delirium and was powerless to prevent it. She is now fully conscious and fears to meet the friends and friends of an unthinking and unsympathizing world. For her sake and that of the other members of my suffering family, I desire the sympathy, pity and good will of all kind and loving hearts. Father above sustain and guide us while passing through this fiery furnace, and revivify us to the experience of His all-wise law. I wish to thank the good captain of the steamer Penobscot and those who assisted in saving the life of my dear child. Also those who rendered such kindly assistance after she had been rescued.

EDWARD W. SMITH.

I. O. of G. T.

The District Lodge Holds Its Session in Rockland.

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## THE FAIR.

Something Which Will Interest Our Farmers and Other Folks as Well.

It is said that the New England Fair, to be held at Bangor, Aug. 24th, and Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, will eclipse anything of a similar nature ever known in this section of our country. Not only do the New England States show great interest, but the Maritime Provinces are entering largely. Immense herds of sheep and cattle, famous breeds of sheep and running stock will be present and participate in the contests for the large premiums which amount to \$10,000. The people of Bangor are fully alive to the fact that thousands are to visit them and are making extensive preparations for the comfort and convenience of all.

The hotel facilities of Bangor are grand and have a reputation of being among the best in the State. The Boston & Bangor Steamship Co. have a daily line to Bangor and one of their magnificent steamers is in Bangor each night. They will open to the public and accommodate 500 persons each. Undoubtedly the place to go this year is to the New England Fair at Bangor. All the railroads, steamships, etc., are advertising very low rates. The Maine Central and Bangor & Piscataquis Railroads run special trains from all points Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

THE COASTING TRADE.

A meeting of the Commissioners of the Coasting Trade of the Vessel Owners and Captains' National Association was held in Boston Tuesday. All the members were present. A report of the vessels already pledged to the rules of the association was read and it was found that fully 65 per cent. of the coastwise tonnage engaged in the coal carrying trade had been entered. Reports from the different districts give assurance that this number will be largely increased within the next thirty days. The Commissioners are well pleased with the encouragement they are receiving, not only from the vessel owners, but from the shippers and consignees, and all indications seem to point to a successful issue of this movement. An adjournment was had until Oct. 1, when all returns are expected to be in, and decisive action will probably be taken.

"Oh, monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"—King Henry IV.

Some life insurance contracts are so full of limitations, qualifications, and restrictions, that a man must consult his lawyer to know how to die within the terms of his policy. They contain a half-pennyworth of protection to an intolerable deal of restriction. The Union Mutual Life Policies contain no restrictions upon travel and residence, and, after three years, none upon occupation. If you insure in this company, the entire Philadelphia bar cannot devise a way whereby you can invalidate your insurance.

James Siskinson, Manager, Portland, Me.; H. J. Cole, District Agent, Rockland.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no milk teething pain. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures colic, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents at bottle.

ST. CATHERINE'S HALL, AUGUSTA, ME. DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The Rev. H. A. NEELY, D. D., President. 18th year opens Sept. 24th. Terms \$250 a year. For circular address the REV. WM. D. MARTIN, M. A., PRIN.

NATIONAL REAL ESTATE TITLE ASSOCIATION. 103 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Will undertake the care and management of real estate, make loans and pay taxes, and are not only able to examine and guarantee titles, satisfactory references. Information free. Correspondence solicited.

East Maine Seminary. FALL TERM OPENS AUG. 24. Full Courses, Academic, Scientific and Classical. A Commercial College, Music and Art Department. Location unsurpassed. Instruction thorough. Terms the lowest possible. Address the Principal, REV. A. F. CHASE, A. M., ME.

PRESERVED! GET READY! ALMOST TIME! TO PRESERVE

Fruits, Vegetables, Sauces. Syrups, Juices, Etc.

The American Fruit Preserving Powder AND LIQUID, Is the only thing in the world that will keep them from Fermentation and Decay.

No need of Sealing Air Tight! No new thing—Sold by us for years! TRIAL SIZE 25c. LARGE SIZE \$1.00

Cobb, Wight & Co., MANUFACTURERS AGENTS, Wholesale & Retail Grocers, 210 MAIN STREET.

COBB.

COBB.

COBB.

COBB.

SUMMER OUTSIDE GARMENTS Marked Down!

We have decided to make prices on all our

New Markets,

Short Dolmans,

Broc'de Velvets,

Jersey Jackets,

&c., &c.,

So that it will pay anyone to

buy for early fall as we

must have the

room.

Please call early as the

assortment is much broken.

FULLER

COBB.

COBB.

COBB.

COBB.

## FOLKS AND THINGS.

Officer Samuel Hewett is on the sick list. John L. Sullivan passed through on the boat last night.

Robert Gupit has named his fast yacht the "Gippo" (Breck.)

Both of the Holman houses at Ingraham's Hill are filled with guests.

Augustus Low is driving a fine pair of draft horses recently bought in Bangor.

Anchor Connell, Royal Aramums, received a new member Wednesday evening.

Dealers say that the people still call for the lobster although his time has passed.

F. B. Miller of Cushing has been appointed Justice of the Peace by Governor Robie.

Gray John, A. C. McLain's valuable trotter was badly injured in the pasture recently.

The campers at Ingraham's Hill have some immense bills of fare according to reports.

A valuable horse belonging to John A. Due was found dead in the stall Friday morning.

The Congregational picnic to Muscongus Friday was fairly attended and greatly enjoyed.

Work has commenced on the foundation of Rev. Mr. Hemmingway's house on Middle street.

Parties wishing boarders should consult the card headed "Boarders Wanted" in another column.

The house recently purchased by Fred Moore on Warren street is being extensively repaired.

The Kallach reunion will be held on the homestead of Edward Graves in St. George, tomorrow.

Quite a party from here attended the "Octoroon" in Camden. They speak flatteringly of its presentation.

Shea & Blackington have completed an extensive job of plumbing in Warren, as usual giving the best of satisfaction.

A. M. Cobb received a car-load of eel-heads from Taysan Bros., Warren, last week. He says they furnish none but good ones.

One of our main street merchants blew up one of his guests with a fire cracker one day last week. Wait for further developments.

Officer Wm. P. Cook while crossing Main street Saturday evening was run into by a team and thrown violently to the ground, wrenching his shoulder somewhat.

The High School Alumni meeting will be held in the High School room next Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Let all old graduates attend.

The usual number of picnic parties improved the beautiful Sunday weather. The book of nature is getting to be pretty well thumbed this year.

Yacht Starlight, Capt. F. B. Wilson, has sailed for Northport with the following party on board: A. O. Knight, Will Robinson and Fred Macomber.

Dr. F. E. Hitchcock and W. A. Henley took a whaling trip in the Hurricane last week, just outside of Mathews. They shot two of the pretty creatures.

The school committee of our city have adopted Blaisdell's Young Folks' Physiology, "Our Bodies and How We Live," for use in our Grammar schools.

A. B. Fales leaves Saturday morning for Bangor with racing stallion "Arat" which is entered in the trotting stock stallion exhibit of the New England Fair.

"Tom," the large and handsome cat so well known to frequenters of the Merrill drug store, now F. F. Burpee's, met a tragic death at the jaws of a wicked dog Sunday night.

In our marine column each week will be found the movements of vessels belonging in Knox, Lincoln and Hancock counties and other items of interest connected therewith.

Rockland Commercial College reopens Monday, Sept. 7th, there being every indication of a large attendance. For particulars with regard to rates, board, etc., see advertisement in another column.

Rev. Father O'Reilly of Philadelphia, who was located here for some months, last fall and winter, conducted Mass Sunday morning at St. David's church. He preached a scholarly and interesting sermon as is his wont.

The Courier-Gazette has fifty-five regular correspondents scattered through Knox, Lincoln and Hancock counties, and the paper's circulation for the past ten weeks has averaged a little more than 2500 copies weekly.

George E. Torrey assisted St. David's choir Sunday morning, rendering the beautiful bass solos of Haele's Unison Mass in a very effective manner. Few singers can interpret a solo and render it so much true expression as can Mr. Torrey.

Tiltman what was an interesting place Friday evening. The wind was blowing quite briskly, and the steamers, heavily laden with passengers rocked uneasily at their moorings.

In the depot a light-footed negro stepped out a reel while interested friends patted him.

The members of Gen. Berry Lodge, K. of P., who attended the grand reunion of the order at Sebago Lake, returned Wednesday more than pleased with their trip. Several of them wore a miniature shoe sole, ingeniously gotten up by brethren from Lynn in the form of a badge.

Last night Meservey's Brass Quintet dedicated Sherman's pavilion at Ingraham's Point, a large party of invited friends being present. The pavilion is 40x60 feet, is fixed up in fine shape with dining halls, etc., with an excellent floor for dancing. It is situated in the field west of the cottages and has a beautiful view of the bay.

Clark's Island bustles with a new job. The company has been at work on the two lower stories of a building, it having been decided that the upper three or four stories were to be of other material than granite. It has since been determined, however to build the upper stories of granite and the Clark's Island Co. does the work.

Steamship City of Chicago, with Judge O. G. Hall and W. O. Fuller Jr., editor of THE COURIER-GAZETTE in the list of passengers, arrived off Sandy Hook, Thursday night, and reached New York Friday morning. Judge Hall arrived home Sunday morning improved in health and brown as a nut. Editor Fuller will arrive the latter part of this week.

This weather is too awfully lovely for anything.

The Robinson-Burton reunion will be held in Thomaston tomorrow.

The annual reunion of the 26th Me. Regiment will be held in Belfast, Aug. 26th.

Charles Brown, residing on the Meadow road, while sending recently broke three ribs.

The theatrical folks who have been rusticated on Vinalhaven left on the boat for Boston last night.

Clarence E. Hall lost a valuable horse Friday night—the little black mare, which he has been driving.

Quite a number of our people will attend the New England Fair to be held in Bangor commencing next Monday.

At the block shop they are turning out pretty little boxes to cover the shut-out of Camden & Rockland Water Co.

There will be a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen, Monday, Aug. 31st, for the purpose of drawing jurors and grand jurors.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Rockville, who is stopping at Capt. Frank Cushman's, Maverick street, has quite a large class in painting.

The proprietors of the rink have bought a floor machine, which runs by boy power and planes the floor as smooth as a cake of ice.

The Courier-Gazette force picked up at Portland Ledges Saturday afternoon. Fishing, eating, berrying, singing and eating was the program. All testify to a most gorgeous time.

It is strange so few of our people visit Mt. Pleasant. A party from this city, made up largely of visitors from away took a trip to the mountain last week, and were surprised as well as delighted with the grand view.

CHURCHES.—Rev. L. L. Hanson, pastor of Pratt Memorial Church, was in Orono last week in attendance on the funeral services of a former parishioner. There will be no preaching at the Cedar street church next Sunday.

Main street has been a weird place of an evening the past week, the long trenches and piles of earth, and the dusky figures of workmen, who beneath the glaring light of torch and lantern rapidly pushed forward the work.

Look out for garden thieves. They are beginning to get in their work in this vicinity. There is nothing in this life more aggravating than to work beneath a brooding sun to raise a few vegetables and then have some lazy lubber appropriate 'em. Set a bear trap.

Judge Hall reports that he left Mr. Fuller in N. Y. at the dock sitting on his trunk and trying to solve the questions "Am I a protective tariff man? and if I am, how can I consistently with said principles, circumvent these tax gatherers?" We await with much anxiety the result of his cogitations.

H. L. Thomas has had on exhibition in his market a fine specimen of mackerel shark. The peculiar characteristics of this species of the finny tribe is the polished feeling of the skin when stroked from head to the tail and the resemblance of the same to sand paper when stroked the other way.

Fred Atwood of Winterport, always thoughtful and enterprising, has erected a building for the special exhibit of improved farm implements and machinery and in it has a special room for the free use of the press, where the editorial and reportorial staff will be welcome, and find conveniences and aids to render their arduous duties pleasant.

One of the treasurers of Camden & Rockland Water Co. found a cent dated 1786 four feet below the ground in front of the Thorndike House one day last week. The coin was badly rusted. We don't remember hearing of any one's losing a cent there. The loser can have the money, however, by proving property and paying charges, on application to the finder.

John W. Wood and Roland R. Cook indulged in a row in front of F. F. Burpee's drug store Saturday evening, and during the scuffle Wood knocked Cook's head through one of the large \$100 plate-glass windows. They were locked up, and brought before Judge Hicks Monday morning and fined \$2.14 each for fighting, and gave their notes for the value of the window.

It may be interesting to our people to know that Joshua Fessenden, a native of this city, has charge of the guard placed over the tomb of General U. S. Grant at Riverside Park. Mr. Fessenden is captain in U. S. Artillery on Gen. Hancock's staff. He is the son of Rev. S. C. Fessenden who was pastor of the Congregational church here for a number of years and at one time represented this district in congress. The father now resides in Sanford, Conn.

The Ingraham reunion Wednesday was fully as interesting and enjoyable as previous gatherings of the kind, and a goodly number was in attendance. Excellent music was furnished by W. E. Ingraham, Rev. G. W. Holman and others. It was voted to meet again next year with Joseph Ingraham of Rockport on the same day as this year. E. A. Sherman kindly gave the family the use of his commodious pavilion.

There is a boom in chapels in this vicinity. At Owl's Head a society has been formed which has for its object the erection of a suitable building for religious purposes, and last week a concert was held in the school-house there, summer visitors generously assisting, the affair netting a handsome sum for the society. At Ingraham's Hill Rev. W. O. Holman and wife and Charles H. Holman have interested themselves in the building of a chapel, and a building lot has been procured. We can't have too many chapels.

About one o'clock Friday morning the story and a half house at Blackington's Corner owned and occupied by Fred Irish, and frequented as a way station by travellers, was discovered to be on fire, said discovery being made by a belated teamster as he was driving by. With some difficulty the family was aroused making their escape with such few articles of clothing as they succeeded in securing in their hurried departure. The flames, which first showed themselves in the rear portion of the house, had gained such headway that it was impossible to stay its progress. The fire department proceeded to the scene. No stream was put on however, but the house got in some little work. Very little furniture was saved and the house was burned flat to the ground. Mr. Irish had the following insurance in Cochran & Sewall's agency: on the house and additions, \$1400; on the furniture, \$600; on the barn and additions, \$600. How the fire originated is a matter of conjecture.

G. W. Thompson has decided to continue his furniture business and has commenced to stock up again.

The force on the Boston boats to Camp Meeting at Northport are 50 cents for the round trip. Tickets good until Saturday.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Barker mill, held in Auburn, Tuesday, Postmaster Kimball of this city was elected one of the directors.

Camp-meeting at Northport opened yesterday and everybody tends thither. The hotels are filled to overflowing and the cottages are rapidly becoming packed. Rockland and vicinity is well represented there.

Those of our people who attended the camp-meeting at Nobleboro last week report a large attendance, and interesting and attractive sermons. Rev. L. L. Hanson of this city preached Thursday.

Our citizens have been enabled to appreciate the work of the street sprinklers the past week, when lack of water prevented them from playing the dust. Our main street merchants did what they could with pails of water to keep the stuff down, but the sun the water would dry, and the dust, it then would fly.

Constable Orne continued his searching last week. He succeeded in finding liquor in the Lindsey House, and Thursday afternoon Mr. Severance, the proprietor, was brought before Judge Hicks. After hearing the evidence the Judge found Mr. Severance guilty in two cases and fined him \$100 and costs in each from which judgment Mr. Severance appealed.

In the West Camden Driving Park races held last week Barker's horse took first money, Mudgett Bros.' second, H. S. Moor's "Prince A." third, and the horse of Yates of Vassiboro fourth, in the three-minute class.

In a matched race between J. E. Hanly's "Florence A." and J. H. Montgomery's "Little Fred", the former took the money.

The first accident in connection with the new water works took place on Lindsey street Thursday evening, a young gentleman and lady in a top buggy backing into the trench.

The top of the buggy was pressed forward imprisoning the occupants, the timely appearance of help and the grip of a brawny hand preventing the horse from falling back on the caged pair. The buggy was at last removed from the ditch with a somewhat damaged top. The lady was terribly frightened and fainted.

A very pleasant social dance was held at the Armory Hall, Thursday evening last, it being in return for that given by the young ladies in honor of the Lazelle Island campers a short time since. Owing to adverse winds the "Restless" hearing a number of the young people, failed to appear, and there was somewhat of a dearth of gentlemen in consequence. Nevertheless, it was an extremely enjoyable time. At intermission ice cream was dispensed. Dancing was continued till about one o'clock.

Joseph Jackson has added to THE COURIER-GAZETTE bric-a-brac and curiosity collection a piece of rock salt, picked up on the plains of Nevada during his western trip. He says that he broke it from a mass of salt as large as Smith & Ludwig's meat market. THE COURIER-GAZETTE collection is rapidly growing.

It now consists of a piece of the cap-stone of Washington monument, presented by C. H. Healey of Vinalhaven, a picture of Philip Peaver of Sedgewick, aged nearly 100 years, presented by C. U. Keene, and an interesting collection of complimentary notices and free advertisements by the local press.

## AMUSEMENTS.

A. W. Purcell manager of the Flora Myers party is on Vinalhaven with the company for the week.

The concert given in the chapel of the First Baptist church last evening for the benefit of the proposed new chapel at Ingraham's Hill was a success in every way. The program was excellent and well carried out, and the attendance very satisfactory.

Thursday evening the skating season will be opened at the rink by a grand skate and dance. Music will be furnished by Meservey's Quintet, who will present an entirely new program of music. Skating commences at eight o'clock, and dancing at ten continuing until twelve.

The floor has been planed and is just right for dancing and skating. Give the rink a good send-off.

The concert to be held Wednesday evening in Farwell Hall promises to be one of the finest musical events our city ever was favored with, as a glance at the interesting program below will prove. The whole is under the direction of George Tibbets of Detroit, a Rockland boy, who has made his mark as a teacher of music in a city where music is at a high standard. Following is the program:

PAIR FIRST.

1. Overture, "Bridal Rose," Lavalley.

2. Duo from Lucia, Mr. Vicary and Miss Boynton. Doudle-Hill.

3. "The Dot a Question," Knicker.

4. "Lacaze," Dr. T. E. Tibbets. Anonim.

5. "At the Ferry," Miss Boynton. Howard.

6. "The Mariner's Home," Mr. Vicary. Randegger.

PAIR SECOND.

1. A. Minuet, Mrs. A. D. Snow. (Morant) Schulhoff.

2. Quartet from Rigoletto, Verdi.

3. Quartet from Lucia, Dr. Cushing and Mr. Vicary. Doudle-Hill.

4. "The Fog Bell," Ponsik.

5. "Echo Song," Dr. Samuel Tibbets. Eckert.

6. "Scotch Song," Whistled by Mr. Vicary. Doudle-Hill.

7. Quartet from Lucia, Dr. Cushing, Dr. Samuel Tibbets, Mr. George Tibbets and Mr. Vicary. Doudle-Hill.

8. Introduction and Polonaise, Meservey's Quintet Club. Busch.

Board and lodging for Commercial College students in good private families.

All worthy persons who are desirous of furnishing good board and lodging to students of the Commercial College, for the coming season, at the following prices, viz., for gentlemen \$3.00 per week, ladies \$2.25, should make early application to L. A. Barron by letter or in person.

The school year will begin on Monday Sept. 7th when judging from present indications a large attendance is anticipated; therefore all who desire to board students and give them good comfortable homes, should make application at once as the first to apply will be first served.

Miss Evie Hemmingway is to open a school of instruction for children in this city as will be seen by the advertisement, introducing the Kindergarten method, of which she has made a thorough study in Boston. Miss Hemmingway is a graduate of Cuban Classical Institute, Waterville.

## WANTED.

Board and lodging for Commercial College students in good private families.

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## Births.

Rockland, Aug. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Connolly, a daughter.

Rockland, Aug. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Sperr, a daughter.

Ingraham's Hill, South Thomaston, Aug. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. James Tuttle, a son.

Tide on Harb, Aug. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Tilden Foster, a daughter.

## Marriages.

Thomaston, Aug. 2, by Rev. L. Hanson, William N. Asplund and Isabella W. Henthorn, both of Rockland.

Vinalhaven, Aug. 16, John I. Mullin and Emma F. Longias, both of Vinalhaven.

Camden, Aug. 16, by Rev. J. R. Clifford, James W. Wood and Lizzy M. Gilm, both of South Thomaston.

Boston, Aug. 13, P. J. Gushoe and Olive Conch, both of Appleton.

Camden, Aug. 13, by Rev. E. L. Wallbridge, Fred K. Clark of Rockland, and Louise Tupper of Jonesboro.

## Deaths.

Rockland, Aug. 19, George Griffin, aged 86 years, 10 months.

Rockland, Aug. 18, Sarah, wife of Daniel George, aged 10 years, 1 month.

Tide on Harb, Aug. 15, Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson, aged 45 years, 11 months, 15 days.

Washington, Aug. 24, Mrs. Eugene F. Blackington, aged about 28 years.

## LOST.

A Lady's Pocket Book containing Money, two Finger Rings, Ball Road Tickets, &c. The finder will be rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

FUNDS WANTED. Fifteen Hundred Dollars, for which a liberal interest will be paid and unimpaired security given. A part of the above taken in Lumber and Labor. Apply to J. H. RIVERS, Thomaston.

OIL PAINTING. Mrs. A. B. KIRKPATRICK will receive pupils in Oil Painting every afternoon at No. 4, Mayrick St.

SLEEVE BUTTON LOST. The finder of the above will be rewarded if they will leave it at this office.

FOR SALE. Five eighths of an acre of Rippe Barley, ready to be cut. Inquire of W. H. SMITH, Glover's Lumber Office.

FOR SALE. Several nice House Lots on Locust and Walnut streets. Also, a good Family Horse. Apply to G. W. BERRY.

WAGON FOR SALE. For Sale Cheap, a good Portland Riding Wagon. Inquire at Mr. SPOON'S Shoe Store, 541 Main St., Rockland.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE FOR SALE. The Homestead of the late L. M. True, on Pleasant street; very convenient and centrally located; including that of H. W. Berry, eq. For particulars, inquire of G. W. H. True, owner, Rockland Savings Bank.

FOR SALE. A well-built, two-story house, known as the "Forest House," at South Thomaston. Its location, number of rooms, fourteen, and arrangement make it in every way a desirable place for a private residence, for a summer hotel, or a permanent home. One-half acre of land goes with the house. Advantages terms will be offered. Apply to J. C. M. HAYES, South Thomaston, June 14, 1885.

FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale the valuable and slightly reduced, situated on Middle Street Hill, with convenient outbuildings and stable, and all the land attached thereto. The lot is about 300 feet on Middle Street, and 150 feet deep. The property will be sold at a bargain; the only reason for selling being on account of ill health. Apply on the premises or by letter to W. S. HALL, Rockland, Me.

1885 TAXES. COLLECTOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that Taxes for the current year are now due, and that the bills have been committed to me for collection.

SPECIAL NOTICE. By vote of the City Council, taxes for the present year are due and payable on the 15th day of August, and interest will be charged from October 1st, 1885, on all remaining unpaid, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

A. J. ESKINE, Collector, Office No. 238 Main St., over Rockland Nat. Bank.

Miss Evie T. Hemmingway WILL OPEN A PRIVATE SCHOOL, For Children, MONDAY, SEPT. 14, 1885

Children between the Ages of Four and Ten received.

The school will be conducted as a "KINDERGARTEN," introducing the Kindergarten games and occupations.

TO OLDER CHILDREN. Instruction in Reading and other elementary branches will be given.

Hours from 9 to 12, A. M. TUITION 50 cts. A WEEK.

NEW BOOKS ADDED TO MRS. A. R. MORSE'S Circulating Library, 313 MAIN ST.

470 Goldminers in Australia, W. Thomas.

471 The Bachelors, " "

472 Goldminers in Europe, " "

473 Julius the Street Boy Out West, H. Alger, Jr.

474 The Young Outlaw, " "

475 Sam's Chance, " "

476 The Telegram Boy, " "

477 A Marsh Island, Sara Orne Jewett.

478 Seven Towns, George Afterton.

479 Glen Gordon's Journals at Kharabam, edited by A. E. Hake.

480 Anway Tower, Blanche W. Howard.

481 The Rise of Sam Lapdum, W. D. Howells.

482 The Lady with the Badges, translated by Mrs. A. L. White.

483 What Will the World Say? a novel.

484 The Life of Mrs. Alexander.

485 Dick's Sweetheart, "The Duchess."

486 Second Thoughts, Rhoda Broughton.

487 Some One Else, B. M. Croker.

488 Mr. Butler's Ward, F. Mahel Robinson.

489 Count of Monte Cristo, Part I, Alexandre Dumas.

490 Count of Monte Cristo, Part II, Alexandre Dumas.

491 Monsieur Lecoy, Part I, Emile Gaboriau.

492 Monsieur Lecoy, Part II, Emile Gaboriau.

493 Under a Shadow, Mrs. Forester.

494 The White Witch, a novel, Florence Warden.

495 A Vagrant Wife, W. Clark Howell.

496 God and the Man, Robt. Buchanan.

497 God and the Man, Robt. Buchanan.

498 God and the Man, Robt. Buchanan.

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506 God and the Man, Robt. Buchanan.







## Marine Department.

Sch. *Cora Elin*, Fuller, is at home waiting for business.

Sch. *Sengawana*, Penitente, is loading time for A. C. Gay & Co.

Sch. *Mabel Hooper*, Hooper, arrived here from Boston Saturday afternoon.

Sch. *Georgia Berry*, Ginn, is at the Brown wharf loading time for New York.

Sch. *Alfred Kew*, Greeley, is at home and will go to Wind-or for plaster to Richmond, Va.

Sch. *Thos. Borden*, Conary, is refitting for rigging, repairing foremast, etc., at Snow's wharf.

Ship *Andrew Jackson*, 1095 tons, was sold at Boston 5th inst. to Chas. A. Hunt & Co. at \$14,100.

Sch. *Helen Montague*, Green, from Philadelphia with coal for Sandy Point arrived here Sunday.

Sch. *Horace Sturges*, Spear, is at Damascotta loading ice for Norfolk. Capt. Spear is at home.

Sch. *Ellis M. Watts*, Stevens, from Bangor for loading for New York was in our harbor last week.

Sch. *Ada A. Kennedy*, Kennedy, is coming to Bath to have rigging overhauled and other work done.

Ship *Santa Clara*, Dunn, from New York for San Francisco, opened July 18th, lat 8 N. lon 27 W.

Sch. *Myr Monroe*, Hall, arrived here last Friday, let loaded from Damascotta bound to Tampa, Fla.

Sch. *Fannie Whitmore*, Whitmore, arrived in Boston Friday morning from Buenos Ayres with wool and hides.

The item of last week concerning Sch. *May Day's* damage by collision, should have read for compass instead of forecast.

Sch. *Ed Jack*, Shime, arrived Tuesday from Rockport, Mass., and loads from T. Cobb & Co. and Almon Bld for New York.

It is reported that Capt. Fred Pearson is to have command of a new bark of about 600 tons register, now building by John McDonald at Bath.

Ship *Queenstown*, of Richmond, Me. 1548 81 tons, was sold at New York 1st inst. by James M. Hagar to James W. Elwell, of New York, at \$35,000.

Sch. *A. Heaton*, Pettis, have Horse, Bish-op, Curvo, Averill, lady of the Ocean, Peterson, and several others of the coasting fleet are at home.

Sch. *Alford* and *L. T. Whitmore* are at Baltimore discharging paving. The *Alford* is coming to Boston with coal at \$1.30 and bridge money.

Sch. *Tantamount*, of Belfast, from Port Johnson for Sals, with coal, went ashore at 11 p. m. 18th inst. on Shorefall Shoal and became a total loss. Crew saved.

At Bath, the ship building in the yard of the New England Shipbuilding Company has been named the "Hotspur," and will be launched this week. Master Hawley will launch a large sch on Tuesday next.

Sch. *James Boyce*, Jr., of Alexandria, Va., Capt. A. A. Duncan, is at Ames wharf loading deckers, ready to start on a very fine vessel of 693 tons register, and 1150 tons coal capacity and has all the modern improvements.

Sch. *Rockle E. Yates*, before reported wrecked on Ragged Island, was beating out of that locality when she missed stays and got a reef. A portion of the materials reached Nassau 7th inst. with the captain and crew.

Launched at Bath 20th inst. from the yard of the New England Shipbuilding Co. a steamer of 50 tons, owned by the Tropical Products Co. of Boston, built to run in the rivers of Guatemala. Her machinery was built by the Guss Marine Works, of Bath.

A dispatch from Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, says that after a terrible storm from northeast, which lasted several days, the Northern bar, which was heretofore used by all vessels, is closed, and the Southern bar, which is considerably shorter and much water, is now open. There were 17 palms of water on the bar, the day before yesterday, and today the bar signals, "Bar smooth; soundings of 20 palms taken." The captain of British steamer *Cavendish*, which arrived yesterday (through the Southern bar) sounded 18 feet of water. Should the new bar remain in this favorable state, which nobody doubts, it would be a great advantage to the trade of our province.

A palm, Brazilian, equals 8.34 inches, English.

The *Damascotta Herald* and *Record* says: In connection with the ship *Frederick Billings*, 2628 tons, launched at Rockport last week, correspondents from Camden and Rockland have written much concerning large ships launched in our place, in years gone by. We see no mention of any of the large ships built in this place. In 1853 *Austin* & *Cutter* built ship *Ocean Herald*, 2135 tons; *Algeron* built ship *Black Warrior*, 1880 tons. In 1851 *Austin* & *Hall* built ship *Ellen Austin*, 1628 tons. This was a very large ship, having three decks and a depth of 28 feet. Such a ship at the present time would measure about 2000 tons. *Metcalf* & *Norris* built in 1852 ship "Flying Saucer," 1715 tons, which was distinguished as a fast sailer. She made the quickest trip ever made from London to Australia. Our ship yards presented a business-like appearance in those days, and we must not let the world forget it, even if we cannot "point with pride" to our grass grown yards of the present.

New York.—The following charters are reported under date of August 23: Ship *Frederick Billings*, (new to arrive), 45,000 cuses (Rethel to Japan, 22 1-2 and 23 1-2 cuses, one or two ports; *Bird Caroline* Gray, New York to Cavendish, general cargo, 21 cuses, port charges; Sch. *Wm. Rice*, New York to Rockport, coal, 90 cuses; Sch. *St. Elmo*, from South Amboy to Rockland, coal, 80 cuses; Sch. *George*, from South Amboy to Orlington, Me., coal, 180 cuses; Sch. *St. Elmo*, from Orlington to Boston, coal, 85 cuses; Sch. *Adelle M. Bird*, from Westchester to Boston, coal, 75 cuses; Sch. *Perseverance*, from Portland to New York, fish, 20 cuses; Sch. *Billow*, 112 tons, from Rockland to Portland, cement, 15 cuses.

## DOMESTIC PORTS.

TACOMA.—In port 8th, ship *William A. Campbell*, Hathorn, for Australia.

BALTIMORE.—In port, ship *Annie B. Holmes*, Holmes; L. T. Whitmore, Bangor, Vinal Haven.

Sid 18th, S. G. Haskell, Eaton.

BREWSTER, GA.—At 17th, sch *Jos South*, Watts, Beaufort, S. C.; Meyer & Miller, Flowers, New York; At 20th, sch *Emily J. Watts*, Watts, New York.

NEW HAVEN.—Chd 17th, sch *Lizzie Chadwick*, Chadwick, Baltimore.

PENACOLA.—At 17th, sch *Jana R. Storer*, Jones, Boston.

PHILADELPHIA.—Chd 18th, sch *John K. Southern*, Balano, St. Thomas; Chd 21st bark *Edward Cushing*, Blekmore, Pensacola.

BOSTON.—Chd 21st, 8 M Bird, Merrill, Alexandria.

NEW YORK.—At 21st, sch *Warner Moore*, Cracker, Windsor; *Maggie Cummings*, Murch, Clark's Island; *Thos. Hix*, Hix, Rockland; A. J. Polens, Peck; *Mary Langdon*, Emery; *Eliza Ann*, Jameson and *Mary Brewer*, Kenney; *Rockland*, East Lameyer, East Port Chester; *Cid*, Lancia, Crockett, Provincetown.

## FOREIGN PORTS.

Sid from Gibara 11th inst, sch *Winnie Lawry*, New York.

At Port Garwin 8th ult, bark *Lorinda Botsel*, Botsel, Vassar.

Lieut. Greely of Arctic fleet, the Springfield *Republican* says, is deriving much benefit from his sojourn in Pittsburg; whereas he was nearly worn out when he came on from Washington, he can now sleep well, and is strong and in good spirits for his work upon his report to Congress, with which he is now busy.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

## Personal Paragraphs of More or Less Interest to Our Readers.

Capt. A. G. Hunt is at home.

Henry Hutchinson is in Boston.

Austin Black of Brooklyn is in town.

Miss Vera Cousins left for Bath this morning.

Misses Sue and Gertrude Adams of Boston are in town.

Miss Evelyn Haskell is visiting friends in Union.

Miss Belle Bath of Chelsea is at J. H. Stover's.

Ed. Gillette of Boston has been in this city the past week.

W. H. Stowe of Boston is looking up old friends in town.

Mrs. Fred Simmons and son are visiting in Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. Elona McKenny of Boston visited in this city last week.

A. W. Hall of the C. G. office is out on a fortnight's vacation.

Miss Emma Well of Waldoboro is the guest of Miss Nellie Dean.

Mrs. Ernest Gray of Lynn, Mass., is at her old home in this city.

Miss Della Kenniston and Carrie Tucker are camping at Northport.

Mrs. Norris H. Brazz returned to her home in Bangor this morning.

Edw. K. Kelley of Fairfield was in this city last week for a brief stay.

J. H. Gould and daughters of Bangor are the guests of R. Anderson, Jr.

Mrs. A. K. P. Smart of Dexter is visiting her sister, Mrs. N. P. Spear.

Mrs. Crapo Smith and son left for their home in Detroit, Mich., Saturday.

L. T. Whitmore is at home after an extended voyage at sea with his father.

Miss Laura Nelson, of The *Commercial-Gazette*, Office is at Northport.

Miss Maud Saunders of Ellsworth is the guest of Dr. R. C. Cole and wife.

Mrs. Albert Smith has returned from Newport where she has been visiting.

Mrs. E. S. Farwell and son have gone to New York to meet Capt. Farwell.

Miss Fannie Thomas has returned from an extended visit in Braintree, Mass.

Mrs. J. M. Norton and son of San Francisco visited Capt. J. C. Cousins last week.

Miss Cassie Ordman has just returned home from a two week's visit in Rockville.

Mrs. C. Sumner and daughter Grace and Mrs. Arthur Loring of Boston are in the city.

Mrs. U. M. Bucklin, who has been residing in San Francisco, and Topeka, Kan., is in the city.

Miss Clara Spear of Bristol, recently of Dakota Territory is visiting relatives in this city.

Alphonso Ross of the *Boston Advertiser* is at the residence of Leander Weeks with his family.

Miss Carrie Graffam, who has been visiting at H. J. Steep's, has returned to her home in Boston.

Mrs. Isabelle Bailey of Brooklyn, formerly of this city, is visiting friends in Rockland and vicinity.

Mrs. George Hewett and daughter of Worcester, Mass., are visiting John Titus on Lime-rock street.

Miss Etta Thomas of the Maine General Hospital, Portland, has been visiting Mrs. Leander Thomas.

James H. Rivers of Thomaston, aged 87 years, hale and hearty, was in this city yesterday on business.

Charles K. Thorndike who has been residing in Beverly, Mass., for two years, is visiting his friends in this city.

Charles Sullivan of Sullivan & Blackington is away on a business and pleasure trip to Boston and Providence.

Charles Pitcher and wife, who have been stopping with Mrs. M. A. Rhoades, have returned to Stillwater.

Miss Josie Thorndike pleasantly entertained a party of her friends Tuesday evening at her home on School street.

J. J. Flanagan of Winchester, Mass., passed Sunday in this city, returning to his instruments tonight by boat.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ayers made their annual pilgrimage this week by train to Bangor. They visit friends in that city.

E. A. Duke of Boston, formerly of this city, was in town last week, on his way back to the Hub from Bar Harbor.

Mrs. J. J. Damrell is very ill in Milford, Mass. Her mother, Mrs. Amanda Hix, took the boat for Milford, last night.

Mrs. Ann Stevens of East Warren is at the house of B. K. Kallach, esq. She returns home the latter part of this week.

Prof. Walter S. Goodnough and wife left for Boston Friday, where they visit several days before returning to Columbus, Ohio.

J. A. Sutter, formerly of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in this city, now connected with Murray Hill Hotel, New York is residing at Moose-head.

Miss Jennie Ingraham gave a soap-bubble party Thursday evening which was greatly enjoyed by a small party of her intimate friends.

J. E. Wallace and wife, of Boston who have been visiting R. Anderson, Jr., have gone to Aroostook county, accompanied by Miss Carrie Anderson.

Among those in attendance upon the sessions of the District Lodge, I. O. of O. F., was A. M. Wingate of Union, secretary of the North Knox Fair association.

Mrs. Isaac Thompson and son and Mrs. Frederick Surman and son and Miss Josie Miliken of New York, are the guests of L. S. Robinson and family.

Arthur H. Thorndike, of the firm Thorndike Bros., Boston, who has been visiting at G. M. and A. A. Duncan's, in this city, returned to his home Saturday.

J. R. Frolock of Vinalhaven is in town on a little vacation of about two weeks. Everybody in Rockland, and in fact, all who have ever met him, are pleased to see him.

Miss Josie Maker of Lowell and Miss Dora McIntire of Stoneham, Mass., who have been visiting at F. G. Singh's leave tomorrow for Massachusetts accompanied by Mrs. Jane Maker.

Miss Mattie Crockett entertained a number of young friends at her home on Rockland street one evening last week. The occasion was that of her birthday and a pleasant time was enjoyed.

Mrs. E. H. Honey and daughter of Belfast

are the guest of Martin Sweetland and wife. They leave for Northport and Belfast Wednesday. Misses Georgia and Jennie Sweetland accompany them.

Officer John Brickley of Boston police force, accompanied by his two sons, is visiting his old home and looking up his many old friends in town. If Boston's police were all as fine looking as Rockland's representation it would surely be the finest looking force in the country.

## FISH AND FISHING.

Arrived at Portland Thursday sch *John Nye*, from Bay Fundy, with 325 bbls mackerel.

Sid from Southbay 21st, sch *Mattie T. Dyer*, and *Amos Knight*, Bay Fundy.

At at Lamoine 19th, sch *Lizzie Lee*, Grand Banks, and *Edith H. Combs*, Thompson, Grand Banks.

Arrived at Portland Saturday Schs *John Somes*, Bay Fundy, with 260 bbls mackerel; *J. Warren*, 50; *Annie Sargent*, 50.

At at Southbay 17th, schs *Humboldt*, Plunk-burn, Bay Fundy; *Margaret Smith*, *Hattie Evelyn*, and *Easton Queen*, fishing.

Arrived at Portland Aug. 19th, schs *Robert Pettis*, Bay Fundy, with 275 bbls mackerel; *Maud S.*, 275; *J. H. Smith*, 275; *J. H. G. Perkins*, 200; *Chas. Haskell*, 220; *M. L. Rogers*, 200; *Mantonomah*, 325; *Ethel* & *Adelle*, 200.

There were sales at Portland Wednesday of 100 bbls mackerel at 3.00, 5.00 and 12.00 for the three grades respectively, 250 bbls at 4.50, 5.50 and 13.00 and 500 bbls, 24, at 5.00. Receipts at Southbay from Monday to Wednesday were 200 bbls mackerel and 1700 qts cod.

A telegram from St. Johns, Newfoundland, says: "Latest Labrador news is very encouraging. The Straits fishing is fair from Red Bay of Dominio. Comparatively little has been done. From Dominio northward the fishing has been very good, in some places plentiful. Most of the sailing craft are loaded. The fish struck Blanc Sablon on Saturday in abundance. Up to that time scarcely a fish had been caught. Prospects are better than for three years. We expect to do a splendid week's work." Those who think the catch will be large are rapidly disposing of their holdings on the present rise, while those that think it will be small are inclined to hold what they have and to buy more. Reports from all the outports report the fleet doing but little. The mackerel are in close to the rocks on the outer shore and lately several vessels have torn their seines.

President Cleveland and Dr. J. Ward have been in camp since Monday morning at Willis Pond, 9 miles from the Prospect House, Plattsburg, N. Y. The President is enjoying excellent health.

The P. J. Sorg Company Victorious.

Our readers will remember that several months ago we published a full account of the prosecution instituted against Mr. Edward W. Offerman, 15 Central Wharf, Boston, New England agent for The P. J. Sorg Company, of Middletown, Ohio, for alleged violation of the state lottery laws by the sale of the "Spear-Head" plug tobacco prize scheme. The company claimed then, as they do now, that their scheme was perfectly legitimate and fair, as no customer of theirs was asked to invest his money in anything which did not yield him a fair return. They all got the money they paid for, and the prizes were in addition to the regular purchases—bestowed gratuitously, in fact. Preparations were made to defend the company, the prosecution of which was probably initiated by rival tobacco concerns. On the part of the prosecution the case against Mr. Offerman (as the company's agent) has been continued in the Boston Municipal Court from time to time, and a hearing on the matter was finally set down for Thursday of this week. On that occasion no one appeared on the part of the prosecution, and the Judge dismissed the case. This practically constitutes a victory for the P. J. Sorg Company in the Massachusetts courts. A few months ago they were victorious in a similar contest in the courts of Ohio.

The above is clipped from the New England *Gazette*, Boston, Mass., under date of July 31st, 1885, and which fully explained itself. We, therefore, deem comment unnecessary, excepting that it shows what a perfect farce all this amusements and prosecution has been.

THE P. J. SORG CO.

ISLE AU HAUT.

Sloop yacht *May* of Winterport left here the 18th.

Dr. Tucker of New York arrived at the Club House, Aug. 18th.

Rev. Mr. Curtis, who preaches here preached at Green's Landing Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Smith and son Will of Troy, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. C. D. Turner.

Sch. yacht *Dorothy Q.* of Boston, Capt. Edmund Quincy, was here the 17th and 18th inst.

Henry W. Poor of Milford is spending a few weeks with Capt. George Warren on board the yacht *Infant*. Mrs. Lewis and daughter of Boston are visiting at the house of John Turner, esq.

Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson of this place died Aug. 15th at the home of her father, Mr. John Turner, where she had been for the last five years. She was a great sufferer. The funeral sermon was preached Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Beach of Connecticut, who is preaching at Green's Landing.

ATLANTIC.

Sch. *John Nye* was in this week with her deck full, having on board about 100 bbls.

There was a large fleet in sight of her the 20th, all of which appeared to be getting fish.

Our mackerel fleet are getting plenty of fish but the price is so small they are hardly worth catching.

Capt. B. J. Staples' store is looking finely and is nearly completed, and the inside nearly ready for the masses.

There was an excursion from here to South Harbor Tuesday. All had a good time and returned well pleased with the trip.

The catamaran yacht, *Sea Serpent*, drifted from her moorings the other day, but was recovered by Capt. Myers, and brought to port the same day.

A. P. Torrey, who is here will have soon to commence a house for Lewis F. Gott at Tremont, and M. V. Babidge will soon commence on the inside of Fred A. Joyce's house, which was put up last winter.

MATINICUS.

The lakers are doing very well.

Capt. W. C. B. Perry broke his mainmast Saturday.

The family of J. H. Sanborn returned to their home at Vinalhaven, Sunday.

Mrs. Lydia Philbrook, Mrs. Gertrude Ames and child of Lincolnville are visiting at Cape Wier B. Young's.

Mrs. Julia Wardwell of Seabrook is here visiting her husband, who is in the employ of Lane Sanborn & Co.

Mrs. George Philbrook and children of Owl's Head returned home this week. Adella Philbrook went with them.

Miss Lydia Hall of Appleton, who has been visiting here, went to Rockland Tuesday and is visiting at R. Fred Crie's.

# NEW HOME SPUN SUITINGS! AT E. B. HASTINGS

We open this week a Large Assortment of New Home Spun Suitings in all the new colors.

These goods will be very popular for Fall Wear and we have a fine assortment to select from

Received this morning a new lot of SATINES at only 12 1-2 cents.

We have a few more of the GINGHAMS left at 8 cents.

All Wool Dress Goods 40-inch wide, never sold for less than 75 cents, only 50 cents a yard. We have an unusually fine assortment of Black Dress goods at all prices.

We have received another lot of the Brocade Dress Goods which we are selling for 12 1-2 cents a yard. These goods are a great bargain. We have them in all colors.

We have a full line of Brocade Velvet for Wraps with Chenille Fringes to match each color. Also a nice assortment of Tricots, Ottomans, etc., for Outside Garments.

Jersey Jackets, all sizes.

Turkey Red Table Linen, 25, 37 and 50 cents a yard. We have a large assortment of White Table Linen, Napkins, etc., to match.

Large lots of Chevoit Shirting from the great Auction Sale, which we are selling under price.

Best Quality Print only 5 cents. Satine Print 8 cents a yard.

We shall make special prices for the next Four Weeks on Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear.

We carry a full line of Corsets, including the celebrated P. D. This is a very long-waisted and fine fitting corset.

We are receiving New Goods every day and shall be pleased to show them.

# E. B. HASTINGS

# E. W. BERRY & CO. Ladies' Hand Turns KID BOOTS!

The most comfortable boot made. No Nails, Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet. We have secured the exclusive right of sale for the city of a celebrated Rochester, N. Y., firm. We can give hundreds of testimonials from ladies who wear these goods, and for Fit, Durability and Comfort they take the lead. As, Bs, Cs and Ds.

PRICES \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Try a pair, and you will wear no other kind.

## A Full Line of

Ladies', Misses' and Children's, Men's, Boy's and Youth's

# BOOTS

## AND

# SHOES.

Of all styles and qualities, at prices always as low as the lowest.

# E. W. BERRY & CO.



THE COURSE OF STUDY is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are fitted for the duties and work of every day life.

THE FACULTY embraces a list of twenty teachers and assistants, elected with special reference to proficiency in each department.

THE STUDENTS are young people of both sexes, full of vigor and zeal.

THE DISCIPLINE is of the highest order and

