

THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

ROCKLAND GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1846.
ROCKLAND COURIER ESTABLISHED 1874.

The Press is the Archimedean Lever that Moves the World at Two Dollars a Year

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOL. 5.—NEW SERIES.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1886.

NUMBER 37.

NEW FALL GOODS!

—AT—
E.B. HASTINGS

We are now opening our New Goods
and are showing some very
handsome

—NOVELTIES—

—IN—
Dress Goods!

—NEW—
Combination Suitings!
In great variety of styles.

We have some of the Best Bargains
in

Plain Dress Goods!
We have ever shown.

We have a Large Assortment of
Stripe and Brocade Velvets!
FOR TRIMMING.

We are still selling these
Handsome Sateens!
For 9c for a yard.
—A new lot just received—

We have opened all of our
Fall Knitting Yarns!
And have a great variety of

**BALL YARN,
COUNTRY YARN,
SCOTCH SAXONY
.....AND.....
SPANISH YARN.**
We have just opened one case of

BEST PRINTS
And good styles, only 5c a yd.

**NEW LOT OF
Stripe and Check Shirting!**
VERY CHEAP.
We have just received one ton of

BATTING
At 10 and 12 1-2c a lb.

We have just received a Fine Assortment of

Undressed Kids!
Just the thing for a Driving or Traveling Glove, only \$1.25 a pair.

Also a Fine Assortment of

Centmeri Kids!
IN STOCK.

Look at our New
Goods.

E. B. Hastings

BOSTON 5 and 10 Cent STORE!

**An Eye Opener
FOR THE FALL SEASON!**

**2 Doz. Hanging Lamps
AT \$2.00 EACH.**

We have just Received
Five Hundred Dollars Worth

—OF—
LAMPS:

Direct from the Manufacturers, and we
are going to sell them very low, so
that you will make money by
buying Lamps of us.

Boston 5 & 10c Store,
Pillsbury Block, Opp. Thorndike
Hotel, Rockland, Me. 36

HEAT YOUR HOUSE

—WITH A—
**Palace Queen Tubular
FURNACE.**

There never has been a heater put
into a house in Rockland that gave
so great results from the amount of
COAL consumed as the

PALACE QUEEN FURNACE!
Call at my Store and Examine.

I refer by permission, to the following persons,
who are using this furnace: Aaron Howes, G. L.
Farrand, Mrs. T. B. Spear, J. G. Pottle, W. C.
Fuller, Jr.

**The Palace Queen is the Best
Heating Furnace in the World.**

FOR SALE BY
G. W. DRAKE,
ROCKLAND. 32

S. G. PRESCOTT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
All Sizes of Free Burning White Ash
COAL!
OF THE BEST QUALITIES.

Also have on hand a SUPERIOR QUALITY of
CUMBERLAND COAL
For Smithing and Steam purposes.

For Cooking and Summer Fuel we have the
—LYKENS' VALLEY COAL—
Which is red ash and of excellent quality.

Also a Large Assortment of Land
Tile, for Draining Purposes.

All the above are first class in every respect, and
prices guaranteed to be Low as the Lowest.
We can refer to work done in Rockland and at
Calden. Correspondence solicited.

Remember the Place,
S. G. PRESCOTT & CO.,
TILLSON'S WHARF, : Rockland, Maine
6m22

ARTHUR SHEA,
Practical Plumber.

Water Closets, Bathtubs, Water Fixtures,
Set up in the best manner.

We are prepared to make contracts for thorough
flaming any description of public or private
building in the most artistic and workmanlike
manner.

We give particular attention to securing
Perfection in Drainage & Ventilation.
Every kind of job promptly and satisfactorily
executed in city or country at very reasonable rates.
We can refer to work done in Rockland and at
Calden. Correspondence solicited.

Call on us at our place of business,
184 MAIN ST. opposite the Lindsey House,
Or address us by Mail at
ROCKLAND, MAINE.

A. M. AUSTIN,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,
241 MAIN ST. ROCKLAND, ME.

M. E. METCALF
Dress & Cloak Making.

Removed to Ulmer Building, corner of Main and
Sea Streets.
ENTRANCE MAIN STREET. 276

IN BOSTON.

HOW THE C.-G. SAW THE BIG
ODD FELLOWS PARADE.

An Autumn Visit to the Big City—How
I Started Out to See the Odd Fellows
Parade—And How I Saw It—A Personal
Letter In Which Are Detailed
Divers and Sundry Matters Which
Will Be Found Interesting Or Not,
As the Case May Be.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 23.
DEAR JOHN:—I little thought when I parted
from you more in sorrow than in anger, and
you told me that while you should always
esteem me highly as a friend you never could
be more than a sister to me—I little thought, I
say, that in a few brief hours I should be
sitting on the tooth-impregnated iron rail that
skirts old Boston Common, waiting under a
hot sun for the great Odd Fellows procession
to process. Thus it is in life. One day with
clinging pressure of the hand we separate, the
last fond good-bye being spoken, and the next a
score of iron teeth is piercing our inner soul
while a large woman from the back districts is
jabbing us in the back with a parasol and
wanting to know if the procession hasn't
turned the corner yet.

When Charlie Weeks made me out a pass
and Joe Patterson put me away in the best
stateroom on board, I had no thought of the
high jinks that the Odd Fellows of the country
were kicking up in Boston town, but when I
arrived here and heard everybody talking
about the approaching parade, I made up
my mind to be there, as the man said who was
going to be hung (or hanged, as you may
prefer.)

ON THE COMMON.
So at an early hour I sauntered down
Tremont street and strolled through the massive
gateway of the historic Common. Here
was congregated as varied an assortment of
humanity as any circus day could bring forth.
The iron benches were covered with jaded
examples of pleasure seekers from rural towns,
and great throngs went jostling up and down
the gravelled walks. Every other man had on
some sort of uniform, a hat befeathered, a
sword, an embroidered horse collar, or maybe
a ribbon, something that betokened his connection
with the coming parade—and I tell you
he showed that he felt it, too. Bands of music
were tum-tuning in every direction, and from
afar over the soaring tops of the gigantic
buildings came the far-away murmurings of the
basso drum. Occasionally the blare of instruments
would swell upon the breeze, and amid
unmistaken cheering of the crowd a visiting
lodge would leave in sight, marshalled by a
man on horseback, and marching somewhat
out of line, and debouching into Park street,
they would proceed toward the place of
rendezvous.

Debonching is a word that occurred to me
on the spur of the moment. It seems as far as
I can see to be a very good sort of a word.
AN ASTRONOMICAL SWINDLE.
The day was everything glorious. Not a
cloud offended the bright blue of the heavens
and the sun shone (pronounced shon) sweetly
as a day in June. I paused a moment where
the man had his big telescope pointed into air.
"Come have a look at the spots upon the face
of the mighty orb of day," he was saying to
the crowd of gaping countrymen who hovered
near. I saw one lathy young man, thrust
unwillingly forward by his comrades, put his
eye to the mouthpiece of the machine. He held it
there long and earnestly while the proprietor
infused into his ear a prodigious amount of
astronomical information.

"Gosh!" he said, as he removed his eye and
drew in a long breath.

"Did you see 'em, Ben?" his comrades asked
with great interest.

"Course I did," Ben replied with a knowing
shake of the head.

"How big be they?"

"Oh, 'bout as big's a ten-cent piece, p'r'aps,"
Ben said.

"It's a swindle," snorted a stout party with
a red face who stood by my side in the fringe
of the crowd.

The stout party presently moved away,
shaking his head in an irascible manner. I
followed him.

"Pardon me," I said, overtaking the stout
party, "but will you kindly inform me of the
character of this swindle the telescope man is
practicing?"

I thought it would be a good thing to show
up in the Herald's people's column.

The stout party glared at me an instant in
silence.

"Plain enough for any fool to see," he testily
retorted. "You heard him say the sun was
ninety-five million miles away, didn't you?"

I said I did.

"Well, then," pursued the stout party, "next
thing up comes that gawky feller and says he
can see a spot on it no bigger 'n a ten-cent
piece. It's a swindle of the deepest dye, and
I'll report it."

A NICE TEMPERANCE DRINK.

They have a very nice libation here known
as ice-cream soda. They draw you a glass of
soda-water, and into this they drop a wad of
ice-cream. You stand up beside the counter
and eat it with a long-handled spoon. It is usually
served by a girl with fair skin and a deep
blue eye and costs ten cents.

I found the libation, as Silas Wegg would
say, extremely mellowing to the organ.

As I returned to the Common after cooling
my parched tongue with one of these ten-cent
relaxations, I ran across George Payson, a former
well-known and popular Rockland leather
pounder. He shook me warmly by the hand,
and drew me to one side where we might be
disembarrassed of the fretting crowd. Then
he put his lips close down to my ear and in a
low and confidential voice assured me that he
considered Jim Blaine the biggest rascal in the
country. Then he asked me what was my

opinion. I told him my opinion of Blaine
was that he would be the next president.
George looked at me sadly, pressed me silently
by the hand, murmured some indistinct
fragments and vanished in the crowd.

Of course none of these things belonged to
the procession proper. They were merely accessories,
as we say.

Now I will tell you about the procession.

ON THE FENCE.

As the last stroke of the noonday hour
trembled out of the Park street belfry and died
upon the air, an undersized individual in glasses
might have been visible to the naked eye climbing
upon the iron railing briefly alluded to in the
opening chapters of this memoir. Now this iron
railing, which skirts the Common on the Tremont
street side, hath an upper edge grievously
fraught with multitudinous projections of a vile
and sawlike character, indicating at a glance
that the designers of the fence did not intend its
utilization as a resort for the weary. However,
I had walked six hundred miles since breakfast
and I was in no mood to be captious. So I
shinned onto the topmost rail and let my legs
dangle negligently over Tremont street. The sun
beat fiercely down upon my unprotected back,
and once in a while it would get hold of my
porous plaster and lift me a little way into the air,
but nobody could get in front of me, and as a
place from which to view the expected procession
there wasn't a better coign of vantage in Boston.

I have searched the dictionary in vain, dear
John, to learn what a coign of vantage is, but
I make no doubt you will understand what I
am talking about.

ONLY WAITING.

Great rats of horse-cars with tinkling bells
surged slowly past me, and huge throngs of
people over the way contended, good-naturedly
with each other for positions. I wondered why
the streets weren't cleared. I gazed upon the
dappled crowds of people, seeking to extract
from the contemplation of the passing show that
enjoyment which is the rich perquisite of the
true philosopher. When I wearied of the
philosopher business I would fall to studying
the banners on the outer walls and committing
the various business signs within my vision to
memory.

And ever and anon I would stand up and
give the saw teeth of that iron rail a chance to
cool off.

An hour and a considerable portion of myself
had thus worn away, when a young man who
had lost the larger portion of his front teeth
in some manner that I hadn't time to ascertain
the particulars of, came along with an armful
of what he declared to be the original and
only official program of the day. He said
his price for one of them was only a cent. I
took a copy, for I thought I might need it, and
handed out a nickel in payment. In the bustle
and confusion incident to the publication of a
great official program the young man totally
neglected to pass me back my change. I
heard him afterwards far away in the crowd,
crying his wares in toothless accents, but I
could only pity his depravity, although it entailed
my going without a dinner. I know you will
be swift to blame me, and say I had no business
to bring so much money with me, but you must
reflect that when I left home I had no thought
of these festivities and their attendant sharpers.

BUT WAITING IN VAIN.

It was at this juncture that the large woman
thrust the point of her parasol into my back
and wanted to know if the procession had
turned the corner yet.

Being vexed with my financial loss, no less
than by the large woman's vigor in the use of
her parasol, I somewhat tartly asked her how
she supposed I knew.

"Don't be sassy, young man," the large
woman said, shaking her head in a threatening
way.

Then I looked into my official program. It
said that the head of the procession would
start from Arlington street at 1.30, possibly
later. In an hour and a half it would reach
the Common.

This was when I got down off the rail. I
tried not to be hasty, not to act with a rashness
that might cause me future regret. But calmly
and candidly reasoning with myself, I concluded
that one hour of those iron teeth was enough.
If anybody else wanted my seat he was welcome
to it. But as for me I shouldn't sit there two
hours longer for the biggest procession Boston
ever saw.

That's the kind of a booboo I am.

Booboo is a new slang word I have learned
since I left Rockland. It is remarkable how
much that is really valuable one can acquire
by leaving home for a few days and mingling
with the world.

THE SIGNAL GUNS.

So as I have said I climbed stiffly down to
the pavement, and with my overcoat thrown
jauntily over one arm so as to exhibit the pretty
lining, ambled up Tremont street. Now in some
mysterious manner the police had barred out
all teams and cars from the procession's route
and everything had on a holiday appearance.
The crowd swelled momentarily. Every widow,
lump-pot, wall, railing, was filled and covered
with humanity. The only open path was in the
middle of the street, and there in I walked until
I arrived near the review stand, a mile or more
up town.

Boom!

That was a cannon—the signal gun. That
means to be ready.

Boom!

Half an hour later. That means to start.

A murmur of expectant interest went surging
for miles through the waiting crowds. It sounded
like great waves breaking on a distant shore.
I wonder if a wave feels like other people
when it is broke.

But I digress.

THE BOSTON POLICE.

Away up the broad avenue I saw some men
on horseback, before whose advance the crowd
melted back on either side as a light film of
snow through which a current of boiling water
might be passing. These were the mounted

police, sixteen in number, going ahead to clear
the route. And a tough job they had of it.
The throng on either side was dense, but they
must be thrust back. How was it done? Why,
the police rode their horses full upon them,
thrusting them. Those on the inside were jostled
and crushed by the weight of those in front
thrust back upon them, but those in front
fired harder, for many of them were stepped
upon by iron hoofs and tapped on the forehead
by heavy wooden billies, and their lot was far
from being envied. And every time a ten
hundred pound horse with a two hundred and fifty
pound policeman on his back would put his
heavy iron foot down on a man of fiery and
uncontrollable disposition, that man would
swear. It was dreadful, but it opened the way
for the procession. Following these terrible
blue-coated centaurs came the grand marshal
and his staff on horseback, all in beautiful
uniform, and several platoons of the Patriarchs
Militant, marching in splendid form and
stretching clean across the wide avenue. It
was a grand sight, so far as I could judge, for
being a little man I had met with the usual
fortune of little men on these occasions and
been elbowed indignantly to the rear of a number
of strapping six-footers.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" said the crowd.

"Hurrah!" I piped, joining in with the others.

"Grand, isn't it?" said a fat man with a
benevolent countenance who for the past ten
minutes had been standing on my feet.

"Glorious," I answered. "Will you please
get off my feet?"

He begged my pardon, and said really he
hadn't noticed it. I told him I had noticed it
from the first.

FROM AN ELEVATED POSITION.

Then I fought my way to the rear of the
crowd. An apple pedler's cart was backed into
a little alleyway, and climbing upon this I
was able to take the procession for half a
mile away. The Patriarchs Militant are the
military branch of Odd Fellowship. They
were dressed in long black coats, with all sorts
of decorations and things in gold and bright
colors, and carried swords. They wore military
hats with red and white and purple ostrich
plumes stuck in the top, and the effect was
gorgeous.

Seeing the long and solid ranks marching
up the avenue made you think a millinery shop
had busted in the neighborhood and blown all
over everything.

There were lodges present from nearly every
state in the Union. Some showed evidence of
careful drill and executed movements as they
marched that were most enjoyable to the
spectators. The uniforms were very gay, the
silk banners flaunted the winds, horses
prinked out in gorgeous harness and bearing
riders no less gaily caparisoned cavorted madly,
the crowd applauded and altogether it was a
great time.

SOME OF THE FEATURES.

Did you ever notice, John, how an American
loves to get inside of a uniform and how big
he feels when he gets there? And then what
deference other people pay to him. Nobody
would ever think of asking a man who had
his engine company or lodge uniform on if he
couldn't do something on that little bill. The
party whom everybody calls Bill or Jack,
braces up and commands the respect even of
his enemies when he gets his regalia on.
Funny, isn't it?

It took the military part of the show an
hour to get by, and then the other lodges
consumed another hour. These were dressed
simply in regalia and wore no feathers or
swords. Some of the men carried long poles.
I should think they would be nice things to
knock down fall apples with, but they seem to
be superfluous when carried by fleshy individuals
in a procession.

It was awful funny watching some of them
trying to thread their swords into their scabbards.
They would take hold of the scabbard with
the left hand and then seek to put the point
of the sword into it. After prodding their
hands and wrists a number of times they
would at length get the point inserted, and
then the fun would begin. It seems to me that
one of the hardest things in the world to do
is for a man with short arms to put a sword
into a scabbard while marching, trying to
look graceful and unconscious all the while,
and not lose his temper. Indeed I do not
know but it might be ranked with the impossible.

SCORES OF BRASS BANDS.

There must have been at least a hundred
bands and drum corps. I love a band but I
don't care much for a drum corps. Perhaps
I might though if you add an e to it. The
biggest thing about the bands were the drum
majors. If I was large enough I don't know
of anything in the world that I'd like to be so
much as a drum major and come the club-
swinging act with a tin-headed cane.

There is another strange thing about
processions. I don't mean particularly the very
fat men in tight coats, or the mild featured men
with sandy heads who try to look fierce. But
why is it that the tail end of every detachment
always consists of two little short legged
fellows who can't keep step and have to trot along
and sweat dreadfully in order to escape being
dropped entirely behind? I confess I can't
explain it and I never have met anybody who
could.

When the last couple of little men had
passed, the crowd closed in. I threw myself into
the midst of it and battled my way toward the
Cambridge station, for I was going out to eat
supper with my brother-in-law, which I find
comes less expensive than a hotel. When I
got to the train my coat was split up the back,
my last winter's hat was sadly crushed and one
end of my collar trailed dejectedly down my
back. When the conductor took up my ticket
he looked at me narrowly.

"Are you an Odd Fellow?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I'm married."

"You look odd," he remarked, as he passed
along.

I wonder what he meant by that.

• THE SUMMING UP.

It has been a big week for the Odd Fellows
and a big week for Boston. The good old
town has done herself proud as a hospitable
entertainer. Thousands upon thousands of
visitors have come to the city and this means
millions of dollars paid into business tills.
There were fifteen thousand Odd Fellows in
the procession. I counted them myself.

I am stopping in Cambridge at present. At
a little soiree on North Avenue last evening
Lewis Viery was an attraction and won much
honor by his songs and recitations. You mark
my word, that young man is going to make a
high record one of these days.

I have met quite a lot of former Rockland
people. They are all very cordial until I try
to borrow money of them. Then they assume
an abstracted manner and want to know how
we like the new water works in Rockland
anyway.

If I get time perhaps I will send you some
more Thoughts and Observations on Life in the
Metropolis of New England.

P.S.—If you care to do so you might cut
out of this personal letter that which is light
and trivial, and print the more vital statistics
on the first page of next week's paper in leaded
minion. Perhaps our readers can find something
interesting in it if you can't. Besides it
will look as if I had come up here especially to
write up the Odd Fellows' parade, and that
will make us solid with the members of that
order.

In case you answer this you may direct in
care of Young's. I am not stopping at Young's,
of course, but I occasionally drop in and examine
the register and help myself to a toothpick
with a luxurious air, and it would look sort
of impressive to ask of the clerk: "Are there
any letters for me?" and have him hand me
out one.

CHECKERS.

"The most unostentatious game of draughts."—Poe.

••• Good games and original problems solicited.
Solutions desired. All communications to this
column should be addressed to G. W. BROWN,
Warren, Maine.

PROBLEM No. 151.

By W. Lewis, Providence, R. I., communicated
to this column by Dr. S. H. Boynton, Rockland.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 152.

By I. V. Miller, Belfast.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to play and draw.

GAME No. 15. AYRESHIRE LASSIE.

Played between Samuel Grover of Farmington,
and Wm. Forsyth, Halifax, N. S. Grover's move.

11-15 17-13 10-17 30-26 29-25

24-20 1-5 29-25 22-25 22-17

8-11 32-28 17-22 30-22 25-22

28-24 14-17 25-21 18-23 18-14

4-8 21-14 11-10 19-15 22-18

25-19 16-17 20-4 23-29 15-10

9-14 23-14 3-8 31-27 18-9

22-17 9-18 4-16 23-26 13-6

15-18 25-21 7-32 27-23 7-14

26-23 6-10 24-19 32-27 17-10

5-9 21-14 2-7 22-18

Drawn

Solution to Problem No. 149.

Black, 14-15-17-19-21-23-25-27-29-31-33-35-37-39-41-43-45-47-49-51-53-55-57-59-61-63-65-67-69-71-73-75-77-79-81-83-85-87-89-91-93-95-97-99-101-103-105-107-109-111-113-115-117-119-121-123-125-127-129-131-133-135-137-139-141-143-145-147-149-151-153-155-157-159-161-163-165-167-169-171-173-175-177-179-181-183-185-187-189-191-193-195-197-199-201-203-2

WHY NOT ANNEXATION?

If Canada really wants free trade with us, let her come in and be one of us.

WRITE TO US.

THE COURIER-GAZETTE is still desirous of hearing from former Knox County people who are living in distant parts.

ROYALTY IN LITERATURE.

Queen Victoria's latest book is entitled "More Leaves." The queen's literary products seem to be "nothing but leaves."

EXTRA PAGES.

A ten-page paper again this week. Readers of "Five Million Pounds" will find a large instalment of that interesting story. The serial will be concluded in next week's paper.

WHAT AILS OUR YACHTS.

Lieut. Henn of the Galatea says he thinks the Mayflower and Puritan are able vessels but overpowered. How would it do for the Englishmen to try some of that on the next yacht they send after the cup?

GROWING NEGLIGENT.

The grand jury reported only one indictment for the violation of the liquor laws in Knox county. The smallest semblance of enforcement of those laws in Rockland alone ought to have resulted in at least a dozen indictments.

AN EASY VACATION.

Scores of Rockland people were in Boston last week. The great city is two hundred miles away, but it is so easy to run up by steamer and not lose a minute's time that the only wonder is more of our people don't go up and have a little inexpensive fun.

ROGUES WHO PRAY IN PUBLIC.

Some of the newspaper gush about the religious practices of Defaulter Gould is sickening. We don't see how Mr. Gould can be looked upon as anything but a bad man, and worse because he was posturing as a great religiousist while all the time he was stealing money.

A CONSTANT FRIEND.

"Why," said a Rockland lady who has been in a distant town for several weeks, "I don't see how I could have got along without the weekly visits of THE COURIER-GAZETTE. It was better than a dozen letters a week. One week it didn't reach me and it seemed as if I had lost so much of the history of home."

GIVE US A REST, WIG.

Prof. Wiggins—you remember Wiggins—says there will be a terrible earthquake tomorrow, the 29th inst., which will shake the stuff, as we say, out of the larger portion of the south. Wiggins sometimes succeeds in frightening elderly women and children of weakly frame, but that is all the good his predictions do.

A LONG FELT WANT.

Did you ever notice what a sameness exists among men's hats? Year after year goes by and the change is very slight. But there is one advantage about this—a man who lives in a little place like Rockland can make one hat last a year and then not be very much out of style. Here is where we have the advantage of women.

IT DOESN'T SUIT.

The terms of the new reciprocity treaty between this country and Canada are broached, which among other things make the fishing waters of both countries entirely free to the fishermen of each. But the fishermen of the United States kick at this. They say it means the building up of the fishing business of Canada to the ruin of our own. That isn't just the sort of reciprocity we are hankering for.

A GOOD THING.

One of the most valuable aids to the young men of any community is a well-equipped gymnasium. The new Y. M. C. A. building in this city is to have one of the best. Our young men are to be congratulated. Not every one can become an athlete but all can obtain hard muscles, a sturdy frame and splendid health by faithful gymnasium work under an intelligent instructor. Hall to the gym.

IT'S ALREADY DONE.

The Phillips Phonograph says "the Yankee genius who should think out some device to prevent carriage horses getting their tails over the reins would be entitled to a fame parallel with that of the inventor of the plane to free a runaway horse from the carriage." Our admired contemporary of the lake district seems not to have observed THE C. G.'s recent description of just this article, that sprang full-blown from the teeming brain of G. W. Drake, an ingenious Rockland man. Not only is it a perfectly efficient device, but Mr. Drake has taken out no patent upon it. Like the sun it shines for all.

CROWDING US HARD.

This is particularly the season of the year when the wide-awake and intelligent advertiser seeks the columns of his local paper and spreads his announcements before the eyes of reading and buying people. As a natural result of this wise action on the part of Rockland advertisers the space of THE COURIER-GAZETTE is just now severely taxed. We do not feel like turning away any of these patrons, for it is proper that their business announcements should appear in our paper, the largest in circulation in this part of Maine—but often we are puzzled to know how sixty columns of type are to be crowded into forty-eight columns of space. THE C. G. is proud of its advertising patronage and takes pleasure in endorsing the solid business houses represented in its paper week to week.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

What It Is Doing in Maine—It Is Going to Work in Rockland.

Among the passengers on the steamer from Boston Friday night were two quiet and pleasant faced people in the uniform of the Salvation Army. They were Major Whatmore and wife, English people, who are in charge of the various corps in New England and are now on a tour of inspection of the Maine division of the army. Major Whatmore, who is an agreeable and intelligent gentleman, engaged in conversation with a reporter of THE COURIER-GAZETTE and gave an interesting account of the progress of work in this section of the country.

"It is now two years," he said, "since the Salvation Army opened up operations in Maine. We began in Saco, and now have corps at work in Portland, Augusta, Skowhegan, Waterville, Brunswick, Bath, Hallowell, Gardiner, North Berwick, Cornish and Bethel, and I am now bound to Calais where we shall begin work next month. Our success thus far has been very satisfactory. At first we met with opposition and suffered some abuse, but this sort of thing is dying out. Usually in opening work in a town we have to submit to more or less that is troublesome, but when people see what we are doing they try to help us. Christians of all denominations are growing to recognize the good we do among a class that regular church work has never been able to reach, and they wish us God speed and often lend us a helping hand."

"We have long ago abandoned apologizing for or seeking to give reasons for our methods. The only reason we have for our work is that we believe we should waste all our time and energy and accomplish nothing of the end we are laboring for. We use drums and other instruments to attract people, for it is demonstrated that nothing draws like the sound of a drum. The marvelous growth of the Salvation Army in the British Isles and its spread to this country is evidence enough that in the main it is right and good."

In reply to an enquiry as to how expenses are met Major Whatmore said:

"Each corps has to depend upon itself, and subsists upon collections made at the meetings. The officers are paid salaries. Upon them devolves the work and direction of affairs. The salaries are not excessive. A married couple, both holding office, gets \$10 a week. A captain of a single man gets \$7, a lieutenant \$6. A woman captain gets \$6, lieutenant \$5. But these salaries are contingent upon collections. All other expenses of the corps are met first, then if anything remains the salaries are paid, otherwise the officers get nothing."

The Major gave an interesting account of the work in heathen India. There the Salvation Army sent its missionaries, who worked for a time among other missionaries had worked and with the same meager results. Then they adopted the device of going among the natives and living as the heathen lived. So they discarded the garb of Europeans and went nearly naked, and traveled up and down the country as do the native priests, sleeping under trees and subsisting on charity. The result was marvelous. Thousands of the heathen have been converted to Christ and representatives of the Salvation Army have preached his religion in heathen temples, a thing never before known. A party of these converted Hindoos have recently made a tour of our state.

Major Whatmore informed the reporter that he was negotiating for a hall in Rockland and expected work would begin here at an early day.

When the Salvation Army moves on the works of our city we hope it will be given a fair show.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

A Relic of Barbarism That Still Flourishes in Remote Quarters.

Our readers who have been interested in the information we have published regarding the island of Madagascar may perhaps be still further interested in a private letter received by Capt. Averill from a missionary located at Tullear, detailing something of the slave trade still being carried on there. The business is openly conducted, every French ship leaving Nosse, the letter says, having from 20 to 30 slaves on board. The natives themselves engage in the trade, selling each other into captivity. Shocking tales of cruelties practiced upon captives are related by the writer. He tells in one instance of eight slaves who escaped, four of whom were recaptured. They were hoisted into the air by ropes tied to their feet or hands and beaten till the raw flesh lay bare. Then they were smeared over with a mixture of salt bran and bitter chilies and thrown into a hut, in terrible agony, to get well or die as circumstances might admit. The missionary said he was writing to several countries that these facts might become known. French Jesuit priests, he affirms, are the instigators and promoters of the slave trade, and the French government is responsible for its continuance.

A COAL BONANZA.

The Good Matinicus People Likely to Keep Warm During the Winter.

The cargo of coal in the bark Charles Stewart, ashore on Ragged Island, has been given to the inhabitants of Matinicus. About fifty of the seven hundred tons have already been removed. Tug Howell of Bangor and sloop Yankee Girl of this port are busily engaged in stripping her. The bark seems to rest easily and has not strained much. After the cargo is removed, if the weather continues favorable, they hope to be able to float her. The coal has made the water very murky and it is impossible yet to tell how badly the bottom of the bark is damaged.

AMUSEMENTS.

What is the amateur dramatic talent of the city going to do with itself this winter?

It is to be regretted that the great actress Mile. Rhea was unable to include Rockland in her recent tour of Maine. Pat Rooney held the date she wanted. Denman Thompson was also crowded out for the same reason.

A dance at the Bay View Pavilion under the auspices of the Sons of Veterans will be given this Tuesday evening. Meservy and Demuth will furnish music, delicious clam chowder will be served and a good time enjoyed by everybody. Teams will run from Main street during the evening.

THE S. J. COURT.

Only a Small Amount of Business Thus Far Transacted.

Melissa Emery vs. Ellen Whalen. Action of trespass. The parties are neighbors, living on the Ash Point road in South Thomaston. The difficulty is one between their respective husbands, the title in each case being in the wife, growing out of the question so often raised as to where a line, located on paper, is properly located on the face of the earth. The case is further complicated by a question of reserved right of way claimed by Whalen. The action was brought for the plaintiff by Mr. Littlefield, and tried at the September term, 1885, resulting in a disagreement. Mr. Littlefield subsequently withdrew from the case, and Mr. Hanly now represents the plaintiff. The jury went down Wednesday to take a view of the locality. They returned a verdict in favor of plaintiff on Friday, amount \$1.42 and costs. Mortland for defendant.

Rodney Witherspoon, Thomas B. Witherspoon and Rodney Witherspoon, administrators of N. D. Witherspoon, vs. John F. Dorr. This is an action declaring against the defendant as bailiff of the plaintiffs. Plaintiffs were owners of Butter Island in Penobscot Bay, and the stock upon it. Defendant made an agreement to manage this property upon shares for one year, he to have the privilege of continuing such occupation for four years longer. A satisfactory settlement was made between the parties at the end of the first year, but the subsequent occupation was unsatisfactory to the plaintiffs, who, some time after the second year, put the defendant out by legal process. This form of action is one not often employed—as the judge in his charge said, "to employ the political language of the day, it is falling or has fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude." The question submitted to the jury was whether the defendant was the bailiff of the plaintiffs, he claiming that his contract was with only two of them and that he was not compelled to account until the expiration of the five years. The jury rendered its verdict that he was the bailiff of the plaintiffs as charged. The result of the verdict is that the court must appoint one and/or who will report upon the accounts between the parties, and his report when made will be subject to the action of the court. Montgomery for plaintiffs. Mortland for defendant.

M. T. Crawford and Chas. O. Montgomery of Camden and Rodney I. Thompson of Friendship passed their examinations and on Wednesday were admitted to the bar.

Thomas McGrath vs. Tobias Smalley, action on account for services and disbursements to amount of about \$500. Defence—a general denial of liability, the defendant claiming that any services rendered or money paid were for the benefit of defendant's mother, and not himself and that McGrath had been fully paid. Verdict for defendant. Mortland for plaintiff. Littlefield for defendant.

The grand jury came in Saturday morning and reported the following indictments:

For assault and battery—Barbary Ellen Williams of Washington upon Jason Maddocks of same place. John Brown of Cushing on Angie Brown of same place. Michael A. Steady of Rockland upon Michael Foley of Rockland. William Martin of South Thomaston upon officer J. M. Porter of Vinahaven. John W. Stillman of Rockland upon Wilson B. Sherman of Rockland.

For assault with intent to kill—Alvin K. Jamison of Washington upon Jason Maddocks of Washington.

For violation of the lobster law—Lewis Arey of Vinahaven and George F. Tilden of Hurricane Isle.

For keeping a drinking house and tipping shop—Theodore H. Kinnear of Camden.

For larceny—John Powers, indicted as commorant of Friendship, the boat stolen being the property of John A. Simmons of that place.

The following divorces nisi are decreed: Ada L. Lynde from Wm. A. Lynde. Parties of Port Clyde. Cause, gross and confirmed habits of intoxication.

Aldie T. Haskell from Amariah K. Haskell. Parties of Rockland. Cause, cruelty and gross confirmed habits of intoxication. Libel—Lal to pay libelous allowance of \$20 per month.

DROPPED DEAD.

A Rockland Man Loses a \$1400 Piece of Horse Flesh.

Isaac Adams, who lives at the Meadows, has been the owner of an eight-year-old sorrel gelding, Watchmaker stock, which he valued at \$1400, having refused an offer for \$1200. The animal, which was named "Isaac A." trotted at the Bangor fair races where he was hurt by being run into. Last Thursday he was trotting in the free-for-all race at the Waldo County fair at Belfast, when he fell down in front of the stand, and died in a few moments. He had won the first heat in 2:33 and came in second on the second heat, but only a few feet behind. He had trotted in private in 2:28. His best public record was 2:31 1-4, made last week at Monroe. As the horse fell the excitement among the crowds of people was intense. At a distance of about 40 rods from the stand, he was perhaps 35 feet ahead of all the others, but gradually began to falter. At this point the driver, M. Bean of Camden, began to whip him and continued it till the animal dropped. The beast must have suffered intensely, for his loud groans were audible among the surging crowds, who were kept back with difficulty. As soon as life became extinct, he was hauled about 40 rods and left beside the burial spot of George O. A broken blood vessel is supposed to be the cause.

Col. Folger then jumped into the stand, and told the multitude that the owner of this horse was a poor man, a soldier with one arm, and invited all persons present to make him up a purse that might in some measure lessen the loss. Between one and two hundred dollars were contributed.

A FAMILY GROUP.

Fourteen Children Who Got in Front of the Camera at One Time.

We were shown last week a large photograph, just taken, wherein were depicted fourteen of as good-looking people as one would expect to find embraced in the limits of one family. They were all children of Robert E. and Martha Howes, and the photograph was taken a few days ago when the family was reunited at the home in Liberty. Eight of the group are boys, six are girls, and the ages range from four to thirty. Mr. and Mrs. Howes were married 32 years ago. In these days of small families we think such a group as this rather remarkable. It might be added that the entire fourteen children are celebrated in their community for those qualities that make young people loved and respected. The eldest is one of the selectmen of Liberty.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Building Almost Ready—A Fine Gymnasium and Gen'l Secretary.

The new Y. M. C. A. building is rapidly receiving finishing touches and will be dedicated some time early in October. The Ladies' Auxiliary has assumed the fitting up of the parlors and other rooms, which will be done in a thorough and handsome manner at a cost not to exceed \$500.

The gymnasium committee will fit up the large and fine room in the third story with suitable apparatus, at an expense of about \$300. The membership fee for the gymnasium is fixed at \$5 a year. A competent instructor is to be engaged for the first three months so that members may start intelligently with their practice. This is something the young men of Rockland always have wanted but never could obtain, and it is to be hoped they will avail themselves of the opportunity to be offered to secure athletic frames.

It has been decided that the needs of the association can only be fully met by the employment of a general secretary, and correspondence has been opened with the international committee with view to securing the services of some competent young man for that position.

Dressmaking—Removal.

Mrs. C. S. Keen has removed from Lime-street to Central Block, Main street, over E. B. Hastings' store. Cutting and fitting, 50 and 75 cts., by S. T. Taylor's system. Also, stitching done by the yard, and button holes made.

A SURE THING.

For dyspepsia, constipation, sick or nervous headache, or any disease of the stomach, bowels or loin, give me Wiggins' Pellets. They are sure.

FRESH IMPORTATION

Of Dutch bulbs in Hyacinth, Tulips, etc., all in good order. For sale by J. G. Piper, Rankin street.

That old stove can be made to look better than when new by using Swedish Stove Polish.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD

THE CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIAN

For the mind and body of all diseased persons, has permanently located in Rockland. Office over Smith & Ludwick's market, at the Brook, opposite THE COURIER-GAZETTE office.

A CARD.

Whereas, I have heretofore accused Mr. N. D. Gould, of Warren, Maine, of being guilty of theft in taking and retaining a sum of money belonging to me, accidentally dropped by me at the blacksmith shop of Fred French, in said Warren, and have made public such charge against him. Now, therefore, I take this method of publicly retracting said charge, and of acknowledging that I had no foundation, in fact, for making it, and that I know of nothing in the life or character of Mr. Gould that would in the least justify me in suspecting him of being guilty thereof. And I further state that I do not now believe that said Gould is, or would be guilty of that or any other crime, or of any dishonest or disreputable conduct. (Witness, J. L. STEVENS, J. E. STARRETT, Warren, September 15, 1886.)

MITCHELL'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. For pains in the breast, side or back, and for weak lungs. Sure remedy for that cold spot between the shoulders. This is the oldest and most reliable Belladonna Plaster made, and contains an extra quantity of Belladonna. Sold by all Druggists.

KNOX COUNTY—In Court of Probate, held at Rockland, on the third Tuesday of September, 1886.

Charles E. Eels, Administrator on the estate of Charles E. Kwoonlow late of Camden in said county, deceased, having presented his second and final account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Courier-Gazette, printed in Rockland, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Rockland, on the third Tuesday of October next, and show cause, if any they have, why the said account should not be allowed.

E. M. WOOD, Judge.

A true copy—Attest:—A. A. BEATON, Register

KNOX COUNTY—In Probate Court, held at Rockland, on the third Tuesday of September, 1886.

Mary M. Hall, Executrix of the last will and testament of Walter Scott Hall, late of Rockland in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Courier-Gazette, printed in Rockland, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Rockland, on the third Tuesday of October next, and show cause, if any they have, why the said account should not be allowed.

E. M. WOOD, Judge.

A true copy—Attest:—A. A. BEATON, Register

Flour. Flour.

\$4.75

There are people in this world that are always quoting "I PAY CASH." It is sometimes the case they are obliged to pay Cash or go without the goods. WHAT DO YOU CARE whether I pay Cash or not as long as I will sell a BETTER flour as low or lower than any other. Please remember all flour is warranted.

GRAIN!
To Buyers of Grain.

—If you are in want of—

Corn, Meal, Cracked Corn, Oats, Ground Oats, Middlings Shorts, Fine Feed, Oil Meal, and Cotton Seed Meal, it will pay you to call as I can give you the best trade, for I have one of the Largest Stocks in the city and I will not be undersold by any one on the same quality of Grain.

I also have Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Turk's Island Salt, Kerosene Oil, Machinery Oil, &c., at Bottom Prices.

CHAS. T. SPEAR,

Store 344 and 346 Main St. 32

New England CLOTHING HOUSE. OVERCOATS.

We are just now showing the LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST line of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's OVERCOATS ever offered for sale in this city. As great care has been taken in selecting this large stock to obtain only such goods as we can recommend as being

WELL MADE,
STYLISH,
AND
DESIRABLE,

and as our stock of all the Best Grades are much lower in price than ever before, buyers will find it greatly to their advantage to examine this stock.

Elysian Beaver Overcoats,
Fur Beaver Overcoats,
Moscow Beaver Overcoats,
Chinchilla Beaver Overcoats,
Whitney Beaver Overcoats,
Dobson Beaver Overcoats,
Kersey Overcoats,
Melton Overcoats,
Worsted Overcoats,
Cassimere Overcoats,

Of All Grades and Every Desirable Shade,

AT PRICES

WITHIN THE REACH
OF EVERYBODY!

—MEN'S AND YOUTHS'—
SUITS.

Immense stock of all the late styles of Frock and Sack Suits of Diagonal, Whipcord and Figured Worsteds, and Medium and Heavy Woolen Cassimere. We wish every intending purchaser of a new FALL SUIT would just drop in and examine our stock and get our prices, as we are prepared to show a very extensive stock of handsome new suits at prices guaranteed as low as can be found anywhere in this state. Every garment we sell we guarantee satisfaction as to fit, style, workmanship and quality.

The New England Clothing House

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

Boys Clothing

Always carrying the largest and Best Stock in the city.

UNDERWEAR.

Enormous Stock of all grades cheap.

Hats AND Caps

Complete stock of all the Late Styles can always be found here.

Rubber Coats, Hathaway's celebrated White and Fancy Shirts, Flannel Shirts, Gloves, Mittens, Braces, Overalls, Jumpers, Cardigans, Collars, Cuffs, and everything to be found in a first-class Furnishing Goods store can be found at the

New England CLOTHING HOUSE,
280 Main St., Rockland.

OPENING
—OF—

Ladies, Misses & Children's
CLOAKS!

—AT—
E. B. HASTINGS

We are now showing all of our
New Fall and Winter
GARMENTS,

and have the largest and best assortment ever shown in this vicinity.

We would call particular attention to our line of

Plush Garments!

We shall offer extra inducements on all our Plush Goods this month.

Select your garments early when there is a good assortment.

We are selling a nice SEAL
PLUSH SACQUE for \$25.00
that would have been cheap at \$38.00 last season.

—We have Everything in—

Children's Cloaks

To fit a Child from 4 years up.

Dress Goods!

We are now showing the finest assortment of

DRESS GOODS

ever shown east of Boston, and are opening New Goods every day. We make a specialty of Dress Goods and Trimmings, and we think customers can always find something to suit from this assortment.

UNDERWEAR.

We have one case (50 dozen) Ladies Vests and Pants, which is all we can get this season, that we shall sell for only 50 cents! This is the best bargain ever shown in Underwear.

We have a full line of SCARLET VESTS AND PANTS for Ladies and Children.

50 dozen Men's Undershirts and Drawers for 50 cents, worth 75 cents.

BLANKETS.

We shall open this week 300 pair Blankets and will offer some of the best bargains ever known on these goods.

100 pieces DADO WINDOW SHADES just received, very handsome styles; also fixtures for same.

We have just received one ton of

BATTING

At 10 and 12 1-2c a lb.

We have just received a Fine Assortment of

Undressed Kids!

Just the thing for a Driving or Traveling Glove, only \$1.25 a pair.

Also a Fine Assortment of

Centemeri Kids!
IN STOCK.

Look at our New Goods.

E. B. Hastings

FOLKS AND THINGS.

COMING EVENTS.

Oct. 5, 6 and 7—Baptist State Convention.
Oct. 5, 6, 7 and 8—Knox County Fair at Camden.
Oct. 5—Harrigan's Tourist Co. in "The Two Barneys."
Oct. 12, 13 and 14—North Knox Fair at Union.
Oct. 12, 13, 14 and 15—Knox and Lincoln Musical Convention.
Oct. 22—Wheeler's Ideal Minstrels.
Nov. 5—Chas. H. Clarke in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."
Nov. 9, 10, 11 and 12—Grand Army Fair.

Milliners are busy.
Seckel pears are in the market.
Challenge 'em again, Capt. Berry.
Close time on lobsters expires Friday.
About this season of the year pumpkin pie tastes good.
The "line gale" didn't seem to hump itself very heavily.
The deaths in Rockland number about one hundred a year.

Miss Grace B. Sprague is organist at the Episcopal church.
C. F. Simmons has purchased a 50 inch Columbia bicycle.

The store south of O. S. Andrews, on Main street, is being fitted up for R. H. Burnham.

The city churches, beginning next Sunday, change the hour of evening services from 7.30 to 7 o'clock.

A large crew will begin tomorrow building the wall for the C. & R. Water Co.'s large reservoir on Juniper Hill.

Clifton & Karl are painting a handsome sign which is to be presented to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Borrowing a gun when the owner isn't present and then returning it badly rusted doesn't strike us as being just the thing.

The Tolman Bros. with their threshing machine last week drummed out 400 bushels of grain for F. W. Morse of Morse's Corner.

James McLaughlin has greatly improved the appearance of his place at the corner of Union and Limerock streets by a number of marked changes.

The gravel train Friday morning while nearing Warren ran into three young colts that were sunning themselves on the track. Two of them were killed.

Jones & Bicknell have contracted to build a stable on H. G. Hall's premises, on Broadway. An ell is also to be added to the house and other improvements made.

W. J. Perry and H. S. Burkmarr knocked over nine woodcock and one partridge Thursday afternoon. The birds are reported as being scarce and very wary.

The Sunday paper made the news of Monday's dailies rather stale. People like the paper that has the news first. That's what makes THE COURIER-GAZETTE so popular.

A neat sign-board has been placed in the post-office, showing the time that the mails arrive from and leave for the islands and neighboring towns. It is a great convenience.

J. R. Flye has sold his coach dog "Photo" to a Rutland, Vt., gentleman. Rodney, who is determined to keep a dog, now has a savage visaged English bull terrier with a two-inch tail.

To correct an erroneous report we will state that none of the printing of the recent campaign was brought or offered to this office by the directors of the third party campaign in this city.

Miss Susie Rideout who has been assisting in the telegraph office for a number of weeks goes to Bowdoinham Saturday to take charge of the office at that place. Her position here will be filled by Miss Dora Newell of Belfast.

The Jonesport Lumber Co. launch today from their yard a two-masted schooner of 108 tons register. She is named the George A. Lawry, for the eldest son of E. H. Lawry of this city. Capt. E. B. Dobbin of Jonesport will command her.

A sewer has been laid to draw the water from Main street that usually runs down the slope between the offices of THE C. G. and Jones & Bicknell. Several more of them are badly needed in various parts of the city but what we most need is a thorough system of sewerage.

A. F. Crockett & Co. have in their wood-yard a Cooper water motor which furnishes the power to run a wood sawing machine. A trial will be made tomorrow afternoon to see how quick a cord of wood can be disposed of. All the city wood dealers will take in the exhibition.

While the family of A. H. Jones was at dinner Saturday their little boy, having obtained some matches, set fire to the curtains in the bedroom. The bedding and other furniture of the room were destroyed but Mr. Jones discovered the fire and extinguished it before greater damage could be done. Insurance agents Cochran & Sewall settled.

STEAMBOAT SPARKS.—The Forest City made the quickest trip of the season Thursday from Boston to Bangor. Friday she made her last trip here, the time for which she was leased expiring on that day. Determined to beat her previous record she reached Bangor at 11.15, making the quickest run on the route since 1879....The following transfers and assignments on the Boston and Bangor boats go into effect Oct. 1st: Capt. Mark L. Ingraham will be first pilot of the Penobscot, vice Capt. S. P. Cousins; second pilot, Ira Farnsworth, vice Capt. H. L. Hopkins; John A. Hosmer will be second mate, vice Thos. Birmingham; J. B. Patterson will be freight clerk, vice W. J. Cooper. Wm. A. Roix will be second pilot on the Katahdin, vice Howard Arey, and Mr. Arey will be quartermaster, vice Addison Shute....Algernon L. Crosby, who has been messenger for the American Express Co. on the Katahdin for several years, has been appointed superintendent of teams at Augusta....Beginning Friday, Oct. 1, the Pioneer enters upon her daily trips, leaving Vinalhaven at 7 a. m. and Rockland at 3 p. m., touching Hurricane each way....Thursday, off Schoodic Point, Warren G. Foss, an oiler on the City of Richmond, residing in Portland, fell into the crank pit and had a narrow escape from being instantly killed. Fortunately the crank was on the left side and he was thrown out of the pit cleanly, receiving serious internal injuries from which it is hoped he will recover.

Regular meeting of the city council next Monday evening.

Butterick's Delineators and Fashionable Sheets for October have just been received at Simonton's.

Sea street has been treated to a coating of limerock chips. They make bad road and don't improve the appearance of the street.

The Sunday afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A. is now held at 4.30 o'clock. A general invitation is extended to young men of the city to be present at these meetings.

The class in this city that are preparing for the coming musical convention hold their rehearsals every Monday and Thursday evenings. No member should fail to attend.

A party of about twenty young ladies and gentlemen went on a "straw ride" to Cooper's Beach Saturday evening where they had a corn roast. 'Twas terribly damp coming back.

City milliners and dressmakers are in faithful attendance on the New York and Boston openings and the result is certain to appear in the beautification of Rockland's gentle sex.

A meeting of the Chataqua L. S. Circle will be held at the Congregational parlors next Friday evening, Oct. 1. All wishing to join the circle are cordially invited to be present.

B. B. Butler of the Marsh Road brought us in last week a bunch of fresh, ripe strawberries, picked in an open field Sept. 20. We think this rather remarkable in the strawberry line.

Mrs. C. L. Wiggins has sold her boot and shoe stock and store fixtures to Herbert Lovejoy, who will carry on the business at the same stand at Berry Block. Mrs. Wiggins expects to engage in business in Boston.

The bicycle has been turned to a novel use. There is a drummer in town who has come all the way from Birmingham, Conn., on a wheel, stopping at the different towns. His sample trunk consists of a book of cuts from which he takes orders.

The work on the railroad extension goes along smoothly. The grade is gradually being raised to the required height and the crew will soon begin spiking on the new rails. The foundation for the passenger depot is about completed and work upon the frame will probably begin this week.

At a meeting of the citizens of Camden and Rockport Saturday to see what action could be taken towards having a supply of water from the Camden & Rockland Water Co. brought to those towns, a committee was appointed to confer with the company and see what arrangements could be made.

The October number of Harper's Magazine is especially rich in illustrations. The literary contents, while excellent, do not include anything striking. The one of highest fancy and best art combined is Richard Henry Stoddard's poem, "The Brahman's Son"—a long but well sustained production, written in faultless blank verse.

Camden Herald:—Much interest is manifested in the development of a project for a railroad from Camden to Rockland to connect with the Knox & Lincoln at that place. It is rumored that parties in Boston will build, equip and run a standard gauge road for the town will contribute outright the sum of \$20,000 towards the same.

Oyster River pond after having furnished water for a thirsty multitude for nearly a year is still higher than it averaged last year, being but twenty-one inches lower than the highest point it ever reached. It seems that the estimate made by Engineer Blake last year, that the pond is capable of furnishing water for 25,000 people, is by no means high.

The Sunday Herald scheme panned out well. The edition of 1375 copies left Bath at 7 o'clock by hand-car and at 1 p. m. were in Rockland, where 400 copies were quickly disposed of, the balance being dropped at towns along the line. Such was the demand here that 200 more could easily have been disposed of. Mr. Kimball has many compliments for his enterprise in getting the papers to our people.

The Popular Science Monthly contains not less than fifteen articles, besides a good miscellany in the editorial departments. Meteors, microbes, colors, diet and other natural phenomena are considered, and there are papers on the distribution of wealth, education and other abstract topics. A sketch with a portrait of General John Newton, is peculiarly interesting at the present time.

At the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. of Rockland the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mrs. R. C. Hall; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Mary Norton, Mrs. Fannie Calderwood and Mrs. G. M. Brainerd; Secretary and Treasurer, Cora J. Loring. A favorable report of the work of the union for the year past was read by the secretary and accepted with satisfaction by the union.

The second game of base ball between the "Fats" and "Leans," the result of last week's challenge, resulted in still another victory for the latter nine, who won by the score of 39 to 27. The playing was very spirited at times and the fun for the audience immense. The "Chestnut," of which Sidney E. Clark is captain, has issued a challenge to the "Leans," who will meet them this afternoon on the association grounds and endeavor to prove their claim to being a nine of invincible amateurs.

"How to build a House." We have just received from the publishers a neat, new book, with the above title containing plans and specifications for twenty-five houses of all sizes, from two rooms up; also engravings showing the appearance of houses built from the plans given. In addition, it has valuable information of permanent and practical value on subjects relative to building and building contracts that cannot fail to be of value to those who intend to build, and it will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., the publishers, 31 Rose street, New York.

The High School nine went to Camden Saturday afternoon and in a game with the Camden High School nine were downed, the score standing 9 to 8. Neither nine was able to select an umpire that gave satisfaction to both sides. The result was that at the end of about every two innings a different umpire stood behind the bat. Horace Simonton and John Bird, 2nd, were battery for the Rockland's. Both nines were pretty evenly matched and the game was an interesting one. The following is the score by innings:

Rockland.....4 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 1—8
Camden.....2 0 0 1 0 2 2 0 2—9
A return game will be played at the association grounds, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Admission will be 10 cents.

F. S. Porter of the City Laundry has gone to Boston to buy new machinery for his laundry.

Large crowds attend the dances given at the Jameson Point pavilion and everybody reports a good time.

The dance at Thomas's Seaview Pavilion is postponed until Saturday on account of other attractions Wednesday.

The two raccoons that have been such an attraction at Chas. T. Spear's store have been sold to a Boston gentleman.

Deputy Sheriff Porter is suffering from the fracture of a rib, received in a railroad accident near Portsmouth, N. H., recently.

The City Cornet Band will give a dance at the Meadows next Thursday evening, Sept. 30, preceded by an open air concert in front of Washington hall.

A special meeting of the degree team of Knox Lodge of Odd Fellows is called for tomorrow evening. A full attendance is required as important business is to be transacted.

C. F. Sawtelle has in his store window a number of large pictures prepared by a process of "photogravure." The method is a new and secret one. The pictures display fine workmanship and are very clear and striking. "Divided Attention" is the name of one of them. It is an imitation of one of the old masters works, the original of which sold in Paris last year for \$55,000. The pictures promise to meet with a ready sale. Mr. Sawtelle is agent for Knox County.

THE CHURCHES.—Rev. Fr. Peterson of St. David's church has an assistant in the person of Fr. Walsh, who comes to this parish from St. John, N. B. There were no services at the church Sunday, Fr. Peterson officiating at Damariscotta....At the Congregational church Sunday Rev. Mr. Hatch preached from Romans 17.23—"For whatsoever is not of faith is sin"....Rev. Mr. Roberts' text was from 1 Timothy 1.19—"Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck"....Rev. Mr. Hanscom preached in the afternoon from 1 Cor. 15.24-26. In the forenoon at the sandy beach at the South-end he baptized one lady candidate....Rev. Mr. Hill preached Sunday morning at the Freewill Baptist church from Psalms 25.14—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant." In the afternoon at the Clam Cove school house his text was from Gal. 6.14.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Personal Paragraphs or More or Less Interest to Our Readers.

E. B. Hastings is in New York.
Miss Lou Jones is visiting in Bangor.
Miss Mae K. Kimball is visiting in Boston.
Miss Addie Handley has returned to Boston.

Mrs. Ferd G. Singhi went to Boston Saturday.
Walter J. Wood is on a business trip to Boston.

Robert Anderson is on a visit to friends in Milw.
Miss Louise M. Gurley is visiting in Palermo.

W. Morton Snow of Boston is visiting in the city.
Miss Ethel Abby of Chicago is visiting at J. F. Fogler's.

Mrs. Frank Tolman is visiting friends in Stow, Mass.
G. W. Kimball returned Friday from a trip to New York.

W. H. Hix, Jr., returned Saturday from a trip to Boston.
Miss Etta Philbrook is in Boston and New York this week.

Mrs. Sarah H. Hayden of Boston is visiting David Rowell's.
Mrs. E. S. Baker went to New Bedford, Mass., Thursday.

Mrs. A. D. Bird returned yesterday from a visit in Winthrop.
S. A. Tolman and wife of Chicago are visiting at R. Y. Crie's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Anotino of Portland are at J. E. Sherman's.
Miss Jennie Gifford is visiting her sister, Mrs. Edbert Kelley.

Mrs. A. H. Jones returned last evening from a week's visit in Boston.
Mrs. J. B. Hall returned Thursday from a month's visit in Bangor.

Mrs. Chas. Whitney is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rich, at Cambridge.
Miss Annie Hooper left last week for her home in Hammeton, N. J.

Mrs. Walter J. Wood went to Gardiner Saturday for a three-weeks visit.
Mrs. H. A. Pitcher returned Thursday from a fortnight's visit to Boston.

Mrs. W. O. Fuller, Jr., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wardwell, in Cambridge.
Miss Maggie F. Pierce and Miss Grace B. Sprague went to Boston Friday.

Mrs. James Hall of Richmond is the guest of her brother, Capt. G. W. Rhodes.
Hon. D. N. Mortland has moved into his fine new residence on Masonic street.

J. S. W. Burpee and wife returned yesterday from a week's visit in Malden, Mass.
Mrs. E. T. Johnson of Crescent Beach, Mass., visited in this city last week.

Miss Nina D. Tillson went to Boston yesterday where she attends the Hayes School.
F. M. Shaw and wife and daughter Agnes returned Saturday from a trip to Boston.

A. D. Blackington, C. E., of Dunmore, Pa., has been visiting his old home in this city.
Prof. A. T. Crockett and wife returned Saturday from a month's visit in Allston, Mass.

Mrs. H. Gregory, Jr., has returned from an extended visit to her daughter in Waterville.
E. R. True of Washington, D. C., is visiting at his father's, L. M. True, on Pleasant street.

W. H. Woodbury and B. L. Capen of Matton, Ill., are visiting at Capt. G. W. Rhodes's.
Capt. Wm. M. Munroe returned Thursday from a successful gunning trip in the Arrows-took.

Mrs. Ada L. Thorndike and daughter Carrie of Hudson, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. C. M. Sullivan.
Geo. B. Macomber returned last week from Allen Bay, N. H., where he has been visiting for several weeks.

Mrs. A. D. Snow and family close their summer cottage on Middle street tomorrow and return to Brooklyn.
Mrs. Calvin Packard, who has been visiting in the city the past two weeks, has returned to her home in Stow, Mass.

Mrs. Elvira H. Wood who has been on a trip to New York in the schooner M. A. Achorn returned from Boston Friday.
Mrs. E. P. Himes of Providence, R. I., who has been visiting at her father's, B. F. Sargent, returns home Thursday.

F. E. Boothby, general manager of the Maine Central railroad, accompanied by his wife, were in this city Sunday.
Mrs. F. Tracy and children and Mrs. Clarissa Babidge removed last week to Bridgton where Mr. Tracy is employed.

Supt. Coombs, formerly of the K. & L., was in the city over Sunday on his way to Bath. He inspected the work going on at the extension and expressed himself as well pleased with the improvements being wrought.

Miss Abbie S. Russell of Boston, State Secretary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, visited in this city this week.
A party consisting of E. P. Walker, W. F. Norcross and James Donahue are on a week's gunning trip in the vicinity of Jonesboro.

E. M. Strahs with John Bird & Co., is on a vacation trip to Vermont, and when he comes home he will be accompanied by a Mrs. Stubbs.
James W. Clark and wife go to Boston tomorrow to take charge of a lodging house on Washington street which they have recently purchased.

Chas. A. Robinson, for several years with A. Ross Weeks, has gone to New York where he has an excellent position as stenographer with the Equitable Assurance Co.
Jas. C. Kent, formerly of this city, now with Goudy & Kent, confectioners, Portland, is visiting his former Rockland home. Mr. Kent is accompanied by his wife.

Thos. R. McCloskey of Leadville, Col., has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Chas. Killman, in this city. Mr. McCloskey was one of a party of seven Bangoreans who went to the Black Hills in 1877. He was the only one of the seven who stuck to the Hills, and has since become wealthy, holding an interest in twenty mines.
Leonard Campbell, who died last Thursday, was one of Rockland's old and respected citizens. He was a native of Bowdoin but came to this city many years ago. He followed the trade of a cooper and did a large and prosperous business in the palmy days of Maine ship-building, his work, which was of the highest class, being in great demand for the whole district lying between the Penobscot and Kennebec. He served in the city council for Ward 3. Mr. Campbell was a man of high character and his death is regretted. The funeral occurred Sunday from the residence on Union street.

Miss Nellie Geddes, the dressmaker from Jordan & Marsh's, Boston, who was employed by Miss Georgia Lawler as cutter and fitter in her business, has now purchased the business and fixtures of Miss Lawler, and will conduct the same herself. Miss Geddes has given great satisfaction in all branches of her business, and may be found at her rooms in Free Press building, P. O. Square, Oct. 1st, being now in Boston attending the openings and securing fall fashions.

Herbert E. Orne, in connection with Gaskell's Compendium of Forms, is soliciting subscriptions for Gaskell's Compendium of Penmanship. To anyone at all interested in the art of writing this volume is invaluable.

Births.

Rockland, Sept. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Marks, a son.
Waldoboro, Sept. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lilly, a son.
Waldoboro, Sept. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. William Heath, a son.
Vinalhaven, Sept. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Arey, a son.
Door Isle, Sept. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barbour, a son.
West Washington, Aug. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Clark, a daughter.
Port Clyde, St. George, Sept. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Oren Hupper, a son.
Union, Sept. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Burns, a son.

Marriages.

Rockland, Sept. 22, by Rev. Fr. Peterson, Studley Coughlin and Sarah V. Andrews, both of Vinalhaven.
Rockland, Sept. 22, at St. David's Catholic church, by Rev. Fr. James Peterson, William M. Sullivan and Ellen Reardon, both of Rockland.
Rockland, Sept. 21, by Byron L. Rider and Lucy J. Cowan, both of Rockland.
West Camden, Sept. 20, by E. G. S. Ingraham, ex-Joseph L. Carver and Mrs. Abbie B. Snowman, both of Camden.
Bowdoin, Sept. 19, William O. Adams, of Bowdoin, and Ella Conway, of Vinalhaven.
Camden, Sept. 11, George F. Marshall, of Camden, and Susie M. Leland, of West Trenton.
Appleton, Sept. 7, Wilder Wellman and Almata N. Holbrook, both of Hope.
Winsor, N. S., Sept. 23, William Landry of Rockland, and Miss Rachel Turner, of Winsor.
Yarmouth, N. S., Sept. 22, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, Rev. William Chipman Goucher, of Camden, pastor of the Chestnut St. Baptist church, and Miss Florence Jean, daughter of the late Samuel Rettie, esq., of Truro, N. S.

Deaths.

Rockland, Sept. 27, Sarah H. Thorndike, aged 6 years, 5 months, 28 days. Funeral Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
Rockland, Sept. 25, Leonard Campbell, a native of Bowdoin, aged 71 years, 1 month, 6 days.
Rockland, Sept. 21, Littleton M. Pendleton, aged 72 years, 11 months, 10 days.
Union, Sept. 22, Sarah J., wife of Sullivan B. Luce, aged 50 years.
Worcester, Mass., Sept. 21, Caroline D., wife of Almon Hewett, daughter of the late Charles Crockett, of Rockland, aged 42 years. The remains were brought to Rockland for interment.
Camden, Sept. 25, Caleb Gilkey, aged 81 years, 1 day.
Appleton, Sept. 20, Alma Keene, wife of Eli Sprague.
North Washington, Sept. 17, Catherine, widow of William Grattan, aged 80 years.
Augusta, Sept. 5, Elbridge G. Caswell, a native of Warren, aged 72 years.
Rockport, Sept. 8, Mrs. Nina Thomas, aged 70 years.
Near Lakeview, Oregon, Sept. 6, Bertha, daughter of S. J. and Mary J. Studley, aged 5 years, 16 days.

TO LET.

A pleasant tenement on Broadway for a family of two. Apply to
Mrs. J. W. COVEL, Broadway.

FOR SALE.

In South Thomaston village, a mowing field of about twelve acres, with barn and some ten tons of hay. This field is on the west bank of the West-kew river. Excellent grass land with good natural drainage. For terms apply to
3637
O. G. HALL, Rockland.

YACHT FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN!

Cutter-rigged white oak yacht about 30 feet long, built in Massachusetts in 1878, in perfect order and is well found; has cabin 13 ft. long with 4 berths, cook room and earth closet forward. The roomiest boat of her size in this state. Has one ballast and iron shoe on keel, water tank, etc. Lines, &c. given in N. Y. *Forest & Stream*, as a model little cruising yacht. Now lying at Isle au Haut, Me.
Apply to
C. D. TURNER, Isle au Haut.

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LEGAL AND MERCANTILE WORK done on the "Hammond Type Writer." Prices reasonable.
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LADIES

Read this and Save Money
By bringing or sending your Old Straw, Fez or Beaver Hats and Bonnets, to the

HAT AND BONNET BLEACHERY,
and have them made over into the LEADING FALL and WINTER STYLES. All work executed with promptness and in a superior manner. Orders solicited for plain sewing, Button-Holes, etc. All orders left at Bonnet Bleachery promptly attended.

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TURCOMAN
Curtains
AT A GREAT BARGAIN

We have made a purchase of TURCOMAN CURTAINS and Pole and Ring Cornices at a great sacrifice from original cost and offer the following wonderful bargain:

ONE PAIR CROSS-STRIPE TURCOMAN CURTAINS WITH IMITATION WALNUT, CHERRY OR EBONY POLE, BRASS ENDS, BRACKETS AND RINGS, TWO BRASS HOOKS AND CHAINS ALL FOR

\$4.00

which is less than the regular price of the curtains. Also

100 Holland Curtains

with patent fixings, niche pulls and screws, only

35 Cents!

SIMONTON BROS

OPENING
Fall--and--Winter
MILLINERY
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GOODS
GOODS
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C. & E. BOYD'S

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, Oct. 1 & 2
Afternoon and Evening.

New Goods of the latest importation of New York Styles. Trimmed Bonnets and Hats, Children's Hats, Bonnets and Caps, includes all the novelties of the season. Yarns of all kinds. Hair Goods, Crimps, Switches, etc. The Public are respectfully invited.

309 MAIN STREET.

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BARRELS

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE,

CHOICEST ROLLER

FLOUR!

\$4.85 Three Bbls for
\$14.40.

Every Barrel Warranted to give satisfaction or return at my expense.

FANCY PATENT.

CHOICEST ST. LOUIS

FLOUR MILLED.

A guarantee with every barrel signed by the manufacturer.

\$5.25 per bbl.

3 Barrels for \$15.50.

New Porto Rico Molasses ^{per gal.} 28c

Old Porto Rico Molasses " 25c

Good Tobacco, 16 ounces for 30c

Cooked Corned Beef (2 lb. can) 15c

I will sell lower than any other party in this city for the same quality. Dont forget the place,

J. McDougall,

298 Main St., Rockland, Me.

WANTED

50 GRANITE PAVING BLOCK MAKERS. Work all winter; good pay. Apply to PHILIP F. STEEL, 224 Kosciuszko St., St. Louis, Mo., or Granite Bend, Mo.

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE.

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Clothing. Clothing

For Everybody.
For Everybody.

We are now opening an immense Stock of Men's, Youths and Boys' well made

Fashionable

Clothing!

S. S. S.

TRIED IN THE CRUCIBLE.

About twenty years ago I discovered a little sore on my cheek, and the doctors pronounced it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians, but without receiving any permanent benefit. Among the number were one or two specialists. The medicine they applied was like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statement in the papers telling what S. S. S. had done for others similarly afflicted. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the neighbors could notice that my cancer was healing up. My general health had been bad for two or three years—I had a hacking cough and spit blood continually. I had a severe pain in my breast. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left me and I grew stouter than I had been for several years. My cancer has healed over all but a little spot about the size of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearing. I would advise everyone with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial.

Mrs. NANCY J. McCONAUGHEY,
Ash Grove, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.
Feb. 16, 1886.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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House, Ship and Sign Painter
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Fire, Life and Accident
INSURANCE AGENCY,
238 Main Street, Rockland, Me.
(Room formerly occupied by Cobb Line Co.)
Losses adjusted and paid at this office. Agent
for the well-known Travelers' Accident Insurance
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A. J. BIRD & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
C-O-A-L,
HARD WOOD,
Flour, Groceries, Provisions,
PRESSED HAY AND STRAW,
Cement, Lime, Hair, &c.

IN SEPTEMBER

the system undergoes a change. The pores of the skin, which have been wide open through the heat term begin to close up, giving additional labor to liver and kidneys.

If these organs be not in good condition they cannot respond to the additional strain, and the result will be pain across the back, trouble with the bowels and urine, a "bearing down" pain and irregular appetite. These will be followed by fevers and other serious diseases so prevalent in the fall of the year.

Correct the action of the kidneys, regulate that important piece of machinery, the liver, clean out the pores of the skin before they close up for the winter, and all that weary, tired feeling will cease. You can, as thousands say, do this with

Brown's Sarsaparilla,

Sold everywhere. ARA WARREN & CO., Proprietors, Bangor, Me.

AN EDITORIAL OPINION.

The editor of the Portland, Maine, Express said editorially, in a recent issue of his paper:

"Maurice Baker & Co., at 123 and 133 Middle Street, Portland, Maine, are proprietors of Baker's Great American Specific. It is one of the best medicines we have used. Any one suffering with colds, sore lungs, sore throat, indigestion, cholera morbus, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, sprains or weak eyes will find this to be a safe and sure remedy. We speak from experience, being cognizant of its use in the various diseases named. It saved my wife's life in an attack of pneumonia. We feel it a duty to say this for the benefit of others. We know of many of the best citizens of Portland who will endorse every word and more than we have said in its praise."

BRACKETT'S
CIDER
BITTERS
THE GREATEST
BLOOD PURIFIER
OF THE AGE.

CONTAINS NO ALCOHOL OR
WATER, but composed wholly
of Juices from Fruits and Ex-
tracts of Roots and Herbs.

DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED.
"I have been suffering for years with sciatic rheumatism and dyspepsia. After taking three bottles of Brackett's Cider Bitters the rheumatic pains have left me, and I have no trouble with my digestion."

JOHN M. PURINGTON,
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\$1.00 PER BOTTLE, 6 FOR \$5.00.
Sold by all Druggists.

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alum, or any adulteration what-

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Cook Book Free.

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FINE BARBER SHOP.
PROF. NELSON
Has removed his place of business to WILSON & WHITE BLOCK, OVER BURNHAM'S BOOK-STORE, where he wants to meet all his old patrons and many new ones.
A handsome shop, new razors, clean towels, private soap, everything first-class. SEPARATE ROOM FOR LADIES' BARBERING. A specially adapted room for ladies' work.
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PAPER HANGERS.

DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty,
Artists' Materials, Brushes,
ALABASTINES FOR WALLS
Satisfaction Guaranteed in all cases.
204 Main Street, - Opp. Farwell Hall,

MAINE MATTERS.

Richmond is to have a firemen's muster Oct. 6.

Work has been begun on the new steamboat wharf at Stockton.

St. John's Episcopal Parish of Bangor has accepted the resignation of its pastor, Rev. William Allen Fiske.

Frank F. Skinner of Waterville has succeeded K. O. Robbins of Dexter as editor of the Eastern State of Dexter.

Norton & Partridge of Waterville are furnishing 40,000 bricks daily for the new Maine Central shops being erected in that town.

At the reunion of the 12th Maine to be held at Portland Sept. 21st, comrades will have the pleasure of seeing their old battle flag.

The Calais Times says John Shaw of Machias will launch a three-masted schooner, and the Jonesboro Lumber Company will launch a fine 100 ton vessel this month.

A leading contractor at Bar Harbor says that about twenty-five new cottages will be erected at that place the coming winter. Some of them will be more expensive than any of those already constructed.

The furnaces at Katahdin Iron Works are now running full blast after being shut down a week for repairs. They are producing about eight hundred tons of pig iron more than was ever turned out regularly before.

The Twentieth Maine will not hold a reunion this season. By vote of the association a reunion will be held in 1887, at a place to be designated by the executive committee. Waterville and Pittsfield have been suggested as desirable places.

The coat of Leighton, who was with the Maine girl when she was drowned, was picked up Friday on the shore of Ironbound Island. Nothing new has been discovered concerning the affair. Public opinion is about equally divided with regard to the man's guilt or innocence.

The social sensation of the week in Maine was the marriage of James G. Blaine, Jr., son of Hon. James G. Blaine, to Miss Nevins, belonging to a prominent Catholic family of New York. The marriage was a surprise to the young man's parents. The bride and groom left New York Wednesday for Fort Monroe on a bridal trip. The bridegroom left college to get married.

The Bass Harbor Packing Company of Bangor have packed up to this time, at their works at Bass Harbor, about 15,000 cases of quality sardines, and will continue work through the season. Fish have been plenty and the weirs have been filled with herring all the season. Thousands of bushels have been turned out of the works, and the disposal of them is a problem.

A new species of the Waterville mink who had managed to lay by a few hundred dollars, decided to embark in the minstrel profession. He closed out his business, took his cash and went to Boston to organize a company. He hired a band, a property manager, and then the whole thing exploded. Cash capital at the start, \$500. Capital at the close, experience.—Waterville Sentinel.

W. H. Winslow, M. D., of Pittsburg, Pa., writes to the Baffin Journal that he saw the sea serpent, Aug. 24th, off Cape Cod. Dr. Winslow says he knows the stripes of extinct and living marine animals, has lived upon the ocean, in the navy and out, for several years and seen the usual monsters of the deep, and he is sure this strange being was unlike any yet described in natural history and unique in sea-faring animals.

Game Warden French arrested A. D. Puffer, Jr., D. J. Puffer and W. H. Collins, all of Boston, and three guides at Grand Lake Stream, Saturday for breaking the Lake Umbagog laws, and brought the entire party to Calais. At the time of the arrest one of the party acknowledged the shooting of one deer and one other, offering to pay the fines for the same, which Warden French refused to accept, and the party is liable for several other offences which must be settled in court.

The State Steamboat Inspectors have been investigating the cause of the late collision at Moosehead Lake between the steamers Rebecca and Fairy of the Lake Umbagog line, and who is also one of the oldest on the Lake, has been discharged, but they have not yet reached the foundation of the matter. It has been found that the bow of the Fairy came within eight inches of piercing the Rebecca's boiler. If this had been done, it is thought that scarcely one on board would have escaped alive, as the conditions were at the time.

A committee appointed by the York county Congregational conference and one appointed by the Free Baptist church here, met last night, and unanimously decided in favor of a closer union of the two denominations. In other parts of the state a breaking down of denominational lines is noticed. It is believed by many that one strong church in each village can do more good than two feeble ones. Where the forces are too much scattered, rivalry is apt to come in and the consequences of a house divided against itself to be unhappily visible.

The general crops in Maine are not quite up to the average, owing to the long continued drouth. Potatoes have suffered most. The grain crops are about an average; the straw is as bright as gold and the heads well filled. The apple crop is abundant, though not so large as last year. Hay was somewhat injured by rains but is up to the average. The Boston Journal's correspondent gives the following estimate of the condition of crops: Androscoggin county, wheat, 100; oats, 100; barley, 100; corn, 95; potatoes, 75. For the state in general, wheat, 95; oats, 102; barley, 93 1-2; corn 96 1-2; potatoes, 82 1-2. The following is the estimated yield of crops: Androscoggin, wheat, 14,800; oats, 108,381; barley, 9,057; corn, 72,000; potatoes, 249,000; of the state, wheat, 832,330; oats, 2,422,435; barley, 249,032; corn, 875,254; potatoes, 7,927,590. These figures show quite an increase in wheat and a decrease in other crops from last year. Favorable weather may yet change the yield of corn and potatoes.

They get along fast in Dakota, and to prove it a story is told of a recently elected judge. He had been sort of free lance in the profession, and had incurred the enmity of a certain lawyer. This lawyer came before the judge the other day with an ordinary motion which should have been granted in due course of law. But it wasn't. "Motion denied," yelled the judge. "But, your Honor—" "Motion denied, I say."

"Your Honor, one word, if you please."

"Not a word, sir." "Your Honor seems to have a prejudice against me." "You're d—d right I have," said the Judge. "I've been laying for you for the past three years, and you don't get any notions in this court."

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.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.
W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa Pike, Barton, Randolph Co., Ind., was a long sufferer with Consumption and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of King's New Discovery for Consumption, and began buying it of me. In six months' time she was cured. A distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it. Free trial bottles at Kirtledge's Drug store."

RECENT NEWS.

And now they say Geronimo is only 30 years old.

The Pope has ordered Archbishop Purcell's debts paid.

Henry E. Dixey reached New York Wednesday morning.

Pierre Lorillard will sell his entire stock of horses, next month.

The temperance and labor ticket in Canada, will make a third party.

A tower will be built to a new church near Sleepy Hollow, as a monument to Irving.

From eight to ten thousand Old Fellows from the west are expected to visit Boston this week.

U. S. Minister Cox left Constantinople on Tuesday. His leave of absence is for four months.

Arthur Merton of Chicago, claims to be a Messiah come to the world to introduce a new order of living.

Office holders fear that the President's return will mark the inauguration of wholesale revivals from office.

The plurality of the republican candidate for governor in Vermont is 20,493. The prohibition vote was 15,552.

Albert Hanson, 20 years old, was arrested on Brooklyn bridge, Tuesday, as he was about to jump into the river.

The mummies for the Mexican exhibition have reached Boston. One is of a young girl who was buried alive for attempting to kill the judge who had condemned her and her lover to death.

The biggest pension known to have been paid in the United States was handed over last week. It was \$11,500. The soldier who received it was totally blind and has been 23 years getting his back pay.

A six months old baby was assaulted on Boston Common Friday morning by a colored man. A cash was cut in the child's head by a stone. The man said he was starving and wanted to go to jail to be fed. The baby is not likely to live.

BENEFIT OF A SPONGE BATH.

Washington Star.

A prominent physician, speaking of special baths and their uses, mentions the sponge bath, the form of bathing where the water is applied to the surface through the medium of a cloth or sponge, no part of the body being plunged in the water. He says the practice of systematic, daily sponge bathing is one giving untold benefits to the followers. Let a person not over strong subject to frequent colds from slight exposure, the victim of chronic catarrh, sore throats, etc., begin the practice of taking a sponge bath every morning, commencing with tepid water in a warm room (not hot), and following the sponging with friction that will produce a warm glow over the skin and then take five minutes brisk walk in the open air. See if you don't return with a good appetite for breakfast. After having used tepid water for a few mornings lower the temperature of the bath until cold water can be borne with impunity.

The daily cold sponging of a sensitive throat and lungs will often result most satisfactorily if persistently and conscientiously followed. The cold, ante breakfast sponge bath, should, however, be avoided by the weak person, and the one whose lungs are already diseased, as the reaction following might not be strong enough to prevent colds which might hasten fatal results. Another use of the cold bath is to induce sleep, by calling the blood to the surface; the congested brain is relieved and sleep comes in consequence. It is on this principle the winding of the leg in a cold wet cloth proves so efficacious in provoking sleep.

The October Eclectic has been laid before us, and offers great attraction to its readers. Sir John Lubbock has the place of honor in a disquisition on the "Study of Science," and this is well supported in the next paper, on "Pasture and Hydropathy," by Prof. R. V. Lankester. One of the greatest men ever produced in America, Alexander Hamilton, is discussed by A. G. Bradley, and the well-known critic, George Saintsbury, has something to say about one of the Scottish intellectual giants, Christopher North, the founder of Blackwood's Magazine. Goldwin Smith's paper on the "Capital of the United States" will be read with interest. Other leading papers are Alex. H. Japp's "Some Unconscious Confessions of DeQuincey," and a very readable paper by Sophie Weiss on the great German historian, Ranke, with reminiscences of Berlin from 1884 to 1886. Vernon Lee, under the head of "Perigot," contributes interesting notes on the dramatic literature and art, and the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has something to say on the always suggestive subject of money.

Published by E. R. PELTON, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, \$1. Eclectic and any \$4 magazine, 88.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for October opens with a most interesting article, "The Tragic Close of a Strange Reign," the story of Louis II. of Bavaria well told and illustrated. "Trout Fishing in Maine Lakes" savors more of our land and is a more cheery subject; and the picture of a three days catch will send many to such prolific waters. The picturesque career of Herman Cortes lends it to attractive pictorial. "A walk in the Farnes" is a bit of travel in an unfrequented group. All who love sports will enjoy "Parrots I Have Met," as sportsman will appreciate "Hunting the Sandhill." The charming "Walks About London" capitaly illustrated, is as good as an actual visit to the vicinity of the great capital of England, while "Summer Saunterings About Lake George" makes us feel that we have in our hand all that is grand and romantic and interesting. Altogether the number is one, that in variety of topics, charm of writing and fineness of illustration, is unmistakably a hit. The plate, in gold and colors, is exquisite.

Balm of odors from Spice Islands, Wafted by the tropic breeze; SOZODONT in beautiful fragrance Cannot be surpassed by these, Teeth it whitens, purifies; You use it if you're wise.

ONE GREAT MERE
of that buffer of the teeth, SOZODONT, is that it soothes the mouth is refreshing, while as a means of cleansing the teeth, and improving the breath it stands alone.

Extent of Commercial Depression.

Popular Science Monthly.

The whole world has been suffering for two years under an intense commercial crisis. Hardly any country has escaped the stringency. For special reasons, France has suffered the most. But England, Belgium, Italy, Germany, and even the United States and the South American republics, have not been free from its effects. All kinds of commercial activity bear witness to a universal languor. The railroads show diminished receipts over all the European continent and in the British Islands. The foreign commerce of France has been declining for years, during which time the valuation of imports has diminished by 16 per cent., and that of exports by 10 1-2 per cent. A part of this decrease is, doubtless, due to the general depreciation of prices, so that the falling off in the quantity of goods handled is not actually so great as the figures would make it appear; but this depreciation in prices is another cause of serious concern to economists. England, also, is struggling against difficulties of a similar character. Italy, where the financial management in later years has been most excellent, has had to pay tribute, though in smaller proportionate amounts, to the general depression. Germany has met a check in the speedy race to wealth which it proudly thought it was making. In the United States the exports have fallen \$200,000,000 since 1880. The Argentine Republic, also, is obliged to struggle against grave financial and commercial embarrassment.

How to Judge Canned Goods.

Castell's Family Magazine for September.

A hint now about tinned goods, meat especially. Note, when about to purchase, the condition of the tin; if bulged outwards, don't have it, even as a gift! We will explain the process of canning, to give weight to our warning.

The meat is packed in this raw, then sealed, and cooked in an outer vessel of boiling water, with sometimes an addition of a chemical to raise the temperature. When cooked, the can is pierced, and as soon as the air and steam have been expelled, it is soldered. Experts know when it is ready for soldering; a moment too soon, and the mischief is done, because if air is left in, the tin bulges, and the meat will not be good. On the contrary, if the tin has sunk, it is an infallible sign of goodness; it proves a vacuum, which is natural, as the meat shrinks when no air is left in the tin.

Some may say, what matter if air be left in the tin? Simply this: nitrogen, an element of air, imparts to bodies with which it comes in contact a tendency to change and decay.

Often, on opening a tin of preserved goods, people are heard to say "the air is escaping," instead of which, the slight hissing sound is the result of the air rushing in, another proof that there was a vacuum. Well, we go so far as to say that, assuming the outward sign of goodness above referred to, a label bearing the name of a good exporter or importer; and also a reliable vendor of the article, whether meat, fish, milk, soup, or vegetable, the chances are a million to one against any being injured, much less poisoned, by tinned goods.

Another caution, though: always look out for any little globules of solder that sometimes find their way inside the tin; and take care, especially in the case of salmon and lobster, to empty the contents, as soon as opened, into an earthen vessel. This is necessary for everything except milk.

HISTORY OF THE CHESTNUT.

The word "chestnut" will surely have to go into the next edition of the unabridged dictionary. The history of this bit of slang has been a queer one. Its origin will never be definitely known although a dozen stories of it have been told. Three years ago the word was in common use among printers in Boston, in its slang sense, and from the composing rooms it came down to the editorial floors. After a good deal of use inside the various newspaper offices, it naturally got into print. The great army of newspaper readers quickly captured it, and within a year it was in general use. For two years past it has been everywhere common throughout the country. Then some genius had a bright idea, and evolved the "chestnut bell." All our readers have seen them, or can be looking in at the windows of any variety store. They are still something of a novelty in Massachusetts, but, as a matter of fact, they are themselves a chestnut of three months' standing. They made their first appearance in Baltimore or Pittsburg about July 1, and it took them over two months to get to Boston, and about the same time to get to Chicago and the west.

Such is the history of the chestnut. We make no charge to future lexicographers.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

John G. Whittier has the following in the current number of the Century: "My attention has been called to an article in the June number of the Century in which the writer, referring to the poem on Barbara Fritchie, says, 'The story will perhaps live, as Mr. Whittier has boasted, until it gets beyond the reach of correction.' Those who know me will bear witness that I am not in the habit of boasting of anything whatever, least of all of congratulating myself upon a doubtful statement outliving the possibility of correction. I certainly made no 'boast' of the kind imputed to me. The poem of Barbara Fritchie was written in good faith. The story was no invention of mine. It came to me from sources which I regarded as entirely reliable; it had been published in newspapers, and had gained public credence in Washington and Maryland before my poem was written. I had no reason to doubt its accuracy then, and I am still constrained to believe that it had foundation in fact. If I thought otherwise I should not hesitate to express it. I have no pride of authorship to interfere with my allegiance to truth."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body. "Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." Mrs. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y. "I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." Mrs. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me new." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla heals all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier

KNOW! This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 125 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for \$1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease, Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and Your Kidney, deep seated diseases. Do not order any other take

BLUE PILLS SULPHUR BITTERS. Place your trust in you are sick, no matter what ails the purest and best you use medicine ever made. Sulphur Bitters!

Layur Tongues Coated. Don't wait until you substance? Is your face unable to walk, or breath foul and are flat on your back, offensive? Your feet get so sore that you cannot walk? Your stomach is full of wind? Sulphur of order. Use Sulphur Bitters!

The Invalid's Friend. Immediately! The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. It cures all the ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels. It may save your life, or cure it, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow.

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 cent stamps to A. P. Onitway & Co., Boston, Mass., for test medical work published?

MERRY HEARTS

it blessed with perfect health; and no remedy is prepared that has a better record for relieving and curing the thousand and one aches and pains accompanying indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, or an impure condition of the blood, than the true "L.F." Atwood's Medicine or Bitters. Prepared with the greatest skill and care from the purest medicines, it stands without a rival as a safe and reliable remedy. Beware of imitations; take only the true "L.F." Atwood's Bitters with red "L.F." trade mark.

WILL YE HAVE

ARE CURED BY THE HOP PLASTER

Hops of the purest and most medicinal quality, prepared in a special manner, and put in a plaster form, for the relief of all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other painful affections. It is a most valuable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING.

IN HAND OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER. SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

'The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.' CURES - Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Stomachic, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Chronic Diarrhea, Kidney Troubles, Spinal Disease, Scurvy, Lame Back, Lumbago, and Soreness in Body or Limbs. Circulars will send your address on a postal note shall receive FREE by mail a copy of this Liniment. Circulars will send your address on a postal note shall receive FREE by mail a copy of this Liniment. Circulars will send your address on a postal note shall receive FREE by mail a copy of this Liniment.

PARSONS' PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD. Positively cure Constipation, BILIOUSNESS, Headache, Biliousness, and all other ailments arising from impure blood. (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. They will send your address on a postal note shall receive FREE by mail a copy of this Liniment. Circulars will send your address on a postal note shall receive FREE by mail a copy of this Liniment. Circulars will send your address on a postal note shall receive FREE by mail a copy of this Liniment.

MAKE HENS LAY.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Hens and Cattle in this country are suffering from a disease called "Scrofula." This disease is caused by a poison in the blood, and it is the only disease that can be cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This medicine is the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison, and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

SCROFULA

Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison, and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy. Its symptoms are Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Dejection. Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists: Price \$1; Six bottles for \$5.

W. E. SHEERER, AGENT FOR Boston Marine Insurance Comp'y, TENANT'S HARBOR ME. 17

A BALLOON EXPERIENCE.

From an article on "Amateur Ballooning" in the September Century we quote as follows: "As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forebode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip-hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow cat snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them, and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the centre with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue paper I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

"I was alone, a mile from earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rain storm upon the earth is accompanied by noise; the pattering of the rain upon the houses, trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub beside this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard.

"Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Talcott Mountain tower, where there were some two hundred people enjoying the day. I could plainly hear one blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides towards the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapple, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily along through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing three hundred pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to 'catch on to that anchor and stop the business.' With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head he replied: 'It's no use, young fellow; I can't work my bellows.' But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it and my journey was ended."

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Do They Make Distinguished Men in Their Maturer Years?

Popular Science Monthly. The idea that genius reveals itself early in life does not at once recommend itself to common sense. Observation of nature as a whole suggests, first of all, perhaps that her choicest and more costly gifts are the result of a long process of preparation. And however this may be, there is certainly more moral suggestiveness in the thought that intellectual distinction is the reward of strenuous adolescence and manhood than in the supposition that it can be reached by the stripping at a bound through sheer force of native talent. And it may not improbably have been a lively perception of this ethical significance which fostered in the classic mind so wide-spread a belief in early promises of great intellectual power. We find a typical expression of this sentiment in the saying of Quintilian: "Ilud ingenium velut præcox genus non temere unquam perit ad frugem." That is to say, the early blossom of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement. It is evident that this saying embodies something like a general theory of the relation between rank of talent and rate of development. Where superior intellectual ability shows itself at an early date, it is of the sort that reaches its full stature early, and so never attains to the greatest height. On the other hand, genius of the finer order declares itself more slowly. In order to estimate the soundness of this view, two lines of inquiry would be necessary. We should need to ask, first of all, what proportion of those who had shown marked precocity have afterward redeemed the promise of their youth; secondly, what number of those who have unquestionably obtained a place among the great were previously distinguished by precocity. These two lines of investigation, are, however, in a measure distinct. It may turn out that a large proportion of clever children never attain to anything but to mediocrity in later life, and yet that the majority of great men have been remarkable as children. Hence, we may confine ourselves in the present essay to the second branch of the above inquiry, the retrospective search for signs of precocity in the early life of those who have attained distinction.

HOW TO READ.

John Morley.

Nobody can be sure that he has got clear ideas on a subject unless he has tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own. It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and write a short abstract of what you can remember of it. It is a still better plan, if you can make up your minds to a slight extra labor, to do what Lord Stafford and Gibbon and Daniel Webster did. After glancing over the title, subject, or design of a book, these eminent men would take a pen and write roughly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page; and they help us to place our new acquisitions in relation with what we knew before. It is almost always worth while to read a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped on the way, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And if the subject be serious, it is often well to let an interval elapse. Ideas, relations, statements of fact are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind, in the hope of thus extracting their inmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval pass, and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left it, seemed crude, obscure, full of perplexity. All this takes trouble, no doubt; but then it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere as a certain bird does with its eggs—leave them in the sand for the sun to hatch and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than ideas half-hatched and convictions reared by accident. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and velvet, when in truth he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's cast-off clothes.

AN EXPERIENCED EDITOR.

"Ah," said the summer tourist leaning over the fence and addressing the farmer, "may I make bold to inquire what that great quantity of vegetation growing over there is?"

"Certainly, mister, that's corn."

"Ah, thanks. And those large animals over beyond the fence, they are—"

"Cows, my friend; every one of 'em cows. Say, you don't seem to be very well posted on these 'ere things."

"Perhaps not, the fact is, my business has kept me so closely confined that this is the first chance I've had to get out in the country."

"Running a bank or something like that?"

"No, sir; I am an editor of an agricultural paper. I have had that position for thirty years."

Peterson's Magazine for October has a steel engraving, "Consider the Lilies," that is alone worth the price of the number: we rarely see such a beautiful work of art, or a picture so impressive. There are two colored patterns for the workable, one being an illustration in hammered-brass work now so popular; a stylish double-size colored steel fashion-plate; and some fifty wood engravings. The original stories, for which "Peterson" is famous, are even better than usual, among them being a new novelet by Frank Lee Benedict, "Marian's Fashionable Friends," and a powerful tale, "Minette," by Professor Boulette. In this number, we already find hints of the great things "Peterson" is to do next year, and an offer is made to send a specimen, free, to anyone wishing to get up a club. As the terms are but Two Dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs, every lady not already a subscriber, it seems to us, will subscribe. Certainly, as a lady's book, indispensable in the family, "Peterson" has no rival. Address the publisher, Charles J. Peterson, 305 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The October Atlantic brings Henry James's notable serial, "The Princess Casamassima," to an exciting close. It is followed by a timely paper on the late King Ludwig, of Bavaria, under the title of "A Mad Monarch," by E. P. Evans; Mr. Edward F. Hayward discusses of John Wilson, as "A Literary Athlete," while Elizabeth Robins Penell furnishes a curious study of "The Witches of Venice." Charles Egbert Craddock and William Henry Bishop continue their powerful narratives; Bradford Torrey and Mary Agnes Tinker contribute respectively a pretty outdoor sketch and an Italian idyl, while more solid articles are Professor N. S. Shaler's "Race Prejudices," and Edward Hengerford's "The Rise of Arabian Learning," the latter being a record of the brief civilization of the Mohammedans. Edith M. Thomas and Henry Luthers provide graceful poems, and there are careful reviews of Rice's Abraham Lincoln, Bacon's Dictionary of Boston, Hutchinson's Diary, and other books, while The Contributors' Club and Books of the Month bring the number to a close. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphates, In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption and Wasting in Children.

Is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable form and prescribed universally by physicians. Take no other.

CURE YOURSELF! Don't pay large doctors' bills. The best medicine book published, one hundred pages, elegant colored plates, will be sent you on receipt of three 2-cent stamps to pay the postage. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, gripping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

HE WENT ROUND.

Youth's Companion.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe, and made a united Germany, a dozen little principalities used to annoy travellers by stopping them at their frontiers, until they had satisfied the Custom House demands.

A yankee once showed his characteristic cleverness by outflanking one of these little "countries." He had gone to Europe to confirm his opinion that in the United States the lakes were larger, the mountains higher, the rivers deeper, the thunder louder, and the lightning sharper than could be found in all Europe. His carriage was stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober, Contrôleur at the Custom House, came forward, and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonchalant way. The yankee was ungenerously enough not to get out of his carriage or even take of his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the keys of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinates began handling roughly.

"Here, hands off!" shouted the yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'm in no hurry, and don't care for losing a day. You're no country; you're only a spot. I'll go around."

The President Shoots a Deer.

Washington Post.

Yesterday the President had a most thrilling adventure with a deer. A few of these animals have been placed at regular intervals in the vicinity of the President's cottage in order that he may not be disappointed when he goes out to shoot. This is quite English, you know.

When the President sallied forth after his quarry, his billy-cock hat was tilted at an angle on the left side of his head. His yellow corduroy pants are tied tightly around his ankles with a corset string, and his red shirt shone resplendent in the morning sun. It was tied with a bright green bow.

"My dear, you look quite like a duke," said Mrs. C., as she gazed in admiration upon her husband.

The President smiled. "I rather think this is handsome," he said, and your correspondent jotted down the conversation in shorthand.

There were only three persons in the hunting party.

The President carried a gun, the guide carried a bottle, and The Post man carried a note-book.

"We leave one deer to find s'mother deer," said the President.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mrs. Cleveland.

"Ha! ha!" shouted Dr. Ward.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," said a little cow-bell under a chestnut tree by the fence.

When the party started the first deer was tied to a tree about a quarter of a mile away. At a signal from the guide it was liberated. Instead of bolting away as it had been trained to do, it ran in a most friendly way to the President and began to nibble at the green box.

"Oh dear," said the President pathetically, "this will never do." You see it was a little girl deer and didn't know any better.

Half a mile further a place was found where a deer had been tied; but, great heavens, it had escaped. The sport was now getting exciting.

Deeper and deeper the party pushed into the woods. The great trees waved their arms in joy at having such a distinguished person beneath their branches. The grass quivered in very ecstasy. The little birds sang sweetly on the boughs. Your correspondent and the guide took a drink.

At that moment the President saw a deer leaping against a tree. Trembling with excitement, he raised his brand-new Winchester rifle and fired six and a half shots, in rapid succession. Each bullet entered the deer's side, but the animal did not move. We rushed to where it stood.

Great heavens, it was stuffed.

Representative McKinley, of Ohio, predicts that republicans will gain five or six members of Congress in his state.

"Spaulding's Glue" handy about the house, mends everything.

Vegetine has cured so many cases of scrofula and blood humors that its value is unquestioned.

And how much I suffered it is hard to describe. That loathsome disease, catarrh, caused the above, and the doctors said they could not relieve me. I paid hundreds of dollars for which I received no benefit. I got more good from two bottles of sulphur Bitters than from all the money I paid to doctors. I shall continue the Sulphur Bitters, as I have found that they will cure me—S. M. Day, 41 Hanover street Boston.

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

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

I suffered fifteen years with rheumatism in my feet and could get no relief. I have taken a bottle and a half of your Athlophoros, and to my satisfaction I am entirely cured of that terrible complaint. Mrs. Mary Lawton, Fall River, Mass.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effect of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them they will surely please you.

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

Those sharp pains in the small of the back and around the hips will quickly go after you apply a Hop Plaster. Ladies, pay attention to this. 25 cents. They are sure and never failing. Try one.

When symptoms of malaria appear, in any form, take Ayer's Malaria Cure. It will prevent a development of the germs of disease, and eradicate them from the system. A cure is warranted in every instance.

When the system is debilitated by disease, it should be strengthened and renewed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine invariably proves itself worthy of all that can be said in its favor. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphates, containing the healing and strengthening virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by physicians. Take no other.

HOW WOMEN DIFFER FROM MEN.

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

HUMAN CULVES.

An exchange says—"Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society. Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of today originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' cures all these. Of Druggists.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

"I had said enough so bad that I could not bear any heat. Have suffered much from it. Tried many remedies without help. Two bottles of Brown's Sassaaparilla left my skin perfectly smooth. Lewis Hathorn, Proprietor Farmers' Hotel, Bangor, Me."

Dr. Soule's Pills cure headache, and keep the bowels in a healthy condition.

RELIEF AFFORDED by Hubbard's Elixir of Opium, from sleeplessness, restlessness, nervousness, headache, and constipation. Strength and tone are imparted to the digestive organs, nerves and general constitution by Hubbard's Elixir. Scientifically prepared, all the evil and noxious properties of opium eliminated, the full anodyne and sedative, and anti-spasmodic properties are retained. No other remedy possesses such power for good to the human race as this little bottle, which sells every where for 35 cents. Doolittle & Smith, Agents, Boston.

Vegetine THE SOURCE OF HEALTH.

Make the blood pure and you drive sickness away. Neglect to do so and you must suffer with disease. In the summer heat, when your physical powers are exhausted and your mental faculties incapable of effort, Vegetine will give new life to the bloodless invalid and impart vigor and strength to the weak body and mind. Take it while on your vacation and thus secure health and pleasure. But if you are unable to get a respite from labor, Vegetine will meanly save you by greatly lessening the danger from Epidemics and Fevers. Vegetine possesses in its combination of roots, barks, and herbs the very elements in which the diseased blood is deficient. It removes the cause of and cures Blood Humors and Skin Diseases, and as a tonic in Nervous Debility it has no equal.

DR. SOULE'S PILLS The Best Liver Pills.

Cure Sick Headache, Constipation and Piles. Are Purely Vegetable. Gentle yet thorough in operation. 25 cents; 5 boxes, \$1.00. By Druggists and Geo. Pierce & Co., 30 Hanover St., Boston.

You Can't Say

too much for **ATHLOPHOROS**. It cured me of Rheumatic fever. I was so bad it took three men to move me. I told the doctors that I can cure any case of rheumatism. I don't care how bad, in twenty hours I am all right. **ATHLOPHOROS**. I carry it with me all the time."—WM. SAWYER, West Hampden, Me.

Such is the universal testimony of **ATHLOPHOROS** which is the only remedy for rheumatism that has ever had a successful sale; and it is so because it is a pure, safe, speedy cure. **ATHLOPHOROS** contains no opium or other dangerous or injurious ingredient. It is absolutely safe, and is so pronounced by leading physicians of the country who prescribe it regularly for neuralgia and rheumatism. If you have any doubt as to its merit, write to the manufacturer for names of parties in your own State who have been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.

Ask your druggist for **Athlophoros**. If you cannot get it of him we will send it express paid on receipt of regular price—\$1.00 per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Robinson & Rowell, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

A. K. Spear Block, foot of Park Street, J. O. ROBINSON, F. RICE ROWELL, Rockland.

NOTICE. The Joint Standing Committee on Accounts and Claims of the City of Rockland, will be in session at the City Treasurer's office, on the FRIDAY EVENING, the 4th of October, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of examining claims against the city. All bills must be approved by the party presenting them, and should be presented at said time and place, or left with the committee previous to the date above mentioned.

J. B. HALL, W. F. HARRIS, J. S. W. BURPEE, Committee on Accounts and Claims.

PURE ITALIAN BEES

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

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

I suffered fifteen years with rheumatism in my feet and could get no relief. I have taken a bottle and a half of your Athlophoros, and to my satisfaction I am entirely cured of that terrible complaint. Mrs. Mary Lawton, Fall River, Mass.

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When the system is debilitated by disease, it should be strengthened and renewed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine invariably proves itself worthy of all that can be said in its favor. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5.

CIRCULARS FREE! MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, West Gorham, Me. Write for Circular.

GOLD Fields are wanted, but those who write to S. A. & S. H. Burpee, Portland, Me., will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have earned over \$5 in a day. Either sex, young or old, capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of using little fortunes. All is new.

GRAVES' PATENT IMPROVED LUNGE BED. PERFECTED, PATENTED, FOR SALE BY N. A. & S. H. Burpee, Rockland, Me.

RAILROADS AND STEAMBOATS.

KNOX AND LINCOLN RAILROAD.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

Commencing Monday, June 28, 1886.

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave Rockland at 8.30 A. M., and 1.20 P. M. Due in Bath at 10.45 A. M., and 3.40 P. M. Passenger Trains leave Bath at 10.15 A. M., and 2.15 P. M. Due in Rockland at 8.20 A. M., and 4.37 P. M. Freight Train leaves Rockland at 5.00 A. M. Due in Bath at 9.40 A. M. Freight Train leaves Bath at 12 M. Due in Rockland at 4.50 P. M.

The 8.30 A. M. and 1.20 P. M. trains from Rockland connect for all points on the Maine Central, Eastern and Boston & Maine Railroads, arriving in Boston at 5.10 and 9.30 P. M.

On Mondays and Saturdays passengers can go to Portland, Lewiston and Augusta and return the same day.

W. L. WHITE, Supt.

Maine Central Railroad, AND—Portland, Bangor and Mt. Desert & Machias Steamboat Co.

On and after June 28th, 1886, **PASSENGER** trains leave Bath at 7.20 A. M., and at 11.10 A. M., (after arrival of train leaving Rockland at 5.30 A. M.), connecting at Brunswick for Lewiston, Waterville, Portland, arriving at 1.10 and 4.45 P. M.

Through trains for the Knox & Lincoln R. R. leave Portland at 6.45 A. M. and 12.35 P. M., connecting to Rockland.

Afternoon train leaves Bath 4.00 P. M., (after arrival of train leaving Rockland 1.20 P. M.), connecting at Brunswick for Lewiston, Waterville, Portland and Bangor, arriving in Bangor at 9.30 P. M. Freight trains each way daily.

All day trains stop at the new Congress street station in Portland, where horse cars may be taken for all points down town.

STM'R CITY OF RICHMOND

leaves Portland Tuesdays and Fridays at 11 P. M., after the arrival of express train leaving Boston at 7 P. M., for Rockland (3.30 A. M.), Calais, Deer Isle, Sedgewick, South West and Bar Harbor, Millville, Jonesport and Machiasport. Passengers by rail via Mt. Desert Ferry to points east of Bar Harbor will take Ferry Boat to Bar Harbor and connect with steamer there.

Returning leaves Machiasport Mondays and Thursdays at 4 A. M. for Mt. Desert Ferry, touching at Jonesport and Millbridge, and connecting at the Ferry with trains for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Leaves Mt. Desert Ferry same days (Bangor Harbor 10 A. M.) for Portland, via all landings (Rockland 5.30 P. M.), arriving there to connect with night Pullman train for Boston. Passengers wishing to take late trains will not be disturbed.

F. E. BOOTHBY, PAYSON TUCKER, Gent. Pass. Ag't. E. H. CLARK, Agent, Rockland. June 21, 1886.

Boston & Bangor S.S.Co FALL ARRANGEMENT!

Commencing Saturday, Sept. 23, 1886, steamers will leave Rockland as follows:

SIMONTON'S Early Autumn FASHION —AND— GREAT BARGAIN LIST!

We have now started out on our Fall and Winter Campaign and in order to

Keep Up the Great Rush

of trade that we have had during the entire year, we propose the following bargains; but cannot guarantee them to last more than two weeks.

25 pieces Boucle, and all other Wool Dress Goods, at 59c, worth \$1.

10 pieces 54 inch Homespun at 75c, worth \$1.

28 pieces All Wool Serges, new shades, heavy fabric, very desirable, only 37 1-2c.

5000 Yards EXTRA QUALITY PRINTS, in medium and light colors, only 5c.

60 pair extra size, very heavy and fine BLANKETS, (slightly imperfect but worth \$5.50), we shall sell at \$4 and will guarantee that no such value will be offered again this season.

CLOAKS.

We are now opening our Fall and Winter GARMENTS and CLOAKINGS, and solicit an inspection of the same, whether you wish to buy or not.

28 light weight Newmarkets and Wraps, (just right for fall wear), worth \$8, but we shall sell them at \$3.50 each.

UNDERWEAR!

60 doz. Ladies' Vests and Pants at 50c, worth 75c. This is the same special line of goods that we have sold for five years, and notwithstanding the great advance in wool, we shall sell them at the same price as last season.

120 doz. Misses' and Children's Vests and Pants at 20, 25, 30 and 35c. This line of goods are better value than ever offered before.

60 doz. Men's Mixed Shirts and Drawers at 50c—a most wonderful good trade.

Don't Forget This!

10 doz. of Children's SCARLET VESTS and PANTS, worth from 75c to \$1, we shall sell at 50c each—not over 4 pieces to one customer.

10 Lace Bed Sets at \$2.50, worth \$4.00.

50 Pillow Shams at 25c each.

YARNS.

We are sole agents in Rockland for the celebrated "HARTLAND DOMESTIC YARN." This Yarn is made of the very best wool and the purest dyes are used for coloring, they are superior to any other yarn in the United States, and one trial will convince customers that no other yarn is worth one-half as much, price \$1 per lb. We also have the best grades of Scotch, Homespun, Saxony, Spanish and Ball Yarns.

CAUTION!—Many dealers are selling light-weight ball yarn, which is put up 10 balls to the pound instead of 8, as formerly; be sure you get full weight ball yarn as it is the cheapest.

480 yds. Vermont All-wool Grey Cassimere at 60c, worth 75c.

CARPETS.

EXTRA-SUPER CARPETS, 650
TAPESTRY, 57
YARD WIDE HEMPS, 20
STAIR CARPETING, 25
HASSOCKS, 75

We have a full line of Best Carpet Sweepers, Metal Binding and Corners for Oil Cloths, Lambrequin Poles, Pillows and Feathers.

Carpets made and laid.

Samples of any goods in our Store sent on application.

SIMONTON BROS.

Rockland, Sept. 7, 1886.

THOMASTON.

Miss Jennie Fuller is in Boston. Miss Mary Cox has returned to Boston. Col. S. H. Allen was in town over the Sabbath.

Supervisor O'Brien has been in Boston the past week.

Miss Annie Gerry is teaching school at North Conway, N. H.

Capt. Wm. H. Smith, of sch. Cathy C. Berry, is at home.

Fish Commissioner Conance is absent on a tour of observation.

Capt. and Mrs. Wm. O. Masters and son Harry are in Boston.

Edmund W. Prince has left for his southern home, Wildwood, Florida.

Ralph S. French, esq., has returned from his visit to Sioux Falls, Dakota.

Wm. A. Campbell and wife are at the United States Hotel in Portland.

Deputy Warden Hinckley is visiting in various parts of Franklin county.

Mrs. David Kent and daughter, of Portland, are at the house of Major Delano.

S. J. Crawford has gone to Woburn, Mass., where he has been employed heretofore.

Mrs. Susan Burnham Hyler is visiting at the house of Col. Geo. W. Ricker, Rockland.

Hon. E. K. O'Brien, representative to legislature elect, is in Boston for the coming week.

Samuel E. Smith is in Boston, where he will remain most of the coming autumn and winter.

Miss Florence Levensaler, of Boston, is at the house of Wm. R. Levensaler, Main street.

Ship J. B. Walker, Capt. Geo. E. Wallace, sailed from San Francisco, Sept. 22 for Liverpool.

Ship Alfred D. Snow, Capt. Wm. J. Willey, arrived at Liverpool Sept. 24th from San Francisco.

Charles S. Coombs and Dexter S. Morse, petit jurors U. S. court, left for Portland yesterday.

Mrs. H. L. Bryant, of Brockton, Mass., is at the house of Capt. Wm. C. Burgess, East Main street.

Fred Shibles, of the police force, New York city, has returned to duty after a visit to his parents in this town.

Capt. Gleason Young and wife, who have recently returned from a voyage to sea, are at their home, Oyster River, in Warren.

Mrs. Anna Blodgett and children, who have been at the house of Capt. Geo. W. Robinson the past summer, have returned to Boston.

Mrs. Kate Morse has returned from a visit to Waldoboro, and Mrs. Wilbur Wilson has returned from a sea voyage. They are both at home on Gleason street.

Capt. H. H. Williams has presented us a piece of one of the timbers of the wrecked sloop of war Somerset, which has been buried in the sand on Cape Cod for over 108 years. The wood is as sound as when first placed in the vessel.

Capt. Caleb Levensaler's annual clam-bake took place at Hathorn's Point in Cushing on Friday last, one of the most pleasant and beautiful days of the season. The clams and lobsters were served in Capt. Sam. Hathorn's best style, and gave entire satisfaction to the guests present. We hope to meet there again next year.

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ROCKPORT.

Granville Carleton has finished the shed to his new kiln.

Samuel McAllister's new house is nearly ready to rent.

Sch. Mary Allen is loading time for Carleton, Norwood & Co.

Carleton & Co. are loading a large three-masted schooner for the south this week.

Sch. Stephen Bennett has her topmasts taken out and new ones are being made for her.

Sch. Kate Carleton has been sold to Boston parties. They will tow her and the bark Adelia Carleton this week.

John Hanley of this place lost two cows and an ox last week by his barn floor breaking through and hanging them by the neck to the tie-ups.

Mathew Ruger and wife have gone to Boston to make a visit. Nattie Ruger has returned from Boston and takes charge of his father's business while he is gone. Edwin Whittemore of Jacksonville, Fla., is on a visit to his sister, Mrs. C. I. Mills, at this place. Thomas G. Eaton has left for Florida. Timothy Driscoll has gone to Boston to remain.

J. W. Farrer received two carloads of corn last week and L. E. Wade one carload.

Telegraph poles are distributed to Warren from Rockland. Work of placing the same will be begun Tuesday.

As the workman's train was returning to Waldoboro Friday evening, the engine ran into a flock of three colts. Two were killed, one belonging to John McIntire and the other to Robt. Hull, a third belonging to a party in Thomaston was severely injured.

WARREN.

James Stimpson lost a valuable horse last week, caused by getting loose in the stable and eating too much corn.

Capt. R. S. Bennett and wife have been on a visit to friends at Warren and Thomaston. Capt. James Young is at home.

Sch. Lucy E. of Ellsworth, Capt. Conners, which went ashore on Hart's Island bar, was taken out on the railway and repaired last week.

UNION.

Thirteen ladies of the Union Relief Corps visited the Camden corps last Tuesday. They were highly entertained and had a very enjoyable time.

The summer visitors have all flitted, and the common is very quiet.

The North Knox Fair will be held at Geo. Bachelier's cheese factory and adjoining grounds.

The ladies of the Relief Corps here made a very handsome silk quilt, which will be disposed of after the fair by lot.

NORTH HAVEN.

Sch. Willie Parkman has come home and hauled up, as has also sch. Cora E. Smith.

Packet Greyhound carried to Rockland Friday a handsome pair of two-year old steers which gained 1-2 lbs, raised by Xenophon Leander.

Bark Charles Stewart that was wrecked on Matinicus last week is the same vessel that brought a load of salt from Trapani, Sicily, for Lewis McDonald some time ago.

HOPE.

Several of our people went to Rockport to the G. A. R. picnic.

Our town is building quite an expensive bridge over the brook below Mr. Sibley's.

Larkin S. Safford from the "far west" is visiting his old home, and is to give a "talk" at the corner. We all extend him a warm welcome. Rev. W. H. Crawford of Plimfield made us a short, but pleasant visit last week.

CUSHING.

Sylvanus Hyler is repairing his barn.

River View Lodge was visited Wednesday evening by members from Victory Lodge, South Waldoboro.

The old Townsend house is undergoing repairs. Edmund Hyler and Albert Marshall, Jr. are doing the work.

Rev. R. S. Dixon is paying another visit to his friends in this vicinity. Miss Laura Hunt has gone to Boston. Mrs. Jane Payson after spending most of the summer season with her sister has come back to her home in Boston. Mr. A. Rivers arrived home from Boston Sunday morning, and returned Tuesday accompanying Miss L. Annie Rivers. Leander Moore recently returned from Boston, where he has been on business. Mrs. Nettie Robinson and daughter have gone to Rockport to spend a few months. John and Dexter Jameson, Will Brazier, Clifford Clark and Joshua Rivers attended the state fair at Lewiston.

NORTH WASHINGTON.

L. T. Marr is building an addition to his residence connected with his place of business.

The town house is being repaired, which is certainly a step in the right direction and will add much to the beauty of Rockville, where it is located.

As barbed wire will only stop cattle with the usual number of legs, horns, etc., were informed that A. A. Skinner offers \$25 for evidence which will lead to the conviction of the parties who robbed his squash vines on Friday afternoon or evening of last week.

The house owned and occupied by Leander Howard at this place was totally destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 22nd inst. Part of the furniture was saved in a damaged condition. The cause of the fire is unknown but it is thought to have been a defective chimney. Mr. and Mrs. Howard each lost a pocket book containing money burned. The house was insured for

FALL OF 1886. FULLER & COBB

Knowing it is the custom of many to make their purchases early, before the Fall rush commences and when the best selections can be made of the

Choicest and Most Desirable Goods!

We have made unusual preparations for the same by opening our NEW GOODS much earlier than ever before, as all can judge by reading our new quotations given in this issue of this paper.

DRESS GOODS.

We are showing the most beautiful Combination Dress Patterns ever shown in the new shades. We would call your particular attention to the new cashmere effects.

Special bargains in 1-1/2 yard wide Homespun at 75c, former price \$1.

New goods in Black, Brown and Blue, with the fine Hair Line Stripe now so desirable.

In Fine Dress Goods at 50c, double width, we can supply all styles, colors, etc.

New Serges, New Knickerbockers, new Homespuns, new Tricots, new Flannels, in all the fashionable shades to be used this Winter.

10 pieces of all-wool Basket Cloth dress goods, in brown and black only, at 31c, 42 inches wide, worth 75c. We do not expect these to last but a few days.

10 pieces of Dress Flannels, double width, 37 1/2-42 inch, these make extra good school and house dresses.

10 pieces of half-wool Blue Bunting closing out at 5c, worth 12 1/2c. It will pay to buy these if not used until next season.

25 pieces of half-wool Dress Goods at 12 1/2c. In this lot are some good bargains; would call your attention to the lot of double width at 12 1/2c, former price 25c.

Beautiful New Plaids, all colors.

SILKS, ETC.

10 pieces of Colored at 75c a yard, worth to buy \$1; these are pronounced by all as a bargain.

10 pieces of Colored Satin Rhadames at \$1, former price \$1.25.

Special bargains in Black Satin Rhadames at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50; also in Black Silks.

All Silk goods are firm in price, with a slight advance, with every indication that they will be higher as the season progresses.

A very large assortment of Fancy Velvets, in Stripes and Brocade, for Trimmings.

A new lot of Frise Goods for combination and trimmings.

A special bargain in Plush for fancy work, etc., at \$1.25.

25 pieces of Satins for fancy work at 50c and 60c, all shades.

UNDERWEAR.

We have opened a large assortment of Underwear.

Look at our Ladies' at 50c, it is extra finished and fine.

Misses' all sizes at 25c, the best trade ever shown.

Misses' Scarlet, in sizes from 16 to 30, at 50c, worth 75c.

Gents' Gray Undershirts and Drawers at 25c.

Look at our new make at 65c, finished like the usual \$2 vest, not to be found elsewhere, in Ladies' only.

We are selling agents for Hathaway's Ladies' Cotton Underwear, the best made in the country. We keep a large assortment.

Summer Underwear marked down to close out.

Bargains in White Shirts at 50c, 75c and \$1.

SMALL WARES.

Special bargains in Kid Gloves at \$1.25. We sell warranted kids only.

Mitts for Ladies and Children in black and colors at 25c. Bargains in Ladies' Gloves at 25c. Odd Gloves marked down to 10c a pair.

A new lot of Children's Jerseys in colors at 75c, worth \$1.

Ladies' Colored Jerseys at \$1.25; also an extra fine at \$2.50.

A new lot of Ladies' with embroidered fronts at \$1.25.

Ladies' Colored Collars and Cuffs; collars 10c, cuffs 15c.

A job lot of Oriental Lace at 12 1/2c—in this lot are laces worth 25c.

A new lot of Stamped Linen Goods at greatly reduced prices.

Bird's Eye at 50c a piece—10 yards in a piece.

A job lot of Lace Bed Sets at \$2.50—a job.

Ready-made Aprons in colors and white at 25c.

Hosiery—new wool hose at 25c, new wool hose at 35c.

Ball Yarns, Scotch, Spanish, Saxony, Midnight Knitting Worsted, Germantown, etc., all bought before the advance.

We keep an elegant assortment of Jet Lace Fronts, Jet Panels, Jet Vest Fronts, Jet Trimmings at extremely low prices.

JOBS.

50 dozen All Linen Bleached Towels, with and without knotted fringe, 1-1/3 yards long, at 25c—a bargain.

100 pieces of Picot edge All Silk Ribbon in widths of 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12 and 16 at about half price. Bought to supply the demand for silk ribbon for fancy work at a low price.

One bale Russia Crash at 10c.

Stripe Shirting at 7c, worth 12 1/2c.

White Bed Spreads at \$1, worth \$1.25—a bargain.

Satines at 9c, worth 12 1/2c.

Seersuckers at 12 1/2c.

Two cases of Prints at 5c, the best goods ever shown for quilts, comforters and dresses at this price.

5 pieces of White Shaker Flannel at 25c, very wide, worth 40c.

10 pieces of Gray Mixed Flannel at 12 1/2c—a bargain.

Remnants of Fruit Cotton.

Remnants of Satines at 8c, worth 12 1/2c.

Flannels at old prices, bought before the advance.

Turkey Red Table Damask at 25c.

JACKETS, ETC.

We are showing the largest assortment of Garments for Fall and Winter wear ever displayed in this city.

Would call particular attention to our line of Jackets.

New Cloakings opened this week.

CARPETS.

A large assortment of New Carpets received, all bought before the late advance. Special bargains in Brussels at \$1.

All Wool ex-Super at 65c.

Cotton Chain at 25c.

Lambrequin Poles of all kinds.

Drapery Chains

3 pieces of Jute, 50-inch goods, at 50c, usual price 75c.

Feathers of all kinds.

Carpets made and laid at short notice.

Hassocks 75c.

A new lot of Brass Binding for Oil Cloth, Mats, &c.

We keep the best Carpet Sweeper made—warranted.

Lambrequin Poles of all kinds.

Drapery Chains

3 pieces of Jute, 50-inch goods, at 50c, usual price 75c.

Feathers of all kinds.

Carpets made and laid at short notice.

FULLER & COBB,
FARWELL BLOCK,
ROCKLAND, :: MAINE.

Marine Department.

Sch. Hume, Post, arrived the 27th from Fall River, light.

Sch. Ella Francis, Torrey, sailed for New York Saturday with lime.

Ship Martha Cobb, Greenbank, arrived at Rio Janeiro the 28th of Aug.

Sch. M. A. Achorn, Achorn, is at Hurricane loading paving for New York.

Sch. Leonessa, Hatch, is lime laden from A. F. Ames Co. for New York.

Sch. Erie B. Hall, Rhoades, is bound from Philadelphia to Boston with coal.

Sch. Ada Kennedy, Kennedy, is at Bath loading ice for Washington, D. C.

Sch. Helen, White, with lime from Joseph Abbott sailed for New York Saturday.

Sch. J. P. Angur, Brown, sailed the 25th from Rockport with lime for New York.

Sch. Thomas Hix, Hall, lime laden from G. L. Snow, sailed for New York Friday.

Sch. M. Walton, Lane, sailed Friday for Boston with lime from A. F. Ames & Co.

Sch. Ella Pressey, Nash, sailed for Boston yesterday lime laden from C. H. Pressey.

Sch. Richmond, Merryman, sailed Saturday for New York with lime from Perry Bros.

Sch. Corvo, Averill, sailed for New York Wednesday lime laden from Robert Messer.

Sch. Mary Brewer, Kennedy, sailed for New York the 22nd, lime laden from Perry Bros.

Sch. Laura E. Messer, Gregory, sailed the 22d for Windsor to load plaster for Alexandria, Va.

Bark Hannah McLoon, received a new mainmast and mainboom at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 11th.

Sch. Catawamuck, Hunt, is bound to Rockport from New York with a cargo of railroad iron.

Sch. Bertha E. Glover, Spear, sailed for New York Wednesday lime laden from White & Case.

Sch. Wm. McLoon, Bradbury, sailed for Boston Saturday with lime from H. O. Gurdy & Co.

Sch. Mabel Hall, Bartlett, arrived at Boston 27th laden with cement from Windsor at 18 cents.

Sch. Carrie L. Hix, Hix, laden with lime from Almon Bird, sailed for New York Saturday.

Sch. H. C. Higginson, Fales, was at Hantsport, N. S., Sept. 16th having her decks recaulked.

Sch. Mollie Rhoades, Averill, sailed from Vinalhaven Saturday with paving for Philadelphia.

Sch. Billow, Emery, lime laden from Almon Bird sailed for New York from Owl's Head Saturday.

Sch. L. T. Whitmore, Whitmore, repaired mainmast and set up rigging at the North-end last week.

Sch. Manitou, Kennedy, was in the harbor the 25th laden with paving from Vinalhaven for New York.

Sch. Mary A. Power, Pillsbury, sailed the 25th from Bangor with ice and lumber for Nassau, N. P.

Sch. Sarah L. Simmons is at Vinalhaven loading paving from the Bodwell Granite Co. for New York.

Sch. Helen Montague, Green, towed to Hurricane yesterday to load paving and stone for Newport News.

Sch. Alfred Keene, Greeley, is bound from Richmond, Va., for Perth Amboy with cargo of railroad ties.

Sch. Alafretta Campbell, Campbell, sailed Thursday from the Kennebec ice laden for Washington, D. C.

Sch. T. R. Pillsbury, Pitcher, is bound from Boston to Baltimore in ballast to load guano for Peasacola, Fla.

Sch. Nile, Manning, arrived Saturday from New York with a cargo of corn for the Rockland Steam Mill Co.

Sch. M. Luella Wood, Spaulding, is at Boston discharging coal from Philadelphia. Capt. Spaulding is at home.

Capt. Kennison of sch. Wm. Allison is at home. His vessel is at Boston discharging coal from Baltimore.

Sch. G. M. Brainerd, Tolman, sailed Saturday from our harbor laden with paving from Wild Cat for New York.

Sch. Gen. Adelbert Ames, Jameson, is in Boston discharging coal from Philadelphia. Capt. Jameson is at home.

Sch. Commencement, sailed Monday for Charleston, S. C., lime laden from Perry Bros. John Hodgdon is commander.

Sch. Fannie and Edith, Warren, sailed Saturday for Providence, R. I., with cargo of lime from A. F. Crockett & Co.

Sch. Nina Tillsen, Cookson, arrived in Bangor Sunday from Baltimore with a cargo of coal.

Sch. Brigadier, Cousins, completed repairs at the South Railway Friday and sailed for Wild Cat to load paving for New York.

Sch. Wm. H. Jewell was hauled out at Francis Cobb's shipyard last week to be thoroughly repaired. She will be replanked and receive new timbers.

Sch. Victory, Snow, arrived from Boston the 22d with a general cargo for Snow & Co's store. She loaded lime from C. Hanrahan and sailed for Boston Saturday.

Sch. Ann Eliza, sailed from Owl's Head Saturday with lime from H. O. Gurdy & Co. She is commanded by Capt. C. E. Dyer.

Sch. Clara Colcord, Colcord, arrived at Portsmouth the 22nd, with a cargo of coal from Philadelphia. Capt. Colcord remains at home.

Capt. N. P. Spear will command her.

Sch. Jennie S. Hall, Hall, was in the harbor Saturday ice laden from Rockport for Key West, Fla. After discharging cargo she will load lumber at Pensacola for a Northern port.

Sch. Wm. Rice, Gregory, arrived from Bangor Friday where she discharged pig iron from Richmond, Va. She finished loading lime yesterday from A. J. Bird & Co. for New York.

Sch. Addie Wessells, Gross, discharged coal from New York, for H. O. Gurdy & Co. last week, and finished loading lime yesterday from A. F. Crockett & Co. and sailed Monday for New York.

The annual meeting of the Vessel Owners' and Captains' National Association will be held at Melrose hall, Boston, Wednesday, Oct. 13. A number of important matters are to come up for action.

Sch. James Boyce, Jr., Duncan, collided Sept. 16th during thick fog of Barnegat with sch. Rebecca W. Huddell, carrying away the Huddell's jibboom, bowsprit and head gear. The damage to the Boyce was slight.

Sch. S. J. Fooks, Henderson, of Baltimore, ice laden from Bangor for Philadelphia was in the harbor Sunday. Capt. Henderson, who is a Rockland boy was ashore greeting old friends. His family accompany him on the vessel.

Sch. Maynard Sumner, Dyer, sailed Wednesday for Vinalhaven where her machinery is to be removed. Her mizenmast, which is of iron, will not be removed. She will probably discontinue the fruiting business and handle cargoes less perishable.

NEW YORK.—From the weekly freight circular of Snow & Burgess under date of Sept. 25th, we clip the following: Sch. Cora Etta, from Weehawken to Boston, coal, 85 cents and discharge—Steam sch. Maynard Sumner, from Rockland to St. Augustine, lime 25 cents per ton—Sch. Caroline Knight, from Rondout to Boston, cement, 18 cents—Bark Freda A. Willey, lumber, from Kings Ferry to New York, \$5.75 and towage—Sch. Melissa Trask, from Hoboken to Bangor, coal, \$1 flat—Sch. Lady of the Ocean, from Port Johnson to Salem, coal, 85 cents and discharge—Sch. Speedwell, from Hoboken to Portsmouth, coal, 95 cents and discharge—Sch. Jordan L. Morr, from Weehawken to Portland, coal, 80 cents and discharge—Sch. Silas McLoon, from Elizabethport to East Boothbay, coal, 95 cents and discharge—Sch. May Day, from Croton to Salem, sand, \$1.60—Sch. Catawamuck, from

Hoboken to Rockport, Me., railroad iron, \$1.00—Sch. Ringlander, from Cossack to Boston, sand, \$1.55—Sch. Thomas Borden, from Perth Amboy to Saco, coal, 90 cents and discharge—Sch. Nellie Grant, from Albany to Chelsea, sand, \$1.50 net—Schs. Yankee Maid and Jennie Greenbank, from Hoboken to Boothbay, coal, 90 cents and discharge.

THE BAPTISTS.

Rockland to Entertain Delegates From all Parts of the State.

The coming of the Baptist state convention to Rockland is looked forward to with interest by all persons familiar with these yearly gatherings.

It is expected that from 250 to 300 delegates will be present representing the Baptist churches of the state, besides visitors and representatives of the National Missionary societies from outside of the state.

The committee of arrangements will submit a program of exercises at the opening session which will probably be adopted, substantially, by the convention.

The following will be the order of the principal parts. The convention will be called to order Tuesday, Oct. 5th, at nine a. m. by the president of the convention, Geo. F. Emery, esq., of Portland. After the usual opening address by the presiding officer, an address of welcome will be given by Rev. W. S. Roberts, pastor of the church with which the convention meets. Next will follow the annual report on the state of religion by Rev. W. H. Spencer of Waterville. The discussion of this report, election of officers and other business, will occupy the time till the hour of adjournment at noon. Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock the corresponding secretary of the convention, Rev. J. Ricker, D. D., of Augusta, will read his annual report of the work done throughout the state by the convention board. Dr. Ricker's report will be followed by a general discussion. At four o'clock a paper will be read by Rev. C. E. Harden of Hebron—Subject, "What can we do for the unoccupied fields around us."

Tuesday evening after a devotional meeting from seven to half past seven o'clock addresses will be given by the district secretaries of the Home and Foreign Missionary societies. Following these at about a quarter past eight, the annual sermon before the convention will be preached by Rev. C. E. Owen of Oakland.

Wednesday morning the Ladies' Foreign Missionary society will occupy the hour from nine o'clock till ten. The convention proper will resume its sessions at ten and listen to the report of the committee on obituaries, after which a paper will be read by Rev. A. T. Dunn of Portland, subject—"The relation of Christian doctrine to church polity," to be followed by discussion. Wednesday afternoon and evening will be devoted to the Education society with the exception of the hour from four to five which will be given to the Ladies' Home Mission society. From two to four will be the election of officers, reports on the Baptist educational institutions of the state, and a paper by Principal W. E. Sargent of Hebron Academy, subject—"What the academics expect of the churches." Wednesday evening Rev. T. E. Busfield of Bangor will read a paper entitled "More Ministers," to be followed by the annual sermon before the Education society by Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, D. D., president of Colby University.

Thursday morning a devotional meeting will be held from half past eight to nine, the annual meeting of the Maine Baptist Charitable society from nine to ten. From ten to twelve will be the closing session of the convention, consisting of fraternal greetings of messengers from other denominations, reports of the committees on temperance, credentials, publications, etc., and a closing devotional service. Everything promises a gathering of unusual interest and enthusiasm. The citizens of Rockland will be cordially welcomed to any and all meetings of the convention.

THE CONVENTION.

Great Times in Musical Circles.—Some of the Attractions.

The nineteenth session of the Knox and Lincoln Musical Association which will be held in Farwell Hall, in this city, Oct. 12th to 15th inclusive, promises to be one of the most successful musical events in the history of the association. The management have spared no expense and labor to secure the services of the best artists that New England affords. The fact that it will be under the direction of George L. Osgood assisted by the following well known talent augurs well for its success: Miss Gertrude Franklin, soprano; Miss Sophia Hall, alto; Geo. L. Osgood, tenor; Geo. H. Remel, basso; all of Boston, and the Orpheus Club of this city.

The four days in which the association meets will be devoted to rehearsal, with the exception of Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings when the matinees and concerts will be held. The program consists of solos, part songs, Parker's Redemption Hymn, Cantata, The Song of the Bell, and by urgent request, Mr. Osgood, accompanied by a female chorus, will render the Swedish song, The Little Bird, by Soederberg. Many of our readers will remember the effect this selection made when sung at the last convention. It does not need to be said that the overtures, solos and selections by the Orpheus Club will be of a very high order. The names of the different artists are already very familiar to our music loving people. Miss Franklin, Boston's favorite soprano, has received the highest encomiums awarded to any artist for many years. Miss Sophia Hall is an alto of marked ability and sustains the solo in Parker's Redemption Hymn in a very delightful manner. Mr. Osgood's reputation as a musical director is above criticism. The more than satisfactory manner in which he conducted the last convention and his very artistic rendering of tenor solos left an impression not soon to be forgotten. Mr. Remel the basso is a new attraction, having never appeared in this vicinity. He possesses extraordinary ability and a voice of unusual richness and expression.

Classes have been formed in this city, Thomaston, Damariscotta and a number of the other towns, which are now diligently rehearsing the Cantata, The Song of the Bell, in order that the choral work may be of the high order that will be so noticeable in the other features of the convention. Every one in this city should invite their musical friends from other places to be their guests during the convention. Arrangements are being made for the use of a Chickering grand piano.

MAINE MATTERS.

Bath expects soon to have a delivery of letters by carriers under the new postal regulations.

A few days ago a bear and cub were caught in traps in East Stoneham about a quarter of a mile from the highway.

The next Maine House of Representatives will have a larger republican majority by fifteen than that of last year.

Jatham Johnson of Durham observed his 102d birthday last Monday. Of his eight children, all but one are now living.

Rev. John McGaw Foster of Lowell, Mass., will soon enter on his duties as rector of St. John's Episcopal church of Bangor.

The Portland Express advocates the abolition of double taxation by the Maine Legislature—that is, the taxation of mortgages.

Lieut. Col. Maloney and Adjutant Brett will begin in two or three weeks an inspection of the various companies of the Second Regiment.

The old Club House near Hardy's Point, Bar Harbor, has been sold to Sylvanus Jordan and is to be removed to make way for a new building.

Capt. Clossen of the schooner Mary E. Woodhull, lying at Bangor, narrowly escaped drowning on Thursday, falling overboard from a gang plank.

The contract for building the extension of the post office and custom house at Belfast has been let to Foster & Son of Waterville for \$10,961.

Matthew Arnold, the philosopher, appears at Mount Desert, wearing a corduroy coat, wide trousers, pearl kid gloves, patent leather shoes and a Scotch cap.

The Phillips Photograph says that Dr. Toothaker of Phillips recently lost a horse that was in the habit of chewing tobacco, being a confirmed lover of the weed.

Ex-Mayor Calvia G. Peck of Ellsworth, died suddenly of heart disease, Thursday night, aged about 69 years. He was the first mayor of Ellsworth and has since filled that office several times. He has been a large ship owner and a prominent citizen.

Rev. Campmeeting John Allen was at the polls bright and early Monday morning. "The straight republican ticket is what I want every time; no split ticket for me," said the old gentleman as he briskly stepped forward and deposited his ballot. He is now in his 93d year.

On Tuesday there was placed in the Baptist belfry in Greene the first church bell ever in the town. The first strokes of the bell were rung by Isaiah Coburn and Col. Sprague, two of the oldest inhabitants, both of whom were present 50 years ago when the present house of worship was raised.

E. W. Denison, founder of the Denison Manufacturing Company, died at his residence in Roxbury district at 10 o'clock Wednesday night after a painful illness of several months. He was born in Topsfield in November, 1819, and was one of the children born to Col. Andrew Denison, one of the early pioneers of Androscoggin county.

The committee of arrangements, having in charge the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry that occurs at Skowhegan Sept. 30th, have extended invitations to Hon. James G. Blaine, ex-Senator Hannibal Hamlin, Gov. Robie, the Maine Senators and Representatives in Congress and other prominent men to meet with them, says the Reporter.

The census of Norway village has just been taken and its population is 2255. In the whole town there were but 1954 people prior to the beginning of the shoe business by B. F. Spinner & Co. in Norway. Now there are in the same limits at least 3000, and if all who did business in Norway lived in the town there would be 4000 inhabitants.

Mrs. W. K. Morrison, of Belfast and her sister Miss Mattie Pendleton, of Searsport were driving through a piece of woods in East Jefferson last week, when two tramps made an appearance and stopped their horse. Miss Mattie struck the horse with a stick while Mrs. Morrison handled the reins. The horse just cleared the tramps, reports the Belfast Journal.

Dr. A. G. Young, secretary of the State Board of Health, received reports from twenty cities and towns, last week. Diphtheria was reported in Biddeford, Brunswick, South Berwick and Wiscasset, typhoid fever in Augusta, Belgrade, Brunswick, Fairfield, Mapleton, South Berwick and Yarmouth. A few cases of infantile diseases were also reported. The general health of the state appears to be good.

Gen. Neal Dow has met with rough treatment through his generosity in signing bonds. In 1859 by the defalcation of State Treasurer B. D. Peck, he was mulcted in some thousands of dollars as one of Peck's bondsmen, and he will now lose \$20,000 as the only living bondsman of defaulter Gould. In both cases he signed as an act of personal

B. A. ATKINSON & CO.

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Chamber Sets Manufactured from all the Popular Woods, Ash, Pine, Cherry, Oak and Walnut. The largest and best selected stock in the country. Every Set Warranted, and the Freight prepaid to your depot. These sets are marked at Prices for September Sales, THAT have no Parallel in the Business. Write for cuts and description if you cannot come and see the line, and Remember We Prepay the Freight to your depot, and sell you these Sets for Cash or a quarter down and the balance by the week or month. Furnish your homes and enjoy home comforts.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. In this department we have some of the Greatest Bargains ever shown in New England. For instance, we are selling

Roxbury Tapestry, at .90 Handsome Velvets at \$1.25
Lowell Body Brussels, at \$1.25 All-Wool Ingrains, at 55c
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Oil Cloths, Rugs and Mats at unheard-of prices, and Freight Prepaid to your depot. Write for samples of these goods. Don't pay Long Prices when we can and will save you money every day in the week, and the Largest Stock and Lightest Floor to show carpets on in the country.

PARLOR FURNITURE. In this department we wish every intending purchaser could drop in and see our line and get our prices on Hair Cloth Suits, Silk Plush Suits, Mohair Plush Suits and all kinds of Parlor Suits, Easy Chairs and Rockers known to the trade. Any one who has seen our store knows we cannot adequately represent our stock on paper, all we can say is that we have Hair Cloth Sets from \$35 up to \$90; Silk Plush Parlor Sets all prices from \$100 upwards, and Mohair Plush Sets from \$17.50 up to \$250; and unquestionably the largest assortment to select from in the State, and only exceeded in Boston by our Boston Store. Don't spend your time and money travelling when you can be suited right here at a less price. We have no hesitation in saying that we can and do, do business 10 to 15 per cent. cheaper than can be done in Boston or N. Y.; and we further say that we have unquestionably the best building for our business to be found in either of those cities. Write for cuts and descriptions. 1-4 down and the balance by the week or month.

STOVES AND RANGES. Never before have we exerted ourselves to please the public in the matter of Heating Stoves as this year, and we believe we shall make the Finest Exhibit of these goods this Fall ever shown east of Boston. Our line will be full and complete in a few days, and will include the Latest Patterns of the "Low" Art Tile Works. This is a special line of Franklin Stoves never before shown in the country, and will be sold at from \$40 to \$265 each. We shall make a Special exhibit of these goods about Sept. 20, and will then call further attention to them. Our popular line of Parlor Stoves will range in price from \$4.50, 6, 8, 10, 12.50, 15, 18, 21, 25, 27, 30 and \$35. We sold over 1200 of these Stoves last fall and winter, and have yet to hear a complaint. Our prices this year will be the same as last, notwithstanding the 15 per cent. advance in the price. We are enabled to do this because we contracted for these goods last May, before the advance. In our Range Department we are still selling at the old prices, the New Tariff, Quaker, First National, Groveland, New Byron and Our Choice. Every Range is warranted a Baker. Write for cuts of Stoves and Ranges. We sell for cash or on our Special Contract System—1-4 down and balance by the week or month, and the freight prepaid to your depot. Don't delay ordering.

DINING ROOM FURNITURE in every style. 40 styles of Sideboards; Shades and Drapery in endless variety; and more than a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Stock of House Furnishings to select from. All enquiries through the mail will receive prompt and careful attention, and cuts and photographs of Furniture, Stoves and Ranges, and samples of Carpets, will be cheerfully sent on application. Open Every Evening. Electric Lights on 3 floors.

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CORNER PEARL and MIDDLE STREETS, PORTLAND.

ISAAC C. ATKINSON, : : : Manager.

THE RICHEST OF WOMEN.

The Countess of South America is a woman, Donna Isadora Cousino, of Santiago, Chili, and there are few men or women in the world richer than she. There is no end to her money and no limit to her extravagance, and people call her the Countess of Monte Cristo.

While her husband lived he was considered the richest man in Chili and she the richest woman, for their property was kept separate, the husband managing his estates and the wife her own, and people say she was altogether the better administrator of the two. He left his property to her, and the two estates were united.

From the coal mines alone Senora Cousino has an income of \$80,000 a month.

She has a fleet of eight iron steamships, of capacities varying from 2,000 to 3,600 tons, built in England, and used to carry the coal up the coast as far as Panama, and around the Straits of Magellan to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. At Lota she has copper and silver smelting works, besides the coal mines, and her coal ships bring ore down the coast as a return cargo from upper Chili, Peru, and Ecuador, while those that go to Buenos Ayres bring back beef and flour and merchandise for the consumption of her people. Mrs. Cousino owns every house in the town of Lota, and every one of its six or seven thousand inhabitants is dependent upon her for support. In Coronel nine-tenths of the people, and there are 8,000 there, are on her pay rolls. She has brick kilns and potteries, as well as smelters, and makes all the tiles and earthenware used on the west coast. It is said that she pays out from \$100,000 to \$120,000 a month as wages in these two towns most of which comes back into her pocket through the supply stores, where she sells food and clothing to her own people.

Although Lota is only a mining town, it is the widow's favorite place of residence, and she is now building a mansion that will cost a million dollars at least. This mansion stands in the centre of the finest private park in the world, including two hundred and fifty acres of land, laid out in the most elaborate manner, filled with statuary, fountains, grottoes, caves, cascades, and no end of beautiful trees and plants. The improvement of the natural beauty of the place is said to have cost Senora Cousino nearly a million dollars, and she has a force of thirty gardeners constantly at work.

Her ability as a manager is remarkable, and she directs every detail, receiving weekly reports from the ten or twelve superintendents who have immediate charge of her affairs. While she is generous to profligacy, she requires a strict account of every dollar earned or spent upon her vast estates, and is very sharp at driving a bargain.

The madam is very fond of young men, and has from fifteen to twenty young fellows around her constantly, to whom she gives all the money they can spend. In return she expects them to entertain her. While the United States fleet was at Valparaiso not long ago she invited all the officers to spend a week with her at "Macul" and Santiago, and sent a special train to bring them up. Admiral Uphur and about twenty of his officers accepted the invitation, lodged at the widow's house, rode in her carriages, and had a high old time at her expense. She would not allow one of them to spend a dollar, and sent word to all the shops and restaurants that anything the American officers ordered was to be charged to her account. There was a good deal of scandal over this affair at Santiago, and the Americans who were not asked to share the madam's hospitality felt at liberty to talk about it as severely as they pleased. But the officers were in no way to blame, for this was one of the lady's freaks and her method of having a good time. Every person of distinction who comes to Chili is entertained by her. Her balls are marvels of social splendor. Lady Brassey, in her story of the voyage of the Sunbeam, gives an account of her acquaintance with Senora Cousino and the splendor in which she lives.

Last spring the madam fitted out one of her coal ships, provisioned it in the most extravagant manner, hired an orchestra of twelve pieces, and invited fifty or more ladies and gentlemen to take a cruise. The party visited Juan Fernandez, the island that is sacred to the memory of Robinson Crusoe, and then sailed down the coast to Terra del Fuego, where several days were spent in search of a good time. From the stories that are told, the errand was successful, and the gossips of Chili will never cease to talk about it. The cruise lasted about three weeks, and it cost the madam many thousands of dollars.

Fabulous stories are told of her extravagance. A million dollars or so are a trifle to a woman whose income is so enormous, and there is nothing in the world she will not buy if she happens to want it. She doesn't care for art, but has a collection of diamonds that is very large and valuable, and sometimes appears loaded down with them. Usually she looks very shabby, as she has no taste or ambition in dress, and her party costumes that are ordered from Paris are seldom worn. Of late she has been a suffer from sciatica, and it has not only destroyed the madam's own pleasure, but has seriously impaired the comfort of those who have relations with her. Although a comparatively young woman, being somewhere between forty-five and fifty years of age, she declares she will never marry again, and there is not a man in Chili who has the courage to ask her. Not long since she took a fancy to a young German, with a very blond beard and hair, and insisted that he should give up his business and make his home with her. The inducements she offered were sufficient, and for several months the young man has been tied to her apron-strings, having the ostensible employment of a private secretary. But the madam is very fickle, and will probably throw him over-board when the whim seizes her, as she has many others.

Neither of her girls inherit their mother's business ability, or at least they have not developed it, but are very popular in society, and Senorita Isadora, the elder, has a great deal of musical talent,

performing on the violin and piano. Both are very bright and pretty, one being about seventeen and the other nineteen years of age. Their brother, a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four, will share the property with them; and it is quite an unusual thing for a boy with so much money to develop the business capacity and industry that he shows. He looks after the estancia at Macul, and spends from six to eight hours a day in the saddle, riding about the place, seldom joining in the festivities his mother enjoys so much, and being quite pronounced in his disapproval of her extravagance. He is to marry a young lady of rather humble station and it is expected that the Meigs mansion, which I have already described, will be given to the bride by his mother as a wedding gift.

THE FALL OF A TRUSTED MAN.

Leveiston Journal.

A thunderbolt out of the clear sky is what too often falls on the business, moral and religious world, and that is what has fallen on the state of Maine. One of the best informed financiers in Maine, one of the most trusted of her citizens, William E. Gould, cashier of the First National Bank of Portland, committed suicide last week, and is under arrest in a \$50,000 house, with all the elegance that his speculations made easy. The terrible feature of the fall of Mr. Gould is that he has carried on his operation under the cloak of a most active and disinterested "religious" life, preaching and preaching with ability, prominent in all his meetings and evangelistic work, active in home and foreign missions, an official in church and missionary societies, generous to a fault, kind to the poor and a tremendously sharp and self-assertive antagonist of heresy.

Now, the very energy and excellence of Mr. Gould's outward life, coincident with his robbery of the bank, makes his offence all the more grave and more dangerous, and with one blow vastly more than negatives all his good deeds, because if from one thing more than another, the world is suffering, it is that from which it has always suffered—hypocrisy.

It is hinted that faulty banking methods may somewhat palliate Mr. Gould's offence, but taking his own alleged confession to be true, that he has used \$87,000 of the funds of the bank without consent or security, palliation wholly fails to justify, if not wholly to palliate. Such cases do more to undermine public faith in integrity and in religion, than scores of great sermons can repair. The scoffers at christianity want no better ammunition than this affords by Gould's offence. A man whose whole life has been employed in pouring white light on other people's moral and religious duties, must be careful so well to snuff his own candles at home, as not to extinguish them.

The causes of Mr. Gould's fall are not far to seek. They are not personal vices, so much as personal vanity—and possibly not more his own vanity than the vanity of an aristocratic establishment, with its elegant upholstery, its span and liveries, its yacht and all the elegant accoutrements which are no sin if they are paid for without borrowing other people's money when their backs are turned.

Mr. Gould's case strongly illustrates the perils which assail men of average good intention. No doubt, in his anxiety to live like a nabob, he strained one of the commandments, at first so easily that he did not seem to himself to be straining them at all. The small end of the wedge looks so harmless, especially when one hasn't the slightest intention of driving the wedge. The subtlety of the processes by which respectable passes into infamous treachery, is too often experienced to require the unfolding of metaphysical dissection. A man begins with the most excellent intentions, and he deceives himself that his intentions are good, while he knows he has made off with a considerable percentage of a national bank. But he silences his conscience by the anodyne of a continued good intention, in the sweet by and bye, to make the stolen sum good by some lucky speculation, if in no other way. There is no fellow a man can so easily cheat as himself. And there is no man whose castles in Spain look to be such near materializations as a skilled financier dealing in options at other folks' risk.

That it takes something resembling what is called "check" to exhort sinners to repentance, with \$87,000 of misappropriated funds weighing on conscience, does not need the saying. A continued appearance in evangelistic work, while thus covertly "borrowing" other people's surplus money, is an appalling offence. Such a sad event would not be possible if the relation between religion and christianity were intimately and thoroughly and experimentally understood. The exaltations of "religious" experience are no equivalent for common honesty.

We are told that Mr. Gould "recently expressed the greatest concern in regard to the possible spread of the errors of Robert Ingersoll." Mr. Gould perhaps cannot today shut his eyes to the fact that an Ingersoll in a thousand years could not harm christianity so much as he has done in this shameless betrayal of an unlimited public and private trust. Though one give all other people's goods to feed the poor and have not abounding integrity, he is nothing.

And while thus conceiving and characterizing this heart-breaking case of moral bankruptcy, one should put a new spiritual police force at watch over his own life and character and beware of these little deviations from a right line which ends in fatal crookedness. No man ever tumbles headlong in the moral world, without having first cultivated a careless gait. No man should rebuke another man more sharply than in the same circumstances he would feel the desert of similar rebuke. "Let him that standeth take heed, lest he fall." But let him that has fallen be a monumental warning. His punishment should not be artificially increased; but the moral laws cannot be repealed, and the statutes which they have inspired, should not be vacated on behalf

of a great offender, that are not suspended in behalf of the poor wretch, who without opportunity of moral enlightenment, born and reared under corrupting influences for which he was not responsible, properly languishes in chancery for stealing a loaf of bread. The minor offence need not be undervalued; the major offence should be fairly weighed and honestly estimated. The old-fashioned valuation of a man for his much speaking, was not high, unless the word and the deed represented integrity in the fibre. We have many inventions in these days, but none that can, and none that will supersede the necessity of integrity bred in the bone.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Flat wedding rings have fallen into disfavor. They are now of medium width and rounded.

Some of the new tailor-made costumes have the skirt, yoke and cuffs of velvet of contrasting color.

The smooth felt hats come in capote shapes, and have higher open points than those lately worn.

The most dainty autumn hats are of cut jets in light open patterns like rows of loops of fine beads.

The European rage for ball earrings has reached such an extent that balls are worn an inch and a half in diameter.

Blanket jackets in white or cream color with gold braid trimmings are natty, becoming and likely to be popular.

The wide feather fringes for cloaks with tassels of feathers and silk balls on feather pendants are among elegant novelties.

The Spanish comb, introduced in jet, shell, copper, bronze, and in blue, iridescent and cut steel, is a feature of the fall millinery.

Ladies watches are made with open faces, and it is quite impossible to have them too fine. They are worn with a small chain with ball attached.

A dress of navy blue serge is simply made with a gathered skirt and full bodice, a red silk sash tied loosely at the left side being the only accessory.

Some of the new Paris dresses have plain skirts trimmed with perpendicular bands of wide ribbon at regular intervals, terminating in a loop and end.

Novel bonnets for early fall are of open wire net, in which are small squares of velvet or of chenille, with a roll of the velvet or chenille finishing the brim.

Jerseys, wide, very wide of the mark, as far as the original jerseys were concerned, although very attractive in style and effectiveness, are in the market for the fall trade.

Large size frogs with ruby eyes, birds claws holding sapphires, anchors and swallows, all closely set with diamonds, are among the odd devices for brooches or hair ornaments.

Some of the new materials have braid-like stripes of bright-colored velvet, then a stripe of dark, covered with rows of tiny beads of the same tint. These goods are sold from \$5.50 to \$7.50 the yard.

Applique galloons are among the new trimmings to be used on the serges. They are shown in a variety of patterns and colors, and in bands from two to five inches wide made on the same principle as applique figures.

The new fall jackets are very short, and mostly tight-fitting. They are made of plain, striped or checked cloths, with simply stitched edges and tailor pockets, have hoods lined with surah, and large round ball buttons.

A petition is being universally signed at Pensacola requesting the secretary of war to order Geronimo and the other captive Apaches to Fort Pickens. St. Augustine is equally anxious to add the band to her attractions. In fact, Geronimo and his painted demons are looked upon as a better card than a circus or a sea serpent.

How many parents are there who have taken the trouble today to accompany their children to the schools in which they must spend so much of their time during the next year? The indifference of fathers and mothers in this particular is deserving of a good deal of blame. If they were to visit the school houses from time to time, they would find out much about bad methods and unhealthy surroundings with which they are now unacquainted. Many a man is more particular about the stable in which he keeps his horses than he is about the school house to which he sends his child.

Music Notes.—There are some books, like the remarkably popular "Franz's Album of Songs," which awaken in those who have genuine musical taste, real enthusiasm. One of these is the new "Album of Songs," by Halldan Kjerulf, (Oliver Ditson & Co. \$1.50).

The readers of "Ben Hur," Gen. Lew Wallace's fascinating "Story of the Christ," will be glad to know that the sweet song of the fair Egyptian, "Wake not, but hear me Love," has been set to music by George L. Osgood, and published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, at thirty-five cents.

DOES IT PAY?

Three-fourths of our people are troubled with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint in some form or other, which by nature of the disease has a depressing influence on the mind or body, preventing them from thinking or acting clearly in any matter of importance. Indigestion, coming up of food after eating, dyspepsia, sick headache, acidity of the stomach or any derangement of the stomach or liver (upon which the whole action of our system depends) are speedily and effectually overcome by the use of *Green's August Flower*. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its influence, as thousands of letters received will testify. The immense sale of this medicine is another guarantee of its merits, (over a million and a half bottles sold last year. So we ask, will it pay you to suffer from any of the above diseases when you can have immediate relief in the *August Flower*. Three doses will prove its worth. It is sold by all druggists and general dealers in all parts of the world.

Minard's Liniment is well worthy the name King of Pain. I have used it for sprains, bruises, rheumatism etc., with magic effect. None can afford to be without it.

Robert Durling, Malden, Mass.

AFTER DINNER.

Persons who suffer from indigestion can arrest the progress of that painful malady by the use of an after-dinner pill, so composed that it will give tone to the stomach, prevent heartburn, raise the liver to healthful action, invigorate the kidneys, and thus, through the activity of these organs, promote the natural movement of the stomach and bowels. AYER'S PILLS are so compounded that their action, though mild, effectually produces the above results. They also, in curing Constipation, remove the cause of Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, and many other serious ailments.

AYER'S PILLS

contain no mineral nor poisonous substance, and do not gripe unless the bowels are irritated, and even then their effect is constipated or chronic cases, they need only be taken in diminishing instead of increasing doses. For seamen, and inhabitants or travelers in sparsely settled countries where physicians are not at hand, they are of inestimable value. There is hardly a sickness they will not alleviate, and in most cases cure, if taken promptly. To young girls just entering upon womanhood, and to women whose period of maternity is drawing to a close, Ayer's Pills, in moderate doses, merely sufficient to ensure regular action of the bowels, will be found of

Incalculable Value.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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Cure Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Jaundice, etc. Write for our free circular, which contains a full description of our medicine.

SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct a biliousness of the stomach, and regulate the bowels and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, and who, when they find their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
Is the cause of so many lives that there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In violation of the law, they are sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

POMEROY'S PETROLINE PLASTER

Cures Backache, Lung Troubles, Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

A trial will convince the most skeptical that they are the best. They are medicated with capsaicin and the active principle of petroleum, being far more powerful in their action than other plasters. Do not be induced to take others, but be sure and get the genuine "Petroline," which is always enclosed in an envelope with the signature of the proprietors, The W. P. Co., and directions in four languages, also seal in green and gold on each plaster. Sold by all druggists, at 25 cents each.

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 LOW FOR CASH!

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ALL ENGLISH Colored Ware, in Sets or Single Pieces.

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FIVE MILLION POUNDS.

By T. WENYSS REID.

Dr. Carrick was followed by Mr. Allgood, F.R.C.S., the eminent toxicologist, who gave convincing evidence of the real cause of Mr. Mauleverer's death. The unfortunate millionaire had evidently taken a large dose of strychnia about an hour and a half before he was heard by the servant maid to cry out. He confirmed Carrick's statement regarding the powders remaining in the box. He had not discovered any trace of bromide of potassium in his analysis of the contents of deceased's stomach.

After him came the chemist at Little Lorton, Mr. Smirke, who told how on the 7th of October the prisoner had driven up to his shop in her uncle's carriage, and had explained that she wished for a quantity of strychnia, to be employed in poisoning the rats which abounded in the cellars of the hall. He had remarked upon the very dangerous character of the poison, and had recommended some other method of getting rid of the vermin. Miss Standcliffe agreed with him that the poison was an exceedingly dangerous one, and had expressed her regret that her uncle wished her to procure it. She had further requested him to supply it to her in a sealed parcel, so that, in case of its being accidentally found by one of the servants, it might not be opened by mistake.

Belmore only put one question to this witness: "Supposing you were to see that parcel again, would you know it at once and be able to say if it had been tampered with?" "Yes, I could not mistake that parcel if I saw it again."

Then came the evidence of the chief constable, my acquaintance Eastmead. It was terrible to hear him tell how, "in consequence of information he had received," he had told it to be his duty to make certain inquiries regarding Mr. Mauleverer's death. At that moment I dared not have faced either Daisy or Dr. Branksome. I was thankful when Eastmead passed on to tell of the result of his search through the house, when he went there for the purpose of arresting the prisoner. It was a negative result altogether. The only drugs of any kind which he could discover were the box of powders, introduced in court. He took it off upon the dressing table in Mr. Mauleverer's room, and some simple medicament for the teeth, which was in the bedroom of Mrs. Cawthorne. Nowhere could he find any trace of strychnia or any other poison.

In the course of his examination he recited the statement made by the prisoner at the time of her arrest, after she had been duly cautioned to the effect that anything which she said might be used as evidence against her. It was as follows:

"I went to my dear uncle's room at about ten o'clock, after being told by his servant that he was ready to see me. I spoke a few moments to him, and then, according to our usual custom, I read to him from the Bible for a few minutes. After that I went to his dressing room and mixed one of his powders, taking it from the box supplied by Dr. Carrick. It was one of the ordinary powders. I am quite certain of that. He drew it off without making any remark, except that I had given him a bitter dose. He then said he was very sleepy, so I kissed him and left his room. I never saw him again alive."

The attention of the prisoner having been directed to the fact that she was known to have purchased strychnia recently, she said: "I bought the strychnia at my uncle's request. It was to be used for poisoning the rats. I was uneasy at having such an article in my possession, and I placed the poison in a drawer in my bureau, which I always kept locked. It remained there until the day after my uncle's death. I remember entering my dressing room then, and finding that in my grief and excitement I had left that drawer open. I have a vague recollection of feeling startled at the thought that some one might have got at the poison, and I resolved to make it more secure; but whether I threw it into the fire as I originally intended, or hid it somewhere else, I cannot at this moment remember. I shall remember all about it soon, I feel certain; but I was so much confused at the time with grief and horror that my mind was in a whirl, and I hardly knew what I was doing. I fear I am not much better yet, but perhaps by and by I shall be all right again."

To my surprise the next witness called was Daisy's own familiar friend, Mrs. Cawthorne. Her distress, however, was not in her testimony, but in little to strengthen the case of the prosecution. She was asked regarding the conduct of Mr. Mauleverer after he had learned what had passed between Daisy and myself, and she was compelled to say that the millionaire had betrayed very great excitement, and had treated his niece for a few days with extreme harshness. She, however, Mrs. Cawthorne declared, had behaved through it all like an angel—and indeed, I heard if you knew her, you would know that she is an angel, the best that ever lived," cried the good woman, despite the attempts of Hawk to keep her to the point. I felt as if I could have embraced her on the spot.

Cross-examined by Mr. Belmore—"You said that Mr. Mauleverer showed great excitement and treated the prisoner with harshness for a few days." How long, Mrs. Cawthorne, was that before his death? "He changed for the better about a fortnight before his death—about the time when Dr. Branksome and Mr. Fosdyke left the hall."

"And just before the 24th of October, was that the nature of his relations with his niece?" "He was on excellent terms with her. On the very day on which he died, I told her that I felt certain that all would come right between them in the end."

"And did she make any reply?" "She said she hoped it would be so, as it would be miserable both for her and for her uncle to live in perpetual estrangement."

Fosdyke was the next witness. He produced Mr. Mauleverer's will, and amid a general murmur of excitement, gave some details as to the amount of his wealth. By the will that had been duly executed in the month of August in London the prisoner inherited everything. Early in October he (the witness) had gone down to Little Lorton Hall on business, and had there received instructions from Mr. Mauleverer to prepare a second will, by which, in the event of the prisoner marrying Mr. Cyril Fenton, the property, which under the first will was to be vested in trustees for her benefit, was to be applied to the erection and endowment of public hospitals in the Australian colonies, with the exception of a sum of fifty thousand pounds, which was to be paid to Miss Standcliffe on the day of her marriage. When these details were given I thought that the people in court, and especially the well-dressed women in the galleries, turned to my darling with more kindly looks than those with which they had hitherto regarded her. Poor fools! They could look upon that sweet face, and not read there the plain signs of purity and innocence. Yet no sooner did they know of the wealth which was now hers than they began to doubt and hesitate, and allow the strong conviction of her guilt which they had previously entertained to be disturbed. It was incredible to them that a woman who

was at this very moment the owner of millions should be a vulgar murderess!

There was one part of Fosdyke's evidence, however, which told heavily against us. It was that in which he related how, at the request of Mr. Mauleverer himself, he had made Daisy acquainted with the terms of the new disposition of her uncle's property.

"And what did she say in reply?" was the question put by Hawk.

Fosdyke adjusted his pince nez, and, with a momentary assumption of that air of pert self-satisfaction which had distinguished him in happier days, but which had undoubtedly been missing of late, said: "Miss Standcliffe is a lady, sir. I did not expect any show of vulgar emotion when I told her of what was practically her disinheritation, and I was not disappointed."

"And how comes it, sir," cried Belmore, rising to cross-examine him, "that this will has never yet been executed?" "I was leaving the hall, immediately after taking Mr. Mauleverer's instructions, for Norway, where I had business to transact on his behalf. The fair copy of the will had to be made by my clerks in London, and I myself suggested that the matter might stand over till my return."



"How comes it, sir?" cried Belmore.

"Ah! You were going to Norway, you say; rather a stormy voyage at this time of the year, and you would of necessity be leaving your client, a delicate old man, for several weeks, yet you did not think it necessary to complete his will before your departure?" "I did not."

"Now, sir, are you quite sure that Mr. Mauleverer was in a proper state of mind at that time to execute a will?" "I should certainly say he was; but I am no doctor."

"Was he not under the influence of an extraordinary degree of excitement about that period?" "He was certainly very much excited."

"Would you be surprised to hear that this excitement was such as to lead him to employ one of his servants to abduct Mr. Fenton, the gentleman towards whom he appeared for some reason or other to entertain so extraordinary an antipathy?"

It was Daisy's turn to start and look surprised at this question, as, indeed, most persons would be. I had never told Daisy the truth about my voyage to the north, nor should I have allowed that truth to be made known now but for the imperative demands of Mr. Belmore.

Fosdyke was manifestly disconcerted by the question.

"Come, sir," cried Belmore, "I must have an answer. I heard something of it."

"Heard something of it! Why, were you not aboard the ship in which that gentleman—pointing to where I am—was abducted?" "Yes; I know that such an abduction took place by the orders of Mr. Mauleverer."

"Now, upon your solemn oath, did you not think that the deceased was not in a fit state of mind to manage his own affairs? and was not that the real reason why you never completed the execution of the will?" "I certainly thought him very much excited and prejudiced on that particular point, and I felt that on the whole it would be better to give him time for reflection before completing the will."

"In fact, you are prepared to swear that when you left him, two weeks before his death, he was so much excited that his mind was not in its normal condition?" "I think so."

Fosdyke was the last witness of any importance. It was now five o'clock, and everybody in court was exhausted. No one, therefore, was surprised when the judge announced that at this point the trial would be adjourned till the next day. Daisy was instantaneously spirited out of the dock; but before she left the ship in which that gentleman was allowed to have a momentary interview with her. She was wan and worn; but her sweet composure enabled me to keep up my courage in her presence, and to assure her that, so far as I knew, all was going well.

Alas! my delusions I might have entertained on that point were only too quickly dispelled. I had hardly finished my simple dinner at the Station hotel when Harding appeared at the door of my room to tell me that Mr. Belmore desired to have an immediate interview with me.

I followed my friend to the room of the great advocate, who was also staying at the hotel. I found Mr. Belmore and our solicitor, Mr. Bryce, in serious consultation.

"I sent for you, Mr. Fenton," said the famous lawyer, "that I might have a little frank talk with you. I understand that you are really the principal friend of Miss Standcliffe, and I have heard of the relationship which you stand to each other. Now I want to tell you at once that she is an almost desperate patient. We shall do our best for her to-morrow, of course; but I must say candidly that I see no hope of avoiding a conviction. I have only two points to make—one is the possibility of a blunder on the part of the doctor in preparing Mr. Mauleverer's medicine, and the other the chance that my report may have been committed suicide. But I do not think I ever had a stronger case to meet, nor have I ever been compelled to trust to more worthless straws than these."

I heard him with a dread that seemed to render me voiceless.

"Yes," he continued, "we must not deceive ourselves. Everything is against us. I am anxious to save this poor child if I can. I do not believe her to be guilty, and I hope that something may yet turn up to prove her innocence. I heard all that you have told my learned friend here, and I wish to give you some advice. You must move heaven and earth to find out, first, what has become of the strychnia which Miss Standcliffe bought—for I do not believe that it has been destroyed—and next where the man Gregson, of whom you have told Mr. Harding, is to be found. In my opinion he possesses the key to this mystery. But the first step you should take is to obtain a power of attorney from Miss Standcliffe, enabling you to act in relation to all her affairs as fully as she herself could do. This must be obtained, if possible, before her conviction, and Mr. Bryce, who has an order for an interview with her, will get it from her to-night."

Then the great man shook me by the hand, and, expressing his desire to help me in

every possible way, politely bowed me from his room.

I have no heart to write of the events of the next day. There was again the eager crowd of sightseers in court, and again all the actors in the dismal tragedy appeared in their old places. The jury looked jaded after their night of confinement at a neighboring hotel; and I was conscious that not merely upon myself, but upon my darling, the awful ordeal of the previous day, and of the sleepless night which followed, had told heavily. But she preserved the same air of sweet serenity which had distinguished her from the first.

Mr. Hawk's speech for the prosecution was the coldest, clearest and most merciless exposition of the facts that could be by any possibility have been laid before the jury. He was no novice at his work, and I shudderingly felt when he sat down that he had not left a loophole by which Daisy could escape. That Mr. Mauleverer was undoubtedly poisoned by strychnia on the night of October 24, that the prisoner was the person who must have committed the crime, and that she had a strong motive for committing it—these were the three points which he labored to establish beyond the power of refutation, and it was only too clear that he did establish them in the minds of nearly everybody in court.

Mr. Belmore took a very different line. His desire evidently was to get away as far as possible from the evidence, and in a speech which was full of impassioned and eloquent pleading he dwelt upon the difficulty of imagining a young girl like Daisy could ever have conceived, much less could have carried out, so deadly a plot against the life of her relative and benefactor. Nothing but absolutely convincing evidence could justify the jury in finding a verdict against her. But in this case there was there any absolute demonstration of her guilt? Who could say that Mr. Mauleverer had not, under the influence of a strong motive for committing it—these were the three points which he labored to establish beyond the power of refutation, and it was only too clear that he did establish them in the minds of nearly everybody in court.

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But very soon I found that this was not to be. I again told my conviction that Flinter was the real instigator of Mr. Mauleverer's murder, and I repeated the reasons which led me to think so. It was the first time that Fosdyke had heard the story of my finding the book on "Forensic Medicine" on board the yacht, and of the way in which it opened at the pages dealing with poisoning by strychnia. I thought he seemed startled by my statement. It had no effect upon Branksome, however.

"See what you wish me to do, Fenton. You are anxious that I should find a victim for the galleys in the place of poor Daisy, and you suggest Flinter for the purpose."

"And is that the way in which you speak of the girl whom you have known since she left her mother's arms, and whom you profess to love?" I cried, in my indignation. "Dr. Branksome, if anyone has asked me what I thought of you a few weeks ago, I should have said you were one of the noblest and truest men on the face of the earth; but if anyone were to put the question to me now, I should be forced to tell him that I had found you to be false as a friend, and mean and heartless as a man—one who can sit here in the full enjoyment of every luxury, while the child who has looked up to him as a father is lying in the condemned cell. Ah, and who can even answer the prayer that he would join in the attempt to save her from her doom, with a cold sneer?"

He heard me without moving a muscle of his face, and when he replied he spoke in his usual voice. It was just as pleasant and equable in its tones as it had ever been.

"I wish you success and Godspeed with all my heart, Mr. Fenton; and for the sake of Daisy I forgive your injustice towards myself. But I tell you this, sir, plainly: I have been convinced of her guilt by the evidence laid before the court; and while I am willing to join you in making every effort to obtain for her the mercy of the crown—nay, Mr. Fosdyke will tell you that I am already taking steps for that purpose—I am not prepared to try to save her, whom I believe to be guilty, by throwing her up upon another whom I know to be innocent."

What could I do in appealing to a man whose very cruelty was founded upon his love of what was right? I could not answer his logic, and I saw that it would be useless to upbraid him. But in my heart I hated and despised him.

"Then," I said at last, seeing that no help could be hoped for here, "I shall act for myself, and if I have to spend every day of my life in the world and to devote every day that remains to me of life to the task, you may depend upon it that I shall yet confound you all by proving her innocence."

Of my interview with Daisy, when at last I was admitted to her in the condemned cell at the old Castle, I shall say nothing that does not bear directly upon the subsequent events. She was changed greatly when I saw her; but she declared that I was far more seriously altered than she was. And probably she was right; for I had nothing of that noble courage and resignation which had borne her up through all this time of agony. But I dared not spend the precious minutes in lovers' talk. I had other work to do for her sake.

My first business I felt must be to get from her her own theory, if she had one, regarding the murder; and to prepare her way for that, I told her freely all my own suspicions, and the story of my abduction, of which she had only heard for the first time during the course of the trial.

"And you really believe that my uncle caused you to be spirited away in that fashion? Depend upon it, dearest, you are entirely deceived. My uncle was innocent."

"Then who could have originated the plot?" "Flinter must have done so. Let me tell you all I know about him. He has been employed for nearly eight years at my uncle's chief station at Wangoora—the place where we lived. I am told that he had been in some serious trouble, and that my uncle, who was usually one of the kindest as well as one of the most simple-hearted men, befriended him. Very soon after he came to the station as an ordinary shepherd he saved my uncle's life when he was nearly drowned in crossing a swollen river on our run. That, you may be sure, was never forgotten by my uncle. He very quickly raised him to the time of the chief posts on the estate, and at the time that I came to live at Wangoora, six years ago, he was the constant companion of my uncle in his journeys, and had evidently secured his confidence."

"But you spoke of him to me as dangerous." "Yes; he is dangerous, and bad, too. I very soon discovered that. But I cannot for a moment imagine that he would have plotted against his benefactor's life. He had everything to lose and nothing conceivably to gain by my uncle's death."

That was perfectly true, and it was the one great stumbling block in the way of my theory regarding the murder. Flinter undoubtedly had nothing to gain by it.

"Daisy," I said, "you must forgive me for questioning you on a subject that has long puzzled me, but about which I saw that you did not wish to tell me anything. I want to know all that you can tell me about that man whom I saw in the railway station here on the day we first met. It is necessary that you should tell me all, my darling."

She blushed slightly, and then a faint smile lighted up her worn face.

"Ah, how happy an accident it was that led me to the carriage where you were seated that day! I should have been without a friend now but for that."

"But about this man—Gregson?" "I should have told you about him if there had been any opportunity of doing so after you spoke to me at the hall. For, do you know, that at one time he had tried to make me believe that he was in love with me, and when he found that I cared nothing whatever about him he began to persecute me in a mean, paltry kind of way, till I positively became afraid of him."

"Where was it that he first began to annoy you?" "At Wangoora, about three years ago. You see, he was my uncle's confidential clerk, and came a great deal to the house. He had not then given way, as I fear he has done now, to bad habits, and he was a great friend of Dr. Branksome's. I never cared for him—in the least. Dear heart! she looked up at me with the happy smile of a maiden who tells her story for the first time to the

I strained her in my arms, and kissed her passionately. Half an hour afterwards I was on my way to Great Lorton, having dispatched a telegram to Mr. Eastmead, begging him to meet me at the Barton railway station.

I found the chief constable waiting for me on the platform at Barton. Like other men "in the force," he was probably happier when engaged in bringing a criminal to justice than when he was saving an innocent person from an unjust punishment. But in Daisy's case he showed as much zeal as though he had been one of her personal friends, and I had no need to complain of the interest he displayed when I told him the errand upon which I had been, and the important facts which I had elicited during my visit to the prison.

"I want you to accompany me in my search through the hall, Mr. Eastmead, both because you will be an unimpeachable witness regarding any discoveries I may make, and because I may need to appeal to the aid of the law in my task. For you will understand that I shall not do things by halves. This power of attorney makes me Miss Stancliffe's legal representative, and I shall use all my rights under it, not only to prove her innocence, but, if possible, to discover who the guilty person is."

"You have set yourself a hard task, Mr. Fenton," he replied; "but there is some hope of success; for I am quite certain that, as yet, we do not know the truth."

We had to walk from Little Lorton station to the hall. My interview with Daisy had taken place in the early morning, and it was barely two o'clock in the afternoon when I found myself once more standing on the broad terrace in front of the quaint old house.

The first person I saw was the evil-voiced Plinter. He came forward with an insolent air and demanded my business.

"My business, sir, might very well be to give you into custody for the outrage which you committed upon me. As it is, I am here in the exercise of my rights, and have nothing to say to you."

"You won't get into the hall, at all events," he said, doggedly.

"None of that nonsense," interposed the chief constable, "or I shall have to take you into my hands, my man. Mr. Fenton, I imagine, is the only person who has any rights here, if it comes to that."

At that moment I saw Dr. Branksome sauntering along the terrace from the direction of the garden. He looked genuinely surprised when he saw who it was with whom Plinter was having this altercation. He came forward with quickened step, and his usual air of bland gravity.

"Mr. Fenton! Mr. Eastmead! This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Possibly," I said, all the suspicions of the man which during the last few hours had risen in my mind betraying themselves in my face and voice. "I am here, however, Dr. Branksome, as the representative of Miss Stancliffe, and, as you will see, I am accompanied by Mr. Eastmead, as the representative of the law."

"I think, sir, you forget yourself," replied Branksome. "I have no wish to cast any doubts upon the sincerity of your interest in the unfortunate lady whose guardian I am, but I have the honor to be the only person who can claim to be her legal representative."

"My hot blood mounted to my cheeks, and I was about to answer him angrily, when Eastmead again interposed.

"This gentleman, Dr. Branksome, acts under a power of attorney from Miss Stancliffe. You will hardly dispute his right to represent her when you know that."

"A power of attorney! Monstrous! Impossible! She would never have signed such a document without consulting me."

"Dr. Branksome," I said, "we will not bandy words, if you please. I hold this power of attorney, and I thank God that I do so; and now I am going into this house to look for, and I believe to find, the proofs of the innocence of the girl whom you profess to shield and let to die."

"My dear fellow," retorted Branksome, with just the suspicion of a sneer in his tones, "why will you be always so melodramatic? If you had told me at first what your object was, you would not have needed any power of attorney to get admittance to this house. By all means enter and welcome."

He threw open the door in front of which we had been standing, and, bowing politely, waited till we had preceded him.

In the hall I turned and said, "I have come here, Dr. Branksome, to make a general search through the house; and although, as Miss Stancliffe's legally appointed representative, I can take any course I please, I have no objection to your accompanying me in that search."

"My good sir," he retorted, "I think you must really excuse me. You have not come here in a very friendly fashion this afternoon, and you can hardly be surprised if, under the circumstances, I conceive that it may be more satisfactory to yourself, as it certainly will be to me, that you should go about your work in your own way. At the same time, whenever you wish for luncheon you will find it on the table, and I shall be happy to join you. Of course, as Miss Stancliffe's representative, you need have no feeling of delicacy about making your wishes in that matter known."

His perfect coolness and composure had their effect upon me, and that lightning flash in which I had seen him for an instant as a villain of colossal iniquity, faded more and more completely from my memory.

But I lost no time in beginning my search. Mary Taylor, Daisy's maid, was summoned and came quickly, as did Mrs. Cawthorne, who had returned broken-hearted to the hall at the close of the trial. I soon explained to the girl that what we wanted to see was the door leading to the private staircase. She looked somewhat confused when I told her this; probably she recollected the last occasion on which she had herself made use of that door.

We found that the door was in one of the paneled recesses of the drawing room corridor. It had no handle, and any one might have passed it a hundred times without perceiving its existence. Taylor pressed the door in the middle, and it slowly opened, revealing a staircase, narrow, dirty and dusty, beyond.

"Mr. Eastmead," I said, "you represent the law, and I leave it to you to make the first attempt to verify the statement which Miss Stancliffe has made to me."

"Bring a light here," said the officer; and one of the many servants, who were watching us in wonder, darted into the adjoining room, and quickly reappeared with a lighted wax candle. Taking this in his hand, Eastmead passed through the door. I could see him moving the candle to and fro, and then he uttered a slight exclamation and closed the door upon us. Immediately afterward he opened it and came out into the corridor, begrimed with dust and cobwebs, but wearing an air of triumph on his face.

"I have found this on the narrow ledge or shelf above the door inside," he said.

He held out to me, as he spoke, a small parcel wrapped in paper that had once been white. I seized it with feverish eagerness. Fastened upon it was a label, bearing in writing the address: "Miss Stancliffe, Great Lorton Hall," and in print the word "Poison" in

large letters, and the name and address of Smirke, the Little Lorton chemist. The parcel was sealed, and we saw that the seal bore Smirke's name.



The parcel was sealed.

I could not restrain the cry of joy and thankfulness which broke from my lips. "My friends," I said to the men and women around me, "your poor mistress will yet be saved."

Mrs. Cawthorne burst into tears, as did most of the women. I can only answer for myself among the men. I could not keep back the tears of joy which were welling from my eyes.

It now occurred to me that, as most of the rooms in the hall had been searched by the police under Mr. Eastmead himself at the time of Daisy's arrest, I might begin my own investigation by exploring this secret passage in which we had already found so important a piece of evidence. Bidding the servants remain where they were, we slowly climbed the narrow winding staircase into a corridor equally narrow and very long, unlighted and ill-ventilated, so that more than once the candle which Eastmead carried seemed to be on the point of expiring.

At the end was apparently a blank wall of dark oak. But looking closely at it I detected the place where the girl had introduced the knife on the night when she had brought me the note from Daisy. I had brought the knife with me, and in another instant, by means of it, I had caused the panel to slide into a recess. It revealed an opening of the depth of the wall, beyond which there was another panel. This I was able to move without difficulty. I pushed it aside with my hand. Still the way was barred, but upon this occasion it was nothing more substantial than the heavy leather hangings of the haunted room. Great ingenuity had been shown in the arrangement by which an opening could be made at will through these hangings without any evidence of its existence being afforded to an occupant of the room.

Once more I found myself in that well-remembered chamber. It looked cold and dark despite its handsome furniture. Apparently it had not been occupied since the night when I slept there. I opened the door leading into the little sitting room where I had breakfasted by myself on the morning on which I left the hall. To my surprise it showed signs of having been recently occupied. There was a book lying on the table. I recognized it instantly. It was the copy of Guy and Ferrier's "Forensic Medicine," which I had studied so intently during my imprisonment on board the yacht.

"We are in the enemy's stronghold," I said to Eastmead. And I bade him take the book in his hand and see where it opened. He did so with the result which I expected.

He shook his head gravely. "I think, Mr. Fenton, we shall be justified in taking a very close look at anything we can find here."

There were several books on the table. They were for the most part old account books, some of them bearing Plinter's name. They apparently related to transactions which had taken place some years previously in Australia. One volume was of a different kind. It was a cheap metallic memorandum book, such as a man like Plinter might very well have used for the purpose of keeping notes of incidents of importance. Eastmead took it up and opened it. For some time he appeared to be examining it with a look of bewilderment on his honest face.

"Can't make anything of this, can you? Is it Greek?"

He handed the open book to me, and to my disappointment I saw that, whatever might be the nature of its contents, I was none the wiser through possessing it. Every page was covered with cabalistic marks like nothing I had ever seen before.

"I think we may as well leave that behind us," said the chief constable. "But I am going to take these other books to examine at my leisure."

I acquiesced for the moment in his proposal to leave the little note book in cipher where we had found it, but before we had completed our close examination of the two rooms I had changed my mind, and without any scruple regarding the robbery I was committing upon the unconscious Plinter, I slipped the volume into my pocket.

It would be tedious to tell of the long hours of the night in examining the contents of the hall. Nowhere did we find any evidence that seemed to bear on the crime of which the place had been the scene. Indeed, Eastmead warned me beforehand that this would probably be the result. The one part of the hall which had escaped his notice on his first visit had been the secret staircase. The other articles which he had found, and which might possibly be of use against Plinter, had evidently been brought to the hall after our party had landed from the yacht, and consequently after Daisy's arrest.

When our tedious task was completed, we went to the dining room, where we found Dr. Branksome awaiting us. Cold meat and wine were upon the table; and we were so thoroughly exhausted by our labors that we were glad to make a hurried meal before departing to catch the last train to York. I did not care to talk much to Branksome. He had heard of the discovery of the strychnine, but said wonderfully little about it. I thought, indeed, that for once something must have occurred to stay the flow of his brilliant conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

JAMES GREGSON'S STORY.

It was late at night when I got back to York, excited and elated by the great discovery I had made. A letter from Harding was waiting for me, in which he told of the steps he was taking for the purpose of finding Gregson.

Through the celebrated detective Max Bielski he believed that he might at last get on his track, though the chase would undoubtedly be a difficult one. I did not go to bed until I had answered the letter and given Harding a full account of my visit to the hall. I concluded by imploring him to come to me at once, if that were possible, so that we might advise as to the next measures to be taken.

"A gentleman is waiting to see you, sir,"

down stairs." It was early the next morning, while I was at breakfast in my private room at the hotel, that I received this intimation.

"Do you know his name?"

"No, sir; he would not give me his name, but he said I was to tell you that he came from Mr. Harding."

"Show him up at once."

The stranger was a short man, with powerful frame, clean shaven face, and bright eyes that seemed to see everything at once. "Beg pardon, sir, for intruding," he said, addressing me with a business-like air; "I thought you might not wish to have my name spread over the house, for you see it is rather a well-known name now, sir; I am the detective Mr. Harding has been employing on your account I believe."

"Mr. Bielski?"

"Yes, Max Bielski at your service, sir."

He pulled a note book out of his pocket and opening it continued: "I understand you want to meet with a party of the name of James Gregson, aged about thirty, tall and fair haired. Well, Mr. Fenton, don't be offended, but I must tell you at once that that description won't give me any help in finding the man. You see, sir, there are thousands of tall, fair haired men of thirty walking about the streets; as for the name, you may be sure that Mr. Gregson is not Mr. Gregson now, if he has any reason to wish to keep in hiding. You will have to tell me something more."

"I am afraid that is just what I cannot do."

"Well, we'll see, sir. You must excuse me putting you through your catechism, Mr. Fenton. It must be done if I'm to lay hold of your man."

And in a surprisingly short space of time Mr. Bielski had made himself the master of all the particulars, good and bad and indifferent, which I knew about Gregson, including even the story Daisy had told me. When I told him of the photograph of Daisy I had picked up in the railway carriage after Gregson left it, he at once asked me for it; and—very reluctantly, for it was the only portrait of my darling which I possessed—I parted with it to him.

At the end of an interview of three-quarters of an hour the detective pulled out his watch, and rising hastily said: "I must be off, sir. I've just time to catch the express back to town."

"But are you going to London to find Gregson?" My own opinion is that you'll find him somewhere about here."

"That is my opinion also, sir; and no doubt if I had three months to spare I could lay a heavy wager that I should 'nab' him in this very city of York before the end of that time. But you see, sir, it is a matter of life and death; and a single day might make all the difference; so I must follow the safe clue you have given me, and not the uncertain one."

"And what is the safe clue?"

"The time about which Gregson landed in England from Melbourne. This is all I have to go upon. I must track him down from that hour to the present. Good day to you, sir. And in another instant he was hurrying off to catch the ten o'clock express to town."

The remainder of that day I spent in consultation with our solicitor, and in awaiting the arrival of Harding. He came to York by an evening train, and pressed my hand affectionately when we met upon the railway platform.

"What do you say, Harding; shall we apply to the home secretary at once on the strength of the discovery of the strychnine?"

"No, we must wait. Don't look disappointed, my dear fellow. As soon as I received your letter this morning I hurried off to Belmont's chambers and was fortunate enough to get five minutes of his precious time. Indeed, I believe he gave me fully fifteen minutes if the truth must be told. I read your letter to him and asked him his advice. 'I should like to consult Grange before I say anything,' was his answer."

"You mean the judge?"

"Precisely. Our one hope, you know, is in the judge. It will rest with him in the end whether there is to be a pardon or not; and Belmont, who knows that all his sympathies are on our side, is anxious to take him along with us in every step."

Accustomed as I had been to see in a judge only the awful being clothed in a mediæval costume, who dispensed life and death, liberty and slavery, from the judgment seat, I could hardly realize the fact that such a man should be full of active human sympathy, even on behalf of a fellow creature whom he had just doomed to the gallows. So it was, however.

"Well," continued Harding, "I had a note at four o'clock from Belmont to say that Grange was very much pleased to hear of this discovery, which would of course need to be properly authenticated; but that something further must be obtained—something if possible tending to break down the evidence as to motive—before any steps were taken at the home office. You see it is not a commutation of the sentence that we want—it is a free pardon."

"Yes," I answered, feeling depressed and disappointed, for I had thought that all our troubles were at an end now that we had discovered the strychnine, "I suppose we must go on, but I confess that I seem to be at the end of my resources."

"Now, my good fellow, you must not give up in despair. Let us wait until we have caught Gregson. Who knows what he can tell us?"

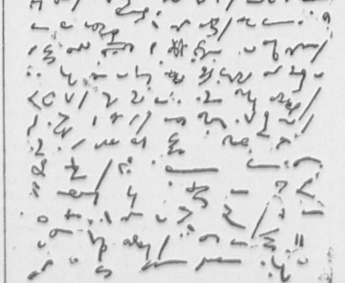
I sat in gloomy meditation. Four precious days had already passed. It is true that they had not been wasted; but Daisy still lay under her awful doom, which was hourly drawing nearer to her. A heavy sigh broke from my lips.

Harding, evidently anxious to divert my thoughts, asked me to tell him all the particulars of my visit to the hall, and I complied with his request.

"Have you got the memorandum book you picked up in the room Plinter had been using?"

"Yes," I said, and threw it across the table to him.

He opened it and looked at it long and carefully. Alas! Nothing was to be made out of it. Page after page was filled with hieroglyphics like the following:



Harding studied the book for nearly half an hour, often making jottings on a sheet

of paper and referring again and again to particular pages. He laid it down wearily at last.

"I can do nothing with it," he said. "It is evidently some very intricate form of cipher. Such things are to be read, however, and we must have this read. We cannot afford to lose any chance of hitting upon the clue."

"But whom can you get to read it?"

"We must think that over. Perhaps Bielski may be able to give us some assistance."

The next day was spent in a journey to Barton at the request of Eastmead. From Barton we went with Eastmead to Little Lorton for the purpose of seeing Smirke, the chemist. That person immediately recognized the parcel found in the secret staircase at the hall as being that in which he had wrapped the strychnine sold to Daisy. But he was able to afford additional proof of the identity of the parcel. On removing the sealed outer wrapper he showed us an inner covering, on which the label was repeated, with the address, and, in addition, the date, "Oct. 7," in the chemist's own handwriting. There was, therefore, no longer any doubt that, so far as the mere possession of the parcel at the time of the murder was concerned, the evidence given against Daisy at her trial had been absolutely neutralized. Affidavits describing the discovery and identification of the parcel were duly made on the same day by Smirke, Eastmead and myself before one of the Barton magistrates.

Two days passed without any further progress being made. It was a whole week since Daisy's condemnation, and only two more days to elapse in which to save her. My impatience was at fever heat, and Harding had a hard task to keep me in any degree calm or self-possessed. I had not dared to seek another interview with my darling. Until the question of life and death was settled in one way or the other, I felt that to see her once more would only be to torture her uselessly, and to rob me of the little strength which I still had left. But through the chaplain of the jail I was in constant communication with her. Every day I wrote to her, and she knew that I was living for her sake and her's alone.

This first week, I say, had come to an end before we heard anything more of Bielski. It was Sunday evening, and I was sitting by myself, wearily seeking for some fresh clue which might hitherto have escaped my attention, when the detective was suddenly ushered into my room.

"Good evening, Mr. Fenton. I'm afraid you think I have been a long time over my work, but it has been as stiff a job as I have had for some time. The fellow has done nothing but double and take fresh names. If it had not been for that photograph you lent me I should have been baffled at last."

"And you—have you found him?" I cried eagerly.

"Yes, sir, he's here at your service; but before I bring him in to see you I should like to give you a hint. I don't know whether you'll find him a willing witness or the reverse; but if the latter, just ask him if he remembers Smith & Sharp, of Gracechurch street. That will fetch him soon enough, sir. You see he got into trouble there ten years ago, and I have been waiting ever since, I'll warrant, till you have had your talk with him."

He was leaving the room, when Harding, who had just heard of the detective's arrival, entered, and in a few words was informed of the situation.

"Let Bielski make himself useful while he is waiting," said Harding; "give him that memorandum book."

I handed the little notebook to the detective. He looked at it gravely.

"I wonder if I can crack this nut! It's a hard one, but I'll try."

We withdrew, and in two minutes the door was opened, and Mr. James Gregson entered with the impudent smile upon his face which I knew so well. Bowing with an air of familiarity, which was not without a distinct touch of insolence, he looked from me to Harding, as though inquiring the reason which had led us to take so much trouble to find him. Beneath this outward assumption of self-confidence I thought I could catch signs that the fellow was not quite so much at his ease as he wished to appear. I invited him to take a seat, and gravely stated to him the object I had in seeking him out.

"If I could not give you a satisfactory smile on his lips when I had finished my statement, 'So you think I can clear my friend Miss Stancliffe, do you?'"

"I hope you can throw some light upon the mystery that surrounds Mr. Mauleverer's death."

He laughed outright. "Of course I can do that; but you have come to the wrong man for information that will clear Miss Daisy. Have you forgotten what I told you in the railway train when you were on your way to the old man's house?"

"It is precisely because I have not forgotten it that I have desired to see you again. You spoke then of a conspiracy to commit murder. I want you to be kind enough to tell me frankly what you meant by your words. You remember that you charged not only Miss Stancliffe, but Plinter and Dr. Branksome, and myself as well, with being in some plot. What did you mean by it?"

"O, don't be afraid on your own account, Mr. Fenton. I know now that you were not in the plot. You were only the dupe, and a very simple one, too."

I determined that, come what might, I should not lose my temper during this interview of such vital importance to my darling. The more I saw of the man the more certain I became that he did not speak without knowledge, and when I observed the growing gravity of Harding's face I felt sure that he also entertained the same conviction. I took no notice, therefore, of Gregson's sneer but repeated my question.

"If I may, if you please, what was the nature of the plot of which you spoke?"

"Is it possible," he retorted, "that you are so dull as not to see the nature of the plot for yourself now? I should have given you credit for being not quite so stupid as you appear to me. Good Lord! The whole thing has been carried out under your nose, and now that it is finished you come to me to tell you what it means."

"Pray talk plily, then, on my stupidity, and tell me all!"

"Oh dear, no!" he said with a mocking laugh. "My secret is worth a good deal more to me than it can be to you."

"Is it possible that you want for telling the truth? If so—"

"Yes, it is money; but I don't want any from you. You are a very clever fellow, I dare say, in your own opinion, and a very knowing one; but you must not think you can buy me."

"Well, kindly say what you are prepared to tell me without being bought."

"Just this, Mr.—Mr.—I declare I forget your name. What I told you would happen when I saw you in the train has all come true. Mauleverer has been murdered by the gang who have been plotting against his life for years, and who are now going to get clean off with the swag—all but one of them; and thanks to some stupid blundering on their part—or perhaps I ought to say on your part, mister, for I'm told you have meddled a good bit in the business—she'll be hanged. That's all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where the Bullion Goes to.

It is often asked, What has become of the huge amount of bullion that India has absorbed in recent years? She has received on balance some £350,000,000 of silver and gold in the last forty years. What has become of it all? Many writers in England hold that this is a great proof of wealth. It is not so regarded in India; it is extremely difficult to say what becomes of the money; no one could give me a satisfactory answer; it is apparently diffused over that vast population, either in the form of coin or ornaments; it shows little visible sign of existence; probably much of it is hoarded. There still remains in India the feeling of mistrust, burned into the mind of the people through ages of pillage and anarchy. No property is considered by the villagers quite secure unless it can be hidden.

Banks and bank notes are very little used; the rupee has to perform the ordinary exchanges of 250,000,000 people, and everything that can be spared is put upon the woman in the shape of rings, bracelets, anklets, and other ornaments. Of late years a considerable part of the bullion imported—fully one-third—is in gold, and it is said that much of this goes into the native states, where the rajahs and rich natives are fond of display. I doubt whether any safe conclusions can be drawn as to the wealth and prosperity of the masses of the people merely on account of this absorption of bullion; still, it is undoubtedly that India has greatly replenished her currency as compared with the early part of the century, when it was deplorably scanty, and when the rudest means had to be adopted for the purpose of exchange.—Contemporary Review.

Rich Men Take the Cheap Way.

"The age of economy has begun," said a shrewd clerk in a hotel to a reporter. "Few of the wealthiest men," he continued, "use carriages in going to and from the depots. They take the street cars and send their baggage by the cheapest express. Some years ago nearly all of our customers out of the city always took a hotel coupe or carriage both coming and going. It only cost them a couple of dollars and that was considered cheap then for the style they had in the way of a bright and handsome turnout. Now prices are down considerably and many of the depots can be reached in first-class style (double horse carriage) for \$1 and \$1.50 single passenger."

"Yet with all these close sealing, bankrupt prices, the customers evince an economical desire to take the street cars. Think of it. Men worth \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000 seizing their grip bags and coming a mile or so for 5 cents. Such a thing fifteen or twenty years ago was rarely done. Even a \$100,000 man disinclined to use anything but the carriage. But all this applies principally to men alone. Of course, with their families they must perforce to pay the carriage tariff. Yet I have known several instances where the entire family went to the depot in the street car. The elevated railroad takes a great many too, and is, if anything, quicker than a carriage. Times have changed when millionaires become so economical."

Swell Tourists and Their Dresses.

While chatting with the proprietor of a well-known Long Branch hotel the other day, I remarked that I could already see signs of the coming summer exodus. He laughed and said: "Well, my dear boy, I fear that the more signs you see the less visitors will have. I have just dropped on to one or two of the latest wrinkles of those people who pose as swell summer tourists on excessively small incomes. A dressmaker whom my wife went to see recently told her that she had a great variety of dresses for the summer season which she would hire out on reasonable terms, and change for others once every week. Now, ain't that an idea? You see, Miss De Smith can go to Long Branch with seven morning and seven evening dresses, and after a week she secures another fourteen, and can bloom out in an entirely new set for the following week. All these costumes are made upon a sliding scale basis, with big seams and wide flounces, which facilitate their being changed to fit many sizes. You see that with four sets of dresses the customer can change them from one watering-place to another, and thus serve four people simultaneously, giving each a constant succession of new toilets. For about \$25 a week the girls can have the use of a wardrobe that couldn't be duplicated under \$2,000. Think of that for American enterprise."—Baltimore American.

Cheese Two Centuries Old.

Boyd Winchester, the consul general of the United States to Switzerland, has just completed some exhaustive researches in regard to the cheese industry of that country. He has made certain discoveries that the cheese-makers of this country will be a little slow to believe. He claims to have seen cheeses that are more than 200 years old. One of the customs that formerly prevailed in the cheese regions of that country, Mr. Winchester says, was for the friends of a bride and bridegroom to join in the presentation on their wedding day of an elaborate cheese. This cheese was used as a family register and heirloom on which the births, marriages and deaths are recorded. He says that he has seen some of these "old cheeses" that date back to 1690. In many parts of Switzerland and cheese forms the principal diet of the people. He says that new cheese often causes sickness. When this is the case the patient is treated in the homeopathic fashion with old cheese, which generally effects a cure.—Washington Cor. Boston Herald.

Novel Treatment of Typhoid Fever.

The writer's son suffered with typhoid fever during the heated term of last summer, when the temperature of the room often rose to 90 or 95 degrees, and the patient's temperature ran up to 105 degrees and over. A number of tubs were placed in the room and kept filled with ice and the doors kept closed. The temperature of the room sank to 80 degrees or less, an average of 12 or 15 degrees below the temperature of the other rooms in the house; and the cooler atmosphere not only added to the comfort of the patient, but aided in keeping down the body temperature and materially contributed to a final recovery. Cor. National Druggist.

Flowers Exported for Their Sugar.

The Malva tree of Central India (Bassia latifolia) bears flowers which are now being exported to Europe for their sugar, of which they contain more than half their weight. The tree resembles the oak, and a single specimen sometimes bears a ton of flowers.—Boston Transcript.

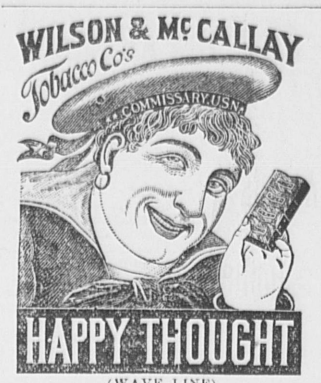
Man can not become perfect in 100 years;

but he can become corrupt in less than a day.

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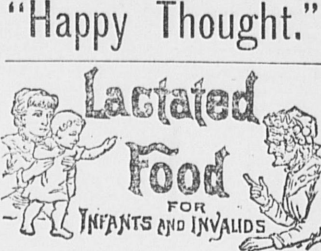
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