

SEMI-WEEKLY \$2.00
Tuesday - 8 Pages
\$2 BOTH ISSUES FOR \$2

SATURDAY COURIER-GAZETTE.

THE SERMON
TO BE DELIVERED
BY DR. TALMADGE
TO-MORROW.
WILL BE PRINTED IN THE
TUESDAY PAPER.

VOLUME 1.

This paper and the eight page Tuesday
Courier-Gazette both for \$2.00.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1890.

Semi-Weekly
Tuesday and Saturday

NUMBER 3.

Births.

CROSS—Rockland, March 2, to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cross, a son.
PERRY—Rockland, March 2, to Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Perry, a daughter.
SPEDD—(J.W.) Head, South Thomaston, Feb. 27, to Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Speed, a daughter.
KATZ—Washington, March 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Katz, a son.

Marriages.

CREAMER—STONE—Cushing, March 2, James E. Creamer and Annie V. Stone, both of Cushing.
FULLER—PAYSON—Union, March 1, Samuel E. Fuller and Amy E. Payson, both of Union.

Deaths.

WATERMAN—North Haven, March 1, John C. Waterman, aged 84 years.
SIMMONS—Friendship, March 1, Phebe, widow of Samuel Simmons, aged about 76 years.
MATHEWS—Canaan, March 1, Francis Mathews, aged 66 years.
THURLOW—Oceanville, Deer Isle, March 1, Elizabeth, wife of Jordan Thurlow, aged 23 years.
THOMPSON—Friendship, Feb. 27, Maurice E. Thompson, only son of Capt. and Mrs. N. W. Thompson, aged 19, 2 months and 2 days.
YOUNG—Thomaston, Feb. 21, Evelyn, daughter of E. S. and Loran Young, aged 3 months.

Taxes of 1888.

All residents of Rockland who have not paid their taxes for the year 1888 are requested to call at the Collector's office, and settle the same on or before May 1, 1890. All such taxes remaining unpaid after May 1st must be advertised and property sold as provided by the Revised Statutes, chap. 6, section 191. Office near corner over Rockland National Bank. A. J. ERSKINE, Collector.
Rockland, Feb. 18, 1890. 6-15

COLE'S RHEUMATIC PAIN ANNIHILATOR

Instantly Relieves Pain.
It is a never failing remedy for Diphtheria, Rheumatism, all Throat Troubles, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Piles, Flesh Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, and all Internal Pains.
PRICE 25 CENTS.
C. F. KITTREDGE & CO., Proprietors
402 Main St., Rockland, Me.

FREEDOM NOTICE.

This certifies that I give my son, Nathaniel Odiorne, his time during the remainder of his minority. I shall pay no bills of his contracting or claim any of his earnings from this date.
JOHN ODORNE.
Vinalhaven, Feb. 27, 1890. 3

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE
The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Davidson & Kittredge, to engage in a general retail business at the stand known as the "E. W. Arrey Store," Vinalhaven, Me.
A. DAVIDSON.
Vinalhaven, March 1st, 1890. 3

M. P. JUDKINS, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon,
THOMASTON, MAINE.
Office in Levensaler Build'g
Office hours from 9 to 11 a. m., from 2 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.
51-52 Residence 58 Main Street.

Flour! Flour!

.....Just received a Car of.....
CHAS. T. SPEAR
C. & P.
\$5.25 ..ONLY.. \$5.25
Other Grades from \$5 to \$6.75
Best St. Louis Shorts
\$18.00 Per Ton.

Mandehling Java Coffee35c
Fancy Rio Coffee28c
Cheaper Gradesat Less Prices
Corn, Meal, Cracked Corn, Oats, Feed, Flour, Middlings, Wheat for Hen Food, Gluten Meal, Oil Meal, Cotton Seed Meal, Turkey's Island, Liverpool and Mineral Salt. Bone Meal, Cracked Bone, Sea Shells for Poultry, at Bottom Prices.

NOTICE.

If you have any Corn Oats, Barley, Etc., that you want ground you can be accommodated by sending it to my MILL, SPEAR'S WHARF.

CHAS. T. SPEAR,
295 and 297 Main St., Rockland.

F. W. SMITH,
400 Main Street, Rockland, Me.,
—Agent for the popular—

Northwestern Life Ins. Co.
ALSO ACCIDENT INSURANCE. 4

The Secret of Health
is the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. This can never be the case while impurities exist in the system. The blood must be purified; it is the vital principle, transmuting through every part of the body. Dr. F. W. Smith's pills expel all impurities and vitalize the whole system.

A Noted Divine says:
"I have been using Dr. F. W. Smith's Liver Pills the past three months for dyspepsia, weak stomach and nervousness. I never had anything to do me so much good. I recommend them as the best pill in existence, and to all I can to acquaint others with their merits. They are a special blessing."
Rev. F. B. OSGOOD, New York.

Tutt's Liver Pills,
FOR DYSPEPSIA.
Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

GEO. C. CHAMBERLAIN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
FRIENDSHIP, - - - MAINE

SATURDAY'S SALAD.

City Items Served Up in Crisp Form for Home Reading.

Congressman Dingley has introduced a bill in the House to make Rockport, Me., a port of delivery.

The members elect of the city government will meet for organization Monday forenoon.

And all winter long Rockland's harbor, has been utterly ignorant of ice. Here's your open winter harbor, gentlemen.

Jurors for the next term of court have been drawn as follows: Wm. E. Starrett, Richard M. Smith, C. W. Gale, James Fernald and E. B. Hastings.

The ice business seems likely to put a penny into a number of Rockland pockets this season. New York's ice is a failure, and Maine rates are daily stiffening.

Tuesday morning Revenue steamer Dallas spoke the schooner Sardinian, Capt. Lord, and from this city, for New York, off Pemaquid Ledge. Schooner was badly iced up and had lost her anchor the night before. She refused assistance and proceeded on her way.

While proceeding to the Thorndike Hotel Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock Maynard Sumner, president of the Rockland National Bank, fell on the sidewalk and broke his right arm just below the shoulder. We regret very much to learn of Mr. Sumner's accident and are glad to know he is comfortable.

While the appraisers on the Sam'l Pillsbury estate were busy at the house on Summer street Wednesday forenoon, a repeating rifle, supposed to be unloaded, and hence specially dangerous, was accidentally discharged while being handled. Several members of the family as well as a number of Knox County's legal lions were in the room, and it was a miracle that the heavy ramrod, that was in the barrel at the time, found no more serious mark than the side of the room.

Grouse must be wintering well and unless we have heavy thunder storms during the earlier part of the season another nice grouse season is assured. Woodcock have been remarkably scarce the past two seasons, owing to the fact that some of our sportsmen have been shooting them illegally in July, and to the unusually wet weather which has kept the ground moist, thus preventing their huddling about some favorite coverts.

A good joke is told of Mr. Starrett, one of the candidates for mayor, who when about to deposit his ballot, at Monday's election, discovered that his name had never been on the voting list, and he was thus without a right to vote in the city where he was running for the first position on the board of city officers. While clerk of courts here for a number of years his voting residence was in Warren, and he had not thought to change it.—Free Press.

None of our home readers will complain that this winter went by and gave us no sign of what it was capable of doing. The week just ending has treated us to every variety of weather that the most exacting could demand. Big snowdrifts have awakened slumbering memories of the winters generally referred to as "old-fashioned," sleigh-bells have jingled, the mercury has crawled down below zero and anon hopped into the highest altitudes, and altogether it has been a week of meteorological eccentricity. Perhaps Wednesday was as good a sample of the lot as could be mentioned, when in the short space of a few hours we had rain, hail, mud, snow, sleet, wind, calm, freeze, sun, cloud, mist and fog, in bewildering alternation and charming variety. Such conglomerated weather surely deserves attention at the hand of the local historian.

The jury impeached by Sheriff Irish, consisting of D. N. Mortland, Oliver Otis and A. A. Beaton, to investigate the cause of the recent fire in the Y. M. C. A. building, have made the following report: "That said fire occurred on Thursday the 18th day of Feb. A. D., 1890, at or about 8 o'clock p. m.; that from all the facts appearing by evidence and from a careful examination of the premises, as made by us, we do not find that any person had any apparent motive or inducement to burn or destroy said building, and as a matter of fact we find that said fire was not of incendiary origin, but was probably caused by an overheated steam pipe, being in contact either directly with the wood work of said building, or with combustible or inflammable material innocently placed about them. There is some evidence that indicates that the apparatus in use, the boiler not having an automatic regulator attachment, there was not sufficient care and regularity in attending to the same, to duly guard against overheating. In testimony whereof, we, the jurors of said inquiry, have hereunto set our hands and seals, this 5th day of March 1890." There has been considerable idle talk and gossip over this fire which it is to be hoped this investigation and verdict will put a stop to.

Dr. A. M. Austin picked a pussy-willow at his home this week. This winter seems to give us everything desired.

The second meeting of Mr. Whiting's Singing Class will be held at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, next Thursday evening, March 13.

At the annual meeting of the Central Club Monday evening Capt. Henry S. Pearsons was elected president and Well G. Singhi, secretary.

Fleming's Around the World in 80 Days, one of the finest productions on the road, will be the next attraction at Farwell Hall, the date being Thursday, March 20th.

Pleasant Valley Gange levee and dance which was to have taken place Thursday evening, has been postponed, on account of the storm to Tuesday evening March 11th.

An insane sailor put off in a small boat from schooner Martha Inness as she lay in the harbor, during yesterday's big storm, and with much difficulty landed on the ledges at the Five Kilns, badly chilled. He was cared for by the police.

Lieut. Commander A. S. Snow has been ordered to Washington, to appear before the naval examining board. A vacancy has been caused by death and resignation, and Lieut. Com. Snow being first in line of promotion the probability is that we will soon have the honor of addressing him as "Captain."

At the annual meeting of the Rockland Trust Co. Tuesday the old board of trustees was re-elected as follows: A. F. Crockett, W. T. Cobb, A. C. Gay, G. L. Farrand, C. H. Berry, S. M. Bird, W. S. White, W. W. Cate, E. A. Butler, J. D. May, F. C. Knight, E. K. Glover, H. G. Tibbets, J. Donohue, F. E. Richards.

A young people's society was organized at the Free Baptist Church, Monday evening, with twenty charter members. A constitution was adopted and the following officers chosen: President, J. N. Farnham; Vice President, Cora Larrabee; Sec. and Treas., Hattie Bird. It promises to gain rapidly in members and interest. It is a branch of the general society known as the Advocates of Christian Fidelity, which was organized in connection with Free Baptist Church work a little over a year ago. It now numbers over 150 local societies and about 6000 members.

Archibald Forbes, the renowned war correspondent of the London Graphic is preparing for The Cosmopolitan a series of articles on "Great Battles," in different periods of the world's history, treating them all with the vivid description of an eye-witness, and his comrade, Frederick Villiers, will illustrate them in the same realistic style.

Of the fisheries matter and the modus vivendi the Chicago Tribune says: "The mackerel themselves have removed the most formidable obstacle in the way of settlement by taking into themselves fins and flying away, and unless Great Britain is foolish enough to draw a three-mile line of the elastic Kannek sort along her South African coast the fisheries question ought to be settled speedily and peacefully."

The U. S. supreme court has affirmed the decree of the circuit court of the United States, for district of Massachusetts, the case of Aspinwall, plaintiff in error, vs. Peter Butler, receiver of the Pacific National Bank of Boston. This case arises out of the action of the stockholders of the bank agreeing to increase the capital stock just prior to the failure of the bank. It is held that the stockholders are liable for the amount of their subscriptions upon the authority of the decision in the case of Delano against Butler.

Murat Halstead will begin in the April number of The Cosmopolitan, the conduct of a new department called "Review of Current Events," in which he will discuss the leading topics of the day with a non-partisan touch. The same number will contain the first article by Miss Bisland upon her "Flying Trip Around the World," "The Fighting Forces of Germany," by Poulitney Bigelow, "Princeton College," by Professor Marquand; and several other important articles, all elaborately illustrated. The novelette of the number will be "George Washington's Last Duel," by Thomas Nelson Page.

Some statements concerning the State taxation of farmers being doubted an order was adopted, Monday, by the valuing commission instructing the State treasurer to give the figures as to the State school fund and mill tax. It will be shown by Chief Clerk Caldwell that two hundred and thirty towns, last year received more money from the State mill tax than they paid State tax, and this year one-half the towns will receive a balance from the State after paying their State tax, and this does not include money which they obtain from the State in the way of pensions, telegraph and railroad taxes and free high school funds, which added, would raise the number of towns receiving more than they pay out to 400.

VINALHAVEN.

George W. Vinal is in Brunswick for a few days.

O. P. Lyons returned to the Island Saturday.

J. F. McAllister and wife returned home Saturday.

J. L. Ingerson, Ivory Littlefield and Lewis Clark have gone to Stony Creek.

Andrew Cassie, Richard Tutton and Steve Peaslee are bound to Round Pond.

The company taking ice from old Harbor Pond commenced operations a week ago.

Lots of drummers in town last week and thirty-two of them took quarters at the Ocean View House.

It is said a small crew of men will commence work at the Sands Quarry this week should the weather prove favorable.

W. S. Vinal intends to take a trip to Vancouver (on the Pacific) this week. He has a good job there and intends to be absent about a year.

Yearly meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Circle occurs at the church vestry, Thursday, March 13th. All the members are expected to be present.

Mrs. I. B. Turner from Isle au Haut died at the residence of Capt. E. S. Roberts on Saturday, March 1—aged about seventy years.

He went to see his best girl on a certain night. The next morning the cupboard was dry. She says Ernest has a good mouth for cake and pies.

L. M. French has made arrangements with Messrs. Porter, Bailey & Smith of the Berlin Granite Co., Vt., to take charge of their quarry and expects to move there about the middle of March.

Wm. Simpson of Brunswick, who is 74 years old, has trapped five foxes this winter and says he wants one more to make half a dozen, then he closes for the season. He is high line in the Fur Club of Brunswick this winter.

Fred E. Littlefield, one of our enterprising young men, is in the telephone business and has already placed one instrument, which works like a charm. It is only a question of time when our village will be using the telephone. How handy it would be if it stretched to Rockland and North Haven.

A little excitement was caused here last week. At first it was supposed to be a fire alarm, but on investigation it proved to be a lover and his girl. He started to go home, she objected, he jumped the fence, she jumped too, and took him by the ear and led him back to the house. She was declared to be master of the situation and the crowd dispersed.

George Goodwin from Milton Mills, N. H., was on the street at quite a late hour Wednesday night, and was put in the lockup by F. B. Vinal, night watchman. He was taken in charge of Deputy Sheriff Gray, Thursday morning and had a hearing before Judge Kittredge. He had the appearance of a tramp and was taken to Rockland by Friday's boat.

J. S. Black has recently purchased of A. H. Ingraham (Rockland) a colt, three years old. He is from the Hambletonian Knox, he by the celebrated Gideon. This stock is well known to the trotting men. The colt is a beauty and Mr. Black prides himself on having one of the best colts on the Island. As soon as the weather proves favorable he will be trained to the turf. He is now showing extra trotting qualities for a colt of his age.

Installation of the officers of De Valois Commandery K. T., took place as was announced on Tuesday evening last. The night was not altogether favorable, it being stormy, yet there was a goodly number present. The officers were installed by Past Eminent C. A. Sylvester of Rockland, in a very able and impressive manner. The music, lead by Prof. Pierce, was fine, and pleasing to all. After installation service all gathered in the banquet hall and partook of refreshments. Following, a good number formed on for a dance. At quite a late hour they separated for home saying they had "enjoyed themselves and had a first-class time."

Dept. Sheriff Gray, F. M. Calderwood, George Murray and Herm Robbins got a team and drove up to Crockett's River, about 7 miles distant from the Village. They started out with a determination to show the boys what they could do. After searching the woods through they got the hound started on a rabbit. They all had a shot at him but without any effect. Soon night set in and they began to think of getting out of the woods, but to their surprise they found they were lost. After travelling about for some time they came across Dyer and Wooster, who piloted them out. They had a hard day's cruise and did not shoot the first thing. On their arrival home they found the hound with the rabbit, which he had run down and captured.

Buffalo Bill and his troupe have called upon the Pope at the vatican and been blessed by his holiness. William seems to get all the old world affairs.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

The pastors of the various churches and religious organizations are requested to provide us with special announcements of Sunday services, to be received not later than Friday noon.

Rev. F. T. Bayley, of the State Street Church, Portland, will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church in this city tomorrow morning in exchange with the pastor.

MARTINSVILLE.—Services will be held at the Baptist church, March 9, preaching at 10:30 a. m., by Rev. Mr. Hill of Wiley's Corner, in exchange with the pastor. At 2:30 p. m. preaching at the South side by the pastor; and in the evening at the church, the sixth lecture on Daniel, chapter 5, "Belshazzar's Feast."

Y. M. C. A.—The fourth anniversary of the Association will be held at the First Baptist Church Sunday evening, March 9th, at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. F. T. Bayley of Portland will give an address and there will be singing by a male chorus.—Rev. F. T. Bayley will address the men's meeting in the rooms at 4 p. m., Sunday.—At the annual election of officers Wednesday, F. J. Bicknell was chosen president and D. A. Packard vice president.

PERSONAL PICKINGS.

Miss Allie Varnham is visiting in this city.—Capt. Jacob Thorndike is at home for a short time.—Eugene Barter has entered the employ of the Rockland Beef Co.—R. B. Loring returned from Boston Tuesday.—H. I. Hix was in Boston this week.—Miss Ella M. Adams, who has been passing the winter at Nath'l Jones's, returned to her home in Kingston, Mass., this week.—Dr. F. E. Hitchcock and wife have been passing the week in Boston.—Miss Maggie Murphy returned Thursday from Boston.—Chas. H. Ames arrived in the city Wednesday from St. John, N. B.—Geo. W. Fish, editor of the Union Farmer, has been in the city for several days.

OUR MAYOR-ELECT.

The following tribute to the sterling worth of Mayor-elect Butler is from the Portland Express, and it is a sentiment to which all our people can cordially subscribe:

E. A. Butler, who has just been elected Mayor of Rockland, is the son of Anson Butler, one of Rockland's most respected retired shipmasters. He was born July 25, 1841, and is in the prime of life. He was educated at the public schools, and at an early age went to sea with his father. Step by step he rose to be commander of some of the finest vessels that ever sailed out of this port. He was appointed master mate in the United States navy in 1862, and made an honorable record in the naval service of his country. On retiring from the sea he entered into business in Rockland as a shipbroker and marine insurance agent, and by diligence, sagacity and prudence has acquired a competency and a reputation for integrity, enterprise and ability. Essentially a self-made man, he has been an extensive reader, a thoughtful observer, a close student of men and things, is thoroughly conversant with the history and politics of the country. With a large experience as a member of the Board of Aldermen, he is well qualified by his knowledge of city affairs to look after its interests in the new position to which he has been chosen. A man of brains, character, general information, strong common sense, fine presence and pleasing address a leading and active Republican, it would have been difficult to have selected a representative man of Rockland better fitted for the duties office he has been designated to fill. He will give good satisfaction even to his political opponents. Quiet and retiring he will not be found wanting on any public occasion, and starts on his official career as mayor of the Line City with the good wishes of the citizens generally.

The rapidity with which the country has been paying its public debt during the past 10 years has excited the admiration of the world. Today we are paying an interest upon our debt, \$35,000,000. In contrast with this France pays annually in interest, \$258,000,000; Great Britain, \$130,800,000; Austro-Hungary, \$126,000,000; Italy, \$100,000,000; Russia, \$220,000,000, and Spain, \$56,000,000. Prussia alone of the German states pays \$44,000,000, and Canada, with but 1:12 the population of this country, pays nearly one-third as much annually in interest, or \$10,000,000.

Of the reappointment of H. M. Sewall as consul-general at Samoa, the Chicago Inter-Ocean says that Mr. Sewall's office was that he was a staunch American. It continues: "Mr. Sewall remains a democrat, but he also remains a man who has done good service to his countrymen resident in Samoa; he knows more about Samoan conditions than any other person eligible to the consul-generalship, and therefore can do more good as consul-general. Moved by these considerations, Mr. Blaine has nominated Mr. Sewall to the very important position which he held with honor until Secretary Byard recalled him. We again present Mr. Blaine to the consideration of his fellow-countrymen as a real civil service reformer. It being our understanding that civil service reform consists in a return to the ancient and rare practice of putting the right man in the right place."

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

Our reporter complains of certain errors that crept into his report of the farmer's meeting at Union, which appeared in last Saturday's paper. "Dr. Twitchell," he says, "recommended a pure bred Percheron stallion not a pure black one; and the food ratio for growing chicks should contain 20 per cent corn not 50 per cent as given." Our reporter's complaints are well founded and we cheerfully make the corrections, trusting we have not set any of our readers into wrong practices through these mistakes.

SOUTH WARREN.

Capt. E. Bradford went to Boston last week. Misses Susie and Clara Bradford are visiting in Friendship. Miss Rider of Thomaston visited at Mr. B. B. Bucklin's last week. Mr. Z. Lawry of So. Waldoboro is stopping at Mr. Job A. Spear's. Miss Nellie Luce of East Friendship visited at Mr. Henry Walter's last week. A school meeting was held at W. O. Counce's store last Saturday. A. R. Jordan was chosen school agent.

APPLETON.

Mrs. Ella, wife of A. H. Newbert is sick. L. M. Gushee purchased two horses in Boston recently. Samuel Counce, who has been ill for some time, is failing. J. B. Gushee is in Boston attending the Conservatory of Music. Cyrus Perry is home from Saco. He has been gone several years. Capt. Keller, who has been under the weather for several weeks, is so as to be out. Ditto Stephen Simmons. Jesse Wentworth and family, who recently returned from Mendota, Ill., now occupy a tenement in their house. Mr. Newbert and E. D. Gushee each received a carload of nice corn last week. Corn is the lowest in this market that it has been for years, \$1.10 a sack.

WEST WASHINGTON.

T. S. Lewis of Bowdoin visited at T. S. Bowden's last week. Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Sherman of Union visited at Freeman Jones' Thursday. Mrs. Dolester Cunningham is very sick in Lynn, Mass. Her husband has joined her there. E. S. Cunningham is still confined to the house. His recovery to health is considered uncertain. T. J. Rivers, the carpenter, is making extensive improvements on the interior of D. H. Clark's residence. John Grotton and George W. Clark have been drawn to serve as Jurors at the coming March term of Court. Our lawyers and trial justices have been unusually busy for the past few weeks. Several criminal matters have been tried. T. S. Bowden has been at Cooper's Mills for the past two weeks, called there by the severe illness of his mother. She is at present slightly improved. Frank Turner died Thursday evening at the residence of Josiah H. Bowman, where he was boarding, of consumption. Funeral was held Sunday at the "ledge" school house, Rev. G. A. Newhall officiating.

The civil case of Gibbs vs. Luce which has been quite prominently before the people for the past few weeks, has been amicably settled by the parties. Our efficient constable is correspondingly happy.

At the annual town election on Monday, 3rd inst., the following officers were elected: Moderator, M. D. Cramer; Clerk, T. S. Bowden; Selectmen, etc., F. Light, J. F. Bryant, J. A. Calderwood; Treasurer, L. T. Marr; Supervisor, L. M. Staples; Collector, W. E. Deering; Agent, E. A. Sillinger; Auditor, C. R. Flanders.

WILEY'S CORNER.

Schooner Eliza Levensaler, Kalloch, is loaded and ready to sail for New York with lime.

Mrs. Effie Kinney, who has been visiting her daughter at Thomaston, returned home last Friday.

Webster and James Gilchrist came home from Hallowell last Wednesday, having been summoned by telegram that their sister Lizzie was very ill. At present writing she is improving. Capt. Robert Gilchrist left last Friday for Boston where he will take command of schooner T. W. Dunn of Thomaston, while Capt. McFarland remains at home for the trip. The schooner loads general cargo at Boston for Demerara.

There was a chopping bee at James Thomas' last Wednesday afternoon in which five cords of wood were chopped. The hungry crowd then seated themselves around the festive board and partook of an excellent supper gotten up by Mrs. Thomas.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

Calls on Various Occasions—The Usages of the Society.

Beside ordinary visits which serve to begin and sustain an acquaintance, there are many other occasions when a call is not only important, and in regard to these Good Housekeeping sums up prevailing social usages as follows:

When a friend has a visitor in her house a call is necessary, particularly in smaller places. Of course no previous acquaintance with the recipient of the favor is required; that she is our friend's friend entitles her to the civility.

If a person whom we have previously met visits at the house of one whom we do not know, our call must include the latter, and in the event of missing either or both, cards must be left. This call, of course, requires one in return from the visitor, but not necessarily from her friend, though she may, if she like, accompany her friend.

A call after an entertainment should be made within the week and always in person. The leaving of a card would, in this case, be inexcusable, unless because of an immediate departure from the town, when it would be the only course.

After the announcement of an engagement a call is in order, though the recipient may be otherwise in our debt. This visit is, of course, to allow us to express our congratulations. A person about to leave town for a prolonged or final absence should make what are known as "P. P. C." calls, these letters signifying the French phrase, "pour prendre congé"—to take leave.

Calls of condolence require tact and delicacy rather than hard and fast rules. If the acquaintance between ourselves and the bereaved person is slight, a card should be left after the funeral. When there is some degree of intimacy, a personal call may be made before the funeral, and if our friend is unable to see us, our card should be left bearing some slight message of sympathy.

Calls upon a bride should be made very soon after her return from her wedding trip, if no day for such has been designated, and as immediate a visit must be paid to the mother or person at whose house the reception was held. The bride returns her calls soon and, as far as possible, in the order in which they were made. Her neglect to acquit herself of these debts would be inexcusable, and a person so careless would deserve to be socially forgotten.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

\$4.85

As fine as can be bought elsewhere for \$5.10.

AN OHIO PATENT

\$5.25.

As good as any \$6.00 Flour in the city.

Sugar, per lb. 5c
Nice Carolina Rice, per lb. 5c
New Turkish Prunes, per lb. 5c
Best Sicily Canary Seed, per lb. 35c
Nice Elegant Molasses, per gal. 38c
3 cans first quality Corn. 25c
2 " " Peaches. 25c
3 lbs. Nice Raisins. 25c
1 lb. Tobacco. 25c
1 lb. Spice (a. each of ginger, etc.) 25c
1 lb. good Tea. 25c
1 lb. good Coffee. 25c
2 good Brooms. 25c
1 gal. Oil Can, all filled. 37c

C. E. TUTTLE,

SPEAR BLOCK,

810 Main St., and 2 and 4 Orient St.

BANKRUPT GOODS

Must be Sold Regardless of Cost

We wish to notify the public that we are in receipt of a large quantity of

Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons

Which are of the ROGER'S MANUFACTURE and we guarantee them to be nice goods, which we will sell at the following outrageously low prices:

Knives.....\$3.00 Per Doz.

Forks..... 3.25 "

Tea Spoons..... 2.25 "

Don't miss this opportunity to get some Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons, as it is a very rare chance. We thought the goods very low and are ready to give our customers the benefit of it. We also have a large line of

Crockery and Glass Ware

Which we are selling very low to make room for Spring goods. **Don't forget the place.**

BOSTON VARIETY STORE,

OPPOSITE BERRY BROS' STABLE,

322 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

YORK SAFES!

Fire and Burglar Proof!

CHAMPION RECORD

—IN THE—

LYNN AND BOSTON FIRES.

Union Desk Co. Roll Top Desks

CALL AND SEE THEM.

EPH. PERRY,

Agt. for Rockland and Vicinity.

Office at Perry's Dry House, 578 Main St.

1-18

ROCKLAND TRUST CO.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

.....TO LET AT.....

\$5, \$8, \$10 a Year

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTRACT.

"But why," I asked, "do you trust me,

almost a stranger to you, with your secret?"

"For this reason," replied Brooner, "First,

because I believe I can trust you; secondly,

I have long wanted a companion and assistant

in one and the same person. The honest ones

among the Bull Bar crowd will get drunk,

and whiskey reveals more secrets than women

thought for that matter. I think quite as

many gossips are running around in pantaloons

as in petticoats. I need you to keep up a

show of work on my bogus claim while I

am in San Francisco. There I must go from

time to time to get my quartz gold smelted

and assayed. Miners' law requires one day's

work in thirty on every claim in order to

keep possession of it. I want you to potter

around and keep up a show of work on the

bank in front of the cabin. In the miners' estimation

hereabouts you are to be my partner in that claim. I

don't want to seem mysterious, and if I

don't keep up a clatter of work about here

I shall be, through leaving so often and

leaving the bank stand idle. Then I want

you to slide up from time to time to our

real claim on the mountain and see that

it's all right. And while I think of it, my

mind break no regular path going up and

down. It's very natural for men prospecting

about in strange places on finding any sort of a trail to follow it. I think

it's the cat's paw in man—the same that makes sheep and cows follow each

other. Men who succeed I notice generally

go out on beaten paths. So mind in your

travelings up and down from the 'Bank'

to keep your footsteps as much as you can

out of the same tracks. We must keep shady

and lie low. It's not so much the fellows

about here now that I fear. But new men

are arriving all the time—restless, prying,

searching—maybe knowing and reasoning

as I have done on this matter, and if their eyes fall on a bit

of that white rock on the mountain side or at

its bottom they'll be clamoring up hunting for

it. Should they do so in my absence and find

no one in possession it would be all up with

me, for there's no law now to regulate that

description of claims—except the law of might.

Now do you see how much I need you? You're

quiet, shy and not talkative. Those qualities

are all helps to me. A talkative man, with this

secret inside of him, couldn't help in some way

letting it out. He'd kill himself at last with hints

and grinnings. The best way to keep a secret is

to forget it yourself—til it's dead. What's

always on the mind is very apt to write itself

on the face. Make people suspect you know something

they don't and you start 'em on the hunt to find it

out. But what in thunder am I doing? Preaching

and philosophizing. Let's go home and start a new brood

of flapjacks for supper."

Brooner filled a sack with as much of the quartz

as he could conveniently carry, and we took our way

homeward. Ascending far out of sight and sound of the busy

crowd below, far and near, their sides covered with the dark green

carpet of chaparral, which in places, as thrown in

shadows, was almost black. There was no sight nor sound

of living thing. A shadow floated along a path of earth. I

looked up. It was a huge turkey buzzard wheeling through

the air as noiseless as the shadows he cast.

There was something weird and gloomy in it all. The land

did not seem made for human habitation. It seemed new, unfinished,

as of recent date from some tremendous volcanic upheaval.

This impression quickly vanished on reaching Brooner's

cabin, now cast into a grateful and cooling shade by the

afternoon sun. The long shadows of the hills on our

bank of the stream were rapidly stealing up the sides of

those on the other. The direct and oppressive outpour of

noon heat was over, and now, past the middle of the afternoon,

there seemed to come to men, animals and vegetation a new

kind of vitality.

Brooner had allowed the manzanita bush, its dark mahogany

stem contrasting so strongly with its dark green leaves, to remain

uncut about his cabin.

"It screens me from observation," said he, "and I find it

advantageous not to be seen in all my comings and goings."

After supper he proposed a trip to the Bull Bar

goods, and take you down when called for. But I want you to keep your beef off my counter."

The giant took the reproof good naturedly, and moved off as desired.

"Mr. Rankin," said another customer, "are those

canned oysters of yours good?"

"Good!" replied Mr. Rankin. "Of course not. They're

Baltimore oysters, put up rotten, shipped round Cape Horn

rotten, and hauled up here by a ball team

rotten. Just smell of 'em!" and Mr. Rankin

shoved the can under his customer's nose.



"This counter is to sell goods on."

"I'll take a can, anyway," said the miner, who did not seem at all affected by Mr. Rankin's

peculiar recommendation of his wares. "How much

are they?"

"Two dollars."

The miner produced his buckskin and poured a

little dust into the gold scales. Mr. Rankin

looked critically at it and put it in a flat brass

pan, narrowing toward one end, with sides half

an inch in height—a "blow pan."

"Mr. S. P. Willets," said Rankin, "I don't sell my

systems for sale. Your dust isn't clean—never is.

Maybe some other store-keeper will buy black or

gray sand of you, but I can't."

Black sand, in reality an oxide of iron, is the

invariable accompaniment of gold as washed from the

oil, and very difficult to be separated from the dust.

"Have you any good butter?" asked another.

"I've an article here which for axle grease will

beat the oldest man in the mines. English butter.

Made to grease the wheels of her majesty's carriage.

Dollar a pound. Want some?"

"Yes, (grime half a pound.)"

"He plays that well on the boys," whispered

Brooner to me. "Did you ever notice, with nine people

out of ten, that if you tell them of anything you want

to sell, that it's bad they'll believe the contrary? Maybe

it's because we've all dropped unconsciously into the

habit of thinking each other liars."

It was a noisy game of cards, and at every second

the table was resounding with thumps and whacks.

Mr. Rankin, while not selling goods, was setting

round of tumblers on the bar and a black bottle

before them in response to the frequent call of the

players stuck for the drinks."

Brooner seemed well acquainted with the place and

its inmates. My presence with him attracted some

curiosity.

"Brother," I heard some one inquire of him in a

low voice, referring to myself.

"No, nephew," was his reply, "Just out from the

states. Been down to the bay to bring him up."

"How does your claim pan out?" asked another.

"Good for five dollars a day yet," said Brooner.

"I don't want to work it all out. Afraid I shan't get

another life. You seem to take life pretty easy," remarked

the last inquirer.

"Why should I take life hard?" replied Brooner.

"But why do you think I take life easy?"

"Because you don't work hard like the rest of the

boys," was the answer.

"I don't believe in hard work," replied Brooner,

filling his pipe. "I think the best work is the work that

comes easiest. I knock off early in the afternoon so that

I may have some time to cook my grub decently, wash my

flannels and make my cabin comfortable without using

up every bit of strength in my body. You see I expect to

dolour around when most of you fellows that take life so

hard are cold in your graves—if you're lucky enough to

get to a grave. You're using up now more strength than

you've got to spare and patching up the rents in it with

whisky. It's all very nice working in the river till you

sliver, and then coming out and coming up with whisky

every fifteen minutes. But you'll pay for it inside of ten

years. How much run per day did the Willow Bar boys

use when they were building that wing dam?"

"Used to send a two gallon demijohn twice a day to be

filled," said a slow, heavy fellow, and the manner of

saying it seemed to imply that it was coming out to

boast of it.

"And amongst ten of you. All right. Mining by steam

power, speaking of whisky, let's all take a drink," said

Brooner. "Come! Fall in! Forward with your banners!"

The company present gathered before the bar. The

little and glasses were again set out. All waited with a

rigid decorum until each glass was filled and ready, and

then with a "here's luck" and a solemn simultaneous

drinking, the fluid was poured down, with an occasional

rasper, "He—m," or an eager grasping for the water

pitcher, testified to the vigorous ravenous of corn whisky.

"I said and solemn performance," said Brooner.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

High Altitude Treatment of Consumption.

Danger in the House Drain.

In considering the treatment of consumption by high altitude, a medical writer enumerates certain desirable conditions of climate: (1) Extreme purity of the air, (2) climate: (3) low relative humidity, (4) immunity from wind, fog and miasmatic emanations. The cases sent to such climates should be carefully selected. No case should be sent in which there is some change, laryngeal ulceration, gout, rheumatism, or kidney complication, severe pyrexia, or any other condition, which the cases do well. An important rule is that the patient should live continuously in the chosen place, and not return, even for short visits, to lower altitudes.

This length of time, as stated in The Brooklyn Medical Journal, he believes to be fully two years. Cold, dry air is stimulating. According to Mr. Tyson, it is detrimental to all fungus growth. The secretion from a cavity has a tendency to dry up. Its rarefaction increases the number of respirations, and has a considerable influence in permanently expanding the lungs. Slight oozing of blood from the mouth, nose and throat is common when patients first arrive. It may be that the mucous membranes near the surface of the body become dry, and there may be slight congestion when the air is cold. In the lungs, however, the supply of watery fluid is so great that dryness is impossible, and, at the same time, the air is warm before it reaches the lungs. The removal of the watery vapors would even relieve the congestion without bleeding. It may be, however, that the diminished air pressure tends to draw the blood to the surface, and so cause bleeding. Mr. Tyson believes, however, that these slight hemorrhages do not harm, and that the membranes soon become accustomed to the changes in the air.

House Drains.

House drains as a source of ground contamination are pronounced by Professor John McMullen to be even more dangerous than the common sewers, since they are so frequently located immediately under the house, where the results of any defect are more directly manifested. By unskillful construction, or by subsequent careless use or want of repair, the filth is effused into the basement or cellar, and impregnates the soil under the house. In country districts isolated outbreaks of diphtheria, traceable to cesspool effluvia, are not at all uncommon. In these cases it is generally found that there is a water closet in the house, where there is little or no provision for any change of air, that the soil pipe is never ventilated, and that the closet drain discharges into a cesspool which is completely covered up, and only cleaned at rare intervals. The consequence is that any gases generated in the cesspool have no outlet, except through the water closet into the house, and hence result attacks of diphtheria, ulcerated sore throat and other ailments. From an inquiry instituted by the state board of health of Massachusetts respecting the predisposing causes of diphtheria, its prevalence, etc., it is shown that this disease has been most severe in the rural districts where there are no sewers, and where the drainage is bad.

How Long Shall We Sleep?

"Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours sleep, and until the twentieth year, nine hours." The Analyst lays down this rule and then says: After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six to eight hours is necessary. Eight hours sleep will prevent more nervous derangement in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent; and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should be got, if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life cut short at an early age.

Damp Soil and Consumption.

An English physician advances an array of statistics in support of the theory that not only does a damp soil greatly promote consumption, but that its presence may be abated fully one half by the introduction of suitable drainage. A well known Massachusetts physician holds similar views, and considers that the amount of moisture in the soil is a fair criterion of the proportion of consumption among residents.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

The Magic Pasteboard and its Many Convenient Uses in Society.

To many people the visiting card is but an insignificant and trifling bit of paper, but those who "know society by heart" make it serve as a convenient medium of social intercourse. For instance, cards have become very useful as means of conveying somewhat informal invitations. For dinners, balls and other very ceremonious occasions, they are inadequate; but Good Housekeeping pronounces them in good taste for dances, luncheons, "at homes" and teas, and says:

The words "at home" are written upon the card by the hostess herself, also the hour and often the nature of the entertainment, as "Dancing," "Progressive euchre," etc. The envelope should exactly fit the card, and while it is not out of place to send by mail, it is in better taste that they should be delivered by a servant.

The convenient card is also used in reply to invitations. This is frequently correct, but not unless the invitation itself was in that form. Where one more formal was engraved, or written in the third person, a note also in the third person is necessary. In using the card the phrases, "Accepts with pleasure," or, "Regrets to decline," are proper, but it is not allowable to merely write "Accepts" or "Declines," as this is too curt a form to be really courteous.

If a call is intended for more than one member of a family, it is well, though not obligatory, to send up a card for each person. In event of seeing no one, a card must be left for each without fail. It may be turned at the corner or not. In small towns this is not the necessity that it is in cities where there must be some indication whether the visit was personal or not.

And these are a very few of the many uses of cards, which, properly understood, simplify social duties.

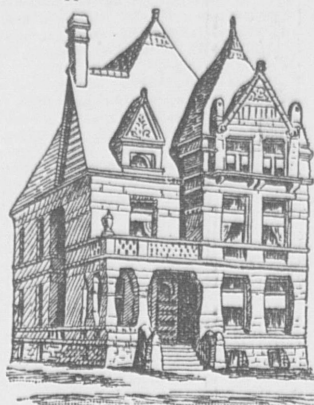
Good Manners at Home.

The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Wherever familiarity exists there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish conduct which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices, one for another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose their power or their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.

A TWO STORY BRICK.

Plans of an Elegant Residence to Cost \$5,000.

The plans for this handsome two story brick residence are from Artistic Homes, published by the National Building Plan association, Detroit. The brief description given is appended:



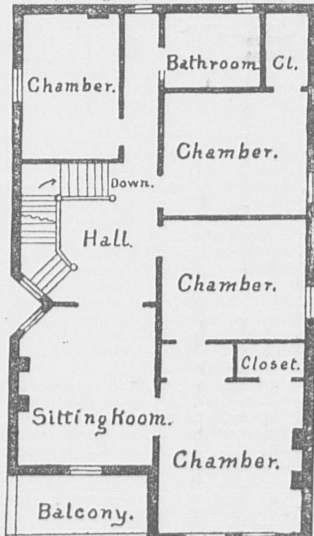
VIEW.

Brick or stone foundation, cut stone trimmings, slate roof; principal apartments finished with hard wood, oil finish, inside blinds, etc. Height of stories—first, 10 feet 6 inches; second, 10 feet. Cellar, 6 feet 6 inches in the clear. First story contains reception room



GROUND FLOOR.

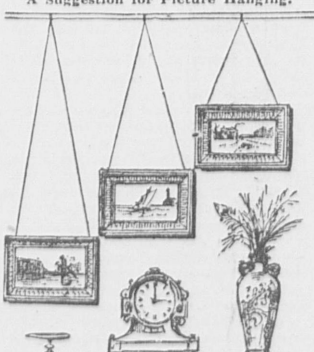
(with fireplace), 12x14.6; staircase hall, 12x12.6; parlor (with fireplace), 13x14; sitting room, 13x14; dining room, 13x13.6; kitchen, 12x13; pantry, 4x3; china closet, 4x1. Second story contains staircase hall, 12x12.6; sitting hall, 12x14.6 (with fireplace);



SECOND STORY.

chamber (with fireplace), 13x14; chamber, 11x13; chamber, 11x13; chamber, 8x13; closet off each chamber; bathroom, 6x8.6; two rooms finished in attic. Estimated cost of building, \$5,000.

A Suggestion for Picture Hanging.



What to do with the large space over the mantelpiece when all the good sized pictures are needed elsewhere is a puzzle to housekeepers. It was solved very nicely by one lady who had three small pictures, uniform in size and resembling each other in subject. She hung them like steps, the one at the left being placed lowest, the one next to it a little higher, and the third higher still. It is a new way to treat pictures, and affords a relief from the time honored plan of hanging two or three pictures at the same distance from the molding and the third a little higher between them.

Let 'Er Rip.

"George," she said, as she lay quivering in his tightly clasped arms, "what was the noise I heard?" "Nothing of importance, Gladys, darling," he answered. "A slight rip in my coat, that was all." And then as the sound of two beating hearts slowly filled the room and floated through the back door, she murmured softly, "George, dear, you couldn't make that coat rip a little more, could you?"—Clothes and Furnisher.

Leonard Heath's Fortune.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

(CONTINUED.)

The sergeant got up, turned his back to the fire, took off his rusty wig, and, poising it on his fist, brushed it carefully—a ceremony which always with the old fellow ushered in an important act. "I want to say a word to you, little gal," solemnly, "and to you, Leonard. It's about this day week—your wedding day."

The woman's face glowed with fiery blushes, but Leonard was silent. She raised her eyes at that and looked at him steadily.

The sergeant pulled her toward him, clearing his throat and beginning with renewed cheerfulness: "We've been partners a good many years, Winny—since you was up to my knee, about—but I think this day week it'll be time to part company."

She did not answer him by word or look. Her eyes never left the man's face, which stood out in relief against the dark background of the night without, as though she read in it words which made her deaf to all others.

"It's borne in on me today, Winny, that I ought to go," in a voice which he made unnaturally jovial. "A man and his new wife is best alone; a third party is like water spilled on a hot, fresh jointed pair of shears—it spiles the temper of 'em over after. Besides, you and Leonard is goin' to hev a hard fight for it. My bit of a pension'd be little help."

Without looking at him she pulled his wrinkled yellow hand under her arm and held it tight on her breast. "Your pension kept me from the almshouse, Uncle Ben. No husband can ever come between me and you."

"It was only the want of money I thought of"—She knew then that he had overheard some of Leonard's words.

"Are you going to measure out life by dollars?" she cried. "Is money above love with you all?" The old man was silent, knowing the words were meant for Leonard. But Leonard did not speak. She was unjust and bitter, he thought, like all women. What if he deferred his marriage for this chance of a fortune? It would be but for a month or a year. Or if, to be plain about it, he did, as she chose to put it, rate money higher than love? He was a practical man; he knew how he had been worsted and trampled on always for want of money; he had his chance now. Was he to give it up for a woman's kiss? Joe and Winny, too, no doubt, would call it a damnable thing to rob hundreds of poor men of their homes on the strength of a musty parchment. He was a practical man. He saw things in a business light. It was for their sake he did it—not his own.

Ben was stroking her hair: "I knowed you'd wish me to stay, Winny. But—"

He looked at Heath, who hesitated a moment and then came forward, leaning his hand on a chair back. "Sergeant Porter, you'll never leave your niece by my will. I do not forget what she owes you. Some day I hope to repay her great obligations in a way that—that may surprise you, sir." There was a boyish choke in his voice at the word.

"I'd be sorry if you paid me in any way, Leonard," the sergeant said, gently. He loosened his hand and slipped quietly to his own room. He felt he had no right to be there with these young people, who stood looking at each other, holding their lives in their hands. He had the feeling of an intruder who had jostled into a room where some one—a stranger—lay dying.

The firelight flashed pleasantly about the homely little kitchen and about the girl; it seemed to show Leonard his honest place among men—work and love. It was a real life so far as it went. It drew him with a strange strength from the mildewed house. The house behind which was—what?

Under all his fantastic ambitions, Len Heath was naturally a kind hearted, affectionate fellow; besides, his imagination was at work; the tenants of the Liverpool property were already real to him—sturdy little men, pale sewing women, little children from whom he was going to filch their one chance in the world; he could hear the very words with which they would curse him when he brought out the musty parchment that left them beggared and homeless.

But behind the musty parchment, it was—money.

Winny fancied she saw a flicker of his old boyish, frank smile; her own face glowed in an instant under it: "Here is your place, Leonard"—timidly turning the comfortable chair about a little.

How sweet and sufficing she looked in her pretty housewife's dress, the hair pushed back from her decided little face! Her big dark eyes, soft, unreasoning, protesting against pain as a leech's, followed him as he moved uneasily about. They haunted Leonard Heath for years.

"Winny," he said, avoiding them guiltily, "I am going to leave you for a week, or a month perhaps—not longer."

She said nothing. How could she struggle against this unknown power which was drawing him away? But she knew by instinct that it was taking him away from her, and that for ever.

"I am going to find a certain thing. It is for your benefit—yours and Joe's. You are not hurt at me? You say nothing—sharply." "It is not for myself. God knows I am not selfish."

"No, you are not selfish, Leonard. But—you do not find enough—here?"

"No. There's what I'll not talk of. You never understood all the requirements of my nature—none of you. You never will!" He took up his cap and shifted it irresolutely in his hand.

"Will you be gone long, Leonard?"

"No. If I do not succeed in my search in a month, I will come back to you. You'll keep my place there ready for me?" with a smile.

Her face brightened: "I'll keep it for you"—putting her hand on the chair. "Are you going now?"

—yes, now. He took a step nearer. But he knew if he kissed the warm, sweet breathed mouth, or touched her, he never would leave her. He stood motionless a moment, and then, with a sudden gesture of farewell, went out into the night.

III.

"And that's Joseph, eh? But there was another Heath, sergeant—a younger lad, if I'm not mistaken?"

Uncle Ben glanced warily about the little eating house, hauled up his wooden leg and bent over his glass of ale to reach the corporal's ear. The room was vacant but for themselves, and Tiffin was a trusty fellow; they had been comrades at Palo Alto and Vera Cruz; still, it was as well to be cautious. He keyed his whisper to the lowest pitch.

Tiffin sat upright again with a long-drawn "Whew! Now I've heard of cases like that," he rejoined, solemnly nodding. "But I can't say as one ever come before my actual experience. I've heard before of men disappearin' off the face of the earth in broad daylight, with their friends about them. Death put out his hand and took 'em onsen, I reckon. That's more awful to me than to see them going the usual road—first corpses and then crumblin' bones. And there's been no word of him since?"

"No, none; and that is five year ago—five year this October since he went out of the door, as it might be there, saying, 'I'm going to bring something to you—to you and Joe.' Leonard 'ud hev brought it if he'd been alive. He'd hev sent tidin's, if it was his last breath, to one of them as waited for him. I lied faith in the boy," shaking his head.

"The police, now—I reckon you tried them? People allus do," with a nod as one who knew human weakness and could pardon it.

"Of course. Wouldn't you have recommended it Tiffin?"

"They found no traces, I'll venture?"

"No. They searched all likely and unlikely places. And Joe—for more nor a year he let his business go by the board. I did what I could, but it was of no use."

"There was one, you said, he would have sent tidin's to?"

"She's there. She's waitin' for him yet to keep his promise. I'd rather not talk about her." Ben was silent for a moment, and then resumed in an altered tone: "There was one clew. There was an oldish, wizened lookin' man, that Leonard had been seen with in the city a day or two before; sarch was made for him, but he never was seen afterward. There was them as said he hed made way with the boy."

"I hev'n't a doubt of it. I hev my own opinion about these onaccountable disappearances"—draining his glass with a mysterious nod. "When ther's common robbery it comes out, an' when ther's common murder it comes out. But when old Death puts on human shape an' goes about layin' on his hand, now here, now there, ther's nothin' heard of them again. You heerd of that strange man that was seen goin' from town to town in '32, and the cholery follered him like a bloodhound its master?"

"No," with a shiver. "Then you think?"

"How do you know that the man seen with young Heath was a man?"

Tiffin's views were dreary and chilly, even over a bottle of double XX and the savories of fried oysters. Ben lagged in his talk, and presently stooped for his stick, leaving his supper to grow cold, and bade the corporal good night. Winny would be waiting for him, he knew.

They had been living for only a week in town, and this was the sergeant's first onslaught into the dissipation of city life. He stumped along the narrow streets in the suburb into the unfrequented road leading to the low, red brick house, with its half dozen porches, whose windows were sending a cheerful glimmer from the top of the hill. That was Joe's house. Just a week ago he and Bessy had carried out their old scheme, and had moved into the outskirts of Philadelphia, buying this farmhouse and its two or three acres round about. Not a stone's throw off in the orchard, there was the stone cottage into which Winny and Uncle Ben had snuggled down with their old furniture and big fires and plaster busts and simple, hearty, old fashioned ways that made a home out of the place in a day.

It was a matter of course that they should come with Joe and Bessy, who had drawn them closer to them by degrees, for years trying to fill up the gap in the girl's life with their own home affairs, their children, their watchful love of her. The first plan was that the sergeant and Winny should share the house with them, but Winny rebelled. "We must have room for our plaster work, Uncle Ben and I," she said; "and room for our sober, humdrum ways. It would not be best for us to live with you, Bessy."

So, with her savings for the paddle had kept the wolf clear out of sight, she bought this cottage—a joint stock concern with her and Ben. He had been at work for weeks, patching fences, painting every bit of wood susceptible of paint, to the very cowshed. Today the last triumphant nail had been driven. Winny had put down her green rag carpet and tacked her last curtain, and Joe and Bessy were coming over for a housewarming tea.

Ben stumped along the board walk, whistling cheerily, his old heart beating time under his thin ribs. He had gone to town for some pepper pot, as a delicate surprise to add to the entertainment, when he fell in with Tiffin, and was beguiled into the ghostly story of Leonard Heath. He jogged on faster to put it out of his mind. It was more ghastly than death to remember. There were times when he fancied it was always present to Winny, though, even to him, for years she had not mentioned Leonard's name.

He saw her now in the open door, through which the firelight streamed out warily into the night. "All right Winny!" he called. At which she nodded brightly and went in.

"There's none kin fill the old man's place to her," he said, as he made a short cut through the privet bushes to the door. "She keeps a frightened sort of

watch on me, as though I too might disappear and leave her alone. Good Lord!" He stopped short, looking about the garden and fields beyond, from which the late October chill and damp drew heavy scents, sweet and tainted with decay. "It's the very day! Five years this night. Ther were low clouds flyin' over the moon, too, just as now, and this cold, deadly wind, and these unwholesome smells, like plants strewed over corpses. Kin she hev forgotten?" He hurried to the door, as though some ghost pursued him, stopping again to glance fearfully around.

There was a certain chill, a hush in the uncanny night, as though some ill-boding presence came slowly, steadily nearer. In the many noises of the wind, through the forest just within sight, he fancied he detected a cry almost human in its want and pain.

"Was it a banshee that Len said cried on the night when a Heath died, and on that night for years after came back to 'mind them that was livin' of the dead?" The darkness, the cry, his own ghastly fancies, drew him to the door; he opened it and came in headlong, with a pale face, at which they all laughed.

"Here is your dry coat and slippers, uncle," said Winny, and now that he was in she sat down contented. He could not tell, furtively glancing around, whether they remembered the day or not. Joe, who sat smoking his pipe on the other side of the fire, was quieter than usual, and Bessy, resplendent in her new merino, more gossipy, but keeping, he noticed, a close motherly watch over Winny. However, she always did that. As for Winny, no one could ever tell what she thought.

She was the same chubby, dumpling little body that she had been five years ago. She rolled about the house rather than walked. There were the soft color and shy dimples coming and going on the honest face, and sudden laughter in the dark eyes, that made everybody long to hug her and make friends with her for ever. But while she had once been the fondest girl in the country side of dances and gayety and pretty dresses, she lived, since her strange widowhood began, utterly alone but for the old man and the companionship which Joe and Bessy gave them. Apart from them, too, under all her affectionate, cheerful manner, in the absolute silence in which she covered her loss.

Ben could not tell if she remembered what night had come again. He forgot to speculate about it. The fire was so big and hospitable; the room, with its new green carpet and home made lounges, so exactly the picture of comfort and home which he and Winny had planned; and through the open door there came glimpses of the bright kitchen and whiffs of the fat pullets roasting a dainty brown. Once Mrs. Joe brought back his vague fears: when the door was inadvertently opened she hurried to close it.

"It is a wretched night," she said, shivering. "I fancy the dead would choose to be out in such wind and white moonlight, if they can come back"—stopping and stammering as she looked at Winny. "Coming along the edge of the woods yonder, I fancied I heard the cry of some wild beast in them. I told Joe so." "It was the wind," said Joe. "But it had a curious sound, sergeant. No wonder it skert a woman. It was like a dying beast in a cage." "I heard it," the sergeant hurried away from the subject, and so did Joe. It was the happiest evening since they came into their new home. The work and bustle of moving were over, as well as the hard struggle of years, and the warm, quiet sense of home was real for the first time.

Only once it was jarred. Leonard, Joe's oldest boy, having been admitted as a special grace to sit up for supper, propped about the room, to the discomfort of everybody but his mother and Winny, who vied with each other in spoiling him. Finally he crept up into an old leather chair that stood vacant, shining in the firelight, in the warmest corner, curled up his fat legs and prepared to go to sleep. There was a sudden silence in the room, as though a ghost had stood among them. It was the first time since Leonard Heath had disappeared that his place had been filled, though the chair had waited vacant through all those years. They were superstitious, and this was a sure omen to them of his death. "Let the child stay," cried his mother, with a pale face; "he is the only one of his name that will ever sit in that place."

But Winny shook her head and took the boy hastily up, holding him tight to her breast and rocking him to sleep, while her eyes rested on the place left vacant, as though she had the second sight, and Leonard Heath sat there alive before her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Anxious Moment.

A few years ago a party went up on West Mountain, in Byron, to pick blueberries. They found good picking and filled their dishes before noon. After eating their lunch they started down. For some reason one of them did not start for some time after the rest did. He finally started and got to a place where the path was very narrow, running by high ledges. There was a gully from the top of the mountain to the path, and when he got to that a small cub that seemed to be lame came into the path in front of him. He had a cookie in his pocket and he broke off a piece and threw it to the bear. The latter ate it and looked around for more. He gave him the rest of the cookie and started along, pushing the cub out of the way with his foot. The cub whined, and he heard the old bear come down through the bushes. He ran back a few rods and felt for his knife to cut a cub; then he remembered he had lent his knife to one of the party. There he was, face to face with a large bear, and not as much as a knife to defend himself with. The bear rose on her haunches and growled at him, and he expected she would attack him at any moment. But she did not. She looked at him a few minutes and then called the cub and went back up the gully. He lost no time in getting off the mountain.—Lewis-ton Journal.

Look Out for Gloves.

A young lady in the town of Minsk, Russia, purchased a pair of gloves, a la Sarah Bernhardt. Immediately after putting them on her hands began to itch. The next day her arms were covered with sores, and a week later she died of blood poisoning. The doctors suppose that the skin belonged to an animal that had some contagious malady.

UNION.

We voted not to tax dogs this year.

The Juvenile Temple is prospering. The Annual Town Report was accepted as printed.

Maynard Thompson is home from Kent's Hill.

Beau feast Wednesday evening passed off pleasantly.

Dr. Damon is papering and painting his dental rooms.

Cal. Burrows has received another large lot of horses.

The Union Farmer for March will be out early next week.

Remember the Sunday afternoon meetings by the W. C. T. U.

W. S. Varney has commenced the manufacture of his catarrh snuff.

Mrs. Louise Bachelder of Union has been visiting her brother in Rockland.

Union ladies are clear grit. They start out regardless of the wind and weather.

Six brothers from Mount Willow Lodge, I. O. G. T., visited Rural Lodge last week.

Leave items and subscribe for THE COURIER-GAZETTE at the Union Farmer office.

Richard Thompson who was hurt so badly three weeks ago is getting better rapidly.

The Grange is taking in new members fast. Ten new names were presented last week.

Cooper Post, G. A. R., have engaged Rev. Mr. Humevel of Warren to deliver the Memorial address in Union.

Eight ladies from Cooper Relief Corps visited Edwin Libby Relief Corps Thursday, and were entertained royally.

Seven Tree Grange is booming, taking in new members every Wednesday evening, and re-instating delinquents. Editor Fish has climbed the last brush fence and is now in full membership.

Annual town meeting was held Monday Mar. 3. Owing to the unfavorable weather and bad roads only about half of the voters were present. The following officers were elected: A. L. Bartlett, R. Moderator; A. M. Wingate, D., Clerk; Warren Hills, D., Lysander Norwood, R. R., G. W. Payson, D., Selectmen. Above named selectmen were also elected as Assessors and Overseers of the Poor; F. H. Pratt, R., Treasurer; E. H. Walcott, D., Town Agent; F. A. Alden, D., Supervisor of Schools. Voted to raise \$700 for Free Text Books, \$225 for Free High School, \$150 for seats for Town Hall, \$25 for Memorial Day, etc., etc. It was a field day for raising money.

OWL'S HEAD.

The Owl's Head School closed Feb. 24th after a very pleasant term of twelve weeks. The school registered 39 scholars with an average attendance of 32. Five were not absent for the term, namely, Mervin Post, Winfield Maddocks, Clara Arey, Leon Watson and George Breck; and two were absent but one day, Carrie Bridges and Emory Tolman. Those who were not absent for the last month were Mervin Post, Estella Watson, Winfield Maddocks, Clara Arey, Nellie Lindsey, Evie Lindsey, Herman Maddocks, Hansie Philbrook, Leon Watson, George Breck and Emory Tolman.

PLEASANTVILLE.

F. K. Matthews is on the sick list again.

Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Kallach of Thomaston visited at D. M. Kenniston's last week.

Miss Josie Young is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Young.

At the school meeting in District No. 7 last Saturday W. F. Cunningham was chosen Moderator, W. J. Russell, Clerk, G. M. Lawrence, Agent, and it was voted to build a new fence on the north side of the school lot, to be built by A. L. Jones, the lowest bidder.

SOUTH THOMASTON.

Eugene Stanton has gone to Boston to take a voyage in the bark J. R. Stanhope.

Capt. John B. Norton went to Boston Tuesday to charter his vessel, bark J. R. Stanhope.

J. A. Chadwick has been taking a vacation for a few days, but went to Vinal-haven Tuesday.

George Green returned Thursday from a business trip to New York, Baltimore and other points.

E. J. Miller has returned from Red-stone, N. H., and will go to Friendship as superintendent of the Union Granite Works.

Mrs. E. J. Miller will open a boarding house at Ingraham's Hill, in the Pillsbury house in a few days. That means an extra good place to board.

Tuesday Brown & Wade's six-horse team got stuck with four tons of rough stone at the foot of Pierce's lane, on account of the drifts not being shovelled Monday after the storm.

School at Ingraham's Hill closed Tuesday. The following were not absent during the term: Millie Everett, Edith Clark, Helen Farr, Frances Hayden. Absent only one day, James Haskell, Alice Philbrook, Willie Whitney, Gertie Wooster, Sadie Wooster. Honorable mention: Fred Smith, Elma Farr, Elva Rackliff. Best general rank, Jennie Fisk.