

Tom Taylor's Tombstone, a thrilling story, completed in two issues—1st installment next week. Read it! Read it.

SATURDAY COURIER-GAZETTE.

VOLUME 1.

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

ROCKLAND, MAINE, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

Semi-Weekly
Tuesday and Saturday.

NUMBER 13.

Births.

Howes—North Union, May 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Howes, a daughter.
Kenny—Rockland, May 10, to Mr. and Mrs. David Kennedy, a daughter.
Beverage—North Haven, May 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beverage, a daughter.
Grey—Rockland, May 8, to Mr. and Mrs. George Grey, a son.
Enright—Washington, April 28, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Enright, a son.

Marriages.

Bickmore—Beverage—Rockland, May 12, by Rev. C. G. Cummings, Albert E. Bickmore and Fannie Beverage, both of Rockland.
Reed—Clark—Waldoboro, May 8, Zenas Reed and Alice R. Clark, both of Waldoboro.

Deaths.

Blake—North Warren, May 14, Mrs. Theresa Blake, aged 79 years.
L. O. G. T.—South Hope, May 14, Fannie A. wife of Elbridge G. Loomis, aged 44 years.
Pitman—Appleton, May 13, Herman Pitman, aged about 75 years.
Clark—Rockland, May 9, Elizabeth A. wife of Oliver A. Clark, aged 60 years, 4 months, 23 days.
Titus—Chelsea, Mass., May 8, Kieki M. Titus, formerly of Rockland, a member of Co. C, 1st Maine Regiment, aged 48 years, 9 months, 12 days.
Wymann—Massachusetts, May 8, Gertrude, eldest daughter of the late Wm. H. Wymann, formerly of Waldoboro, aged 18 years.
Woodcock—Green's Landing, Deer Isle, May 6, Webster S. Woodcock, aged 50 years.
Simmons—Hope, May 5, Martha Ann, wife of Clarendon A. Simmons, aged 40 years, 16 days.
Berklin—Oceano, Pier Isle, May 5, Lizzie, wife of Charles Berklin, aged 17 years.
Wallace—Waldoboro, May 5, Albert G. Wallace, aged 58 years, 5 months.
McDonald—Oceano, Pier Isle, May 3, Cassie McDonald, aged 17 years.

HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

The May session of Probate Court for this county will be held next Tuesday.

A new safe almost as big as a barn has been placed in the handsome office of The Thordike.

The grounds around the Catholic Church and the residence of Rev. Fr. Phelan are being graded this week.

A special meeting of the Y. M. C. A. has been called for Monday evening at their new quarters in Jones' block. It is hoped that all will attend.

Abraham Titus, living near Ingraham's Hill, has made several repairs on his residence. Among other things he has rebuilt two chimneys.

Edwin Libby Post has accepted an invitation to become the guests of the Malden Post during the session of the National Encampment at Boston.

The Y. M. C. A. has secured a boat for their harbor work, with good prospects of getting another one. The Association have in view the building of a boat house soon.

Guesses on the population of our city are coming in, a large number having been received. Cut out the coupon and send it in with your guess. \$5 for the lucky guesser.

Street Superintendent Simmons has leveled up the city lawn at the junction of Main and North Main streets, and will see it down, hoping to cut hay enough for the city horses.

Artist painter Labe has just finished a drop curtain, representing an old castle, for the stage in the basement of St. Bernard's Church, which the young people of the society will use for amusement purposes.

James F. Sears Hose Co., which goes to Bangor Wednesday, June 11, and remains four days, has engaged the Rockland band to accompany them. The services of the band at Camden were at first engaged but the members of the company finally concluded to have a home party.

At the annual meeting of the incorporators of the Rockland Savings Bank in this city today, the following officers were elected: Trustees, Francis Cobb, Samuel Bryant, John S. Case, A. J. Bird, W. H. Titcomb, E. H. Lawry, E. R. Spear; President, Francis Cobb; Treasurer, E. D. Spear.

The debris in the rear of A. L. Richardson's store, corner of Main and Willow Streets, has been removed and the ground broken for a double two-story tenement house to be built by Aaron Howes. Rockland continues to multiply the number of her buildings and to increase her population without interruption.

The weather since the advent of May has been favorable for grass lands, but for planting purposes it has been very discouraging. The rains for the past week have washed the seed out in many places, while in the low lands it has rotted before germinating. However if only a small crop of vegetables is secured a large crop of profanity will be harvested.

The dwellers on Beach Street feeling that they had been too long neglected by the city, have graveled the street in an excellent manner. The cost for doing the work was met by private subscriptions of the people living in that immediate locality. If the earth does not move quick enough depend upon it they can accelerate its speed by applying the modern Archimedian lever—the almighty dollar.

An excavation has been made on Main Street, opposite the Congregational Church, for the purpose of locating the position of the gas pipe there. Several joints of the pipe were less than six inches from the surface, and what prevented it from being crushed by the heavy teams which passed over it when the mud prevailed and was deep has been the talk of many. The pipe was originally laid four feet under ground, but by a gradual leveling of the street the pipe was almost brought to view. A trench of the original depth will be dug and the pipe buried once more. By the time nature begins again to lower the street, the pavers will probably step in and arrest its progress.

A good delegation from Hamilton and Progressive lodges of Good Templars went to Washington Wednesday to attend the meeting of the District lodge. On account of a saturated atmosphere the delegates did not leave the city until quite late. They report that the meeting was a very satisfactory one, and was attended by about one hundred representatives.

The Rockland contingent did not return until about 9 o'clock Thursday morning. When the meeting adjourned Nature was weeping copiously and so Jehu turned in. When awakened and requested to make ready for the return trip he flatly refused and turned his face to the wall and fell asleep. They finally got under way and set their faces homeward about 4 o'clock.

Make a guess on the population of our city just for fun. Five dollars to the lucky one that comes nearest.

I guess that the population of Rockland in 1890 will be

Name.....
Address.....

Cut this out, fill in the blanks and mail to the "Census Editor."

The directors of the Bass Harbor, Swan's Island & Rockland Steamboat Co. were to hold a meeting Thursday afternoon at the Bodwell Granite Co.'s office, but on account of the non-appearance of several of the directors it was postponed for several days.

John F. Fogler who is associated with Wm. L. Blackington in the sale of carriages has sold his stable, connected with the repository, to Cobb, Wight & Co., who have already taken possession. The carriage repository is to be placed end to the street and a stable to connect is to be built in the rear.

Thursday night at the Red Men's hall in Willowholy block a large company of dancers enjoyed a social hop given as a reception to Prof. R. C. Rankin, who is to open classes in dancing in the city. Delightful music was furnished by Miss Jennie Clum, a young lady pianist of Boston who is to play for the classes.

R. H. S. Crayon Dust—Don't we look patriotic?—Carver '92 has returned to school—Miss Louise Hunt, '90, who has been absent on account of illness the past week, has returned—One of the members of the Junior Greek class is a contestant for the "baby prize" offered by the glass blowers—The rhetorical exercises on Saturdays have been resumed, a fact which all of the pupils are glad to learn. "The Leak in the Dyke" and Patrick Henry's speech, which have been enjoying a brief resting period for the past two terms, will now be sprung upon the school with renewed energy—Four new trees have been planted on the school grounds, two of which are large elms directly in front of the building.

The committee who had the affair in charge was as follows: Howard '90, Marsh '91, McLoon '92 and Wiggin '93. A very eloquent and Cicero-like oration on the subject was delivered by the chairman of the committee before the school last Saturday, which was received with intense satisfaction and applause—Though there was but a meagre attendance, the meeting of the Tau Delta Kappa society last Friday evening was one of the most pleasant that has been held for a long time. So much business had to be transacted that the regular debate was omitted. The by-laws and constitution have been re-arranged and the report of the committee in charge of the matter was read. It was voted unanimously to celebrate the second anniversary of the society sometime in the near future, probably in two or three weeks.

PENSIONS.

The following pensions have been allowed at Gen. Cilley's office:
Martin Richards, Camden, "Dick Martz," Co. A., 6th Mass. Vols., original at \$6 per month from Jan. 12, 1889. Richards was with the 6th Mass. in their famous march through Baltimore and fight in the streets of that city in April 1861.

James M. Lowell, Thomaston, Co. G., 23 Maine, original at \$4 per month from July 16, 1863 and \$6 per month from Sept. 22, 1866.

John F. Hodgkins, Damariscotta, Co. I, 21 Maine Vols.; increase \$8 to \$14 per month.

WORK AT THE POST-OFFICE.

The following is the report of the number and pieces of mail matter collected and delivered at the Rockland post office for the past month.

DELIVERED.	
Registered letters.....	47
Letters.....	16,543
Postal cards.....	2,460
Newspapers.....	12,687
Total delivered.....	
COLLECTED.	
Local letters.....	1,337
Mailed " ".....	17,324
Local postal cards.....	923
Mailed " ".....	2,078
Newspapers.....	1,423
Total collected.....	
Total number of letters, postal cards, papers, etc., handled, 55,702.	

A POPULAR BRAND.

Tuesday, May 6th, we advertised the El Grato Cigar. Saturday, 21 dealers had bought them. Tuesday, 27 had them, and with this issue nearly all the dealers in the county have them on sale. This is the opening day to customers, and if you don't smoke some of these popular flyers you'll miss a good thing.

A tug with two immense coal barges in tow passed up the river Thursday.

Amusements and Announcements.

Prof. Rankin's afternoon class will open Thursday, May 22, further particulars of which will be given in the Tuesday C-G.

The "Struck Gas" Company that was booked for Farwell Hall has cancelled its date, doubtless thinking that there was too much circus in Maine.

Wednesday afternoon and evening our citizens will have another opportunity to witness the exhibition of the wonderful Edison Phonograph by Prof. L. C. Beckwith of Boston, at the Opera House. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a matinee will be given for the benefit of scholars of the public schools.

Many are asking the question what is this "Trade Carnival," so much talk is being made about it. We acknowledge that much about it is mystery. This we know, that 75 of the business houses of the city have engaged young ladies to represent them, in costume, at a carnival to be held in Farwell Hall about June 1st, that there is much rivalry among the merchants in getting up rich and attractive costumes, that from 50 to 75 young ladies are meeting for rehearsal in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium twice each week, that they meet with closed doors, by the tramp of feet and sound of martial command, that they are being drilled in evolutions of a military character, that the ladies are members of the "Royal" family in fact the "King's Daughters," that they are under the direction of Mr. James Wight, that he is assisted by Mrs. Wight, Miss Julia Spear, and Mr. A. Ross Weeks, beside the officers of the King's Daughters, that satisfactory progress is being made, that any who fail of witnessing this carnival will miss the event of the season, that it has taken immensely in other places, and that it will in Rockland. Announcements as to time and other essentials will be made as soon as plans are perfected.

The coming of Frank A. Robbins' twelve big circuses in one has been eagerly looked for in this vicinity and it is our pleasant duty to chronicle the fact that the great amusement venture (the greatest in amusement annals) will positively exhibit at Rockland on Monday, May 26. The big show cannot afford to change its date, come rain or shine, and as it is equipped with the latest patented weather and rain-proof tents, patrons of the mammoth unification need fear no discomfort. The number of performers in the twelve shows is one astonishing; there are more than a hundred hippodrome and bare-back riders, and one hundred young ladies in the great ballets and marches of the two spectacles. As the gymnasts, vaulters, athletes, aerial artists and other actors are in the same ratio, as twelve to one when compared to the ordinary circus, so the actors with the twelve big shows and the acts performed by them make the big Robbins consolidation a twelve-fold wonder. The menagerie contains many splendid specimens of wild, tame, trained and led animals; and the curios in the double museum are counted by the thousands. One ticket and one price of admission admits the holder to the twelve shows.

The last entertainment that is to be given by the class of '90 took place in the High School rooms Wednesday evening, and was a very fitting winding up of the year. Between two and three hundred people were present and had the pleasure of listening to one of the finest programmes yet presented. As soon as this was concluded, ice cream, cake and confectionery were served. The programme was as follows: Piano Solo, Miss Fannie Ulmer; Song, Miss Ada Simonton; Song, Mrs. W. M. Kimmell; Reading, Miss Marie Barrett; Song, H. W. Putnam; Song, Mrs. Lillian Copping; Reading, Miss Marie Barrett; Song, Dr. T. E. Tibbets.

MARINE MATTERS.

Sch. Mabel Hooper, Hooper, with ice from Bangor, arrived at Philadelphia Tuesday.

Arrived in New York Tuesday, schs. Robt. Dority, Low, from Bluehill; Idaho, Gay; C. L. Hix, Spear; Mary Brewer, Gregory; Martha Inus, Speed and American Chief, Snow, from Rockland; G. E. Prescott, Dobbin, from Philadelphia.

New York Charter lists of the 10th says: Southern lumber freight, both coastwise and for the West Indies, are strong, but a dearth of outward cargoes militates against activity. Coal, ice and other coastwise freights are substantially unchanged, and are employing much tonnage that would otherwise be available for the South and West Indies. Schs. Nelson Bartlett, New York to Demerara, \$3,200—Helen Montague, from Fernandina to New York, lumber, \$7.25—free wharfage—Jennie S. Hall, same voyage, \$7.12 1/2—free wharfage and 50 M. per day—Maggie G. Hart, from Maine ports to New York, ice, season charter, private terms—L. T. Whitmore, from Hoboken to Boston, coal, 73

cents and bridge money—Caroline Knight, from Raritan River to Boston, brick, \$1.60—J. B. Holden, from Perth Amboy to Portsmouth, coal, 90 cents—Henry Souther, from Fernandina to New York, lumber, \$7.12 1/2—free wharfage and 50 M. per day—Lucy Jones, from South Amboy to Haverhill, coal, \$1.20—G. W. Glover, from Rondout to Belfast, cement, 20 cents—Chase, from Rondout to Boston, cement, 20 cents.

Four-masted schooner Augustus Welt, Stahl, with 2500 tons of ice from Bangor for Philadelphia, has been in the harbor since Thursday, having sustained loss of anchor and 60 fathoms cable off Saturday Cove.

Arrived the 15th, sch. Georgie Berry, Ginn, from New York via Portsmouth; sch. M. A. Achorn, Achorn, from Bangor for Curacao.

Arrived the 14th, Addie Wessels, Dyer, New York via Boston; J. S. Glover, Maxwell, Portland; Fleetwood, Grant, Portland; Wm. H. Bigelow, Rhodes, from Bangor for Baltimore, with ice.

Schs. D. W. Hammond, Hayden, and Commerce, Perkins, are ready to sail for Boston.

Schs. Ringdove, Marston, and Speedwell, Arey, are ready to sail for Richmond, Va.

The following vessels are ready to sail for New York: Jennie Greenbank, Steele, with Warren lime; Charlie Woolsey, Harris; A. Hayford, Warren; Annie J. Russell, Sprague; Mary J. Lee, Harris; E. Arcularius, Davis; F. G. French, Hall; Daniel Simmons, Delaware; Clara Rankin, Averill; Ann Eliza, Maddocks; Allie Oakes, French; Clara, Gregory, with ice; Yankee Mail, Tuttle.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Rev. Wm. Washburn will preach at St. Peter's church, Sunday, with a view of settling in this city, and the members of the church are requested to meet Mr. Washburn at the close of the services.

"Peter, The Bold Preacher" will be the subject of the pastor's sermon tomorrow evening at the Congregational Church. This will be the fifth and the last but one in the present series of evening discourses on "Famous Bible Preachers."

MATTERS PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. E. Hanly has gone to Hoston to remain a week—W. H. Fogler, esq., has been at Belfast several days attending Probate Court—E. H. Cameron has entered the employ of Spear, May & Stover—Mrs. G. W. Garland and daughter go to Portland today to remain a week—The funeral of Mrs. Oliver A. Clark occurred on Sunday last from her home on Mechanic street. Mrs. Clark's death was very sudden, caused by heart disease. She was an estimable lady, beloved by all who knew her—Ralph Ayers of Boston is visiting his home in this city—Mrs. Lillian Copping has been engaged as teacher of the Grace street primary school—Miss Crocker, teacher of the Purchase Street School, has been confined to the house by illness, her school being taken care of by her sister Addie May Crocker—Herbert L. Jones who was much interested in the organization of the Y. M. C. A. was at the rooms of the Association Wednesday—Mrs. Lizzie Spear of Cushing has been at the house of Edwin Robinson—Clifford Clark of Thomaston was in the city, Thursday—Brook Collins who has been staying in Belmont for some time returned home Thursday—Ernest Wing of Belmont is at the house of L. S. Robinson, Willow Street—Mrs. Lydia Hatch has returned from Fresno, Cal., where she has been during the winter with her daughter Miss Lucy Hatch—Mrs. A. F. Ames and Chas. H. Ames are in the city.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The extremely wet condition of the grounds has prevented any practice or playing up to date.

A game should be arranged for the morning of circus day, the 27th inst.

The Rockland nine can well boast of one of the finest batteries and center-fielders in the state.

A nine composed of old Rockland professionals is soon to be formed. Harry Banks and Will French will constitute the crack battery of the nine, which is expected to vanquish all opponents.

The Collys still lead the Inter-Collegiate league. The M. S. C's, after one game found it necessary to re-organize. Rabb, who it will be remembered played on the Rockland nine against Bangor last season will go first, and Bird third. Blackington will act as change pitcher and short-stop.

The Boston Brotherhood nine has been playing great ball and stand at the head of that league. The National League of that city nine however, has taken a decided fall, now occupying fifth place.

WARREN.

The officers of Mt. Willow Lodge 179, I. O. G. T., were installed Monday night by M. H. Stahl, L. D., as follows: J. F. Starrett, C. T.; B. H. Wetherbee, V. T.; H. F. Vinal, R. S.; R. S. Hall, T.; Mrs. Lena Spear, F. S.; Rev. F. S. Hunnewell, C.; Charles Teague, S. J. T.; Henry Oliver, Guard and Stanford Watts, Sentinel. Visitors were present from Brooklyn Lodge No. 251, also from Good Will Lodge of Lovell. After the installation a sociable was held in the Town Hall. The lodge was started with 14 charter members something over a year ago, it now has about 60 members in good standing.

BURKETTVILLE.

Miss Edith Burkett continues in poor health. Mr. J. M. Light is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Burkett have left town for the season. He has employment in Concord, N. H.

Milton Thurston received an injury to his face last week, while playing with a large dog, that came near being very serious.

NORTH WASHINGTON.

Sam Clapp has moved to Longfellow's Corner.

Rose Pinkham has bought a horse of O. B. Collins.

Mrs. Micah Howard and Mrs. F. A. Howard are on the sick list.

Mrs. Ann E. Richardson of Augusta is visiting at her father's, Jacob Worthing's, LINCOLNVILLE.

Miss Annie Miller is clerking for N. D. Ross.

Granville Prock has been in Rockland a few days.

F. N. Allen, recently of Camden, has located at the Beach.

Mrs. Abbie True has put in quite a stock of dry and fancy goods at the Center.

E. M. Heal has gone to Thompson's Island, Boston Harbor, where he has obtained employment.

Miss Flora Carver has again returned to Islesboro, where she has been teaching for several years.

Miss Lelah Decrow has opened a millinery shop at the Center where she is prepared to do millinery work in the most artistic manner. Give her a call.

Prof. L. C. Bateman of Searsport has been delivering a course of lectures on Phrenology at the Beach during the past week. The Prof. is well posted on the subject upon which he speaks, and is a finished and eloquent orator whom none, within whose neighborhood he comes, should fail to hear.

The greater part of our schools are now supplied with a very useful and necessary piece of apparatus in the shape of a set of charts, embracing primary reading, phonics, penmanship, drawing, arithmetic, U. S. history, geography, civil government, physiology and hygiene, in all 36 charts hung on one roller. These charts are highly recommended by Hon. N. A. Luce, State Supt. Common Schools, and by the school boards in the different towns where they have been introduced.

REMARKABLE

That's what the dealers say after smoking the EL GRATO CIGAR, and we think the smoker will say the same for we are offering

The Best Cigar for a Nickel That Was Ever Seen.

The investment is small; you can tell by smoking one whether it suits you or not. Why not look into this? Remember the name.

EL GRATO!

You Can Get Them Saturday, May 17

The following dealers will have them in stock on that date, and others will be added to the list each week:

ROCKLAND.	
C. A. Haskell	Joseph Vezile
W. J. Coakley	O. F. Hix
J. R. Stewart	A. L. Richardson
M. H. Nash	Farrand, Spear & Co
E. B. Ingraham	E. Mont Perry
C. E. Tuttle	H. O. Gurdy & Co.
E. E. Simmons	G. F. Grant
C. H. Pendleton	Theo. Koonen
G. A. Ames	A. M. Fuller & Co
J. H. Flint & Son	H. G. Tibbets
W. S. Henningway	Fred Rising
R. C. Rankin & Co.	A. C. Gay & Co.
THOMASTON.	
Masters & Starrett	E. L. Dillingham & Comp'y.
J. S. Linnekin	
CAMDEN.	
Bay View House	Simonton & Gill
ROCKPORT.	
F. P. Libby	VINALHAVEN.
Davidson & Kittredge	C. B. Smith
	SPRUCE HEAD.
Bodwell Granite Company.	
	OWLS HEAD.
L. A. Arey	CLARE'S ISLAND.
M. A. St. John.	
WASHINGTON.	
C. I. York	
WANTED.	
At 165 Broadway, chairs to mend, accounts to adjust. Sewing of any kind. A. W. & W. sewing machine to sell.	
17	
R. M. PILLSBURY.	

134-194
Committee on Highways and Sidewalks.

Mrs. W. P. CLARK
Human Hair Goods
HAIR ORNAMENTS
CORSETS
Toilet Articles, Etc.
400
Main Street, Rockland

NYE IN THE FAR NORTH.

THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY JUST ABOUT SUITS HIM.

Aspirations of Alfarita Bowles—Some Advice to Theatrical Amateurs—Scenery in a Famous Tunnel on the Northern Pacific Railway—A Night of Suffering.

(Copyright, 1890, by E. W. Nye.)

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC. The star of empire never did a better thing than to take its way westward, and especially over this road, as it has dodged the blockade most effectively and is really the whitest route to the coast. Having paid full rates, I feel perfectly free to say this.

In the past three months I have pretty well done the boom towns. It is a good subject to study. For several years most all kinds of stocks, especially horned stocks, have failed to declare dividends. Railroads especially, owing to close com-



"I STOPPED THERE ONCE."

petition and the great monumental folly known as the interstate commerce law, a legislative joke with whiskers on it, a local gag to get votes and break up business, have made dividends small. What we are pleased to call politics in America is really the funniest and still the most serious thing in the history of the republic. How best to be re-elected is the great question of legislation, not how best to deserve it. The country and the state may go to grass, but the fall elections must be looked out for.

I started out to say, however, that the new northwest, and especially the Puget sound country, is the great country. Half a dozen cities are growing up like asparagus in the moist London air of the sound. The prosperity of one does not hurt the prosperity of another. The more business there is for the sound the better it is for all. Nearly all the transcontinental roads are already there. Five railways at least are represented, and Asiatic trade will soon turn that way. The Northern Pacific, with its Wisconsin Central, makes a direct connection with Chicago, and so successfully competes with any other transcontinental road. The scenery on either road is poor enough, I think, and the corporation that banks on its views is doing a poor business. A tunnel especially is a disappointment. You talk about the tunnel for days before you get there, and when you arrive how sad you are. The kerosene lamps smoke all the way through, and the young lady who sat near you before you got to the tunnel goes over and sits in another seat. I think the tunnel is very much overestimated; also open to criticism at both ends.

I learned with great sorrow this spring that the hotel at Wallula had been burned. I stopped there once and suffered all of one night. I remember especially the other occupants of the room. They had not registered, but they were there. They were not transients and they did not have to register. A friend of mine who was a good man also stopped there. He could not sleep, so he put in the night killing insects. In the morning the chambermaid found on the wall, pinned up like a motto, these words constructed of deceased bed bugs:

THIS INDEED IS HELL.

He was a good man, but he was thoroughly sincere. He was what you might call an outspoken man, and said what he thought at all times. He was an eccentric man also. An Englishman once asked him about our constitution. "I am told," said he, "that God is not in your constitution." "No," said this plain man, "he is not in it." It was slangy, but expressive.

By the way, theatrical managers and lecture bureaus have some queer experiences also. The following is a true copy of a letter sent to a manager this year, the name alone being suppressed:

March 22 1890.

"Major Junius Brutus Pond Union Square New York

"DEAR SIR:—I wish to inform you that I am a Writer, Lecturer, and Musician. I have wrote a lecture entitled Society and Common Sense it is not wrote nearly to Show of an Elocutionary Power but is ment to Do much good Among People in the High & low class of life claiming more congeniality and Socialism than at present

"Bringing up the customs of our Forefathers the Example of Noble Statesmen the Wrongs that is Daily inflicted on the Hureling class of labor with much comment on the struggles to Attain People with many thrilling and startling Facts and laughable Anecdotes It is by no means a dry or Prosy lecture but conveys many Grand ideas to the lofty minds it is also alike lit up with Fire and Pathos and just Spice Enough too Season It I can see no reason why it Should Fail to please or Draw crowded Houses

"I will give you a Brief Sketch of my own Life and hope you will not consider me Egotistic

"I am a young widow A Lady of Culture Education and Refinement and Wealth I would like to here from you, your manner of Doing business, What salary you would pay to such a person and if you pay traveling expenses Hotel bills or Furnish Lithographs or circulars or Door Tickets also will be pleased to

hear from you soon on the matter If you do this Advertising yourself I will give you a History to Copy from. Address

"Mrs. ALFARITA BOWLES

"Alick, Indiana.

"P. S. I can give you Reference in Regards of Standing if you Wish.

"A. B."

I have given a fictitious name and address, because it would be hardly fair to boom the lady through these columns without the consent of the editor.

She also adds: "I am an American by Birth with the Blue blood of Irish nobility in my veins and in appearance quite prepossessing. My Occupation is a Music teacher of Piano organ and Voice. I am blessed with a high soprano Voice causing 4 notes above Second C with ease and Equality. My Voice is full and Rich in volume with a sweet flute like tone, and will fill any house or hall. I have Wrote Several Books both verse and prose Namely love in a Cottage Cast adrift Starlight Bess on the Waves Waiting & Return When Carrie Married. Jake My friends advised me write to your address & see what inducements you would hold out in regards to my lecture on Society and Common Sense."

"A. B."

Looking over this little violet's sweet, flute like tones and fortissimo Capitals, one would naturally congratulate the American people on the Chance it may soon have to hear a person who is quite prepossessing, having Veins also with dark blue imported blood into them. Mrs. Bowles has a great field before her. She can lecture for some of the young local societies who have been so bitterly disappointed in Holmes, Beecher and Ingersoll. Taking her sweet, flute like voice in a shawl strap, she can go from point to point, emitting her lecture on "Society and Common Sense" to a lost and undone world.

I would be glad to subscribe for a box, poor as I am. If I could cause 4 notes above Second C with Ease and Equality, where only one had grown before, I would not remain longer in obscurity. I would soar above mediocrity and do much good. She says it is by no means a Dry or Prosy lecture, but conveys many grand ideas to the lofty minds. She might have trouble, however, in getting enough lofty minds at some points to pay her bills. Lofty minds do not always attend a lecture of this kind, but frequently stay at home evenings and read the county paper. If we could only make an appeal to the Lofty Mind that would jerk it from its lair on nights when lectures all lit up with Fire and Pathos are to be heard, it would be a good thing for all.

In fancy I can now see Mrs. Bowles dressing in the baggage car, as the train is late, and as she arranges her toilet behind the penitentiary's tin trunk, softly saying over her crisp little piece lit up with fire and pathos. Later on I see her trying to find the stage entrance to the rink. It is locked. It always is locked. After twenty-seven Scene Shifters and Narcotic Supes have gained entrance they carefully lock the door, and while quenching the fire with their salivary surplus they read "Punko Pete, the Dire Disemboweler of Dead Man's Gulch."

Hunting through the alley for the door, she steps in a mortar bed with her dress suit. I then hear her make a few selections, causing 4 notes above second C on third floor. When she goes in at last I hear her heart fall as she sees a few bearding browed men with their hats on, who have come because they owned a vacant saloon in which lithographs had been inserted in exchange for tickets. Again I see her tossing on a hot pillow afraid to see the morning and the papers. Finally she nerves herself and brigs them. A sob arises in the throat of Mrs. Bowles as she discovers that only one of the papers speaks of her lecture, and that one says:

"Mrs. Bowles, the misguided lecturer on 'Society and Common Sense,' appeared in her other dress last evening before Eli Pangborn and Seth Bloominthal for an hour with a composition which would scare a horse to death. Mrs. Bowles has a good lithograph, and when you say that, you have said it."

"P. S.—She can get extra copies of this issue of the paper for advertising purposes at five cents each. We do not know whose lithograph she is using."

Anon I see her also walking down the street enjoying her bright new lithograph, which carries a "cut" of tobacco in each eye, or wears bright red whiskers and a purple nose. Mrs. Bowles has a bright and beautiful experience ahead of her if she only knew it. Lofty Minds are not thirsting for scathing lectures or society. Lofty Minds might like to see you, Alfarita, if you have killed several



ENJOYING HER LITHOGRAPH.

husbands and escaped. If you had done as much in the elevating business as Sitting Bull, you might do well, but assuming the English language, a good lithograph alone will not crowd you Halls with Lofty Minds. There will be nights when two or three lofty minds will be all you can scare up.

Your books also must have been published very surreptitiously indeed, for I have not saw any of them. Possibly you have the same man who imagines that he is publishing a book for me. If so, I beg your pardon. You could commit almost any kind of a crime and then, if you let

him publish it, your secret would be safe.

You will find, if you persist in lecturing, that some people will be disappointed in you, but remember even great men have disappointed also. Speaking of Dr. Holmes, one of his audience said there was no use talking, he'd rather read after Holmes than to set under him.

Having now given a very thorough account of Puget sound, I will close this letter, hoping, however, to add still more facts at another time.

I must this afternoon go and pay for a bright new floral autograph album with a music box in the hind part of it, which volume was sent to me for my indorsement, and pending my signature the said album was stolen from my room. It is pretty tough, to say the least. Writing an autograph is a trivial affair, but to become the custodian of a valuable collection and then have to replace it, signatures, music box and all, is not what it is cracked up to be.

This interesting series of articles on Puget sound will be continued next week.

Bill Nye

P. S.—Any one returning a bronze plush autograph album which plays "Little Annie Rooney" to my address will never regret it. The album, besides my name, contains those of Dr. Talmage and Steve Brodie.

B. N.

The Dress for Girls. Now that spring is with us, I wish that more young girls—up to the age of 20, at least—would gown themselves in pure, soft white, with collars rolled back a trifle, revealing warm, round throats tinted like rose leaves. Young girls are like flowers; and instead of rustling with silks, and jingling and flashing with jewelry, they should wear only simple gowns—gowns soft as their eyes, pure as their consciences, and white as their souls. The man does not live who could look at such a maiden and not be the better because of the reverent thought her pure presence awakens.—Cor. West Shore.

For the Housekeeper. Buttermilk will take out milk stains. Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals.

A dampened cloth is better than a dry one for dusting furniture.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed.

If a cucumber is cut into strips and the pieces put into places where ants are found, it will surely drive them away.

A Hint About Spring Cleaning.

It is not necessary to turn the whole house inside out or upside down at once. Let the cleaning be done gradually, one room at a time, so that the entire family is not made uncomfortable at once. Some women do not have this annual cleaning—they do it by degrees, one room at a time, through the year. But each housekeeper must choose the plan that suits best with her family and circumstances.—New York Star.

The grass lands in the parks are sprinkled these days with boys and girls and some other people, who have a basket in one hand and in the other knife. Every few days they kneel down, jab viciously in the ground with the knife, pick up something, put it into the basket, and move on. There is nothing mysterious about it, they are simply gathering dandelions for "greens" and salad.

A home for women teachers was opened last fall, at Dresden, Germany, in a building of its own. Teachers of any nation can stay temporarily for forty or fifty cents a day, and enjoy the benefit of a local teachers' association. Retired German teachers can live here with one room for \$150, or with two for \$175 a year. Such homes are not uncommon in Europe.

After Miss Jennie Hart had been married to Henry Moore, in Tribes Hill, N. Y., the other evening, she burst into tears, saying: "I have married the wrong man." I have been learned that both the groom and his best man were suitors for her hand, and although she did not like Moore as well as the other, in a fit of pique she accepted him.

Amey Reade, niece of the deceased novelist, Charles Reade, has begun in London a crusade against the men who train children for the circus ring. She has held meetings to arouse public sentiment, she has enlisted numerous clergymen in the cause, and she is very strenuous in declaring that the abuses are outrageous.

There is a good deal in the cooking of a dish as to its digestibility or indigestibility. Take Welsh rabbit, for example. If cooked by an expert you can eat it at midnight and go to bed happy, and what is more, wake up happy; but badly cooked it would be deadly at high noon.

Mrs. Annie Williams, aged 35, has a contract for grading six miles of the Evansville and Richmond railway, and she has thirty teams at work at Elizabethtown, Ind., breaking ground. The contract was originally let to her husband, who is now dead.

Mme. Le Roy, mother of the Duc d'Abrantes, of France, is one of the most intrepid explorers of the day. She has been several months in the east, and suffered much privation while visiting Babylon and Nineveh.

A young lady who was recently admitted to the Massachusetts bar secured a client, and last week married him. She is now going to apply for admission to practice before the United States supreme court.

George Gould is building a cottage for his wife at Furlough lake, in the Ulster county Catskills. It is to be constructed of logs, and will be 34 by 70 feet and contain sixteen rooms.

WELL KNOWN WOMEN.

THEY WERE FORMERLY VICTORIA WOODHULL AND TENNIE CLAFLIN.

Now They Have Wealthy Husbands and One Wears a Title—Their Present Mission to America—Mrs. Martin's Well Informed Daughter.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

"It was the first person to advocate turning prisons and penitentiaries into great reformatory workshops, and I was the first to advocate the eight hour system for workmen, but these facts have been lost sight of for many years."



VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

(Mrs. John Biddulph Martin.) The speaker was Mrs. John Biddulph Martin, of London, formerly Mrs. Victoria Claflin Woodhull, of Wall street fame. We were sitting in the drawing room of her house on West Seventeenth street, New York city, for Mr. Martin has purchased and furnished this house for his wife, as she contemplates passing a good share of her time in America. She has returned to lecture, to establish schools, but not to institute a libel suit against Inspector Byrnes unless, as she expresses it, she is driven to defend herself. She is, however, on the war path for the scalp of a Chicago editor who recently published in a two column article reflecting on her character.



SIR FRANCIS COOK.

love and its consequences is deplorable. Society has decided that interchange of thought on this question is indecible. Then there is the absurd belief that ignorance is purity and that girls should know nothing of marriage. In society there are artifices of every sort to hide physical and moral defects. In the home life the true nature unfolds itself, but how little is discovered till after marriage. Ah! then comes the awakening. Too often does a woman choose a man from a handsome exterior; or, sadder still, she marries for a home.

"Or worse yet," broke in her ladyship, "she sells herself for a title. I was invited to a grand wedding not long since in London, where a beautiful, graceful American girl deliberately sold herself to a nasty, low, trifling fellow for his title, and I wouldn't go. I wouldn't stand by and witness it."

"Tennie," said Victoria, lifting a reproving finger, and the viscountess subsided, while her sister went on:

"Alas! What has not society to answer for? The voiceless misery, breaking hearts, and custom has so twisted and misrepresented every great thought that mankind scarcely knows what is truth and what is error. The weakness and cowardice of a few spread desolation throughout the land. We see people cursed today with hereditary diseases, brutish passions and criminal instincts. What need to talk to her complexion, when body and mind are torn by inherited disease until reason totters? The belief of the future will be founded on the great truth that the human body is a temple, and will awaken mankind to the awful responsibility of parentage. This temple has been so brutalized that one can scarcely call it human. Is it the masterpiece of God that is dragged in opium dens? That fills hotbeds of infamy? That crowds the prisoners' docks? The ignorance which surrounds the great problems involved must be dispelled."

Mrs. Martin is an interesting talker, but the fun begins when her ladyship takes a hand. She flies from one subject to another, she interrupts her dignified sister in the midst of her stateliest utterances, and her Wall street reminiscences are very entertaining and ludicrous.

"You may use this incident," she rattled: "when we first went in Broad street, there came one day a little woman to ask me to negotiate the sale of some bonds. Well, I put on my bonnet and walked up the street with her to a bank. When I got back you should have heard the hue and cry that was raised by our broker friends. 'Tennie Claflin, you're ruined! Do you know who that was with you?' 'No,' I coolly answered. 'THE WALL STREET HIPPODROME'."

the revenues flowing from these banks he is about to establish in this country are to be mine to do what I please toward furthering the emancipation of women."

Mrs. Martin is well preserved. There are threads of silver in her brown hair, but her complexion is florid and her eyes are bright. She has a winning smile and considerable personal magnetism. Little Lady Francis Cook, Viscountess Montserrat, though younger than "Vicky," as she affectionately styles Mrs. Martin, looks much older. Her hair is very gray, and there are lines of suffering in her delicate face. Sir Francis Cook is a merchant with large interests in Portugal. The present complications between England and that country forced him to go to Lisbon just as his wife was returning to this country. He will, however, join her later.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

It was stated recently in certain New York papers, on the authority of Mrs. Martin, that Inspector Byrnes had retracted the damaging allegations made over his signature in a newspaper article some months ago regarding Lady Cook and Mrs. Martin, and that he had supplemented his retraction with an apology. This Inspector Byrnes emphatically denies, and says he is ready for any suit that may be brought. Mrs. Martin is now reported to be much annoyed, but is said to have stated that she will not bring any suit, preferring to leave her reputation in the hands of the newspapers.

A Muscle Bracing Drug. Kola is the name of a new drug said to possess great powers as a muscle bracer. It is in general use by the amateur climbers who flock to Switzerland each summer. They find that when sufficiently dosed with kola they can "do" a mountain without experiencing fatigue.

An Indefatigable Reader.

A London bookseller says that William E. Gladstone is the most indefatigable reader in England. Everything that comes to his act is fish. He is not a rich man, yet he spends large sums of money for books.

Miss Zula Maud Woodhull is a very

pretty young woman, who has imbibed and absorbed her mother's teachings, as is plainly shown in a most extraordinary pamphlet which she has published entitled "The Proposal." In this a young man is represented as having asked the hand of a young woman. Instead of saying "See papa" or "Dearest, I am thine," this remarkable heroine proceeds to put that young man through a catechism calculated to make his hair turn gray and in which he is decidedly worsted. Here is a quotation: "True love is the only power which has no self-interest. * * * It is the divinest factor in our nature. Love should never be associated. It cannot be sought, it can only be won. The human soul is always hungry for love; it thrives upon it and starves without it. * * * Where love dwells the abode is heaven; where it is not there is all any human being will ever know of hell."

Mrs. Martin has preserved all the scathing press attacks and caricatures of herself and sister. Indeed, one of the most noticeable objects in her pleasant drawing room is the cartoon published in a prominent New York paper, a fac-simile of which is herewith given. This cartoon is handsomely framed, stands on an ebony easel and is draped with a white silk mull scarf.

"I shall lecture on a unique subject," said Mrs. Martin, "and the title will be: 'O Marriage! How Many Sins Are Committed in Thy Name,' in which I shall speak plainly upon many vital questions touching love and matrimony. The false modesty with regard to the discussion of



MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

A sister-in-law of Frank Stockton, who is a missionary to India, was called upon to fill a position temporarily vacated by an English teacher in a female school in Sim. In some way the Siamese girls heard of her connection with the novelist and were electrified by the information. Surrounding her en masse they exclaimed: "Now we shall find out whether it was the lady or the tiger!"

Mrs. John W. Foster recently visited her home at Washington for a "Spanish conversation" the wives of the resident diplomats and the ladies of the international conference who speak Spanish and several ladies who are learning Spanish. Nothing but Spanish was allowed to be spoken, and the carrels of invitation were couched in Spanish. The rooms were decked with the fluttering flags and flitting fans of old Castile, and the ladies addressed each other as "señora."

Cashmere house gowns have five rows of graduated velvet up the skirt, three rows on the bodice, velvet sleeves and a velvet girdle. The skirt is plain and gathered or plaited about the waist, the bodice softly folded and the collar of velvet. Old rose, with either black or dull green ribbons, makes a warm, soft, dainty little gown, and very becoming, too, to almost any type of womanly beauty.

EMERY E. HARDY.

Newark, N. J.

Charles Davis, Bangor, Me.

"I have found Bell's Sarsaparilla a certain cure for weakness of the Kidneys. Have taken but two bottles but found it just what it is recommended, a valuable, reliable medicine."

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SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 50 CTS.

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LARGEST BOTTLE, SMALLEST

PRICE, AND THE BEST REMEDY.

For Scurvy and all Humors, Skin Diseases of all forms

Purifies, Sore, Bothers, Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation,

Anemia, Debility, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaints, Numbness, Acidity, etc.

"It Out of Sorts" or ill from any cause,

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TONIC BLOOD PURIFIER.

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E. HARTSHORN & SONS, BOSTON, MASS.

Hartshorn's Flavoring Extracts the Best.

W. H. KITTREDGE, Wholesale

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Symptoms of Torpid Liver.

Loss of appetite and nausea; the bowels are costive, but sometimes alternate with looseness or diarrhea; pain in the head, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part; pain in the right side and under shoulder blade; fullness after eating with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind; irritability of temper; low spirits; loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty; general weariness and debility. If these indications are neglected, serious diseases will soon be developed. No better remedy can be used than Tait's Pills. A single dose produces such a change of feeling as often to astonish the sufferer.

Tait's Liver Pills

Cure Bilious Diseases.

Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

DR. CRAIG'S ORIGINAL

Kidney and Liver Cure.

One Thousand Dollars offered by the Craig Medicine Co., of Passaic, N. J., for any case of Bright's Disease that cannot be cured by the use of the celebrated Remedies of the eminent specialist, Dr. Charles Craig, consisting of Dr. Craig's Original Kidney Cure, Crown Plasters and Pills, Sold by all Druggists.

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Dr. Charles Craig, consisting of

Dr. Craig's Original Kidney

Cure, Crown Plasters and Pills,

Sold by all Druggists.

YOUTH.

The heavy years renew their youth
In tender flushes, rosyate hues,
And winter weeps away her frost
In early rains and fragrant dews.

We cannot, if we would, forget
The early rapture of life's spring—
Those quick pulsations stir again
When swallows are upon the wing.

And youth, with summer in her veins,
In sweet accord with earth and skies—
A harp by visionless fingers stirred—
Is one with nature's harmonies.

The hoary years renew their youth,
And strains prophetic fall as dew
Upon the fair, awakened earth—
"Behold, I will make all things new!"
—Clara Thwaites in Cassell's.

THE HIDDEN WILL.

CONCLUDED.

As down stairs and give the alarm, then she reflected a moment. Might not the wind—but no, there had been scarcely a breath the preceding night, certainly not enough to dislodge the window frame. She drew a chair to the wall, and climbing up, took hold of it. Yes, it was loose. There seemed traces of a recent disarrangement—finger marks in the dust and the disturbance of moths and spiders that had built homes for themselves in the corners. The window had evidently fallen out; this was the noise she had heard in the night. If it had lain there on the floor she would not have felt a whit disturbed, but it must have been put back by human agency. What could any one hope to gain after effecting such an entrance?

Dora knew it would not do needlessly disturb her mother and Jane. They were comfortably situated; the quiet and retirement satisfied Mrs. Bertrand completely, and her health had improved visibly since her coming to Chorley Cliffs. It would be unfortunate to leave it just now, and impossible to stay unless the mystery was solved, or shared with someone. Jane would make a poor confidant; indeed, no persuasions could induce her to enter the tower, so she would be of no assistance in case of a search. Oh, if Olive were only here! And then Dora thought her wisest plan would be to go down stairs and lock the tower door, leaving the old place alone with its secret. So she rose and went slowly toward the door, and then gathering courage, peeped in the closet, which was partially opened. No pallid ghost or burly form of midnight burglar met her view; only the bright, cheerful face of Vincent Chorley, that seemed ready to banter her out of her fears. For many moments she stood irresolute, then made a hasty examination of the place. It was not possible for any one to be concealed there. What if she were mistaken, after all? Perhaps Olive might have taken the window out, and the noise in the night might have proceeded from some other cause. She went cautiously around the study—it was quite reassuring to find nothing unusual there.

Then she entered the passage, and considered whether she should go down or up. It would be an advantage to satisfy herself thoroughly; then she would not be in momentary fear of causing her mother some sudden alarm. Without any positive mental decision, she began to mount the steps slowly, and on reaching the top drew a long breath of satisfaction. The morning sun poured through the eastern window in golden floods—the whole place was full of filmy radiance.

How Dora Bertrand first became aware she was not the only inmate of the place, I can hardly tell. It was a vague impression at first, something shadowy and almost imperceptible, then it grew into a fear, and next a reality. Spellbound by terror, her own respiration seemed almost to stop, while every instant the other's breathing became more regular and distinct. The intruder was certainly asleep. There was but one place shielded from her observation—the quaint carved wooden settle, whose high back was towards her. It seemed hours before she could command sufficient strength to take another step, so slowly passed these dull moments of terror. At length the point was reached, and she saw—something real and physical, but not the generally received idea of a house-breaker.

A young man of six or eight and twenty, in a careless but graceful position, one arm under his head for a pillow, the other drooping over the edge of the settle, and displaying a firm white hand that would not have shamed a lady. His hair and beard were of a sunny brown, the upper part of his broad forehead clear and fair as a girl's, but the rest of his face many shades darker, the fervent color of the sun's tropical touch. It was a handsome, manly countenance, and losing her fear, she began to consider where she had seen it before.

A pleasant, familiar face, one on which she could place the smile, and remember precisely how the eyes would look when the drooping lids were raised. Where could she have seen it? She had no fear of it now, and longed impatiently for him to awake. He seemed in no hurry, though; but presently the sun rays began to steal over his face, and then he stretched, yawned and began slowly to open his eyes. They did not rest on Dora Bertrand for some moments, however, and then he sat upright suddenly, as if he had received an electric shock, his face growing perceptibly paler every instant. She stood quite still, unable to speak or fly.

"Are you Olive Harton?" he asked, at length, in a constrained tone.

"No," she remembered, then, how she had come to know the face so well and added, "But you are Allingham Chorley."

"I cannot deny it," he said, with a haughty gesture, "and I may be confessing to friend—or foe."

There was a silence of some seconds; then he began:

"How did you come here this morning?"

"I live in the house," and Dora longed to add something more assuring, yet scarcely knew what to say.

"Indeed!" he said, in a surprised tone. "I thought the house was empty. I did

not know Mr. Harton would dare to let it," and there was a perceptible sneer on his lip and in his voice.

"We came here in May," Dora added.

"I was here in March and heard then it had never been tenanted. Mr. Harton is home, of course?"

"No, the family are all away and will not return in several days."

"I must beg you to pardon me," he said, rising, "for thus entering your abode. If I had been aware of your residing here or of Mr. Harton's absence, I should not have chosen this course. There are reasons why I do not care to have my presence here known; yet, believe me, I would not on any account have disturbed or alarmed you. May I trust that I have not given you too severe a fright?"

Dora could not but smile at thus finding herself on familiar terms with a person who a short half hour ago was the object of her deepest solicitude and fear. As if interpreting the smile, he held out his hand frankly, and said, in deep, honest tones that carried faith with them:

"Let us be friends. I need a friend here sadly, for I am an unwilling alien in the house of my fathers. I will prove to you some day that I am not utterly unworthy of confidence."

Dora took the proffered hand. He seemed so little like a stranger that in a few moments she found herself relating not only the event that had disturbed her midnight quiet, but many incidents concerning the Hartons; and he in turn, when he found she knew the episode of his supposed attempt on Mr. Harton's life, related what had befallen him since. He had spent five years at the west, in a mercantile house, and two in Europe. Now the business had passed into other hands on account of the death of his employer, and finding a lull in his hitherto busy life, he had determined to come to Chorley Cliffs, and if possible make a thorough search for the lost will.

"On my return from Europe last March I came out here for a few hours, and satisfied myself a little as to matters concerning the house. I concluded my safest course would be to gain the tower unknown to any one. Its reputation of being haunted might favor me a little, I thought. I reached the next town below here in time to obtain my supper, and shortly afterward started to walk hither. The night was so beautiful that I loitered on the way, consequently I did not arrive here until the lights were out, and not dreaming of the place being inhabited, proceeded at once to gain entrance. I tried two of the doors below, and found them fastened, as I supposed I should; then I mounted the roof, and finding the woodwork of the window partially decayed, with the aid of my knife soon forced an entrance. I should have been more careful had I supposed the noise would alarm any one. And now, what is my sentence to be for thus feloniously entering your residence? Please be a little merciful."

"It was not my house," returned Dora, with a smile, "so I may be lenient. But do you really hope to find the will?"

"My father died in the positive belief there was a will hidden away somewhere. His brother's wife found hers in a closet in the room below, a place he had searched through vainly. Indeed, he felt well convinced she must first have put it there. Mr. Harton acted very suspiciously, I think, after his wife's death. He was not at all willing for me to enter the tower. Now, if he felt really satisfied as to my grandfather's will, why should he object to any search? I might like to make? My present purpose is to penetrate every conceivable nook or possible hiding place—that is, if I can gain your mother's permission to stay here awhile."

Dora remained talking until she heard Jane's voice calling her to her morning's duties. Promising to arrange for an interview between Mr. Chorley and her mother, she ran down, received a small scolding from the impatient Jane, who wondered what she could find in that old ghost tower to interest her so much. She read awhile to her mother and then assisted Jane with the dinner, finding no time for the conversation she had promised herself. However, Jane was going to spend the afternoon with a sick neighbor, and when Dora saw her walk down the garden path in all the glory of clean dress and white apron she took out her sewing and sat down beside her mother with a satisfied smile.

"Mamma," she began, after a considerable silence, "do you think it would be wrong for Mr. Chorley to come here and search the place for his grandfather's will?"

"Why, no, child," said Mrs. Bertrand.

"But you know he could not do it openly, on account of his former trouble with Mr. Harton. So he would have to remain concealed, and work quietly. Should you disapprove very much of such a course?"

"It is not likely he will come, Dora. Why do you seem so interested?"

"I think he will, mamma; indeed, I have seen him."

Mrs. Bertrand gave a sudden start, glancing around almost as if she expected to see him, too.

"Where is he?" she asked. "Surely not in the village? It is well Mr. Harton is away."

"He is here in this house, or rather in the tower, and wishes to see you."

"To see me! When did he come? Are you sure it is he, Dora?"

"Quite sure; he looks so like the picture of his father. And now do not be frightened, mamma, while I tell you the whole story; and Dora came and knelt beside her mother, while she repeated the incidents of the morning, leaving out much of the alarm she had experienced.

Mrs. Bertrand was greatly surprised, and quite undecided what course to pursue, but Dora pleaded so warmly in Mr. Chorley's behalf, that she at length said:

"I think we might manage it but for Jane."

"But Jane is very trusty when one really confides in her. I think she would be proud of having a secret to keep."

So presently Dora went to summon Mr. Chorley, who succeeded in deepening the good impression the young girl had begun. He was very manly and straightforward, and when he repeated his

rather a dying charge Mrs. Bertrand began almost to believe in the possibility of a will being found.

They were still talking earnestly when a shadow passed the window. Dora sprang into the hall, closing the door behind her, and found an old friend, but most unwelcome guest, entering the wide doorway. She stood quite still, her face paling visibly.

"My darling Dora, I have frightened you almost to death, have I not?" said the gay, pleasant voice of Olive Harton.

"I was not expecting you—when did you return?"

"At noon, and I couldn't wait, I wanted to see you. We returned sooner than we intended, and Clara's lover came with us. She is to be married immediately. And your mother—is she quite well?"

"Improving all the time. Excuse me a moment, Olive, dear, while I go and prepare her for a visitor. Come in the parlor."

"No, I'll sit here," and Olive took one of the chairs in the hall.

There was no mode of egress from Mrs. Bertrand's room save into the hall, and consequently Mr. Chorley was a prisoner. After a moment's consideration, Mrs. Bertrand came forth with her daughter, and all three entered the parlor opposite.

"I don't believe you are a bit glad to see me," Olive said, with an embarrassed laugh. "You did not use to make such company of me."

Both Dora and her mother tried to place their guest at ease as rapidly as possible, and Mrs. Bertrand judged this would be more readily done by leading her to talk of her journey. In a few moments Olive launched into a lively description of all she had seen, and expressed her delight in the approaching wedding; "only," she ended with, "I don't like Clara's lover, and I am afraid I never shall."

Mrs. Bertrand gave her some gentle, motherly advice, but Olive soon changed the subject by inquiring what Dora had been doing since the last three weeks.

After this there came a little awkward lull, and Olive rose to go.

"Oh," she said, pausing in the hall, "have you seen the tower ghost yet, Dora? Come, let us take a turn in the old rookery."

Dora would fain have declined, but Olive pushed on in gay unconcern. It was well her eyes or suspicions were not very acute, or she would have discovered some traces of Mr. Chorley's recent search. Dora fairly trembled, and was thankful when she reached the hall.

"I may as well take the key home, I suppose," Olive exclaimed. "Papa might happen to ask about it."

"Oh, not now," said the frightened Dora. "I want it a few days longer."

"Very well. But how oddly you act, Dora; and first you are pale, then crimson—what is the matter?"

"Nothing," and Dora laughed to hide her agitation, walking with her companion to the end of the garden, and promising to come over early the next morning.

"It is too bad," Dora said, vehemently, when she returned, "that the Hartons should have come back just now."

"I must be expeditious in my search," returned Mr. Chorley. "If you will not be frightened, I think that I should like to work a little to-night."

Both ladies consented. When Jane returned she was informed Mr. Allingham Chorley had come to search the tower and desired the strictest silence on the matter. He accepted Dora's invitation to come down to tea, and Jane declared in confidence to her young mistress as she was washing up the tea things "that she almost hoped Mr. Chorley would find the will, he was such a nice looking, pleasant young gentleman."

The next morning Dora spent with her friend Olive, and all the afternoon she kept the tower door fastened lest some unlucky mischance should betray Mr. Chorley. He worked assiduously, searching for private drawers, false bottoms to the old chests, and took down the paneling in the study. But, as he had to replace everything, his progress was not as rapid as he could wish.

On the third day Dora was alarmed by seeing Mr. Harton walk rapidly up the path with a flushed and angry face. She was glad her mother had gone to ride with the doctor, and confronted Mr. Harton with all the bravery she could summon. He rudely demanded the key of the tower, and told Dora that she had no right to enter it, that it was his property and he had let her mother no privilege whatever. She took the key from the nail and handed it to him, much relieved when she saw him turn away.

As if reconsidering, he wheeled suddenly round and marched straight to the tower door. Dora sprang forward, her heart beating in great bounds, and said, with sudden vehemence:

"Let me go, too; please do."

"Get away!" And he pushed her roughly aside.

She sank down on the floor in strange, breathless pain, and listened with intense eagerness for some sound. At last she heard it—too surely, Mr. Chorley had been discovered. Half an hour elapsed before Mr. Harton came down, and then he strode through the hall and garden like a madman.

Dora ran out doors eagerly and gave a glance to the window by which Mr. Chorley had entered. Moment after moment she watched, hoping to see him escape, but all was silent as the grave. Wringing her hands, she said, over and over again:

"What can I do for him? How shall I save him?"

Jane was equally perturbed, and even Mrs. Bertrand, though she tried to be very impartial, could not repress her sympathy, and even began to plan some mode of assisting him. But she had hardly laid aside her bonnet, when Mr. Harton and his myrmidons reappeared.

Allingham Chorley had just time to slip a tiny note in Dora's hand, unperceived by Mr. Harton, as he passed through the hall, closely guarded. It contained these words:

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND—Do not be disturbed on my account. I have been rather unlucky, but it will come right in the end, I am convinced. I was in the observatory when Mr. Harton entered,

so had no chance of escape. Please do not answer any questions if you can avoid them. I shall send for a legal friend of mine immediately, and when he comes I have a favor to ask of you.

Your grateful friend, A. C.

Before night Chorley Cliffs and the village were in a high state of excitement, and the wildest stories were circulated. Jane resolutely refused to admit any of her gossiping cronies, and busied herself about Mrs. Bertrand.

In a few days it was settled that the case was quite strong against Mr. Chorley. In order to relieve the Bertrands from suspicion, he had frankly stated to Mr. Harton how he gained admission. One of the men who had been in the boat, and rescued Mr. Harton from a watery grave on the occasion of Mr. Chorley's first visit, suddenly remembered with great distinctness that he had seen the two men quarreling, and that Mr. Chorley had pushed his antagonist off the cliff. He was ready to swear to this on the trial, which would soon be brought on. Mr. Harton visited Mrs. Bertrand and obligingly offered to release her, if she wished to leave the house before her term expired. She would have done this at once but for Dora's persuasion. The young girl could not analyze the strange tie that bound her to the place, but she pleaded earnestly to remain until October, as their original plan had been.

And the result was a new trial, as Mr. Harton was obstinate and energetic. Then the two lawyers went to work with avidity to hunt up the missing date. Mr. Townley was successful. Capt. Chorley had remained at the Cliffs two days after making the addition to his will. Allingham Chorley's claim was established beyond a doubt.

How the document Mrs. Chorley discovered ever came into existence remained forever a secret. Mr. Harton was found dead in his bed the next morning, the passion and excitement of the last few days having culminated in an attack of heart disease. He had forbidden Olive to visit at the Cliffs, but now Mrs. Bertrand and Dora went to comfort the poor child. Clara and her husband were suddenly recalled home, the latter excessively indignant at the turn affairs had taken, and utterly refusing to do anything for Olive. If it pained or humiliated Clara to know she had been married solely for her wealth, she made no sign to those about her.

With his master's eye no longer upon him, the witness against Allingham Chorley wavered and grew confused, and finally admitted that it might have been an accident. The prisoner was honorably discharged, and warmly congratulated on his good fortune.

The first use he made of his freedom was to walk over to the Cliffs. Dora stood at the gate. She had so much to say, yet her eyes drooped under the gaze that met hers, and a strange, sweet crimson suffused her cheeks. He took both white hands in his, and kissed the sweet, silent mouth, and then, instead of going in immediately, walked up and down with her under the trees.

Late that evening they finished the conversation. She did it on this wise: "I want you to ask poor Olive to come and live with us. She has lost everything, you know."

"And we have gained everything—fortune, love and friends. I believe I owe most of them to you, so you shall have your wish. We will try to make Olive happy."

They kept their word. To this day Olive insists that Dora discovered the ghost of the tower, and the sweet wife says, laughingly:

"A very substantial ghost."

THE END.

Curiosities of Composition.

The following items are from papers on English history, and should be weighed, considered, chewed and digested:

"Alfred the Great was the first to introduce time, which he did by means of candles."

"Roger Bacon, by means of his custom of writing books, became very poor."

"The pope wished him (Roger Bacon) to write, but paper and pencils were so dear that he could not do so till some time after, when he wrote a book called 'Opus Majus.'"

"Van Tromp swept the channel with a brougham at his masthead."

"Newton invented the fluxions of light."

"Marlborough is first heard of at the battle of Turenne."

"Crommer was a weak minded man and went to the steak recanting."

"Elliot was one of the best eloquists in England."

"The clergy clung to the king because they were afraid of the Lollards, and the king turned merchant and made vast sums of money."

"William I was very strong and had a savage countenance and never allowed himself to be tampered with."

"The friars were instituted by religious fanatics who did not like monks who only drank wine and eat."

"Lottery loans were loans borrowed and repaid at very low interest. But some of the money which was borrowed government in repaying it—the people who put it were chosen by lot, and had it paid back at a very high interest."

"Newton invented the laws of gravitation and the motions of the planets."

All the Year Round.

Four Rare Birds.

The Zoological society has just acquired two specimens of the apteryx in addition to the two which have been already exhibited for some months. All the four birds are temporarily placed in the tortoise house pending alterations in the insect house, which will be their permanent resting place. These birds should be attractive to the visitor for several reasons. In the first place, they are somewhat difficult to catch a glimpse of. Fortunately for themselves—for they have no doubt flourished and multiplied on account of this very habit—but unfortunately for the public, they are nocturnal; the rarity of their appearance will therefore add to their interest when they are seen.

In the second place, they are remarkable even among "wingless" birds for the very rudimentary character of their wings, which a life entirely devoted to a nightly hunt after worms has almost improved away altogether; but if the apteryx has no wings worthy the name, it has a pair of very stout legs which allow it to hurry over the ground at a very respectable rate, and to defend itself by vigorous kicks. The apteryx only occurs in New Zealand, and it has been said to make its nest in a way which seems very characteristic of its antipodean habitat. Instead of depositing its eggs in a nest and then sitting upon them, the apteryx first buries its egg and then digs a hole underneath it, in which it remains, and thus sits not upon but under the nest. It must be admitted, however, that this statement has been disputed.—London Daily News.

Difference Between House and Senate.

"Yes, I like it better in the senate than I did in the house," said Senator Dixon, of Rhode Island, the other day. "Existence is more restful here, as one might say. In the house there is a continual scrimmage, and the individual representative is fairly lost in the crowd. Here it is like a small and very select club, where every one knows everybody else, and all are on a footing, the friendliness of which is independent of party differences. A member of the house, as a rule, is acquainted with only a few of his colleagues, comparatively speaking."—New York Tribune.

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Best St. Louis Shorts, per bag..... 1 70

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1 can Sugar Corn, 1 Tomatoes and 1 Peas..... 25c

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HURRICANE.

T. W. Sullivan is visiting at the city. W. F. Shields visited Rockland last week.

Mrs. McLeod is making a visit at Round Pond.

Charles Buzzel of Castine moved his family here Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Mitchell has a fine collection of plants from Mrs. Mather's.

Misses Agnes Landers and Maggie Duran spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Priscilla Roberts of Vinalhaven visited friends here Saturday.

Sch. Charles A. Sprague left here Friday with paving for Baltimore.

Schs. Nina Tillson and Booth Bros. are here to load with cut stone and paving.

ATLANTIC.

Mrs. Henry Joyce went to Gott's Island, Monday.

Saturday, Ira Torrey went to North East Harbor.

Mrs. Edith Staples returned from Rockland Saturday.

Friday, Leslie Rich of Belfast paid the island a flying visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls of Seal Cove are visiting at Al. Leach's.

The Ladies Sewing Circle met with Mrs. Andrew Smith last Thursday.

Emery Barbour went to Rockland Wednesday and returned Thursday.

Mrs. Jefferson Torrey, who has been to South West Harbor for the past week, returned Thursday.

Mrs. Clara A. Brier of Belfast who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. O. S. Erskine, returned to Belfast Friday.

Sabbath School was organized Sunday with the following officers: Supt., J. Torrey; Asst. Supt., Frank Torrey; Librarian, Mrs. E. E. Joyce; Treas., Mrs. O. L. Joyce.

Major and Mrs. Kimball of Rockland accompanied by Prof. and Mrs. Tyler of Amherst, Mass., visited the island last week. Prof. Tyler has engaged the Andrew Smith cottage and will spend the summer here.

DROP THE "DEAR BROTHER."

The Rev. Dr. McLeod, at late meeting of the Congregational Club, gave an impulse to a desirable reform, though he hesitated to push it to the obvious conclusion. He addressed his audience as "Brethren," being unfamiliar with and disinclined to the form, "Brothers and Sisters." The use of the latter may have originated in the days when men and women sat on different sides of the aisle. The preacher may have made a distinction in the enforcement of his exhortation after the manner of the speech of the Queen, who turns from "My Lords" to "Gentlemen," and sometimes confronts both "My Lords and Gentlemen." Not only is the discrimination in ecclesiastical affairs no longer necessary, but there is an objectionable flavor of cant in the term. This quality is not wholly absent from the substitute proposed by Dr. McLeod, "Brethren." It is true, as he said, that this includes both sexes, as does "mankind," for instance. But why "Brethren" either? It is scarcely less affected and effusive. Beside the professional address becomes awkward when, as sometimes will happen, members of churches get at odds. Celebrated cases will be recalled where "Dear Brother" or "Your Brother in Christ" sounded grotesquely inconsistent and moved the mere worldling to satirical laughter. The plainer the speech the better. It would be well for Dr. McLeod to go a step further and put "Brethren" also into his index expurgatorius. Why not say simply "My Friends," or rest content with the conventional "Ladies and Gentlemen?" If Dr. McLeod is a rugged purist and regards these words as flinical and misleading, he might take a lesson from the reformer of the ferry who, amid the applause of the whole country, tore the legends "Ladies' Cabin" and "Gents' Cabin" from his boats, substituting therefor the plain and wholesome "Men" and "Women." It would be a manly thing—and a womanly too, for that matter—to drop affectation and cant in all public relations.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

It is to be hoped that the legislation in favor of the compulsory attendance of the children of this state at the public schools until they have acquired at least the rudiments of education will find its way to our statute books. The negligence of parents and the cupidty of employers, in the absence of a compulsory law, have defrauded the children in the cities and in the factory towns, to a large extent, of their rights to a fair amount of instruction, and no satisfactory result can be reached in the education of all the children of the commonwealth until compulsory attendance at the public schools is authorized by law. This is simply the maintenance of the rights of those who are to be our future citizens.

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HAPPY DOWN TOWN.

The Women Have Got Into It and It Is a Nicer Place Than It Used to Be.

Take some of the biggest streets nowadays, and at least one person out of every four or five you meet is a woman, most of them without a man for company. Ten years ago women could go through Fulton street to and from the ferry without attracting attention, but that was about the only street where women wouldn't stop to look at a passing woman as though she were a wild animal. There was no room for women down town then.

The officers were not fit to receive a lady in, and she couldn't get anything to eat below Fulton street, or above it for a ways except at the Astor house. Some of the restaurants had rooms nominally for ladies, but women without an escort were not desired nor catered to, even in those places. Things used to be rather free and easy in all the office district then. The clerks didn't pay much attention to how they dressed while they were at work, shirt sleeves were the proper caper all summer, the office boys and porters were dirty, and the whole look of an office building gave it away for a place where there was nobody but men around. It's different nowadays.

A great change has come over the appearance of the lower part of the city during the past few years, and the women and girls are, to a large extent, responsible for it. It is literally true that within ten years it has been a question serious enough to be discussed extensively in the papers whether it was proper for a woman to enter a downtown restaurant alone. Now there is scarcely a restaurant below Chambers street that does not have lots of women among its regular customers, and they attract no more attention than they would in a restaurant on Fourteenth street. Tables are especially reserved for them in many restaurants, but often they walk right in and take their chance with the men without any remark being occasioned. The necessity of catering to this class of custom has been one inducement to lead restaurant keepers to fix up their places more attractively. For nearly most of the downtown restaurants were feeding pens, in which the arrangements were designed solely for the getting of as much food as possible down the greatest possible number of mouths in the shortest possible time.

The typewriter was a sort of entering wedge in the introduction of women to downtown New York, but not half, probably not a quarter, of the girls and women seen downtown are typewriter girls. They have gradually been getting a foothold in all sorts of clerical work, and, besides that, women other than working women have come to think a call downtown to the office of husband, brother or other male relative a most matter of fact proceeding. Wives and sisters got to coming down to the office to take husbands or brothers home to dinner, out to lunch, or even to the matinee or to Coney Island. All this has led to a great change in the general fitting up and appearance of downtown offices.

Another large element in the feminine part of downtown is made up of women who are in business for themselves. Besides women operators in Wall street, there are women advertising agents, real estate women, women printers and stationers, women restaurant keepers and women in a score of other downtown businesses formerly given up entirely to men.

Any one who wants to see for himself the extent to which women have invaded the office buildings has but to stand at the doors of any of the large ones between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, when the clerks and assistants are all going home. The Potter building might be mistaken for a normal college, the Equitable building pours out a feminine torrent and all the other buildings in that neighborhood send out girls by the score. In and below Wall street the offices usually close an hour or so earlier and the feminine crowd is not so noticeable because there are more men about. —Interview in New York Sun.

Accomplishments of Foreign Women.

Princess Beatrice, despite the yearly addition to her family, a most troublesome and exasperating husband and a tiresome, stupid and selfish old mother, finds time to become an accomplished pianist, and recently put her powers to the severe test of playing the first movement of Beethoven's concertos in E flat. The Princess of Wales has already taken her degree as doctor of music, and the ladies of London meditate erecting a statue of her in her doctor's gown. The days must be longer in the British Isle than here, where the leaders of society have scarcely time to kiss their babies once a week and must be kept informed on the topics of the day by professional readers, who tell them the events of importance with explanations as to the cause and purport, because the ladies haven't a minute to spend in reading.—Exchange.

Garfield's Daughter.

Mr. J. Stanley Brown was private secretary of President Garfield, and since that has tried real estate, banking and the law, and finally taken a scientific course at Yale and at a German university, and now has a position in the geological survey. The Browns live in a little house on Massachusetts avenue, where George Kennan used to live. They are very quiet and retiring, are seen very little in society, and make no attempt to court it. Mrs. Mary Garfield-Stanley-Brown, as she styled herself on the deed, has lately purchased land on Washington or Kalorama heights, and will build a house there which will also be the home of Mrs. Garfield for the future, as soon as her second son is married.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Lamp chimneys are easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a tea kettle, rubbing them with a soft cloth and polishing with paper.

Content and indolence are quite different qualities, but it is not always easy to distinguish between them.

Where Is Ananias?

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Biddulph Martin and Lady Tennessee Claflin Cook, of London, have come to this country with weapons loaded for war. The first person they went gunning for was Police Inspector Byrnes, of New York, who had published in some newspaper reminiscences statements about the two sisters that they did not like.

Victoria and her husband and brother-in-law visited Inspector Byrnes with the intention of making him retract these statements. Next day a long account of the interview was published, accompanied by the assertion that the inspector had completely backed down and retracted his offensive remarks, and not only that, but he declared he had never said anything of the kind, that it was all the fault of the naughty newspaper man. According to Brother-in-law O'Halloran, what happened was this:

We were very politely received, and when the inspector shook hands with Victoria he at once said he had never laid eyes on her before and knew nothing prejudicial to her character or that of Lady Cook. Mrs. Martin told him that if he did know anything now was the time to say it, for her husband was present and she wanted him to hear the truth. The inspector repeated his statement, and then explained how the defamatory article came to be published.

A writer for a syndicate had repeatedly asked for his recollections concerning famous criminals or notorious persons, and he had finally said to the writer that if he would come to his house on the following Saturday night he could have material for an article. The inspector assured us that he gave some facts concerning some French women who had become notorious in France and this country, and then threw himself on a sofa while a subordinate gave some details about other people.

In short, Inspector Byrnes made an abject apology, though a very manly one. We are entirely satisfied with his explanation.

Mrs. Martin herself said:

Inspector Byrnes assured us in the most solemn manner that he never gave this syndicate man the facts he coupled with the names of the Woodhull Claflin sisters. He had never seen the manuscript and did not affix his signature thereto. He added that he was very sorry that the thing had happened, for it was very unfortunate, and said he had no evidence in his possession.

Then reporters visited Inspector Byrnes, and here is what he said:

Mrs. Martin's statement that I shook hands with her and received her with great kindness is false. The legend by making a speech about being persecuted, and I stopped her and asked her what her business was with me. She wanted me to read a lot of letters that she had in a valise, but I refused. I told her that I was the author of the article in question; that I was responsible for it, and that I was ready to meet her in court. I said I was a public officer and any statement I had made was prepared to prove. Mrs. Martin then wanted me to read some papers and she laid them on my desk, but I swept them into the waste basket. Mrs. Martin became agitated because I would not make a retraction, and she left the office in tears. The Martins said they had no intention of bringing a suit against me.

But what was Mr. John Biddulph Martin doing while Inspector Byrnes was treating his wife in this way?

A Model Course of Reading.

This year the Chautauqua literary course has a hundred thousand readers. For the average citizen, the man and woman who must work daily and yet wants to be an intelligent person, no system of reading could be laid down that is superior.

The full course includes four years of reading and investigation. The close of this school year finishes Roman and Italian history. For 1890-91 the students will read and study English history and literature, the next year American history and literature, which they should have begun with, by the way, and for the last year they will go into Greek history and literature. The only fault with this admirable course is the one mentioned—that it does not put the students to the study of their own country first.

The students of the Chautauqua system live at home, and the time given to reading is that snatched from the work of the housekeeper, the mechanic, the farmer, or the business man and woman. Besides the course mentioned there are others in science, biography, etc. Arrangements are made with book publishers so that readers can obtain the volumes needed for about \$9 a year. They also subscribe for The Chautauquan, a monthly magazine full of information. As Dr. Hale remarks in The Cosmopolitan, the only wonder is that 3,000,000 readers do not take the Chautauqua course.

The mind cure, faith cure and Christian science cure advocates may now consider themselves sat upon and flattened out for all time. At its last meeting in Chicago the Theosophical society, in general convention assembled, did resolve that all the above styles of healing were the practice of black magic. We are to conclude from this that the only sinner pure white magic is dealt out to us by the theosophists.

He furnishes the motive power, she directs it. That is the division of labor between Capt. Allen, of New Bedford, Mass., and his wife Anzonetta, who has just obtained from the government inspectors a steam yacht pilot's license to navigate the waters of New Bedford and vicinity. The two own a steam yacht, and he runs the engine while she steers the craft.

In the streets of Spokane Falls the red Indian still roams in paint and feathers, redolent of the white man's firewater. But by midsummer Spokane Falls will have in active operation forty-one and one-half miles of street railway. Much of this is electric railway, run on the overhead wire system.

The standing armies of Europe are becoming so large and expensive that they will at length eat up all the resources of the various countries, and universal disarmament must come as a measure of self preservation for the nations.

Within a few weeks Kentucky has lost two of her most prominent Democrats, Senator Beck and ex-Representative Taubee.

INTERESTS OF THE DAIRY

GIVE US GOOD BUTTER, AND WE CAN LAUGH AT FATE.

Some Valuable Butter Yields and Butter Makers—A Herd of Sixteen Jerseys That in One Year Produced Over Five Thousand Pounds.

A gentleman of Rochester, Mass., has a herd of sixteen Jerseys that in one year produced 5,019 pounds of butter, besides supplying a family of six with milk and cream. To a question how he got this great result, he answers in The Rural New Yorker: The cows are mostly grade Jerseys. A large proportion of them are the progeny of one cow, now 17 years old, hale and hearty. There is no secret about the matter. While there is much in breed, there is also very much in care and feed. Not all the advantages of the low lands of Holland or of Victoria's farm studded isles can compensate for false economy in feeding and want of care in handling. With the best of care and feed not all Jerseys would do as well, for there are Jerseys and Jerseys.

If breeders were as careful to breed for quality as for "points," we should have much better cows. I am by no means satisfied with my present herd, and hope to reach 850 pounds by the next generation, as a Guernsey sire of one of the best butter strains is now used. As for the price I get for the product I aim to have my butter good and uniform, and deliver it to the consumers each week. Having begun with two or three customers, about fifty families are now supplied. There is no article of food that so easily goes to the bad as butter.

Butter manufacturing commences before the cow is milked, and eternal vigilance is the price of success. If from Alpha to Omega one letter is left out or misplaced, a very faced butter will tell the tale. The time was when knowledge was not within easy reach, but at this day there is no excuse for the making of poor butter. And the cows are just as good as we merit, for they are just what we make them, or rather allow them to be. Careful selection as a basis and intelligent breeding would double their value in a few years.

Price Cheeses.

The Rural New Yorker asked the makers of the prize cheeses at the Vermont Dairymen's association to tell how their cheese was prepared. The gentlemen kindly complied with the request and The Rural published their replies. Two of them respond as follows:

FROM JOHN PELTIER.

I keep 300 cows, and the milk from which my cheese was made was taken from the entire lot, well mixed. The cows are "natives," and were at pasture without any grain feed. The milk was simply stirred with a dipper to "aerate" it. Three hours after milking the milk was heated to a temperature of 84 degs., when rennet to the amount of four ounces to every 1,000 pounds of milk was added. I used the iron test and drew off the whey when the acid developed. The curd was drained, salted and stirred. I used 2-3-4 pounds of salt to each 1,000 pounds of milk. The curd was put into the press half an hour after drawing, while at a temperature of 80 degs. It was kept in the press fifteen hours. I find that it takes nine pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese.

FROM E. Y. DANF.

My cheese was made from milk of high grade Jersey cows, which had been on pasture and had received no feed except grass. The night's milk was drawn and strained in a cheese tub and the following morning's milk was warmed so that the entire amount of the milk would be at a temperature of 85 degs. Then a tablespoonful of extracted rennet was added and the milk was allowed to stand till it curdled. After standing till it was firm and the whey well out of it, the curd was cut into little thin squares, care being taken not to jam it; then warm whey was poured on it. After it had been allowed to stand again to drain and cool, it was cut up into small pieces and salted at the rate of one ounce to two and a half pounds of curd. After it had been salted the curd was just warm, and was put into the hoop and pressed for two days, but not with a heavy weight. It was then taken out and cured.

Deerfoot Farm Butter.

Mr. Burnett keeps sixty fairly good Jersey cows and fifty excellent grade cows. Every fifty cows command the attention of two herbage, who are assisted at milking time by other farm hands. The assignment at milking is one man to twelve cows. No abuse or rough handling of cattle is permitted. Both the cows and their keepers appeared contented and happy. These cows produce about 1,000 pounds of milk per day. A few of the best cows give an average of forty pounds per day when at their best.

To this product of 1,000 pounds of milk is added about 7,000 pounds of milk which is bought of the surrounding farmers. This milk is all submitted to a chemical test, and if it does not come up to the standard it is rejected. After going through the operation the milk is made into butter, excepting a large amount of cream that goes to Boston every day for the use of Mr. Burnett's friends and customers. The butter product is about 150 pounds per day. The butter is made into half pound lumps, wrapped in very fine silk paper, and then placed in nice boxes contained in cases, in which it is sent daily to the city stores, where it sells for fifty cents per pound. Every department of the dairy is scrupulously neat and clean.—American Cultivator.

The Butter in Milk.

For profitable production and economy in handling an average of less than twenty pounds of milk should make a pound of butter. This problem is worthy of the butter dairymen's earnest consideration. The cow's milk requiring more than this is lacking in fats of butter, and other things being equal, is not a source of profit in the butter maker's herd.—Indiana Farmer.

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