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LARKS ABROAD.

SOME SINGULAR ADVENTURES IN YORK AND LINCOLN.

How We Climbed a Cathedral Tower
and What Took Place Therein—English
Landscape Beauties—A Hot Day
in Lincoln—An Intelligent Glance at
the Crop Statistics of Great Britain.

[FIFTEENTH LETTER.]

I really am pained, as I glance over my last literary nightmare, to find how lean and poverty-stricken it is in point of architectural information, and this in the face of my resolute intention to give you something of glittering and intrinsic value. This week I hope to retrieve my tottering reputation for veracity and truth. The present episode will treat of the wonderful cathedrals of Lincoln and Ely, and when I get done with these, I expect the readers who have been patiently following me through these famous buildings, will know as much as I do of the beauties no less than the technicalities of English cathedral architecture. But first I've got to get you out of York Minster's crypt, asking your pardon for leaving you there an entire week. In the gloom and the damp and the odor of dead monks' bones, and trusting you have not thereby induced too tenacious a case of rheumatism, for which I should be very sorry.

From the crypt we climbed to the top of the tower, and we went up and up and up and up and up and up, like the block of stocks you sold at a loss, and it felt as if at times that we must sit down there on the interminable winding stone steps, in darkness most profound, miles and miles from our native land, and perish. For it was hot, and if ever a cooling breeze by chance struggled in at some accidental opening, it got worn out and lost long before it reached our throbbing brows. Every little while we would get lost through taking some wrong turning, and much time and energy were wasted in finding our way back to the right trail, it was dreadful. Many times we vowed to wish that we had brought the panger along; but that wily individual, knowing what a terrible climb it was, had assured us that we could easily find our way up alone, and we had believed him. The Englishman in the patent leather shoes was the worst affected, I think. He was unmarried, he told us in a gloomy whisper as we paused for an instant to find the way which we for the sixth time had temporarily lost—unmarried, and in debt, and really he had nothing to hold him up to this life, he said. We cheered him up as well as we could, and staggered on again.

The stone stairs were dreadfully worn. At times we would lift up a foot and put it down with confidence on the stair above, which being hollowed by the tread of countless feet would not receive us as soon as we had anticipated, and this had a tendency to injure our spines and cause us to bite our tongues off. It was one of the ghastliest experiences I ever heard of. When we had gotten up about five miles, or it might have been five and a half, the Judge, who was ahead, suddenly paused, whereupon the Englishman in the patent leather shoes bumped up against the Judge, and I in turn bumped up against the Englishman in the patent leather shoes, whom we had placed between us as a protection against his sinking down from heat and exhaustion and perishing in spite of us.

"Wh—what is it?" we asked, when we could get our breaths.

"We're lost!" the Judge replied out of the darkness in a voice that froze the very marrow in our bones.

"Lost!" we agonizedly chorused.

"Aye, lost!" the Judge exclaimed. "You will notice that we have been going ahead for some time but not up. I have observed it for an hour, but I thought it best to say nothing, lest I should cause you unnecessary alarm. But I cannot conceal it from you longer. We are lost—lost!"

The Judge concluded in a voice that trembled on the edge of a sob. It seemed hard to die so far from home and all that we held so dear. "Besides," the Judge resumed, after he had partially mastered his emotions, "you will notice that the walls of the corridor as well as the stairs have disappeared. This indicates to me that we are in some vast place—but where?"

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Aye, where? We reached our hands out on either side but they clasped only the empty air. We gazed into each other's blanched faces and saw written there the lines of helplessness and black despair.

"But we must not give up," I protested. "We must not die here, so far up in air. We never could get down in the world if we did."

This inspired the Judge a trifle, but the Englishman in the patent leather shoes had lost all heart. We heard him fetch a hollow groan and the next instant he sank down in the darkness at our feet.

"Has he fainted?" called the Judge.

"I—I think so," I replied, after I had kicked the prostrate man three or four times in the ribs to make certain.

"This won't do at all," the Judge said decidedly, raising up under the desperation of our situation. "Have you a knife?"

"A good one—Sheffield steel—bought it yesterday." I promptly returned, reaching into my pocket.

"Has it a good blade?"

"Three inches long."

"Stick it into him."

I did so.

"Does he revive?" the Judge inquired.

"Only slightly."

"Stick it into him again."

I stuck it into him again.

"How now?"

"He starts, he moves, he seems to feel the thrill of steel along his back."

"His well?" the Judge said in a deep stage voice.

The Englishman in the patent leather shoes

raised his eyelids and fluttered them slightly.

"Where am I?" he asked in weak and tremulous accents. "You have no doubt noticed that people who swoon and come back to life in a minute or two, always open the discussion with that interrogation. They seem to have a suspicion that somebody has moved them."

"You are right here," the Judge kindly answered, bending over him in a reassuring manner. "You haven't been anywhere since you dropped."

"Don't leave me," the Englishman in the patent leather shoes feebly moaned.

"Never," we said, letting fall three or four large sized tears upon his upturned countenance. It was easy enough for us to assure him up on this point. We didn't know where to go.

"I am going to die here," the Englishman in the patent leather shoes went on, in a faint, low voice. "I have climbed and climbed these endless, tortuous stairs until my energy is sapped. It is useless to go further. I am used up. Take this purse—here is my watch. Now do you make one more effort to find the path, but leave me here. Adieu—farewell!"

Imagination can conceive nothing more awful than this scene, transpiring up there in mid-air, buried in the recesses of that dark and illimitable tower. It was enough to appall the stoutest hearted. Even the Judge and I were affected by it. But it would not do to abandon hope without another struggle. One thing was certain—it would be a great annoyance to have a dead man on our hands.

"Get up, man!" we called to him loudly.

"You must not give up this!"

"Oh leave me—leave me, I implore you," he faintly wailed.

"Never!" we shouted in his ear. "It will not do for you to die here."

"Why not?" he weakly gasped.

"Because," the Judge said—and my heart lightened with his inspiration—"because, if you were to cool off now, heated as you are with climbing, it would give you a cold that you wouldn't get over as long as you live."

The Englishman in the patent leather shoes roused up at this. He said he never had thought of that before, and he was glad the Judge had mentioned it, for, he added, he mortally hated a cold, it took so many handkerchiefs.

This difficulty surmounted, it now behooved us to discover a way out. I had a ball of twine in my pocket that had been there since the last time I flew my boyish kite. One end of this I seized fast hold of, while the Judge started away, unwinding the ball as he went. After a lengthy wait I felt the string twined violently. On this sign I was convinced and I followed along, guided by the twine, and by-and-by came up with Judge, who had discovered the top stairs, and in company with whom we soon stood on the roof of the stately tower, with the free air of heaven fanning our heated temples and the sun looking brighter than we ever had seen it before. It seemed as if we had been buried alive and rescued through the intervention of a beneficent providence, as indeed we had been.

I have related this adventure exactly as it occurred, merely suppressing one or two incidents that would perhaps have aroused a trifling doubt in the minds of my readers at home. I hesitated about alluding to the matter at all, there is so much about it that seems improbable; but the Judge insisted it should go in.

"Do they think you would lie?" he protested warmly.

A PRETTY VIEW.

When we had cooled off a bit, and somewhat relaxed the muscles of our legs, we saw enough to well repay us for the weary climb. From the heights of the tower the eye took in a range of English scenery whose beauty fairly made us reach for our breaths. I can tell you in very simple words that the scene was most beautiful to look upon, and I want you to believe me, if you can do so, but it would be utterly and boundlessly superfluous for me to attempt to frame that scene in words so you could see in it anything like the degree of rural loveliness that was exhibited to us.

Below us wound the crooked streets of the ancient city, whose countless red-tiled roofs lay brightening in the summer sun, while in and out through buildings of the present ran the city wall of the past, intersected at intervals by the solid masonry of gigantic gates or "bars." There was an air of quiet brooding over the city that seemed to belong to it, as a recompense, perhaps, for the stormy drama of the past.

"Shortly after this adventure I fell into conversation with an English gentleman who got into the same compartment with us in the cars, and to whom I related the incidents in about the same words as above. He was a large and heavy looking gentleman, with whiskers of a reddish tone and a nose that seemed built to hold snuff. When I had finished he leaned back in his corner of the compartment, and for the next twenty miles stared steadily out of the window at the flying scenery and never spoke a word. Then he turned to me and said:

"You say that after you had gone up a great way in the tower, you traveled an hour without mounting a stair?"

"About an hour," I feebly admitted, "though it might have been an hour and a half. One is never certain of the lapse of time under such peculiar circumstances."

"You must have gone at least two miles in that time," the English gentleman replied.

"More," I replied, "more, by all means. Call it three."

"You were in total darkness all the while?" my interrogator pursued.

"Egypian," I rejoined.

"Do you know how large York Minster is?"

"About a quarter of a mile in circumference, is it not?"

"Exactly that," the English gentleman somewhat triumphantly retorted. "Now what I'd like to have explained," he checked it off on his fingers, "is, first, how you could be in total darkness and still read what was written in each other's blanched faces, or see the other gentleman's eyelids flutter, and, second, how you could get lost and wander three miles in a tower that is less than fifty feet across."

"Oh," I said, "have you noticed these seeming inconsistencies in my narrative?"

"Of course I have," he replied. "I thought they seemed strange when you went over them. Since then I have been thinking it over."

"And you'd like to have the apparent inconsistencies explained?" I interrupted.

"Certainly I would," he retorted.

"My dear sir," I said, "you ask too much. I too have observed the very things you call attention to. I cannot explain them. Nobody can. They are inexplicable. That is no consolation for their existence."

"When the cars next stopped, the English gentleman got out, though it wasn't his station. We saw him on the platform shortly afterwards. He was talking earnestly with the guard and pointing excitedly toward our compartment."

war and blood that in all ages has been played up and down its streets and all about its staunch old walls. It was pleasant to look upon, and if the scene near by afforded pleasure, how much more the distant. All about here the country is level, unbroken and undiversified by mountain or hill. There are travelers who complain that this level is monotonous and unpleasant. Not so was it to us, who had been looking upon the hills of Scotland to our fill, and now roved the beauties of this cultivated plain until our eyes grew fairly weak. Nothing it seems to me can surpass the charm of this English rural scenery. Our vision reached to a far-away horizon and rested on trees and shrubbery, park and meadow, with now and then a small and easy village disposed upon the plain, and here and there a silver thread of water strung in negligent but graceful curves across the landscape's face, while the whole surface of nature glowed in its vivid green, lightened at frequent intervals by bright wild flowers that grew in the most wanton profusion. There were fields of fresh young grain, and hedgerows all in the white of the fragrant hawthorn's bloom. Occasionally a windmill dotted the scene, its white wings turning slowly in the breeze and glistening in the sun, while herds unnumbered roamed the meadows and cropped lazily at the succulent green verdure. And over it all there hovered a charm unspeakable—a something I cannot explain, so different it was from our rural scenes at home. It was the pastoral life the English poet treats of so melodiously: the life the English novelist has invested with such glamour, that the sentimental wanderer from distant shores gazes upon it all in a species of rapture, and fancies that it would be very hard to die here and leave a land so beautiful, were it not that he might perchance be buried in some of these delicious nooks, where it is fresh and green and cool and restful, and the wild flowers grow richly all the time—which causes such a fate after all to seem very acceptable indeed.

IN A QUANDARY.

I had been leaning over the parapet of the tower, musing upon these things and trying to spit on the hat of a stranger two or three hundred feet below, when I was aroused by the Englishman in the patent leather shoes laying his hand lightly on my arm.

"Do you know," he began, sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper and glancing nervously over his shoulder to where the Judge was trying to get a fifty-mile picture into a four-inch sketch-book, "do you know, I've been thinking of that remark your friend made to me, down in the tower."

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked, encouragingly.

"I don't know what to think," he said, in an unsatisfied tone, pinning a distant windmill with his gaze and looking troubled. "He told me that I wasn't die down there—didn't he? That if I did, he'd be sure to find me. I believe it was," I conceded. "What is the matter with that?"

"Why, that's just what I can't seem to make out," the Englishman in the patent leather shoes despondently replied; "that's what puzzles me. If I was dead, how could I take cold?"

"Ah, that's it, how could you?" I answered, knowingly.

"And yet," he went on, musingly, "I know his remark seemed all right enough when he made it, and it helped me amazingly. I wonder, now, what he meant by it?"

I grasped the Englishman in the patent leather shoes by the hand and shook it cordially.

"My friend," I said in the warmest manner I could assume, "he didn't mean anything by it—he didn't mean anything at all. It was only his way."

The Englishman in the patent leather shoes looked at me in a startled manner for a brief instant. Then he winced his hand away and darted down the winding stairs. I heard the hollow echo of his footfalls die gradually away, and he was gone. He was a chance acquaintance. We didn't even know his name. Neither could we ascertain if he got down in safety; nobody had seen him come out. It was possible he might again have got lost in the gloomy recesses of that tower, and wandered about and perished miserably. The first time they find a skeleton in York Minster, I shall inquire if it had on a pair of patent leather shoes. If it had, then I shall know what became of our somewhat amusing companion.

WE DID IT AGAIN.

We heard no Yorkshire dialect spoken, partly because our journey here was short, and partly because we did not penetrate into localities where the mother tongue is corrupted. I think I shall always be sorry I did not meet John Brodie. I should have dearly loved to hear him tell of Dalchoboy's Hall and old Squeers, both of which abominations flourished near here—for he would have talked in the broadest and roughest of dialects, and I am certain it would have been delightful. But next to the country dialect I suppose the streets of York are the most difficult to understand, for they wind about in the most bewildering fashion and shoot up around totally unexpected corners in a way that baffles your carefullest observation. You start to go to a place you know perfectly well, just around the next corner, let us say, but long before you can get there you have been turned around half a score of times, and threaded a maze of strange and narrow streets and lanes with a wealth of Elizabethan houses all looking exactly alike threatening to topple over on you, and unless you have an uncommonly strong intellect, your reason will be likely to totter on its throne. Talk about the puzzling streets of Boston—why, this is a man who has lived in Boston all his life, and never been out of it, and put him down here in the streets of York, and I'll wager pounds to pence he'd be lost in less than thirty seconds.

That's the kind of crooked streets York has.

"When can we get a train to Lincoln?" I asked of Boots at the Inn.

"Well, sir," he answered, with a respectful touch of his cap, "there's one as goes at eleven-twenty, and another at one-fifteen, and another beyond that at three-thirty-two, which is a very clever train. You'll find the three-thirty-two a very clever train indeed, sir."

ANOTHER CHRY-HEADED CITY.

Lincoln is positively opulent in evidences of antiquity, and I could fill these columns from now to Christmas time were I to tell you the half we saw there. Here is my note-book, just blushing with interesting facts about our prowlings in that ancient city, nearly all of which I must pass reluctantly by until some more convenient season. The purveyor of information becomes embarrassed in traveling through this country by the abundance of sights and adventures that are everywhere to hand. The question is not "What shall I write about?" but "What shall I not write about?" for indeed it is hard to decide.

The first thing we encountered was a porter with a thin, ficked face and a pair of exceedingly impudent legs, that wobbled painfully about in his superlatively large trousers, and were bows at that. He said he would take our valises to the White Hart Inn "for whatever the gentleman thought was right." When a servant tells you this, look out for him. It means that you can fix the fee yourself, but if it isn't large enough to satisfy him, and it hardly ever is—he takes good care that you become acquainted with the fact. So to avoid the imputation of being niggardly, you specify find yourself launching out upon a system of fees that ultimately would bankrupt an only heir. This is bound to engender regrets and cause you to wish you never had left home. So we started out under the auspices of this friendly porter, who carried our luggage over his shoulder with a strap. It was the hottest day of the season, and the pavements of Lincoln were baking and blistering in the torrid sun. But in spite of this porter, burdened as he was with the heavy bags, skinned rapidly ahead, his thin legs bowing to a perfect crescent under the weight, and his whole system dropping great beads of perspiration from every pore—while we toiled painfully on behind, hugging in vain the shady sides of the streets, and pulling and shoving and mopping our foreheads till our handkerchiefs were saturated with the sweat of honest toil.

"Ho—ho—ho, my—my friend," the Judge panted, after we had gone on in this dreadful way for what we thought must have been several miles. "Where is this White Hart Inn you promised to take us to? Haven't you made a mistake? Didn't we pass it back there three or four miles?"

"Ho, no, sir," the low-legged porter made answer, seizing the opportunity to pass his coat-sleeve across his brow and so wiping off the water that was dripping over his eyes in a copious shower. "It's just ahead, sir. Ho—ho—ho, I'll assure you, sir."

With which he shifted the bags to his other shoulder, and shot ahead once more at a speed that was phenomenal, while we picked up our weary feet and followed on hand after hand. Now we reached a long and precipitous hill, but the porter's zeal never abated in the least. Up this we painfully groined, our blood bubbling and sizzling hotly, and then across a great wide square, down into which the fierce sun beat till the cobblestones just curled up and wilted, down still another street and up another—and here at last is the White Hart Inn, looking cool and inviting within, with a cool looking little barmaid presiding over a cool looking little bar, and some sort of cool looking servant perpetually washing up the floor and spluttering cool water over everything. I flung the porter's sledge and sank into a chair.

The Judge had already got a chair under him, without the sixpence formality, however, and so the porter stood there patiently in the middle of the floor, with the servant splashing soap and water all around him, and touched his cap four or five hundred times in rapid succession. But the Judge was too far gone with heat to notice this, and the porter might be standing there to the present day, touching his cap deferentially and uneasily shifting his weight from one leg to the other, had not misadventure come out to book us for rooms, whereupon the Judge roused up enough to lug out another coin, at which the porter smiled broadly, touched his cap sixty or seventy times more, nodded to me in a cheerful manner and vanished. Poor fellow, it's mighty few sixpences he'll be touching his cap for in the future, if he persists in guiding travelers to the White Hart beneath a summer sun like this.

OUR ROMAN FRIENDS AGAIN.

Lincoln boasts a castle, a cathedral, countless Roman remains and a variety of aged buildings such as afford endless delight and surprise to the lover of antiquities. As we strolled out the next morning, we first encountered at the end of Bailgate road the massive Roman arch, that formed the northern gate of the city of Lindum. Shorn of all architectural ornament, and half buried by the rising of the soil, this arch preserves the same outline of noble simplicity as when, eighteen centuries back, Agricola rode forth beneath it at the head of his legions for the conquest of Caledonia. All that the Romans created was stamped with durability, and the gate erected by them before the light of Christianity reached these shores still remains the northern entrance of the city which rose at their command on the proud heights of Lindum, eight centuries before the establishment of the Bishop's See within its walls. The original design consisted of a large arch in the center and two smaller ones, or posterns, at the sides. The postern to the west has been destroyed. That to the east, after having been long nearly concealed in the earth was, in 1829, disinterred and opened for public passage by subscription.

While we were looking at this eighteen-hundred-years-old relic, and striving to picture some of the pageants that in elder days had passed under its gray stone arch, a very large man with long white whiskers and a gray linen coat came out of a little door near by and joined us in conversation. He was interested in these things himself, he said, pointing to the arch, and if we would go with him a little way up an adjacent street, he would point us out some of the Roman wall. This we cordially assented to, for we were acquiring a perfect passion for Roman remains, so off we posted together, our new-found friend talking all the while in a thick voice that was sometimes difficult to understand—and presently came up to a large field, over in the center of which stood a crumbling mass of stone and mortar, but there were by place by place long since turned into dust. We secured some fragments that weighed fifteen or twenty pounds to take home as keepsakes, and went back with the large gentleman, who was an enthusiastic on the subject of relics, and who insisted upon our accompanying him inside the little door we first had seen him issue from, to inspect a variety of curiosities that had come into his possession.

A SINGULAR PLACE.

The little door, we found when we got inside, was the entrance to a small beer-shop, of which the large gentleman was proprietor, and who now introduced us along a narrow passage to the public room, a small apartment with a sanded floor, several wooden tables and chairs of comfortable dimensions, a number of articles of china disposed about the walls and resting on shelves, and several inviting looking long-stemmed pipes and packages of tobacco that seemed to compel you to smoke in spite of yourself. All these, with two cheerful small painted windows that gave on the street, and a snug little fire-place with a kettle on the hob, went to make up a very simple but exceedingly cozy scene. So we fired up a couple of the longest-stemmed pipes—such as the poet Tennyson confesses himself to have a weakness for—and leaned back at ease in delightfully luxurious arm-chairs, and pulled away prodigiously, while our sociable friend lugged out his curiosities and listened to our notes of admiration. Now and then a very warm looking countryman would drop in for his pot of beer, which came on in the brightest of power, and which he sipped slowly at an adjacent table, eyeing us askance the while and evidently puzzled to establish our mission there. Occasionally we would engage these gentlemen in conversation, and we found them always sociable. They talked in broad and hearty voices, in a manly fashion yet with a certain respectfulness toward our good clothes, and at the end would drink to our good health, and so pass out, giving us a cordial good-bye as they went. There was one old fellow, I recollect, in a faded pink shirt and a dingy white duck jumper and corduroy trousers, who drank his beer in slow and moderate sips as though to make it last the longer, watching us closely meantime over the rim of his pewter pot. After a time I took my pipe from between my lips and bowed to him pleasantly.

THE CROP OF LOOK IN ENGLAND.

"Give you good-day, sir," the man in the pink shirt returned. "Your health, sir."

"Thank you," I said, bowing my head; "drink hearty."

The man in the pink shirt took a long pull and a strong pull at the beverage, set down the pot, drew a lengthy breath, passed the back of his right hand slowly across his lips, and said "Pleasant day, sir."

"A very pleasant day indeed," I assented.

"Though perhaps a trifle warm."

"Aye, you may well say that," said the man in the pink shirt, good-humoredly, nodding his head by way of confirmation; "it is a trifle warm."

This reminded him that he had come in there largely on account of the hot weather, and the pewter pot was again laid in requisition.

"But, it's the growing weather, sir," the man in the pink shirt pursued, as he set down the pot again.

"You think it is fine growing weather do you?" I asked with a deep show of interest.

"Oh, certain of it, sir," the man in the pink shirt asserted, with another shake of the head.

I saw here an opportunity for an agricultural interview. It occurred to me suddenly that I had as yet incorporated into these vagrant letters nothing to specifically interest the farming constituency of my paper. Now, I thought, I will glean something of value from this communicative individual in the pink shirt, and write it out for the benefit of our American farmers. I hardly knew where to begin, but I shut my eyes and struck out boldly.

"I suppose the planting will soon be coming on?" I essayed for a starter.

"Coming on where, sir?" the man in the pink shirt inquired, in a respectful tone.

"Why, here anywhere—everywhere," I said, with a broad sweep of my arm meant to include the entire kingdom.

"Oh, bless you, sir," said the man in the pink shirt, "planting's been done and gone this fortnight and more."

"But," I said, taking the stem of my pipe out of my mouth and scratching my head with it reflectively. My opening question seemed to be rather a failure. I threw in an airy laugh to cover my confusion.

"Of course planting is completed," I lightly resumed, after an awkward pause; "I knew that perfectly well. What I intended to ask was, how have the crops turned out?"

"It isn't time for them yet, sir," the man in the pink shirt replied. "Not for two months or more do they get their crops, sir, you understand."

"Of course they don't—I know that well enough," I said, with a slight shade of annoyance in my tone. "I am not talking about the crops after they are harvested—what I mean is, how are they coming on now? how are they looking?"

I branched easier as I got over this. It was a very narrow escape. I never could have done it in the world without lying. What would people do if they couldn't lie?

"Oh, I see, sir," the man in the pink shirt said, with an apologetic air; "you want to find out how the crops are looking now?"

"That's it precisely," I answered with dignity. "What I want is something upon which to base an intelligent comparison of the crop outlook of this country with my own."

"I understand," he perfectly," and the man in the pink shirt, after taking another sip from the pot.

"Well, then," I pursued, holding my note-book to get down his answer, "let's have it. Out with it."

"Out with what, sir?" the man in the pink shirt inquired, in what seemed to be a tone of surprise.

"Why, your opinion, of course," I said, beginning to grow impatient.

"Oh, not, sir."

"Oh the coming crops."

"Oh, bless you, sir," the man in the pink shirt remarked, "I haven't no opinion at all. I don't know nothing about it."

"Ah! you a farmer?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir," the man in the pink shirt smilingly rejoined, "I'm honestly a driver of a horse and cart, sir. There it be, horse and the cart."

With this the man in the pink shirt tossed off the remains of his beer, waved us good-bye, and went heavily out. I thrust my note-book back into my pocket, ground off the end of the pipe stem between my teeth, dashed the rest of it into the fire place, knocked my hat over my eyes in a hysterical fashion, laughed once or twice in a broken way, and went out under the Roman arch and laid my fevered brow against one of its cool, cool stones.

FOUR.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

A Texas gentleman discovered his servant helping himself to the former's cigars. "Sam, I am surprised," "So is I, boss. I loved you had done gone out inter de country."—*Texas Siftings.*

Walt Whitman says his poems under the head of "Drum Taps" are very much read in the south. "He drops the letter 'I' from the title in the next edition, the sales will still be more largely increased."—*Phila. C. M.*

Some Londoners ask the common, "Oh, where does beauty linger?" Our office hours are from eight to six; mornings, noons and evenings generally at home or out walking with the family. —*Phila. C. M.*

Widow to medium: "Is my husband happy in the spiritland?" "Yes; perfectly so, madam. He has everything his soul desires." "Then, thank heaven, he's got it at last?" "Got what, madam?" "A post office."—*Phila. C. M.*

It has been decided in Ohio that the husband is the legal owner of the wife's clothes. "This will probably ease the old gentleman's mind as he planks down \$40 in settlement of the bill for last spring's bonnet."—*Washington Herald.*

Mr. Daniel E. Rindman, the well known tragedian, has published reminiscences in book form, and entitled his volume, "Seven Thousand Miles with Shakespeare." We hope that Dan and Bill found the walking good.—*Chicago Herald.*

Several gentlemen were standing about the door at a swell reception when a very fine-looking lady passed down the hall. "By Jove," said one, "that's a magnificent looking woman." "Very imposing, indeed," said another. "You bet she is," said a third; "I know, for I've been her husband for ten years."—*Phila. C. M.*

"Come here to me, you good for nothing," exclaimed a pious farmer, addressing his son. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself going fishing on Sunday. I didn't go fishin', pap. I only went down the lane to throw sticks at their nigger boys." "Oh, well, that's all right, then. Recollect, my son, you must never violate the Sabbath."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A Suggested Seashore Bustle.

"I have made an invention that is just going to be a boon to my sex at the sea shore. I call my device the camp chair bustle. It consists of an ordinary bustle of wires and tapes, to be worn in the usual manner under the rear draperies of a woman's skirt. I will

FOLKS AND THINGS.

THE WAXING YEAR.
Cool autumn's here and winter's cheer
Is coming with velocity;
The new farmer brings us in
Some carefully raised monstrosity.
Time for acorns, boys.
There was a heavy frost Sunday night.
A good crop of rowen is being harvested.
Emerson Haskell's store is being repaired.
Mr. Directors, we need that depot down town.

A. F. Crockett is having his house decorated with new paint.
A. R. Achorn has recovered the watch and money reported stolen.

There is quite a boom in the vaccination business in this vicinity.
Oliver Gay's residence on North Main street is receiving a new coat of paint.

T. Snow received 75 baskets of Jersey peaches Thursday which sold readily for \$1.25 a basket.
Another onslaught is being made on the remaining portions of the old U. S. war-ships Kansas and Sabine.

Frank L. French is employed in the Bay View House, Camden. Frank is very popular with travelling people.

Bench gravel is being applied to our streets daily, greatly to their improvement. Continue the good work Mr. Commissioner.

Geo. N. McGregor, organizer of the Knights of Labor, went to Lincolnville yesterday and instituted an assembly there last night.

One of the workmen of Camden & Rockland Water Co. had his hand somewhat crushed by a blow from a beetle, one day last week.

Two carriages collided in front of Berry Bros. stable Wednesday and a young disciple of Esculapius stood on his head for a brief season.

George Sherman and Thomas Black are building a large coal-shed on the Thomaston & Rockland Gas Co's premises for storage of coal.

A. J. Bird, treasurer of the Rockland Council, Order of United Friends, paid to the family of the late E. P. Norton, \$3,000, the amount of his insurance in that order.

T. S. Snow has returned to Boston. During the summer he has successfully conducted a fruit commission business in this city. He is an enterprising fellow.

M. H. Nash, who shipped as steward on the ship Frederick Billings, was obliged to give up his position on account of sickness to the regret of Myrick and the owners of the vessel.

Watchmaker the trator, formerly owned by H. S. Moore of this city, but more recently owned by P. G. Hastings of Damariscotta, is now the property of Loren A. Davis of Bangor who bought him of Mr. Hastings for \$2000.

There has been a great dearth of postal cards in many smaller offices, due to the change of new for the old. The supply of old ones gave out and the new ones did not arrive, hence the dearth. Considerable borrowing was done between offices.

Junio is dead. He passed away last Tuesday. He was near St. Thomas, Ontario. A freight train struck him from behind. It was a cowardly deed. The engine should be prosecuted. Jun. leaves a host of friends. The funeral was largely attended.

In view of the recent occurrence of fatal accidents by druggists in compounding prescriptions J. H. Wiggin is having a closet constructed in his store where all drugs of a poisonous nature will be kept under lock and key. Some such action is being very generally taken by apothecaries.

By the tipping of the seat W. A. Kimball was precipitated from a wagon Friday, striking on his back and head and sustaining severe bruises. His foot caught in the rein and it looked propitious for a serious accident, but E. B. Hastings fortunately ran and grabbed the horse, and so William moves among us as of yore.

The store on the corner of Main and Warren streets owned by E. Mont Perry is being torn down. The adjoining building owned and occupied by Mr. Perry is to be moved south, and a building 26x21 feet is to be built on the corner, the lower part of which Mr. Perry will occupy for a store, while the upper part will be finished off into a tenement.

A seven-year old son of Eben Mills, residing on Warren street, was run over and severely bruised in front of the Pine Grove school-house, Wednesday. The boy was playing in the road and ran into the delivery team of H. O. Gurly & Co. The horse stepped on him and it was thought at first that the little fellow was seriously injured, but fortunately such seems not to be the case.

The tenth anniversary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Maine occurs this year, and the annual convention will be held at Portland, Sept. 20th, 30th and Oct. 1. Among the announced special features of the session will be a poem by Mrs. Maud Moore of Thomaston and an address by Mrs. Willard. The meetings promise to be of unusual interest.

O. H. Tripp of this city and Mr. Bates of Waterville have been at work the past week surveying the routes to the suggested locations for the new depot. They have gone over two routes. One is that to the lot on the corner of Portland and Union streets and another to the lot now occupied by the store of W. E. Ingraham at the South-end. The surveyors are at present running over the route to the lot near Tillson wharf.

A good illustration of the benefits of a little common sense is the beautiful hedge east of Dr. A. M. Austin's residence. An unsightly brook course, dry a portion of the time and filled with unclean water the remaining portion, has been transformed into a thing of beauty and a joy forever by the planting of hedge shoots on each side which have now grown into an ornament which is no mean addition to the premises.

Capt. Henry Sleeper has enlarged THE COURIER-GAZETTE's collection by the gift of several articles of value picked up by him in some of his long sea voyages. One is a clay image found in an old Mexican cemetery and judged to be over a thousand years old. Another is a torpedo fuse used by the Confederates at Mobile, while a third is an interesting Chinese publication. Our collection is steadily growing.

Yes, it's nice weather.

N. Jones is thoroughly lifting up the store south of T. C. G. office to be occupied by Porter's laundry.

After leaving Damariscotta Saturday night the train stopped at a small way station and then steamed homeward. After proceeding some distance it was discovered that the chief officer of the train was missing. Black tracks were made, and Conductor Hooper was found about a mile east of the way station footing it over the track, with the evident intention of catching up with the train.

Charles E. Havenor, who has been for several months seriously troubled by a cataract forming over his right eye, went to Boston a fortnight ago to have the obstruction removed. A thorough examination by the best oculists of that city results in the disappointing verdict that the cataract is not yet in condition to be removed; and until such time as an operation is deemed advisable they order Mr. Havenor to give his eyes absolute rest.

A Utah paper received last week announces the death in Milford, Utah, about ten weeks ago, of Daniel R. Severance, brother of T. B. Severance of this city. He was walking along the street when he was struck in the face and side by stray bullets from a neighboring shooting affray, which resulted in his death. Mr. Severance was born in Knox, Waldo County, which place he left for the west when nineteen years of age. He leaves a widow and one child.

The new tug Pancho, now commanded by Capt. W. W. Thompson of this city, was built in Bath. Her appearance is more like that of a yacht than a tug boat. Her neatly rigged mast, overhanging hurricane deck, and small smoke-stack, all contribute to her style. In point of speed she exceeds the contract terms, going over ten miles per hour with perfect ease. Her engine is the work of Superintendent Hyde, of the Goss Marine Iron Works, and is a piece of mechanism that will bear the closest inspection. It combines economy with perfection of workmanship, and is in every way adapted to the boat for which it was constructed from original designs.

The following in regard to a horse owned until recently by A. B. Fales of this city is taken from the Bangor Commercial:

Mr. Hastings of Damariscotta, who has been in the city to attend the New England Fair, has met with good luck, which sometimes comes to horsemen as well as to other people. While here he purchased for \$200 a horse which could pace in about 2:20. Mr. Hastings, with the idea of changing the animal into a trotter, put too much weight on him. The weights failed to do this, but he "cleverly" her just right and to the surprise of every one the horse paced Maplewood track in 2:22, and showed much faster than that. It is believed this horse can pace a mile in 2:20. Mr. Hastings has evidently "struck a bonanza."

Mrs. Nancy Sweetser goes to Boston to spend the winter. In her honor, Mrs. Henry Pearson, her niece, Thursday evening gave a tea party at her home on Pleasant street, at which an even dozen elderly ladies were present. The youngest of the guests was 59 years old, while two of the number were 82 each, the united ages of the twelve aggregating 875 years. At supper, which was set forth with much acceptability, the ladies were waited upon by Capt. and Mrs. Pearson, and their son, Capt. Fred Pearson. After supper there was music and a general flow of pleasant conversation, in which the genial Capt. Henry rendered himself extremely agreeable, and the ladies went home with many expressions of gratification at the enjoyableness of the occasion.

People of Knox County should remember the low rate offered in the Battle of Gettysburg excursions. W. A. Kimball, excursion agent of the Battle of Gettysburg, has painted this city red, white and blue with posters and the country likewise. He has worked up a big boom through the State having eighteen excursions on Penobscot River, three on the Edw. route, three on the steamer Mount Desert and one on the City of Richmond. He is making arrangements to have one via the Knox & Lincoln railroad, also one over the entire length of the Maine Central and New Brunswick roads. Mr. Kimball has had long experience in the business and can start a home if any one can. The Boston line of steamers commences their excursions from Rockland Sept. 28th and during that week sell tickets up and back into the Battle of Gettysburg, all for three dollars. The Gettysburg Company sold during the month of August 25,000 tickets and the September sale will be larger as the weather is cooler and Kimball's excursions will pan out large.

THE CHURCHES.—The Lincoln Baptist Association will be held at Warren this year, beginning Sept. 30th. Rev. S. L. Hanson of the Thomaston Methodist church preached at the Congregational house in this city Sunday forenoon, to the great enjoyment of those who were so fortunate as to hear the sermon. The hour of Sunday evening service at the various city churches is now 7 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Roberts has recovered from his recent indisposition and resumed his place in the pulpit. His sermon Sunday morning from Jeremiah 6:16—"Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls," was an earnest and practical discourse such as that reverend gentleman often presents, to the profit of his hearers. There was a very large attendance at the Free Baptist church Sunday to hear the sermons by Revs. Yeoman and Eastman, who delivered most excellent discourses. The music by the choir was very pleasing. Miss Eva Dunning is organist; Mrs. Charles Clark, alto; Mrs. Watts, soprano; Willis Clark, tenor; Mr. Snow and Harry Knowles, bass. The sessions of the Montville quarterly meeting at Rockville, Friday, Saturday and Sunday were very interesting. There was a very large attendance. Powerful sermons were preached by Revs. Eastman, Yeoman, Cooper, West of Lechboro, Palmer of Boothbay, and A. H. Merrill of Harper's Ferry, who presented in an able manner the cause of the Freedmen. The sum of \$12 was contributed by the congregation in response to his appeal. Rev. Collamore Purinton, formerly located at Vinthaven, who has been at South Montville for the past three years, was present. Mr. Purinton left Montville yesterday for Hillsboro, Iowa, where he locates as pastor of the Free Baptist church. The people of Rockville are to be congratulated for the magnificent hospitality shown on this occasion. Their houses and hearts seemed to be opened wide to their visitors. The quarterly meeting was never more royally entertained.

The neck of the long and genial Chas. D. Jones is the first one hereabouts to come under the presidential axe. Alexander T. Teague, Newswriter, has taken Mr. Jones's mail route on the K. & L. Charles was a good official and everybody likes him, but we fear at times he was an "offensive partisan," as politics go.

A small but extremely select company attended the exhibition hall given by R. C. Rankin and his pupils at Farwell Hall, Tuesday evening. The little ones executed the dances in a very graceful and pretty manner, especially excelling in the new schottische and polka. The proficiency displayed by the scholars showed plainly the thoroughness and knowledge of dancing which the teacher must possess. Mr. Rankin is a fine teacher, and would get a larger class here, another year.

The Knox Co. Fair is opening tide. Yesterday and today big squashes, articles of fancy work, apples, pears, potatoes and other interesting pieces of home-made have been pouring into the hall, and Secretary Ingraham has been kept in his mirth registering the rapidly arriving products. The hall has been arranged to accommodate the different entries. The officers and different committees are on hand to look out for matters and the fair in advance is an assured success. The cattle show commences tomorrow. There is promise of a large exhibit of stock, poultry and farm implements. C. G. Whitney of Thomaston will make an exhibit of his blooded stock. Branch Brook Farm, C. T. Spear, proprietor, will make a fine showing of pigs and poultry. C. E. Bicknell of this city will exhibit a curiosity in the poultry line in the way of pullets raised from eggs laid by hens brought from Shanghai by Capt. Henry Sleeper. The fair and cattle show will be well worth attending and none should miss it.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Personal Paragraphs of More or Less Interest to Our Readers.

E. C. Clark of Boston is in town.
Mrs. J. M. Kirkpatrick is in Boston.
H. S. Flint was in town last week.
Hartford Crosby of Boston has been at S. K. Mcomber's.

Mrs. Charles Gilman of Houlton is a guest at E. C. Knight's.

O. E. Blackington and bride arrived home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. R. Richardson and Miss Cora Larnabee are in Boston.

Mrs. C. and E. Boyd arrived home Saturday from their visit in Ohio.

Miss Flora Bonner of Warren has been visiting Miss Nellie Briggs.

Miss Rose McNamara, of T. C. G. office, is on a visit at Portland.

Emory Thomas of Boston, formerly of this city, has been visiting old friends here.

Mrs. A. E. Hewett left Saturday for a visit to her daughter in Newburyport, Mass.

Miss Emma Shields has returned from Bangor where she has made an extended visit.

Chas. A. Davis, esq., and family leave in a few weeks for Augusta where they will reside.

Mrs. F. L. Gay and her milliner, Mrs. A. H. Jones, are in Boston looking up the fall styles.

Mrs. W. W. Thompson and Mrs. W. H. Kintredge have gone to Mt. Desert for a short visit.

Mrs. J. A. Green has returned to New York after a five weeks' visit at her father's, C. L. Allen.

George Fogarty, who is now following the printing trade in Boston is on a visit to his old home here.

Dr. Gilfeather, who has been with Dr. F. L. Hildebeck during the summer, returned to Boston Saturday.

Mrs. Rodney Gott, daughter Myra and son Bertie of Hudson, formerly of this city, are spending the week in town.

Fred and Arthur Thorndike of Boston, who have been at G. M. Bancroft's for a few days, returned to Boston last night.

Charles Hewett and family of David's City, N.H., who have been visiting at William Hewett's, started for their home last night.

Mrs. James Hanrahan and milliner, Mrs. J. E. Doherty, have returned from a business trip among the big millinery emporiums.

C. N. Hean, a former resident of Rockland, now of Portland, who has been here on a visit to his brother, B. B. Hean, returned home last night.

H. H. Crie and family start for a drive across country to the Kennebec, stopping on the way at Mr. Crie's old home in Liberty. They will be gone a fortnight.

Mrs. Albert S. Fields of Palatka, Florida, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Oliver Gay and Mrs. T. W. Mank, left for her home in the south last week.

Mrs. Carrie Rhoades left last night on a visit to Boston and vicinity. While in Hudson she will be the guest of Mrs. Jere Gregory, formerly of this city.

Mrs. Martha C. Thurlow of this city and Walter E. Tolman of Portland were married Saturday evening at the residence of the bride, Rev. W. M. Kimmel officiating. The grandson and grand-daughter of the bride were best man and lady. Some beautiful presents were received from friends. Mrs. Tolman is a most estimable lady while Mr. Tolman, who formerly was an honored citizen of Rockland, holding many positions of trust, is a gentleman of pleasing address and high character. T. C. G.'s best wishes.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Jane Eyre" is to be produced at Farwell Hall, Oct. 21 and 24, by the famous Charlotte Thompson and an excellent company of artists who are second to none in the country.

The Bijou club club of Portland, one of the finest troupes in New England, will play with the Rocklands at the rink in this city Saturday evening at 9 o'clock.

The exhibition of the trained St. Bernard dogs at the rink Wednesday and Thursday evenings, summing it all up, was wonderful. The dogs were noble, massive creatures, doing the most difficult tricks with an intelligence that was marvellous.

There will be another of those enjoyable social dances at Bay View Pavilion, Thursday evening. Good order, good company, good music and a good time can be surely counted on. If you want a good time go there.

A CARD.

By special request Prof. R. C. Rankin will be at Merrill's Hall, Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock to meet all adults who desire to form a class in dancing. Wednesday afternoon from 1 to 3 o'clock will meet all children there who wish to assist in forming a new class.

A party of five young couples drove to Owl's Head, Thursday, evening and rendezvoused at the Ocean House.

Workmen of the new water company perforated the pipe of the old company with a pick on the corner of Camden and Cedar streets one day last week. The water bubbled up at a great rate, necessitating a shut off of the North end water supply until the leak could be repaired.

The Defiance and Metropolitan Fashion Sheets for October have arrived and can be procured at Simonton House, free of expense.

L. J. Wheelden, the wholesale music dealer of Bangor, a man of years experience in whole-saling pianos, organs and sewing machines, will open a branch house in Rockland this week under management of C. E. Santelle. They make a large exhibit at the Fair in Farwell Hall.

Births.

Thomaston, Sept. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Young, a son.
Vinthaven, Sept. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. George Kossuth, a son.
Vinthaven, Sept. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lynde, a son.
Vinthaven, Sept. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Winfield Ewell, a son.

Marriages.

Rockland, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. M. Kimmel, Walter E. Tolman of Portland, and Mrs. Martha C. Thurlow of Rockland.

Rockland, Sept. 20, by W. O. Fuller, Jr., esq., Frank W. Post and Ella M. Bradley, both of Rockland.

Rockland, Sept. 11, James Hackett of Rockland, and Phoebe C. Edridge of Portland.

Cushing, Sept. 16, Levi S. Steavay and Mrs. Sarah H. Tyler, both of Cushing.

Vinthaven, Sept. 10, James Calderwood and Della Banks, both of Vinthaven.

Camden, Sept. 12, Judson P. Mills of Camden, and Annie Jones of St. George.

Vinthaven, Sept. 5, James A. Gregory and Lily M. Brown, both of Vinthaven.

Deaths.

Rockland, Sept. 16, Sarah C., widow of Hudson J. Hewett, aged 31 years, 10 months, 4 days.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 17, Mary M., wife of Capt. John Spafford of this city, aged 61 years.

Augusta Maine Asylum, Sept. 16, Mrs. John C. Colburn of East Union, aged 81 years.

East Union, Sept. 17, Miss L. Gould, formerly of Hope.

Vinthaven, Sept. 17, Lettie A., daughter of Joseph N. and Clara Vinth, aged 3 months.

Warren, Sept. 20, Andrew H. Spear, aged 71 years, 7 months, 19 days.

West Camden, Sept. 16, Olive H., wife of Nathan P. Achorn, aged 57 years, 3 months, 6 days.

Union, Sept. 16, Melville, widow of Benjamin Daniels, aged 82 years.

Union, Sept. 14, Orla Little, formerly of Waldo-boro, aged 51 years.

Warren, Sept. 11, Dea. David Starrett, aged 72 years, 7 months, 10 days.

Vinthaven, Sept. 13, Lora, daughter of Freeman A. Brown, aged 7 weeks.

West Washington, Sept. 13, Andrew Finch, aged 82 years, 3 months.

South Warren, Sept. 13, Enella, wife of George W. Harkin, aged about 100 years.

West Washington, Sept. 13, Andrew Finch, aged 82 years, 3 months.

Warren, Sept. 13, Cummings.

Warren, Sept. 21, Jonathan Cobb, aged 77 years.

Warren, Sept. 21, James Russell, aged 79 years.

NOTICE.

Personal Memorials of Gen. Grant.
As certain persons have represented that they were authorized to take orders for the above work, this is to give notice that I am the sole agent for the following towns in this county, viz: Thomaston, South Thomaston, St. George, Union, Appleton, Washington, Hope, Friendship, Warren and Cushing, and the only person authorized or who can fill orders of said work, except E. E. Newberry, who has been authorized by me to take orders in Warren.

DANIEL FIERCE.

ANNIE C. COOPER,

DRESSMAKING

So, Main Street, Rockland.

L. J. WHEELDEN,

Wholesale Music Dealer,

BANCOR, MAINE,

—WILL OPEN A—

BRANCH HOUSE

—IN—

ROCKLAND

THIS WEEK,

With a LARGE STOCK of

PIANOS, ORGANS

—AND—

Sewing Machines,

Under the care of HIS MANAGER,

Mr. C. F. Sawtelle.

A part of the stock is now on exhibition at FARWELL HALL, at the KNOX COUNTY FAIR. Twenty-five thousand picture cards, fans and pieces of music to be given away. Address—

C. F. SAWTELLE,

Manager Wheelden's Branch House.

6-EXCURSIONS-6

ROCKLAND and CAMDEN

TO

BOSTON

AND RETURN.

On the magnificent steamers of the

Boston & Bangor Steamship Co.

\$3.00 ROUND TRIP \$3.00

Commencing Sept. 28, and continuing until Oct. 3.

Including TICKETS OF ADMITTANCE to the magnificent CYCLOPAMA.

Battle of Gettysburg,

And an opportunity to everybody desiring to make a pleasant journey.

\$3.00

From Rockland, Camden and adjoining towns to Boston and return.

Tickets Good Until October 13th.

WM. H. HULL, Jr., Gen. Manager B. & B. S. S. C. C. E. WELLS, Agent, Rockland.

MILLINERY!

We respectfully inform the public that the general

MILLINERY:-: OPENING

Pattern Bonnets and Hats,

Will take place on

Tuesday & Wednesday,

Sept. 29th and 30th.

Mrs. Jas. Hanrahan,

Formerly A. A. Atherton & Co.

G. T's.

CHOICE ROLLER ST. LOUIS

FLOUR!

\$5.00

BEST ROLLER PROCESS ST. LOUIS

\$5.25

Or 3 Barrels for \$15.00.

CRACKERS!

4 1-2c per lb. by the Barrel.

SHORTS 1c per lb., or \$10.50 per Ton.

CORN MEAL CRACKED CORN and OATS at Bottom Prices.

PEA BEANS 5c per lb.

YELLOW RAYD BEANS 8c per lb.

PORK 9c per lb.

This is the place to buy your Pork & Beans—All other goods in proportion.

See paper for ad. In next week's issue of this paper.

J. DONAHUE & CO.,

ROCKLAND, MAINE.

M. E. METCALF

Dress & Cloak Making.

Removed to Ulmer Building, corner of Main and Sea Streets.

ENTRANCE 20 MAIN STREET.

A. J. ERSKINE

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

ROYAL (Absolutely Pure).	
GRANT'S (Alum Powder).	
REDFORD'S, when fresh.	
HANFORD'S, when fresh.	
REDHEAD'S.	
CLARK (Alum Powder).	
AMAZON (Alum Powder).	
CLEVELAND'S (Alum Powder).	
PIONEER (San Francisco).	
CZAR.	
DR. PRICES.	
SNOW FLAKE (Alum).	
LEWIS.	
PEARL (Andrews & Co.).	
HECKER'S.	
GILLET'S.	
ANDREWS & CO. Royal.	
WILK (Alum Powder).	
RUMFORD'S, when not fresh.	

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is free from any admixture of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphate, or other injurious substances."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, or any other injurious substance."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome."

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1874; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, New York, and at the State Fair throughout the country. No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and boards of health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schellier. A pound of each of the powders was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each was calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schellier only proves that every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair-minded person of these facts.

While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

GREAT SEWERS

Are as necessary in large cities as streets and courts. Great care is taken to keep them open. The pores of your skin, your kidneys and bowels are the sewers of the body. You can cleanse them thoroughly and safely with Brown's Sarsaparilla. All druggists sell it.

Scrofula diseases manifest themselves in the warm weather. How's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood, and removes every trace of scrofula.

DOCTORS!

Of all the different scrofula in the country, have thousands the every year of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, who would be living today if they had used Sarsaparilla. They are unequalled in the world for all diseases of the kidneys.—See Haren's Union.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

Almost a Specific for Consumption.

The thousands of testimonials we have received from sufferers who have been permanently cured by Scott's Emulsion satisfies us that it will cure consumption in its early stages, and alleviate if not cure in its later stages.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM was recommended to me by my druggist as a preventative to Hay Fever. Have been using it as directed since the 9th of August and have found it a specific for that much dreaded and loathsome disease. For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer from Hay Fever, and have tried every remedy, but have never found relief. I have ever found, Hay Fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy.

OF F. B. AINSWORTH & CO., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

Beware of Frauds.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It cures Colds, Croup, Asthma, Deafness and Rheumatism.

A man recently asked in a drug-store for a box of rough diamonds, but the druggist knew no such remedy. After much parley the druggist found that the customer wanted PAIN-EXPELLER. He said, "That's the only fit name for 'em."

18 NEGROES!

Who left the United States for Liberia last year have lately returned, being unable to stand the climate. Everybody going to a new climate should have a bottle of Sarsaparilla with them as a safeguard against disease.—Hartford Courant.

The stings of insects, etc. Instantly allayed by Baker's Great American Specific.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.

When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.

When she became a Girl, she clung to CASTORIA.

When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Know Yourself, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle aged men.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no cure. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. H. Kirtledge.

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 about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens 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 a bottle.

Farm, Garden and Flower-bed.

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

FARM AND LIVE STOCK.

Never overfeed.

Ward the root crops.

Drain bogs in dry spells.

A stone wall makes the best fence.

Clear and thoroughly air the cellar.

Cut the roadside weeds and brambles.

A filthy cow stable is an appalling sight.

Take a note book to the fair, to jot down new ideas in.

No live stock can suffer for want of pure water, and thrive.

Don't sow timothy with wheat as it will retard its growth; wait two weeks later.

It's a mistake to feed milk cows heavily with grain. Two quarts of grain or meal at a feeding are better than six.

Seed-wheat that is infected with smut should be purified before sowing. This may be done by washing it in brine and afterwards throwing air-dried lime over it, stirring it in and drying.

To feed, field beans will yield more milk, but carrots will make the most butter in the winter time. This is because the beans are less rich as food; the milk thinner.

Ventilate the Grain Bins.—No bin is complete if unventilated from the bottom. One of the best and most simple ventilators consists of a galvanized iron cone about six inches across at the base and a foot high, punched full of holes over the entire surface like a cullender.

To accommodate this contrivance, saw a circular hole five inches across in the bin floor, over which place the cone, securing it by a few nails. This ventilator is cheap, convenient and effective.

To aid circulation there are required also small windows in the side of the granary near the ceiling. These should be covered with coarse wire netting to keep out vermin.

September as a Butter Month.—This is usually conceded to be the best month for butter making. Much more, however, than the time, has to do with the matter. First there must be good cows, remembering that in a larger degree than any seen to think feeding makes the breed. Good sweet, rich and abundant pasture is a necessary element to the best ends. If this is lacking, owing to unfavorable weather, the shortage needs to be made up from soiling crops.

There must be perfect cleanliness in the dairy house, in all the vessels used, as well as in the air that circulates through the milk room. Shallow pans, a low temperature and working out all the buttermilk, are among other essentials.

With all these things provided, and September cannot fail to prove the best month of the twelve for butter making.

Curing Corn Fodder.—Many a farmer whose heart has been glad over a land-some crop of corn fodder, has later found grief in discovering mould and decay unexpectedly, as a result of bad curing. But the curing can be done so thoroughly as to avoid this. The best way is to bind in bundles when it is cut, and place these in stacks of seven each. Here they may stand for three weeks, when they should be put in shape for wintering. A large mass of fodder either in a stack or now is almost sure to heat and spoil. Let the stacks be brought to some high and dry grass spot, near the stock barn, and be set two together, here to remain until they are cut up or fed. On grass the butts will not freeze fast. The double stacks should be kept together with willow or straw bands, and if closely tied will stand until wanted. In hauling to this wintering ground, the stacks can be handled whole and in an upright position until used.

Orchard and Garden.

Save garden seeds.

Finish budding peaches.

Always hand-pick pears.

Earth up celery regularly now.

Cut the bass from early budded stocks.

How runners from newly set strawberries.

Pruning will do no harm at any time after the summer growth is completed.

If apple tree shoots make a growth of less than two feet in a year, mature the trees.

If an orchard is to be set out this fall, it is none too early to get at making plans for it, ordering the trees, etc. Plant any but the stone fruits in the fall.

Pears for Sandy Soil.—It is generally known that pears like a heavy soil but those who have only sandy soil need not despair in growing this delicious fruit. A grower of large experience correctly mentions the Bullum and Flemish beauty as well adapted to sandy soil. But this list may be enlarged to embrace Osband's Summer, Skinless, Boerle d'Amadis, Washington, Onondago and Tyson.

Harvesting the Onions.—After the tops have, for the most part, withered down, gather the crop. Experienced growers have no faith in the old notion that better bulbs form if the tops are bent down after the growth is about completed. A potato hook is a handy article to pull them with. Leave them on the ground until cured, then cut the tops off and market or else store. The storage place must be dry and airy.

FLOWERS AND THE LAWS.

Start early slips.

Lift the bouvardias.

Repeat the winter stock.

Raise plants to pinch them.

By another week it will be too late to sow pansies.

There is a right way as well as a wrong way of growing every flower.

Violets for winter flowers now need careful looking after in one respect, namely, to keep down runners.

It's the flower one knows the least about that is the hardest to grow; therefore to succeed let us be well informed.

Manure and Flowers.—It must not be fresh, for most plants cannot stand such.

If it is two years old all the better, but there is no harm in having it older still. With age manure becomes as fine as earth, and in this condition it may be used very freely on all plants needing fertility.

To Start a Lawn.—There is no time of the year in which we prefer sowing lawns, to the month of September—when sowing time with farmers. The cool and moist season which will soon be at hand, together with a similar season in the early spring, is very favorable to the grass plant, and with present seeding a fine lawn is certain to result by early next summer. There is no secret about making the lawn. We must simply bear in mind that grass seed is a fine article, calling for the fine preparation of the surface to be sown. Sow at the rate of about three bushels to the acre. Rake in lightly and the rains will do the rest.

COW IDOLS.

Cow's Family Magazine.

Annual worship is one of the oldest cults. Its remnants are traceable in India and Egypt, as well as in Troy and Greece—nay, among our own Teutonic forefathers. The cow and the steer, more especially, are to be met with in the mythology of many nations, as symbols of a cosmogonic force, in a nourishing or creative sense. In the oldest Egyptian representations relating to the creation of the world, the cow, coming forth out of primordial waters, appears as the mother of the young Sun-god.

Hestia's Gals is both the cow and the earth, the nourishing mother of all forms of existence. So is the Teutonic cow Andromeda, from whose dugs, in the rise and origin of all things and beings, the very gods were fabled to have sprung. Sacred, gold-horned cows—reminiscent of the Mycenaean idols—appear in the lays of the Icelandic Edda, even as among the ancient Hindus. In German and Scandinavian myth, cows and steers play so large a part that we are impressed thereby in quite a Mycenaean or Teutonic manner.

When the Teutons and the Celts came west on their way raid 2000 years ago they carried a brazen bull as a sacred idol with them. Captive Germans, before being set free by them, had to take an oath on that bull's image. A sea-steer was said to be the progenitor of the Frankish royal race of the Merovingians. The kings of that line, symbolically preserving the old mythic tradition, drove about in a ear drawn by a team of oxen. A golden bull's head was found in King Chilperic's tomb. Sacred cows were taken by Norse kings into battle as divine guides and protectresses. So it is recorded of the Swedish king, Estein-Bell, and his sacred cow Sallia. There is a similar record about King Olegwald. Cows were often used by the Northmen as prophetic leaders on important occasions.

A MAN'S BATTLE WITH ANTS.

Ington Dispatch.

Isaac Bernart, a farmer living near Chambersburg, a small village a few miles from here, had a most wonderful experience the other day, narrowly escaping being killed by ants. He was picking blackberries in a wild patch of undergrowth in a dense wood, when suddenly he disturbed millions upon millions of large black ants. They were under a thin covering of earth which he stepped on and almost instantly they crawled up his trousers legs and, when he tried to knock them off, they showed fight. Before he could get out of the heavy growth of brush he was covered from head to foot with the pestiferous insects. They bit him and crawled into his nose, ears and mouth. He yelled for help, but soon became blinded with the myriads of ants on his head and face and before he reached the edge of the wood fell helpless to the ground, utterly at the mercy of the insects, and was only saved from death by the timely arrival of a brother. The insects were common black ants of a very large size. Bernart was bitten by them all over the body, but while very sore, it is thought, providing the bites are not poisonous, will recover. The case is without a precedent in this section of the country and it is believed had not arrived when it did the ants would have not only killed, but eaten their victim.

LOST HIS SITUATION.

"Yes," said the proprietor of an up-town barber shop, "Jim was a good workman, but I had to get rid of him."

"What was the trouble?" "He was too absent minded and forgetful. You remember when old Deacon Jones died?"

"Yes." "Well, the family sent for a barber to shave him, and I told Jim to go up. It was that job that lost him his situation. He did his work all right; nobody ever found fault with Jim's work, but when he put on the finishing touches and pulled the towel off the poor old deacon he turned around and shouted, 'Next!' so that people heard him a block away. So I told Jim I guessed I'd have to let him go."—*Albany Argus.*

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Pa., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial Bottles Free at Wm. H. Kirtledge's Drug Store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

NEVER GIVE UP.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wm. H. Kirtledge.

ALEC DUNHAM'S BOAT.

Sublimely Rejoice.

There she flew at her moorings, The little two-master, Answering not now, The call of disaster, Lame as the mule, And limping the tiller, Crossing the bar so, One-on would fill her.

Firesail and mastsail, In hand she was lying, Naked the mastheads, The rigging flying, No pennon flying, Sailed and wrecked, Alike they drift past her, How flows the pilot boat, Where is her master?

Landed at Great Point, Brightly it bursteth, Beside on Great Point, The elegant redoubt, For out to sea, Sank the pilot boat, White on the shore, The cresting wave dashes.

Strident northwester, And smoky southwester, Call for the pilot boat, Page to the boat, A ship on the bar, Just where the waves eat her, Mashed the pilot boat—Where is her master?

Oh, where is her master, Where is her master, Get out that you get, Fast Turkeycock Shells, The red of Mock-ge, Two minute guns, Still faster and faster, But no more to their aid, Flies the little two-master.

For the pilot one night, Left his boat as you see her, Light on it, that it should come, He ready with the crew, But not from her moorings, Did the pilot boat cast her, Though a signal he answered her, One sent by the Master.

One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master, One sent by the Master.

On the subject of color blindness, a correspondent writes to the *Pittsfield Gazette*: "A very large proportion of the cases of so-called color blindness is, I am convinced, due to ignorance, and in confirmation of this opinion there is the undoubted fact that it is rarely found in examination of female candidates. If color blindness is an organic defect of the visual apparatus, surely it ought to exist in some where about the same ratio in the male and female. I don't for a moment deny the existence of genuine color blindness; but I do contend that the genuine defect is a rare one. My suggestion is that instruction in colors and their names ought to form a distinct item in the curriculum of all elementary schools."

To supply the demand for milk and its products in this country 15,000,000 cows are required. To furnish food for their cultivation of over 60,000,000 acres of land is required. In caring for the cows and their milk 700,000 men find employment and 1,000,000 horses are needed. Cows and horses consume annually 30,000,000 tons of hay, 1,000,000 bushels of corn meal and the same amount of oat meal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran, and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, to say nothing of the heavy grains and questions the feed of various kinds that is used all over the country. It costs \$190,000,000 to feed these cows and horses.

It is stated that girls may wear the initials of the young men to whom they are engaged embroidered upon the left shoulder of their waists. There is one thing to be said in favor of this. When the girl proves jilted and gives the young man in the "sack," he will know it is his by the initials.—*New York Weekly.*

The October number of the *North American Review* contains 23 articles by as many different contributors—among whom are an English Cardinal, an American Admiral, two American Major-Generals, two American ex-Ministers to European courts, an American Artist, an N. Y. Assemblyman, an ex-United States Senator, the Mayor of New York, an ex-Governor of New York, two distinguished American Men of Letters, and a famous American Financier—Manning, Ammen, Ben. Butler, Fitz John Porter, Elihu B. Washburne, Wm. Waldorf Astor, (his first appearance in literature), J. B. Easton, of Louisiana, Wm. R. Grace, of New York, Theodore Roosevelt, Horatio Seymour, E. P. Whipple, Charles T. Congdon, Dorman B. Eaton, and some others less known. There is also a very characteristic private letter from Gen. Grant to his father, written from Milliken's Bend, just two days before he started in the Vicksburg Campaign. It is contributed by Col. Fred Grant.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has Catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for me to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure Catarrh every time.

Barthold's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

Will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

Nervous debility, premature decline of power, in either sex, speedily and permanently cured. Large book, three letters—consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Catarrh Remedy for the blood and stomach ever manufactured."

Do not delay but bear in mind that consumption often begins with a neglected cold or cough. Adams' Botanic Balm was the day in curing coughs and colds. Price 10c and 75c.

For the benefit of our readers we give this week a sure cure for colic or belly ache in horses. To one bottle JOHNSON'S ASSOCIATE LAXATIVE add same quantity of molasses and same quantity of water, and pour down the horse's throat.

RAILROADS AND STEAMBOATS.

KNOX AND LINCOLN RAILROAD.

Summer Time Table.

Commencing Monday, June 29, 1885.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THOMASTON.

G. D. Carney has returned to Boston School of Technology.

J. H. Rivers, Esq., informs us that he returns to Boston today.

Warden Bean attends the State Fair at Lewiston this week.

Miss Carrie J. Jordan went back to Wollsey Hills, Mass., Wednesday.

Chris N. Crawford has returned to his orange grove, Westwood, Florida.

S. W. Masters and P. M. Studley are attending the State Fair at Lewiston.

Oliver P. Watts has entered upon his collegiate course at Bowdoin College.

Charles S. Payson has returned to Boston after passing the summer here.

Harry Walker, junior class, Brown University, has returned to his studies.

W. E. Mason has moved into the George I. Robinson house on Henson street.

Mrs. B. W. Conner went to Spencer, Mass., Saturday on her annual visit to her old home.

Ralph and George Patterson have left for Lumber City, Georgia, where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. Isaac Bumpus and Mrs. George F. Carr and daughter, Miss Lena Carr, of Sherman, Arundelton, Cal., are at the house of Thomas A. Carr.

Capt. Robert Crosby of the bark Nicholas Thayer is at home. Mrs. Crosby and son George, who went to New York to meet him, have also returned.

J. F. Harker, of Fort Fairfield, has been in town since Wednesday last. His wife and child have been at the residence of G. S. Bean the past few weeks.

J. J. Felt, of San Francisco, who has been at home of S. S. Gerry has returned home. Mr. Felt's son and daughter will remain at Mr. Gerry's during the winter.

Henry Knox Royal Arch Chapter of Masons is doing considerable work. The organization is under prudent management, and the dues will be both efficiently and prudently carried forth.

The yacht Flossie has returned from her trip down to Georges Island, where Capt. Williams put on board the yacht 27 tons of ballast. He will soon make a trip to New York.

P. Henry Tillson Post will go into Camp at Comrade J. Frank Horton's grove in Cushing on Thursday and Friday next, 24th and 25th, inst. Bill of fare. Baked beans Friday morning—clam bake Friday noon, to which the families of comrades are invited.

Linnell of the Thomaston Herald, as most of its readers know, has been disabled for some time by a severe cut on the right hand; but as a soldier for this matter, he was fortunate enough to have an accident policy, from which source he has just received a substantial check through the well known insurance agent A. Carr. Accident insurance is a great thing and no man should be without an accident policy.

E. W. Prince left yesterday morning on the early train for Bath where he will remain until Wednesday, making the final arrangements for the shipment of the engine to be used in his freighting business on the Widdowson's Island. He will be accompanied south by Willie Gray, Alton Rock, Alfred Clark, Will Getchell and Frank Flint who will work on his plantation this winter. Mrs. Prince and family join Mr. Prince in Bath Wednesday, when they will proceed south. Mrs. Isabella Starr, who has been visiting at C. Prince's, returns to Spencer, Mass., with them.

The body of Eddie Dickey, a lad of six years, was found floating in the water near Jacobs' Island, Mill River, on Tuesday evening about 6:30 o'clock. He had been at school that afternoon and had been missing up to the time of finding the body. It is supposed that he was playing on the wharf near the kiln, and fell into the water. He was a bright and active boy, and his loss is a terrible one to his parents, who within a few years have lost three interesting boys. They have one boy left to them. Mr. and Mrs. Dickey have the sympathy of the whole community in their affliction.

Miss Hattie R. Creighton (artist) will pass the winter in Portland giving instruction in china painting, and firing, drawing, painting and indelible ink, and is prepared to receive pupils and form classes for the winter in the above named branches. She will make a specialty of china painting, and will fire china in her own kiln and under her own supervision, for her pupils. Plain and fancy marking in indelible ink on table linen, handkerchiefs, etc., done to order. Miss Creighton is at 26 Park street where specimens of her work may be seen. The citizens of Portland will find her an excellent artist.

OWL'S HEAD.

Schr. Nautilus arrived Friday night.

Amrose Snowman has secured a pension.

Allen Dyer is repairing and painting his house.

James Ward and able have rented Mrs. Geo. Gray's house.

Capt. Henry Clark will take charge of the schooner Able Oakes.

The frost has done some killing work in the Ash Point Creek valley.

Schr. Emma L. Gregory, Howard, sailed Saturday for New York.

Last Thursday a large fleet of fishermen could be seen north of Matineus.

B. Emory's mare Maud has a fine colt for which they claim the name of Peggy.

Rev. J. S. Culler from Rochester, N. H., and his mother, are here visiting friends here.

Mrs. Eliza Ginn has had a veranda built to the front of her house and green blinds added.

Capt. Sanford Dyer, schooner Marvath Sumner, is bound to Boston from Marvath, South America.

Mrs. Jane Piddan has a night blooming cereus that blossomed several times recently. We acknowledge the gift of one of the beautiful flowers.

"Isn't she a beauty?" we all exclaimed as we stood on Henricson Point and watched the new Rockport ship Frederick Billings glide down the channel. She was towed by a powerful tug and bound for New York.

Our captives are never guilty of swapping horses but occasionally they exchange vessels. Capt. Frank Parn will take the Able S. Emory, Capt. Howard who has been in the Able with like charge of the Emma L. Gregory; and Capt. Thomas Ginn formerly skipper of the Emma L. Gregory will command the Caroline Knight.

Mrs. Emma F. Hooper and family of Hamilton, N. J., gave us the pleasure of their company one day last week. Julia Watson has come home from Rockland on a visit of health.

W. W. Harker of Rockland is visiting at Mr. Bowden's. Mrs. Clara Wallace and Mrs. Hattie Howard are visiting friends in Massachusetts. Mrs. Freeman Smith is visiting friends in Rockland. Mrs. Ada Miller who has been spending the summer with her sister Mrs. J. A. May, has returned to her home in Augusta, Ga. She took back with her a fine bay mare here. Mrs. Eldridge Bridges who is living in Rockland made a short visit here last week. Capt. Harrison Emery and Frederick L. Perry are at home. Adeline Wallace who has been spending the summer at Mrs. John Piddan's returned to Vinlandville last week.

ROCKVILLE.

There was a large shrouding at the funeral of Mrs. Benjamin Achorn Saturday. Mrs. Achorn and her children Thursday night, she went out into the garden and a few minutes later returning to the house she was unconscious and passed away. All were much shocked and deeply grieved. All Mrs. Achorn's friends are at home.

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CAMDEN.

Mrs. F. P. Storer is to move to California at an early day.

T. L. Start is making extensive repairs on his building near Lake City.

H. M. Bean has his house. McLean entered in several races in the State Fair.

The house on Union street occupied by Col. Cleveland and Mrs. O'Neil is being sold.

Messrs. Anderson, boat and shoe dealers, are to move to the store next to the post office.

H. O. Dorr took the helm at the High school, and Mr. Chase at the Grammar school Monday.

E. E. Hosmer, who is canvassing for "Grant's Memoirs," has sold nearly 500 copies up to date.

Mr. McCarthy, an old resident here, father of the accomplished soprano singer, is to move to Boston soon.

Work on the abutment for the bridge on Atlantic Avenue is going on. The selectmen are having a solid wall put in.

Bohgan & Co. have received their fall and winter goods, overcoats, suits, hats, etc. Give them a call. They will please you.

Miss Oakley and Miss Madison, artists of New York, who have been at Miss Bachelor's, Elm street, all summer, returned home Friday.

Capt. W. D. Pierce, High street, is selling his household goods, and advertises his farm for sale. He is to move to southern California.

F. L. Payson is to preach at Hope, Sunday forenoon and afternoon, and at the Universalist Church, Camden, Sunday evening, the 20th inst.

Col. J. S. Cleveland is at the front as usual with a fine display of pens, pencils, grates, plums, etc. The Col. knows what people want.

C. O. Montgomery, our efficient chief of police, is on the alert for all kinds of misdoers under his care. "Order reigns in Warsaw."

Those who attend the Chestnut street Baptist church Sunday will have the privilege of hearing the Rev. J. T. Elwell, recently missionary to Russia.

The Knox & Lincoln Advent Christian Association will hold their annual conference at Camden, commencing Sept. 20th and continuing four days.

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Marine Department.

Capt. Albert Ackorn is at home.

Sch. Jennie G. Pillsbury, Pillsbury, is at home.

Sch. G. W. Glover, Morton, arrived Thursday from Boston.

Sch. John C. Gregory, Gregory, arrived at Cienfuegos 24th inst.

Sch. Addie M. Bird, Cushman, arrived at Hillsboro, N. B. 11th inst.

Sch. Catawamuck, Hunt, sailed for New York Tuesday last.

Sch. D. H. Ingraham, Maiben, arrived Friday from Portsmouth, N. H.

Park Dan Justo, Jones, arrived at Montevideo 26th inst. from Portland.

Brig Lucy W. Snow, Burgess, from Boston, arrived at Cape Verde 1st inst.

Brig Hannah McLean, Bowers, arrived at Barbados 24th from Rio de Janeiro.

Sch. Geo. A. Ames and H. C. Higginson are at Newbury discharging plaster.

Sch. Leonessa, Hatch, was loading lime from Ames & Co. for New York Saturday.

Shoop Island, Belle arrived Saturday with a cargo of stone for K. C. Rankin's wharf.

Sch. Hunter, Whitten, arrived Sunday. She is to load stone for Hurricane for New York.

Sch. Herald, Fisk, commenced loading lime yesterday from A. J. Bird & Co. for Boston.

Sch. Mary Ellen, Kild, sailed from Friendship Wednesday with ice for Key West, Fla.

Sch. Red Jacket, Shute, is loading lime for F. Cobb & Co. and Abner Bird for New York.

Sch. Eliza Ann, James, was loading lime at yard from A. J. Bird & Co. for New York.

Sch. Silas McLean, Morrill, lay at Perry Bros. wharf Saturday lime-laden for New York.

Sch. S. M. Bird, Merrill, arrived at Portland last Friday with coal from Georgetown, D. C.

Sch. Ann Eliza, Bishop, sailed Wednesday for New York lime-laden from H. O. Gurdy & Co.

Sch. A. J. Fabens, Peck, was loading lime Saturday for New York from Farrand, Spear & Co.

Sch. J. R. Howell, Metcalf, sailed for Vinalhaven Saturday to load stone for Washington, D. C.

Capt. Harlow Arey has been at home the past few days. His vessel the Minnie Smith is at bath.

Sch. Lottie, Creighton, sailed from Thomaston Tuesday lime-laden from J. A. Creighton for New York.

Ship L. B. Gilchrist, Wood, passed Nieuwe Waterweg 15th inst., bound from Rotterdam for New York.

Sch. Wm. McLean, Bradbury, commenced loading lime yesterday from H. O. Gurdy & Co. for Boston.

Sch. George Berry, Ginn, arrived Friday from Boston. She discharged coal in Boston for New York.

Capt. Addison Oliver is in the city. His vessel, brig M. C. Haskell, is in New York, from Camperdown.

Ship Jos. S. Spinnery, sailing, bound from Antwerp for New York, called passing Pawley Point the 18th inst.

Sch. Lake, Johnson, arrived Friday with 3000 bushels of corn from Boston for the Rockland Steam Mill Co.

Sch. A. J. Fabens, Peck, Mary, McGee, Emma L. Gregory, Howard, and several others landed lime last week.

Sch. J. B. Johnson discharged a cargo of plaster and some hydraulic cement last week for the Camden & Rockland Water Co.

Sch. Millie Trim, Barbour, came off the ways of North Marine railway Wednesday. She has received new paint, etc.

Sch. Wm. H. Allison, Keniston, arrived here Sunday from Boston where she discharged coal from New York. She will recalc.

Sch. Ella Pressey, Nash, discharged a cargo of coal last week for F. L. Spear, and Sch. Wide Awake for the Steamboat Co.

Sch. Warner Moore, Crockett, is at Ames wharf, North-end, having top slides caulked, after which she goes to Windsor for plaster.

Sch. John G. Ferris, of Ellsworth, drifted ashore at Harrington and is breaking up. About 30,000 feet of lumber have been found.

Sch. Moses Eddy, Simonton, bound for New York, arrived at Ellgortown the 19th; Sch. R. L. Kenney, Hinkley, from Ambloy for Boston, arrived the 20th.

Sch. Nina Till-on, Achorn, arrived here Saturday from Bangor loaded with ice and excelsior for Baltimore. She sailed Sunday, coming in here for a crew.

Sch. L. T. Whitmore, Blackington, is at Harrington loading plaster for New York.

Sch. John Bracewell, Munro, is chartered for the same business.

Sch. Idaho of Bangor sailed from here Friday lumber-laden from Bangor for Weymouth, Mass. She came here for a mate, her first officer having foot jammed.

Sch. Anna A. Bolton, 136 tons, built at Wilmington, Del., in 1866, now at New York, has been sold to J. O. Cushing and Atwood Levensaler, of Thomaston, for \$2250.

Sch. Emma L. Gregory sailed Thursday for New York, lime-laden from R. W. Messer.

Howard Ames has taken command, Capt. Thomas Ginn, formerly of the Gregory, taking the Caroline Knight.

Sch. W. A. Crocker, Hutchings, is at the Five Kilns. She came here from Vinalhaven for the purpose of finding a leak in the bottom. If successful she will load paying at Carver's Harbor for New York.

Nathaniel Percy, the master, August Peters, the first mate, and John Lyons, the second mate, of the ship Standard, ship, convicted upon the charge of cruelty to Thomas Murphy, a sailor, during a voyage from Liverpool to Philadelphia, were sentenced to \$500 fine and an imprisonment of two months in the City Prison, Philadelphia.

Sch. Ira E. Wright, of this port, arrived at New Bedford the 18th, and had on board Capt. Sylvia and crew of sch. Zephyr, which was run down by sch. Empress, of Bangor, off Cape Cod light the 17th. The Empress was bound from Bangor for New York, with lumber, and put into Vineyard Haven Friday morning, with bowsprit and head gear carried away, foremast sprung and slight damage to hull. The Zephyr, which sailed from Provincetown, was abandoned entirely distressed.

Schooner Ella Pressey, Capt. Ezekiel Nash, has a patent electric appliance for indicating the rise of water in the hold. A wire and gauge is passed down the vessel's pump connected with a battery. Over the captain's berth is an alarm bell. When the water in the pump reaches the gauge the bell sets up a most infernal alarm that would wake a regiment. This appliance is of especial value to fire fighters as any sudden leak would be announced before the cargo could be set on fire. The apparatus has also a burglar alarm attachment.

New York.—The following charters are reported under date of Sept. 19th: Sch. John Bird, from Baltimore to Berlin and Demerara, general cargo, private terms; Sch. Lizzie Wilson, from Turks Island to Baltimore, salt, 6 cents; Sch. St. Cloud, from Boston to Rio Janeiro, ice, private terms; Sch. Moses Webster, from Baltimore to Matanzas, coal, \$1.50; Sch. Bark Hannah McLean, from Havana to Delaware Breakwater, f. o. b. sugar, \$3; Sch. Addie E. Snow, New York to Belize, general cargo, private terms; Sch. R. L. Kenney, from Perth Amboy to Boston, pig iron, \$1.20; Sch. Sardinian, from Hoboken to Rockland, coal, 50 cents; Sch. Cora Etta, New York to Portsmouth, stone, \$1.50; Sch. Lady of the Ocean, New York to Bangor, corn, 3 cents; Sch. Thomas Burden, from Perth Amboy to Boston, coal, 45 cents; Sch. Peter, New York to Bangor, corn, 3 cents; Sch. Eliza Levensaler, from Roundout to Portsmouth, cement, 16 cents; Sch. Chase, from Roundout to Portland, cement, 16 cents; Sch. Wm. Rice, from South Amboy to Rockland, coal, 50 cents; Sch. May Day, from Hingham to Salem, sand, 10 cents; Sch. George Bird, from Eddyville to Boston, cement, 16 cents.

SUPREME JUDICIAL.

What the First Week's September Soiree Has Succeeded in Evolving.

Judge Charles W. Walton, Deering, Clerk—L. F. Starrett, Warren.

County Attorney—T. P. Pierce, Rockland. Sheriff—W. S. Trish, Rockland.

Deputy Sheriff—T. B. Gross, Rockport; C. R. Morton, Union; J. M. Porter, Vinalhaven; D. H. Mansfield, Hope; G. N. McGregor, Rockland.

Messenger—Oliver B. Lovejoy, Rockland. Stenographer—J. D. Pulsifer, Auburn.

Chaplain—Rev. L. L. Hanson, pastor of Pratt Memorial Methodist church, Rockland.

Grand Jury—C. A. Fogarty, Cushing, foreman; G. A. Babb, South Thomaston; John H. Washington, Auburn; Washington, John H. Boveage, North Haven; Levi A. Bogg, Warren; Wm. V. Brown, Union; Horatio C. Conant, Thomaston; R. Anson Eric, Rockland; Wm. Farrow, Rockland; Alfred P. Green, Vinalhaven; Job W. Ingraham, Camden; John J. Jenkins, St. George; James H. Keller, Thomaston; Timothy Lane, Vinalhaven; Wm. A. Orne, Friendship; Cyrus E. Taylor, Hope; John G. Trim, Camden; Daniel G. Wentworth, Appleton.

First Traverse Jury—Elden Burckett, Appleton, foreman; William J. Allen, Hope; Merritt Austin, Thomaston; Anos Barrett, Camden; William J. Brazier, Cushing; John Carlson, Rockland; John F. Creighton, Union; Lewis R. Daniels, Thomaston; Samuel Q. Day, Camden; Charles E. Eells, Camden; Joel Flint, Washington; Lawrence C. French, Warren.

Second Traverse Jury—Joseph Stanley, South Thomaston, foreman; Elias Harrington, Rockland; Charles M. Hayden, South Thomaston; Leonard Henderson, St. George; Lewis O. Hopkins, Vinalhaven; Pillsbury Johnson, Rockland; Lewis Leadbetter, Jr., North Haven; Owen P. Lyons, Vinalhaven; Andrew McFarland, Thomaston; Levi R. Morse, Union; Ephraim E. Post, Rockland; Nathan R. Tolman, Warren.

Superintendents—James W. Delano, Friendship; Geo. G. Webster, Vinalhaven; Mark C. Whitmore, Camden; J. Adams Wiley, St. George.

The following cases have thus far been tried to the jury:

Lemuel Q. Tyler vs. I. Herbert Carlisle. This was an action to recover for \$150, money lent. The defendant by his pleadings set up the defense that the money charged to him was either won from him at gambling or loaned to him for the purpose of gambling, and so did not constitute an indebtedness under the law. Carlisle is a commercial salesman, otherwise "drummer." In the latter part of May, 1884, he came to Rockland in the course of business and in the card-room in the basement of the Thorncliffe Hotel sat down to try a game of poker with the boys. It is hardly probable that he did a thriving trade that trip, for he stuck to the game for three days, and then, minus all the money he sat down with, and \$250 in debt, he borrowed \$10 to get out of town and went his way. He subsequently paid all his indebtedness except this \$150. On his refusal to pay this sum, Tyler invoked the power of the law to collect it. He testified that he loaned the defendant the amount in three sums of \$50 each, that when the first sum was lent the defendant was not playing, but was playing when the other sums were lent. Carlisle's testimony was that the indebtedness was incurred at the game, and no money was passed to him, but poker chips were used as the representative of money. The judge charged that the defendant could not recover if the jury were satisfied that no money was loaned, or if loaned it was loaned with the knowledge that it was to be used for gambling. The jury found a verdict for the defendant. Littlefield for plaintiff, J. E. Hanly for defendant.

Melissa Emery vs. Ellen Whalen. John A. Emery and James Whalen are neighbors living in South Thomaston on the Ash Point road, the title to the property occupied by each standing in his wife's name. Originally both lots belong to one owner. When the Emery lot was purchased the grantor reserved a right of way over it next to the Whalen lot. Whether this right of way now belongs to Whalen is a question of legal construction which the court, for the purpose of the trial, ruled in Whalen's favor. It was proven that Whalen did some cutting on this right of way which had not been used and had grown up to wood. There was also a question of a disputed line between the parties. Like most cases growing out of disputes of this kind considerable feeling was developed on the trial. The jury were not able to agree, and after wrestling with the case several hours were dismissed. Littlefield for plaintiff, J. E. Hanly defendant.

Albert P. Ames and Charles H. Ames vs. Samuel Q. Day and H. M. Bean. Plaintiffs are proprietors of the Bay View House, in Camden. Day is constable, and searched the Bay View for liquor. Mr. Bean being present with him as his assistant and having sworn out the warrant on which the search was made. This is an action for trespass, the plaintiffs claiming that Day, though asked to show his authority, refused to do so; and they declining to give up the keys unless he exhibited his warrant, he broke open the bar-room and one room up stairs. Defendants justified on the warrant. The court ruled that the officer was not obliged to exhibit his warrant as claimed by the plaintiffs. The evidence disclosing that the officers took from the hotel an empty keg which had formerly contained liquor, which they did not libel or return, the court remarked that he should rule that this constituted a trespass and could not be justified under the warrant, and advised a verdict by consent for nominal damages, to which the parties agreed, and the jury by consent rendered a verdict for one dollar damages, which throws costs upon defendants. J. E. Hanly for plaintiffs. Montgomery for defendants.

Wallace F. Keller, pro am, vs. Abner Howe. Action to recover for damages sustained by the plaintiff by collision with the team of defendant. Plaintiff is a minor and was driving an express wagon for Miller & Cleveland, in Camden village, down hill at a trot, having the right hand side of the road, while the defendant was walking his horse up the hill on the other side. The defendant turned to go up to a house situated on that side down which the boy was driving. The result was a collision by which the boy was injured. Damages claimed in the sum of \$1000. Plaintiff claimed that the collision was caused by the defendant's carelessness in turning into his road so that he had not time to turn his horse aside to avoid striking him. He claims that it was caused by the plaintiff's careless driving. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant. Montgomery for plaintiff, Shumton for defendant.

A. Jackson Small, petitioner for quo warranto, vs. Amos D. Orne. This process is brought to test the question whether Mr. Orne is a constable of Rockland. Mr. Robinson, on behalf of the petitioner, was heard on Wednesday and presented the following points: (1) That that section of the act revising the city charter, which provides for the election of constables by the city government, is unconstitutional; (2) That it did not take effect soon enough so that constables could be elected under it this year; (3) That the election was not held at a time provided for by it; (4) That notice was not given that an election was to be held; (5) That under the order passed no election could be held in joint convention; (6) That the election was not held by ballot. The hearing was suspended and was called up this morning, when Mr. Littlefield replied. His positions were that the writ asked for was in the discretion of the Court to give or deny, and that such discretion should not be exercised except for the promotion of the public good, and not at the request of a private citizen who desires to secure immunity from his liability to the requirements of the statute, and who can protect whatever rights he has in actions for trespass. There is no statute which requires the Court to issue the writ, and he argued at length, citing authorities, that the proceedings were legal and all the essential requirements of procedure observed. The Judge interrupted him in his argument on this point, and stated that he desired to hear Mr. Robinson on the preliminary point. Mr. Robinson argued that the attorney general in the interest of the public was entitled to the writ of quo warranto as a matter of course, and any citizen and tax payer was entitled to ask for it. The Court then stated that he was of the opinion that the petitioner had not sufficient interest to be entitled to the writ, and would so rule, and allow exceptions to the ruling, or would report the case to the law court. The counsel accepted the latter proposition, but asked that the Court would give an opinion on the legality of Orne's election, but the Judge declined to do so, saying that he regarded the questions raised of such importance that the law court should decide them. Robinson & Rowell for petitioner. Littlefield for respondent.

Miss Lottie E. Lawry has been appointed commissioner to take the deposition of Severance to be used in the trial of Clinton. It was taken stenographically this morning. County Attorney Pierce representing the state, and Clinton being represented by his attorneys, O. G. Hall and J. E. Hanly.

The jury for the trial was impaneled this morning and is as follows: Elden Burckett, Appleton, foreman; Ephraim E. Post, Rockland; John F. Creighton, Union; Andrew McFarland, Thomaston; J. Adams Wiley, St. George; Nathan R. Tolman, Warren; Merritt Austin, Thomaston; George Webster, Vinalhaven; Charles M. Hayden, South Thomaston; William J. Brazier, Cushing; Anos Barrett, Camden; Lewis O. Hopkins, Vinalhaven. The following jurymen were drawn and challenged by the County Attorney: Samuel Q. Day, Camden; Owen P. Lyons, Vinalhaven; and the following by the prisoner's counsel: Pillsbury Johnson, Rockland; Joseph Stanley, South Thomaston. County Attorney Pierce opened the case, detailing the circumstances of the shooting in a clear manner and exhibiting to the jury the revolver with which it was done. The state commenced to put in its evidence at 11:30 o'clock and will probably occupy the day in making out its case.

THE INDICTMENTS.

The grand jury reported at 11:30 o'clock Saturday, returning the following indictments:

Against Joseph E. Clinton for assault with intent to kill Thomas B. Severance, landlord of the Lindsey House, Rockland. This is the shooting which grew out of the searching of Severance's hotel.

Against James S. Long, alias James S. Dunning, for compound larceny, breaking into store of H. O. Gurdy & Co., Rockland, and stealing a small amount of goods.

Against Thomas Riley, a tramp, for assault on B. P. Brackley, Deputy City Marshal of Rockland.

Against Charles S. Coombs of Rockland for keeping drinking house and tipping shop.

Against John M. Small, Stephen F. O'Brien and Charles S. Coombs all of Rockland; and Charles H. Ames, landlord of the Bay View House, Camden, and Herbert Lovejoy, landlord of the Carleton House, Rockport, as common sellers of intoxicating liquors.

Besides the indictments found there have been 31 entries of criminal cases, appealed from the police court of Rockland and the trial justices, one-half of which are cases of parties sentenced to imprisonment for drunkenness under the law enacted by the last legislature.

SUMMERED TIME.

The following divorces have been decreed nisi:

To Alice C. Clary of Rockland from Ashley C. Clary of Kansas City, Mo. Causes—drunkenness, desertion and neglect to support. Rice & Hall for libellant.

To Fred W. Lane of Camden from Ida J. Lane of Boston. Desertion. Cilley for libellant, Portland for libellee.

To Lottie A. Beckworth of Rockland from Charles F. Beckworth of Belfast. Habitual drunkenness, neglect to provide and personal abuse. Robinson & Rowell for libellant.

To Abbie S. Heath from Willis E. Heath. Parties of Rockland. Extreme cruelty and adultery. Littlefield for libellant.

FISH AND FISHING.

Shi from Boothbay 15th, sch. Mand Muller, for Bay Family.

Arrived in Portland Wednesday schs. Christina Ellsworth, Bay Family, with 110 bbls mackerel; Amy Wixon, 100.

Arrived in Portland Thursday schs. Lizzie Poor, Bay Family, with 80 bbls mackerel; Mary S. Wesson, 200; D. B. Prince, 200.

Up to and including Wednesday the mackerel fleet have landed 1672 sea-packed bbls at all New England ports since the weekly report of Friday.

The last of the Lamoune fleet of bankers have arrived home, all with good fares. The three vessels that were the last to arrive brought 9000 quintals of fish.

Arrived in Portland Friday schs. Titmouse, Bay Family, with 200 bbls mackerel; Mary, 20; Maud S., 300; M. E. Torrey, 150; G. W. Brown, 200; Dreadnought, 10.

A cargo of 1190 bbls Labrador herring arrived at Boston on Wednesday from St. Francis Bay, the first of this season's Labrador catch imported this year.

Portland's mackerel arrivals for the week ending Tuesday last, numbered twelve, bringing fares aggregating 2005 bbls, as follows: Schs. George Washington with 150 bbls, Melissa D. Dolbing 300 bbls, Lizzie Maud 100, Elizabeth W. Smith 250, George Willard, 60, Allen Lewis 150, E. W. Merchant 150, James Warren 75, Charles Baskin 300, A. H. Whitmore 300, J. S. Glover 125, R. D. Rhodes 100. From Friday to Monday there was but one arrival, and on the following Tuesday none.

MAINE MATTERS.

The *Hag* notes a big building boom in Bangor.

The post office at Cambridge has been under the charge of the Bailey family for sixty-one years.

Caroline Knowles, residing in Woodville Plantation, committed suicide by hanging Saturday.

At the jail services Sunday, Wilbur S. Wood, the former murderer, made a profession of religion.

The celebrated stallion "Constellation" is one of the recent arrivals at the Maine State Fair Grounds.

The editor of the Waterville *Standard* offers to dispose of a part or the whole of his interest in the concern.

Two hundred bundles of brownhides for London were shipped on the Delta Collins from Augusta Monday.

The Gardiner Water Company have laid the most of the pipes through the city and will furnish water the first of October.

John W. Rice's little son of Porter got kicked by a horse one day last week, fracturing his skull. He is expected to recover.

About 25,000 ears are put up daily at the Bridgton corn factory. The corn is in nice condition. It promises to be a short season.

The annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical society will take place at Waterville on Thursday evening, Friday and Saturday forenoon, Oct. 15th to 17th.

The sum of \$11 has been contributed by ladies in Skowhegan, toward furnishing the new Industrial School building at Hallowell. It takes \$25 to furnish each room.

The Kennebec *Journal* says: Talk about smart old ladies. Mrs. Louisa Neal of Litchfield, a widow, celebrated her 82d birthday on Thursday, by digging two barrels of potatoes.

One of the carpenters at work on the new Universalist church at Brunswick, fell from the roof a few days ago; he tumbled one or more somersaults, and alighted upon his feet unhurt.

A magnificent Catholic college is to be erected at Van Buren, says the *Presque Isle Herald*. Work on the foundation has already commenced, and the intention is to complete it next summer.

The six year old son of John Jones, Monticello, was shot in the neck on Thursday last, by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of a companion. Hopes are entertained of the patient's speedy recovery.

F. E. Moore, the Plymouth Rock man, So. Gardiner, has a pullet hatched last spring which now has a brood of chicks from her own eggs by her side. They will be on exhibition at the State Fair this week.

The Normal School fall term at Castine is attended by one hundred pupils. Of these fifty-one are in the entering class. It is thought that Dr. Philbrook will fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Potter.

An Oxford correspondent of the *Dana* writes: Stock buyers are shy of operating this fall; a few cattle have been bought on this river at very low prices. All kinds of farm produce and dairy products had fair to be very low.

Last Monday while gathering cherries Samuel York of Houlton fell from the tree, a distance of thirty feet, striking upon his head, sustaining internal injuries of the brain and other organs. This physician has hopes of his ultimate recovery.

The *Hag* says there are now 16 prisoners at the county jail, including five females. This is a comparatively small number, as during the past two or three weeks there have been 71 prisoners in jail, which is the largest number over there at any one time.

The *Hag* *Journal* says that thirty-five telephones have been taken out in Gardiner, and none of the kickers have weakened but one, and he only for a short time. If the service did not pay before it was losing money now, and over half the receipts cut off and the expenses just the same. Hon. J. G. Blaine is one of those who will not stand the rise, and has ordered the telephone removed from his house in Augusta.

E. W. BERRY & CO.,

Have the Largest Line of Gent's
Fine Stiff & Soft Hats,
To be found in any store east of
Portland.

TAKING THE
OF
LIBERTY
ENLIGHTENING
THE WORLD.



We highly recommend
BUTTON'S
Raven Gloss
SHOE DRESSING.

Full Line of COMMON SENSE
BOOTS.

**BOLTON'S NEW YORK FINE
HAND SEWED GOODS.**

A complete assortment of Ladies',
Misses' and Children's Kid and
Goat Boots, in fine and medium
grades.

Men's, Boy's and Children's
THICK BOOTS, all qualities.

A Full Line of FALL GOODS just
received.

We guarantee prices on ALL
goods, as Low as the Lowest.

E. W. BERRY & CO.,
261 Main Street, Rockland.

FALL
OPENING!

OF
CHILDREN'S

MISSSES'

-CLOAKS-

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Music and Variety
STORE.

HARDMAN UPRIGHT
PIANO FORTES
Dyer & Hughes' Organs

PIANO FORTES and ORGANS

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, MUSICAL
WARES, MUSIC BOXES and
SHEET MUSIC.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00
SHOE

WARRANTED

BEST TANNERY CALF

BOTTOM SEWED

WE keep in stock a full line of the
W. L. Douglas Celebrated \$3.00 Calf
Shoes in Button, Lace and Congress,
all widths. They are the best shoe in
the market for the money. Please call and
examine them.

T. A. WENTWORTH,
243 Main St., Rockland, Me.

JUST RECEIVED. A NEW LINE OF

LADIES'

Fine French Kid Boots,

In all widths, also Fine CURACOA
and AMERICAN KID BOOTS, in
Common Sense & Opera Toe.

Boys' Youths' and Children's Boots and
Shoes in all Styles and Qualities.

SELLING AT GREAT BARGAINS.

All Straw Hats Marked Down.

T. A. WENTWORTH,
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J. F. Hill & Co.'s

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The Best in the State!

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351 MAIN ST.,

Nearly opposite the St. Nicholas.

FRED R. SPEAR,

Dealer in all kinds of

FIRST QUALITY COAL.

ALSO

Wood, Hay & Straw.

Lime, Hair, Brick, Sand, Cement,

Kerosene Oil, Standard Super

Phosphate, etc.

THE "ENTERPRISE" COAL,

For sale only by us is the finest burning and most
durable White Ash Coal mined. If you have been
using poor coal, or troubled with a poor draught,
try the "Enterprise" and you will be convinced of
its superiority and have no more trouble with your
fire. It takes the place of, and by many pronounced
equal to Franklin coal, and it costs much less.

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THE COURIER-GAZETTE

BY JAMES S. PULVER.

A MODERN PAPER.

Published every morning of the year, except on Sundays and public holidays. The price is five cents per copy, and in advance for three months, \$1.50; for six months, \$2.75; for a year, \$5.00. The price of the paper is in advance.

THE OUTLOOK.

Germany says she owns the Caroline Islands and what is more she is going to have them. Spain squirms a little and talks fight, but can't do it.

Sicily and Palermo are now enjoying a visitation from cholera. Italy, however, is still free from the dread visitant. Our people prefer seeing the disease working eastward rather than westward.

The *Christian Intelligencer* has begun a crusade on sensational preaching. It will protest against Mr. Talmage publishing his sermons in the *Dime Novel Series*, or selling them to newspapers "by cable" at \$10 a yard.

China is to have a railroad and a Manchester firm has been awarded the contract. One queer feature of the proposed road is that it is not allowed to enter any of the cities. Herein the Chinese road somewhat resembles the Knox & Lincoln railroad as it relates to Rockland.

Madagascar troubles still continue. The French and Haves have been unable to come to any satisfactory agreement, and a town has been bombarded. The French will burn their fingers there if they are not more careful. The blisters received in the Chinese trouble have not healed yet.

Latest advices from Lima give the particulars of a sanguinary conflict around and in the town of Canta the 15th, ult., in which the rebels of Gen. Caceres, under Col. Morales Bermudez, defeated the government troops under Col. Tones and drove them from the city with great slaughter.

The following curious fact has been handed us for publication. We believe it can be verified. If any of our readers hesitate to accept it they can look it up and see: The Constitutional Congress first met on Wednesday and none but democratic presidents have been inaugurated on that day of the week since. The next inaugural Wednesdays will be in 1925, 1953, 1981, 2009, 2037, 2065, 2093. Democrats are not expected to believe in the infallibility of this coincidence.

The new novel which W. D. Howells is writing for *The Century* will be in a lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." It treats of a simple-minded, pure-hearted country youth, who comes to Boston with a trashy poem he has written, and with no other visible means of support. Some of the characters in "Silas Lapham" will reappear in the new serial.

January last the store of Garry Brothers, New York, was attacked by dynamiters. Three men, clerks, have just been arrested for the crime. If the deed can be proved against them their punishment should be so severe as to put a quietus upon all miscreants of like description. A dynamiter shows no mercy, and common safety demands that he should experience none.

A police judge in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., fined a man for promenadeing the streets with a loaded gun over his shoulder. He did not claim that the man was drunk or disturbing the peace, but allowed that this gun business is bad business and should be discontinued. Good for the judge. With more officials of his stamp there would be a smaller number of shooting accidents.

The telephone company will probably be obliged to recede from their contemplated advance in price. Gardiner's telephone subscribers rebelled and a large number had the instruments removed. In Auburn an agreement was circulated among the business firms, and quite generally signed, binding the subscribers to remove in case the projected rise in rates be enforced. Subscribers think they are paying all the telephone is worth now.

Lady Carnarvon, as far as linguistic studies are concerned, is becoming more Irish than the Irish themselves. The Irish language seems to have a peculiar fascination for persons of linguistic tastes, as evidenced by the ardor with which it is studied by the scholars of Germany. The beauty of its literature, the richness of its vocabulary, and the regularity of its grammatical forms seem to attract persons of intellect and refinement, who only require to become slightly acquainted with it to continue its study.

Riel, who was sentenced to be hung last Friday, was respited to await the action of the Privy Council in London. That august body moves slowly, and in this case it ought not to act for years if its ultimate decision is to be adverse to Riel. The British in Canada have cooled down and are not thirsting for his blood, and the French will be terribly angry if he is executed. The imperial government had better let this wretched man live in a prison or in a hospital, than by killing him alienate a large part of the Canadian people.

England always does herself credit when she is called upon to welcome distinguished American citizens to her shores. The following from the *London Times*, apropos of the visit of Chief Justice Waite to the mother country, is an illustration of the spirit shown:

The statement will be read with interest that we have the presence of the Chief Justice of the United States among us. It is regrettable, though, that the time of year prevents concerted action respecting his visit being taken on the part of the different Inns of Court. The legal profession, however, will extend Chief Justice Waite a cordial reception given by Americans to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge on the occasion of the latter's visit to the United States. But it is fitting that the presence among us of a judge yet more eminent in position than Lord Coleridge be known and recognized by us.

The consumption of liquor in this country is officially reported by the authorities at Washington as amounting to 69,156,000 gallons of spirits, 19,185,955 barrels of fermented liquor, and 20,508,344 gallons of wine. Estimating the population at about 58,000,000, the average consumption appears to be about 1.2 gallons of whiskey for each person yearly, over 10.25 gallons of beer, and .35 of a gallon of wine. The quantity of beer consumed appears to be about 355,000,000 gallons. In other words, the people of this favored land drink about two gallons of liquor for every bushel of wheat that they consume—a striking fact for temperance speakers.

The German and Spanish difficulty about the Caroline Islands has its ludicrous aspects. When the Germans landed and raised their flag at Yap, there was no Spanish resistance; but when the news reached Madrid there was an angry outcry among people most of whom had never heard of the Carolines. The German ambassador, consuls and others were insulted and threatened. King Alfonso was seared, the people seemed ready to fight Germany even if they had to dethrone Alfonso, restore Isabella, accept Don Carlos, or declare a Republic. The Germans kept cool and there was some polite diplomatic correspondence, but arbitration of the dispute was absolutely refused. Now the Spaniards have also grown cool, and Spain has apologized for the insults offered to the German Embassy and consuls. Last of all comes the assertion that Germany considers the Caroline Islands as German property, and Spain is in no condition to resist this. Even England, which pretends to have a claim on the islands, has too much to do with Ireland, Egypt and Afghanistan to venture upon armed opposition to the German seizure.

On account of the prevalence of small pox in the Provinces and the probability of its introduction into this state the State Board of Health has issued a circular emphasizing the need of vaccination and showing the good results arising from such action. Every child should be vaccinated in its earliest years, preferably before six months of age, and in case of danger of infection, the vaccination should be done at once, no matter how young the child is. Vaccination should be done again before puberty, and better before ten or twelve years of age. Afterwards vaccination should be tried as often as every six or seven years, or oftener if the person is subjected to probable danger of small-pox contagion. Vaccination should be done only by competent physicians, and only with vaccine virus of undoubted reliability and purity, otherwise a sense of security is often felt when in fact protection is not obtained. In case of the presence of small-pox immediate and careful vaccination should be made of all persons who have not recently been so protected. Even after known exposure to the disease, vaccination should be done anytime before the actual appearance of the eruption. If done within two or three days after exposure it will often prevent the disease, or make it much lighter; and done later, there is reason to believe that even then it has a salutary effect upon the course of the disease. In a community or town well and thoroughly vaccinated there would be no possibility of a serious extension of small-pox. Neglect of this protection has, even in recent years, sometimes led to very disastrous and unprofitable results. Such a course in Philadelphia in the winter of 1871-2 cost the city in lives and paralyzed business twenty million dollars. And such neglect of vaccination in Montreal is at the present time imposing a heavy penalty on that city and its surrounding province, and, at the same time, seriously threatening the New England states.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" I asked of John, who looked at me. "Dear patient John, who loves me yet, as well as though my looks were jet. And when I found that I must speak my mind, I said to myself, 'I will not speak my mind, I will not speak my mind, I will not speak my mind.' And then I, listening, heard my heart. A home and land where you shall live, if, in return, from out your seven children to me for aye to give." I thought of all the John had borne of poverty and work and care. I thought of seven mouths to be fed. I thought of seven children's need. And then of this "Come, John," said I, "I will be home among the trees. Asleep," so walking hand in hand, I saw John and I surveyed our land. First to the creek, lightly I stepped, Where I'll sit, the baby sleep. A glory against the pillow white, So the father stooped to lay. He rough hand down in a gentle way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said, "Not her, Not her!" We stopped beside the little bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Across the lovely faces there, In slumber peaceful and fair. I saw on John's rough, red cheek A tear unshed. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by. Pale, patient John's angel face, Still in his sleep he suffered a trace: "No, not for a thousand crowns, not him!" He whispered, while our eyes were dim. "Poor Dick! Had Dick any wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, like one, Could he be spared?" Nay, he who gave his life to his dear, dear son, Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such a loss. "And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer." Then stole we softly up above And knelt by Mary, child of love. "Pardon for her, would you better be?" I said to John. "Quietly, silently He lifted up a cord that lay Across her cheek in willow way, And shook his head: "Nay, love, not there." The while my heart beat audibly, Only one more, our eldest lad. True and faithful, good and glad— So like his father. "No, John, no—I cannot, will not let him go." And so he wrote, in a courteous way, We could not drive our child away; And afterward told lighter seem'd, Thinking of that of which we dream'd, Happy, in truth, that not one fare We missed from his accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trudging the rest to One in Heaven.

Future of the Building-Stone Industry.

Popular Science Monthly.

Concerning the future of the building-stone industry little that is definite can be said. As the population increases and becomes more fixed in its abode, there naturally arises a demand for a more durable building material than wood, which is still largely used in the country towns and smaller cities. As wealth accumulates, too, better and more substantial buildings are erected, which are often profusely embellished with the finer grades of ornamental stones. The demand, then, is sure to increase. In regard to the amount of the supply there can be question; everything would seem to depend on the quality, variety, and cost of working of yet-to-be-discovered material. Are we to continue to import as now the finer grades of our ornamental stones, or will our own quarries, yet perhaps to be opened, produce enough and more than enough for our own use? I am inclined to think the latter.

In many of the Eastern and earliest to be settled States very little is yet known regarding their final resources. In Maine, for instance, fully one-half of the State is as yet an unknown land. Its present quarries are nearly all immediately upon the coast. What are the resources of its immense interior cannot with certainty be foretold. In the Southern and Western States and Territories, this condition of affairs is naturally greatly magnified. The Virginias, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, all contain excellent material, none of which is now in our principal markets. Michigan can furnish brown sandstones in great abundance fully equal to any now quarried in the more Eastern States, and other sandstones of a beautiful mellow tint are known to occur in Western Arizona. The Rocky Mountain region contains an abundance, both in variety and quantity, of granites, sandstones, marbles, and the more recent volcanic rocks, as basalts, rhyolites, and trachytes. Some of these are very beautiful, exceeding anything in this respect from the Eastern States.

Burial Costumes in Timur.

The burial of a relative in Timur is a very serious and expensive business. It involves a gift to the deceased from all his blood relatives, and, in return, a burial feast. If the deceased is a man of rank, this feast is a matter very often of ruin to the family. The festivity must be given, and at the same time the hospitality is expected to be extraordinarily lavish. Consequently it often happens that the day of the funeral is indefinitely postponed for months and even for years, until the family has had time to accumulate sufficient wealth of cattle and substance. In the meantime the corpse is inclosed in matting, and housed either in a tree or a hut and left to itself. Then for days there is a savage banqueting and revelling, and the interment at last is carried out. Among the more savage races of the Timur Dant Islands and Timur the skull of an ancestor is severed after burial and kept as a relic in a place of honor within the house.

PUNISHING HIMSELF.

In Nashville, Tennessee, a professor engaged in teaching business arithmetic, unfortunately got on a spree. The judge fined him \$500 a certain number of days on the chain gang. Although the professor had in his possession about \$600, which he had made during a recent trip through the South, he refused to pay the fine, saying that he intended to work it out as a punishment for getting drunk, as he was sure that the lesson would be such a reminder of the evil effects of drinking as to prevent him from yielding to the temptation again. The genteel appearance and white hands of the professor attracted attention when people saw him at work in the chain gang on the streets, and several gentlemen offered to pay his fine, but he refused to permit it and worked out his sentence.

Clubbing the Wrong Foot.

New York Tribune.

In the small hours of a recent morning, when the heat made life almost a burden in the east side tenement house, a big policeman stopped in Avenue H, near Tompkins Square, to heat a tattoo on the foot of a man who was sleeping on the sidewalk. The man was snoring loudly as he lay on his back with arms and legs stretched out comfortably. An odor of beer rose with his breath. The light taps of the club had no effect on the man's slumber. Two or three harder blows were struck, but the sleeper did not stir. Angry at the man's apparent lack of sensibility the big patrolman raised his long nightstick high in the air and brought it down against the foot with a whack which could be heard two blocks off. The slumberer did not move.

"Hit his other foot," mildly remarked an old Irishman who had come out of a neighboring house to smoke a pipe in the open air.

The policeman followed that advice and struck the right foot of the slumberer. With a loud cry of pain the man raised himself up and wanted to know what was the matter.

"I'd like to know what's the matter with your left foot," said the policeman.

The man broke into a hoarse laugh and inquired: "Were you hitting my left foot?" He laughed again when the policeman said "Yes." Then he hunched up his trousers on the left side and displayed a wooden leg.

Beauty of the Star Sapphire.

Philadelphia Record.

Asteria, or star sapphires, are very rare and extremely beautiful. They are of a pale blue, and the faces of their six-sided prisms are shot with threadlike shafts or veins, which reflect the light in the form of a star of six rays. Among the Burdett Counts jewels are two magnificent star sapphires, estimated at \$150,000.

Notwithstanding the extreme hardness of the sapphires, the ancients, who valued all success in proportion to its difficult attainment, and who like to impress with their own handiwork the fairest specimens of nature, have left as souvenirs of their skill some wonderfully beautiful engraved sapphires. One represents a woman's figure enveloped in drapery. The stone is one of two tints, and the artist skillfully used the dark tint for the woman and the light tint for the drapery. The gem is among the crown jewels of Russia. The Strozzi cabinet at Rome contains an intaglio representing the profile of a young Hercules by Caelius, and in the cabinet of France is an intaglio profile of the Emperor Perthuis.

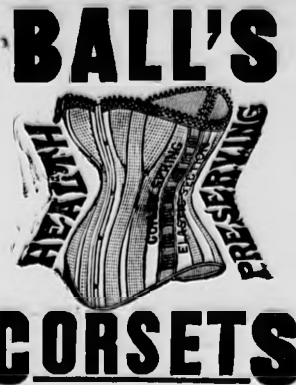
Letter-Writing in the Days of Quill Pens and Wafers.

Boston Herald.

The ease of modern correspondence, in comparison with that of fifty years ago, is something which many of the present generation fail to appreciate. The writing of a letter, in the outset, was much more of an undertaking in those days. Quill pens were generally in use, the steel substitute being on the verge of that general adoption into which it has since come. The quill pen had to be first prepared and often thereafter mended. This was no small task. It requires an expert to make a good pen from the quill. A sharp knife was necessary, and it must always be kept in good order; a deft hand was needed to split the quill properly, and to give it the best point with the knife as a finishing operation was in itself an art. The quills used to come in bunches. Sometimes a lot of them would be pointed by a skillful member of a family at once; at others, the writer had to depend upon himself, and to do with a good or a poor one according to his capacity. The teacher who taught writing in school taught the scholar also how to mend his pen. The small knives used for this purpose obtained the name of penknives from this employment, a name which is probably without significance or anything but an arbitrary term to most of those who now hear it used.

Note paper was little used then. People, when they wrote, were called upon to pay so much for their postage that they generally utilized a larger sheet. On the sheet itself was placed the direction of the letter. Envelopes were unknown. The expense attending the sending of letters made people careful about any superfluous paper in them. It was the habit of many to cover the sheet with correspondence in every part but that which was exposed to the public gaze in going through the post-office. Some skill was shown here, too. There were expert folders of letters, and there were those who did the work bunglingly. There was not much thin paper. It must be made stiff and strong to meet the wear of handling. A thin paper was devised for foreign letters, to save a part of the much greater expense of foreign postage. It was made very flexible, and was composed of the best material that could be obtained. This is still considerably in use for foreign letters. It resists hard usage about as well as did the stiffer paper employed at home. But for some reason it never came into general employment in domestic correspondence.

The letter was generally sealed with a wafer. Wafers were sold in boxes for this purpose, and they were an indispensable part of a stationery equipment. Sealing wax, too, was much in use. The fashion which now prevails of using it in polite correspondence is a revival of a practice which existed among the more particular people of this earlier epoch. In the seal ring was the seal with which to stamp the initial of the owner, and many gentlemen used seals carried for watch guards for the same purpose. This the old custom of carrying watches in fob-pockets in the trousers, and of attaching to them ornamental seals, is one that has hardly been improved upon in appearance, if it has been in convenience, by the more modern methods.



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