

TWICE-A-WEEK . . . TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Two Dollars a Year

Rockland Maine Saturday December 17 1898.

Vol. 53. . . No. 101

OUR SPECIAL 1898 CHRISTMAS EDITIONS - - TWELVE PAGES

This Week TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From the files of the Rockland Gazette and Rockland Free Press we are permitted a view of some of the matters which interested the people of Rockland vicinity for the week ending Dec. 18, 1873.

The December term of supreme court began its session. On account of the illness of Edwin Rose, George B. Sawyer of Wiscasset was appointed clerk. The traverse juries were made up as follows: First jury: Randall Albee, Washington; Ivory W. Baird and C. G. Bachelier, Camden; H. M. Brown, James Fernald and John Gregory, Rockland; John Bickmore and Ben. Clark, St. George; Marion Cook, Friendship; Edwin G. Chapman and John A. Clark, South Thomaston; Chas. S. Harrington, Thomaston. Second jury: William Hewett, Hope; Lewis Leach, Jr., North Haven; Joseph C. Libby and E. H. Orbeton, Rockland; Amos Leach and Edward T. Nye, Warren; John W. Martin, Appleton; Wm. H. Overlock, Thomaston; Judson Payson, Cushing; John L. Rockwell, Washington; F. H. Shaw, Camden; John D. Snow, St. George. Supernumeraries: Lucius C. Starr and Hance H. Shibles, Thomaston; Otis Tolman, Jr., Camden. Jonas Cutting was the presiding judge and Reuel Smith was stenographer. Among the attorneys who figured at the term were Gould & Moore, Farrago & Bro., Portland & Hicks, Rice & Hall, Hanley & Son, Hewett, Gould & Moore, Bliss and Wilson.

From the local columns of the two papers the following intelligence is gathered: The body of Capt. Dexter B. Rhodes of the schooner Livonia, which was lost in the storm of the 24th ult., was recovered by Corporal Gould. It was found under great rocks, some of which weighed four tons. The funeral took place here.

Payson Lodge of Good Templars invited the several clergymen to deliver each a temperance lecture in his own pulpit during the winter.

Lieut. A. S. Snow, U. S. N., reported for duty on board the Brooklyn at the Boston navy yard.

The ladies connected with the committee for the relief of the poor met at the residence of Mrs. John S. Case and organized a permanent society known as the Dorcas Society of Rockland. The following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. A. S. Rice; vice president, Mrs. John S. Case; secretary, Mrs. Abbie M. Cochran; treasurer, Miss Helen M. Torrey.

The scow Sarah Quinby, lying in the cove back of Kimball Block, sunk Thursday morning, the plug in its bottom having been pulled out, either intentionally or accidentally. A hundred bushels of meal and two barrels of flour which had been shipped on board of her for Clark's Island were badly damaged, and a dog was drowned.

The Knox County Lodge of Good Templars held its quarterly session with Starlight Lodge, Seal Harbor.

Edwin Rose, clerk of courts, was stricken with paralysis, affecting his right limbs and that entire side of the body.

The regular meeting of the city council was held and the following roll of accounts was passed: Police fund, \$10.56; highway fund, \$37.01; fire department, \$82.32; pauper fund, \$305.02; contingent fund, \$125.87. The H. G. Bird Engine Co. made a proposition to pay the city \$700 for Drago Engine and appurtenances, \$400 down and balance before March 1. The proposition was accepted.

The committee on "new streets etc." was instructed to place three new street lamps as follows: One on Union street, near Methodist church; one on Winter street, between Main street and the line kins; and on Main street, between Summer street and Rankin Block.

The installation of Claremont Commandery took place. The retiring Eminent Commander, Leander Weeks, was presented by Rev. A. H. Sawyer, in behalf of the Sir Knights with a silver water set.

"Governor-elect" Nelson Dingley was in town Wednesday.

Dr. Bolles gave a stereoscopic entertainment to the Rockland Sunday schools, about 700 children being present.

A Boston sailor, who had been one of the crew of the schooner Adrian, Capt. J. F. Hunt, attempted to commit suicide by hanging while confined in the lockup for drunkenness.

A man named Sawyer created quite a sensation on the street by seizing a turkey from the store of S. Tibbets and running through the streets with it. He was caught and fined \$5 and costs.

The building used as a wheelwright and paint shop at the Thomaston state prison caught fire and was wholly destroyed. The engine belonging to the state did not work very well but Eureka Engine Co. No. 4, saved the main prison building from burning. Aid was summoned from Rockland and the steam fire engine from here arrived in time to do excellent service. The fire was supposed to be incendiary. The actual loss was \$23,000 although some of the papers had it high as \$70,000; going to show that the newspaper men of that time were prone to exaggerate.

Frank Billings of Camden shot himself through the fleshy part of the thigh while fooling with a revolver.

Blood & Hix's prize rebus appeared in the paper of this date. The first person sending in a correct answer was to receive a "fine silver mug to the value of \$5."

The death of Prof. Agassiz at his home in Cambridge, Mass., was learned with deep sorrow.

One of the mills connected with the pottery manufactory at Upper Falls, Warren, exploded, Tuesday afternoon, the 16th. The explosion occurred in the mill known as the mixer and which chanced to be vacant, Wilson Mudgett having just gone out. The mill was completely destroyed, some parts of it being thrown clear across the river. The mill next the one blown up was considerably damaged and the glass in the others was extensively shattered. The houses about the village were considerably shaken.

A petition was being circulated in Thomaston asking for the introduction of water into that village from Oyster River Pond. The need of a proper water system was emphasized by the big fire at the prison.

Rev. J. K. Mason and Rev. C. M. Emery exchanged pulpits in Thomaston, Sunday. Rev. Cyrus Stone gave his third lecture on temperance before a crowded house.

Schooner Hudson went ashore and part of her cargo of 3,000 bushels of corn, consigned to Williams & Dean of So. Thomaston, was damaged. The vessel was afterward hauled off and repaired.

This card of thanks appeared: "We the undersigned tender our thanks to Mr. D. N. Mortland for the kind and gratuitous services which he rendered for us in Supreme Court."

The telegraph brought news of a terrible steamship disaster, the sinking of the ocean steamship Ville du Havre, which collided on the 23 ult. with the British ship Loch Earn.

The annual report of the county commissioners appeared in the Free Press. The commissioners were George M. Cummings, Watson M. Trussell and John Davis, 24.

Both papers contained a liberal quantity of Christmas advertising. "Cheap John" announced that he had made a contract with "Saint de Claus" to distribute \$1000 worth of Christmas gifts, including ready made clothing and gent's furnishing goods. Smith's music and variety store was represented with an attractive "ad." E. R. Spear & Co. announced an elegant line of gold watches, chains, jewelry, silverware, parian statuettes, toilet sets, etc. A. Ross Weeks in a half column "ad" announced a great variety of crockery ware, including "Bohemian clog sets in blue, white, green, pink, lavender and all shades imaginable." Simonton Bros. called the attention of ladies to the fact that they were holding a panic sale. Wise offered sleds and skates at low prices.

The Soldier's Monument Association of Camden will go right ahead in the work of erecting the monument notwithstanding the small number that attended the public meeting. Saturday night crowds are always small.

MAINE NEWS NOTES

Lewiston is boasting over a new brick sidewalk which is 22 feet wide.

At the Newport condensed milk factory \$200 is paid out daily to farmers for milk.

The amount paid at St. Albans this year by the Snow Flake Canning Corn, help, etc., was nearly \$11,000.

About 50 members of the mustered out First Maine infantry have enlisted in various branches of the regular service.

The Portland Courier figures it out that Maine loses \$2,000,000 in one way or another by not having a license law.

The Biddeford board of trade has declared that the trading stamp scheme is an injury to business and will ask the legislature to drive it from the state.

Someone recalls the fact that the winter of 1872 was a notable one with continuous sleighing for five and three days from November 10 to April 13.

physique, he should have no trouble in making such a bit of fruit a part of his noon-day lunch.

The Ellsworth American hears that Capt. Hank Haff will not command the yacht built to defend the America's cup next year, but that the position will be given to Capt. Barr, a younger man who has seen a great deal of service as master of some of the fastest and most famous of the yachts that have raced in Atlantic waters. Capt. Barr will do as Capt. Haff has done, select his crew from the city sailors of Deer Isle, and that is equivalent to saying that he will have as clever a crew of sail-handlers as can be found in the world.

A Lewiston man says that he is his own grandfather. A few years ago he married a young, or rather middle aged widow who had a pretty daughter. His father came here to visit him, and fell in love with his wife's daughter, and married her. Thus his father became his son-in-law. A son was born to his son-in-law, who of course was his father's son, and consequently his brother. His wife was the grandmother of this youngster, and of course he was his grandfather, and if he was the grandfather of his brother—why, was he not the grandfather of himself, and the husband of his grandmother. And the Bible says a man may not marry his grandmother.

AN ATTRACTIVE OFFER

Maine people will feel an unusual interest in keeping a close watch on legislative proceedings during the coming winter, when matters of great interest to the people of the state will come up for consideration. The Kennebec Journal, Daily and Weekly, covers all these proceedings with absolute thoroughness. As the official state paper, it is the only paper in Maine to publish the complete official stenographic reports of proceedings, and these are supplemented by the condensed and comprehensive reports of a corps of special reporters engaged in keeping a close watch upon committee proceedings and general matters of legislation. Along with its magnificent legislative reports, the Journal will carry the full service of the Associated Press. Never in the history of this country have more important or far reaching problems pressed upon Congress than will come before it during the present session.

The Kennebec Journal will have, in addition to the Associated Press reports from the National Capitol, a valuable special news service from one of the leading newspaper workers of Washington.

With all these advantages to offer for the winter, when the evenings are long and the

IN A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY

Julian Ralph, who has been for some years in England, writes for the December Christmas a very clever analysis of what seems to him the English ideas of a gentleman; and John British Walker attempts to consider the American ideal. We are in the formative stage of American manners, and too much stress can scarcely be given to the dangers of introducing those ideas which are least admirable in the characters of our English cousins.

How many devoted admirers of Mr. Kipling's genius can honestly say that they think his latest story in "McClure's Magazine" a thing worthy of his abilities? It is clever, of course, and amusing, and it is a graphic portrayal of boy nature; but, after all, is it worth while for Kipling, a man of unique talents, to weaken himself upon such work? There is no stress of poverty driving him—why should he not "lie fallow," preparing for even finer achievements than those which have won him fame? This is what his truest friends and most sincere critics must feel.—New York Tribune.

In a recent article by M. Charles Legras on the present school of English women of letters he criticises severely the fondness of English novelists for garbishing, if not, indeed, stuffing, their books with scraps of his own language. "Why," he asks, "write 'salles-manger' instead of 'dining-room'?" He might be reminded that the fair English novelist now sins less often in this direction than she did in the middle of the century. M. Legras does not seem to care very much for English fiction, and quotes the remark of a Parisian publisher that "it is enough to put on the cover of a romance 'Translated from the English' to kill the sale."

The present holiday season bids fair to break the record in the matter of book publishing. The number of volumes brought out with more or less direct reference to the requirements of the Christmas book-buyer has been so far quite equal to, if not in excess of the number of similar publications issued a year ago; and the average of excellence in substance, in press work, in illustration and in binding has been notably higher. It is no exaggeration to say that the proportion of distinctly inferior books has been so small as to pass unnoticed. A few cheap authors have got themselves published in decorative form, but the classics of fiction, history and travel have been most to the front, with a few really valuable art books alongside. It will be gratifying to hear in January that the policy thus reflected has been supported as cordially as it deserves.

Not the least interesting feature of Lieut. Hobson's account of the sinking of the Merrimac in the January Century will be its unconscious revelation of the author's personality. A distinguished naval officer recently remarked that Hobson was almost the only man he had ever known, no matter how dauntless, who did not feel any unusual sensation on going into battle. This coolness does not seem to have deserted him for a moment. Once, when the ship was sinking, he thought that the dryness of his tongue betokened fright, but on feeling his pulse, he was surprised to find it normal. The roar of heavy guns, the rapid fire of automatic artillery, the crack of rifles, the explosion of mines and torpedoes, the rending of the metal sides of the collier and her final submersion were insufficient to cloud his recollection of the minutest details of the catastrophe.

Here is the "protest of the Kipling-Log against the hardness of their day's work," as printed in the London Academy.

"Here we sit in a thoughtful row,
Counting the wonderful things you know—
Grades and switches and loco-lokatives,
Upper-deck stringers and garboard-strakes,
Roaring snappers, full furnace draught;
Turnstiles, cylinders, damped tailshafts,
We have struggled, in very deed,
Master, thy tale is hard to read."

All your talk we have ever heard
Uttered by lat or heat or bird,
Hide or skin, or scale or feather,
Jabbered at high speed and all together—
Give us that over and over again,
But don't make machinery talk like men,
Yes, by your sinking hands we plead,
Master, these tales are hard to read.
Then hear our fervent prayer, and as you're
strong forswear
These art technicalities your style slings,
Drop over to your wake hotbox and garboard
strake—
Be sure, as we are sure, you're fit for better
things."

YOUR FAVORITE POEM

Here will be printed the old poems that have delighted the world for generations; and those of modern birth that seem worth preserving. Readers are invited to send in their favorite poems.

Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The bell-ringers all in white
Had rode along
The unbroken snow.
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For he is strong,
And makes the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fall,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"
—Henry W. Longfellow.



Christmas Bells.

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
In the land of the ivied towers,
And they welcome the dearest of festive times
In this western world of ours!
Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now
That gladden our own home walls.
And hark! the first sweet note that tells
The welcome of the Christmas bells.

They are ringing tonight through the Norway firs,
And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas bells!
They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the rice-fields wide;
They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles,
To the praise of the Crucified.
Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells,
Mingle the chimes of the Christmas bells.

The years come not back that have circled away
With the past of the Eastern land,
When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day,
And healed the withered hand;
And the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the One who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
Of the Christ that is to be;
Then ring! for the earth's best promise dwells
In ye, O joyous prophet bells.

Only 87 persons were saved while 226 lives were lost.

Following were the marriages of the week: Rockland, Dec. 6, by Rev. B. Franklin Ratray, Simon Weil and Miss Mary E. Savage, both of Rockland. Rockland, Dec. 6, by Rev. A. H. Sweetser, Sidney H. Pierce and Miss Allie J. Dean, both of South Thomaston. Rockport, Dec. 11, by Rev. J. Washburn, Emerson Watts and Miss Cora G. Prince, both of Warren.

Union, Dec. 13, by Rev. F. V. Norcross, Rodney D. Sullivan of Winterset and Miss Cora M. Campbell of Union. Union, Dec. 6, by Rev. F. V. Norcross, Joseph M. Simmons and Miss Lucy J. Sherman, both of Appleton.

Among the deaths were those of Coburn Tyler of Camden, aged 84; Nancy Kirk of Warren, aged 60; John Quinlan of Rockland, aged 82; Mrs. Thirza Tolman of South Thomaston, aged 96; Mrs. Margaret Smith of North Haven, aged 68; Mrs. Nancy J. Gilchrist of St. George, aged 35.

The marine department of the Free Press contained among others the following items: "A double decked, three-masted schooner of about 800 tons is being built in Clark's yard, Kennebecport, for parties in Saco, to be commanded by Capt. A. A. Duncan of this city."

"Schooner Indiana, Capt. G. W. Pendleton, from Rockland for Brooklyn, was run into by an unknown vessel off Cape Ann. The crew took to the boats, leaving the vessel in a sinking condition. They landed on Thatcher's Island."

The foundation for the Eastport shoe factory is about completed, and is substantial in every respect as will also be the building that will be put upon it. The building is to be 85x35 with a wing 35x30 feet to accommodate boiler, engine, etc.

Our stomachs this winter being what they are everybody naturally would like to know how many of them to expect. The Lincolnville cat-track man, whoever he may be, has solved the question. He says there will be 25 snow storms all told. Let us be thankful we have got through with two of them.

The making of barrels and lime casks is again coming to the front as an industry at Belfast and vicinity, says the Journal. Hatch Bros., of the Head of the Tide, have recently finished their season's work on pork barrels for John P. Squire and other packers and are beginning on an order for 2500 fish barrels for parties in Boothbay and Damariscotta.

The latest man to recover a long-lost valuable is Chas. Lowell of East Hiram. Just 21 years ago he and Albert Lowell were plowing when Albert lost his silver watch and was unable to find it. This fall Charles again was plowing the same field when he turned out the same watch as bright as when last seen with the crystal unbroken, but the works were ruined.

The custom of sending flowers to the speaker's desk, says the Waterville Mail, was varied recently by the representative of the Tampa district of Florida who had placed on Mr. Reed's desk two gigantic oranges, one of which was said to be over a foot in diameter. To a man of less generous proportions such a gift might seem a trifle embarrassing but if Mr. Reed's appetite corresponds with

Pentagot's condition misrepresented.

In spite of the fact that the Manhattan steamer Pentagot is now two weeks unheard from, and is believed by many persons to have gone down in the gale of Nov. 27, there are still some experienced skippers who maintain that the ship is probably still afloat. The absence of wreckage gives them a hope, and they add to this what they know about the seaworthiness of the craft.

Some hard things have been said about the Pentagot. Some of them have been said by a government revenue official who says he used to know the ship years ago. To this Wm. H. Kernan of Eastport, a well known citizen there, replies:

"I wish to contradict the statements made by the 'fresh water' officer who does not sign his name, but says he was once on duty when the Pentagot was owned by the government. I had the pleasure of breaking out her pennant in May, '64, when she went into commission under Uncle Sam as the gunboat Moccasin. I was quartermaster for five months during '64 and knew the condition of her hull thoroughly. She was seaworthy, strong, and while perhaps might not have passed safely through the disastrous storm, was in all sound and far from being rotten, as the fresh water officer says in his interview to the New York reporters. I will also add that a better sea boat was never launched and the Pentagot has been misrepresented to the public."

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ple have more time for reading than during any other portion of the year, the Journal makes the following extraordinarily low offer.

The Daily Kennebec Journal will be sent to any address, until the close of the legislative session, for \$1.25; the Weekly Kennebec Journal will be sent to any address until the close of the legislative session for 30 cents. Can you afford to lose this opportunity to secure a live, up-to-date paper at a merely nominal price? Why not subscribe at once? Remittance may be made by money order, registered letter, check or in postage stamps, if more convenient, to Barleigh & Flynt, Publishers, Augusta, Maine.

In an address delivered at Hartford last week the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale told the story of James Russell Lowell's first client as Lowell had told it to him. Lowell had hardly opened his law office when a stranger appeared. The young lawyer deferentially offered him a chair, took out his notebook, talked of the weather, and when he finally came to business found the stranger was a bill collector.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

HOME COMFORTS



Should be enjoyed when they can. There are so many things that may be added to make home attractive. We can show a lot of andirons for open fireplaces—and what is more pleasant than an open fireplace on a winter's day. Or you can heat your room thoroughly by one of our

OIL HEATERS

of which we can show a nice assortment.



What more desirable gift could you give your wife to ease her labors and make home more homelike for her than an

Automatic Sweepette

Takes up every particle of dust does not hurt the carpet and does not require any back bending. Why wouldn't this please your wife?

Boys and Girls SHOULD BE CONSIDERED



With the ponds, lakes and meadows covered with smooth, clear ice, with bracing atmosphere and with school vacation to be enjoyed the boys and girls are longing for the pleasures of skating. And when skating cannot be enjoyed there are the hillsides covered with snow which suggests coasting.

A Sled, Double Runner, OR, Pair of Skates,

make very appropriate gifts for Boys and Girls and we have a large assortment of these articles.

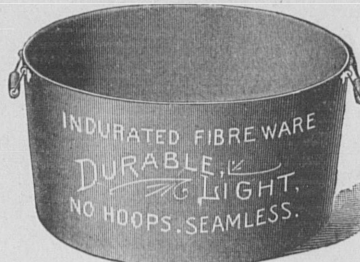
PEACE HAS BEEN DECLARED



And the Stars and Stripes now wave over territory upon which the sun never sets. What has this to do with our business? Much. It means that people along the Maine coast can now settle down to business without any fear of having their slumbers disturbed by the booming of Spanish guns. We wish to invite the attention of the readers of the Courier-Gazette to a few of the many things we have to offer for the Holiday season as well as for all seasons



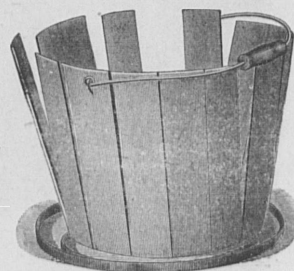
What is home without a Wash Tub? What's a Wash Tub when it caves? When the sunshine and dry weather Make it tumble into staves! THIS KIND DOESN'T.



INDURATED FIBRE WARE.

The age of wooden ware is a thing of the past. No housewife will select wooden tubs, wooden pails and the like that will fall to pieces and soon become a source of much annoyance when the Indurated Fibre Ware can be obtained for less money.

CATCH ON?



**Snow Shovels
Barn Shovels
Carpenters' Tools
Cutlery
Machinists' Outfits
Blacksmith Tools
A Full Line of Ice Tools!**

It would be hard to enumerate the many things we have in stock but have mentioned a few. Outside trade invited to call when in the city. We sell wholesale and retail: are connected by both telephones and will give cheerfully any information.

**Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Saws, Coal Scuttles,
Axes for home or woods
Dog Collars,
Grindstones,
Store Fixtures,**



IF YOU GO TO SEA



And have to endure the hardships of a sea-faring life we can supply you with much needed articles.

Ship Compasses, Ship Lanterns,

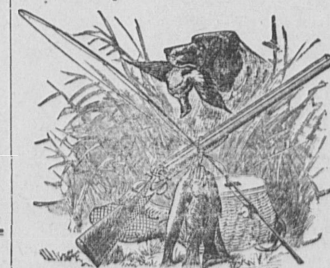
And the like. These are articles of luxury because they are necessary. In fact we CAN supply Ship Carpenters with most anything they need.

What to Do With the Boys



Is always a serious question with parents. We can help parents out of their dilemma for we have many desirable things for the boys which we can show in our stock and which it is a pleasure for us to do.

For Sportsman



There is no pleasure in gunning unless you get game, and you can bag more game if properly equipped. We have the best

LOADED -- SHELLS

manufactured and we guarantee more game with our shells than any other. Good honest workmanship enter into their construction and are as well made as can be.

Then sportsmen do not want to wander far away from familiar scenes unless provided with a compass. We have a nice line of

Pocket Compasses

Just the article needed for a tour through the woods and fields.

Examine Our 25 cent Flexible Back Curry Comb. Just the thing for ALL horses, Especially Nervous and Sensitive Ones.

SEA STREET HARDWARE STORE
FRED I. LAMSON, Proprietor.



ALAS AND ALACK

"Is better to give than receive:
The words make a poor fellow smile.
A fellow so smitten,
I gave the courtship young thing
My heart and a diamond ring:
She gave me the mitten!"

A POSTPONED CHRISTMAS.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

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SEVENTY years ago, when Henry Preston, the patriarch of an important Canadian family, settled in Kenosha, the strangely directed energy of Colonel Talbot was changing the wilderness on the northern shore of Lake Erie into a fruitful province. Year by year shiploads of peasants came from Great Britain to take up land in the territory where he was almost an absolute monarch, and with them came many younger sons of noble families who were ambitious to make their fortunes in the new world. Among the latter came our hero, and it was in the first year of his exile that the little adventure occurred that all who enjoyed his acquaintance often heard him describe.

In those days a Canadian winter had many terrors that have since become a memory. "The autumnal rains changed the level country into a series of vast swamps, and when these angry reaches were frozen to a depth of several feet the winter had a foundation on which to build. In consequence, from the 1st of December to the middle of March there was almost uninterrupted cold weather, when the thermometer remained steadily at a point it cannot now reach without the aid of a cold wave from the northwest, but the swamps are now drained, the forests that held the snow have been cleared away and a variable climate has taken the place of the earnest weather that was then the rule. Even worse than the cold, however, was the almost unimagined loneliness. When the winter had fairly set in, the intense frost put a check on all communication, even though it solidified and improved the roads that were usual.



LETTERS THAT WERE NOT REDEEMED WERE EXPOSED IN THE WINDOW. ly quite as bad as those of Scotland "before they were made." As neighbors in the early twenties often lived ten miles apart visits were infrequent, and during the dreary winters not a few of the hardy pioneers went mad from sheer loneliness. And to this desolation was added a suffocating feeling of being buried alive. The dark forests rose on every side and travel where they might the pioneers could find no relief from the inclosing walls. For almost 100 miles in every direction there was no elevation sufficiently great to overlook

the forest and gladden the eye with a view that would give the imagination the sense of freedom it craved. What wonder that in such a situation the pioneers were sometimes known to climb the loftiest trees at the risk of their lives so as to gain a wider prospect such as they were accustomed to in the civilized and pleasantly diversified countries from which they came.

But this distressing state of affairs is now a thing of the past. Instead of the isolation that tortured the pioneers there is now a danger of overcrowding, where lumbering stagecoaches toiled once a week over corduroy railroad trains pass every hour, and a Canadian winter is now a season of leisure and enjoyment.

The village of Kenosha, where Preston kept store and was the postmaster from 1820 to 1830, was one of the dreariest spots on the continent during the long winters that then prevailed. It was deep in that forest that gave a name to the Longwoods district, and the settlers who patronized the store, blacksmith and inevitable tavern were scattered over a large territory. In such a place, where companionship was so necessary, it was but natural that a man who had been gently nurtured could not find it, and during his first winter young Preston was often on the verge of despair. In his position as postmaster the poverty of the pioneers was brought home to him more keenly than in any other way. At that time the young colony was so misgoverned and every department of the public service was so scandalously conducted for the benefit of private individuals that the extortionate fees charged by officials frequently made letters cost from 5 to 7



"HOW DID YEH GET INTER THE WRASSLE WITH MELCHISEDEC?"

shillings when they reached the office at which they were to be delivered. Letters from home were naturally the greatest source of pleasure to these lonely people, yet many were so poor that it was impossible for them to pay these fees. Letters that were not redeemed were exposed in the window of the office, and it was no unusual sight to see some of the unfortunates to whom they were addressed gazing at them with hungry eyes. Sometimes they recognized the handwriting as that of a loved one beyond the sea, and then the disappointment was all the more bitter.

To escape from the thoughts and feelings provoked by such surroundings and social conditions the young postmaster often put on his skates and found relief in the exhilaration he derived from skimming through the forest along the glassy streams, just as a business man of the present time escapes from his cares by retreating to his yacht and racing over the water under full sail. On one of these occasions about the middle of February of a forgotten year he plunged farther into the wilderness than ever before, attempting to trace a frozen creek to its source, and about noon suddenly emerged into a little clearing of whose existence he had not previously been aware. Knowing the hospitality of the pioneers, he decided to visit the little hut that stood on the edge of the clearing and get his dinner before returning to his office.

After unstrapping his skates he started toward the house, from the stone chimney of which a cheerful smoke was ascending. He had proceeded but a few steps when he was confronted by an aggressive apparition that startled him into headlong activity. Just in time to escape a garbled and twisted pair of horns, he sprang nimbly to the top of a stump. Beneath him stood the strangest creature he had ever seen. The head and horns were those of a sheep, but instead

of a woolly fleece the animal wore a kind of overcoat made of hempen canvas sewed roughly with cords of basswood bark. A careful examination convinced him that his assailant was the venerable leader of a small flock of sheep, though he could by no means guess the meaning of his masquerading appearance. Having satisfied himself that the creature was not supernatural, he jumped down from the stump intending to proceed to the house, but before he had taken five steps he was sent headlong into a snowdrift. He was blinded and



"THAT'S THE LITTLE MAN THAT GOT MELCHISEDEC INTO TROUBLE."

half smothered by the dry snow, and as he partly rose to his feet, spluttering and clawing, he was bowled over again by his aggressive enemy. Now Preston had heard in his youth that when attacked by a butting ram one should lie still and wait for the brute to go away. He decided to try the plan, but he made the mistake of his life. He had barely flattened himself out on the ground when the ram landed on the small of his back with the force of a pile-driver. The ram seemed inclined to use him as the circus clowns do the cushion on which they turn somersaults, and he quickly realized that though such a scheme might have been all right with a bellwether reared in the lap of luxury, it was a complete failure with this crook pated, cross grained old wretch who had taken to wearing a burlap overcoat and had a pair of horns that would have done credit to a dilemma. As soon as Preston recovered his breath he uttered a yell that roused the echoes for miles and rattled with his tormentor. He caught him by the horns and together they rolled through the drifts, collided with stumps and sent the snow flying in clouds, while Preston's yells mingled with the frightened bleating of the ram. The uproar brought the farmer on the scene, and with a few well directed kicks he made the ram lose interest in the battle and return to his neglected flock, with his coat trailing after him. The farmer helped Preston to his feet and inquired:

"How did yeh get inter the wrassle with Melchisedec?"

"Beelzebub, yeh mean, don't you? I was coming up to your house when the freak bunted me."

"Well, yeh mustn't be too hard on him, if yeh ain't hurt. Yeh ain't, are yeh?"

"No."

"Yeh see, he's had a lot to try his speerit this winter. The wind may be tempered to the shorn lamb, as the sayin is, but it ain't by a long shot for a shorn ram, and I kinder guess the fit of his overcoat ain't exactly to his likin. But 'scuse me for talkin so much before wishin yeh a merry Christmas."

"A what?" asked Preston as he looked at the farmer with an air of bewilderment.

"A merry Christmas."

"Nonsense, man. This is almost the end of February. Christmas was over two months ago."

"Not by a long shot it ain't. Today is Christmas, I tell yeh. Yeh must have got twisted when havin it out with Melchisedec. He didn't hit yeh on the head, did he?"

"Now, see here, what sort of nonsense is this, yeh are talking about Christmas?" asked Preston, with the air of a man who was ready to get angry.

"None at all. Yeh must come to the house and have Christmas dinner with us, and maybe that'll convince yeh."

Preston did what he could to remove from his clothing the effects of the encounter with Melchisedec and followed the farmer to his house. The man was one of those natural pioneers who had moved into Ontario because the settlements on the St. Lawrence river were becoming uncomfortably civilized—a

man who was at home with nature and had a way of making the best of the rougher side of life. His wife was a woman who was in every way in accord with him, and when Preston was ushered into the one room of the hut she returned his greeting shyly, but still frankly.

"This is the new postmaster, Jane," the farmer had said by way of introduction, "and old Melchisedec went at him as if he'd been kicked back a registered letter, and do yeh know," he added, with a wink that required fully half of his whiskered face to execute, "he didn't know that today was Christmas until I told him."

The woman looked at her husband laughing and, understanding the meaning of his wink, she chimed in: "That is funny, but I don't suppose he'll object to havin his Christmas dinner with us just the same."

"Well," replied Preston, looking hungrily at a huge wild turkey that was brooding in a heavy iron pan on the coals before the roaring fireplace, "you may be poking fun at me, but that old gobbler is no joke, and he smells appetizing."

The bill of fare, though brief, was of a kind to satisfy an appetite sharpened by vigorous exercise in the open air. The savory turkey was stuffed with chestnuts, and there was a large wooden dish full of steaming potatoes that had been saved for the occasion. These, with fresh scones of johnnycake, completed the homely banquet.

While they were at the table there was a sudden stir in the pieces of blanket that covered a large sag trough in the corner, and the querulous cry of a baby was heard. The mother hastened to take her child from its primitive cradle, and while she was hushing him the father explained to the guest:

"That's the little man that got Melchisedec into trouble and made us postpone Christmas."

"But I don't understand how," said Preston.

"Well," replied his host half humorously, half defiantly, "hardworkin folks like me never have time for Christmas, but when this little fellow came along it didn't seem just right that he shouldn't have one. But things wasn't ready just in time. Yeh know yourself there couldn't be no Christmas without baby havin socks to be hung up, so we had to shear old Melchisedec to get wool, and as the socks didn't get made till this week we just naturally had to postpone Christmas until we were ready for it."

Preston entered into the spirit of the occasion and added a handful of pennies to the little doll and string of glass beads that Santa Claus had left in the stiff little pair of stockings, and the shadows were long before he passed the guard of Melchisedec and returned to his lonely office.

The Christmas Spirit.



"Peace on earth, eh?" growled old Crusty to his wife the day after Christmas.

"Peace on earth, eh? And you bought that boy a drum!"

Santa Claus Was in It.

"Those Americans down there," said Santa Claus, as he sat on the lee side of an iceberg and waited for Christmas eve, "seem to think I'm not up to date."

"Now I wonder," he murmured as he went in and rang up his polar statistics, "what they'd think if they saw me at it just at present?" Then he pressed a button in the side of the iceberg and said: "Grizzly, run out that new deerless motor sleigh of mine, while I load her up. And look here, Grizzly, the next time you take out that new electric airship of mine and break it just when I want to use it, I won't let you play in that toy orchard of mine for a whole year!"

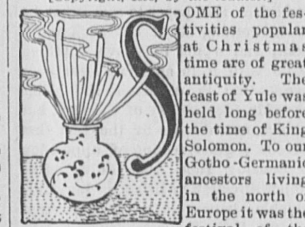
"Up to date, eh?" said Santa as he jumped into his motor and pulled on the robes. "Well, just watch me while I mope!"

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

INTERESTING HOLIDAY CUSTOMS IN THE FAR EAST.

Festivities Over the Return of the Sun That Somewhat Resemble the Festivities of Christian Lands—The Angel of Light.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]



OME of the festivities popular at Christmas are of great antiquity. The feast of Yule was held long before the time of King Solomon. To our Gothic-Germanic ancestors living in the north of Europe it was the festival of the winter solstice, when the days begin to lengthen and to hint at coming spring.

The Yule log, the drinking bowl or horn, the boar's head, the holly, mistletoe and evergreen were then symbols of material rather than spiritual truths.

The American, Scandinavian, German and Englishman keep up the ancient custom, while the Latin races seem to know nothing about it. They celebrate New Year's day, and do it in the same fashion as we at Christmas.

The Chinese and Japanese came centuries ago from Mongolia and Siberia, their early if not original home. Living in a land whose winter brought snow and ice, they also noticed and rejoiced over the solstice and the return of the sun. Their merriment took the form of eating, drinking and generous hospitality and developed into a great festival like our own. By degrees it was transferred to their New Year's, where it still remains.

Yet even today the astrologers notice the solstice in their almanacs, horoscopes and tables, and in the last week of the month are two festivals, whose nature is charmingly poetic. About Dec. 25 is that of the genius of the north (who is the evil spirit of ice and winter's privation) and about Dec. 29 is that of the angel of sunlight. In the same week is the day of Chang Shing, the tutelary deity of parenthood, to whom young married couples pray for healthy male issue. The first and second are the equivalents of Yule, the pre-Christian Yule. The first contains an element of humor. The Mongolian is clad in dingy goody to the cruel ice spirit. He does not wish the latter to see his hilarity lest spiritual vengeance be aroused and a cold spell in March or April ruin the crops. So he puts little cups of fragrant tea, plates of sliced boiled chicken and pieces of roasted pig on a well carved table where the winter ghost can regale himself with comfort. But at the same time, to prevent his invisible visitor playing any pranks, John Chinaman pastes written talismans on the wall, burns joss sticks in groups of three at every point vulnerable to malicious goblins and even fastens a porcelain charm to his rooftop.

When it comes to the festival of the angel of light, the observant traveler can see the spirit of Yule shine out in Chinese colors. In place of the Yule log, there is a steaming pot of tea; for the boar's head there is a young pig roasted; for the punch bowl and drinking horn there is a wicker covered bottle or a graceful wine pitcher filled with some strange but aromatic stimulant. The mistletoe and holly are replaced by bouquets and garlands of artificial flowers, and here and there are pots of blooming narcissi or even a rosebush.

On the family altar, and nearly every Chinaman, no matter how poor, has his own altar, before which he prays and makes silent repentance, are burning incense sticks, a bronze casket with smoldering sandalwood within, a lighted candle and often a flaming votive candle, gay in scarlet and gold. At the temple a group visits the angel's particular shrine. Some explode firecrackers in her honor. Others ignite packs of joss sticks in gratitude for her favors the past year and in hope of their continuance during the harvest to come. Then come those who ask the angel to be present at the funeral of a parent or child, the marriage of a son, the setting out on a journey, the bedside of a sick person. After prayer the poor priests and servants of the temple are remembered in a few small coins. A bundle of prayer papers is burned in the great iron or bronze urn of the temple stairs, and the religious ceremony is over for the day. The good man or woman goes home content that the spirit of the night is disarmed and the angel of light placated.

WILLIAM E. S. PALMER.

THE HAPPY HOLIDAY BY ROY L. M'CARDELL



Now Bridget plies the broom with care. And bakes the biscuits light as air. And never breaks the silver-ware—Christmas gift!



Your wife smiles sweetly as of yore. Greets you with kisses at the door. At "lodge night" lateness scolds no more—Christmas gift!



Your youthful heir is a delight. He hails your coming with delight. And cons his lessons half the night—Christmas gift!



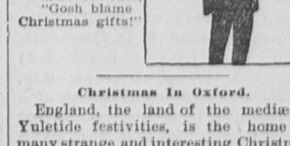
Your daughter plays the tunes you like. Refrains from bloomers on her bike. For opera tickets doesn't strike—Christmas gift!



Now janitors are their little chaps. Politely mail men touch their caps. And office boys lag not at craps—Christmas gift!



But pater knows their little game. This time each year 'tis just the same. It makes him matter low. "Gosh blame Christmas gifts!"



Christmas in Oxford.

England, the land of the medieval Yuletide festivities, is the home of many strange and interesting Christmas traditions. This is especially true of the town of Oxford, the place where Shakespeare and his company of fellow actors were wont to hold down the boards at Christmastide three centuries ago. The day of the strolling player has passed away, but the old time Christmas choral singers still go through the streets of Oxford singing from door to door their quaint old fashioned songs.

A strange old custom is kept up at Queen's college, Oxford, where each Christmas day a huge boar's head is carried into the big old dining hall, followed by the choir boys singing a Latin hymn of thanksgiving. The greens with which the boar is dressed are afterward distributed among the guests present at the festival, and the head itself is given to the poor of Oxford town. The peculiar part of the ceremony, which has been held without a break for several centuries, is that the boar's head always appears with a New Testament in its mouth. Tradition explains this as follows: During the sixteenth century a pious fellow of Queen's college was walking on Shot-over hill, just outside of Oxford, commendably engaged in reading and studying the New Testament as he strolled along. He was suddenly attacked by a wild boar and only saved his life by thrusting the New Testament he held in his hand down the throat of the fierce animal, which, when subdued, was conveyed to the college in triumph.



Death's Betrothal.

A few years ago a New York newspaper conducted an open discussion upon the topic: "Is Marriage a Failure?" The answer is easy and upon the surface. Where there is mutual love and respect, if there is also health, marriage is a success. When health is left out, even the most ardent love does not count, and marriage is invariably a failure.

Modern science has eried the warning so often that all should realize the dangers of wedlock to people in ill-health. In a case of this kind death lurks on every side—in the kiss of betrothal and the caress of the honeymoon. The man who is suffering from ill-health is a physical bankrupt, and has no right to condemn a woman to be his nurse for life and the mother of babes that inherit his physical weakness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts directly on the digestive organism. It makes it strong and its action perfect. When a man's digestion is all right his blood will be pure; when his blood is pure his nervous system will be strong and his health vigorous.

A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate organism of her sex is certain to suffer from general ill-health, and to be an unhappy, helpless invalid and a disappointment as a wife. Her children will be weak, puny and peevish. A happy home is an impossibility for her until her health is restored. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all troubles of the distinctly feminine organism. It cures them speedily, completely and permanently. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Both medicines are sold by all good dealers.

The Glory of The Pine Tree State

as far as making mince pies goes—can be reflected upon you, and results will be economically obtained that will be gratifying if you will buy

Gold Coin

Mince Meat

It is made as carefully as you would make it at home—fresh beef and selected green apples only are used—and our receipt is one famous in Maine. Your Grocer will sell you a package for 10 cents—Try it and see what can be gained and saved.

Prepared by Theodore A. Hix, Rockland, Me.

Clothes on Credit!

Bring your family to us and make them all satisfied by purchasing their needs at once. If you cannot pay cash we will trust you. You may pay us by the week or month and have the use of the goods while paying for them. At our rooms you will find a complete line of

Ladies' and Gents'

Garments

Consisting of . . .

Men's, Youths' and Children's Ready Made Clothing, Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, Capes, Furs, Collarates, etc.

Ladies' and Gents'

MACKINTOSHES

A Specialty.

Remember the Place and Number

Abrams & Shalit

302 Main Street, Corner Park, Up One Flight

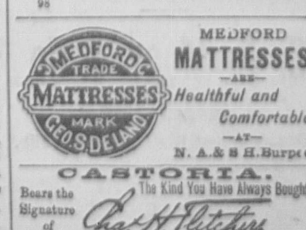
SIGNS

Of Prosperity

Crie's of Course

If you want your share of the Christmas trade use our display signs.

E. H. Orie, 315 Main Street



Cut Glass Ware!

We have added to our large stock an excellent assortment of

Cut Glass Ware

Made by Hawkes and considered by authorities to be the best in the world. Took first prize at Paris exposition. Any piece we have would make a desirable holiday gift. Besides this we have an unusual good assortment of

WATCHES DIAMONDS JEWELRY

Solid Gold and Silver Ware

Gold and Silver Trimmed Silk Umbrellas.

24kt Gold Plate

Clocks

WITH PEARL
ORNAMENTED DIALS

Rings
Cutlery
Glassware

and a Great Variety of Silver Novelties.

Mr. Hart L. Woodcock,

Of Belfast has on exhibition at our store his Third Annual Exhibit of Oil Paintings and Water Colors which the public are cordially invited to examine.

G. W. Palmer & Son

363 MAIN ST.

10-101

They Have Arrived

Are all desirable gifts for the holidays. Our stock includes something suitable for lady or gentleman.

PERFUMES

of the best manufacture, by the ounce or in packages; we make a specialty of these goods and have some bargains

ATOMIZERS

We are showing a handsome line at prices that are right.

Leather - Goods!

This line consists of
Cigar Cases
Ladies' & Gents' Traveling Cases
Collar & Cuff Boxes

HAND GLASSES, Celluloid,
Wood and Metal Backs.

RAZORS

And everything necessary to complete a Shaving Set.

MANICURE GOODS
Scissors, Files, Polishers, etc.

BRUSHES for the Hair, Clothes,
Flesh or Teeth.

Soap Boxes, Soaps of Every
Description.

RUBBER HOT WATER BOTTLES
Make most useful gifts.
We warrant ours.

We will be pleased to show the above goods and many others that space will not permit us to mention.

C. H. Moor & Co.,
DRUGGIST,
One door south of Fuller & Cobb.

100-101

The Courier-Gazette.

TWICE-A-WEEK

Uncle Sam gets a pretty big Christmas present.

Col. Bryan is now a private citizen. He will continue to remain so.

The Rockland stores never looked more attractive at the Christmas season than this year. And the evidences multiply that there are to be plenty of buyers.

Don't forget in your Christmas buying that there are poor people who can't buy at all. Don't swap presents with friends and stop there. If you give to them that give to you, what thank have you?

An enthusiastic reception has been given President McKinley on his visit to Atlanta to take part in the peace jubilee. The president delivered an address in the legislative halls, and this memorable utterance sent the great audience wild:

"Every soldier's grave made during the civil war is a tribute to American valor. And while these graves were made, we differed widely about the future of the government those differences were long ago settled by the settlement of arms—and the times now come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the providence of God, when the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

Men cheered, yelled and wept and McKinley is a great man in the South today.

The appeal of Rev. Mr. Woodman for interest in the House of the Good Shepherd, printed in another column, merits the notice of all our people. As rector of St. Peter's Mr. Woodman has no connection with the Home, but he has had exceptional opportunities for observing the excellent work being done by this charity, and his long familiarity with such institutions compels him to the conclusion that the Rockland Home is far above the average of such institutions. He feels that if our citizens understood fully the good work being done and how admirably it is being directed they would feel like cooperating with those in charge. His appeal takes on added force, coming as it does at this Christmas season.

The Opinion labors in a heavy sea in its attempt to explain away its disgraceful attacks upon the patriotism and business honor of our citizens. It may be said in this connection that nobody expects the editor of the Opinion to be satisfied with the way city affairs are managed. That is the reason why the citizens have gone right on running affairs to suit themselves, disregarding entirely the countless columns of "advice" which that Solon of Solons has in these years hysterically and gratuitously launched forth. The Opinion has grown red in the face "pointing out" and "suggesting" and "solemnly warning" and "speaking for the people," and then has wept to find how absolutely the people go on running the city to please themselves.

Sam Fessenden is going to make it interesting for Senator Hawley, at the coming session of the Connecticut Legislature. Senator Hawley is another of the old-timers who it is believed ought in the interest of the people to give way to a younger man. It is doubtless believed in Connecticut, as it is more and more coming to be believed in Maine, that public office is not necessarily a private snap, that there are bright men among the younger and aspiring politicians, and that it is no adequate reason, because a man has been senator or congressman for a third of a century, that he should continue in position until gathered by Time. Sam Fessenden is one of the unique personalities in Connecticut public life. Born in Rockland 51 years ago, son of a congressman, nephew of a senator and nephew of a congressman, he is well remembered by our people, who have watched his steadily successful career with great interest. In Stamford Mr. Fessenden commands a large legal practice and is one of the great men of the nutmeg state, in which he has held high office and gained reputation that is national. All the essentials of a high-minded gentleman, honest politician, staunch adherent, orator and statesman are his. Senator Hawley, after the manner of the old-school senators, has come to think upon Connecticut as his very own, but it looks from the sidewalk as if Our Sam was going to give him a most interesting run, and the Courier-Gazette, wishing the Rockland boy all the good wishes of the season, hopes he will bring up to the place his talents so admirably fit him to adorn—the U. S. Senate.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Those Having
Sewing Machines:

Having had upwards of twenty years experience with all makes of Family Sewing Machines, I am prepared to clean and repair them. If you have a machine that goes hard, skips stitches, breaks the needles or thread, that is out of order in any way, get it fixed. Leave your order at W. S. "Homeaway's" Fruit Store, Main street, or 222 Broadway. Orders out of town sent for. Perfect satisfaction given or no charge.
D. F. FIERCE.

AS TO SENATOR HALE'S SUCCESSOR

A considerable flutter has been created in Maine political circles by the announcement that the reelection of Senator Hale was to be actively contested before the incoming Legislature.

Senator Hale has for a long time carried the State of Maine in his pocket. Beyond a brief visit each year to his summer home in Ellsworth, and a call each six years at Augusta to shake hands with the legislators, our state knows him scarcely at all. He is in no sense in touch with our people or our interests. There is not one single reason why he should be continued in one of Maine's seats in the Senate. On the other hand there are many reasons why he should be retired. It is enough for the present to point to Senator Hale's bitter fight for Spain, a position that well-nigh laid an imputation upon his patriotism, and in no sense represented public sentiment in Maine. Now he is posturing as an opponent of the Paris peace measures. The people of Maine are with the Republican administration. Senator Frye, as a harmonious member of that administration, represents his state. Senator Hale does not.

Whatever may have been the genesis of the announcement emanating from Augusta, we judge that the Hale interests have promptly set to work to meeting the situation. The Portland Press, which has been a determined opponent of many of the measures incorporated in the Paris treaty, and in so far a supporter of the Hale methods, states that paper to say "that he knows nothing about any such movement, and would not have anything to do with it in any way, shape or manner but to condemn it." This takes Mr. Cleave off of the way, but it does not dispose of the fact that there is a great feeling of opposition to Senator Hale that only needs proper direction to bring it into formidable shape. It is possible that Senator Hale has established a grip that cannot at this time be shaken off, but if this is true it is not because the people believe him to be a worthy representative.

In this connection the following editorial from the New York Sun, under the caption "The Position of Eugene Hale," is interesting reading:

There is no State in the Union more directly and more vitally interested in the policy of Pacific expansion, which is now the Republican policy and the American policy, than the State of Maine.

The pride of Maine—alas! now largely a pride of memory only—her ancient supremacy in seafaring and its incidental industries; in the building and owning and sailing of ships carrying commerce wherever water is salt. The decadence of these noble industries has been the most serious misfortune which the State has encountered in all its history. The revival of shipbuilding and maritime activity would bring new hope, new growth and renewed prosperity to the seacoast cities of Maine and to the entire State. That is precisely what the policy of national expansion in the Pacific has in store for the people of Maine. Of that policy James G. Blaine was the prophet, John G. Stevens one of the earliest efficient agents, and Senator William P. Frye for years the enlightened and loyal advocate.

It is almost inconceivable, therefore, that the other Senator from Maine, the Hon. Eugene Hale of Ellsworth, honored in the past so repeatedly and conspicuously by his fellow citizens, should now be sharpening weapons to aim at Maine's best interests. His inexplicable sympathy with Spain previous to the war astonished and grieved many of his constituents. But whatever errors of judgment he committed at that time will seem verily beside an attempt on his part now to defeat the treaty of peace, to reject the fruits of the war, and to block the policy which promises so much to the shippers and wharves and counting rooms of his own State.

Fortunately, Senator Hale is not beyond the reach of public opinion at this particular time. His term in the Senate will expire on the fourth of next March. He is a candidate for reelection by the Legislature which is to meet at Augusta three weeks from tomorrow. The Republican caucus to nominate Mr. Hale's successor will be held on the evening of Jan. 4, 1899; and before and up to that date it should be the duty and study of every Republican member of the Maine Senate and House to ascertain not only this candidate's views on the general question in which the State is so profoundly interested, but also his definite intentions as regards the use of his vote in the United States Senate in case of his reelection thereto.

A little caution just now, when Mr. Hale is asking an immense favor of his fellow citizens, will be more to Maine's advantage than extensive expatriation by and by, when he is not a candidate and is out of their reach.

At the present time Maine of all States, for the sake of her own interests and future, should be represented in the Senate by two Americans.

A. Ross Weeks has received a new lot of Albums for Amateur Photographers, to be sold at low prices.

NOTICE.

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company respectfully petitions the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the City of Rockland, Maine, for a location for its poles and wires thereon, in the following named streets and highways of said city: Limerock street from H. H. Orlé's residence to County road.

County Road from Limerock Street to Kilm Hill road, as defined.

Nov. 17, 1898.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

By JASPER N. KELLER, General Manager.

City of Rockland, Maine.

In Board of Aldermen.

Dated Dec. 15, 1898.

Upon the foregoing petition it is ordered that notice be given by publication in a copy thereof of this order thereon in The Rockland Courier-Gazette, and that a hearing thereon be given at the Aldermen's Room, City Building, on Spring Street, on January 2, 1899, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. At said time and place all persons interested therein shall have full opportunity to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, the said publication of said notice to be given at least fourteen days before said hearing. It is adjudged that no personal notice need be given.

A true copy of petition and order of notice thereon.

Attest: KNOX DAVIES, City Clerk.

DECEMBER SUPREME COURT

A Large Number of Civil Cases Have Been Marked for Trial

The December term of supreme court for Knox county began Tuesday morning, with a goodly number of attorneys on deck. Judge A. R. Savage of Auburn is presiding—his second appearance here in Knox county since he was appointed to that high and responsible office. Although next to the youngest man on the bench in point of service he has long since established himself on a popular footing with the attorneys. "There will be a great many cases tried this term," said a Rockland lawyer, "for the simple reason that we all like Judge Savage so well." And his opinion seems to be well borne out by the fact that 22 cases were assigned up to Thursday of last week, to say nothing of the cases which were marked for trial and appear in the unassigned list.

The court stenographer this term is Chas. W. Small of Portland, who is likewise very popular down this way. The other officials this term are as follows:

Clerk—T. R. Simonton of Camden.

Chaplain—Rev. F. E. White of the Rockland Methodist church.

Sheriff—W. Nelson Ulmer of Rockland.

Court Crier—Deputy Sheriff E. S. Vose of Cushing.

In charge of First Traverse Jury—Fuller C. Blackington of Rockland.

In charge of Second Traverse Jury—Sewall W. Hewett of Rockland.

In charge of Grand Jury—A. J. Crockett of Rockland.

Deputies at Large—John H. Thomas, Rockland, Edw. L. Farrar, Washington and J. A. Davis, Vinalhaven.

Messenger—A. W. Thomas of Rockland.

The Grand Jury is the same as last term.

Cyrus L. Gahan, who was unable to be present at that time, although drawn to serve, was sworn in Tuesday. The jury complete is as follows:

Edward F. Geyer, Foreman, Friendship.

Geo. F. Lewis, Clerk, North Haven.

Lafayette G. Bacheider, St. George.

Frank M. Beveridge, Thomaston.

Charles T. Buggs, Union.

Alton D. Chadwick, Cushing.

Abijah M. Crabtree, Hope.

C. C. Cross, Rockland.

Alexander C. Dunbar, Camden.

Cyrus L. Gahan, Rockland.

Eugene M. Hall, Vinalhaven.

Halver A. Hyler, Rockland.

William O. Luce, Washington.

Alphonso T. Mitchell, Appleton.

Frank J. Morton, Rockport.

George Lawler, Rockland.

Chas. W. Robinson, Warren.

The First Traverse Jury was drawn as follows:

B. A. Emery, Foreman, South Thomaston.

Alonso Atkins, Thomaston.

A. W. Berry, Rockland.

Charles A. Berry, Rockport.

Alden W. Butler, South Thomaston.

Winfield S. Carver, Vinalhaven.

John Clark, Appleton.

Joseph H. Cobb, Camden.

Albert Copeland, Warren.

Frank Faunce, Camden.

Eugene B. Fales, Thomaston.

Hudson Farrington, Warren.

The Second Traverse Jury was made up as follows:

Elkanah Spear, Foreman, Rockland.

Royal Grinnell, Union.

John S. Hubbert, Washington.

Wm. B. Hills, Rockland.

J. Washburn Ingraham, Rockport.

George Lawler, Rockland.

James A. Mitchell, Hallowell.

Anthony McNamara, Rockland.

FOR CHRISTMAS

What?

Just now thousands of women are asking themselves the question

What shall I buy for him?

Remember that the average masculine mind is a practical one. A man likes best an article that he can use, and can enjoy in using. Something he can wear if wisely chosen.

Right here we can help you if you will let us.

We have everything in the way of

NECKWEAR

Puff Scarfs,

Four-in-Hands,

Tecks and Bows,

In all the very newest designs and styles. Prices from 25c upwards.

SUSPENDERS

Plain and Embroidered. All the newest ideas in these goods offered up expressly for the holiday trade. Prices 25c and upwards.

SLIPPERS

In all the leading styles. Kid, Russel, Goat, Morocco, Seal and Patent Leather. All Prices. If you want a low price Slipper we have a Velvet Embroidered Tie, which we sell at 37c. New goods and its a regular 50c quality.

UMBRELLAS

A large variety of the new Close Roll, Silk Umbrellas in Sterling Silver Mounts and Natural Handles.

We have a very Close Roll Paragon Fancy Silk Umbrella with Fancy Bone Handle, Silver Mounts that we offer at the low price of \$1.50. It's a regular \$2.00 grade.

COLLARS AND CUFFS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

HATS AND CAPS,

FOOTWEAR.

Whatever you need in our line we can supply it and at the right Prices Too

E. W. Berry & Co.,

OPP. THORNDIKE HOUSE.

Eldred Orff, Cushing.
John T. Rider, Thomaston.
Hiram Russell, St. George.
John Sellers, Vinalhaven.
W. A. Moody of Rockland was excused, while the following have the good fortune to serve as supernumeraries:
Charles H. Wiley, St. George.
Duncan M. Starrett, Hope.
Thompson N. Webb, Friendship.
Thomas A. Wentworth, Rockland.
Corydon S. Staples, North Haven.

Only one case has been tried thus far this term, that of Thomas J. Lyons vs National Granite Co. In brief this is an action brought by Mr. Lyons to recover \$645.68 for 12,950 cubic feet of dimension granite which Mr. Lyons furnished the National Granite Co. contractors for the Holyoke (Mass.) dam. This suit covers the stumpage, so called, on which no definite price was fixed. Mr. Lyons, however, says he was to have fair compensation and this is what he now seeks. The National Granite Co. claims there was no contract covering the stumpage and that it has already paid the Fox Island Granite Co., represented by the plaintiff, in full. The case was in the hands of the jury when we went to press. J. E. Moore for the plaintiff, Littlefield for the defendants.

The grand jury finished its labors this morning.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

One of the city mail carriers Wednesday took from a letter box a little crumpled missive, addressed to

"SANTA CLAUS."

Within, pencilled by a childish hand, appeared:

"Dear Santa Claus—please send me some rubber boots no. 12 and a big doll a book a new dress an of course you will bring some candy and nuts and don't forget the baby Ralph and I have been good."

Then followed the name and address. The

A Christmas Present always acceptable is a box of Huyler's Apollo Candy

Perfumes of Rich Flavor are appreciated. We have the best.

Here are a few suggestions of an appreciative character offered by
NORCROSS,
The Druggist

A nice Atomizer makes a nice present. We have what you want.

We make a specialty of compounding prescriptions at lowest possible price

True's
PIN WORM
Elixir
The only sure, safe, entirely vegetable remedy for worms in children or adults. Harmless under any conditions. A speedy cure for all disorders of the blood and the digestive organs.
Price 25c., at your druggist's. Write for book "Children." DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

Hastings is selling a sewing machine guaranteed for 10 years for \$19.

CHRISTMAS

At Christmas, play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year.

If there is ever a time when one wants the right kind of goods, it certainly is at Christmas Time, when selecting articles suitable for presents.



A Good Suit of Clothes

is not only a desirable present but a sensible and profitable one, when you consider our goods and prices. All Wool Suits \$5.90, \$6.60, \$8.40.

OVERCOATS—Good all wool Overcoats \$6.75, \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.

SUSPENDERS for men and boys in a great variety of styles and patterns, 13 cents to \$2.

SWEATERS for ladies, men and boys. Boys' sweaters 98c, \$1.19, \$2.00. Men's sweaters \$1.25, \$2.00, \$2.70, \$3. Ladies' Sweaters \$2, \$2.50, \$3.00.

Smoking Jackets and Bath Robes

The largest and best selected stock we have ever shown, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7.50

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00

LADIES' SILK HANDKERCHIEFS 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

LADIES' DRIVING GLOVES, lined kid, \$1.50

LADIES' LINED MITS, 75c, \$1.00.

LADIES' FUR MITS AND GLOVES, \$3.00



Dress Shirt Protectors

in Heavy Black Satin \$1.25, \$1.50.

NECKWEAR in four in hands, Tecks, Puffs, Bows, Strings, Rich, tasty, stylish patterns and beautiful colorings 23c, 45c.

MUFFLERS in Cassimeres and Silk 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

UMBRELLAS of all kinds and prices 98c to \$4.00.

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL UMBRELLAS 48c.

FANCY ARM BANDS 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Dress Suit Cases

\$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00.

COLLARS AND CUFFS in the new shapes 13c, 18c, 25c.

ELEGANT LINE OF LINK CUFF BUTTONS

Wanted.

WANTED—Position as HOUSEKEEPER in family. References given. Apply to 9 Ocean Street, Rockland.

GIRLS for general housework, nurse and laundry can obtain first-class places by applying to the intelligence office of MRS. R. H. ROBERTS, 100 Main St., Rockland.

For Sale.

FURNITURE, consisting of Chamber Suite, Dining Room, and Parlor, all in good condition. Apply at 37 1/2 PARK STREET.

FOR SALE—Farm of 111 acres at South Highland, Warren, equally divided into tillage and woodland, with house and buildings. If sold at once, hay and stock will be included. Inquire of MRS. CLIFFORD A. HALL, on the premises.

FOR SALE—All the outfit of a Fish Market, first-class, will be sold at a bargain. Can be seen at G. Ingraham's farm implement house, South Main St., head of Falmouth.

THE Sargent House on North Main Street, containing 10 rooms, convenient for one or two families, will be sold on easy terms. Also the Sargent House on Oliver Street, containing 7 rooms. F. M. SHAW, Real Estate Dealer, 407 Main Street, Rockland.

To Let.

TO LET—A Blacksmith Shop and Wheelwright Shop in Rockville. Good location. Plenty of work the year round. For right party. Apply to C. M. KIRKPATRICK, Rockville.

TO LET—A desirable tenement on Garly street. Apply to C. E. LITTLEFIELD, 901.

TO LET—Tenement corner Chestnut street and Broadway, to a small family. Has five rooms, bath, and water. Rent \$8 per month. Apply to E. SIMMONS, up stairs.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—Boys, Girls and Ladies to sell our Tea, Coffee and Spices and earn a Watch, an Air Rifle or High Grade Bicycle, Ten or Dinner for 50. Write for catalogue and price list. W. M. SCOTT, CO., Tea Importers, 384 Main St., Rockland, Me.

FARWELL OPERA HOUSE
G. L. BLACK, MANAGER.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20

A Sparkling Three-Act Comedy

The Real Widow Brown

Originally from the German and played

1000 Nights in London
800 Nights in Berlin

Wholesome Fun
Splendid Singing Rich Costumes

DIRECTION OF A. O. SCAPLTON
Seats now on sale at Opera House. 101

BORN

RAWSON—Waldoboro, December 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rawson, a son—Howard Maubee.

RAWSON—Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Norwood, a son.

MARRIED

MILLER—Bliss—Waldoboro, December 14, at the home of the bride, Albert Morton Miller, of Portland, and Louise Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bliss, of Waldoboro. At home after January 1, at 27 Pine Street, Portland.

DAVIS—Kaiser—Waldoboro, December 14, by Mr. Matthews, esq., Lillian E. Davis and Hattie J. Kaiser, both of Waldoboro.

CALDERWOOD—Parsons—North Haven, December 11, by Harrison Beverage, J. P., Franklin T. Calderwood and Faust K. Parsons, both of North Haven.

FALES—Syrong—Boston, December 9, Capt. James T. Fales, of Boston, master of schooner C. S. Childen, and Elizabeth Strong, of Thomaston.

PENNYTON—Chambers—Camden, December 7, Harry Irvine Pennyton and Louise Gould Crane, both of Camden.

JACKSON—Burrows—Waldoboro, November 30, Charles F. Jackson and Della A. Burrows, both of Waldoboro.

DIED

THOMAS—Rockland, December 14, Mantra E. daughter of Christopher L. and Millie Thomas, aged 1 month, 11 days.

COUSINS—Brookline, Mass., December 12, the wife of John R. Cousins, of Fall River, Mass., recently of Rockland. Burial at Portland.

VEAZIE—Somerville, Mass., December 11, Mrs. Deborah Veazie.

LEVINSALER—Thomaston, December 10, Capt. Caleb Levinsaler, aged 91 years, 3 months, 20 days.

LEWIS—Rockland, December 8, Abner G. (Gleason), wife of Nathaniel F. Albion, a native of South Union, aged 67 years, 11 months, 22 days.

BLAIR—New Brighton, N. Y., at Ballou's Bath, December 8, Thomas G. Blair, a native of Rockland, Me., aged 62 years.

WATSON—LaCrosse, Wis., December 7, Joshua Woodworth Watson, a native of Rockland, aged 68 years, 3 months, 1 day.

GROSS—East Jefferson, December 5, of consumption, Mary (Jones) wife of Irving Gross, aged 31 years.

TABOR—Waldoboro, December 5, Mrs. Rebecca (Quincy) Tabor, aged 92 years, 5 months.

RICHARDS—Camden, November 21, Chellis A. son of D. G. and Bertha A. Richards, a native of Portland, aged 28 years, 1 day.

THAYER—Florida, Elias Thayer, formerly of South Thomaston.

SANTA CLAUS
TRADES AT THE
Boston Shoe Store

Because he can get the Best Bargains.

He buys Ladies' Boston 3 buckle Overshoes for only \$1.39, others' prices \$1.75 for the same thing.

Misses' 3 buckle Overshoes only \$1.19, and \$1.25 for Boston and pure gum makes.

Children's 3 buckle Overshoes only 98c.

Misses' one buckle Overshoes only 49c.

Children's Overshoes 29c.

Ladies' Boston low cut Rubbers only 23c.

HOW'S THIS?

Men's Boston 3 buckle Overshoes only \$1.39, others' prices \$2.50 for the same goods.

Remember The

BOSTON SHOE STORE

are headquarters for Xmas Shoppers.

F. E. ANDERSON, Prop. G. D. FARMER, Mgr.

ROCKLAND, ME.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

Plenty of snow but no sleighing worth mentioning.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick has her annual exhibition over Fuller & Cobb's. The room will be open until Christmas.

The leaders for the prizes at Fernald's bowling alley are: John W. Thomas, 111; F. A. Winslow, 111; Dr. H. B. Eaton, 110; Harry Menzies, 109. The boys have a little over a week in which to beat these figures.

Wilson Richards, aged 75, who resides at the Meadows, is to be numbered among the smart old men. The other day, after the big storm he walked home from Appleton Mill, a distance of about 18 miles, and was not very tired either.

Elkanah Spear who is serving on one of the traverse juries this term is undergoing that experience for the first time, although a life long resident of the city. Mr. Spear's father at the age of 86 has served but once in that capacity.

Anchor Council, Royal Arcanum, elected officers Wednesday night as follows: Regent, Francis Tighe; vice regent, C. M. Walker; orator, A. H. Jones; secretary, Enoch Davies; collector, T. H. McLain; treasurer, W. J. Perry; past regent, John Colson; chaplain, F. J. Bicknell; guide, Henry Keating; warden, H. M. Wise; sentinel, A. M. Fuller; trustees, E. A. Burpee, E. M. Stubbs and E. S. Farwell. The present membership is 52 and there have been no deaths during the year. The installation will take place in January.

At a special meeting of the board of aldermen yesterday afternoon the petition of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. asking for a location on Limerock street and the County road was received and a hearing ordered for Jan. 2, at 7:30 p. m. It was the unanimous vote of the board that the city clerk be authorized to request of each telephone company eight telephones to be used in the city offices, the company furnishing the same in recognition of the franchises given by the city. Several sewer matters were discussed. About \$700 has been received this year from assessments on sewers which were built last year.

Mrs. John R. Cousins died suddenly of heart disease at the home of Mrs. Joseph Carroll in Brookline, Mass., Tuesday night, where she was making a short visit previous to going to Fall River to reside. It was known here that Mrs. Cousins was addicted to heart trouble but that the end was near never entered the mind of her friends, the sad news being thus doubly shocking. Mrs. Cousins was a very prominent member of St. Bernard's Catholic church and one of the most energetic workers in the society. The remains were brought on to Portland for interment. Mrs. Cousins is survived by her husband and two children, Thomas and Helen.

Limerock Council, Knights of Columbus, elected the following officers at its Tuesday night session: Grand Knight, T. E. McNamara; Deputy Grand Knight, James Savage; Chancellor, A. R. McNamara; Recording Secretary, George E. McLaughlin; Financial Secretary, Morris Costello; Treasurer, John P. Welch; Advocate, William Moren; Lecturer, M. Keefe; Warden, Thomas Costello; Master of Ceremonies, John M. Guard; Joseph Adams; Board of Trustees, George E. McLaughlin for three years; Michael Burns for two years; and T. E. McNamara for one year; Physician, Dr. F. B. Adams; Chaplain, Rev. R. W. Phelan. The council has a membership of over 50 and several candidates are waiting to receive the degrees. The year has been a very successful one and has served to unite the members all the more strongly. An interesting event of the coming year will be the state convention which will be held in this city sometime during the month of February.

Lincoln Lodge, Knights of Honor, elected officers Tuesday night, as follows: Dictator, John A. Karl; Vice Dictator, George H. Tighe; Assistant Dictator, Francis Tighe; Reporter, Enoch Davies; Financial Reporter, Chas. S. Crockett; Treasurer, Arnold H. Jones; Chaplain, T. H. McLain; Guide, Melvin Pratt; Guardian, C. T. Colson; Sentinel, George W. Hicks; Trustees, C. S. Crockett, John A. Karl and A. H. Jones; Auditing Committee, John A. Karl and Francis Tighe; Representative to Grand Lodge, John A. Karl; Past Dictator, C. S. Crockett. Lincoln Lodge is 22 years old and numbers at the present time over 50 members, the oldest being Enoch Davies, aged 71. The average age is about 50, and it is a fact worthy of a newspaper item that there has not been a death in the ranks since the year came in. Only one death claim has been paid during the year, that of J. Fred Hall, who died during the previous year. Since its organization Lincoln Lodge has paid out in death claims and benefits, all told, about \$50,000. There are nine lodges in the state. The installation of the above named officers will occur in January. C. S. Crockett was appointed by the Grand Lodge as district Deputy for Lincoln Lodge.

The Penobscot closed to navigation this week. Bangor is fortunate, however, in having fine rail communication.

Reserved seat tickets for Saturday night's polo game are on sale at Spear, May & Stover's.

Miss Gertrude Elliott, the sister of Maxine Elliott, is rapidly coming to the front as one of the cleverest ingenues on the stage. Her work in "Nathan Hale" is said to be simply charming.

Harry Bunnell, a son of Mrs. Isabester of this city, brakeman on a train running out of Fitchburg, met with an accident one day last week in which one arm was badly crushed. Mrs. Isabester has lost one son in the railroad business and two others have been injured.

This Friday evening in Willoughby Hall occurs the dance given by the R. H. S. Athletic Association. The boys are \$20 in arrears as the result of the football season and look for this dance to place them on Easy street once more. Meservy and Rackliffe are to furnish music for the event.

Steamer Penobscot will come on the Boston and Bangor route, leaving Boston tonight, Friday, for this city and up river landing. The Penobscot takes the place of the City of Bangor on the route. The Bangor will be hauled up at East Boston and receive the usual winter's overhauling and be ready to go on the route in early spring.

Fuller & Cobb have prepared for Christmas week an entertainment that the public will enjoy immensely. The leading musical artists of the city are to appear at their store during the day and evening throughout the week, and vocal and instrumental solos will enrich the air of Christmas good cheer. A list of the artists and days of their appearance appears in another column.

The summer residents who come to Rockland, Camden and vicinity every season are among the foremost signers of a petition soon to be presented to the railroad folks asking for a night train the year around. It is needless to say that this movement receives the most cordial endorsement of business men in this city and vicinity. Rockland and the adjoining towns are comparatively out of the world in the winter and the residents are not to be blamed for desiring modern facilities.

A. W. Hall opened his bowling alley and billiard hall in Haven Block, Wednesday, and both departments are now doing a rushing business. In order to stimulate bowling interest Mr. Hall offers prizes. An eight pound turkey will be given the party rolling the highest string of candlepins between now and Jan. 1 and a goose will be awarded the person bowling the second highest string. Similar prizes are also offered to the two highest bowlers at the big pins—thus giving the old timers a show. Rockland never saw such bowling interest as is now manifested here at the present time.

Washington R. Prescott, whose service as county attorney ceases with the expiration of the December term of court, expresses himself as much pleased with his new location in Providence. He has an office in the ninth story of the Bangor Building and on the same floor with him are quartered 35 other lawyers, rather more than there are in Knox county all told. It appears to be the custom in Providence to flock together and the attorney who has an office apart from his business is not believed in doing a very prosperous business. Another fact which would be regarded as singular in this city is that rentals in the ninth story of a Providence building are higher literally and figuratively than they are in the second or third story. The Bangor Building is given up entirely to offices and has five elevators which are always busily employed.

The concert given by the Universalist choir Wednesday evening, was one of the finest ever given in this city. The organ, which has just been tuned and repaired by T. P. Ryder of Boston, was presided over by Mrs. H. Wilson, whose pedalling and registration was never here excelled, now bringing out the full power of the grand old organ and again playing with a smooth, soft legato touch which rendered the shading so effective that it appealed to the soul of everyone present and proved her to be mistress of the instrument she played. The overture to "Pope and Peasant" was best adapted to show her artistic ability, and those who listened to the rendering will not soon forget it. Those who did not have cause to regret it. Miss Miller was at her best and the development of her voice is very noticeable, as was shown in her rendering of the "Ave Maria." Miss Emery, and Messrs MacNichol and Wilson in their respective parts were well received and appreciated as was attested by the generous applause of the audience. The choir as a whole did some excellent work. Miss Haven, who is a well known favorite, gave her selections with a great deal of beauty and artistic skill, showing great future promise. Mr. Burpee always makes an entrance and exit to applause. He never can have too many selections to please his audience, but being a very bashful boy he does not want any more said about him. It may well be said that the concert was a success both musically and financially.

MURRAY
THE HUSTLER

Is at the Front in Full Force.

WE GIVE YOU THE

GREATEST BARGAINS!

That was ever offered to a Buying Public on the Face of this Earth. I have a Full Stock of Everything with which to Clothe the Body.

HOLIDAY GOODS IN ABUNDANCE.

Come in and Look My Stock over before making your purchases and you will surely go out with a glad heart.

ALFRED MURRAY,
THE BARGAIN CLOTHIER.

364 Main St., Rockland Me.

Rockland, Me.

Rockland, Me.

FOR CHRISTMAS!



Don't Pay . . .
The High Prices others ask you for

Sewing Machines
We will sell you this machine, warranted for 10 years, for

\$19.00
There is no better one made.

E. B. Hastings
High school closes today for the holiday recess.

An original pension has been granted Geo. F. Stewart of Appleton at \$2 a month.

The supper at the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday evening was one of the most successful events given by the association this winter. Over 150 people partook of the good things, and later spent an enjoyable social evening. A goodly sum was netted.

Anderson Camp, S. V., elected officers Wednesday night as follows: Captain, Harry R. Marsh; 1st Lieutenant, D. L. Howard; camp council, E. K. Gould, H. C. Chatto and Arthur L. Orne. The installation will occur at the first meeting in January.

The school board has elected Miss Jessie C. Knight of this city assistant at the high school, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent resignation of Miss Coughlin. Miss Jessie Hall, who was also an applicant for the position, will remain in charge of the fifth grade, where she has already rendered such valuable service. Miss Knight, who is the daughter of ex-Mayor F. C. Knight, is a graduate of our high school, which course she supplemented by the full course of Dana Hall and Wellesley College, graduating from the latter institution in 1897. Her selection by the school board is one to be highly commended and she will be a notable addition to the list of excellent teachers who preside over Rockland's schools.

Shortly after 7:30 last evening the family of J. B. Greenhalgh, Park street, made the discovery that a chimney in the ell had become red hot and was on the point of causing a serious fire. Mr. Greenhalgh was sent for, and together with Assistant Engineer A. H. Jones, who was acting as chief engineer in the absence of H. G. Bird, arrived promptly on the scene. The fire had broken out when they got there and immediate measures were taken to keep the flames from spreading to the main portion of the house. An alarm from Box 37 summoned the entire department and they had the apparatus in working order with a rapidity which did them credit. The damage to the ell will be quite large. Mr. Greenhalgh was insured with Cochran, Baker & Cross. The loss is estimated from \$400 to \$500.

George Gregory Hall, oldest son of the late Walter S. and Mary (Gregory) Hall, died at 11 a. m. Thursday in East Boston. About a week ago he underwent an operation for appendicitis from which he never rallied. Mr. Hall was about 29 years of age and resided in Rockland until about 10 years ago when he located in Boston. For several years he had been in the employ of the National Dock & Warehouse Co. of East Boston and was one of that concern. It is not quite two years since he married Miss Gertrude Kidder of Camden and settled down to a happy and prosperous career.

Mr. Hall was possessed of ready business tact and an engaging personality, two characteristics which bespoke for him a brilliant future in mercantile pursuit. His death under such sad circumstances is indeed a severe blow and the sympathy of every acquaintance goes out to the bereaved young widow and the relatives.

Fuller & Cobb
Christmas Attraction

With a view to pleasing the public as ever, at this season of the year, we have provided a

Musical Treat
FRFE!

CHRISTMAS WEEK
Afternoon & Evening

A glance at the program will convince you that we have the best talent that can be procured.

Monday Miss Sadie Miller
Tuesday Dr. Walter V. Hanscom
Wednesday Miss Nellie Antoinette Cote
Thursday Mr. J. H. Wilson
Friday Miss Sarah Munroe Hall
Saturday Mrs. Lura M. Ridley

Monday Master Kenneth Prince Lord
Tuesday Sarah Munroe Hall
Wednesday Miss Florence Clarke
Thursday Miss Caro Billings
Friday To be announced
Saturday Dr. T. E. Tibbitts

Monday Miss Lucy Peck
Tuesday Miss Grace Chadwick
Wednesday Pianists for the week—Miss Mabel Holbrook, Miss Margaret Stahl, Miss Lucy Crockett.

NEW YORK BRANCH
5 and 10 Cent Store,
Main St., opposite Fuller & Cobb,
Rockland.

WITH THE CHURCHES
At the Methodist church Sunday morning Rev. F. E. White will take for his topic "A Message To Men."

The Sunday school of St. Peter's meets in the guild room at 10 a. m. Sunday. The Junior Auxiliary meets at 2 p. m.

Rev. F. E. White has been invited to deliver at other points the sermon, recently reported in this paper, attacking fairs and suppers as means for raising church funds.

Services at St. Peter's Episcopal church Sunday will be as follows: Holy communion at 7:30; litany and sermon at 10:30; Sunday school at 12; evening and sermon at 7:30 p. m.

Rev. L. D. Evans of Camden will preach in the Congregational church Sunday afternoon at 2:30. His theme will be, "The Power of a Controlling Motive." All are welcome. Sunday school at 12.

Rev. Thomas Stratton of the Church of Immanuel, Universalist, will speak Sunday morning upon the theme, "Faith, Love and Effort go together," and in the evening upon the theme, "The Advent Season." The morning sermon will be followed by an offering in behalf of the missionary work of the Universalist church.

A CHRISTMAS PLEA
Rev. Mr. Woodman Says a Word For the House of the Good Shepherd.

May I be permitted to use the columns of this paper for the presentation of a subject in which it is hoped the people of Rockland will be interested. In the beginning let it be understood the writer has no personal interest, responsibility or duty in the matter, other than that inherent in his profession and the claims of humanity.

The management of the House of the Good Shepherd has passed into the hands of the Diocese and its Bishop. The rector and church of St. Peter's are now in no way connected with it. The business manager is non-resident and since June has collected funds for its maintenance in various parts of the state, thus far very successfully but with strenuous work. The amount required monthly above present income is about \$175, all of which and more is expended and here. There are 34 children of whom 24 are boys, ranging from 3 to 14 years. In some cases a small monthly board is paid but the dress almost wholly depends on the practical kindness of people at large.

Comment has been made on apparent scantiness of clothing. The House mother and her helpers say children start for school as suitably prepared as resources permit. Mittens they do have, but these people are heavily taxed to overlook, arrange, mend and manage clothing for 34 in addition to the oversight of the house in its other departments.

It is not an "institution" by design, but a "home" for waifs of fortune, or children whose persons, endowments or material resources should command larger and finer training than institutional work can. In his short stay in this city the writer has been impressed by subtle transformations in children, unruly and turbulent on entrance; to the spirit of gentle courtesy among them all in playground and home. The children are where it is, the Bishop of Maine is not responsible. The management try in every way that the children shall not annoy, but the first essential of a home is to preserve the free joyousness of childhood and that sometimes effervesces. The children are very happy; happier and better off than ever before in their short and often clouded lives, while of the 34 ten are from Rockland.

The people with whom the house has had dealings have been most generous and kind. I am told. Many a profit has been knocked off, many a bit of luxury sent in by the tradespeople. And now may I, at this season of good will and charity for all, bespeak, in no official way, just as looker upon, and because of deepening regard for a beautiful benevolence in our midst, may I bespeak the practical interest and kindly thoughts of Rockland people for the Christmas at the House of that Good Shepherd whose advent we wait, whose loving spirit broods in the air today.

RUSSELL WOODMAN.

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The Sunday school of St. Peter's meets in the guild room at 10 a. m. Sunday. The Junior Auxiliary meets at 2 p. m.

Rev. F. E. White has been invited to deliver at other points the sermon, recently reported in this paper, attacking fairs and suppers as means for raising church funds.

Services at St. Peter's Episcopal church Sunday will be as follows: Holy communion at 7:30; litany and sermon at 10:30; Sunday school at 12; evening and sermon at 7:30 p. m.

Rev. L. D. Evans of Camden will preach in the Congregational church Sunday afternoon at 2:30. His theme will be, "The Power of a Controlling Motive." All are welcome. Sunday school at 12.

Rev. Thomas Stratton of the Church of Immanuel, Universalist, will speak Sunday morning upon the theme, "Faith, Love and Effort go together," and in the evening upon the theme, "The Advent Season." The morning sermon will be followed by an offering in behalf of the missionary work of the Universalist church.

A CHRISTMAS PLEA
Rev. Mr. Woodman Says a Word For the House of the Good Shepherd.

May I be permitted to use the columns of this paper for the presentation of a subject in which it is hoped the people of Rockland will be interested. In the beginning let it be understood the writer has no personal interest, responsibility or duty in the matter, other than that inherent in his profession and the claims of humanity.

The management of the House of the Good Shepherd has passed into the hands of the Diocese and its Bishop. The rector and church of St. Peter's are now in no way connected with it. The business manager is non-resident and since June has collected funds for its maintenance in various parts of the state, thus far very successfully but with strenuous work. The amount required monthly above present income is about \$175, all of which and more is expended and here. There are 34 children of whom 24 are boys, ranging from 3 to 14 years. In some cases a small monthly board is paid but the dress almost wholly depends on the practical kindness of people at large.

Comment has been made on apparent scantiness of clothing. The House mother and her helpers say children start for school as suitably prepared as resources permit. Mittens they do have, but these people are heavily taxed to overlook, arrange, mend and manage clothing for 34 in addition to the oversight of the house in its other departments.

It is not an "institution" by design, but a "home" for waifs of fortune, or children whose persons, endowments or material resources should command larger and finer training than institutional work can. In his short stay in this city the writer has been impressed by subtle transformations in children, unruly and turbulent on entrance; to the spirit of gentle courtesy among them all in playground and home. The children are where it is, the Bishop of Maine is not responsible. The management try in every way that the children shall not annoy, but the first essential of a home is to preserve the free joyousness of childhood and that sometimes effervesces. The children are very happy; happier and better off than ever before in their short and often clouded lives, while of the 34 ten are from Rockland.

The people with whom the house has had dealings have been most generous and kind. I am told. Many a profit has been knocked off, many a bit of luxury sent in by the tradespeople. And now may I, at this season of good will and charity for all, bespeak, in no official way, just as looker upon, and because of deepening regard for a beautiful benevolence in our midst, may I bespeak the practical interest and kindly thoughts of Rockland people for the Christmas at the House of that Good Shepherd whose advent we wait, whose loving spirit broods in the air today.

RUSSELL WOODMAN.

Art and Wall Paper Co.,
360 MAIN STREET.

Christmas AND Holiday Goods
AT THE

LADIES' STORE

FANCY GOODS. NOTIONS
TOYS, DOLLS,
PERFUMES, JEWELRY,
PORTEMONNAIES, PURSES,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
AND MANY OTHER GOODS

EVERY DEPARTMENT COMPLETE
Up-to-Date Goods!
PRICES WAY DOWN!

Headquarters Christmas Goods
Do not make your selections before seeing our assortment. We cannot enumerate the many desirable goods we have, especially, but would call attention to a few of our lines:

Healthfulness
of the bath depends largely on cleanliness
of the bath tub. Court health and shun
sickness by using

**GOLD
DUST
WASHING POWDER**

for all household cleansing purposes.
Largest package—greatest economy.
Sold everywhere. Made only by
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, Boston,
New York, Philadelphia.

WINTER RATES BOSTON & BANGOR S. S. CO.

Great Reduction in Fares

Rockland to Boston \$1.75

Fare between Rockland and Boston reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.75.
Fare between Camden and Boston reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.50.
Fare between Belfast and Boston reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.50, and a proportionate reduction made in the price of through tickets between Boston and all landings on Penobscot river.
The price of rooms, accommodating two persons each, will be reduced from \$2.00 and \$1.50 to \$1.40 and \$1.00 each.
Steamers will leave Rockland:
For Boston, (about) 5.00 p. m. Mondays, and Thursdays.
For Bangor, via way-landings, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at (about) 9 a. m. or upon arrival of steamer from Boston.
For Bar Harbor via way-landings, Wednesdays and Saturdays at (about) 9.00 a. m. or upon arrival of steamer from Boston.

RETURNING
From Boston, Tuesdays, and Fridays at 8.30 p. m.
From Bangor, Mondays and Thursdays at 11.00 a. m.
From Bar Harbor, Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 a. m.

C. S. BHERMAN, Agent, Rockland.
F. A. DUNN, Gen'l Supt., Boston.
W. H. HILL, General Manager, Boston.

VINALHAVEN STEAMBOAT CO.

In Effect November 21, 1898, until further notice.

Str. VINALHAVEN

ALVAN HARBOR, Captain.

On above date, wind and weather permitting, will leave Swan's Island at 5.45 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Stonington every week day at 7 a. m. North Haven at 9 a. m. Vinalhaven at 9 a. m., arriving at Rockland about 10.15 a. m.

RETURNING, will leave Rockland every week day at 1 p. m. Vinalhaven 3.30 p. m. North Haven 4.30 p. m. arrive at Stonington 5.30 p. m. Will leave Stonington at 5.45 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Swan's Island. Connections at Rockland with 1 p. m. train of the M. O. R. R., arriving at Portland at 5.20 p. m. and Boston at 9.30 p. m., same day.

Round Trip Tickets, between Rockland and Vinalhaven, 25 cents; between Rockland and Stonington, 10 cents; between Rockland and Stonington, 10 cents.

J. Z. FLYE, Gen'l Agt., Rockland.

Vinalhaven & Rockland Steamboat Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

STONINGTON AND ROCKLAND

Vinalhaven & Hurricane Isle

Commencing TUESDAY, NOV. 1st, 1898, the Steamer

GOV. BODWELL

Will leave Stonington every week day at 7 a. m. and Vinalhaven at 8.15 a. m. for Hurricane Isle and Rockland.

Returning, will leave Rockland, Tillam's Wharf, at 1.30 p. m. for Hurricane Isle, Vinalhaven and Stonington.

W. H. WHITE, Gen'l Manager, Rockland, Me., October 24, 1898.

Portland and Rockland Route.

Commencing Monday, May 2, 1898, until further notice, Steamer

MERRYONEAG.

I. E. ARCHIBALD, MASTER.

Leaves Portland TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, Portland Pier at 6.30 and -oston Boat Wharf at 7.00 a. m. for Rockland, touching at Boothbay Harbor, New Harbor, Round Pond, Friendship, Fort Clyde and Tims's Harbor, arriving in season to connect with steamer for Boston.

Leaves Rockland MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, Tillam's Wharf, at 6.30 a. m. for Portland, making way landings as above, arriving in season to connect with Boston and New York steamers same night.

CONNECTIONS—Made at Rockland the following morning with steamers for Belfast, Castine, Bucksport and Bangor; Isleboro, Deer Isle, Sedgewick, Brooklin, Ellsworth, Ellsworth, Vinalhaven, Green's Landing, Swan's Island, Southwest Harbor, Northeast Harbor and Bar Harbor.

Time table subject to change.

G. A. TAYLOR, Agent, Portland Pier.

J. D. FLYE, Agent, Tillam's Wharf.

Rockland, Blue Hill & Ellsworth Sht. Co.

Fall Schedule—In Effect Saturday, Oct. 22, 1898.

STEAMERS

CATHERINE,

JULIETTE

AND ROCKLAND

Steamer will leave Rockland every Wednesday and Saturday, upon arrival of steamer from Boston, for Deer Harbor, "Little Deer Isle," Sargentville, Deer Isle, Sedgewick, Brooklin, "St. Blanche," Burry and Ellsworth.

* Bag landings.

Returning, leave Ellsworth, stage to Burry, Monday and Tuesday at 6.40 a. m. Burry at 7.00 a. m. making above landings, arriving in Rockland in season to connect with Boston & Bangor S. S. Co.'s Steamers for Boston.

O. A. CROCKETT, Manager, Rockland, Me.

GEORGES VALLEY RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, Oct. 3, 1898.

Going South—Leave Union 5.00 a. m., 1.30 p. m.; leave South Union 8.00 a. m., 1.30 p. m., arrive Warren 8.30 a. m., 1.30 p. m.
Going North—Leave Warren 10.30 a. m., 4.00 p. m.; leave South Union 10.45 a. m., 5.30 p. m.; arrive Union 10.50 a. m., 5.30 p. m.
Stage Connections at Union—10.45 a. m. for Appleton, East Union, North Union, Burketville and Washington. 5.15 p. m. for Appleton, Searsmont, East Union and South Hope.

Maine Central R. R.

In Effect Nov. 27, 1898.

PASSENGER trains leave Rockland as follows:

5.20 A. M., for Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville, Bangor, Portland and Boston, arriving at Boston at 4.00 P. M.
1.30 P. M., for Bath, Brunswick, Lewiston, Waterville, Portland and Boston, arriving at Boston at 9.00 P. M.

TRAINS ARRIVE:
10.45 A. M. morning train from Portland, Lewiston and Waterville.
4.15 P. M. from Boston, Portland, Lewiston and Bangor.

1.00 A. M. Sundays only, Woolwich and way stations.
GEO. F. EVANS, Vice Pres. & Gen'l Man.
F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. & T. A.

Portland, Mt. Desert & Machias Sht. Co.

Str. FRANK JONES

Will leave Rockland Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5.30 a. m. for Bar Harbor, Machiasport and intermediate landings. Returning leave Machiasport on Mondays and Thursdays at 4.00 a. m.; Rockland 4.30 p. m. for Portland. Passenger and freight rates the lowest, service the best.

GEO. F. EVANS, General Manager.

Warren and Thomaston Stage Line

Will leave Warren for Thomaston at 7.45 a. m. and 12.45 p. m. connecting with electric cars for Rockland at 9 a. m. and 2 p. m. Returning will leave Thomaston for Warren at 11 a. m. and 5.00 p. m., except Saturdays.

Saturdays will leave Warren at 7.45 a. m., 12.45 p. m. and 5.45 p. m. Will leave Thomaston at 11 a. m. and 4.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS
Leave Warren at 8.45 a. m. and 3.45 p. m. Leave Thomaston at 11 a. m. and 5 p. m.

All orders to be left at Geo. Newbert's store at Warren and the waiting station for electric at Thomaston.

J. H. FEYLER, Prop.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.

On above date, wind and weather permitting, will leave Swan's Island at 5.45 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Stonington every week day at 7 a. m. North Haven at 9 a. m. Vinalhaven at 9 a. m., arriving at Rockland about 10.15 a. m.

RETURNING, will leave Rockland every week day at 1 p. m. Vinalhaven 3.30 p. m. North Haven 4.30 p. m. arrive at Stonington 5.30 p. m. Will leave Stonington at 5.45 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Swan's Island. Connections at Rockland with 1 p. m. train of the M. O. R. R., arriving at Portland at 5.20 p. m. and Boston at 9.30 p. m., same day.

Round Trip Tickets, between Rockland and Vinalhaven, 25 cents; between Rockland and Stonington, 10 cents; between Rockland and Stonington, 10 cents.

J. Z. FLYE, Gen'l Agt., Rockland.

New York, Rockland & Bangor Line

Steamers of this line will leave Bangor, (Eagle Wharf, Blue Hill) every Monday at 9 a. m. and Rockland at 6 p. m. for New York direct.

RETURNING
Steamers will leave Pier 1, Battery Place, New York, Mondays at 5 p. m. for Rockland, Camden, Belfast and Bangor.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in New York city and our Eastern terminals, together with through traffic arrangements we have with our connections, both by rail and water, to the West and South, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the entire satisfaction of our patrons, both as regards service and charges.

All competing rates promptly met.

For all particulars inquire of:
A. G. HUNT, Agent, Rockland, Me.
N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager,
A. D. SMITH, General Freight Agent,
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Rockland Landings at Atlantic Wharf,
New York Landing at Pier 1, Battery Place.

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Between Boston and Chicago.
Between Boston and St. Louis.
Connecting for all Western, South Western and North Western points. Special attention is called to the new Train,
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Daily Service Sundays Excepted.

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alternately leave FRANKLIN WHARF, Portland, every evening at 7 o'clock, arriving in season for connections with earliest trains for points beyond. Returning leave Boston every evening at 7 o'clock.

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The Superb EMPRESS Steamships.

EVERY THREE WEEKS.

197 Washington Street, Boston.

NEW SYSTEM OF ICE-KEEPING

Money can be kept on any kind of ice or sugar. Women can keep it as well as men. One hundred dollars profit from one Controllable Live of Ice can be made. Keep one or two live ice boxes in your house. Keep one or two live ice boxes in your house. Keep one or two live ice boxes in your house.

For further information, write C. B. COTTON, West Gosham, Me.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

ANDERSEN'S AWFUL DEATH

The Olive Pecker Murderer Explains His Crime on Scaffold—Hanged Twice.

A despatch from Norfolk, Va., dated Friday says:
There was an awful scene in the Norfolk jail yard when John Andersen was hanged at 3.05 p. m. today.

When the drop fell the rope broke, and Andersen fell forward on his face, covered with blood. He was taken up on the scaffold again and 10 minutes after the first horrible experiment the second attempt to hang him proved successful and he lies dead in the jail tonight. The rope which broke was tested yesterday with a 200-pound weight, and that it broke beneath the weight of the Swede, who weighed less than 100 pounds, is inexplicable.

The faces of those who witnessed the awful sight betrayed the anguish and horror which they evidently felt.

Andersen slept very little last night, but this morning appeared to be fresh and in good condition to go through the terrible ordeal. He ate a very light breakfast, after which he read his Bible and talked with death watch Lowery. At 11.30 o'clock U. S. Marshal Treat, accompanied by County Sheriff Cromwell, Deputy City Sgt. Cain and several newspaper men, went into the jail and to Andersen's cell, where the death warrant was read.

It was a solemn scene, and even those who had seen awful sights in their lifetime were moved to pity as the little man grasped the bars of his cell and heard the words that meant his death.

He never winced and was by far the coolest man in the party. In the rear of his cell was a bunch of flowers and pictures hung all around, while on a table lay his open Bible. Morgan Treat, the sheriff's deputy, stood by the door, while Andersen if he heard nothing from Washington by 2 o'clock to be ready.

"All right, Mr. Treat," said the condemned man. After the officers left the reporters went in to Andersen's cell.

"God bless you all," said he. "I am so happy that I am so near my home. I am happy, for I have faith in my God. I am happy that after all my trials and persecutions I am going to a land where there are no sorrows and cares. I do not fear death and if I must meet it I will meet it bravely."

Andersen spoke with evident earnestness, and as cool as a man could be under the circumstances. He was certainly buoyed up by spiritual advice he had received.

At 2 o'clock Marshal Treat came in with his deputies. The hands of Andersen were strapped behind and the march to the scaffold begun. Marshal Treat led the way. Then came Andersen with Rev. J. B. Merrill, and behind followed the deputy sheriff. Andersen mounted the steps of the gallows bravely, took his place on the trap, his legs were bound, and while prayers were being offered the black cap was drawn over his face. Then came the noise, the knot resting behind the left ear. Silence prevailed in the jail yard.

Suddenly Marshal Treat gave the signal, the cap was pulled, and the horrible exhibition took place as told above.

On the second attempt, the body dropped straight down, stiffened, then gave a few convulsive movements as the muscles relaxed and hung motionless. The doctors gathered around it, the stethoscope was applied and Andersen was pronounced dead. The murder of the captain and mate of the schooner Olive Pecker had been ever since hanging to the law. J. B. Biley, an undertaker of Richmond, representing the University of Virginia, presented papers for the body, which was wanted for dissecting purposes. Marshal Treat said the body was federal property and refused to deliver it unless an order signed by the U. S. attorney general was presented. This was not done, and the remains will receive a decent burial in Norfolk.

Andersen's crime attracted widespread attention, being a sea tragedy of singular romance and atrocity.

The schooner Olive Pecker, Capt. J. W. Whitman of this city, sailed from Boston laden with lumber for a point on the river Plate, Brazil. When 150 miles off the coast of Brazil Andersen, a Swede, had an altercation with the captain.

When the latter retired to the cabin Andersen followed and shot him dead. Then he armed himself heavily and went on deck, where he mounted the forecannon and terrorized all on board. The mate, who was aloft, was called down, and while pleading for his life he was shot four times. Then the crew were ordered to throw the captain's body overboard. Then Andersen directed that the oil-cooked ship was set afire and the crew took to the boats.

Andersen was apprehended at Bahia, Brazil, and sent north on U. S. S. Lancaster. He was tried and convicted in the U. S. court at Norfolk, Va., and a stubborn fight was made up to the supreme court, the conviction being confirmed.

The last move was an application for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that Andersen's constitutional rights were invaded, when the lower court assigned him counsel, instead of giving him counsel of his own choice. Chief Justice Fuller, in announcing the court's opinion, said the record of the case showed that no fundamental right had been denied Andersen, but that he had been represented from first to last by able counsel. The time when counsel was not present was at a preliminary hearing of Andersen, but this was not used in the subsequent trial. The decision of the lower court was affirmed.

A Norfolk despatch of the day preceding the murder said: "So great is the sympathy in Norfolk for the condemned man that none can be found here who will assist at his execution. This sympathy has been the cause of the press which with one exception has presented the truth in regard to the condemned and the reasons why he should not be hanged upon the testimony of his generally believed to have been accessory to his act."

Delightful Relief from Catarrh—Here is a case of a thousand such testimonies. The Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: "I wish all to know what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder is to a case of Catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used this remedy it gave me delightful relief. I now feel myself entirely cured after using it for two months."—Ed. Sold by W. J. Oakley, C. H. Moor & Co.

Portland has already raised \$15,526.68 for the benefit of the families of the victims of the wrecked steamer Portland.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong, vigorous body—makes him fit for the battle of life.

The Stockton Springs village improvement society has raised over \$24 for sidewalks this fall.

Itching piles? Never mind if physicians have failed to cure you. Try Dan's Ointment. No failure there. 50 cents, at any drug store.

What Do the Children Drink? Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give to children the more health you distribute through their system. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grade of coffee but costs about 1/10 as much. All grocers sell it. 1 lb. and 2 lb.

SHERIDAN'S

CONDITION
POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure, highly concentrated. In quantity it costs only a tenth of a cent a day. Nothing on earth will do it better.

MAKE HENS LAY

Like this. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profits this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect establishment of the food elements needed to produce eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail. One pack, 25 cts. Five \$1. Large \$1.50. Can \$1.25. Six cans \$7.00. Sample of Sheridan's Powder sent free with each order. Write to Geo. H. Sherman, 24, Boston, Mass.

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JAMES WIGHT,

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"PRACTICAL GAS AND STEAM FITTER."

And dealer in Pipe and Steam Fittings, Rubber Packing, Hemp Packing, Cotton Waste, and a large assortment of Gas and Steam Fittings, Steam and Hot Water House Heating.

Agent for BLAKE & KNOWLES STEAM PUMP

W. C. Libbey,

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Artificial Teeth inserted without plate covering Gas and Local Anesthetic used for painless extraction of teeth

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The Oldest Insurance Agency in Maine.

40 MAIN STREET, - - - ROCKLAND

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A. J. ERSKINE & CO.,

FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.

417 Main Street, - - - Rockland, Maine.

Office, rear room over Rockland Nat'l Bank.

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Travelers' Accident Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn.



A tall, spare, dark eyed young man, with a violin case in his hand, came up the narrow stairs three steps at once, as though he was anxious to reach the little attic room which was his destination. There was a lamp in the hall below, but no light on the stairs or landings, save the dim gleam which came through a skylight in the roof, and at 8 o'clock in the evening of the 24th of December it is needless to remark that the top story was enveloped in total darkness. But Guy Fairfax seemed to know his way by instinct and did not pause until he reached the scratched and shabby looking door which formed the entrance to his abode. There he stopped short, waited and listened for a moment, arrested by a sound that issued from the room.

It was the sound of a violin, faintly played, as though the instrument itself were small and the hand of the player weak. Presently there arose also a sweet little thread of a childish voice, singing to the tune picked out on the violin the words of a well known Christmas hymn: "While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

Guy's face contracted a little as if with pain. Then he smoothed it resolutely, called up a smile and opened the attic door.

It was a miserably bare room, not very clean nor very tidy, and the small fire that burned in the rusty grate did not avail to warm the atmosphere. On the bed, with an old fur cloak tucked round him for warmth, a little boy was curled up, his hands holding the tiny fiddle, to the notes of which Guy had been listening. But he



"DADDY, DADDY! ARE YOU BACK SO QUICK?" put it down at once and held out his hands with a little crow of delight when Guy came in.

"Daddy, daddy! Are you back so quick? I thought you wasn't coming till ever so long!"

It was a sweet little voice, a sweet little face, but the lad's body was very frail and weak, and the dark eyes looked pathetically large for the delicate little face. It was with a sort of passionate yearning that Guy Fairfax pressed his child to his breast for a moment and then looked at him with a mournful foreboding which rendered his voice less cheerful than he meant it to be.

"I've run home for half an hour, Tony, to see that my boy is warm and comfortable," said the young man, holding the child close to him as he spoke.

"Oh, yes, I'm quite comfy!" said Tony contentedly. "I put on your old cloak and p'tend I was a bear. Then I was a little choir boy singing carols in the street—Christmas carols, you know, daddy, because Christmas is tomorrow, and it was tonight that the shepherds were watching their flocks, all seated on the ground!"

His voice passed almost unconsciously from speech to song. Indeed, although Tony was only 6 years old, singing was as natural to him as speech. He came of a musical race. His father was a musician, first by choice, then by necessity, and his mother, who died when he was only 2 years old, had been a professional singer, belonging to a family who had lived half their lives upon the operatic stage. Tony inherited her tastes, just as he inherited her golden hair, but he had his father's brow and his father's eyes.

"You like carols, Tony?"

"At Christmas time, daddy. Will the singers come down this street tonight, do you think?"

"Perhaps so. There used to be plenty of them when I was a boy."

"You lived here when you was a little boy like me, didn't you, daddy?"

"Not here in the town, Tony—a little way outside—at the big house I've told you about before."

Tony regarded his father with baby seriousness. "Won't you take me to see it while we're here, or is the comp'ny going away tomorrow?"

Fairfax belonged to a traveling opera company and could not afford to do otherwise than the other members of the troupe, but he would have given a good deal to find himself in any place rather than the big northern manufacturing town where, unfortunately, his family had been well known for many generations. He had broken with his relations long ago, but—well, it was trying to find himself so near the dear old Grange where his father was still living, two miles outside the town, and not be able to go near him or even

let him know that his son and grandson were so near.

"I can't take you to see it," he said in a low voice to the little son. "There—there wouldn't be time."

He was ashamed of the subterfuge as he looked into Tony's innocent eyes, but Tony was only half attending after all.

"And Santa Claus?" he said. "Will he come down the chimney to give me things, as he did you when you were a little boy?"

"Really, Tony, we must look after your English. Chimney, indeed! You know better than that!"

"It don't matter," said Tony fearlessly. "Will he come down it—that's what I wants to know?"

"Nodown attic chimneys, I'm afraid," said the father, with a sigh.

"Oh-h, but in at the door maybe! Perhaps his sack would be too heavy for the chimney—hey. He'll come all the way up the stairs, bump, bump, bumpity-bump, won't he? And I shall stop awake and hear him."

"Better not," said Guy rather sadly. "Santa Claus has forgotten us this year, mummy. He comes only to rich people."

"That's a shame," said Tony. "We aren't rich people, are we, daddy?"

"Certainly not," answered the young man, thinking of the guinea a week which he was accustomed to receive on treasury day. "Not precisely rich, Tony, but not paupers—yet."

The bitter accent in his voice was caused by a vivid remembrance of some words that the angry old father had once addressed to him. "You need not darken my door again, sir, and when you and your wife are paupers don't think that you will get money out of me!" The word "paupers" always recalled the bitterness of that moment to his mind.

"What's paupers?" said Tony. Then in an abstracted tone, "I suppose Santa Claus always came to the big house where you lived?"

"I suppose he did."

"And does he come still?"

"If there were any children there, I dare say he would."

"Oh!" said Tony, with a very solemn face. Then he said no more, but sat motionless, looking thoughtfully at the opposite wall, while his father rose from the bed and began to busy himself about various household matters, which might have seemed to an observer almost pathetic when done by the clumsy fingers of a man. Not that Guy's fingers were clumsy; they had all the delicacy of the born musician and the gentleness of a woman, and it came quite naturally to him to build up the fire, hang Tony's flannel right down before it, warm some bread and milk for the child and finally make and drink a cup of strong tea before he went back to the orchestra.

"Good night, Tony! Go to bed soon, there's a good boy! Shall I unfasten your clothes?"

"No, thank you, daddy! I've not a baby," said Tony, with dignity. And Guy went away laughing at this manifestation of infantile pride. He had little enough to laugh at, and it was a good thing for him that Tony's smiles and frowns and baby wiles as well as the child's innate genius for music kept his heart from growing hard. The amused light was still in his eyes when he reached the theater, but it would soon have died away had he known what Tony was doing while he was gone.

"It's a dreat pity," Tony soliloquized as he ate his bread and milk with his father's steps had died away—"It's a dreat pity that Santa Claus does not come to poor little boys as well as rich ones. I p'pose he'll never think of coming here, but if I lived in the house where daddy used to live he'd come, because daddy said if there were any children there—oh, I

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one that sent the blood to his cheeks and the sparkle to his eyes. "Tony's ideas" were sometimes a trouble to his father. They were always original, but apt to be impracticable and even dangerous. The idea that had come to him now was that he should go to the house where his father had lived and ask to be allowed to wait for Santa Claus when he came down the chimney that night.

"It would be lovely!" said Tony to himself. "I shouldn't be no trouble to nobody, and very likely I should be home again before daddy got back from the theater. I should run all the way, and I should take my fiddle and play 'While Shepherds Watched' and sing the words, and then the people of the house would say, 'Oh, there's the waits!' And they would open the front door wide and let me in."

The idea took complete possession of his little soul. As it happened, he knew the name of the house where his father had once lived and had a general idea of its locality. It was two miles from the big town, but there was an omnibus which would take him almost all the way. And Tony, although kept as closely as possible to his father's side, had a good deal of ex-

quite joyfully when he saw the terrace and the steps. His father had told him about them many a time. He mounted them slowly and carefully; then, standing on the terrace, he looked about him a little while and decided that it was time for him to begin to play. He felt rather cold, now that he was not moving, and a snow-flake or two melted upon his nose and made him uncomfortable. Nevertheless it was with great resolution that he drew his bow across the strings of the fiddle and began his favorite tune:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

All seated on the ground."

"What's that caterwauling in the grounds, Norris?" said the master of the house to the butler in his crustiest tones. He was at dinner, and the notes of a violin fell strangely upon his ear. "Did I not tell you that I would have no parties of carol singers this year? They only trample down the plants and destroy the young trees in the plantation. Go out and put a stop to that noise directly."

Norris went out with rather a grave face. It was a troubled one when he returned.

"It's not the carol singers at all, sir. It's only a little boy."

"Send him away at once, then."

"If you please, sir, he says he wishes to speak to you. I—I think he's a gentleman's son, sir."

"What if he is? He can have no business here. Send him off. Some begging trick, I dare say."

But as the general—for that was the rank of the master of Carston—spoke the words louder and louder, and a sweet child's voice rang out like a bird's.

To the vast surprise of master and servant alike, the door of the dining room was pushed open, and there in the hall stood a child, with shining hair and big brown eyes, playing and singing, as he had done at first:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

All seated on the ground."

The general's white mustache bristled fiercely, and his voice was harsh and rasping when he spoke:

"Boy—you there—stop that noise!"

Tony desisted, but turned a look of angelic reproach upon the speaker. "Don't you like it?" he said. "It's my greatest favorite, and you must know it quite well, because daddy says he used to sing it to you when he was a little boy."

"When he—your father—what do you mean, child?"

"I ain't a child," said Tony, with dignity. "I'm a boy. It's quite a long time since I was a child."

"What's your name?" said the general, softening and smiling in spite of himself, but the answer banished all smile from his face.

"Anthony Liscard Fairfax," said Tony triumphantly. "Isn't it a beautiful name? It's my grandfather's name, daddy says, but I haven't never seen him in all my life."

And his innocent, trusting eye looked straight into the face of the very man who was his grandfather.

Norris gasped. He expected an explosion of anger; he almost feared violence, but for a minute or two the general stood perfectly silent. Then he said to the man: "You can go."

"Shall I go too?" said Tony.

"No. Stand where you are. Now, tell me who told you to come here tonight?"

"Nobody told me. I thought it for myself."

"Do you see these grapes and sweeties?" persisted the general. "You shall have as much as you like."

"Yes, I see them," said Tony, with a look of surprise. "But I don't want them. I want to see daddy."

"You want to see your father?"

"Yes, I want to see him. He's my daddy, and he's the best daddy in the world."

Tony pressed eagerly up to the general, who seemed not to know how to answer him.

"I can't say. When the children were small—perhaps—"

A vision came to him of himself and his wife stealing from cot to cot to fill small stockings with toys and sweets in days long passed away. He could not finish his sentence.

"I know!" cried Tony. "Santa Claus always came here when daddy was a little boy, and when I asked him why he never came to me daddy said that he only came to rich children and not to poor little boys like me."

"Are you poor?" said the general hastily.

"We're not rich," replied Tony, quoting his father, "but we ain't paupers yet. Daddy says so. What is paupers? I want daddy to tell me, but he had to go to the theater."

"So he goes and amuses himself and leaves you with nobody to care for you?"

"It ain't very amusing," said Tony. "It

makes him awful wred to play such silly tunes every night in the orchestra, but he has to do it, or else there wouldn't be no bread and milk for me nor no baccy for daddy."

"Where is your mother?" said the general.

"The child's face grew grave. "God took her away," he answered. And the general suddenly felt that his old hatred of that singing woman who had beguiled his son into making her his wife was small minded and despicable. But another notion made him frown.

"So you came here to see what you could get? You wanted Santa Claus presents?"

"Oh, no, I didn't! I only thought I'd like to come, 'cause daddy says Santa Claus always came here at Christmas time, and it would be awful nice to see him, but I don't want anything myself. I just want to tell him that there are heaps of little boys much poorer than me and that if he would go to the poor children it would be much better than going to the rich ones, don't you think so?"

"Well—sometimes," said the general.

"I thought, if you'd let me, I would stop here till quite, quite late," said Tony confidentially. "I'd wait about till he came, and then I'd speak to him about the poor little boys. Then I'd go home to daddy. But may I stop here, please, till Santa Claus has been?"

To his surprise, the old gentleman with the white mustache stooped down and took him into his arms. "My dear little boy," he said, "you may stop till Santa Claus comes, certainly, and you may stop forever if you like."

When Guy Fairfax, half distracted by the note which he found on his table, arrived, panting with haste, at Carston that night, he was shown at once into the dining room, where the general sat in his armchair with a child's figure gently cradled on his knee. Tony was fast asleep, and the general would not move or disturb him. He only looked at his son for a moment and then at the sleeping child.

"Forgive me, Guy!" he said at last. "You—and this boy—are all that remain to me. Let him stay—and stay yourself, too, and cheer the few last years of my life. I was wrong—I knew I was wrong—but you must come back to me."

And when Tony woke next morning in a soft white bed and a cozy room, such as he had never seen before, he was a little bit grieved to find that Santa Claus had filled a stocking for him while he had been fast asleep, but he was quite consoled when Guy told him that the old gentleman with the white hair and mustache, who must henceforth be called granddad, was the best Santa Claus that he had ever seen and that Tony might go to him after breakfast and sit on his knee while he sang how shepherds "watched their flocks by night" as the Christ Child came with gifts of peace and joy and good will to men.

Christmas trees need no longer be objected to on the score of expense. With \$2 to spare, and a moderate allowance of wit and patience, a really wonderful one can be turned out, and if this should be doubted here are a few facts, mere Kris Kringle market prices as it were, to prove the truth of the statement.

To begin, 15 cents will buy the tree itself.

One of the fragrant young pines that come to us from Berkshire county or Maine is best for the purpose. For the price given, it may measure all the way from 4 to 5½ feet and be fat or slim as fancy likes, though the plumper article might be suggested as tending toward more gratifying results. The wooden rest that supports it will be 10 cents extra.

Next comes the business of trimming, and here the material breast will swell with pride and joy.

For the vast number of dainty trifles \$1.75 can buy for this use—elegant Parisian little trifles—is something to produce sensations of positive wealth, even opulence.

A box of one dozen selected ornaments, comprising champagne bottles, rolling pins, washbasins, cat scuttles and flower pots, set for 12 cents.

Each tiny object is a bonbonniere, heavily frosted with gilt or silver somewhere and showing silts or tops of silingslas, through which gleam the tinted candles.

In the same bag are made splendid gold and silver baubles and banners, seven inches long, that sell for 5 cents apiece.

Sweet odors of incense pervade the room, and the general's breast will swell with pride and joy.

Colored cornucopias of thick glaze paper, ornamented with heads or figures, can be found at 1 cent each.—St. Louis Republic.

Christmas in Venice.

The Christmas which stands out most vividly in my memory is one at St. Mark's, Venice, where Roman Catholics and Protestants, English, Americans and Italians, the prince and the beggar, high and low, rich and poor, all met on a common footing. Thousands and thousands of people that day knelt or stood on the cold, uneven floor of the grand old church, where the high altarpiece of solid gold, studded with precious gems, was uncovered and blazing in the lights of the hundreds of candles burning around and near it.

Sweet odors of incense pervaded the air. An orchestra of brass and stringed instruments accompanied the choir, above which a boy's voice rose clear and distinct and in perfect harmony with the other voices. The contrast of the organ and the choir, the music of the organ filled the church to the very domes, until the 12 apostles upon the screen seemed imbued with life and listening to it. It was a day never to be forgotten, and it comes back to me over and over again, as often as I think of that Christmas time in beautiful, faroff Venice in 1889.—New York Herald.

The First Christmas.

A good old bishop named Telesphorus, who lived in Rome in the year 137 A. D., holds the honorable record of being the first person to officially order the celebrating of Christmas day. He gave instructions to his priests and his congregations that this day, corresponding to our Dec. 25, should be kept as a solemn feast, with the performance of divine services. While Telesphorus occupies this unique place in the history of the ancients, it appears that Christmas day was first observed as far back as the year 98 A. D., but by whom and how are matters of conjecture. These details have been lost in the shuffle of the ages.—Exchange.

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Your Wife Deserves

the range that Makes Housekeeping Easy—a

GLENWOOD

GIFTS WORTH GIVING.

We have filled our store with goods suitable for the Holidays—not cheap shoddy things, but articles that will be properly appreciated by the receivers.

We will mention a few of the many bargains we have.

Sleeve and Arm Elastics from 9c to 25c.
Fancy Suspenders from 50c to \$2.00.
—Large Line of—

Neckwear

In all the different styles, 25c ones for 22 cts., 50c. ones for 44cts.

Handkerchiefs

Good Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c, and up to 50c. each.

Initial Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25 cts.

Plain Silk Handkerchiefs, Silk Handkerchiefs with fancy border, 25c. the latest thing out.

Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, 25 cts.

Mittens

For cold weather for any purpose from 9c. to \$2.50.

Gloves

For driving, dress, or any service at better than low prices.

Fancy Shirts

In many varieties. Latest Styles in Collars and Cuffs. Our line of Clothing is larger and better than ever.

Suits from \$4.87 up.

Usters from \$4.85 up.

Dress Suit Cases and Trunks to suit all

Wool Fleece Lined Underwear from 48 cts. to \$2.00, for one piece. Caps and Hats for winter.

The Celebrated Sorosis Shoe for Ladies \$3.50.

Regular Ladies' Footwear from 69 cts. to \$4.00.

Men's Rubbers and Felt, combination, from \$1.49 up. Men's Rubbers of all kinds at all prices. Ladies' Overshoes, just the thing for winter wear.

We have many other good bargains in our store and our prices are as low as consistent with the quality of goods offered.

WE SELL STRICTLY FOR CASH.

The Trade Center,
LEVI SEAVEY.

THOMASTON



When your eyes water, when they burn, when they ache, when they strain—then it is they need rest. You close the lids down over them but that doesn't rest them. They feel big, they feel sore. Well, what's the best thing to do? The best thing to do, is to consult with the optician at once. Don't delay. Delays are sometimes dangerous. May be you have been abusing your eyes. May be there is some change in the structure of the eyeball or one of its numerous coats—for an eye is made in layers more numerous than those of an onion—and may be you need glasses for your eyes. There are eyeglasses made for temporary wear, called "rest glasses." If you get off with those, you are comparatively lucky. There are other glasses for reading, and others for seeing distant objects. Optical science up to date, is practiced by the undersigned, aided by all the most improved instruments for detecting errors of eyesight. There is no charge for consultation, and only a reasonable charge for eyeglasses, whenever they are required.

BURCESS, The Watchmaker and Optician, Camden.

THOMASTON

Just Peabody arrived from Augusta Tuesday noon.

The Actonian Club met at Mrs. Whittaker's Friday evening.

Joseph Burgess returned to New York Wednesday morning.

Services will be held at St. John's Episcopal church Sunday at 3.30.

Miss Eda Chapman returned to Hartford, Conn. Thursday morning.

C. A. Atkins returned from Waldoboro on the morning train Tuesday.

Webster Benner has resumed his duties as clerk in E. R. Bump's store.

Mrs. A. N. Liscott returned from a two week's visit in Boston Tuesday night.

A. M. Gilchrist opened his billiard parlors in the telegraph block Thursday night.

Edward K. Leighton came home from Bowdoin for the holidays Thursday night.

Miss Mary Leonard will entertain the McKinley Cooking Club this Saturday evening.

Hon. F. S. Walls of Vinalhaven inspected P. Henry Tilson Post, G. A. R., Wednesday night.

Because of an unusual amount of freight, a special west-bound freight train was run Monday night.

Hon. Geo. Bliss of Waldoboro and his brother, Charles Bliss of Bangor, were in town Thursday.

Joseph Andrews of Dorchester, Mass., left for his home Wednesday morning after a short visit in town.

William Nash returned from Isle au Haut Monday, where he had employment on a new cottage being erected.

The eastern window of Levi Seavey's store is dressed in an exceptionally clever manner, displaying Christmas goods.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Starr left for Boston Thursday morning, where they will visit their daughter, Mrs. J. D. Konimus.

Capt. Samuel Watts arrived from Portland and Boston Wednesday morning and proceeded to his home in Tipton's Harbor.

Prison inspectors Whitman Sawyer, Portland, Augustus Bailey, Gardiner, A. W. Gilman, Foxcroft, arrived here Tuesday noon.

Miss Annie A. Lash and Miss Cora Russell left Friday morning for Philadelphia where they will be the guests of Mrs. Albert Keene.

The Baptist society held their regular semi-weekly circle supper Wednesday evening. The house keepers were Mrs. William Hastings, Mrs. E. O. Burgess and Miss Inez French.

The Christmas sale and Bachelor Maids' tea held in the vestry of the M. E. church Wednesday afternoon and evening was a success in every sense of the word. About \$28 was realized.

CAMDEN

Mrs. James Achorn and daughter Myra have returned from Belfast.

Miss Edna Waldron is home from Wellesley for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. F. N. Wheeler has returned from a visit in Portland and Providence.

J. B. Williamson will soon move to Cambridgeport—Miss Winnifred B. Simmons is visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Pearson in Providence.

Mrs. F. A. Hagan and family of Worcester, Mass., have moved into Robert Armstrong's house on Mechanic street. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and daughter have gone to Florida to live.

VINALHAVEN

Frank Small is in town this week.

Maurice Calderwood is at home from Barre, Vt.

Miss Eva Noyce was in Rockland Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Fossett visited Stonington this week.

Our merchants are making a nice display of Christmas goods.

The fence that inclosed the common has been removed.

A. A. Davidson left here Wednesday on a business trip to Boston.

F. S. Walls inspected the G. A. R. Post of Thomaston, Wednesday evening.

Miss Blanche Hopkins returned Monday from a visit with relatives in Camden.

Mrs. A. C. Manson is the guest of her sister, Mrs. William Farrow of Rockland.

Miss Sara L. Lyon of Rockland was the guest of Miss Emeline Roberts Tuesday.

Work was suspended here Wednesday on account of the cold, it being below zero.

Miss Edith Mills arrived home from Beverly Tuesday and will spend the holidays in town.

Mrs. Harry Wilson and children left Wednesday morning for a visit with relatives upriver.

Mrs. Arthur Mills has returned from a visit in Rockland with her sister, Miss Grace Roberts.

Mrs. T. G. Libby returned Monday from Rockland where she was the guest of Mrs. Henry Day.

Quite a number of the little folks received invitations to a birthday party at the home of Master Herbert Libby which took place last Wednesday.

Among those in town who visited Rockland this week were, Mrs. F. S. Walls, Mrs. T. E. Libby, Mrs. A. E. Green, Mrs. O. C. Lane and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. J. E. Hopkins returned Tuesday from Sorrento accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Winthrop Conant, who will make an extended visit in town.

The children in the vicinity of East Main Street have greatly enjoyed the snow this week as it made the long hill in just the right condition for sledging.

Mrs. Nellie Wilson left here Wednesday with her children for Bangor, where she will spend a few weeks with her sister and then will join her husband at South Jonesport.

Our Scotch friends had a meeting Saturday evening at Memorial hall to consider the advisability of observing Burns' anniversary. The matter was left in the hands of a committee to report at another meeting.

Mrs. F. S. Walls very pleasantly entertained the W. I. N. club at her home last Wednesday evening. The members of this club are: Misses Flora Vinal, Pearl Kittredge, Cora Hopkins, Bertha Ginn, Emma Crockett, Edith McIntosh, Gertrude McIntosh and Mrs. H. W. Finell.

Sea Girl Lodge K. P. will nominate officers at the regular meeting Tuesday evening, Dec. 20. The officers should have been nominated at the last meeting but the junior lost his reckoning, thinking the day was Monday instead of Tuesday and did not open the hall, so no meeting was held.

The Rebekahs have added to their table—silver spoons which were christened Tuesday evening. It being the regular club supper. There was a large gathering and the tables were well supplied with good things for the inner man (and woman). The tables were presided over by Miss Edith McIntosh, Mrs. Bertha Murphy, Mrs. Mary and Evelyn Lawrence and Mrs. Miriam Ames.

According to the terms of agreement between the Bowdoin Granite Co. and the Granite Cutters' Union now in force either party desiring a change must give three months notice. The cutters wishing to do away with the "special bargain" clause and desiring a slight advance on a certain class of work, early in November presented the company with a memorandum containing the desired changes. Shortly after receiving this notice the company presented the branch with a list of the changes they desired, which is quite a reduction from the prices now in force. The present bill expired April 1, 1899. It is earnestly hoped that a satisfactory settlement may be reached so that when business starts up in the spring the present uncertainty will have passed away.

ROCKPORT

Sch. Imogene has been laid up in winter quarters.

Hon. and Mrs. H. L. Shepherd visited in Dover, N. H. and Boston this week.

The concert and dance given by Vezzie's band Saturday night was a success financially and otherwise.

J. H. Ellis has completed his new kiln and it was fired for the first time this week. The kiln is working finely.

The ice on Lily pond is six inches thick. The Rockport Ice Co. have commenced operations to harvest the winter's crop.

Mrs. E. A. Morrill is visiting in Boston—James D. Carleton is home from Hebron Academy to spend the holidays and Ross E. Patterson of the same institution is guest of his aunt, Mrs. Carrie A. Ross.

The S. E. & H. L. Shepherd Co. have laid the foundation for a new building to be erected near the kilns, in which two steam boilers will be placed. This company intends to use coal in running the kilns altogether.

From Roger & Gallett, Wright, Speigher & Woodward. Try the "Queen of Carnations" and "Queen of Roses."

50c oz.

Cameras and Photo Supplies

Books for Children, Pictures, Choice Confectionery,

Good Cigars, in any size box,

TOILET ARTICLES.

Dainty but Useful, and many other things.

COME AND LOOK US OVER.

The G. I. Robinson

Drug Co.,

GEO. H. GARDINER, Manager

THOMASTON.

We Solicit Mail Orders.

Jolly Old Uncle Josh.

His Great Generosity Towards His Newly Married Niece.

A Realistic Christmas Romance of Rockland, in Which a Number of Prominent Business Men Take a Very Conspicuous Part.

Copyrighted by W. S. Guthrie.

"Miss Summers—Polly—I—er—dare I—" But the speaker took a header over bashfulness, only to hear a sweet "Yes, Charley." "Can I aspire to—er—to—that—is—" Again a lapse into silence, followed by an encouraging "Yes, Charley." "Oh, if I might only hope to—er—to—" Another failure of language. It was seemingly a hopeless case and might have been, for a female Uncle Josh had stepped in. "Charley, I have said 'yes' twice, and if you mean it, I mean it, too, and—" And to this day that young man will insist that he popped the question.

All this happened away "out west" and it was long before there was a wedding. Much longer, before there came a letter from Polly's Uncle Josh down here on the Maine coast, who wrote effusively of his delight at her exhibition of what he called "grit" and he proposed that if the young people would locate at Rockland and be wedded at the home of the bride, a wedding gift and a Christmas present combined. Of course they accepted, and were soon bidding their friends adieu.

Only last Monday a travel-stained party arrived at the Maine Central depot. Our friend, Uncle Josh, was in charge and the trio entered one of Berry Bros. & Co.'s fine hacks for the Thorndike Hotel. "We'll go to the Thorndike," said he, "because it's strictly a first class place. I have known Manager B. R. Andros and J. R. Donahue, the clerk, for years and they are both endowed with that delightful intuition that makes a guest feel at home, comfortable, contented, and in mighty good luck. The house is one of convenience; the apartments are well furnished and the cuisine all that a superior chef and unlimited orders on the market can make it. I have engaged rooms here until your own house is in readiness."

With these remarks Uncle Josh graciously presented to Charley the deed of a cosy cottage. "After breakfast," said the old man, "I am ready to buy your outfit. To expedite matters I have arranged with Denny Murphy of Berry Bros. & Co.'s livery for a team." When the handsome carriage, with elaborate trappings and prancing horses drew up in front of the hotel Polly declared it the "finest turnout she had ever seen." "Yes, Sir-ee," replied Uncle Josh, "the three Sty's—Speed, Safety and Style—is Berry Bros. & Co.'s coat of arms. So, young folks, when you want to take a drive, either for business or pleasure, go to them for a rig every time." Their wedding, party and funeral equipments are unexcelled. It is as this story turns out that the rounds of thraldom were made.

"Having already provided a cage for the bird," said Uncle Josh, "now the first thing we'll look after will be the furnishings for it." Hereupon Polly energetically declared that she had heard so much about N. A. & S. H. Burpee's great furniture house that she had decided to go there. The result was that they were ushered into such a bewildering display that the girl was at first at a loss how to select. But she soon yielded to the seductive charms of a magnificent parlor suite, a bed room set in oak, ante room that would do credit to old Antiquity himself. She then selected almost a hundred yards of high grade dress materials. To this she added an easy rocker for Uncle Josh, and didn't forget a most convenient and ornamental writing desk for her husband. The prices were below the very whisper of competition.

"A pretty good start," said the old man, and now we'll go to Jonathan Crockett's stove and tin store." Here Polly's housewifely instinct came into play. She noticed a clock apparatus in the country that carries a more comprehensive stock of household furnishings," remarked Uncle Josh. "Every possible piece of kitchen furniture from a tin dipper to a cooking range here in styles and variety." If Polly failed to accomplish wonders in the culinary art, it will not be for want of superior cooking utensils, for she purchased an Atlantic Grand stove with all equipments needed in a well regulated kitchen, an Art Spear heater for the parlor and an oil stove for the bedroom. Uncle Josh wrote out a check for with delight because he knew Jonathan Crockett had treated him right just as he does everybody.

"But look here, Uncle," interrupted the young man as they reached the street. "What about coal? We've got the stoves, but I reckon they won't be of much service without fuel. We can't keep fire on love alone, can we?" "Glad you mentioned it," replied Uncle Josh. "Buying so much in one day kinder befuddles a fellow. Fortunately, however, it's only a little distance to Fred R. Spear's coal and wood office. He is my favorite dealer and handles coal which has no superior and few equals; it makes a hot fire, burns up clear, and don't leave any clinkers. Fair treatment and fair prices are what you'll receive at the hands of Fred R. Spear." A big order was placed, enough, in fact to last into the middle of next summer.

Woman like, Polly was discussing the matter of how she would arrange her new home and was interrupted by Uncle Josh. "And those boxes in the next door and you find many articles indispensable for the parlor as well as the library there, and as for variety, Huston has an unequalled stock." So here Polly's purchases included miscellaneous books, fancy stationery, all the latest novels, brace of all manner for the center-table, and finding an immense assortment of magazines, periodicals and newspapers, she subscribed for everything in sight. Polly remarked to the generous old uncle, "Why, I don't know when to quit buying. Huston sells such nice goods, and so cheap, too."

"Oh me! Oh my!" ejaculated Polly, as she halted before a show window, "what a perfectly lovely slipper." "Yes," said Uncle Josh, "Wentworth & Co. have been established here nigh on to 40 years. Go in, look over their stock of Xmas slippers and get acquainted. It might have been policy not to have extended that invitation, had not Uncle Josh known how wise economy it is to trade at Wentworth & Co.'s, for Polly found goods and prices so seductive that she purchased an outfit from a pretty slipper to a handsome hygienic, double-seamed, tuckless \$2.50 walking boot. Charley invested in gents' fine shoes, for a demure Uncle Josh looked in a stout farm boot, with rubber for the crown. No one needing footwear can resist the styles and prices offered by Wentworth & Co.

"I would like to make you acquainted with Mrs. Damon & Richman, my dentist friends," said the old man. "If you ever have a tooth to supplement your natural teeth." "Ugh! Don't you mention false teeth to me," cried Polly. "I'll never carry 'pearly lies' for my mouth if I go toothless." "Oh, as for that," laughed Uncle Josh, "if you'll only consult a good dentist in time, you can save the catastrophe. Denton, for instance, are wonderfully expert in saving natural teeth, and they have the skill and every mechanical appliance necessary to do their work with the least discomfort to their patrons. And talk about painless dentistry, I tell you these people are marvelous."

At this point, somewhat to the confusion of Charley, Uncle Josh indulged in a half serious criticism of his personal appearance. "That overcoat you've got on, my boy, is decidedly off style for a townsman, and we'd better see Knight & Hill, the tailors, about something more up to date. They make an elegant overcoat for \$20 that is a bang up high grade article—warranted gilt edge in both quality and style. You can get 'em in either black, blue, brown or Oxford and I tell you, you'll look more like a gentleman in any one of them. You get tagged out in a Knight & Hill twenty dollar overcoat." Charley soon left his measure, and when the coat was finished yesterday, Polly declared she'd have fallen in love with him sooner, had he only had one of them before.

"I don't see—I promised you a gold watch and a diamond ring, didn't I," queried Uncle Josh of Polly, "and O. E. Davies' is the place to get good value." Entering the popular jewelry shop the old man gallantly acquitted himself of the promise and then directed Polly's attention to a beautiful watch, a veritable carried by the house. "There is no other such a house in town," said the old man. "And I will guarantee the quality to be the very best. Pick out your family clock while here," he added. "Davies carries a magnificent line. Don't forget another fact, he continued, "ever you unfortunately need optical goods, this is the place to come. And say my boy, when that old turnip of yours breaks down, remember these folks are also expert doctors on sick watches."

Uncle Josh commanded Uncle Josh, as the party came to the front of T. H. Donahue's handsome drug store. "Walk right in." "Why Uncle, we're not sick, and—" "Guess I know that, but I suspect it won't be long before this young man begins to take an interest in matters of a paragonic and—" "Uncle—let's go." "Well, if it is a package of Donahue's reliable headache powders, then besides Polly may find some toilet article she wants." Sure enough, before leaving she was loaded down with combs, brushes, face powders and ounces upon ounces of fine imported toilet soap. "Don't forget," added Uncle Josh, "to come here with your prescriptions, T. H. Donahue and his clerk are competent pharmacists and use pure and reliable drugs."

Theodore Simonton, not only has lines of the softest and best quality, but he is an expert and trustworthy underwriter. His companies belong to the old reliable category, being well known for their prompt and satisfactory adjustment of losses. It's better to be safe than sorry and you'll surely be safe in the Theodore Simonton Agency. Not only did Charles place his fire risk with Mr. Simonton, but also took out a \$5000 policy in the Mutual Benefit, and some accident insurance in the Preferred Accident.

"How about the plumber, Uncle?" inquired Polly. "You remember you said you would see somebody for that." "Yes so, yes so, and we shan't have any bother of the work either. I'll go look for Arthur Shea. We've got to have gas and water pipes put in, a hot water heater and a porcelain bath tub, besides some sanitary fixtures. Arthur is the very man to do the work. He observes closely all the hygienic laws guarding against dangers from sewer gases. You can always feel safe about the house when practical men, as I know Arthur Shea to be, have done the work." The afore-said plumber got the contract, did just what Uncle Josh said he would do, and won Polly's praise for his excellent workmanship.

"Holy smoke, Charley, where in creation did you get that snip? That's about the worst weed that ever came in contact with my olfactory nerves," laughingly remarked Uncle Josh. "Step in here to this cigar store and get a 'M. A. C.' then you'll have a gentleman's smoke. H. C. Clark, the manufacturer, takes great pride to keep that cigar up to the highest standard, and consequently it grows more popular every day." Charley was so well pleased with the 'M. A. C.' that Uncle Josh treated him to that he bought a whole box and advised his wife to get him another box for Christmas.

For fancy goods—those articles of "fantastic dainties" which so delight the heart of every woman, Uncle Josh unexpectedly led his niece to Mrs. E. F. Crockett's Ladies' store. "Oh how kind of you, Uncle," she exclaimed. "And what a treat." "Well I thought I just kinder surprise you," replied Uncle Josh, "and you might hunt all over eastern Maine and not find a finer lot of finery than right here. Although Mrs. Crockett sells fancy goods she doesn't charge fancy prices, however. Pick out what you want, I'll gladly foot the bill." Polly didn't need a second invitation, so she proceeded to lay out a supply of combed linens, embroideries and handkerchiefs, together with enough juvenile goods to remember all the babies she could think of. She then turned her attention to corsets, hosiery, kid gloves and white wear, etc., for which Mrs. Crockett is noted for giving extra choice values.

"And another place I wish to take you, children, is to Chas. T. Spear's flour and grain store," remarked the old man. "Your introduction to Rockland would not be half complete without. Talk about flour, why bless you there ain't no flour that can come up to Spear's 'Forest Brand.' It's the finest flour selected wheat, and the good housewives around here have been using it for nigh twelve years without a single complaint. His Mandehling coffee is also quite as popular. Then as to feed, this store is headquarters for all the things that everything that goes into a good meal. They have everything from corn down to corn cobs, serve customers with promptness and dispatch. I've been dealing with Chas. Spear for a long time, and I tell you he is a good man to tie to."

"Oh say, Uncle," exclaimed Polly, didn't you say there was a art store in town? "Well now, I do reckon there is, my girl," Uncle Josh replied. "And I've got the place right in my eye. Right over here at No. 360 is the Art and Wall Paper Co.'s store and if it's pictures you're thinking about I guess you will have a chance there to gratify your fondest desire. Nothing will make your home more attractive than an ample supply of pictures properly framed." Polly was soon reveling in a perfect paradise of etchings, engravings and photographs. The Art Co.'s splendid display of Copley prints, Foster prints and Southey photographs particularly appealed to her artistic taste. She purchased a dozen, all told, and arranged to have them framed, when when completed, showed the blending in colors of matings and frames to be so beautifully done that she was more pleased than with her visit to the Art and Wall Paper Co.

"Yum, yum," laughingly escaped Polly's rosy lips, as she glanced into Frank Whitney's attractive confectionery store. "Uncle Josh, you know I've got a sweet tooth. These candies look lovely. I just can't resist the temptation to know if." Charley here objected, "cause he knew if Polly got into a confectionery store once, there's where she'd likely want to stay. He relented, however, when Uncle Josh said, "Cigars, my boy, cigars." "Well, now, I'm thinking, and you're regaling yourselves in delicious cigars, and a hot coffee, the girl loaded up on chocolates, bonbons and fruit enough for Christmas to fill two pairs of her own, Uncle Josh's and Charley's stockings.

"And as you are going to keep a horse, Charley," continued the old man, "of course, you'll need a harness. The boss horse millners of this section, to my notion, are Simpson & Staples. There is nothing in harness that cannot be had of them—heavy and light, single and double, plain and fancy, work and buggy harness. They have 'em in stock, or can make 'em to order, besides. The finest lot of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags you ever laid your eyes upon. In fact, Simpson & Staples make a specialty of that kind of goods. And their prices are so reasonable I've a good notion to get you a leather suit case and also traveling bag for Polly so when you take that Boston trip we've planned we can go in style." "Just what I've been waiting for for a whole year," replied Polly, and she got it.

After this visit, Uncle Josh suggested a resort to some place of refreshment. At the table the old man waxed philosophical. "Never neglect your larder," said he. "That important adjunct to housekeeping controls our temper. For that end you must patronize a grocer on whom you can depend for honest goods. Through a long term of years I have found Franz Simmons perfectly reliable. You will find him a careful dealer, always fully stocked with every possible thing in the line of staple and fancy groceries, fresh and first class, so shelf worn goods there, while the prices are down to brass tacks. To keep peace in this family get all your groceries from Franz Simmons and everything will be lovely."

"Now Polly," said Uncle Josh, "we are doing finely but we haven't got to look out the door yet. I don't want to go to the store of the finest in the state by the way." When the party reached the greenhouses, and had been cordially met by Mrs. Mather, after a few moments conversation a trip through the houses was proposed and gladly accepted by the party. "Oh, how beautiful! how exquisite! why I never was in so enchanting a place. I am going to have some of that nice holly, violets, carnations and roses for Christmas decorations, and Uncle Josh, you must surely come around when I have the decorations completed. I must also have some of those beautiful ferns and other plants when we get settled."

"You can have all you want dear," said Uncle Josh, his bronze face beaming with pleasure, "as long as my cash holds out, but we must get away now for we have lots to do, but remember that Mrs. Mather makes a specialty of decorating and furnishing out-

flowers and designs for wedding, parties and other occasions."

"Law sakes!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Josh, "all this trading and shopping round town has caused me to forget one of the greatest essentials to future existence. I have heard it said that newly married folks could live on fish and scenery, but an old man of experience knows better—your table would look slim without bread; it's the 'staff of life' you know. Polly must meet C. E. Rising the Vienna baker. His domestic bread, pies and cakes and nick-nacks are conceded by all to be the finest of earth. Remember, Charley, there is no use of your 'gouty tootsy' bothering itself with such trifles as bread, pies and cakes. There is a good baker in town like Rising. He made that elegant cake I brought to your wedding." "Yes and everybody said it was just lovely," eagerly responded Polly, "and I want one like it next Sunday."

"Now," cried the old gentleman, "now for a picture of this crowd, in good old country fashion, we'll go to the photograph gallery, and Fred M. Davies has a good one. His pictures are wonderful in fidelity and finish. I want one full size photo for my study and some small ones for my friends. Davies has the soul of a true artist; all his work is a labor of love, in which he will not stop short of perfection. As he is famous for successful enlarging, I want to give you a life size representation of 'yours truly.' Uncle Josh's picture may be seen at Davies' studio any time the reader desires to call. It may be added that Polly also invested in a Premo camera, the very best camera made, which Davies is agent.

En route to their home the party called at The Courier-Gazette office. "You'll read the news every day," remarked Uncle Josh, "and as this is the favorite local paper here I'll subscribe."

Upon summing up the wonderful events of the day Polly began to volubly express thanks. "You have brought us everything," she exclaimed.

"Only one thing," replied Uncle Josh, reflectively, "but I can remedy that. Burpee's furniture store always has a nice line of them and you can get one whenever you want it; I'll pay for the best."

"Why?" exclaimed Polly, with great surprise, "Uncle, what can it be?" "Well, it's a baby carriage, and—" But Polly had fainted.

HOPE

SOUTH HOPE—Head-of-the-Lake—Mrs. Octavia Carter and daughter Cora, who have been spending several months with Mrs. F

THE Y. M. C. A. DEBATE

Does Club Life Have a Tendency to Destroy Love of Home and Family?

The pleasant smile and cheery and fresh looking faces of the young men who solemnly pledged themselves to debate upon the question, "Resolved, that club life has a tendency to destroy the love of home and family," were missing when the time came for the debate to open last Thursday evening.

They had spent a whole week in preparation for this important event and frequent preliminary skirmishes had taken place as an opinion expressed by one crossed the other's. They presented themselves at the rooms an hour before the debate was to take place with the dignity of Athenian orators, professing themselves as ready for this most weighty subject, suggesting that nothing was now wanting but for the clock to strike the hour. They arrived at about 6 o'clock. At 7 o'clock their impatience had visibly increased. At 7:15 it was evident that they could contain themselves no longer and if the minute hand would not move a little faster something would certainly burst. At 7:20 a crisis was imminent. At 7:25 they had showed a clean pair of heels and dusted. The crisis had arrived.

Constitution now reigned supreme. What could the rest do without these valiant young debaters? Some one was heard quoting the verse, "When the shades of night fall down." One was for postponing the meeting. Another suggested that the host had better be seated and perhaps a windfall would come to their deliverance. This advice was heeded and the meeting was opened in the usual way.

The question was, "Resolved that club life tends to destroy the love of home and family." The affirmative was taken by Gen. Ciley and Mr. Filmore. The negative by Frank H. Ingraham and William McDougall.

The suddenness of the young men's departure seemed to have an exhilarating effect upon Mr. Ciley for he started in at a lively gait. "The design of a club," he said, "is amusement, not culture." We do not include such clubs as the Methebeses, which is for literary purposes only. The Y. M. C. A. is not a club, but an association for the mental, physical and spiritual development of young men. The Central club is about as good a club as you can find anywhere, but the vast majority of clubs are run for amusement only. Various games and chiefly cards are played and much drinking is indulged in, not perhaps to excess, but very freely. Such clubs are detrimental to home life and works an injury to the nation for the frequenters of those clubs never think of getting married or gathering children around them. This is selfish and has a wrong tendency."

Frank H. Ingraham had the audacity to take exception to Gen. Ciley's argument and thought that not all the clubs were bad. Many clubs had reading rooms connected and none could even read newspapers without getting some good out of them. Many clubs do not allow any liquors within their doors. Of course the design of a club is to improve the bespeckled husband must have a place to go where he can rest his weary bones which he finds it impossible to do in the presence of a scolding wife. Even ladies have commenced to form clubs and this is a good thing for it is a great deal better for them to be at a club than at home reading novels or swapping gossip.

Mr. Filmore said: "It is an old saying and a true one, 'A wise man knows how to keep still' and I think that is a very wise case. If the male sex tried to please their faithful wives they would be a great deal better off. I would rather be at home with my family than at any club that ever existed."

William McDougall said he had read in the papers of New York clubs how the men sit around the tables and drink and gamble. The Y. M. C. A. is not a club for it is organized for the express purpose of elevating men. The triangle which in its emblem represents the three natures of man, the spirit, mind and body and their endeavor to improve mentally, physically and spiritually. If they had billiard tables and played cards they would doubtless have more members, but it would not have the tendency to elevate men.

W. G. Singh said he had belonged to several clubs but they all had had a beneficial effect upon him. He had played billiards with deacons and had gotten a great deal of satisfaction from it. He thought none could call the Y. M. C. A. a club room.

F. B. Miller never was any more suave in his manner than he was this time. He was arrayed in his best bib and tucker and presented an emaculate appearance from the top of his head to the heels of his boots. He was evidently feeling unusually well for he only had flustering remarks to make. He commenced by praising the Methebeses club. "It was lucky none of the members were present to hear Miller sing prizes unto them. He mentioned their literary attainments. For his part he was satisfied they were fully as well qualified to vote as most men. Then he gave the Central club a good send off. But he was not satisfied with this. His good nature knew no bounds. He complimented nearly all in the room and all wondered what deeds he had done that day.

SENDING OBSCENE LETTERS

The Grave Charge on Which a Former Thomaston Woman Was Arrested.

Marion Piper, aged 35, was before U. S. Commissioner Fiske in Boston, Friday, on the charge of sending obscene letters through the mail. She was held in \$500 and committed to Charles street jail in default. The Boston Globe tells the story as follows:

"The woman is slight in build, but she fought with great ferocity three U. S. officers who went to arrest her at her place of employment, a manufactory of women's garments on Bedford street. She scratched, bit and kicked, and was 20 minutes before she was subdued and carried to court in a carriage."

"The officers were satisfied that the woman was not in her right mind, and it was decided to have her examined. Drs. Jelly and Waterman conducted the examination, but no announcement of their finding was made. Another examination will be made in a few days. "She says she is unmarried and lives at the South end. It is said she was at one time postmaster at Thomaston, Maine."

"After the physicians had concluded their examination they left the woman in charge of the U. S. officers. Taking compassion on the woman, Commissioner Fiske offered to share his lunch with her. She picked up what he had given her, together with other things on the table, and threw them in his face. Then she attempted to bite one of the officers, but in a few moments she was quieted and left the building on her way to jail."

Miss Piper was formerly a resident of Thomaston and was assistant postmaster under Henry Willis, but has been away from that town about 10 years. She has relatives in Thomaston who are highly respectable people.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured in 3 Days.
Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon, Ind., says: My wife had Inflammatory Rheumatism in every muscle and joint, her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians but received no benefit until she tried the MYSTIC CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life."
Sold by W. J. Caskley, Druggist, Rockland

AN EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY

Dr. Sven Hedin's account of his extraordinary journey across the continent of Asia is one of the most thrilling narratives of endeavor, in the face of wellnigh overwhelming odds, which has ever been written.

Dr. Hedin left his native city of Stockholm in 1893, and from that time until 1897, his task was accomplished by entering Peking, he was engaged constantly in a desperate struggle with the tremendous difficulties which beset his way. His successful passage through Pamir, where progress became a ceaseless battle against snow and ice and cold, and where often the only method of advancing was upon the hands and knees; the thrilling ascent of the "Father of all Ice Mountains," Mus-tagata; his terrible fight against thirst and exhaustion in the desert of Takla-makan—all these go to make up an almost unparalleled story of human daring, suffering and endurance.



DR. SVEN HEDIN
"Through Asia." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

The man to whom the agonies of starvation and exposure were but minor considerations when weighed in the balance with the cause of science, the man who after nine days without water, passed on the brink of a stream to note his pulse before and after drinking, surely possesses the perseverance which must eventually surmount all obstacles. "Through Asia" which has just been published by Harper & Brothers, opens to the reading public the portals of a new world. It is the account of what, with the sole exception of Nansen's attainment of "Farthest North" was the most extraordinary journey of the century.

ROCKPORT

ROCKVILLE.—Miss Carrie Shaw has returned from Thomaston after spending a few days with friends. Orlan Barrow and wife were at Waldoboro Thursday, called there to attend the funeral of Mr. Barrow's aunt, Mrs. Quimby. She was a highly respected old lady and has many friends in this place. She was 93 years old and was loved by all who knew her. The friends of Miss Leonard will be glad to learn she is improving. Mrs. Minnie Simmons is in Portland. Meetings are being held at the church every evening, conducted by Elder Drew and brother and much interest is manifested. John Haskell and wife called on friends here Sunday. Llewellyn Barnes has bought a fine horse of George Tolman. Mrs. Maria Tolman and grandson, Walter Tolman, visited at John Gurney's in Appleton last week. We are sorry to learn that Mrs. E. B. of Rockport, a former resident of this place, was quite badly hurt Saturday night in getting on his rock team. His horse started throwing him to the ground and butting him badly about the head. Miss Gracie Fisk has returned from her visit in Marchmonts and is spending the winter in Haverhill, Mass. Miss Mabel Oxtan is teaching school in Rockport. Miss Elvie Lawry has returned home from Friendship after spending a few weeks with her sister. The 16-ages Will Baptist quarterly meeting will be held with this church beginning Dec. 17, holding over Tuesday.

Did you ever see a snow storm in summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snow storm.

No need of this snowstorm. As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this; it prevents their formation. It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

It does even more; it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily remedied.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



It is a monumental fact that the best coffee grown is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha

SOME NOTES ON POLO

The Bangors will be here Saturday night. Tickets will be on sale at Spear, May & Stover's Friday morning.

The newly organized American Polo Association expect to bring business in about two weeks. Five franchises have been granted by the new organization, including clubs in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Paterson and Newark. This league will not be a member of the National Polo Association. The backers of the new organization are "cagles." By remaining out of the National league they will be in a position to grab the best men in the National Association. It goes without saying that the magnates of the new association intend to do this. In fact, they are compelled to do so, as New York would not tolerate inferior players. New York Journal. The Maine League managers are evidently correct in inferring that the new league will cause trouble down this way when papers like the New York Journal practically direct the managers to help themselves from the other leagues. The players who stand by their managers are the ones who will eventually win, however, as has been proved in the case of the thriving Connecticut League now in its death throes.

Bangor Whig: McGown, captain of the Bangor polo team, left Friday morning for his home in Clinton, Mass., where he has been offered a good position in a factory, steady work. His loss will not be seriously felt by the Bangor team, however, as Greenleaf is again able to play and Manager French is after two good men who are expected at once. Manager French is after Foster, of the Lewistons, a lively player. He is also after Tarrant of the New York league and others are on the string. McGown was a good man in some ways but he has his faults. He was slow in starting and had a bad habit of getting the ball in front of the Bangor goal cage at different stages of the game. This little trick has resulted in many cases in caging goals for the man's own team. The Bangor team will be stronger than ever with either of the new men to be secured.

The Bangor Commercial says that first rush Murphy of the Rocklands is a disgrace to the Maine League, but if Murphy was only playing in Bangor we presume he would be accorded the virtues of the angels.

The Lewiston players impressed the Rockland audience Saturday night with being about the most gentlemanly team that has yet visited here. With a record of five successive defeats behind them they came here Saturday night and played with desperation in order to meet the Rocklands. They were not winning regardless of the merits of the game, but played straightforward polo and not a man of them could be found practicing a trick that was open to the criticism of being dirty.

Hayes and Miller, the Lewiston halfback and center, are practically beginners at the game and are playing this season for a reputation. If they can maintain the pace they started here Saturday night they will be much in demand. They are good, honest players and their interpretation of the game is extremely satisfactory to the spectators.

New Haven is after Lincoln, who played in Rockland the latter part of last season. If the plan pans out all right Leydon will be released to Meriden. Leydon is being prepared for the bench it seems. Well, time works wonders.

Greenleaf is playing with Bangor again for the first time since his accident in this city. Greenleaf is a man amiable return to the surface will be hailed with pleasure all over the circuit.

J. Dawson of the Augusta team is playing with Bangor this week until Manager French lands another man to succeed McGown.

Portland Argus: "Tommy" Connolly, the National league umpire, who is at present acting as referee in the Maine league, is one of the squarest and most highly respected men in the sporting business today. He is a young man whose habits are of the best and who is a perfect gentleman at all times. As an official he is perfectly fair and impartial, and these qualities combined with a very level head have made him an immense success both as a base ball umpire and a polo referee.

Only a short time ago Connolly received an offer to referee in the Connecticut league for considerable more money than he is receiving in Maine, but as he had promised the officials of the Maine league that he would remain throughout the season he refused the Connecticut offer, and this is something very few would have done under the circumstances." The Courier-Gazette is glad to be able to endorse every word of the above sentiment.

APPLETON
No. APPLETON.—School has commenced again after a vacation of a fortnight. William Hoskin and family of Hallowell arrived in town the past week and will spend the winter with Mrs. Hoskin's mother, Mrs. Albert Waterman, who is having serious trouble with varicose veins. Sidney Butler's little girl is living at John Johnson's and attending school. Edith Moody is at work for Mrs. P. R. Sabin Camden. Kate Melver has arrived home from Dexter where she has been employed in the woolen mill and will stop with her parents until after the holidays. The parties of Lincolnville who bought the shingle machine of E. R. Keene came off at Saturday. Miss Ada Conant, who is wintering in Florida, reports fine weather, flowers in bloom and lots of alligators not in bloom but in the rivers. We have not seen any 'gators sunning themselves on the ice in Georgia river these fine days. We have been unable of late to get any communication with the outside world either by rail or telephone. We don't know whether it is on account of the terrible storms we have been having of late or some fault of the officials in charge. We think it about time the matter was being looked into. The storm of last week carried away part of the roof of John Conant's barn on the Ridge. If anyone up Liberty was seen anything of it they would confer a favor by letting Mr. Conant know the location. S. B. Ripley came near losing his buildings recently one evening by dropping a lighted lantern on the barn floor. The oil ran out setting fire to the floor. Fortunately the floor was wet from snow that had blown in and Mr. Ripley was enabled to put the fire out. Quite a narrow escape.

NORTH HAVEN
Andrew Kent has returned from Rockland. Christie Crockett of Owl's Head is visiting relatives in town. Mrs. Herbert Thomas and C. S. Beverage of Rockland are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Beverage. Mrs. John Beverage and daughter have returned from a visit at Rockland. Rev. J. T. Coombs has returned from Vinhaven. George Beverage of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting relatives in town. W. O. Waterman has purchased a new horse of George Carter of Rockland. James Crockett of Owl's Head will move his family into a part of Mrs. Whalen's house. Mrs. Charles Crockett went to Rockland Thursday. George Dyer of Vinhaven is in town. Ulysses Prescott is chopping for O. B. Glen. Whitcomb is at work for Fremont Beverage. Leo Gillis has bought a new horse of Rockland parties. The schools began Monday the 5th, Winfield Ames teacher in Dist. No. 1, Samuel Crockett in No. 3, Fremont Beverage in No. 4, Rev. H. W. Waterman in No. 5 and Mr. W. F. Calderwood had a shooting match last week. Lavon Thomas being the best marksman won the most chickens. Cyrus Carver has purchased a farmer's feed cooker. Levi and John Crockett were in Rockland last week. Levi Leadbetter of Owl's Head is visiting friends and relatives in town. Rev. O. O. Ordway of Boston occupied the pulpit Sunday. George Thomas and Leon Staples have returned home from Waterville where they have been attending school. Mr. and Mrs. Lomon Gray and daughter Althea were in town last week. Stephen Mills has returned to his home in Vinhaven.

EAST UNION.
A. P. Robbins has returned home after completing the regular business course at the Rockland Commercial College. There will be a Christmas tree and entertainment at this place on Saturday evening, Dec. 24. Miss Adelia Torrey is visiting her friend, Mrs. Urban Trask, at Waterville. Miss Mina Davis is spending a few weeks in Rockland at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Wellman. Misses Edith Bartlett and Lanie Henderson called on friends at this place recently. The musical held with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Stevenson last week was a pleasant occasion. Lewis Young, who has been at work in Portland the last few months, is at home.

AUGUSTA
W. H. Hall has been employed as an attendant at the hospital. W. B. Mack, who has been employed at the hospital, has secured a situation in the band at Togus. Mrs. C. F. Abbott is very sick at the city hospital. Mrs. D. B. Credford, a former resident of this city but now residing in Kennebec, called on friends at the hospital recently. C. Jackson has both hips broken by being caught in the machinery at the pulp mill, where he was an electrician. It is thought he will recover. M. G. Brann visited relatives in Somerville over Sunday.

ST. GEORGE
WILEY'S CORNER.—The ponds now provide amusement for the skaters.—Capt. James W. Thomas, master of the ill-fated schooner Ella F. Crowell, went to Boston last week to see what arrangements can be made to float the vessel which went ashore there in the big blizzard of Nov. 27.—Ardie Thomas held a birthday party last Friday evening. The house was well filled with young people and all indulged themselves in playing social games. Apples, assorted candy and pop corn balls were served.—A concert and Christmas tree is on the program for Christmas eve, to be held at the Baptist church.—The circle met at Mrs. J. A. Ewell's last Thursday afternoon.—Sch. Eliza Levensaler, Kallach, arrived from New York last Thursday with coal for Thomaston.

ALBION
McDONALD.—Mrs. Ann Sanford spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Clark. Kelsie Smiley has been helping Frank Hussey haul wood.—There are several in town very sick and not expected to live.—The scholars are getting some new curtains for the school house.—Frank McDonald has returned home. He has been with Walter Davis since last spring.—Isaac Rollins who cut his foot is getting along nicely.—Miss Jessie Jauch entertained her friends at her home last Tuesday evening.—Miss Bert Ryder will spend the winter with her father, George Ryder. She is a trained nurse.

Thin Blood
Where the blood loses its intense red—grows thin and watery, as in anemia, there is a constant feeling of exhaustion, a lack of energy—vitality and the spirits depressed.
Scott's Emulsion
of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is peculiarly adapted to correct this condition. The cod-liver oil, emulsified to an exquisite fineness, enters the blood direct and feeds its every corpuscle, restoring the natural color and giving vitality to the whole system. The hypophosphites reach the brain and nerve centres and add their strengthening and beneficial effect. If the roses have left your cheeks, if you are growing thin and exhausted from overwork, or if age is beginning to tell, you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. It is sold by all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Elizabeth Cushing, wife of Sumner E. Cushing, died at her residence at the Head-of-the-Hay, Dec. 7, aged 62 years.
Mrs. Cushing leaves a family of three daughters and an only son to whom she was endeared by the strongest emotions of love. Of a retiring disposition she made but few acquaintances and friends but to the circle of those who were fortunate enough to share her friendship with unswerving interest and all will long cherish the amiability of her untiring devotion. Ever alert to relieve the pain and sufferings of others with sympathetic offerings she seemed to mingle with the misfortunes of others with an interest equal to her own personal trials.

Mrs. Cushing has been a resident of Thomaston for over 20 years, coming originally from Hampden, during which time her life seemed wrapped in the interests of her family associations, her increasing toil day and night for the welfare and comfort of home and its associations were the permanent objects of her existence.

Ever with a smile to accept adversity she manifested the same spirit that fortune would cast upon the happiness of her lot. Economical and prudent in the discharge of domestic duties, she exhibited rare personal endowments in the management of a most cheerful and happy home, ever to be cherished while life lasts by the loving left behind and the appreciation of a kind father and devoted husband. A long and patient sufferer with acute disease, and with unflinching acceptance she submitted to the greatest tortures, till at last death has sealed a life most useful and devoted.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities.

We strive in vain to look beyond the heights.
We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry.

From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word, but the light of death.

Here sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.
Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is no gentler, stronger spirit than the one we mourn.

Life is a strange and solemn mystery, perplexing things make up its history. We see the working of a mighty hand. We feel a power we cannot understand. Controlling, guiding all.

We lay our best beloved in the dust. Our cherished friendships fall and neck our trust; The fondest, truest love grows cold and dies, And when at length we grasp some long sought prize It yields us only pain.

When to some strong protesting arm we cling "Thy turn away, and leave us sorrowing; Yet we live on through all and torturing years, Whose clearest light glances through a mist of tears, Like moonbeams on a grave."

We look for light, to guide us lest we stray, And heavy darkness shadows all our way. While from the black cloud above our heads A single star, the radiant star of hope, And satters all its gloom.

Amidst these cheerless scenes of good and ill We stand bewildered and dismayed, until, The feeble vision of our faith grows clear, And we can see without a doubt or fear The path we cannot see.

O blessed truth, we need not understand, But only trust unto the Mighty hand, The day that has been neither dark nor bright, All things, all days, in heaven and earth are one, To guide us to the end.

And when at last the closing hour shall come, And death's cold shadow rests upon our bright, The day that has been neither dark nor bright, At evening time shall shine with heavenly light, And all the sky be clear.

FRENCHMEN THE HAPPIEST

Who is the happiest man in the world? Max O'Rell declares in "The North American Review" that it is the Frenchman, "with all his faults and shortcomings," who is that man. No doubt the Englishman or the American or the Italian would say the same thing, each of his own countrymen; but here are Max O'Rell's reasons:

"Of course the wealthy classes have everywhere found the way of enjoying life, more or less; but to the observer of national characteristics the classes are uninteresting. Good society is good society everywhere. For a study, give me the masses of the people. And it is among the masses in France that, after all, I find the greatest amount of happiness. The Frenchman is a cheerful philosopher. He knows best of all how to live and enjoy life. Moderate in all his habits he partakes of all the good things that nature has placed at his disposal, without ever making a fool of himself. He understands temperance in the true acceptance of the word, which means, not total abstinence, but moderation. When you say that a country has a temperate climate, you do not mean that it has no climate at all; you mean that it has a climate which is neither too hot nor too cold. We have no testicles because we practically have no drunkards. A Frenchman would be as astonished to find that the law prevented him from enjoying a glass of wine, because a few imbeciles use wine to get drunk with, as he would to find that the law forbade him to use knives in his quiet and peaceful home, because there are a few lunatics who use knives to commit suicide with or to kill their fellow creatures."

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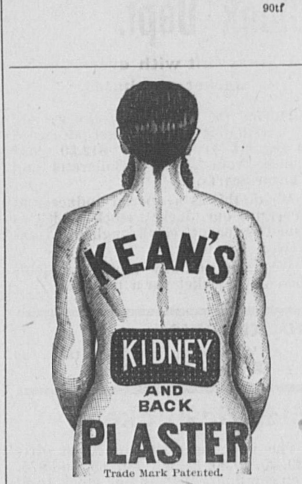
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35 lbs. Pails pure Lard, net weight, 6 1-2c per lb.
10 lbs. Pails pure Lard, .75
10 lbs. Pails Fairbanks Lard, .65
4 lbs. New Raisins, .25
1 lb. Three Crow Cream Tarter, .30
1 lb. Good bulk Cream Tarter, .20
1 lb. Epsom Salts, .10
1 lb. Salt Petre, .14
10 bars Achorn Soap, as good as the best, .25
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The Paris Letter By KATHARINE DE FOREST By a Special Correspondent
The New York Letter By ANNIE T. ASHMORE
will aid women in all those little points of fashion matters that are such helps keeping one dressed in good taste.
Cut Paper Patterns Outline Patterns of selected gowns will be furnished free every other week in supplementary form.
COLORED FASHION PLATES published once a month, will assist women in selecting the proper colors for dress.
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Kit Kennedy By S. R. CROCKETT
A Confident To-morrow By BRANDER MATTHEWS
are three serial stories to appear in 1899 that have seldom been equalled in plot and treatment.
SHORT STORY CONTRIBUTORS
Christine T. Herlick Margaret S. Briscoe
Mary E. Wilkins Caroline Ticknor
Ella W. Peattie Ruth McNery Stuart
MARION HARLAND
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The Busy Mother By A. W. McCULLOUGH
The Deaf Child By Mrs. ANNIE RAYSEY
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HOLIDAY GOODS! IN GREAT VARIETY, AT PRICES WHICH DEMAND ATTENTION.

Beside our usual complete line of Vases, Clocks, Lamps, Pictures, Mirrors, Salad Dishes, Water Sets and Wine Sets, we have added a

STOCK OF DOLLS

And have fixed the prices so all can afford to buy. Toys, Skates and a complete line of Rogers' Silverware, Soup Ladles, Butter Knives, Sugar Shells, Cake Baskets, Knives and Forks, Teaspoons, Dessert and Table Spoons.

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Cracker Jars, Chocolate Pots, Cake and Bread Plates, Spoon and Roll Trays at such bargains as can only be offered by such a large company as we represent.

GLASS WARE IN ALL STYLES AND PRICES.

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NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES

Interesting Happenings Within the Borders of the Pine Tree State.

Blake block at the North End has been painted.

H. H. Flint cut his hand quite badly with a jack knife the latter part of the week. Several stitches were taken.

On Friday morning the steamer M. & M., Capt. Bennett, which has been receiving extensive repairs and alterations in Brewer under the direction of Capt. Geo. H. Barbour, was hauled off the ways by Ross & Howell's big tug Bismarck. The steamer was towed to the Bangor & Bar Harbor wharf where she took on her furniture and other articles. Later in the forenoon she was taken to Backport by the Bismarck.

E. N. Courson of Brunswick in his report as assistant inspector of the Maine Division, S. of V., makes a complimentary and well deserved reference to Anderson Camp of this city, which he says stands in the front rank. The camp was extremely unfortunate in the loss of its beloved captain, the late George W. Young, but the other members have undertaken the work which he laid down and are meeting with pronounced success. The camp has a membership of about half a hundred and prospers socially as well as in other ways. There are 47 camps in the state, with a membership of 1,379.

An Augusta correspondent writes: "In soliciting subscriptions for monuments from pupils from the public schools state Superintendent Stetson directed that the money be forwarded to the secretary of the fund in New York, but notwithstanding this the donors have been forwarding some of it to him. Seventy dollars intended for the battleship Maine monument and \$60 for the Lafayette monument have come here and been turned over to the New York secretary. One remittance to Augusta was for \$14.90 and it all came in coppers, giving Chief Clerk Wiggins a nice job to count the money. Postage stamps were also received. Checks and money orders which came were cashed but the remainder was forwarded in the same shape as it reached Augusta."

The savings bank tax for the six months ending Oct. 30, was committed by the State assessors to the State treasurer for collection, Thursday. This tax is due from the banks of the State, Dec. 25, and amounts to \$197,000.79, which is about \$15 less than the last semi-annual tax, committed in June. Though the amount of deposits has in the greater number of banks increased, the value on the stock that is not assessable has increased and in taking the value of the stocks and investments from the average amount of deposits, reserve fund and undivided profits, it leaves a very little less to be assessed than on the previous six months, when the deposits were not quite so large and the value of the securities not assessable were not so high. The tax on the 14 banks is as follows: Camden, \$488.99; Rockland, \$4,019.69; Thomaston, \$1,298.05.

Bangor Commercial: Bangor's team was the strongest which has thus far represented this city on the polo floors. Maynard, the halfback, loaned to Bangor by Manager Bird of Rockland, was a great addition to the team and his work assisted greatly the four crack men who compose French's aggregation. Maynard was one of the stars of the evening and his Indian-like antics furnished much amusement for the crowd. As an ankle walker Maynard is a wonder and the way he pounded over the floor, stopping drives, pounding the ball and sending it from one end of the hall to the other, was astonishing. The other Bangor men played their usual fine game. Jason was all over the hall and covered a great extent of territory, and for his rushing and caging he was time and again applauded. McGown never worked harder and his juggling was one of the features of the contest.

MARINE MATTERS

What Our Home Vessels Are Doing.—Notes of Quarter-deck and Fo'c'sle.

Sch. Morancy, Stuart, discharged coal at Bald Island from Philadelphia, and is at Cobb's, Butler & Co.'s for repairs.

Sch. Mary Langdon, Maker, arrived Friday from Boothbay, where she discharged coal from New York.

Sch. Enpress, Johnson, arrived from Boston Sunday with corn to Chas. T. Spear.

Sch. Wm. F. Collins, Fullerton, arrived Sunday from Frankfort loaded with granite for New York, and was at Cobb, Butler & Co.'s yard for a new jibboom Wednesday.

Sch. E. Mayfield, McCallie, arrived here Sunday from Pleasant River, having been ashore there during the late storm. She is at Cobb, Butler & Co.'s yard.

Sch. E. Arcularius, Osmore, arrived Sunday from Portland.

Sch. Commerce, Hutchins, sailed Friday for New York from Perry Bros.

Capt. White, formerly of the schooner Carrie C. Miles, has taken command of the Mary Langdon, and sailed Monday for New York from Cobb Lumber Co.

Sch. Sardinian, Halversen, from A. J. Bird & Co. for New York, sailed Monday.

Sch. Fannie & Edith, loaded with hay from Belfast for Boston, sailed Monday.

Sch. Mollie Rhoades is chartered with spruce lumber from Belfast for New York at \$3.25.

Sch. Lizzie Carr, Chadwick, sailed Monday from Port Clyde laden from J. O. Cushing & Co. for New York.

Sch. James A. Brown, before reported damaged in the storm of the 27th, will be towed from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford for repairs, after which she will proceed to Belfast with her cargo of feed.

Several charters of Thomaston vessels are reported Baltimore to Boston with coal at \$1.50.

Capt. Hamilton, in the new sch. John C. Haynes, has been offered Newport News to Portland at \$1.75, but could not accept on account of his previous charter.

Sch. Mary Snow, Cameron, Rockland for Boston with lime, at Boothbay Sunday, reports carried away bowsprit and jibboom off Port Clyde 9th.

Beyond Description

Is the immense stock of Holiday Goods that we have to offer. 'Tis the largest stock in Knox County consisting of

SILVERWARE

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WATCHES

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And many other things too numerous to mention. Something for everybody

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Free Gifts for Christmas.

I have just returned from New York where I purchased a large lot of

Side Combs,

Empire Combs,

Neck Combs

both jeweled and plain, imported direct from Paris. These combs are beautiful and are just what the ladies need. From now until Christmas I will make a gift to every purchaser of a

Switch or Crimp.

Rockland Hair Store,

400 Main Street,

Up Stairs, over Mrs. Crockett's.

COAL

Of all Kinds. Free from dust and slate.

Farrand, Spear & Co.

Want to fill your next order for coal. Try them. They guarantee to satisfy

Orders by mail or telephone promptly and carefully filled.

Farrand, Spear & Co.,

586 Main Street, North End

Telephone call 24-2.

Order a Surprise of your

grocer in a barrel of

GOLDEN GRAIN FLOUR

ONLY THE BEST

RED RIVER MILLING CO.

Nothing like it ever sold before. New Process.

Cobb, Wight & Co.

Wholesale Distributors,

Rockland, Me.

POLO! POLO!

The polo games will soon begin at Elmwood

Rink of course.

And nearly all will go and cheer their favorites till they're hoarse;

There'll be hard knocks with stick and ball which cannot be avoided,

Especially when amateurs an opening are accorded.

No stone is being left unturned to have a Rockland team

Whose record Bird is bound shall glow with winning laurels gleam;

And while in town the boys are sure to get the best to eat—

From RISING'S NEW DOMESTIC BREAD to more substantial meat.

And doubtless when the sport runs high and all are interested;

The NEW DOMESTICS will appear, whose record has been tested—

They'll challenge all the amateurs to siege de combat real.

And fight them on the polo line with C. E. RISING'S seal.

The time is almost here again for parties and church fairs,

When women folk desire to do away with needless cares;

And here's the way 't can be done—it's easy as we'll tell—

Just wait for C. E. RISING'S cart and listen for the bell.

There's nothing new in cake or pie this baker does not make,

And if a special dish you want he will your order take,

This is the way you save much work, if you're for company looking—

Besides, you patronize the man who has no peer in cooking.

FOR SALE BY

A. J. BIRD & CO.

Telephone 39-2.

ROCKLAND, ME.

It has been our policy in past years to make

Special Cut Prices

to our

Holiday Patrons

In conformity with this rule, for the month of December all grades of our products will be marked at figures which will enable everyone to present a photographic token of themselves to their friends at Christmas or New Year's.

As a further inducement, everybody sitting during December will receive 14 photos at the price of one dozen.

We have all the newest things in portraiture, and are better equipped than ever before for the production of artistic work.

MERRILL,

564 Main St.

9009

Black French Felt Hats

Our many lady friends will be interested to know that we have just received an invoice of Black French Felt Hats which we will sell as long as they last

For 50c

Former price \$1.25 and \$1.50. These hats are real bargains and we invite our lady friends to come in and inspect them.

We also have a nice assortment of Walking Hats.

Miss Carrie A. Barnard,

Main St., Opp. Fuller & Cobb.

98

L. F. STARRETT,

LAWYER

407 Main Street, ROCKLAND

Will attend to General Practice with Specialty of Probate Business.

Dr. Rowland J. Wasgatt,

House formerly occupied by the late Dr. Cole.

23 SUMMER ST., ROCKLAND, ME.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone connection.

Burn the Best!

COAL



FOR SALE BY

A. J. BIRD & CO.

Telephone 39-2.

ROCKLAND, ME.

EMILIO AGUIBALDO

Aguialdo was born on the 23d day of March, 1869, at Cavite Viejo, and his education was such as the schools of the little country town were able to provide, and his life was spent in business to his twenty-fifth year, when he was elected Governor of Cavite. On the 20th of August, 1895, the Governor of the Province of Cavite reported to Manila that everything was quiet in Cavite, and no insurgents to be found anywhere. Aguialdo, on his way home on the day after, the 21st of August, 1896, heard that a warrant had been issued for his own arrest on the charge of siding



EMILIO AGUIBALDO

from HARTER'S WEEKLY. Copyright, 1898, by Harper Brothers.

ing with the insurgents. Instead of going home, according to Captain W. A. Harper, who writes of his interview with Aguialdo in Harper's Weekly for December 3d, he gathered twenty of his friends around him and waited for the arrival of the warrant. On the 22d a captain of the civil guard and two sergeants appeared to arrest him, and were promptly killed. This started the revolution which culminated in making him president of the Philippine Republic.

KIDD BELIEVES IN US

Benjamin Kidd takes in the Atlantic Monthly a far from melancholy view of the expansion policy. Regarding the development of the United States in their present form as one of the results of the historical duel between Latin civilization and that with which England and Germany are identified, he says of the period just before our nation began its career:

"A little fringe of English-speaking people, some five million in number, occupied the territory along the Atlantic seaboard. The French occupied the broad 'hinterland' of the Mississippi Valley. The Spaniards were in possession in the South; they held also the great territories along the Pacific seaboard. This English-speaking territory is little more than a patch on the map, surrounded by territories belonging to one or other of almost all the leading Powers of Europe. Yet we look again toward the end of the nineteenth century, and a wonderful transformation has taken place; a later and vaster chapter of the world-movement, of which we had the opening chapters in another hemisphere, has been enacted. North, south, west, from Atlantic to Pacific, from seaboard to seaboard, the great wave of English-speaking civilization has flowed, submerging, nay, obliterating all other forms. Not a square mile of territory, once won, has ever been given back. The meaning of Washington's farewell address, delivered when the United States contained only about six million people, surrounded on every side by hostile powers and hostile natural conditions, appears to be lost when the six million have grown to seventy million, and are already reckoning the day when they will be two hundred million. The people whom Henry Adams described as living at the beginning of the nineteenth century 'in an isolation like that of the Sutes and Angles of the fifth century' have tamed a continent, have covered it with a vast network of the most magnificent railroads in the world, have grown to be the largest and most homogeneous nation on the face of the earth, with a great world-movement behind it, and certainly a great world-part in the future before it. It is because the man in the West realizes these things, because he has himself been in the midst of this development, and has even been a factor in it, that he seems to be willing to take the risks which more theoretical minds hesitate at."

WARREN

HIGHLAND.—A Christmas tree will be enjoyed here—Elder Edgett of South Thomaston preached here last Sunday—A. J. Butler is chopping for B. J. Dow—Frank Dow, who has been quite ill, has fully recovered—C. Peabody is visiting friends in Rockland—Lena Crawford is visiting relatives in Thomaston.

LIBERTY

WEST LIBERTY.—The winter term of school is now in session with Miss Lenora Lewis teacher—Mrs. Winnie Hannan visited her parents recently—Ernest and Rosie Davis of East Liberty visited their sister, Mrs. Laura Dodge, Saturday and Sunday—Miss Laura Handy is taking music lessons of Mrs. Cargill—Ray Nutter and sister of Palermo are attending school here this winter—Everett Hannan and wife are attending the singing school at Sherman's Corner—Norman Belden gave a party to his friends Thursday evening of last week, it being his 21st birthday—Nelson Brown and wife went to Knox last week. Mr. Brown is teaching there this winter.

EAST LIBERTY.—Mrs. Mabel Sutter and daughter Gladys are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davis—Mrs. Hannah Jackson has returned from Putnamfield where she has been with her daughter for the past eight weeks—Eli Jackson visited his brother Joel Sunday—N. D. Quigg and wife visited in Palermo Sunday—Geo. McLain is chopping cord wood for Chas. Gilman.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, use it. GRAIN-O has that rich real brown of Mocha or Java, but is made from pure grain, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. At the price of coffee, 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Do you know what you want for a Christmas present? If so you are very fortunate; if not, you would better call on

A. ROSS WEEKS,

and see the choice collection of novelties and articles of vertu, to be found only in a strictly first-class crockery store. You can hardly imagine a want for your table, boudoir or personal convenience which is not supplied in the stock of A. Ross Weeks.

In this selection especial care has been taken to secure articles of such value as may be within the reach of all. There are, and always have been, beautiful things of great worth, but this year seems to be particularly notable in the production of beautiful things at popular prices. It is impossible to enumerate the various articles in

Fine China, Rich Cut Glass, Sterling Silver,

of chaste design, ranging in price from a few cents to several dollars, or to specify the more common items, such as

Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, Lamps, etc.

which make such sensible presents and which can be had in limitless variety and in prices suited to incomes of every grade. Call and see with your own eyes. Take some leisure time when you have need of entertainment. Prices are all plainly marked. You will trouble no one but yourself.

A. ROSS WEEKS, 405 MAIN ST., ROCKLAND

FREE! FREE!

Two Thousand Bottles of

"HYOMEL,"

The New Cure for Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis & Asthma,

To Be Given Away!

Absolutely without charge, beginning

MONDAY, DEC. 12,

And continuing one week at the

Drug Store of

T. H. DONAHUE.

FURNITURE TALK!

In our stock we have hundreds of desirable Gifts for the Holidays. A really artistic piece of furniture, that is useful as well as ornamental, adds greatly to the cheerfulness and happiness of home. Read a few of the many things we have to offer our patrons.

Morris Chairs, Ladies' Parlor Desks,

in Mahogany, Birds Eye Maple and Oak.

Music Cabinets

in Mahogany, Birch and Rattan.

Ladies' Toilette Tables, Piano Chairs, Onyx Tables, Bric-a-Brac Stands, Children's Chairs, Side Boards, China Closets, Serving Tables, Medicine Cabinets, Toilette Commodes, Hall Stands, Settles and Hanging Racks, Umbrella Racks and Clothes Poles, Mahogany Center Tables
Finely Polished and inlaid.

Extension Tables and Dining Chairs

in great variety of styles and prices.

Chiffoniers

in Mahogany and Birds Eye Maple and antique Oak and Ash to match Chamber sets in same woods.

Library and Book Cases

in three and two parts. Ornamented with delicate carvings and chippendale glass effects.

Roller Desks and Office Chairs

at Manufacturers' Prices.

25 Patterns Iron and Brass Bedsteads

all sizes. Also IRON CRIBS with Mattresses, Blankets and Comforters to suit.

Tabourettes, many patterns, Folding Screens and Easels, Pedestals, Folding Beds, Rattan Chairs and Tables in white and Gold, Turkish Chairs, Mahogany Divans, upholstered in Silk Damask, Odd Shaped Chairs, Hall Chairs, Swing Rockers, Couches, Bed Lounges, in Plush and Valour Covers.

100 new designs just received from the Art centers of the west, of beautiful form, and richly upholstered making a display of elegant furnishings much larger than ever before in our history and we are determined to place these goods before our patrons at prices which defy competition.

Goods delivered in Camden, Rockport, Thomaston and Warren free of charge.

N. A. & S. H. BURPEE
FURNITURE CO.,
ROCKLAND, - MAINE.

CHRISTMAS AT KENO.

How Hard Luck Hankins' Tree Was Decorated.

"Speakin' of Christmas trees," said Cyclone Murphy as he snuffed a candle on the topmost twig of the Keno Gulch Sunday school tree with his trusty six shooter and then nipped remonstrance in the bud by getting the drop on the Sunday school superintendent, "reminds me of a galoot named Hard Luck Hankins, who lived up on Tenderfoot ridge and who was the biggest kicker that ever kicked. This yere Hard Luck Hankins lived in a cabin on top of the ridge and p'tended ez how he was a miner, but he didn't never seem to mine anything and was generally regarded ez a feller without visible means of support. Some folks said he was a road agent and others opined ez how hose stealin might be the mine he was workin'.

"The only thing Keno Gulch ever really knowed him to be doin was puttin up a powerful kick about one thing or another. He allers had some hard luck story to tell, and that was why folks called him Hard Luck Hankins.

"There wasn't a decent lookin tree on top of the hull ridge except one, and that tree was a mighty handsome pine that stood right in front of Hard Luck Hankins' shanty. 'She's my old Christmas tree,' Hankins would growl every time Christmas come around, 'but, dern her ole hide, Santy Claws don't never hang nothin on her fer me.'

"That was jes' Hard Luck's pesky and onery way—allers kickin about somethin—and that handsome tree never havin anything hangin on it fer him seemed to rile him 'specially every year. 'What's the use havin a blame Christmas tree that never don't have nothin hangin on it?' he'd growl. 'Have a dern good notion to cut her down!'

"This went on year after year, and the boys kep' a-wonderin and a-wonderin how Hard Luck got a livin. One Christmas eve they found out, and it put an end to Hard Luck's quarrel with his big pine Christmas tree.

"For the very first Christmas sence Hard Luck had been livin in Keno there was somethin hangin on his Christmas tree.

"What was it?" repeated Cyclone Murphy as he snuffed another candle. "Why, it was old Hard Luck Hankins hisself, and he was—kickin—ez—usual, and kickin with both feet."—Selected.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

A Suggestion to the Boys For Christmas Celebrations.

Why couldn't our boys get up some holiday plays similar to the immortal "Father Christmas" play, in which the lads of Merrie England have so much fun? The origin of this play is lost in antiquity, but it deals with knights and their adventures, certain of which challenge and fight the followers of Father Christmas, and are in turn routed, till Father Christmas and the Black Knight cope in mortal combat, the latter, of course, being worsted.

The boys are dressed in fantastic style, with tall paper caps on and paper fringe around their jackets, wearing masks to conceal their identity. They are called the "mummers," and go from house to house of their friends, invariably receiving a kind welcome and a little treat at the end of the performance. They also take up a penny collection, and everybody has a penny for the mummers who afford so much amusement.

In our early history there is abundant scope for the youthful playwrights, and the object of their performances in holiday week might be some charity in which boys are the beneficiaries, such as a treat of "goodies" to a dozen news-boys or bootblacks, to get supplies for a sick boy or the like.

The Indian in our early history is as good as the knight element for a stirring play for mummers—Massasoit and his tribe, in war paint, feathers and blankets, on the one side, and on the other the prim Puritans, in broad brimmed hats and short breeches.

Or the Pocahontas and Powhatan drama, with John Smith, the hero, and a band of cavaliers to make it lively. The boys of Boston Common and the red coated Britishers was an episode to inspire their fraternity of today, and it would be great fun for our laddies in Christmas week to dress up and illustrate the valor of their ancestors, as their English cousins annually commemorate some otherwise forgotten achievement of feudal days.—Philadelphia Record.

The Kissing Ball.

A green ball to suspend over the Christmas dinner table is made by fastening two keg hoops together, one within the other, turning each way like an open globe. Twine princess pine around each hoop and put in sprigs of holly here and there. This indeed is similar to the old "kissing bunch," which is seen in many old fashioned homes in England. Two wooden hoops, one passing through the other, decked with evergreens, in the center of which is hung a "crown" of rosy apples and a sprig of mistletoe. Beneath it there are much kissing and romping and the carol singers stand beneath it and sing their songs.—Selected.

A Turkey's Lament.

Ah, distinctly I remember—
It was only last November
That they chased me through the back yard
And across the old barn floor!
Valiantly and well I fought me
Till at last the villains caught me
And proceeded then to trot me
To the ax beside the door.
But, ashamed, they let me go, for
I was bones and nothing more—
Skin and bones and nothing more.

Now, I see it is December,
And no doubt they will remember
Me, for all my latter friends
Have gone to that other shore;
I've grown pale from apprehension,
For of late some marked attention
Makes me think it's their intention
To cut off my legs and serve me
As a redbird from the store—
Just a redbird, nothing more!
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEW GOODS!

My stock of holiday goods are now on view. They comprise some of the richest and daintiest creations of the jewelers and silver-smiths' art. And prices—Well they were never so low before. My long experience among the manufacturers enables me to buy at the lowest possible figure, and my customers get the benefit of it.

Watches

From \$2 up

Dainty little Enameled Chatelains, Serviceable Watches for boys, Sensible Watches for working men, neat Dressy Watches for youngmen, All Kinds of Cases, All Grades of Movements.

Chains

Some 75 different patterns to select from.

Rings

More than 350 different designs in Diamonds, Rubies, Opals, Garnets, Tourmalines, Pearls, Emeralds, Jades, Carbuncles, Amethysts, Sapphires, Tourquoise, Tigerites, Bloodstones, Onyx, etc. Some of the most exquisite combinations possible to the lapidary's art.

Sterling Silver Ware

Novelties

Rogers Bros.' Plated

Ware

The most complete and finest line ever shown in this part of the State.

Diamonds

In Brooches, Stick Pins, Ear Jewels, Studs and Rings. Genuine White Diamonds in solid gold rings for \$4.50. A perfectly White and Flawless 1-4 carat stone in solid gold ring, \$22. A fine showy White Diamond 1 1-64 carat in 14k ring, \$85. Others equally low.

Clocks

From 75 cents for the noisy little alarm clock, up to the more pretentious enameled wood or iron, or those beautiful decorated porcelain.

And One Price to All!

Every article marked in plain figures

OREL E. DAVIES,

416 Main Street, Opp. Rockland National Bank

COPELANDS' BAZAR!

The happiness of no home is complete without some holiday gift from the large stock in Copeland's store. We have so many things that will please the young and old—useful, ornamental; to produce happiness, pleasure and to make home delightful.

Decorated Toilet Sets

A good one for \$2.50 and upwards.

DINNER SETS

Many styles, and such low prices that it would not do to quote them here.

PARLOR LAMPS

In many styles and at prices lower than elsewhere in the city.

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

White ones, Black ones, some Indians, and other nationalities from 1 cent to \$4.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Just the thing for the young ones. Nursery Rhymes, Alphabet books, stories the young delight in.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

So many things they cannot be enumerated. Iron Toys, Tin Toys, Wooden Toys, Trains, Steamboats, Tool Chests and many things for the children to enjoy.

Blocks, Pictures, Drums, Rocking Horses, Sleds

And innumerable other things, and we can show many of the Games invented.

We can truthfully say that we have the Largest [Line] of Toys, Dolls, and Games in Knox County.

We Can Please the Whole Household.

COPELANDS' BAZAR,

398 Main Street, Rockland.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door: let in the air!
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.

Joy is abroad in the world to-day:
If our door is wide open, it may come this way!

Open the door!

Open the door: let in the sun!
He hath a smile for every one.
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.

Open the door!

Open the door of the soul: let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door!

Open the door of the heart: let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.

Open the door!

—Watchman.

MAN MAKING.

We Should At All Times Remember That We Are the Builders of Ourselves.

What is all the world doing at once? My answer is, Building. I admit that a large part of them, probably the majority, do not know it and have never thought of it. Yet building they are, and have ever been and ever will be.

Aye! and not only are they building, but they are builders of that which they love the best, and in which they have the nearest interest; they are builders of themselves. In this great and universal trade there are no trades unions and no strikes. There is no distinction of employer and laborer. Bankruptcies and failures, I fear, there are many. Be that as it may, let every man—high or low, rich or poor, young or old, the loftiest genius and the veriest dunce, the most careful husbandman of the gifts which God has entrusted to him and the most profligate and abandoned gambler—let them all know that at all times and in all conditions and circumstances they are builders, and are builders of themselves.

As trees make their largest growths in periods, not, perhaps, of their infancy, but of their early spring, so mental and moral actions, over and above what they are in the very process of thought and deed, leave behind them, as portions of the actual character of the agent, the largest actual results. Every one, at the end of the action, is in himself different from what he was at the beginning; and if the act be done in youth, the difference in him between what he was and what he is, is then the widest. Do not tell me in reply that the difference is small and imperceptible; for thus it is from moment to moment, in being well or ill, in its being light or dark, in all the processes which in the mass make up the experience of life, with the fruits of that experience.—Gladstone.

The Ministry of Affliction.

What is growth in grace but being emptied of self and filled with the wisdom and strength of God? And where shall it be found except in the dark places of trial, in deserts apart, in Gethsemanes, and judgment halls? When Satan has sifted us; when perhaps we have yielded to the blandishments of sin and lost our strength as Samson lost his braided locks; when we suffer the pangs of remorse and shame and cry out for the purging of hyssop; then come wisdom and strength, less boastful but more confident, and we are bound to God with chains that cannot be broken. The rainbow comes after the storm; peace when we have agonized for it.

It is hardly possible to say, "Thank God" for fears and poverty and heartaches; but if all the bitter things of life are working together for our good, we may at last endure them with our finger upon our lips. Yes, and maybe, sometime, with open eyes beholding, we shall see clearly the philosophy of God's dealing with us; as did poor Thomas Arnold when he raised himself upon his bed to say with his last remnant of strength, "Thank God for pain!"—Rev. D. J. Burrell.

Life Without Devotion.

To attempt to lead the spiritual life without devotion is even a greater mistake than to go apart from our duties in order to lead it. Our flying on God's errands will be unhallowed flight, if we do not first secretly adore Him in our hearts. A prayerless day of hard work consecrated by no holy meditation—O what a dull, plodding, tramping day it is! How do we spend money in such a day for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not! How does God in such a day deal with us as with the Egyptians of old, taking off the chariot wheels from work so that we drive it heavily.—Dean Goulbourn.

Religious Paragraphs.

When we get it into our heads that this life is but the passageway to eternity, we have learned a great truth. Seventy years of service here is a very small prerequisite for an eternity of happiness.

Too many people put on waterproofs and rubber shoes and raise an umbrella whenever they stand under the shower of Gospel truth. It does not have a chance to soak in as it ought.

The fact that a man does not belong to a church will no abate for him even one degree of the temperature of hell.

Human nature should really be God's nature, but what is it? It is that name is much more like the devil's nature.

A Talk on Shoes!



For forty-three years we have been selling shoes in Rockland, during which time we have established a reputation for honest, upright dealing. It is with pleasure we make this annual announcement of suitable, Holiday Gifts. Give something substantial, something that will be appreciated—fathers, mothers, children and friends. We have

Boots, Shoes, Slippers

For the young, middle aged and the old—for the poor and the rich—for the plain people and the fastidious—footwear for the home, farm, woods, streets, dance hall, or for any occasion. We are sole agents for this section of

The Ingalls' Hygienic \$2.50 Shoe.

It is made by

New Double Seamed Tackless Process.

The soles being sewed with Special Thread. The finest and softest kid, also a special patent Hygienic Innersole to prevent burning and drawing of the feet, so annoying to the wearer. These features make it the most Flexible, and Comfortable Shoe made for Women.



With all our experience we can truthfully state that this is the best shoe for the money we ever sold. We buy for cash and sell for cash—thereby our customers get the benefit of a liberal discount.

Money refunded for goods not satisfactory.

WENTWORTH & CO.,

Main Street, - - - Rockland

DONOHUE'S PHARMACY



We have laid in an unusually good stock of Holiday goods and we invite your inspection. We have articles equally appropriate for ladies or gentlemen.

Our Stock of Atomizers is the Most Beautiful and Largest in the city.

Toilet Articles in Profusion

Choicest Perfumes . . .

FROM THE LABORATORIES OF THE LEADING PERFUMERS OF THE WORLD.

Fancy Articles in Endless Variety for the Holidays.

Many ladies like to make presents to Husband or Sweetheart of a box of nice . . .

CIGARS

Good Cigars are always acceptable to smokers and we will guarantee ours to be very choice. Then again we have so many and such a Large Line of Goods that we can do hardly more in this column than to invite you to come and look us over—you needn't buy unless you feel so inclined.

Last, but not Least

We have a Prescription Department where Prescriptions are carefully compounded.

We Wish All a Merry Christmas.

THOMAS H. DONAHUE,

Corner Main and Limerock Streets.