

The Arrostook Times.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 45.

Houlton, Maine, September 8, 1905.

No. 37.

Church Directory

First Unitarian Church.
CORNER KELLERMAN AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor REV. LEVERETT R. DANIELS.
Residence 48 School Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10:30 A. M.
Sunday School 11:45 A. M.
Young Peoples Religious Union 7:00 P. M.
Four O'Clock Vesper Service the Second
Sunday of each Winter Month.
ALL WELCOME.

Free Baptist Church.
CORNER KELLERMAN AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor REV. F. CLARKE HARTLEY.
Residence 28 Highland Avenue.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Prayer 10:30 A. M. 7 P. M.
Bible School and Pastors Class 11:45 A. M.
Christian Endeavor Service 6:00 P. M.
Regular Prayer and Praise Service Tuesday,
7:30 P. M.

First Baptist Church.
COURT ST.
REV. J. A. FORD M. A. Pastor.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10:30 A. M.
Bible School 12:00 A. M.
Junior Endeavor 3:00 P. M.
Christian Endeavor 6:15 P. M.
Song Service and Sermon 7:00 P. M.
Prayer Meeting Tuesday 7:30 P. M.

The Church of the Good Shepherd.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Service 10:30 A. M.
Evening Service 7:00 P. M.
Sunday School 9:45 A. M.
FRIDAYS. 7:30 P. M.
Sittings free. All Welcome.
J. C. KOON, Rector.

Congregational Church.
COURT ST.
Pastor REV. DANIEL E. PUTNAM.
Residence, 10 Kellerman Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Prayer Service 10:30 A. M.
Sunday School 11:45 A. M.
Prayer Service with brief Address 7:00 P. M.
TUESDAY. 7:30 A. M.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
CORNER MILITARY AND SCHOOL STS.
Pastor, REV. G. M. EDGETT.
Residence, 24 School St.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10:30 A. M.
Sunday School 12:00 A. M.
Bible League 6:00 P. M.
Song Service and Sermon 7:00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7:30 P. M.
FRIDAY. Class Meeting 7:30 P. M.
All Welcome.

First Presbyterian Church.
CORNER HIGH AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor, REV. KENNETH McKAY.
Home, Next door to Church on High Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Bible School 9:30 A. M.
Morning Worship 10:30 A. M.
Ladies' C. E. Service 2:30 P. M.
Service in Church on Foxcroft Road 2:30 P. M.
C. E. Service 6:30 P. M.
Sunday School 7:00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7:30 P. M.

To be able to write good stories for young people is a gift the rarity of which is evident in the paucity of the performance. It is quite a literary fiction nowadays to write stories about children, but these stories are generally prepared for the consumption of old folks who like to have the thoughts and feelings of their childhood brought back to them. We do not find small boys and girls absorbed in the stories of Josephine Dodge Dankam or Roy Rolfe Olson. Even William Allen White's boyhood stories and Eugene Wood's delightful stories must strike the younger less as a glorification of his excellence than as a shameless expose of his sacred innermost psychology. Few are the books written for children that are read by more than one generation; and few of them deserve to live. The namby-pamby Rolfe died hard, but die he finally did, and the boy of today might well breathe a sigh of relief if he learned what an escape he had had. Some of the last generation's weakly books for little girls unfortunately still linger with that persistence which the anemic sometimes shows. But the small residuum of children's books that did not die and are not going to are very precious.—Public Opinion.

A Kansas city physician has discovered that high collars worn by women produce cancer of the throat, and the Hopkins Journal adds that low-necked dresses produce pneumonia, corsets cause heart disease and shortness of breath, and long skirts gather up germs of all infectious diseases, thin soles produce consumption, and tight shoes cause the toes to grow together, and looking at bright millinery causes sore eyes. Women should be very careful about these things.

Reuben Cagg's Theory.

I was sitting in a 'cave below Fourteenth street with my friend Reuben Cagg. It was a sultry July day, and he ought to have been at his country house on Long Island where he had invited me to spend a couple of weeks. He was, however, a heavy operator in stocks, and as the market was feverish, he thought it safer to keep his middle finger on the pulse of Wall street than to be driving a spanking team and listening to the rolling and roaring surf.

Cagg was said to be many times a millionaire. Exactly what that term signifies, I can't explain; for my multiplication table ends long before it reaches six figures. I have never stood in the shoes of such a man, and never looked at life through his eyes. I don't know what it is to be worried over the size of one's surplus, or to be harassed because one has a couple of fortunes in the bank not drawing a cent of interest. If I manage to make both ends meet on the 1st of January, and can face the new year free of debt, having given the usual half dollar to the elevator boy who takes me to my room at odd times of the night, and a bright sixpence to the old lady who brings me my morning and evening papers, I consider myself fortunate. But to have so much money that one can't count it even in his dreams, to be pointed out on the sidewalk as Jabez Croesus Esq., who has seventeen horses in his stable, and a box at the opera—well, that's the kind of life my friend Cagg led, and, on the whole, he seemed to enjoy it.

He could say to the jeweler, "Send that home to my wife," and not ask the price of the article. Yes, he could; but I noticed that he always did ask the price and always managed to get a discount. Now, I pay the asking price for everything I buy; he never does. But then he's rich and can afford to do such things. Being poor, I don't enjoy the prerogative. The salesman seems pleased to take ten per cent. off for Cagg; but if I should ask the same favor he would probably doom me to one hundred and fifty different kinds of death.

Well, we sat at the table chatting. "My dear boy," he said, "I'm sorry I can't go down to Clover Hill as we proposed; but you see the bears are after me, and unless I have as many eyes as the spider, and keep them all wide open, these feral naturae will get their claws on me, and then—"

Here followed the most eloquent shrug of the shoulders I ever witnessed. I interpreted it as meaning two things; first, that the bears would find he wasn't within reach when they clawed at him, and second, that if they should happen to scratch him he had so much left that he wouldn't lose a wink of sleep. How I envied him. He was poor twenty years ago, when he and I were in the Freshman class, and so was I. He had changed his mind about remaining poor; but I hadn't. I maintained my consistency, and at forty-one hadn't a sou marquee. Cagg, on the other hand, was able to hobnob with Solomon in all his glory, and could buy up all his bric-a-brac which the Queen of Sheba brought as a present to the king and store it in the attic of his Long Island house.

"Now there's my wife, Julia," he said rather petulantly, as he poured out another cup of Mocha—"there's my wife, Julia. She's a most peculiar woman. She runs to philanthropy, goes into ecstasies over a beggar, and reels off a lot of nonsense about reforming the world." A sip of coffee followed this remark, and as he buttered his toast he added, serenely: "The world don't need reforming. Heigho! it's all right as it is. It's made up of two classes of people; those who have made money and those who have lost it. I say with Shakespeare: 'If money go before, all ways do lie open.' There you have it just as it is.

The difficulty with Cagg was that he had looked at a dollar so long he couldn't see anything else. Doctors tell us that a man may think a disease and catch it by thinking. Cagg thought of dollars continuously; and, as a con-

sequence, all the other finer qualities took revenge for their neglect by becoming arrested developments.

"I like to see money multiply itself," he continued. "You say, you fellows who haven't any money and don't know the joys of accumulation—you say it's sordid. Bah! There isn't one of you who wouldn't do as I do if you had the chance and the—"

"Brains," I suggested. "Yes, brains. Look at the farmer; doesn't he take pleasure in seeing things grow? Is that mean and sordid? He plants one kernel of corn, and who can measure his delight when he takes four full ears from the stalk produced by that single kernel? Well, I plant a dollar, and when the right time comes I scoop in a bushel of dollars. That's my gift; I like to do it over and over again. Let the poor take care of themselves; it's none of my business to furnish the world with waffles."

Just here a little mut thrust his head in at the door and shouted Extree! He couldn't have been more than eight years old, and was barefooted and bare-headed. His hair and eyes were coal-black, and there was a curiously earnest expression on his face. I don't take to newboys much; they are altogether too pushing and insolent, but this one interested me.

The eight year old mut crossed the room and stood wistfully looking into Cagg's face.

"Have an extree, Mister?" "No; get out," was the only response.

"All about the big fire, Mister?" "Didn't you hear me tell you to get out?"

But the little fellow was persistent. At last, and in order to get rid of him, Cagg pulled a handful of loose change out of his pocket. At the sight the boy fairly glowed.

"Guess you're a nob, ain't you," he said.

Cagg looked at him, but said nothing. "A whole handful! Golly! Say, Mister, do you have as much as that all the time? Ain't you afraid to go round alone? If I was as rich as you, I'd hire a cop to go with me."

Then came a curious crisis. The little fellow's eyes filled with tears and his hands trembled.

"Say, Mister."

"Well, haven't I paid you?" "Yes, but my sister's dead to home. She died last night, an' I'm sellin' these papers to pay funeral expenses. Won't you give me some money, Mister, to bury Sis?"

Cagg was simply dumfounded. As for myself, I broke into a loud laugh. It was a very melodramatic scene. What a consummate actor the young rogue was. He was an infant prodigy. "Bury your sister, you young scoundrel? I'd like to bury the whole lot of you."

Then he turned to me. "What did I tell you, Hugh? The poor prey on the rich. They won't work, and—"

"My mother works," broke in the mut, in stout defense of himself and his family.

He was pallid with excitement and grief. There was defiance in his eyes, too; and he stood his grounds against odds.

Cagg was puzzled. "Who told you that story?" he asked sternly. "Nobody didn't tell me that story," answered the boy. "It ain't no story. It's true's you live. If you don't believe it, come along. Guess when you see Sis dead, you'll know I ain't shammin'."

Cagg actually had an impulse to go. He hesitated, however.

"You darren't," cried the youngster. "You're a 'great big fellow, an' can kick me roun' de block; but you darren't go home wid me and see me dead sister."

"Hugh, will you go with me?"

"Certainly," I replied. It was a new experience for both of us, a curious chapter in the history of city life; and I was not sorry to read it.

"By Jove!" said Cagg, as he reached the street. "I feel like a fool. Now, if Julia were here, she'd give the young scoundrel a hot breakfast, and believe every word he said; but I'm made of different stuff. I don't

like to be played by a boy no bigger than a loaf of bread. We'll follow him and then I'll have him sent to a reformatory, or somewhere. Somebody's got to put a stop to this sort of thing and we may as well begin right now. Come, you young gamster, go ahead and we'll follow. But none of your dodges, mind."

He was so small that his head hardly came up to Cagg's knee; but he stretched out his hand and said:

"Say, Mister, if you think I'm going to jump, just take hold of my hand, will you?"

It was a queer sight—two big men and one small boy. The boy was so delighted at his triumph that he forgot to cry "Extree!" and the two men were so embarrassed that they hardly spoke to each other.

"Pretty business this!" said Cagg, at length, in a disgusted tone. He looked "as crestfallen as a dried pear." "I wouldn't have Julia meet me now for a thousand dollars. It would look, you know, as though I had gone back on all my principles. I've a great mind to kill that youngster and throw him into somebody's back yard."

Round the corner into Thompson street we found our way, two well-dressed men, and the shabby little mut.

"Good heavens!" said Cagg; "this is no place to live. I'd blow my brains out within twenty-four hours. My horses are better cared for. Do you know, Hugh, I'm beginning to think we've carried the joke quite far enough. Julia tells me she comes to such places every week; but, phew! one visit is enough for me. Besides, I feel as if the little bunco-steerer were a poodle dog driving us two stupid oxen into the slaughter pen. I've a great mind—"

"Here we be, Mister."

The slender fingers were withdrawn from the big hand of Cagg and the boy became almost wild. "Right up here, Mister. Look out for that stair, cos the board's busted."

It was dark and stuffy, with "the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril;" but we stumbled up one flight, then groped our way round the corner and found another flight.

"Great Scott! I've a mind to take a header out of the window," growled Cagg. "I was never in such a fix in my life. We may have to fight for it, Hugh; but won't it look queer in the papers tomorrow, 'Reuben Cagg picked up dead' in this den! What in thunder did I come here for, anyhow? But I'll make this scamp pay for it, see if I don't."

We reached the door of the back second story room at last. The mut burst in with a loud yell. It seemed like a signal agreed upon, and I fully expected to see half a dozen roughs and to lose my watch and my money. My fist got into a rigid condition and, being something of an athlete, I determined to give one fellow at least a blow straight from the shoulder which would do credit to my muscle.

"Mamma! Mamma! I've got em; here they be."

How could so small a boy show such viciousness? I looked at Cagg, burly fellow, and noticed that he was pale. "You haven't a weapon of any sort, I suppose?" he whispered.

"Not a thing," I replied.

"Well, we may as well prepare for some hot work."

Just then from the dingy room on the side a poor, worn-out woman came. She was startled at the sight of two grim gentlemen on her premises and turned inquiringly to the boy.

"Mamma," the youngster began, "this man said he'd come an' help you bury Sis. 'Pon my word he did. Didn't you, Mister?"

"I beg your pardon for the intrusion madam," said Cagg with great courtliness, "but—"

"Mamma, he thought I was a gin-coine bunco-steer. Say now, didn't he?" turning to me.

The woman's eyes filled with tears. It was all so unexpected, and she didn't know the meaning of it.

"Don't cry, mamma," and the little fellow put his arms about his mother's knees and looked imploringly into her face. "Tain't no cop, mamma; he's

a reg'lar stunner, he is. He's got a drayload of money in his pocket, an' he's going to give us some. An' I've got some, too. See? Here's eight cents, mamma, an' I'll go right out again an' bring in a lot more."

The woman, Mrs. Carney, told her story. The like of it can be heard any day in any quarter of New York. But it was new to Cagg. Those keen eyes which coldly watched the rise and fall of the stock market were moistened as she went on.

She came from Keene, New Hampshire, she said.

"Why, that's where I was born," said my millionaire.

Then they looked at each other steadily and long.

"Why! Is it possible? You are not Mollie Flanders?" he asked.

"That was my first name before I married James," she answered.

"And don't you know me?" he queried. She looked again, and through her tears saw that peaceful New England village and recalled the bright and careless days of her girlhood in the long, long ago.

"I seem to remember," she began, but then hesitated.

"You can't have forgotten me," said Cagg. "We went to school together at the Cross Roads."

I thought him really handsome at that moment. There was a flush in his cheeks, and a fire in his eyes, and I understood why Julia Warden fell in love with him.

"Are you Reuben Cagg?" she asked, timidly.

Yes, indeed, I am," he replied, warmly.

They talked for half an hour. My friend forgot that he was in the second story back of a tenement house, forgot the stuffy smell of the apartment, even forgot the stock market, and listened to the sad history of a life which began in sunshine, but was now clouded with gloom and bereavement. The husband had taken to drink through ill luck, and his body was lying in the Potter's field. Mollie had struggled for her two children, little Bill, whom he thought a bunco-steerer, and Mamie, who lay in her shroud in the other room.

Bill insisted that we should look at "Sis" before we went. The body was on a pine board supported by two rickety chairs. There was a white, partly faded carnation in her hand. Bill had found it in the street.

What a strange scene! Cagg melted at the sight, and as for me—well, no matter. The woman on the front had brought in a tattered motto and hung it on the wall. The legend was, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Cagg looked about the room, then at the face of the pale sleeper, and I saw his lips tremble. Four months before he had buried his only child, beautiful Alice. When his eyes fell on that motto, it seemed too much for him. The eyes of the many times a millionaire were filled with tears.

"My God, Hugh," he said hoarsely; "let us get out of this. I can't stand it."

Then he turned to the fragile, suffering woman.

"Molly," he said, "I don't know much about these things; but"—he choked a little—"but I'm sorry for you. I shall ask my wife, Julia, to come and see you this afternoon. She will attend to the details of the funeral. His hand went into his pocket. Giving her a roll of bills he added, "Take this for old time's sake, and when you want more, come and see us."

When we reached the sidewalk he turned on me almost fiercely. "Hugh," he said, "I can't talk much today. You go up town, I will go down town. I've had a new experience and I shall have to give up some of my theories about the poor. Possibly Julia is right, after all. Good morning."

Another Blow at Mormonism.

In spite of the fact that the Reed Smoot agitation is practically forgotten, the "Mormon question" is still being agitated. Miss Marian Bonsall is writing for the Housekeeper a series of articles in which she claims to expose the bare mendacity of the whole system of Mormonism. In the September

issue the writer, after explaining as much as she was able to gather of the mystic and deep shrouded secrets of the religion, gives the following account of what the church ritual really is: "The ceremony proper is in reality a burlesque upon the opening chapters of Genesis. It is regarded by the mass of Latter-Day Saints, however, with even a reverential awe, and the memory of it is treasured by them as the most sacred and wonderful event in their lives. To persons of intelligence it has sometimes proved so revolting that they have become apostates because of it. The characters of Eloheim, Yahovah, and Michael are assumed by Mormons of high standing in the church. Their voices are heard in conversation, a crude paraphrase of the Scriptural account of the creation, in which this space is perceived to be good, and they decide to launch a planet therein, which is to become the world. The part of Eve is taken by a Mormon woman, and the part of the devil by a Mormon man. The temptation in the Garden of Eden is portrayed with theatrical display. After Adam makes his appearance and has been persuaded to eat of the forbidden fruit, Eve and himself, and also the spectators, don green silk fig-leaf aprons. This dramatic scene is supposed to end the first degree, and the spectators are taught certain grips and passwords. It is easily seen that by their means any two members of the church could make themselves known to each other as Mormons, under any circumstances, without giving any signs of unusual communication."

It is not, however, the account of the crudeness of the temple ritual, nor the account of how the people have subjugated themselves body and soul to Joseph F. Smith, direct representative of God, which makes Mormonism a thing to be feared. Not the religion itself, but its consequences, are to be dreaded. Of these results Miss Bonsall says: "Greater and more terrible than all else, from the standpoint of American women, it leads to the practice of plural marriage. It is possible that one may mention the manifesto in contradiction to this statement. I say that the manifesto is purely a blind to the eyes of Gentiles and the government. Granted, there is no higher example than the hierarchy of the church. President Smith, as we well know, is living at the present time with five wives. Of the twelve apostles, there have taken plural wives, since the manifesto, Apostle Teasdale, Apostle Cowley, Apostle Taylor, and Apostle Abram Cannon, deceased, and Apostle Woodruff, deceased. One of the few admissions of Reed Smoot during the Mormon investigation at Washington, was that he had brought the unlawful marriages of Apostle Cowley and Apostle Taylor before the attention of President Smith. These men, however, retain their ecclesiastical office with reputations of undimmed luster. There are only four of the present twelve apostles who are not known to be living in polygamous relations with several wives. Elder Henry S. Tanner, a judge in one of the Salt Lake City courts and superintendent of the Sunday-schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, is openly charged with having married two young women as plural wives since the manifesto. Charles H. Merrill, son of Apostle Merrill, has taken a plural wife since that declaration was issued. At least three of Apostle Merrill's sons are living in polygamy. Apostle Merrill himself has seven wives and forty-five children. Brigham H. Roberts, whose ejection from congress is well remembered, is living with three wives, and registers himself as living with his last known plural, Dr. Margaret C. Shipp, in Salt Lake City. Think, mothers of girls, what it would mean to raise your fresh young daughters in a state branded in the eyes of the world with his curse; in a state where the daily newspapers discuss the subject constantly; where plural marriage is a common subject of conversation; where girls are gazed at curiously by travelers as possible daughters of a polygamous mother; where they are frequently taught at Sunday-school, in their mutual improvement societies, in the very religious paper for girls, edited by women high in church office, that to be the wife of a polygamous Mormon is the glory of the Mormon woman, where the highest authorities in their church teach the principle by precept and example!"—Public Opinion.

The Aroostook Times

Established April 13, 1860.

ALL THE HOME NEWS.

Published every Friday morning from Times Block, Court Street, Houlton, Maine.

L. M. FELCH & C. E. DUNN, Publishers

L. M. FELCH, Editor.

A. B. TOLAND, Local Editor.

Subscriptions \$1 per year in advance; single copies three cents.

Subscriptions in arrears \$1.50 per year. No subscription cancelled until all arrears are settled.

Advertising rates based upon circulation and very reasonable.

Communications upon topics of general interest are solicited.

Entered at the postoffice at Houlton for circulation as second-class postal rates.

A False Prophet.

The Waterville Sentinel, a democrat paper printed in the city of Waterville, said in a recent issue that the Sturgis Commission was created for the purpose of punishing democratic counties, or words to that effect, and nothing would be done by the Commission in republican counties. By the time the ink was dry on the Sentinel, three deputies, appointed by the Sturgis Commission, with an automobile rolled into Augusta, the capital of the state, a republican city, a republican county, and without asking any questions commenced house cleaning. They found enough to keep them busy Saturday afternoon and well into the night. They also made seizures and arrests at Gardiner and tried to do the same at Waterville but found that Mayor Purington, like Governor Cobb, had taken the declaration of the republican party seriously and had the lid well down. "Nothing found" was the return on the warrants. The Sentinel will learn, if it has not already, that Governor Cobb believes in law enforcement and not lawlessness. We believe the time has passed in this state when the bosses can say that "A" or "B", who are republicans and in the liquor business, must not be interfered with. Republican rum is just as dangerous as democratic rum. Give us another prophecy, Sentinel.

At the Boundary Line.

Business is very dull these warm, dry days at the boundary line stores. None of the quenchers can be secured—at least in the old, ordinary way. Last week Inspector Colpitts, ably supported by the Deputy Sheriff, together with Constable Woolverton and Customs Officer Carpenter, swooped down upon historic Bridgewater. Mr. Kennedy's premises were visited and carefully examined. A small find was made. About three dozen quarts of that good old oblivion bringer, "Red Haven," were located in an out building underneath the floor. A reference to the map of the world showed the building to be resting on Uncle Sam's soil and the mirth-maker was accordingly turned over to his officials. No other seizures have been made for over two weeks. Everybody seems to be restless. The very atmosphere at "the line" seems to be charged with some powerful, mysterious force. The chances are that before work upon the "Valley Route" is begun something will go off with a bang.—Woodstock Dispatch.

Better Late Than Never.

Informations have been laid against the proprietors of the "line stores" on the Maine side of the boundary line. The charge in every case is the maintenance of a public nuisance. The list of offenders comprises all the Yankee joint-keepers on the borders of both Carleton and Victoria Counties. The trials will be held at the September term of the Maine State Court which meets at Bath this week. Scott Act Inspector Colpitts, Deputy Sheriff Foster and Constable Woolverton, together with Scott Act Inspector McCrae of Victoria County, will appear before the Court as witnesses in these cases. The prosecutions have been made at the instance of U. S. Revenue Officer Jenks. Now that the officials on both sides of the line have put their heads together the probabilities are that the reign of terror that has too long existed along the boundary line will be brought to an end. There is a reasonable prospect that "line stores" will in the not very distant future be things of the past. Our officials have made a relentless campaign and they cannot put the lid on these hells any too quickly to satisfy respectable, law-abiding people.—Woodstock Dispatch.

Suppose we revert for a moment, as old boys sometimes should, to the books that pleased us most when we were young boys. First comes the immortal Tom Sawyer, in its unquestioned primacy. Then there is Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy. And third—yes, third—is Hans Brinker. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who wrote Hans Brinker and Donald and Dorothy, died last week, and it was the saddening news of her departure that brought up all these old associations. She not only wrote one of the three best but as editor of St. Nicholas from the time of its foundation she captained a good ship that bore thousands of young readers through lands of enchantment. We, to whom she was the literary mother of our childhood, shall not forget her.—Public Opinion.

Grange News.

The trouble caused by the holding of dances in connection with Grange meetings throughout the state has been met by a decision of the State Grange executive committee forbidding dancing in connection with the meeting of the order. It is the most important transaction in connection with the Grange for many a day. There can be no question that this matter of Grange dancing has caused more trouble among the Granges over our state than all other causes combined. Church people and others who are averse to that form of amusement, have looked askance at the Grange for this reason and the matter has been a growing source of discontent. The State executive committee has now taken the bull by the horns.

Some Worthy Washington Wants.

The Machias Union, Washington county, catalogues this list of wants, some of which might well be seconded by other counties of Maine.

"We want a lot less lawyers and storekeepers and piano tuners and horse jockeys and a whole lot more farmers and fishermen and stone cutters.

We want more lath mills and less electric light plants and water works.

We want longer freight trains and fewer Pullman cars.

We want less thirty-five cent beef steak and more native steers.

We want to raise our own hay and potatoes and eggs and pork, salt our own fish, shear our own sheep and supply our own wants.

We want good roads to connect our rural homes with a market, not a narrow streak of interchangeable mud, dust and snow.

We want a whole lot of human hogs who own land that they can't use to open it up for people who will use it, at a decent price."

Potato Prices are Steady

Wet weather the latter part of last week and the first of this interfered somewhat with digging potatoes in Jersey and on Long Island. Much of the stock arriving showed a good deal of dirt and in many places farmers stopped digging altogether. However, there were plenty of potatoes on the market to supply the slow demand.

Downtown the dealers report a very light trade and do not understand why buyers do not take hold more freely. The Jersey giants are a little weaker than the round white from that State. The top price for Jerseys is \$1.62 in bags, while in bulk 180 pounds will sell occasionally for \$1.75. Much of the stock is showing grubs and some is not dug as carefully as it should be. Buyers select their stock and while the choice goes at a good price, that which is unattractive accumulates. It looks now as though Long Island and Jersey would have plenty of potatoes to supply the trade.

Blight and Rot.

Blight and rot up the State continues to annoy the growers and the crop will be short. It is just as well that this is

slow. Dealers want higher prices than last year and if the winter would show good round white potatoes at \$2 or above, the trade would be more healthy. The vines up the State are very rank with small potatoes in the ground. It will be some time before the State stock will reach this market. The late crop in Jersey will probably be larger than was expected. Buyers are not very plentiful yet on the island, but with a little cooler weather business will be better.

Reports from Maine show that the acreage there is much larger than last year, but the yield will be about only 60 per cent of a normal crop. This is going to cause better prices and growers as well as dealers will get more money than they did last year. Starch factories will not have so much business as they did a year ago unless at the tail end of the crop, the potatoes come very small. Already arrangements are being made to market the Aroostook county potatoes.

One Cause of Illness.

A famous physician upon being asked recently what is the chief cause of ill health replied: "Thinking and talking about it all the time." This ceaseless introspection in which so many of the rising generation of nervous folk indulge is certainly wearing them out. When they are not worrying as to whether they sleep too much or too little they are fretting over the amount of food they take or the quantity of exercise necessary for health. In short, they never give themselves a moment's peace. Our grandfathers did not concern themselves with these questions. They ate, drank, slept, as nature prompted them. Undoubtedly they were healthier in mind and body for their sublime indifference, and if we ask ourselves fewer questions we should have less time to analyze or imagine ailments.

That medical science has made remarkable progress in the last few decades cannot be denied. The fault for some present day undesirable conditions lies not with the doctor, but with the patient. There has been too great a tendency on the part of the laity to acquire a smattering of medical knowledge through the reading of so called health magazines and pamphlets and to put into practice on their own account that little knowledge, which, it cannot be denied, is a dangerous thing.

The following of some most ridiculous fads along the lines of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise has assisted in swelling the mortality statistics. Our grandfathers would hold up their heads in horror at many of the foolish things we do in the name of health. A little more of the comfortable nonchalance of our healthy ancestors would do no harm to the rising generation.—Housekeeper.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from it. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price 75 cents per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Robinson.

Mr. Walton who has been staying with the family of Daniel Frye died last Monday. The funeral services took place at the house, the remains being deposited in the Three Brooks Cemetery. Mr. Walton was of a very reserved disposition only being known by a small circle of friends.

Thirteen members of the Riverside Union met at their headquarters last Thursday. After the business was transacted a lunch of cookies and fruit punch was served in the dining room.

David Randall who has been failing in health for a long time is very low at the present time.

Fred Gilman has been home from New Hampshire on a visit during the week.

W. E. Robinson and wife spent Sunday with relatives in West Bridgewater.

A party of five young people from here took a picnic dinner at Aroostook Falls, Sunday.

Ludlow.

The big Frank Lajo show was here and didn't meet with very good success.

Mr. G. D. Williamson of Boston arrived in town and will open his potato house in a few days.

Mr. M. Ames and Miss Goldie Ames of Waterville are visiting friends in town.

Maine Register

The new edition of the Maine Register and State Year Book has been delivered to its many patrons throughout the State of Maine. This is the 36th number of this series which has been published. In 1870, when the first number of these series was issued, it contained 369 pages. This year it contains 1032 pages of closely printed statistical matter.

In the first issue the city of Portland occupied less than five pages. In the present edition it covers 74 pages, and a corresponding increase is seen in the other cities and in many of our Maine towns. Aroostook county then occupied 7 pages, while now it covers 55 pages.

This well known book has become a very important factor in Maine affairs, covering practically, with its carefully compiled statistics, every interest and institution in the entire state, from our largest cities to the smallest plantation within our borders. There are now in the State of Maine 20 cities, 427 towns, and 74 organized plantations. In this book the location of each of these is given, its R. R. connections, distance from country seat, population at each decade, number of polls and valuation up to the present year. It gives the name and P. O. address of each town official and professional man, and the name, address and business of every merchant and manufacturer. Churches, schools, lodges, associations, hotels, banks, newspapers, insurance companies, express, telegraph and telephone offices are all given.

The present edition contains 16 pages more of statistical matter than any previous one. There is no office or home in the state that you will not find the Maine Register a valuable source of useful information.

Price \$2. Published by Grenville M. Donham, Portland.

A New Machine Gun.

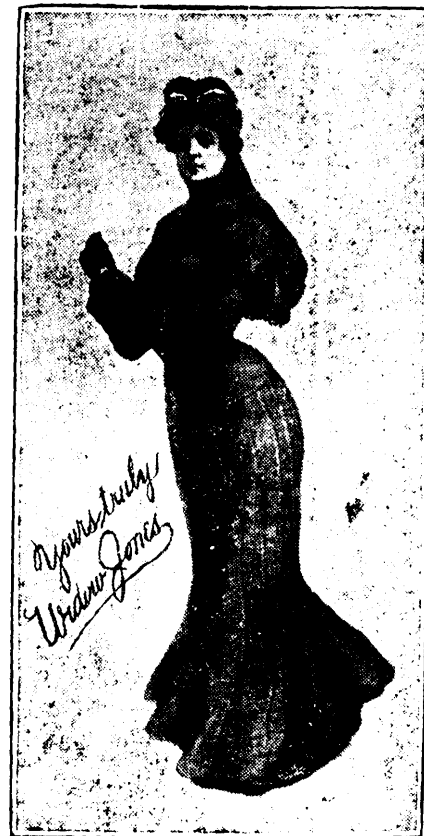
From a recent issue of the Scientific American comes an account of the latest development in machine-guns, one which combines great rapidity of movement with facility of portage, and has not the disadvantage of great size or the heating of mechanism and barrel which other guns of the type possess. To quote: "The Rexer machine-gun is really a shoulder-arm, and resembles a large rifle of the ordinary type. Its weight is about 17 1/2 pounds, and while this is considerable in comparison with that of the common rifle it is a vast decrease from the sixty pounds of other machine-guns. The operation of the weapon is very simple. The gunner lies flat on the ground with the stock pressed against his right shoulder. Two light legs, forming a support, are attached near the muzzle end of the outer casing, and the special joints with which the legs are provided permit the weapon to be trained into any position and to be elevated or depressed within generous limits. When not in use the supports are folded back against the barrel. The cartridges, contained in curved clips or magazines in batches of twenty-five, are fed into the top of the breech casing by the left hand of the gunner. A single pull of the trigger, and the twenty-five cartridges in one clip are discharged in less than two seconds. A rate of 300 shots a minute can be maintained with little trouble, and as the supporting legs and a perforated casing surrounding the barrel proper obviate any handling of the same, the gunner is not troubled with the heating of the weapon. The position of the operator—flat on the ground—affords the greatest protection with minimum 'cover'; and this, together with the inability of an enemy to distinguish the Rexer gun, even at short distances, from an ordinary rifle, gives this type of weapon a preponderating advantage over many other kinds of rapid-fire guns.

"Fundamentally the Rexer gun depends upon the same basic device as nearly all other weapons of this type, as the power for working the mechanism is obtained from the recoil. It has been adopted by the Danish government, and a number of others, including Japan, have reported favorably upon its performances."

Weaver: Hello, Brown! What did they say of my address last evening? Brown: It was the general remark that you were a very happy speaker. Weaver (delighted): Did they? Brown: Yes; but if I am any judge, you didn't have many happy listeners.—Boston Transcript.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

INGRAHAM CLOTHING CO. HOULTON. PRIZE COMPETITION FOR BOYS FROM 4 TO 20 YEARS.



We want every boy to write an advertisement on (Widow Jones) America's Leader of Boys' Fashions, mentioning our store as local Agents. We intend to print as many of these ads as possible, commencing with the first one received. Writing advertisements is becoming more profitable each year. This contest presents a splendid opportunity to every boy in town.

We offer a Widow Jones Suit or Overcoat to the Boy writing the best Ad on or before Dec. 15th.

The following gentlemen have volunteered to act as judges:

G. H. GILMAN, C. A. LYONS, L. M. FELCH

The advertisement will be judged according to age, so a four year old boy stands as good a chance as an older one. The prize will be awarded according to the common sense and value of the reason given. Spelling and grammar will not be considered. Start at once. Send in your advertisement. Give your full name, age and address.

First ad received to be printed about Sept. 15th.

Name.....
Street.....
City or Town.....
Age.....

NATIONAL PRIZE

\$100 in gold offered by Widow Jones as a National Prize.

A contest is being held in a number of towns where Widow Jones Clothing is sold. The prize winning ad of each town will compete for the National Prizes offered by Widow Jones, as follows:

\$50 for the first choice. \$30 for the second choice. \$20 for the third choice.

Judges for the National Prizes: Boot and Shoe Recorder, Boston. Daily Trade Record, New York.

Remember this opportunity is free to every man. Lots of fun, and very instructive.

INGRAHAM CLOTHING CO. HOULTON.

The SOWERS

By
Henry Seton Merriman

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CHAPTER XX.

MAGGIE was alone in the great drawing room of the house at the end of the English quay—alone and grave. What over this girl's joys or sorrows may have been, she succeeded as well as any in concealing both.

She was alone when Paul came into the room. It was a large room, with more than one fireplace. Maggie was reading, and she did not look round. Paul stopped, warming himself by the fire nearest to the door. He was the first of men to come into a room without any remark.

Maggie looked up for a moment, glancing at the wood fire. She seemed to know for certain that it was Paul. "Have you been out?" she asked.

"Yes—calling."

He came toward her, standing beside her with his hands clasped behind his back, looking into the fire.

"Socially," he said, with a quiet humor, "I am not a success."

"Perhaps you do not try," she suggested practically.

"Oh, yes, I do. I try in several languages. I have no small talk."

"You see," she said gravely, "you are a large man."

"Does that make any difference?" he asked simply.

She turned and looked at him as he towered by her side—looked at him with a queer smile.

"Yes," she answered, "I think so."

For some moments they remained thus without speaking—in a peaceful silence.

When she spoke it was with a quiet voice, as one having plenty of time and leisure.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "To the Lanovitchs," where we met the Baron de Chauville."

"Ah!"

"Why, ah?"

"Because I dislike the Baron de Chauville," answered Maggie in her decisive way.

"I am glad of that, because I hate him!" said Paul. "Have you any reason for your dislike?"

"He has the same effect upon me as a mule," she explained airily.

Then, as if to save her conscience, she gave the reason, but disguised, so that he did not recognize it.

"I have seen more of M. de Chauville than you have," she said gravely. "He is one of those men of whom women do not see more. When men are present he loses confidence, like a cur when a thoroughbred terrier is about. He dislikes you. I should take care to give M. de Chauville a wide berth if I were you, Paul."

She had risen, after glancing at the clock. She turned down the page of her book and, looking up suddenly, met his eyes for a moment only.

"We are not likely to drop into a close friendship," said Paul. "But—he is coming to Thors, twenty miles from Osterno."

There was a momentary look of anxiety in the girl's eyes, which she turned away to hide.

"I am sorry for that," she said. "Does Herr Steinmetz know it?"

"Not yet."

Maggie paused for a moment. She was tracing with the tip of her finger a pattern stamped on the binding of the book. It would seem that she had something more to say. Then suddenly she went away without saying it.

In the meantime Claude de Chauville had gently led the Countess Lanovitch to invite him to stay to dinner.

He accepted the invitation with becoming reluctance and returned to the Hotel de Berlin, where he was staying, in order to dress. He was fully alive to the expediency of striking while the iron is hot, more especially where women are concerned. Moreover, his knowledge of the countess led him to fear that she would soon tire of his society. This lady had a lamentable facility for getting to the bottom of her friends' powers of entertainment within a few days. It was De Chauville's intention to make secure his invitation to Thors and then to absent himself from the countess.

After dinner the guest asked Mlle. Catrina to play. He opened the grand piano in the inner drawing room with such gallantry and effusion that the sanguine countess, postprandially somewhat inebriated in her luxurious chair, began rehearsing different modes of mentioning her son-in-law, the baron.

"Yes," she muttered to herself, "and Catrina is plain—terribly plain."

Thereupon she fell asleep.

De Chauville had a good memory and was, moreover, a good and capable liar. So Catrina did not find out that he knew nothing whatever of music. He watched the plain face as the music rose and fell, himself insuperable to its transcendent tones. With practiced cunning he waited until Catrina was almost intoxicated with music, an intoxication to which all great musicians are liable.

"Ah," he said, "I envy your power. With music like that one can almost imagine that life is what one would wish it to be."

She did not answer, but she wandered off into another air, a slumber song. "The Schumanns," said the Countess softly. "It almost has the power to send a sorrow to sleep."

This time she answered him, possibly because he had not looked at her.

"Such never sleep," she said.

"Do you know that, too?" he asked, not in a tone that wanted reply.

She made no answer.

"I am sorry," he went on. "For me it is different. I am a man. I have man's work to do. I can occupy myself with ambition. At all events, I have a man's privilege of nursing revenge."

He saw her eyes light up, her breast heave with a sudden sigh. Something like a smile hovered for a moment beneath his waxed mustache.

Catrina's fingers, supple and strong, struck in great chords the air of a gloomy march from the half-forgotten muse of some monastic composer.

"A man's privilege!" he repeated musically.

"Need it be such?" she asked.

For the first time his eyes met hers.

"Not necessarily," he answered. And her eyes dropped before his narrow gaze.

De Chauville did not speak again for some minutes. He sat back in his chair, leaning his forehead on his hand while he peeped through his slim fingers. He could almost read the girl's thoughts as she put them into music.

"She does not hate him yet," he was reflecting. "But she needs only to see him with Etta a few times, and she will come to it."

Catrina was an easy tool in the hands of such as Claude de Chauville, for he had dealt with women and that which is evil in women all his life, and the only mistakes he ever made were those characteristic errors of omission attaching to a persistent ignorance of the innate good in human nature.

Absorbed as she was in her great grief, Catrina was in no mood to seek for motives, to split a moral straw. She only knew that this man seemed to understand her as no one had ever understood her.

The moment had been propitious, and Claude de Chauville, with true Gallic insight, had seized it. Her heart was sore and lonely, almost breaking, and she was without the worldly wisdom which tells up that such hearts must at all costs be hidden from the world.

In the solitude of her life Catrina Lanovitch had conceived a great love, a passion, such as a few only are capable of attaining, be it for weal or woe. She had seen this love ignored, walked underfoot by its object with a grave deliberation which took her breath away when she thought of it. It was all in all to her; to him it was nothing. Her philosophy was simple. She could not sit still and endure. At this time it seemed unbearable. She must turn and read some one, she did not know whom, but some one must suffer. It was in this that Claude de Chauville proposed to assist her.

"It is preposterous that people should make others suffer and go unpunished," he said, intent on his noble purpose.

Catrina's eyelids flickered, but she made no answer.

"The arrogance of those who have all that they desire is insupportable," the Frenchman went on in his favorite, noncommittal, epigrammatic way.

Catrina—a second Eve—glanced at him, and her silence gave him permission to go on.

"I would be pitiless to all such men," said De Chauville. "They deserve no pity, for they have shown none. The man who deceives a woman is worthy of it."

He never finished the sentence. Her deep, passionate eyes met his. Her hands came down with one final crash on the chords. She rose and crossed the room.

"Mother," she said, "shall I ring for tea?"

When the countess awoke, De Chauville was turning over some sheets of music at the piano.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TEARING, howling wind from the north—from the boundless snow-clad plains of Russia that lie between the Neva and the Yellow sea; a gray sky washed over as with a huge brush dipped in dirty whitening, and the plains of Tver a spotless, dazzling level of snow.

The snow was falling softly and steadily, falling in little more than fine powder, with a temperature 40 degrees below freezing point.

Across the plain of Tver, before the north wind, a single sleigh was tearing as fast as horse could lay hoof to ground, and the track of it was as a line drawn from point to point across a map.

A striking feature of the winter of northern Russia is the glorious uncertainty of its snowfalls. At Tver the weatherwise had said:

"The snow has not all fallen yet. More is coming. It is yellow in the sky, although March is nearly gone."

The husband of the hotel's good enough resting place facing the broad Volga had urged upon M. de Chauville the advisability of waiting, as the way of landlocked at the world's end. But Etta had shown a strange restlessness, a petulant desire to hurry forward at all risks. She hated Tver, the hotel was uncomfortable, and there was an unhealthy smell about the place.

The night express from St. Petersburg had deposited them on the platform in the early morning. Steinmetz had preceded them. Closed sleighs from Osterno were awaiting them. A luxurious breakfast was prepared at the hotel. Relays of horses were posted along the road. The journey to Osterno had been carefully planned and arranged by Steinmetz, a king among organizers. The sleigh drive across the steppe was to be accomplished in ten hours.

The snow had begun to fall as they clattered across the floating bridge of Tver. It had fallen ever since, and the afternoon lowered gloomily. In America such visitations are called "blizzards"; here in Russia it is merely "the snow." The freezing wind is taken as a matter of course.

At the castle all was in readiness for the prince and princess, their departure from Tver having been telegraphed. On the threshold of the great house, before she had entered the magnificent hall, Etta's eyes brightened, her fatigue vanished. She played her part before the crowd of bowing servants with that forgetfulness of mere bodily fatigue which is expected of princesses and other great ladies. She swept up the broad staircase leaning on Paul's arm with a carriage, a presence, a dazzling wealth of beauty, which did not fail to impress the onlookers. Whatever Etta may have failed to bring to Paul Howard Alexis as a wife, she made him a matchless princess.

He led her straight through the drawing room to the suit of rooms which were hers. These consisted of an ante room, a small drawing room and her private apartments beyond.

Paul stopped in the drawing room, looking round with a simple satisfaction in all that had been done by his orders for Etta's comfort.

"These," he said, "are your rooms."

He was no adept at turning a neat phrase, at reeling off a pretty honey-moon welcome. Perhaps he expected her to express delight, to come to him possibly and kiss him, as some women would have done.

She looked round critically.

"Yes," she said, "they are very nice."

She crossed the room and drew aside the curtain that covered the double latticed windows. The room was so warm that there was no rime on the panes. She gave a little shudder, and he went to her side, putting his strong, quiet arm around her.

Below them, stretching away beneath the brilliant moonlight, lay the country that was his inheritance. Immediately beneath them, at the foot of the great rock upon which the castle was built, nestled the village of Osterno, straggling, squalid.

"Oh," she said daily, "this is Siberia! This is terrible!"

It had never presented itself to him in that light, the wonderful stretch of country over which they were looking. "It is not so bad," he said, "in the daylight."

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And that was all, for he had no persuasive tongue.

"That is the village," he went on after a little pause. "Those are the people who look to us to help them in their fight against terrible odds. I hoped that you would be interested in them."

She looked down curiously at the little wooden butts, half buried in the snow, the smoking chimneys, the twinkling, curtainless windows.

"What do you expect me to do?" she asked in a queer voice.

He looked at her in a sort of wonderment. Perhaps it seemed to him that a woman should have no need to ask such a question.

"It is a long story," he said. "I will tell you about it another time. You are tired now after your journey."

His arm slipped from her waist. They stood side by side, and both were conscious of a feeling of difference. They were not the same as they had been in London. The atmosphere of Russia seemed to have had some subtle effect upon them.

Etta turned and sat slowly down on a low chair before the fire. She had thrown her furs aside, and they lay in a luxurious heap on the floor. The maids, hearing that the prince and princess were together, waited silently in the next room behind the closed door.

"I think I had better hear it now," said Etta.

"But you are tired," protested her husband. "You had better rest until dinner time."

"No, I am not tired."

He came toward her and stood with one elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down at her, a quiet, strong man, who had already forgotten his feat of endurance of a few hours earlier.

"These people," he said, "would die of starvation and cold and sickness if we did not help them. It is simply impossible for them in the few months that they can work the land to cultivate it so as to yield any more than their taxes. They are overtaxed, and no one cares what happens to the peasants. Some day the peasants must turn, but not yet. It is a question for all Russian landowners to face, and nobody faces it. If any one tries to improve the condition of his peasants—they were happier a thousand times as serfs—the bureaucrats of St. Petersburg mark him down, and he is forced to leave the country. The whole fabric of this government is rotten, but every one except the peasants would suffer by its fall, and therefore it stands."

Etta was staring into the fire. It was impossible to say whether she heard with comprehension or not. Paul went on:

"There is nothing left, therefore, but to go and do good by stealth. I studied medicine with that view. Steinmetz has scraped and economized the working of the estate for the same purpose. The government will not allow us to have a doctor. They prevent us from organizing relief and education on any-

thing like an adequate scale. They do it all by underground means. They have not the pluck to oppose us openly. For years we have been doing what we can. We have almost eradicated cholera. They do not die of starvation now. And they are learning—very slowly, but still they are learning. We—I thought you might be interested in your people. You might want to help."

She gave a short little nod. There was a suggestion of suspense in her whole being and attitude, as if she were waiting to hear something which she knew could not be avoided.

"A few years ago," he went on, "a gigantic scheme was set on foot. I told you a little about it—the Charity League."

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them, so she nodded a second time.

"That fell through," he went on, "as I told you. It was betrayed. Stepan Lanovitch was banished. He has escaped, however. Steinmetz has seen him. He succeeded in destroying some of the papers before the place was searched after the robbery. One paper in particular, if he had not destroyed it, I should have been banished. I was one of the leaders of the Charity League. Steinmetz and I got the thing up. It would have been for the happy-

ness of millions of peasants if it had not been betrayed. In time we shall find out who did it."

He paused. He did not say what he would do when he had found out.

Etta was staring into the fire. Her lips were dry. She hardly seemed to be breathing.

"It is possible," he went on in his strong, quiet, inexorable voice, "that Stepan Lanovitch knows now."

Steinmetz had not betrayed the secret of his master's wife.

Etta did not move as Paul spoke. She was staring into the fire—staring—staring.

Then she slowly faintly, rolling from the low chair to the fur hearth rug.

Paul picked her up like a child and carried her to the bedroom, where the maids were waiting to dress her.

"Here," he said, "your mistress has fainted from the fatigue of the journey."

And, with his practiced medical knowledge, he himself tended her.

CHAPTER XXII.

"ALWAYS gay, always gay!" laughed Steinmetz, rubbing his broad hands together and looking down into the face of Maggie, who was busy at the breakfast table.

"Yes," answered the girl, glancing toward Paul, leaning against the window reading his letters. "Yes, always gay. Why not?"

Karl Steinmetz saw the glance. It was one of the little daily incidents that one sees and half forgets. He only half forgot it.

As he spoke he half turned toward Paul, as if suggesting that he should give an opinion, and this little action had the effect of putting a stop to the conversation. Maggie had plenty to say to Steinmetz, but toward Paul her mental attitude was different. She was probably unaware of this little fact.

"There," she said after a pause, "I have obeyed Etta's instructions. She does not want us to begin, I suppose?"

"No," replied Paul. "She will be down in a minute."

"I hope the princess is not overtired," said Steinmetz, with a certain formal politeness which seemed to accompany any mention of Etta's name.

"Not at all, thank you," replied Etta herself, coming into the room at that moment. She looked fresh and self-confident. "On the contrary, I am full of energy and eagerness to explore the castle. One naturally takes an interest in one's ancestral halls."

With this she walked slowly across to the window. She stood there looking out, and every one in the room was watching. On looking for the first time on the same view a few moments earlier Maggie had uttered a little cry of surprise and had then remained silent. Etta looked out of the window and said nothing. It was a most singular outlook—void, unlovely, prehistoric, as some parts of the earth still are. The castle was built on the edge of a perpendicular cliff. On this side it was impregnable. Any object dropped from the breakfast room window would fall a clear 200 feet to the braving Oster river. The rock was black and shining like the topmost crags of an Alpine mountain where snow and ice have polished the bare stone. Beyond and across the river lay the boundless steppe—a sheet of virgin snow.

Etta stood looking over this to the far horizon, where the white snow and the gray sky softly merged into one. Her first remark was characteristic, as first and last remarks usually are.

"And as far as you can see is yours?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Paul simply, with that calm which only comes with hereditary possession.

The observation attracted Steinmetz's attention. He went to another window and looked across the waste critically.

"Four times as far as we can see is his," he said.

Etta looked out slowly and comprehensively, absorbing it all like a long, sweet drink. There was no hereditary richness in her sense of possession.

"And where is Thors?" she asked.

Paul stretched out his arm, pointing with a lean, steady finger.

"It lies out there," he answered.

Another of the little incidents that are only half forgotten. Some of the persons assembled in that room remembered the pointing long afterward.

"It makes one feel very small," said Etta, turning to the breakfast table—"at no time a pleasant sensation. Do you know," she said, after a little pause, "I think it probable that I shall become very fond of Osterno, but I wish it was nearer to civilization."

Paul looked pleased. Steinmetz had a queer expression on his face. Maggie murmured something about one's surroundings making but little difference to one's happiness, and the subject was wisely shelved.

After breakfast Steinmetz withdrew.

"Now," said Paul, "shall I show you the old place, you and Maggie?"

Etta signified her readiness, but Maggie said that she had letters to write, that Etta could show her the castle another time, when the men were out shooting, perhaps.

"But," said Etta, "I shall do it terribly badly. They are not my ancestors, you know. I shall attach the stories to the wrong people and locate the ghost in the wrong room. You will be wise to take Paul's guidance."

"No, thank you," replied Maggie, quite firmly and frankly. "I feel inclined to write, and the feeling is rare, so I must take advantage of it."

The girl looked at her cousin with something in her honest blue eyes that almost amounted to wonder. Etta was always surprising her. There was a whole gamut of feeling, an octave of callow, half-formed childish instincts of which Etta seemed to be deprived. If she had ever had them, no trace was left of their willow presence. At first Maggie had flatly refused to come to Russia. When Paul pressed her to do so she accepted with a sort of wonder. There was something which she did not understand.

When the door had closed behind them Maggie stood for some minutes by the window looking out over the snow-clad plain, the rugged, broken rocks beneath her.

Then she turned to the writing table. She resolutely took pen and paper, but the least thing seemed to distract her attention: the coronet on the note paper cost her five minutes of feroic reflection. She took up the pen again and wrote "Dear Mother."

The room grew darker. Maggie looked up. The snow had begun again. It was driving past the window with a silent, purposeful monotony. The girl drew the writing case toward her. She examined the pen critically and dipped it into the ink. But she added nothing to the two words already written.

The castle of Osterno is almost unique in the particular that one roof covers the ancient and the modern buildings. The vast reception rooms, worthy of the name of state rooms, adjoin the small stone built apartments of the fortress which Paul's ancestors held against the Tartars. This grim side of the building Paul reserved to the last for reasons of his own, and Etta's manifest delight in the grandeur of the more modern apartments fully rewarded him.

When they passed from the lofty rooms to the dinner passages of the old castle Etta's spirits visibly dropped, her interest slackened. He told her of tragedies enacted in bygone times—such ancient tales of violent death and broken hearts as attach themselves to gray stone walls and dungeon keeps. She only half listened, for her mind was busy with the splendors they had left behind, with the purposes to which such splendors could be turned. And the sum total of her thoughts was gratified vanity.

"I am glad your grandfather brought French architects here and built the modern side," she said. "These rooms are, of course, very interesting, but gloomy, horribly gloomy, Paul."

All the same I like these rooms," answered Paul. "Steinmetz and I used to live entirely on this side of the house. This is the smoking room. We shot those bears and all the deer. That is a wolf's head. He killed a keeper before I finished him off."

"And how did you finish him off?" she asked.

"I choked him. That bear knocked me down, but Steinmetz shot him. We were four days out in the open after that elk. This is a lynx—a queer face—rather like De Chauville. The dogs killed him."

"But why do you not paper the room?" asked Etta, with a shiver, "instead of this gloomy paneling? It is so mysterious and creepy. Quite suggestive of secret passages."

"There are no secret passages," answered Paul. "But there is a room behind here. This is the door. I will show it to you presently. I have things in there I want to show you. I keep all my medicines and appliances in there. It is our secret surgery and office. In that room the Charity League was organized."

Etta turned away suddenly and went to the narrow window, where she sat on a low window seat, looking down into the snow-clad depths.

"I did not know you were a doctor," she said.

"I doctor the peasants," replied Paul.

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LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Kenneth McKay is visiting in Nova Scotia.

Mr. D. M. Hilton of Randolph, Me., is visiting his brother John Hilton of this town.

Prof. Taylor, the new teacher of mathematics at Ricker, arrived Saturday evening.

Mrs. A. F. Kinney is at present visiting her daughter Mrs. Benj. Townsend in Lexington, Mass.

Mrs. F. F. Frisbie of Portland arrived in town last Friday and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Frisbie.

Mr. Allen T. Smith of this town attended the funeral of the late Joseph Smith at the family residence in Augusta, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Thompson of Melrose Highlands, Mass., returned to their home Saturday, after a visit of two weeks with Mrs. Henry Gray.

Henry B. Black, one of Houlton's former residents, who has been visiting friends in town for a few days returned to his home in Everett, Mass., Wednesday of this week.

Miss Wetmore, manager of the Postal Telegraph office, who has been camping at St. Froid Lake with Mrs. Waterfall's party, will resume the duties of her office this week.

C. C. Newell and Mrs. Newell started Thursday morning for the Boston and New York markets where a full line of the latest styles in millinery will be purchased for the fall trade.

In some of the nearby towns typhoid fever is raging at a rate which is appalling, and it is feared that on account of the scarcity of water and its consequent impurity that the epidemic may reach this town. Precautions should be taken by all in regard to water for drinking purposes and we should suggest that all such should be boiled before using.

Ralph Good and Guy Vail, the battery of the Ricker base ball went to Presque Isle, Thursday, to play with Presque Isle against the strong Caribou team. Good has been pitching fine ball throughout the county during the summer, and Vail is a backstop who can always be relied upon. In these two men Ricker has, without doubt, as strong a battery as any school in the State.

W. T. French, manager of the Opera House, has recently completed extensive repairs on the lighting system of his theatre under the direction of Mr. Tremaine of the Merritt Co. New foot lights have been installed also new chandeliers in the main hall. A new automatic switch-board has also been placed in a convenient location from which all the lights in the hall may be operated.

The men who have been disgracing themselves and degrading the community on both sides of the border, some of them for a quarter of a century, have been kept pretty busy guessing for the last few months what would happen next. With the press on both sides of the line "agin them," the churches "agin them," the officers of both governments "agin them" and God against them it would look as though their days were numbered. Speed the day.

Ricker Classical Institute opened Tuesday with an attendance of about 140 pupils. A large number of the alumni were present at the opening exercises, showing their deep interest in their loved alma mater. The clergyman of the town assisted in the opening exercises and extended a hearty welcome to the new students and teachers. Principal Harmon was introduced and received a hearty ovation from the school. His manly bearing, simple and eloquent address, and winning personality show that Ricker has secured a leader that will be a source of growth and strength to the school.

Prof. Carl Braun, the noted Entomologist is to give a series of lectures on the injurious insects especially on the household insect pests, as moths, Buffalo bugs, bed bugs, ants, fleas, flies and mosquitoes. The Prof. is an authority on these pests. His work and publications in newspapers and journals are well known all over the United States and his ability as an active Entomologist is well recognized in Washington at the Department of Agriculture. He is also watching the spreading of the Brown-tail and Gypsy moth in this State. He will be glad to give information in regard to all these insects. The Prof. is introducing an insecticide which is recognized as a standard article in the western part of the state.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Pansy Felch returned from Greenville, Friday.

A. F. Goodhue and family of Fort Fairfield were in town Thursday calling on friends.

Mrs. H. K. Hallett and daughter of Newtonville, Mass., are visiting Mrs. W. A. Parinton.

Louise and Willie Buzzell returned from a visit to relatives in Massachusetts, Saturday evening.

Miss Sarah K. Wheeler of Concord, Mass., is the guest of Miss Isabel Leach for a few days at her home on Chas. St.

Miss Margaret Kock of Portland, treasurer of the State C. E. Union, spent Thursday and Friday with Miss Edith Jackins.

The Mansur and Frisbie blocks are being rnsed along at a rapid rate under the direction of Otto Nelson. The second story of the Frisbie block is well under way and the third story of the Mansur block has been started upon.

There will be a supper served by the King's Workers in the dining room of the Baptist church on Wednesday evening of next week from 5 to 7. As the State Federation of Woman's Clubs do not occupy the church Wednesday evening the supper will be no interference with their use of the building.

Mrs. F. A. Peabody who has for some time been quite critically ill at her home on Court street has during the past few days shown favorable indications of improvement and had an unusually comfortable day on Thursday. Miss Jennie Porter who is also very critically ill has shown no signs of improvement and her condition is regarded as extremely dangerous.

Considerable excitement was occasioned Sunday afternoon by the running away of the pony team belonging to Mr. Hubert Smith. The little animals were left standing for a few moments in front of Millar's grocery while Mr. Smith dragged a weight along the pavement for the purpose of hitching them. They were frightened by the noise of the dragging weight and started on a wild run around Market Sq. After circling the square they started around Kendall St. and were finally stopped near the residence of Dr. Nevers after making desultory connections with a telegraph pole near Rideout's stable where two of the wheels of the vehicle were rendered unfit for service.

We are pained this week in recording the death of Mr. H. J. Anderson of Smyrna Mills, which occurred on Monday of this week. His death was due to typhoid fever. Mr. Anderson has for a number of years been in business in his town, first conducting a jewelry business and for the past few years he has been in the clothing and furnishing business. He was known throughout the county and was a frequent visitor to this town where his sterling business qualities and affable manner made for him a host of staunch and loyal friends. The deceased leaves an aged father and mother, five sisters and two brothers to mourn his loss. One of his brothers, Wallace, is at present suffering with typhoid fever and at last reports was failing rapidly. The Masonic Lodge took charge of Mr. Anderson's funeral.

Regular meetings of Portia Rebekah Lodge will be resumed on Wednesday evening of next week.

The Federation of Woman's Clubs that opens its annual meeting at the Baptist church the 13th, offers a varied and interesting program. Wednesday afternoon an address of welcome will be given by Mrs. Edward Wilkins. Mrs. George C. Frye of Portland, president of the State Federation will present a summary of the year's work of the clubs. Miss Yates will give her report as delegate to the Peace Congress. Wednesday evening at nine o'clock there will be a reception at Forester's hall. Thursday forenoon important reports of the various departments will be given. On Thursday afternoon a special program on literature and art will be presented. Miss Tinker, a very accomplished speaker will give an address. Thursday evening the distinguished president of Bowdoin College, Dr. Hyde, will lecture. The convention will close with an interesting and important meeting Friday morning. In addition to the foregoing we are glad to announce that the musical talent of Houlton, including Miss Charlotte Kinney, now of Dover, Me., will assist in making complete the program of each meeting. The public are cordially invited to attend all the meetings. The reception includes only club women and those who entertain them and special guests.

LOCAL NEWS.

L. L. McLeod was in Presque Isle on business this week.

Henry C. Arnold has been in town for a few days visiting friends.

Mr. E. Porter returned this week from Meductic, N. B., where he has been visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Isabel Leach returned, Wednesday evening from Oldtown, where she has been visiting relatives for the past two weeks.

The many friends of Mr. H. Morehouse and family are pleased to see them back after a visit of two months in Fredericton, N. B.

M. L. Hutchinson of Machias, wife and two children, arrived in town Friday evening. Mr. Hutchinson returned home Tuesday evening but his family will visit about a month.

A supper and sociable was given Thursday evening by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. at the Congregational vestry, which was largely patronized by the many friends of the society.

Miss Margaret Koch, the treasurer of the Maine State C. E. Union, will give a recital Sept. 22, in the Baptist church. An offering will be received in the interests of Christian Endeavor cottage at Good Will Farm.

We respectfully request our correspondents to get their contributions to us as early as possible. Thursday morning should be the latest. Local news and personals are acceptable on Friday morning but county correspondence should be in a day previous to insure its publication. Remember your postal cards and let us know who is going away, coming home, ill or convalescent as all such items are appreciated.

The Delineator for Sept. comes to our table this morning. This magazine is one of the best if not the best periodical it has been our pleasure to examine. Every lady will be deeply interested in the "Fashions in New York," and "Millinery for Early Autumn," while its chapter on "Safe Foods and how to get them," will be profitable reading for the housekeeper. In its literary department it is unusually interesting and every member of the family will find something of interest and profit in its varied program.

Considerable excitement was occasioned on Thursday afternoon at about 5.30 when two hoboes who were in quite a jubilant frame of mind started in to do up the sidewalk display in front of Hamilton & Webber's store on Main St. "Billy" Clark the popular foreman for the above named firm objected quite strenuously to this form of innocent amusement and in the language of the "cop" "put a beautiful snout on one of the guys." The fracas attracted considerable attention and the two gentlemen finding themselves the centre of attraction and noticing the burly form of Officer Monson hastening in their direction started at once for the tall timber, but on account of the extremely heavy load which they were laboring under they were unable to get farther than Kellerman St. before the heavy hand of the law was upon their shoulders and they took a quick step to the Sheriff's palace where they will take 30 days of buck sawpleasure.

Hon. J. O. Smith of Skowhegan, died at his residence on Water street last Friday. Mr. Smith had been in poor health for the past two years. For the last two months he had been confined to his room and bed. Death was due to rheumatism, together with a complication of other diseases. Joseph Otis Smith was born in Weston, Aroostook county, April 24, 1835. His early education was obtained in the common schools of Weston, and later he graduated from Houlton academy. In 1861, at the breaking out of the Civil war, he was one of the first to enlist, and was commissioned a lieutenant of the 11th Maine volunteers. He served until the close of the war. He was a past commander of Russell Post, No. 96, Grand Army of the Republic, as well as a member of Abraham Lincoln command, Union Veterans union. He always took an active part in matters pertaining to the Grand Army. Mr. Smith's public career in his native state was a long and honorable one. He was a staunch Republican and was clerk of the Republican state committee for the term of five years when the late Hon. James G. Blaine was chairman. For many years Mr. Smith was the head of the firm of J. O. Smith & Co., publishers of the Somerset Reporter, of which paper he was editor. It was the official organ of the Republican party of Somerset county.

LOCAL NEWS.

Senator J. Henry Cochran of Williamsport, Pa., was in town this week on business.

H. J. Hatheway returned this week from Bangor and Portland, where he has been on business for a few days.

Mr. Arthur McCready of this town who, on the 28th day of August underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Eastern Maine General Hospital at Bangor, is rapidly regaining his normal condition. He will be unable to leave the hospital for a few days, and when he does he will remain for a few days with his brother.

Evidently the Japs do not appreciate the good work of America, through Pres. Roosevelt, in bringing about peace; for the news comes this morning that a party of Americans were stoned in the streets of Tokio by a mob. This is not the first time that America has forced Japan to accept a good thing, for it was through the effort of an American that its doors were first forced open to receive something of the spirit of Christianity and civilization, and the Japan of today would have been impossible if this opening had not been made. The Master has a word of commendation for Harriman and his party in "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness sake," and for all America in, "Blessed are the peace makers for they shall inherit the earth."

We are pleased to record this week the marriage which occurred on Wednesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, of Miss Ada P. Tenney, daughter of the late Chas. P. Tenney to Dr. H. B. F. Jarvis, D. V. S., who for the past year has been conducting a very successful veterinary practice in this town. Dr. Jarvis during his comparatively short period of residence in this town has by his plain and pleasing personality made a countless number of friends who will be glad to grasp his hand and wish him joy together with a long and prosperous life. The bride is a young lady of whom we are incapable of speaking in terms too high—one who needs not the services of an eulogist—as she is one who can count all classes as friends now and hereafter. Of a kindly and sympathetic disposition she has endeared herself to all who have been fortunate in knowing her. During her young life she has been popular in society circles and respected and esteemed by a large circle of friends. Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis started Wednesday for Umbagog Lake where they will pass a few weeks at Mr. John Tenney's sporting camps after which they will make their residence in this town.

The Cattle Show and Fair that closed at Presque Isle, Thursday, judging from what we saw of it the first day, must have been a success. The weather was all that could be desired and crowds of people from all parts of the county were there. Tingley of Littleton was there with fifteen heads of Herefords, the best in the State. They were admired by every one who saw them. Gilman of Sprague's Mills, had on exhibition a herd of Devons, they were all right. Flewellyn of the same town, also had on exhibition a herd of Holsteins. They were fine specimens of their kind. Cameron of Caribou, had twelve head of Poll Angus in the stalls. They were worth a pilgrimage to Presque Isle to see. Hopkins Bros., of Fort Fairfield, had twenty-three of their famous head of Gray Durhams. Albert Mooers of this town had a fine display of Jerseys. The State fair at Lewiston will have a much larger number of cattle on exhibition than was seen at Presque Isle, but we doubt very much if they can beat them in quality and quality is what counts. The centre of attraction the last afternoon of the Fair was the ball game between Caribou and Presque Isle. It was a snappy game from start to finish. The Caribou men were heavier than the Presque Isle men. The Presque Isle men in their dark suits reminded us of the little brown men who have recently given the big Russians such a drubbing. The game was one of the best we have ever seen. The little brown men were in it from the start. Good from Ricker pitched for the brown men. He received a great many compliments during the game. Thompson who pitched for the Caribou team had barrels of speed, but the Presque Isle men found no trouble in making connections. Up to the ninth inning the Caribou team failed to score but in the last inning they made three runs. The score stood 7 to 3 in favor of Presque Isle.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Caroline I. Dunn who has been on a two week's visit to friends in Eliot, Me., returned Saturday and has resumed her duties in the office of the Houlton Water Co.

Theo. J. Fox is at present in Caribou where he is looking after the Caribou store during the absence of his brother Howard who is in New York purchasing the fall and winter line of clothing and furnishings.

We wish to extend thanks to Bro. Gilman of the Pioneer for the use of his engine and press last week. Our's had gone on a strike. We shall be glad to return the favor when we have an opportunity.

The Snell House, in consequence of the extensive repairs which are being made is rapidly taking on the appearance of a new building. Work on the exterior is being rushed during the fine weather and will be nearly completed by the last of next week. The great amount of work which necessarily had to be done on the interior makes progress rather slow, but when finished it will be a vast improvement over the old conditions.

Mr. Jenks, special Deputy Collector of Customs, went to Bridgewater, one day last week, and took possession of one of the line houses that have recently received a large amount of free advertising. The house, or that part of it that was on the New Brunswick side, was used for the purpose of selling liquors, but the Provincial officers were so hot on their trail that they thought it would be safer to keep it stored on the American side, but they got caught at it, and our government has possession of the building.

A fine portrait of the late Charles P. Tenney has been prepared and is to be presented to Ricker Classical Institute by his family. Mr. Tenney was for many years a trustee of Ricker, and no one had the welfare of the Institute more at heart. He devoted much of his time to furthering its interests, and it is eminently fitting that his likeness should grace the walls of the school he loved. Many of the old pupils as they visit Worthing Hall and gaze upon his picture will be reminded of a man who gave unselfishly of his time and means for their advancement.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Miss Grace D. Smith of Bridgewater, to Mr. Wilbur A. Dyer, who is at present acting as station agent at Westfield. Miss Smith has many friends in this town, having attended Ricker Classical Institute from which she was a graduate. Mr. Dyer is a young man well known to the travelling public and has been in the employ of the B. & A. for a number of years. The many friends of the contracting parties extend congratulations.

The representative of Ricker Classical Institute who waited on a number of business men of Houlton during the week in the interests of the school, desires to acknowledge the very cordial manner in which he was received, and the readiness with which assistance was promised. The business men are prompt to see that it would be a serious blow to the best interests of the town, if for any cause, the school should not be supported; and almost without exception those visited gave assurance that they would help. A leading merchant declared that, "It was what ought to be done." Another, a prominent dealer in ready made clothing said "you can always depend on me for an object like that." A third said "yes I'll do all I can" and still another remarked that, "If Ricker was to be closed, and a few thousand dollars could keep it running, the money would be raised in a few hours, even if only a business investment." This is only what might be expected from men of business sagacity as well as public spirit. The value of a flourishing educational institution in a town can never be expressed in dollars and cents. Ricker has begun another year with a large attendance. An increase in the teaching force makes it easier for the school to do better work this year than ever. The boarding department is in the hands of an efficient and popular steward and matron. The Trustees are striving to make the school worthy of its increasing constituency; and they are now inviting all the business interests of Houlton to give them their financial support in this undertaking. The Treasurer of the school is Mr. F. A. Gellerson who will gladly receive any amount that may be handed him. Other business men will be visited in a few days by the representative of the executive committee.

LOCAL NEWS.

Franklin A. Rice of Worcester, Mass trustee of the Systematic History Fund is in town this week and was a pleasant caller at this office today.

One more band concert next Thursday evening. Since the beginning of these concerts not one has been missed on account of unsuitable weather or from any other cause and as the evening's are now becoming unpleasantly frigid it has been decided that one more concert will be sufficient and it is hoped that all members will be present and make the last one the best of the season.

We have received from President Cram of the B. & A., copies of the Railroad Gazette, a weekly magazine now in its fiftieth year and which from cover to cover is of interest to railroad men in particular and incidentally to all of a mechanical turn of mind.

All who rehearsed the Festival music last spring are requested to meet in Ricker Memorial parlors Monday evening at 7.30 to rehearse and to arrange plans for attending the Festival at Bangor in October.

The matter of ringing in a false alarm of fire on the morning of July 4th from box 45 has been satisfactorily settled, the guilty parties have been apprehended and have acknowledged their guilt, the settlement has been satisfactory to the selectmen and also to chief of the police, and in all probability the parties will not repeat the offence.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank my many customers for their liberal patronage during the past year. The amount of business transacted during the past year has far exceeded my expectations. A continuance of your patronage will be appreciated and I shall in the future as in the past make my greatest effort to give satisfaction and as prompt deliveries as possible.

Yours very truly
W. L. MCGEE.

Learning somehow that the endowment of the University of Chicago had been criticised by some one in Boston as being money of improper origin, Dean Shepardson, of Chicago, retorts to Boston that Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, was built with money made by Peter Faneuil from illegal liquor traffic. Not so, says Librarian Green, of the Massachusetts Historical Society; Faneuil was an upright man and got his money legally. It seems that he was an exemplary and religious man, regular in his church going, who carried on a legal and respectable traffic in liquor and engaged also in the slave-trade. Also Faneuil Hall, built by a slave-trader became the Cradle of Liberty. Chicago University, endowed by the shrewdest and longest-headed trader of our generation, promises to be the most spontaneous institution of learning in the country. We have read reports of it and are convinced that if any participant failed to speak his mind it was because he had no mind to speak. How money is made has a profound effect on its makers, but the effect does not inhere in the money. Well used, it does good; ill used, it does mischief.

Probably most newspaper readers are unaware that the United States once fought a naval battle with Japan, in which the Japanese were not victors, says Leavenworth, Kansas Times. The American force, commanded by David S. McDougal, consisted of the Wyoming, a second class 120 ton sloop carrying six guns. The Japanese had improvised warships, converted merchantmen, mounting twenty guns among them. These were aided by seven land forts, with thirty guns of the best type of the time. The action fought on July 10, 1892, lasted just one hour. At the end of that time the Japs didn't have any warships left and the seven forts had retired from business. The Wyoming was a little battered, but still in the ring.

The Only Reliable Bug Exterminator, Used Everywhere.

THOUSANDS OF HOUSE-KEEPERS USE "Buffaline." No household and garden insect pest can live where Buffaline is applied. Take no other; it is the only reliable insect powder on the market. Price 25c per box. Ask your druggist for it or send to Buffaline Co., 89 Market St., Bangor, Me.

Wynn-Electrol Stops the Tickling and quickly allays inflammation in the throat.

LAST CHAPTER IN GREAT WAR

Signing of Treaty Brings Peace
In the Far East

MOST IMPRESSIVE SCENE

Not a Word Spoken During the Ceremony of Putting Names to Momentous Document--The Envoys Clasp Hands as Brothers and Express Hopes of Firm and Lasting Friendship Between Russia and Japan

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 6.—The treaty of Portsmouth was signed shortly before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the conference room of the naval general store at the navy yard.

It was 3:45 when the plenipotentiaries entered the conference room from their respective offices. They merely bowed to each other and took their accustomed seats at the long table around which their negotiations had been conducted. Instead of the secretaries sitting next the plenipotentiaries, however, their chairs were occupied by the remaining delegates.

Grouped around the table were the other members of the two missions and the invited witnesses, Mr. Peliee, as the personal representative of the president, Commandant Mead of the navy yard, Captain Winslow of the Mayflower, Governor McLane of New Hampshire, and the mayor of Portsmouth.

As soon as the delegates had taken their seats Mr. Sato left his chair and went to Mr. Witte's side with the Japanese copies of the treaty, which he placed before him. At the same time Mr. Platonov placed the Russian copies of the treaty before Baron Komura. Almost at the same moment the two selected pens from the centre of the table and signed their names, first to the French and then to the English text. The copies were then signed by Baron Rosen and Mr. Takahira. Mr. Sato returned the Japanese copies for the signatures of Komura and Takahira. Mr. Witte and Baron Rosen signed their signatures to the Russian copies and the treaty of Portsmouth was signed, the ceremony being completed at 3:50.

To this moment no word had broken the silence of the conference room. Throwing his pen aside, Mr. Witte, without a word, reached across the table and grasped Baron Komura's hand. His conferees followed and the Russian and Japanese delegates remained for a moment in silence, their right hands tightly clasped across the conference table. The war was over, Russia and Japan were once more friends.

Baron Rosen was the first to break the silence. Rising from his seat, the ambassador, looking Komura and Takahira straight in the eye, said a few words which one had only to hear to know that they came straight from his heart. He began by saying that he wished on behalf of Witte, Russia's first plenipotentiary, and in his own name, to say a few words.

"We have just signed," continued the ambassador, "an act which will have forever a place in the annals of history. It is not for us active participants in the conclusion of this treaty to pass judgment on its import and significance. As negotiators on behalf of the empire of Russia, as well as the empire of Japan, we may with tranquillity of conscience say that we have done all that was in our power in order to bring about the peace for which the whole civilized world was longing.

"As plenipotentiaries of Russia we fulfil a most agreeable duty in acknowledging that, in negotiating with our hitherto adversaries and from this hour our friends, we have been dealing with true and thorough gentlemen, to whom we are happy to express our high esteem and personal regard. We earnestly hope that friendly relations between the two empires will henceforth be firmly established, and we trust that his excellency Baron Komura, as minister of foreign affairs and one of the leading statesmen of his country, will apply to the strengthening of these relations the wide experience and wise statesmanship he so conspicuously displayed during these negotiations which have now been so auspiciously concluded."

Baron Komura replied that he shared entirely the views of Baron Rosen. The treaty of peace which they had just signed was in the interest of humanity and civilization and he was happy to believe that it would bring about a firm, lasting peace between two neighboring empires. He added that it would always be pleasant for him to recall that, throughout the long and serious negotiations which they have now left behind them, he and his colleague had invariably received from the Russian plenipotentiaries the highest courtesy and consideration, and finally he begged to assure the Russian plenipotentiaries that it would be his duty, as well as his pleasure, to do everything in his power to make the treaty in fact what it professes to be in words—a treaty of peace and amity.

At the conclusion of Komura's remarks, Witte arose and said he desired to see Rosen and the Japanese plenipotentiaries alone for a few minutes. The four retired to the Russian

office and were closeted for 10 minutes. What transpired in that final conference of the peace-makers the world may never know. The plenipotentiaries have refused to discuss it even to their secretaries.

While the conference was in progress the secretaries were affixing the official seal to each of the four copies. Upon their return to the conference, the plenipotentiaries then signed the protocol of their last meeting, which records the signing of the treaty, Sept. 5, 1905, at 3:50 in the Portsmouth navy yard.

After this there was general hand-shaking and a buffet luncheon was served in the cafe across the hall, the Russians and Japanese informally drinking each other's health. Shortly before 5 o'clock the Russian mission left the yard for the thanksgiving service at Christ church and the Japanese returned to the hotel.

The principal points covered by the treaty are the recognition by Russia of the preponderant influence, political, military and economic, of Japan in Korea; the simultaneous evacuation of Manchuria by the Russian and Japanese troops within 18 months; the cession to Japan of the Russian rights at Port Arthur and Dalny; the operation of the Manchurian railway, the cession to Japan of the southern half of Sakhalin Island, the renewal of the commercial treaty existing before the war, the restitution of prisoners by both countries and the payment for cost of keeping.

With the signature of the peace treaty by the envoys the armistice signed last week will at once take effect, and therewith the war comes to an actual end. The formal exchange of ratifications by the respective sovereigns is required within 50 days, but this is a mere formality, certain to be carried out.

Three Skeletons in Fire Ruins
Littleton, Mass., Sept. 4.—A search of the ruins of Mrs. Jane Millard's boarding house, which was destroyed by fire Saturday night, resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Mrs. Nancy Ninds, Miss Ninds and Mrs. Eunice Knox, the two women and the little girl who perished in the flames. The bodies were terribly burned, practically nothing except the charred skeletons being left. The coroner says that the position of the skeletons indicates that Mrs. Knox was trying to awake Mrs. and Miss Ninds when she was overtaken by the flames.

Return to Old Transportation Plan
Washington, Sept. 7.—The Philippine government has decided to discontinue the operation of the 17 coast guardships and two the inter-island water traffic of the government over to commercial lines of steamship. Proposals will be invited for carrying the mails and government passengers and supplies over 21 routes in the island. This plan is practically a return to the method of transportation in vogue under Spanish rule in the islands.

Man and Wife Fell Hundred Feet
St. Paul, Sept. 7.—In the presence of thousands of visitors at the state fair, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Sevensall fell from the upper car of an observation wheel to the ground, a distance of nearly 100 feet. The woman was instantly killed and her husband died shortly afterward. The seat in which they were sitting broke.

Seattle Has Labor Temple
Seattle, Sept. 5.—The newly completed \$50,000 labor temple was dedicated here immediately following a Labor day parade, the largest affair of its kind ever seen in Seattle. After the dedicatory exercises the building was thrown open to the public and 8000 persons passed through the doors.

Lost \$10,000 Worth of Diamonds
Boston, Sept. 6.—Meyer Slotopolsky, a diamond dealer of this city, notified the local police that he had lost \$10,000 worth of unset diamonds. He had the gems in a wallet when he went to make a bank deposit and when he returned to his office the valuable property was missing.

No Light on Hackett Murder
Augusta, Me., Sept. 6.—The September term of the superior court, Judge Hall presiding, has convened. The grand jury is in session. County Attorney Leigh states that the Mattie Hackett murder case will not come before this grand jury unless further developments appear.

Big Steamship a Total Loss
Montreal, Sept. 7.—The sunken Leyland liner Virginian has been turned over to a salvage company. Heavy gales and high water have interfered with the work of removing the cargo. The vessel probably will be a total loss.

Killed by Fall From Wagon
Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 5.—Walter O'Brien, 15 years old, fell from a wagon on which he was riding and the wheels passed over his head, causing injuries from which he died on the way to a hospital.

Baseball Fractured Skull
Mount Holly, N. J., Sept. 5.—Joseph McDonald died here last night as the result of being hit on the head by a baseball during a game Saturday. McDonald's skull was fractured by the baseball.

Fever Still Holds Its Own
New Orleans, Sept. 7.—The yellow fever report to 6 p. m. Wednesday follows: New cases, 31; total to date, 2142; deaths, 4; total to date, 208; cases under treatment, 317.

Chinese Tying of Maycoot
Washington, Sept. 5.—Consul General Rodgers at Shanghai cables the state department as follows: "Northern trade is opening and the boycott is apparently subsiding."

RIOTING AT TOKIO

Hundreds Wounded and Police Stations Destroyed

A DISAPPOINTED NATION

Feeling That Russia Got Too Much in Peace Settlement--Progressive Leader Sees Opportunity For Further Trouble When China Has Manchuria

Tokio, Sept. 7.—Rioting broke out here Tuesday night in connection with the dissatisfaction over the results of the peace settlement. There were several clashes with the police and it is estimated that two were killed and 500 wounded. The rioting ceased at midnight. Police stations were the only property destroyed.

Count Okuma, leader of the Progressive party, in discussing the settlement, said he was unable to reconcile himself to the result because the conditions preventing Russian aggression in Korea and Manchuria were insufficient. "They leave," he said, "an ample room for Russian ambition in the future. The conditions prevailing before the war are liable to repetition at any time. Both nations agree to evacuate Manchuria. But if China is unable to maintain order there Russia will have an opportunity to sow seeds of war instead of removing causes for a future dispute. It leaves the conditions exactly as before hostilities began."

Under a vigorous defense by the conservative journals supporting the government and a fuller and better appreciation of the situation confronting the country, public sentiment is showing some evidence of reaction. The argument that it is impossible for Japan to continue the bloody war merely for the purpose of securing indemnity is proving effective in allaying dissatisfaction. It is believed that when the government is free to explain fully the conditions of the settlement and the logic appertaining to them, the reaction of sentiment will largely increase.

The entire nation is keenly disappointed at the outcome. Nowhere throughout the empire has there been a step taken toward the celebration of the conclusion of peace. The radicals continue their campaign against the government, demanding the punishment of those responsible for the compromise. The forthcoming diet is certain to be turbulent, and it is predicted that the Katsura government will be forced from office.

Was Determined to Die
Waterville, Me., Sept. 5.—Frank Tuttle, a Showagie man, came here and, while he was walking down Main street, suddenly drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed himself in the neck. He was locked up in the police station. While in the cell he hanged himself to the door with his suspenders. When discovered Tuttle was dead.

Mill Owner Cremated
Turner, Me., Sept. 4.—Overcome by smoke while valiantly endeavoring to save his mill property from destruction by fire, Frank T. Faulkner, aged 72, perished in the flames and the town lost one of its leading citizens and the industry by which 60 families have been supported for many years. The monetary loss is \$40,000.

Carries Annual Salary of \$100,000
New York, Sept. 6.—Former Judge Alton B. Parker will succeed Mr. Collins as chief counsel for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company at an annual salary of \$100,000. Collins has retired, and the firm of Collins & Sheehan, which has acted in an advisory capacity of the company, will now be known as Sheehan & Parker.

Won't Grant Eight-Hour Day
Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 6.—After a six-hour session of the United Typothetae here the executive committee declined to make any statement of the proceedings. A prominent member, speaking unofficially, however, said: "Under the circumstances it is plain that we can accede to the demand for an eight-hour day."

Washouts From Heavy Rains
Providence, Sept. 5.—Over four inches of rain fell in Providence and vicinity during the southeast rainstorm which terminated shortly after noon yesterday. The heavy rainfall caused many small washouts along the steam and trolley roads.

Squirrels Are "Handy"
The handiness of the squirrel is something extraordinary in the animal world. He sits up on his hind paws and uses the fore paws in many ways just as a man does. He strikes with it and wards off a blow from another, and squirrel quarrels rarely go further than attempts to cuff each other like children. A lady who lives in our county and who is the protector of squirrels in that region told me that she had contrived a little rack to be filled with nuts, so that they came to the opening singly, one dropping into the place as another was taken out, and this was fixed by her window so that she could watch the squirrels come. One day a squirrel took the last nut and was quietly eating it on the window bench when another came and, finding none in the rack, went up to the eating squirrel and gave him a deliberate box on the ear and went away.—W. T. Stillman in Century.

Change in the Course of Gulf Stream is Only Temporary.

Due to Wind Currents.

These question were put to Maj. Littlehales, hydrographic engineer of the Naval Hydrographic office:

"Is it possible that the course of the Gulf Stream has varied and has come appreciably nearer the Atlantic coast of the United States than its normal course? Is this variation likely in any manner to change the climate of Long Island or of New England?"

Major Littlehales responded:

"There is nothing unusual in reports of variations of the Gulf Stream, but those variations are merely ephemeral. The movements which we call the Gulf Stream are caused principally by the winds, and unless there is a change in the entire wind system of the world there will be no change in the normal course of the Gulf Stream. The variations are never of sufficient duration to make any noticeable effect on the climate of our coast.

"It should be borne well in mind that the popular conception which pictures the Gulf Stream as a great river of warm water coursing steadily from the south through the Atlantic ocean is incorrect. The Gulf stream is due to the general drift of the North Atlantic ocean. The forces which cause this drift are the winds and the return of compensating flow of water from the Arctic. The Gulf stream, as we know it, is fixed in position by the resultant forces which cause its existence.

COLD COUNTER CURRENT.

"One of the more important of these influences is the cold counter current which is found along the Atlantic seaboard. This is almost as strong as the Gulf stream itself. It originates in the waters of Labrador and the Arctic ocean and flows south close by Nova Scotia and at varying distances from the coast of the United States, sometimes beneath and sometimes upon the surface of the ocean, as far south as Charleston and Savannah. Its presence in itself is one of the forces which work with the wind in fixing the position of the Gulf stream.

"While on the charts the general course of the Gulf stream is indicated as in a direction parallel to the trend of the coast of the American continent, and thence across the Atlantic toward Europe, it should not be inferred from this that the stream constantly flows in that direction. On the contrary, if one were to leave New York for the transatlantic passage it might be that upon arriving in the latitude and longitude where the Gulf stream was marked on the chart as flowing in a northeasterly direction, for instance, it might be plainly observable flowing toward the south.

DUE TO THE WIND.

"This would be due to the prevailing wind. So long as the winds blow to the south the current would flow in that direction. But the most general direction of the wind year in and year out is in the direction the Gulf stream is described by physical geographers as taking its course.

"Were one set adrift in a boat in the middle of the course of the Gulf stream he would probably be eventually carried to the European coast. But that would not mean that one would drift always in that direction. Today the current would carry the boat south tomorrow it would bear it north, the next day west, and the day after east. But the general tendency would be along the chartered course of the Gulf stream.

"It is perfectly reasonable that a steamship captain should encounter a strong current west of where he expected to meet the force of the Gulf stream. It is not unreasonable or unusual that the transatlantic steamships may find the Gulf stream, as they think it, bearing west instead of east."

"Is there any scientific theory which ascribes to the Gulf stream, any effect on the climate of Long Island? May the variation now reported, which is that the Gulf stream has moved nearer the United States, be expected to have and effect upon the climate either of the North Atlantic coast of this country or upon Europe?"

"No," was Maj. Littlehales' prompt response, which dashed to the ground all visions of the New England coast being bleak no longer. "The changes do not last long enough to have an appreciable effect. There is no prospect that the climate of our North Atlantic coast will be warmed by reason of any temporary change in the flow of the

Gulf stream or that Northern Europe will be rendered any the less mild by the same reason."

Why They Want Sakhalin.

As big as Belgium and Holland put together, very nearly as big as Ireland, and fully twice as big as Greece, Sakhalin Island, taken by Japan a few days ago, will add about 25,000 square miles of territory to the Mikado's Empire. It is a narrow island, nowhere wider than the State of Massachusetts is long, and at certain points not wider than Nantucket, says the Boston Evening Transcript. But this ribbonlike island lying northwest of Japan, stretches along the coast of Siberia (from which a narrow sea separates it) for a distance of 670 miles. Sakhalin has a river 250 miles long and mountains 5,000 feet high. It's by no means a vast pocket country.

Japanese enterprise, then, will have plenty of room to knock about in, but square miles aren't everything, even when you can count them by tens of thousands, and unfortunately Sakhalin's climate is nothing to boast of. To be sure, the island isn't for north (it lies in about the same latitude as France) but the sky is almost always clouded, and the cold currents flowing from the Okhotsk Sea keeps the eastern coast pretty well ice strewn all summer, while on the western coast the ice from the Amur clogs up the narrow space between the island and the mainland and long remains unsettled.

Another thing, equally discouraging as far as it goes, you can't farm to advantage on Sakhalin. Only here and there is the soil at all fertile, and even then you must content yourself with raising market truck and expect to get malaria while weeding your garden. Such at least has been the experience of Russian penal colonics who have tried to west a living from the soil. Moreover, the country looks every whit as inhospitable as experiment has proved it to be. They say that when Russian exiles get their first glimpse of that rocky coast and those grim cloud-capped mountains they often burst into tears for very despair.

There is coal—not easily mined, but abundant. At Duesy the toughest criminals have worked chained to their barrows, and each year they spent in the mines has counted as a year and a half towards hastening their discharge. The oil regions lend themselves readily to exploitation, for the east coast is only from 20 to 25 miles away, and there nature has provided harbors that boats drawing 20 feet of water can safely enter. As coal couldn't be got for love or money from England or Japan, Admiral Rumginiwhisky was to supply his armada with oil fuel from Sakhalin.

But the chief source of wealth in the Sakhalin of today is the fisheries. The rivers teem with salmon, the waters along the coast with herring. In a single year Sakhalin yielded \$1,500,000 worth of fish, and this in spite of the most discouraging conditions. The Russians wouldn't give the Japs a free hand, nor would they themselves develop the full possibilities of the fisheries. As long as the island remained a sort of Siberian background, into which exiles were constantly to be thrown, it was bad policy to encourage fleets of fishing boats to come prowling along the shore.

Now the moment you begin to talk about fish the Japanese prick up their ears. No fish, no rice; no rice, no Japs. Every year Sakhalin sends a million

dollars' worth of fish fertilizer to the Japanese rice fields. The Director General of Prisons asked permission to organize an army of Japanese jailbirds for service in Sakhalin. Such overtures as these met with governmental discouragement, but the seizure of Sakhalin by trained troops was undertaken as soon as practicable. Nor did Japan fail to perceive that a Sakhalin in the grip of a foreign power would constitute a standing menace to Japanese agriculture. It was the case of Korea over again, only with herring substituted for grain as the vital point.—National Tribune.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

WANTED AT ONCE.—Sales agents for new patented article. Indispensable to farmers in Harvest time. Rapid Seller. Exclusive territory. Also Lady Agents for new household novelties. Salary or commission.

EASTERN NOVELTY CO.,
L. B. 231, So. Poland, Me.

DISTRICT OF AROOSTOOK, COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Houlton, Me., Sept. 8, 1905. Notice is hereby given that there were seized at Ashland, Me., in said District, on the 7th day of September, 1905, for violation of the revenue laws, 237 sheep and lambs. Any person claiming said property is hereby notified to appear and file his claim within seven days and give the required bond or the same will be sold at public auction at the Custom House, Houlton, Saturday, September 16, 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. T. H. PHAIR, Collector.

STATE OF MAINE.

Aroostook, ss. Court of County Comrs. September Term held September 5, 1905. Upon the foregoing petition it is ordered that notice thereof be given by publishing a copy of said petition and this order therein, in the Aroostook Times, a newspaper printed and published at Houlton, in said County, and that a hearing thereof be given at the County Commissioners' office in Court House at Houlton, in said County, on Saturday, Sept. 23, 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place residents and owners of property upon the highways to be affected by the granting of the permit applied for, and all other persons interested shall have full opportunity to show cause why such petition should not be granted. Said notice to be given at least fourteen days before said hearing. SAMUEL C. GREENLAW, Co. 2 Comrs. LEWIS E. JACKMAN, Aroostook Co. CHARLES E. DUNN, Aroostook Co. Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk. A true copy of petition and order thereon. Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk. 337

Petition of Danforth Telephone Company.

STATE OF MAINE.

Aroostook, ss. To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners of said Aroostook County: The Danforth Telephone Company, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of Maine, and having its principal place of business and office at Danforth, Washington County, Maine, respectfully represents that on the 14th day of August, 1905, it presented to the Selectmen of the Town of Hodgdon, in said Aroostook County, a petition praying for a location for its poles and wires thereon in the following streets and highways, of said town of Hodgdon, to wit:—Houlton and Calais Road, so-called; White Settlement Road, running from Calais Road to Lincoln Corner, so-called, to town line, and a road running from Hodgdon Corner to Charles S. Green's farm, a copy of which original petition is filed herewith and marked Exhibit "A." That on said petition said Selectmen of Hodgdon ordered that notice be given by posting copy thereof and of said order of notice at P. H. Vail's store and J. H. Hand's store in said Town of Hodgdon, that a hearing on said petition was held at the Town Hall in said Hodgdon, on Tuesday, August 29, 1905, at nine o'clock A. M. That after hearing parties present at said hearing said selectmen of said Hodgdon did not grant said petition and the decision of said Selectmen on said petition was duly filed with the Clerk of said Town of Hodgdon, on the sixth day of September, 1905. That a copy of said adjudication of said Selectmen is filed herewith and marked Exhibit "B." Wherefore, said Danforth Telephone Company, being the party interested in said petition and said adjudication, being aggrieved at the failure of said Selectmen to grant said petition and at said adjudication, hereby appeals from the decision of said Selectmen to your Honorable Board of County Commissioners of said Aroostook County. Dated September 7, 1905. DANFORTH TELEPHONE COMPANY, By M. L. PORTER, Treasurer & Gen'l Manager.

Commencing October 1st, I will give absolutely free

PHONOGRAPHS

of the latest makes. Call and find out the particulars.

B. S. GREEN,
"My Clothier."

LONDON GROCERS.

Tricks of Their Trade by Which They Swindle Customers.

"Most people would be astonished if they knew how many London shopkeepers are compelled to resort to all sorts of mean economies," said a Londoner who is now visiting this country, but who served many years as an assistant in a large provision store in the English capital.

"I don't believe there is any Yankee shrewdness to equal it. Even the Londoners would be incredulous if one told them that many of the shopmen, especially those in the provision departments, are absolutely compelled to practice the tricks of the trade. At the shop I worked at if any one of the assistants was discovered giving full weight he would be at once dismissed and another man more expert at 'weighing up' put in his place."

"This seems a sensational sort of statement to make, but it is nevertheless quite true. In some shops I have worked in the proprietors absolutely discourage honesty—make it, in fact, an utter impossibility for any assistant to serve the public in an honest and straightforward manner."

"What do I mean? Well, take, for instance, the butter counter under my charge. I am served out with forty pounds of butter and ten pounds of wrapping paper, each weighed to the fraction of an ounce, and for these I must show returns for fifty pounds of butter. If I do not there is trouble ahead."

"How is it done? Water of course weighs heavy, so we use plenty of it while patting the butter into shape. Dash some more water on the paper, then a lump butter and paper on to the scales together; snick a bit off if the scale goes down heavily or smack a smudge on if it won't move; take it off and give it another pat, then thumb the lot on again. The scale moves down slightly and, whisk, off comes the butter and another paper goes around it. Butter, water and paper only weigh just a pound altogether, but of course the customer pays the same price for the paper and water as for the butter. This 'weighing up,' I might say, is done very quickly and easily."

"Cheese is much easier to manipulate, and occasionally when our butter receipts are low we can make up the deficiency at the cheese counter. A half a wheel, we will say, for a pound of cheese—'eighteen penny cheddar'—and I cut a piece which weighs slightly more. Putting up a few of the smaller wheels, I put one or two on each side of the balance. Perhaps the cheese weighs half an ounce over the pound. 'Seventeen ounces, ninepence, madam,' I say. 'Will that do?' And, as a rule, she takes it without question, thus making up the extra half ounce at the rate of 10¢ per pound."

"In the other departments it is the same. Tea is usually weighed in a small wrapper, and sugar, of course, in a tin. In every case the customer pays for the wrapper at the same rate as for the article."

"Of course it is not fair to the public, but what can we assistants do? We are at any time found giving more than weight we are reported and, if not, probably dismissed. The manager will sometimes send a small boy to get into the shop for some butter or cheese; then directly the messenger brings him the package he bounces into the shop and puts the butter or cheese on the scales again. If it with the paper, just balances, then all's well."—New York Herald.

Names in Ireland.

The Cornish names in Ireland are few and far between, but evidence of an extensive Welsh immigration is forthcoming in the fact that at the present day the name Walsh—pronounced Welsh—is to be met with in nearly every county in Ireland. The earliest settlement of Welsh colonists in the baronies of Forth and Bargy, in County Wexford, who maintained their ancient manners, customs and language for some 400 years, no longer deserve the title of a "peculiar people," given to them by S. C. Hall in 1841. The Welsh dialect having practically died out, though many of the old family names—O'Donnell, O'Sullivan and Walsh—are still very common in the neighborhood.

The Huguenots were granted letters of naturalization in 1674 and founded colonies in Dublin, Kilkenny, Portlargo, Waterford, Cork and Lisburn. Many prominent distinguished Irishmen have borne and still bear Huguenot names, among whom mention may be made of the La Touche, Trenches, La Foy, Lefroy and Lefanus, of the last of whom one may say, in the best sense, that they are Hibernian Ispis Hiberniores.—London Spectator.

A Patient Young Man.

A clergyman was praising the virtue of patience. "We may have industry," said he, "sobriety, ambition, all the virtues that make for success, and yet without patience we will accomplish nothing. A young man was overheard on a street corner the other night reproaching a young girl. That young man was patient. He had so highly developed this excellent quality that I shall not be surprised some day to see him a millionaire, a college president or even a bishop."

"The young man said, as the young girl drew near him on the corner: 'What a time you have kept me waiting!'"

"The girl tossed her head. 'It is only 7 o'clock,' she said, 'and I didn't promise to be here till a quarter of 8!'"

"The young man smiled a calm and patient smile. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'but you have mistaken the day. I have been waiting for you since last evening!'"

AVOID INFERIORITY.

Resolve That You Will Never Be Second Class in Anything.

It is said that Daniel Webster made the best chowder in his state on the principle that he would not be second class in anything. This is a good resolution with which to start out in your career. Resolve never to be second class in anything. No matter what you do, try to be a king in it. Have nothing to do with the inferior. Do your best in everything; deal with the best; choose the best; live up to your best.

One of the most successful men I know stamped his individuality upon everybody who knew him by this constant desire for the highest and the best in everything. No one could induce him to do a thing or to accept an inferior article when a better was within his reach. Whether it was the quality and the style of his clothing or of anything he bought, he would allow nothing about him which was not the best obtainable. Even when poor and trying to get a start for himself, when others patronized cheap restaurants and obtained rooms in cheap localities, he would have none of these things.

He believed that his success depended largely upon following high ideals, upon keeping himself up to quality, upon his making a good impression, and he would not have anything to do with cheap or shoddy things. He shrank from inferiority and avoided it as he would poison, believing that it would taint his ideals, smirch his ambition and lower his standards. No cheap education was for him; no cheap books; no cheap, shoddy clothing, or cheap manners. He had to have the best of everything.

His acquaintances thought that it was foolish and ruinous for him, when trying to get a start for himself to spend his entire income in keeping up appearances or trying to keep in touch with the best people. He always considered that it was worth much to be thrown with people of culture and refinement and people of means, because he expected they would be his customers later in life. This young man believed that social success was imperative to his professional success, and he regarded his acquaintance among the better classes as of inestimable value.

His subsequent career certainly seemed to vindicate his methods. Although he had a hard struggle at first, he has attained great distinction and has been a marvel to his schoolmates and those who knew him in early life as a poor boy and who laughed at the lofty standard which he set for himself.

But the main value of this man's career is in its suggestion that we should allow nothing to enter the life that will deteriorate our ideals or lower our standard of quality. It teaches that keeping with the best, doing our best, insisting upon the best everywhere and always, will have a marked influence in elevating the life to the standard adopted.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

The "Little Black Boy Dream."

The most remarkable dream, or, rather, series of dreams, ever related is that which has gone down into history as "The Little Black Boy Dream." Mr. Senfield gives the story in his "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams." An Englishman, whom we shall call Mr. Hartley, was residing in India. He wished to make a trip into the interior and took with him only an Indian lad of twelve years. On the first night after leaving Mrs. Hartley aroused her brother-in-law, who was sleeping in an adjoining room, her screams having been occasioned by dreaming that the "little black boy" was murdering her husband. While the brother-in-law was quieting Mrs. H. screams were heard upstairs and on investigation proved that another lady of the household had had a dream precisely similar to that of Mrs. H. They were all pretty well worked up over the matter until the afternoon of the following day, when Mr. Hartley returned, although he had expected to be absent a week. He gave as his only excuse for not continuing the journey that the night before he had dreamed that "the little black boy" intended to murder him!

It is needless to add that the Hartleys always believed that the "little black boy" was prevented from committing murder by the three providential coincident dreams.

Lincoln's Devout Spirit.

James G. Blaine was profoundly impressed with the religious character of Abraham Lincoln as exemplified in the tone of his public documents. In Blaine's book this tribute is found:

"Throughout the whole period of the war he constantly directed the attention of the nation to dependence on God. It may indeed be doubted whether he omitted this in a single state paper. In every message to congress, in every proclamation to the people, he made it prominent. In July, 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, he called upon the people to give thanks because 'it has pleased Almighty God to harken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people and to vouchsafe signal and effective victories to the army and navy of the United States,' and he asked the people to render homage to the divine majesty and to invoke the influence of his holy spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion."

"On another occasion, recounting the blessings which had come to the Union, he said: 'No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out the great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most high God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.'"

DO FISH SHOW TEMPER?

The Finny Tribe May Indulge in Both Fun and Indignation.

A fish inquisitive or in a temper is undoubtedly an absurd idea at first sight, but the absurdity lessens on reflection. All animals of whose ways we have intimate knowledge reveal the emotions which the fisherman denies to fish. For example, children, lambs, young tigers, young lions, young monkeys, kittens and puppy dogs rush at things which attract their eyes, and that without thought of eating them, and if they are thwarted or injured in the contact they are apt to rush at them again in irritation. If, then, we take it for granted that fish are incapable of curiosity and irritation, we are assuming that the minds of fish are fundamentally different from those of all living creatures with whose natures we are familiar.

That, when one thinks of it, would be an assumption so great as to be impossible of acceptance until it had been justified by the clearest reasoning. No reasoning whatsoever can be offered in its favor, and some can be offered against it. We have no authority for believing that the mental characteristics of fish are different from those of animals generally. We are used to believing this, but the usage is unintelligent. It probably springs from the separation of sympathies which come from our living in an "element" other than that of the salmon and the trout. If we were amphibious we should have a clearer insight into their ways and perhaps find that both fun and indignation lurk at times under the saturnine aspect of their visages.

As it is, some of us who have been in the accidental neighborhood of a shark have had cause to realize that even as "a hungry man is an angry man" a hungry fish, when annoyed in pursuit of his meal, is angry, too, and not unwilling to risk his skin in vindication of his appetite and his wrath. Besides, all fishermen, to their sorrow, know that there are times when salmon and trout rise bristly, but "not in earnest."

Many an exasperating hour have all of us spent with fish who give our flies a frequent poke or a frequent nibble at the tails of them and escape untouched. Many a time also have we found them rising at the fly not with their mouths, but with their tails, seeking to flick them under the surface and to "draw" them, to all appearance in the spirit in which a cat plays with a mouse. The analogy between fish and other creatures in the matter of curiosity and gamboling goes even further. It may have been observed that it was the young of tigers and cats and dogs and other creatures that we spoke of as given to playing with things that attract their eyes, not the elderly animals so much.

Well, fish are in exactly the same case.—London Standard.

A Drawback in American Life.

It is a drawback in American life for purposes of observation and comment that we are a people indistinguishable to the eye, unclassified to the understanding. Your casual stranger may be a bank president or a floorwalker, a bishop or a broker, a Presbyterian or a Christian Scientist, or be by birth of Iowa or Maine, or live in a hall bedroom or a mansion with a park front. He bears few marks of his opinions or beliefs, political or religious. You can make but broad generalizations about him. Moreover, his opinions and beliefs are not of a piece. It is likely that he was born into one set of conditions, passed through others, and has come out a mixture, his makeup composite, his outline indistinct. Our clergy are mainly unfringed, our officials ununiformed. We have no kings. Our beggars are unsatisfactory. You cannot tell a governor from a congressman. Your collision with a package carrying youth may be a right contact with a student of the schools, an academic rebuttal, or but "an illiterate encounter" with some mercantile adolescence, some conveyor of parcels. There is nothing absolute about his garb, countenance or motions. Society moves before us disorderly and our eyes are bemused with the clutter.—Arthur Colton in Atlantic.

The Peach.

Peaches are a tonic, an aperient, a food and a drink combined, or, to put it briefly, they are meat and medicine. A good meal may be made on cut peaches, with sugar and cream, bread and butter. After a meal of this variety a person will feel more like attending to the duties of the afternoon than if he or she indulged in heavy foods. Peaches are good before breakfast and after dinner. They are good for the digestion, good for the blood and good for the complexion. Some people eat them without cream or sugar and with good results. The fruit is so rich in sugar and acid that it preserves its flavor a long while, but to get the full benefit it should be eaten as soon as it is cut. Redness of the nose, due to congestion; inflamed complexion and scrofulous and bilious tendencies are said to be materially influenced by a liberal consumption of this luscious fruit.

Won, but Not Held.

A learned English judge asked a woman to marry him because she, knowing his weakness, had mixed a salad so artistically that he declared he could not live without eating another. The judge soon repented of his folly. The lady had a foolish nature and a temper which so tormented her husband that he would prolong the sessions of his court far into the night. "Gentlemen," he was accustomed to say when counsel or jury murmured at the lateness of the hour, "as we must be somewhere, we cannot be better anywhere than we are here."

B. & A. R. R.

Arrangement of Trains in Effect

June 5, 1905.

Pullman Car Service.

June 5, 1905

Pullman Parlor Car on train leaving Houlton at 8.25 a. m. and Bangor at 3.25 p. m.

Pullman Sleeping Car on train leaving Houlton at 6.40 p. m. and Boston at 7.00 p. m.

Until further notice trains will leave Houlton as follows:

8.25 a. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 9.15 a. m., Fatten 11.40 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Brownville 11.32 a. m., Oldtown 12.31 p. m., Bangor 1.05 p. m., Portland 5.35 p. m., Boston 9.05 p. m.

8.30 a. m.—for and arriving at Littleton 8.46 a. m., Mars Hill 9.31 a. m., Fort Fairfield 10.40 a. m., Presque Isle 10.04 a. m., Caribou 10.50 a. m., Van Buren 11.55 a. m.

11.15 a. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 12.04 a. m., Masardis 1.11 p. m., Ashland 1.35 p. m., Portage 1.58 p. m., Fort Kent 3.30 p. m.

12.35 p. m. for and arriving at Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Mar. Hill 1.41 p. m., Presque Isle 2.14 p. m., Caribou 2.47 p. m., New Sweden 4.45 p. m., Ashland 5.35 p. m., Fort Fairfield 2.30 p. m., Limestone 3.28 p. m.

4.15 p. m. for and arriving at Island Falls 5.12 p. m., Fatten 6.05 p. m., Millinocket 6.25 p. m., Brownville 6.53 p. m., Oldtown 7.50 p. m., Bangor 7.25 p. m., Portland 1.05 a. m., Boston 5.30 a. m.

p. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 7.35 p. m., Howe Brook 8.04 p. m., Masardis 8.48 p. m., Ashland 9.10 p. m.

6.40 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 7.42 p. m., Millinocket 8.20 p. m., Bangor 8.53 p. m., Portland 4.14 a. m., Boston 7.20 a. m.

8.05 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 8.50 p. m., Mars Hill 9.34 p. m., Caribou 10.00 p. m., Fort Fairfield 9.50 p. m.

ARRIVALS.

8.28 a. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 6.25 a. m., Caribou 6.20 a. m., Presque Isle 6.47 a. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 11.8 a. m., Bridgewater 7.35 a. m.

8.23 a. m.—leaving Bangor 7.00 p. m., Portland 10.30 p. m., Bangor 3.25 a. m., Millinocket 6.15 a. m., Sherman 7.03 a. m., Island Falls 7.25 a. m., Oldfield 7.43 a. m., Ludlow 7.50 a. m., New Limerick 8.08 a. m.

9.35 a. m.—leaving Ashland 7.20 a. m., Masardis 7.41 a. m., Smyrna Mills 8.50 a. m., Ludlow 9.13 a. m., New Limerick 9.21 a. m.

12.36 p. m.—leaving Bangor 9.45 p. m., Portland 12.35 a. m., Bangor 7.10 a. m., Oldtown 7.47 a. m., Brownville 9.07 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Fatten 9.05 a. m., Island Falls 11.33 a. m.

2.10 p. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 11.40 a. m., Van Buren 9.10 a. m., Caribou 12.10 p. m., Presque Isle 12.38 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 1.09 p. m., Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Monticello 1.45 p. m.

3.25 p. m.—leaving Fort Kent 11.10 a. m., Portage 12.40 p. m., Ashland 1.05 p. m., Ludlow 3.02 p. m., New Limerick 3.11 p. m.

6.35 p. m.—leaving Van Buren 2.50 p. m., Fort Fairfield 5.05 p. m., Caribou 4.40 p. m., Presque Isle 5.07 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 5.37 p. m., Bridgewater 5.40 p. m.

8.00 p. m.—leaving Bangor 8.00 a. m., Portland 11.05 a. m., Bangor 3.25 p. m., Oldtown 3.35 p. m., Brownville 4.50 p. m., Millinocket 6.00 p. m., Fatten 9.05 a. m., Sherman 6.45 p. m., Island Falls 7.05 p. m.

C. C. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.
W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.
BANGOR, ME., June 5, 1905.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Effective June 4th, 1905.

Trains Daily Except Sunday Except Otherwise Stated.

DEPARTURES.

Eastern 5.20 a. m. Mixed, Week days for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East. Van Buren, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

Eastern 9.20 a. m. Express, Week days for Woodstock, and all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec.

Eastern 4.40 p. m. Mixed, Week days for McAdam, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st); Van Buren, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., Montreal and points West; Fredericton, St. John and points East.

Eastern 8.50 p. m. Mixed for Woodstock, N. B.

ARRIVALS.

Eastern 6.25 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock.

Eastern 10.20 a. m. Mixed Week days from St. John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st, Boston, Montreal and points West.

Eastern 6.45 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock, and all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup, and Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

Eastern 9.48 p. m. Mixed Week days from St. John, and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Van Buren, Bangor, Portland and Boston.

C. E. K. USSHER, G. P. A. Montreal.

Funny-Pectoral Soothes Sore Lungs and makes tender throats well and strong.

THE NEW WAY TO CURE DYSPEPSIA

PEPSOIDS DESTROY DISEASE GERMS OF THE STOMACH. TRY A BOTTLE—FREE.

Pepsoids cure the worst forms of Dyspepsia and all other Acute or Chronic Stomach Disorders by repairing the worn-out lining of the stomach and destroys all disease germs. Dyspepsia once cured in this way never returns. Pepsoids is not a patent medicine, but the successful prescription of Dr. Oldman who has cured thousands of cases of Chronic Stomach Troubles, among them Cancer of the Stomach. It cost more money to produce Pepsoids than any similar preparation on the market, owing to the large

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas Harmon E. Curtis of Monticello in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine by his mortgage deed dated the twenty-eighth day of April, A. D. 1904 and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Vol. 203, Page 473, conveyed to Lucene A. Hill of Littleton in said Aroostook County, a certain portion of the west half of lot number thirty-five (35) in the south half of said Monticello, said tract being bounded on the west by the west line of said lot; on the south by the south line of said lot and on the north by the north line of said lot and on the east by a line running parallel with the east line of said lot and far enough distant from the east line of said lot to leave for the occupant of the eastern part of said lot just one hundred acres; that portion of said lot hereby conveyed containing about forty-nine (49) acres, said portion being the same conveyed to said Harmon E. Curtis by Leslie A. Curtis by deed dated April 28, 1904. And whereas the said Lucene A. Hill by his deed of assignment dated the twenty-sixth (26) day of August, A. D. 1905, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Vol. 196 Page 197, assigned and conveyed to me, the undersigned, Ann Scott, of said Littleton, said mortgage deed and the debt thereby secured and all his right, title and interest in the premises therein described. And whereas the condition of said mortgage is broken, now therefore by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage and give this notice for the purpose of foreclosing the same.

Dated at Houlton, Me., Aug. 30, 1905.
By her Attorney LYMAN S. STRICKLAND.

Petition of Katahdin Farmers' Telephone Company.

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners of Aroostook County.
The Katahdin Farmers' Telephone Company hereby respectfully makes application for a written permit to erect telephone poles and wires along the following named highway in Township 1, Range 5, in Aroostook County, Maine.

The highway referred to in the above application is as follows:
The west Aroostook Road, so-called, in said Township Number One, Range Five, in said Aroostook County.

Dated at Island Falls, July 17, 1905.
KATAHDIN FARMERS' TELEPHONE COMPANY.
By C. E. MILLIKEN, Pres.

STATE OF MAINE.

Aroostook, ss.—Court of County Comrs.
July Adj. Term Held July 3, 1905.

Upon the foregoing petition it is ordered that notice thereof be given by publishing a copy of said petition and this order thereon, in the Aroostook Times, a newspaper printed and published at Houlton, in said County, and that a hearing thereof be given at the Commissioners' Office in Court House, at Houlton, in said County, on Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1905, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time and place residents and owners of property upon the highways to be affected by the granting of the permit applied for, and all other persons interested shall have full opportunity to show cause why such permit should not be granted. Said notice to be given at least fourteen (14) days before said hearing.

SAMUEL C. GREENLAW, Co. Comrs.
LEWIS E. JACKMAN, Aroostook Co. Clerk.
Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.
A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered an aromatic pleasant herb drink for women's ills, called "STRAILIN-LEAF." It is the only safe month regular. Cures female weaknesses and Backache, Kidney and Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample free. Address The Mother Gray Co., Lakewood, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and localizes the hair, cures itching scalp, promotes growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

For Sale

\$25,000 property. One of the best farms in Aroostook County, together with all farming utensils, 30 head of cattle, 8 horses, 50 sheep will be sold at a bargain. The farm consists of 300 acres of fine land with good buildings situated four miles from Houlton in Littleton, Maine.

The location is excellent, the surroundings healthful and beautiful, and the farm level and productive. Anyone desiring a large first class farm well equipped should apply at once to H. H. DRAKE, on premises or R. W. SHAW, Houlton, Maine

EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO. BANGOR DIVISION.

SUMMER SERVICE.

SIX TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, May 1, 1905, steamers leave Bangor daily, except Sunday at 1.30 p. m. for Winterport, Bucksport, Belfast, Camden, Rockland and Boston. For Hampden and Searsport Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1.30 p. m.

RETURNING.
From Boston daily except Sunday at 5 p. m. From Rockland daily, except Monday, at 5.30 a. m., via Camden, Belfast, Bucksport, and Winterport.
From Searsport and Hampden Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays.
All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company is insured against fire and marine risk.

Veterinary Surgeon

Horace B. F. Jervis,
V. S.

(Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto.)

Diseases of Domesticated Animals treated scientifically. Dental work a specialty. Calls night and day promptly attended to.

OFFICE: ATHERTON BLOCK, HOULTON, MAINE.

TO RENT—Two large potato houses near C. P. R. station in this town. For particulars apply to

MRS. G. W. ANDERSON,
Houlton, or BERT DOYLE, Caribou.

Are You Using Allen's Foot Ease?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful, Smarting, Itches, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cts.

We Sell

Warranted Pure Vinegars

Nothing is more unwholesome and dangerous to health than the cheap acid vinegars frequently offered for sale, but you should know that

HEINZ VINEGARS

comply with the pure food laws of every State in the Union and every country in the world. They are not only strictly and absolutely pure, wholesome and safe, but they are properly aged, smooth and delicate in flavor and aroma.

HEINZ PURE CIDER VINEGAR

From first pressing of apples.

HEINZ WHITE PICKLING VINEGAR

Distilled from grain.

HEINZ PURE MALT VINEGAR

Brewed from malted barley.

A. H. BERRY & SON,

Strictly Cash Grocery and Meat Market

quantity of the purest Pepsin and other expensive drugs each tablet contains, (see formula on bottle.) Pepsoids are sold at 50 cents a bottle on an absolute guarantee to cure, or money refunded. We will send you, if you have not used Pepsoids before, a 50-cent bottle FREE; merely send us your name and address, and you will receive promptly a full sized bottle. You do not obligate yourself to pay a cent. All we ask after Pepsoids have cured or greatly benefited you is, that you recommend Pepsoids to your friends. Every man

or woman now has the opportunity of possessing a strong and healthy stomach. Will you grasp it? People with weak stomachs are always in misery. Pepsoids have made thousands of people happy by giving them what nature intended everyone should possess—a strong and healthy stomach, so as to enjoy the best there is in life. Try Pepsoids to-day. Or you may have a full sized bottle free by writing the Medical Department of The Peppco Company, Chicago, Ill.

Sold and recommended by ROBT. J. COCHRAN, Houlton, KINCAID & WILSON, Mars Hill, Me

News of the Week

South Gardiner, Sept. 2.—The second section of the Bar Harbor express, train 127, on the Maine Central railroad, due here, bound eastward, at 2.45 a. m. crashed into the rear car of the first section, near the station here, early Saturday. The car was badly wrecked and 30 persons were injured, one man seriously. The exact cause of the accident has not been ascertained, but it is said to have resulted from the failure of the engineer of the second section to observe the signals of the brakeman of the first section on account of fog.

Rockland is in the grip of a typhoid fever epidemic. The dread disease is increasing rapidly, and the residents of the town are very much alarmed over the prospects, which daily grow worse instead of better. Already 32 cases have been reported to the health authorities, and of these 30 have been reported within the past seven days.

Utica, N. Y., Sept. 4.—The villages of New Berlin and Edmeston were nearly destroyed by a cloud burst which occurred Sunday evening. It had been raining all day and the streams were very high. About 7.30 o'clock there was a terrible fall of rain and in less than 30 minutes the streams became torrents which swept buildings from their foundations, washed out telegraph and telephone poles and dozens of bridges and accomplished damage in every direction.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 5.—The Sturgis commission has struck the war post in Augusta, and the crusade against the alleged dealers in alcoholic beverages has commenced.

Portsmouth, N. H. Sept. 5.—The treaty of Portsmouth was signed shortly before 4 o'clock this afternoon. The salute of 21 guns was the signal, which told the people of Portsmouth, Kittery and New Castle that the peace of Portsmouth was an accomplished fact and the church bells in the three towns were rung forth a joyful refrain. Mr. White and Baron Komura affixed their signatures at 3.30. During this ceremony no word was spoken. Mr. White was the last to sign, then throwing his pen aside he reached across the table and grasped Baron Komura's hand. His conferees follow, and the Russian and Japanese delegates remained for a moment in silence their right hands tightly clasped across the conference table. The war was over, Russia and Japan were once more friends.

Winterville Station.

Major and Mrs. Stephen Hart of Houlton were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Waterall at their camp last week.

H. M. Briggs spent a few days here recently.

Owing to the long dry spell and low water, trout have not been very active at present for the fly, but prefer lurking in the deep waters and taking an occasional nibble at live bait.

Mr. M. R. Riter has had good luck and helped to keep the table supplied at "Camp Philadelphia" with delicious trout.

Dr. and Mrs. Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Gilpatrick of Boston are at Red Deer Camp and enjoying their outing in the Maine woods very much.

Mrs. W. L. Waterall and Miss Doris Waterall left for Houlton, Monday, and Camp Philadelphia will be closed for the season Sept. 11.

The largest salmon taken from St. Froid lake this season was caught Saturday by Mrs. J. T. Dudley who is spending a few weeks here with her husband.

Mildew on Linen.

Mildew is not difficult to remove from linen. Lay the goods in sour milk for a time and I think you will find all traces have disappeared. Rubbing the spots with half a lemon dipped in salt in another excellent remedy for stains on white goods, but should not be used on colored, as the acid will bleach the material, says the New York Telegram. Javell's water, too, is exceedingly good, but care must be taken to rinse thoroughly in clear water, or the result will be a hole when the material is ironed.

Sweet butter will remove tar, I know but my advice would be to take your waister to a professional cleaner, as I think you would possibly find it much cheaper than experimenting at home. The cost cannot be very much, and anyway, the handsome waister is quite worth it.

New Legislation by I. O. F.

The following article is clipped from an Elizabeth, N. J., paper with regard to the recent meeting of the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters, held in Atlantic City, N. J.:

"While the legislation enacted by the Supreme Court was limited, it was quite important. The fact that the reports showed that the surplus funds of the Order had increased nearly four million dollars since the Supreme Court session in California three years ago, and that they now amounted to over nine million dollars, settled at once all rumors as to an increase in rates.

"Among the changes made was the reduction of the age limit to 16 years in place of 18 years, as it has been. This change was made in view of the fact that the death rate for the ages of 16 and 17 years is less than four a thousand.

"Another important change was the addition of two new forms of insurance, namely, the instalment system and the term policy. By the former a member can arrange to have the face value of his policy paid to his beneficiary in 10 yearly instalments instead of one payment. By the term policy a member can carry insurance for a term of either five, ten, fifteen or twenty years. The rates for these two plans are considerably lower than for the regular life plan now in force. For instance, while a member 30 years of age pays a monthly premium of \$1.14 for \$1,000 insurance, payable in one payment, he can carry an instalment policy for \$1.07, and for a term policy he will pay 72 cents for five years; 78 cents for 10, 80 cents for 15, and 86 cents for 20. These policies, which are optional, can all be carried by the members if they so decide.

"It was also decided to issue a special policy of \$250, for the exclusive benefit of the companion or women courts of the Order. The male members will not be permitted to take out a policy for less than \$500.

"After a discussion on the subject it was concluded to support the Orphan's Home by a monthly contribution of one cent from each member. This will aggregate about \$27,000 a year.

"More than ordinary interest has been manifested by the fraternal world in the legislation enacted by the Foresters. The severe tension ensuing the recent radical change in rates by the Royal Arcanum, Knights of Honor, Maccabees, and Catholic Legion has turned the thoughts of the fraternalists to the Supreme Court session of the Foresters—the latter having been the pioneer in the readjustment of its rates, in 1898—and the query was as to whether this readjustment had been a success or whether the I. O. F. would have to again increase its rates.

"Hence the action of this body, based upon its experience in the past and the most prosperous condition of its finances, will be received with much satisfaction by not only the members of this particular Order, but by all fraternalists, it being made evident that fraternal insurance can be successfully furnished when founded upon the proper table of rates."

A Prosperous Society.

How the Independent Order of Foresters Has Grown.

The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters held its triennial session at Atlantic City, New Jersey, recently. The reports submitted at this meeting show the society to be a wonderfully prosperous one. An Independent Finance Committee investigated all the securities, etc., and reported that they found the business affairs of the order managed in a thoroughly business like manner the investments safely and wisely made, and that no losses had been incurred during all the years of the order's history. The order's accumulated funds have increased in the last three years \$3,272,344.51. The order's position is growing better every year; for instance, the increase in accumulated assets during the last two years, 1903-4, was 34.34 per cent., while the increase in insurance at risk during the same period was only 6.97 per cent. The order has increased its accumulated funds since the last meeting of the Supreme Court more rapidly than it increased in any equal time previously. During the 313 working days of the year the order pays out \$8,892.89 per day, and each day puts away a surplus of \$3,907. The order's accumulated funds now amount to over \$9,000,000, and these, the committee reports, are well and safely invested.

The society has added 11,000 members net for each year of the past triennial period. No changes were made in the rates, the Supreme Chief Ranger contending that the rates of the order at the present time were ample.

All the Supreme Executive were re-elected, with Hon. Dr. Oronhyatekha at their head. It should be added that the death rate of the order is low, indeed, much lower than it was some years ago, and the average age of the membership is only thirty-seven. The medical work seems, therefore, to be well and carefully done. As a fraternal society the Independent Order of Foresters certainly has been a wonderful success, and something of its financial strength may be understood from the fact that the reports show that it has already enough in its treasury to pay all probable death claims for about five years without collecting any premiums from any one of its members.

Against Sabbath-breaking.

Many of the religious periodicals contain editorials concerning the recent declaration of the Rev. P. A. Ludden, Roman Catholic bishop of Syracuse, regarding his determination to refuse the honors of Christian burial to those who die by accident on the Lord's Day while engaged in violation of the Sabbath. Bishop Ludden's decision was formulated in the case of a young man who was drowned on Sunday while fishing. The public notice issued reads as follows: "Many who call themselves Christians, and some who call themselves Catholics, start out on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings to spend the Sunday at some pleasure resort, places of very questionable amusements, such as dancing, midways, and drinking places. All these forget the observance of the third commandment, 'Keep holy the Sabbath Day.' While the Sabbath is made for man, man is made for God. Hence the first duty on the Sabbath is to give glory to God according to prescribed forms, then rest and innocent recreation."

Of this firm stand the Churchman says: "His action has attracted wide attention. It has startled many people into thinking of the progressive paganism of Sunday, no less marked in this country than in England. This Anglo-Saxon tendency is the more strange when we consider that on the continent the movement is generally the other way. The Paris of today, observers tell us, presents a distinctly less secular aspect than it did a generation ago. There may be no less amusement; there is certainly less business. The same is true of Berlin and other German cities. It is true in some degree, also, of Italy and of Spain. Many sober-minded people, in no Puritanic spirit, believe that the time has come for a halt in this country, and have welcomed Bishop Ludden's declaration. Notable among these is Andrew D. White, once president of Cornell, former United States ambassador to Germany, and what in this connection is perhaps more significant, author of a 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology.' He expresses himself as in thorough sympathy with Dr. Ludden in this matter, and says particularly that the distinction the bishop makes between Christian burial and the honors of Christian burial will 'set large numbers of thinking men and women into trains of thought on this subject that will be profitable not only to themselves, but to the country at large.' Dr. White sees no objection to reasonable Sunday recreation, but he says that the extremes to which our communities have gone of late are such as to create just alarm. The remedy is not to be sought in legislation, but in just such an appeal to the conscience of Christian people as Bishop Ludden has made, and his action is capable of a much wider application. The church is of many things a trustee to mankind. It can not rightly deny them to those who seek. But it can and should reserve its 'honors' to those whose Christian lives have made them worthy of them."

"Alas!" sobbed King Arthur, "Sir Galahad is dead."

"Nay," remarked the court jester; "say rather that he is simply 'enjoying a good knight's rest.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The maiden sighed softly and pressed Her head 'gainst her fond lover's breast;

But he lost all his joy When he found with an

noy She had smashed three cigars in his vessel. —Houston Post.



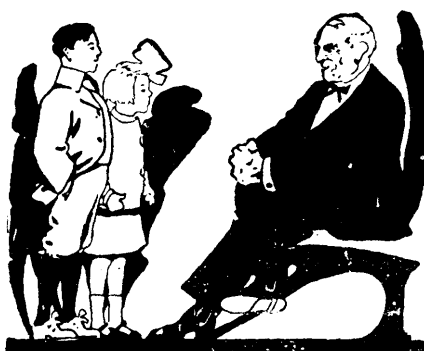
DON'T buy a hat at random. You rightly expect long service from it and you should insist on a pledge that it will keep its shape and color.

"GOLD BOND" \$2.00 HATS

are warranted and in buying them you run no risk. If they should fail in their duty, bring them back.

"Gold Bond Hats are as good as the Government."

FOX BROS.



Well Chicks!

Get your hats on and we will go and see about some of those

Little Wonder Shoes

for you. They have 'em at Merritt's where they know how to fit young feet so they feel as well as they look.

Merritt's Shoe Store.

10 Court St., Houlton.

BANKRUPT'S PETITION FOR DISCHARGE.

In the matter of Henry J. Fraser, Bankrupt. In Bankruptcy. To the Hon. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. HENRY J. FRASER, of Masardis, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 15th day of July, last past he was duly adjudged bankrupt, under the Acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

WHEREFORE HE PRAYS, That he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 21st day of Aug. A. D. 1905. H. J. FRASER, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

District of Maine, ss. On this 2nd day of Sept., A. D. 1905, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—ORDERED BY THE COURT, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 2nd day of Sept. A. D. 1905, before said Court, at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Aroostook Times, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons interested, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED BY THE COURT, That the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the Honorable Clarence Hale Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 2nd day of Sept., A. D. 1905. (L. S.) JAMES E. HEWLEY, Clerk. A true copy of petition and order thereon. Attest: JAMES E. HEWLEY, Clerk.

37

It does not take four horses to haul

The REUTHER POTATO DIGGER

Two light horses can haul it. It does not haul harder than a six foot mowing machine. We warrant this digger to do as thorough work as any two or four horse digger on the market. It is made of the best material and every part is durable. If used with proper care the annual cost for repairs will be light. Last season there were 275 in use in Maine and the total expense for repairs was only \$220, or an average of 80c. per digger. Last season we sold 235 in Aroostook County. 180 were sold to farmers that had owned or used other high-priced diggers. Every digger was sold on a printed warranty and every purchaser was satisfied he had the best digger made.

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUES AND PRICES.

All diggers delivered at nearest R. R. station.

Parkhurst & Huntington.

Local Agents

McGEE & ADAMS, Houlton.

Elias R. Hughes, Amity, Safford & York, Mars Hill, T. B. Bradford, Golden Ridge, Chas. W. Wescott, Patten, A. M. Leavitt, Smyrna Mills, P. E. Craig, Ashland, O. A. Stanley, Monticello, J. W. Darling, Sherman Mills.

I. C. S.

The International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pa. will give a free exhibition at

FRENCH'S DRUG STORE

From Sept. 11th to 16

A liberal discount is given to all enrolling during the week. Ask for descriptive circular on any course you may be interested in.

Caribou, Me., Aug. 4, 1904.

International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa. Dear Sir: I cannot say to much regarding the benefits derived from my Electric Lighting and Railway Course in the schools, but I wish I could make it so strong that every electrician would enroll. The knowledge gained has been worth many times the price of my course to me and I have the great satisfaction of knowing not only the how but the why of my work. The cost of an I. C. S. course is insignificant compared to the benefits derived. The knowledge obtained has been the means of increasing my pay over 100 per cent.

B. H. ALLEN, Electrician, Caribou Light and Power Co.

Houlton, Me., Sept. 1, 1903.

Some time ago I enrolled as a student of the I. C. S. The knowledge and benefit derived from this course, the Complete Architectural Course has greatly exceeded my expectation. The instruction is both practical and thorough. I would consider the knowledge gained from one of the I. C. S. scholarships cheap at double the cost, and my advice to any young man who wishes to better his condition is to enroll as soon as possible. Without the knowledge derived from the schools it would have been impossible for me to have received, or to hold after receiving the position I now hold, that of Architectural Draftsman on the B. & A. R. R.

ABRAHAM WHITE.

E. M. WELLER, Local Rep.

Fort Fairfield, - - - Maine.

NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF CREDITORS

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, In Bankruptcy. In the matter of Absalom B. Wark, Bankrupt. To the creditors of Absalom B. Wark of Woodland, in the County of Aroostook and District of Maine, a bankrupt. Notice is hereby given that on the 2nd day of Sept. A. D. 1905, the said Absalom B. Wark was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of Edwin L. Vail in Houlton, on the 2nd day of Sept., A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

EDWIN L. VAIL, Referee in Bankruptcy. Dated at Houlton, Sept. 4, 1905.

TO RENT—Two large potato houses near C. P. R. station in this town. For particulars apply to

MRS. G. W. ANDERSON, Houlton, or BERT DOYLE, Caribou.

Are You Using Allen's Foot Ease?

Slide into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful Smelling Feet, Swollen Feet. At all Drug-Stores and Shoe Stores, 25 cts.

L. W. Dyer,

SINCOCKBLOCK

—DEALER IN—

Meats, Groceries, Fruit Confectionery, Crockery, Etc.

MAIN ST. HOULTON, ME

State of Maine.

Office of Board of State Assessors.

Augusta, Sept. 4, 1905. Notice is hereby given that the State Assessors will be in session at the Court House in Houlton, Tuesday, Sept. 19th, at the Court House, in Caribou, Wednesday, Sept. 20th, at the Assessors' Office in Van Buren, Thursday, Sept. 21st, at Hotel Dickey, in Fort Kent, Friday, Sept. 22nd, in the County of Aroostook, at 8 o'clock in the forenoon of each day, A. D. 1905, to secure information to enable them to make a just and equal assessment of the taxable property in the several towns in said county, and to investigate charges of concealment of property liable to assessment as required by law.

F. M. SIMPSON, State Assessor. OTIS HAYFORD, State Assessor. GEORGE POTTLE, State Assessor. JAMES PLUMMER, Clerk.

Dr. J. J. Dyer

The Ideal Women's Shoes ARE OF FAULTLESS FIT

Designed by a Woman to suit Woman's Needs.

Supports arch of foot resting entire body.

Allen T. Smith,

Exclusive Agent.
BOSTON SHOE STORE.

Central Stables

Market Square,

HOULTON, MAINE

Headquarters for Boarding, Baiting, and Stabling. Livery and Sale Stable in connection.

Capacity over sixty good stalls including roomy box stalls, with ample carriage room. The best care taken day and night.

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ST. HOULTON, ME

Residence for Sale on Highland Ave.

Recently owing to my increasing business we have decided to sell our home on the Highlands and move south. This is an opportunity for some one to get a real home place, good house, plenty of land, fine garden well stocked with small fruit and in one of the very best neighborhoods in town. For terms call at 20 Highland Ave.

H. M. ORRIS.

Drill Machine Co.

Office: 104 Fulton St., N. Y.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers! Little children are at this season afflicted with bad stomachs and colic. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children will always cure. If worms are present, they will certainly remove them. A sample will be sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas Ellen White and Albion White, husband and wife, both of Fort Fairfield in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, by their mortgage deed dated November 10th, 1899, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds Vol. 172, Page 600, conveyed to Albion White the following described real estate situated in said Fort Fairfield, to wit: The northerly or westerly half of Twenty lot numbered forty-four (44) north of Aroostook river, containing ninety-eight (98) acres, more or less, being the same conveyed to said Ellen White by said Albion White, devisee under the will of the late William J. White and by Emeline White, widow of the late William J. White; and whereas the homestead farm formerly occupied by said William J. White and now conveyed by said grantors. And, whereas, the said Albion White by his assignment dated the 11th day of October, 1900, and recorded in the said Registry, in Vol. 175, Page 107, assigned said mortgage, and the debt thereby secured to Richard L. Baker. And, whereas, the said Richard L. Baker by his assignment dated the 9th day of January, 1901, and recorded in the said Registry, in Vol. 180, Page 120, assigned said mortgage and the debt thereby secured to Lizzie E. Hacker now, therefore, the condition of said mortgage is broken by reason whereof the said Lizzie E. Hacker claims a foreclosure thereon and gives this notice for that purpose.

Port Fairfield, Maine, August 22, 1905.

LIZZIE E. HACKER
By her Attorney HERBERT W. TRAFONT.

RISKED THEIR LIVES

DANGERS BRAVED BY PAINTERS IN SEARCH OF REALISM.

Meissonier's Plucky Struggle With Cold and Snow—Hardships of Two Great Battle Painters—Stoning an Artist in Palestine.

In their desire to faithfully portray on canvas unfamiliar scenes painters have sometimes not only undergone long and arduous journeys, but have also run the risk of losing their lives while in search of realism.

Herbert Schmalz, the religious painter, once had a narrow escape from being stoned to death while journeying through Palestine in search of new subjects and ideas. At Hebron, where the artist stayed for a few days, there is situated a mosque with a beautiful stairway leading to it. Within the mosque rest the bones of the patriarchs, so jealously guarded that Christians are scarcely allowed to look up the stairway.

Mr. Schmalz, however, wanted a picture of the stairway and mosque, and one day, together with his wife, who was journeying with him, erect to the foot of the staircase and closed the door which admitted him. Canvas and paints were soon got ready and the artist set to work, but it was not long before he was discovered. The door was pushed open and the people came pouring in with menacing countenances. After a while, as the crowd increased and Mr. Schmalz still tried to work, they began to jostle him. Others ranged themselves in front of him, so that he could not see his subject, then they uttered wild cries and piercing screams. More and more hostile the demonstration grew till it was plainly in the highest degree dangerous to try any longer. Picture and palette were therefore hastily packed up and the artist and his wife retired amid a shower of stones.

Safety was at last reached, and how it was appreciated may be judged when one of the first things told them was that a Christian had been stoned for intruding on the staircase only a few days before.

One of the greatest painters Russia has ever produced, Vasili Vereschagin, probably risked his life for the sake of art more than any other artist. It was as a war painter that Vereschagin first won name and fame, his military pictures being of a most realistic and striking character. The artist left nothing to imagination, and he took part in General Kauffmann's Asian expedition and fought in the Russo-Turkish war in order to gather materials for a great series of landscape and military paintings.

Once in central Asia he was with a party of forty Russian troops when they were surrounded by a horde of Tartars, and he was obliged to take a rifle and fight for a week before the detachment was relieved. On another occasion he was painting the figure of a dead man on a battlefield when the engagement grew so hot that he had to leave off his work and fight for four days before he could paint in the legs. So realistic is Vereschagin's art that when his pictures of the Russo-Turkish campaign were exhibited at Berlin the emperor forbade his soldiers to see them.

The well known English battle painter, Caton Woodville, has, like Vereschagin, gone direct to the seat of war on more than one occasion for the purpose of getting local color and realistic effects for his pictures. Mr. Woodville went through the Egyptian war of 1882 and the Turkish war of 1878 solely for the purpose of studying realism, and the artist has himself confessed that he would never have been able to faithfully portray military scenes had he not done so. During the campaign Mr. Woodville often ran the risk of being injured by the enemy's fire in order to watch the bursting of a shell, for instance, or the effect of the smoke hanging over the firing line.

Meissonier, the famous French figure painter, once described how he risked being almost frozen to death in his endeavor to obtain realism for one of his pictures. He had been asked how he managed to get such a vivid picture of the snowy road, trampled by horses' feet and marked with deep wheel ruts, in his famous painting of Napoleon. The artist explained that he had waited for a heavy fall of snow and then gone to work on a piece of country lane near Paris. He had to begin at earliest dawn, as he was afraid the light would fall or the snow go before he could get a proper impression.

It was such a bitterly cold day that the man whom Meissonier had employed to drive up and down with an old gun carriage refused to work after a time, and the artist was obliged to finish the driver's task himself. Then to get the requisite brilliancy of hard frozen Russian snow he was obliged to powder the road with salt, and considered himself fortunate to escape at the end of the day with only a badly frozen ear.

Cicadas Not Locusts.

The cicada is often incorrectly called "locust," a term which should be applied only to grasshoppers. The cicada is a peculiarly interesting insect in that it has the longest life period of any known insect. Some kinds live even seventeen years and are known as the seventeen year cicada.—St. Nicholas.

Domestic Japs.

"Before you married me," he complained, "you used to say that there wasn't another man like me in the world."

"Yes, and now," replied the wife bitterly, "I should not like to think that there was."

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Will positively cure any case of Kidney or Bladder disease not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

strengthens the urinary organs, builds up the kidneys and invigorates the whole system.

IT IS GUARANTEED

TWO SIZES 50c and \$1.00

Passed Stone and Gravel With Excruciating Pains

A. H. Thurnes, Mgr. Willis Creek Coal Co., Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pains. Other medicines only gave relief. After taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust, like fine stones, etc., and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has done me \$1,000 worth of good."

No Other Remedy Can Compare With It

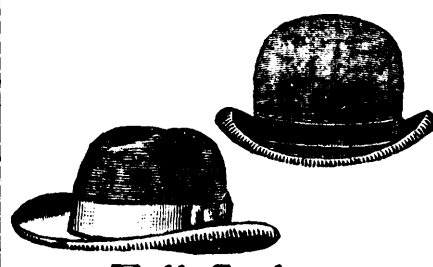
Thos. W. Carter, of Ashboro, N. C., had Kidney Trouble and one bottle of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE effected a perfect cure, and he says there is no remedy that will compare with it.

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ROBT. J. COCHRAN, Agent,

Houlton, Maine.

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Fall Styles

Lamson & Hubbard hats are always becoming, comfortable, stylish and fine in quality

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S. FRIEDMAN & CO.

5000 Telegraphers NEEDED.

Annually, to fill the new positions created by Railroad and Telegraph Companies. We want YOUNG MEN and LADIES of good habits, to

LEARN TELEGRAPHY and R. R. ACCOUNTING.

We furnish 75 per cent. of the Operator and Station Agents in America. Our six schools are the largest exclusive Telegraph Schools in the world. Established 20 years and endorsed by all leading Railway officials. We execute a \$250 Bond to every student to furnish him or her a position paying from \$40 to \$60 a month in States east of the Rocky Mountains, or from \$75 to \$100 a month in States west of the Rockies, immediately upon graduation.

Students can enter at any time. No vacations. For full particulars regarding any of our Schools write direct to our executive office at Cincinnati, O. Catalogue free.

The Morse School of Telegraphy.

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Texarkana, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly. Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug stores by mail, 25 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren Street, New York.

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and School of Shorthand and Typewriting
PORTLAND, MAINE
Read for Free Catalogue
ADDRESS FRANK L. GRAY

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1237 Farm Hunters answered our news paper advertising during July.
If you want to get a quick, cash sale write today for our FREE description blanks, so that your farm may be brought to the attention of these Farm Buyers.
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150 Nassau St., N. Y. Tremont Temple, BOSTON

Houlton Directory.

Messrs. Sparrow & Co.

announce that they are now engaged in the preparation of the third edition of the Houlton Business and Residential Directory. We promise our subscribers a durable and well-bound book, printed in large and clear type and containing the business and residential address of the citizens of the place, and in addition the names and location of those living on the different rural delivery routes in the county. In addition there will be a classified business directory, and detailed information of the manufacturing and enterprises, and illustrations of public buildings and prominent business blocks. Included will be the Caribou, Fort Fairfield and Presque Isle business and residential directories. The whole to be bound in one handsome volume.

PRICES \$1.50.

Orders may be left at this office or at the Exchange Hotel address to Mr. L. B. Hillis or Mr. H. L. Lewis. We want immediately bright lady canvassers on salary and commission.

G. D. MELDRIM & CO.

Furniture, Carpets, Caskets and Funeral Material.

Embalmers and Funeral Director.

Opera House Block,

17 Court St. HOULTON, MAINE

Emergency! Stops the Tickling, and quickly allays inflammation in the throat.

Just

Two

things a required to make a real bargain. A satisfied buyer and a satisfied seller.

There will be no doubt of your satisfaction if you come here for your Piano.

And will be a satisfaction which will grow as you put the Instrument to the service test. Come and see how much satisfaction may be had here at a moderate cost.

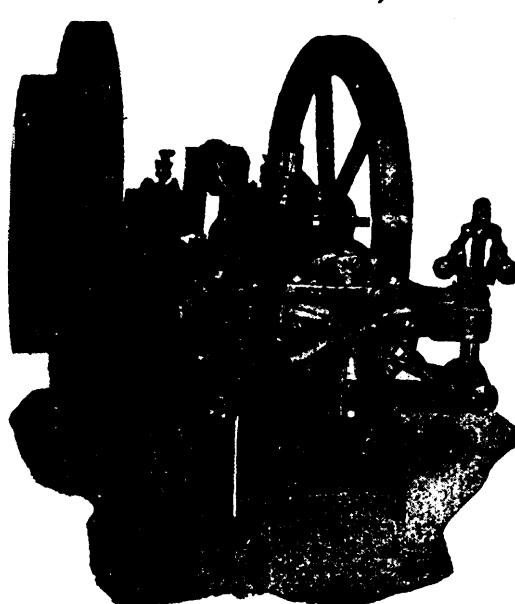
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& ASTLE,

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See our exhibit of

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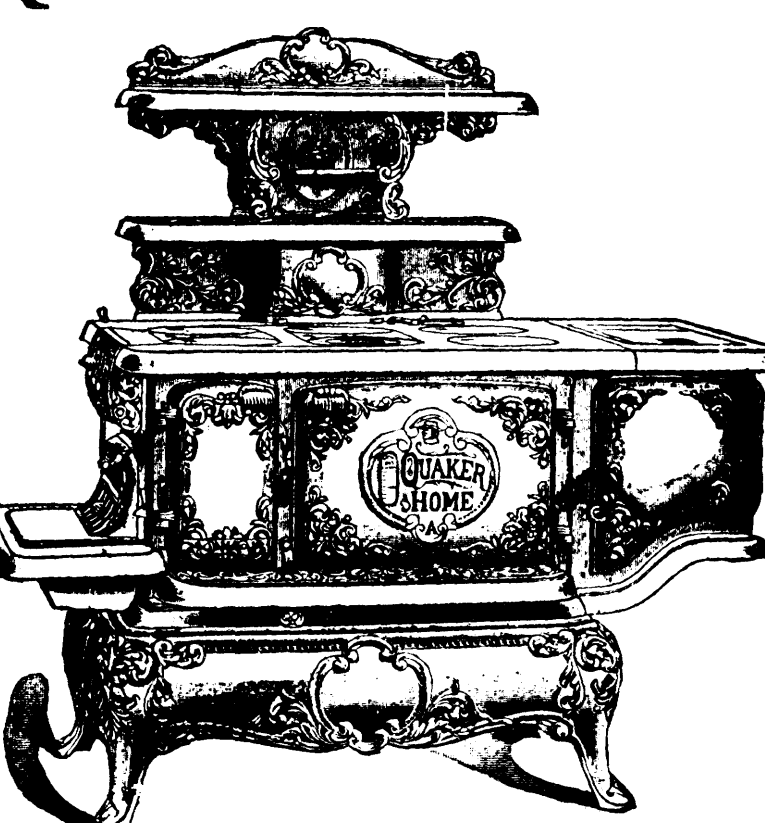
Pumps, Feed Cutters, Feed Grinders and Cord Wood Saws

Call whether you want to buy or not.

Our goods will be exhibited at Bangor, Presque Isle, Lewiston, Waterville and Farmington Fairs.

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AUBURN, MAINE.

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The Fire Box in all Quaker Ranges will take a 14 inch stick of wood the full size of the box.

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FALL TERM, SEPT. 11, 1905.

Business is business. It isn't play. It isn't make-believe. It deals with dollars and is tethered to time. A business college must be practical—and that is the course we are giving.

A postal will bring you full particulars.

G. A. HODGINS, Prin., Houlton, Me.