

# The Arrostook Times.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 45.

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No. 38.

## Church Directory

### First Unitarian Church.

CORNER KELLERMAN AND MILITARY STS.  
Pastor REV. LEVRETT R. DANIELS.  
Residence 33 Highland 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.  
P.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 33 Highland Avenue.  
SUNDAY SERVICES.  
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.  
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.  
Christian Endeavor Service 7.00 P. M.  
Regular Prayer and Praise Service Tuesday, 7.30 P. M.

### First Baptist Church.

COUNT ST.  
REV. J. A. FORD M. A. Pastor.  
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.  
Bible School 12.00 P. 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.  
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.  
Evening Service 7.00 P. M.  
Friday, 7.30 P. M.

Worship. All Welcome.  
J. C. KOON, Rector.

### Congregational Church.

COUNT ST.  
Pastor REV. DANIEL E. PUTNAM.  
Residence, 10 Kellerman Street.  
SUNDAY SERVICES.  
Morning Service 10.30 A. M.  
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.  
Evening Service with brief Address 7.00 P. M.  
TUESDAY, 7.30 A. M.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

CORNER MILITARY AND SCHOOL STS.  
Pastor, REV. G. E. EDGETT.  
Residence, 26 School St.  
SUNDAY SERVICES.  
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.  
Sunday School 12.00 P. M.  
Bible Class 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.  
Messe, Next door to Church on High Street.  
SUNDAY SERVICES.  
Sunday School 9.30 A. M.  
Morning Worship 10.30 A. M.  
Junior C. E. Service 2.30 P. M.  
Service in Church on Foxcroft Road 2.30 P. M.  
O. E. Service 6.30 P. M.  
Evening Worship 7.00 P. M.  
TUESDAY, Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.

After a considerable period of belief that Mr. Cleveland had become comparatively rich as the result of financial operations in association with his friend Mr. E. C. Benedict, the banker, a story to the effect that his income is only \$5000 a year. The truth is that Mr. Cleveland's income from his investments is between eight and ten thousand dollars, to which he adds an average of about three thousand dollars by writing occasional essays for publication. He might have acquired a larger fortune, doubtless, but for the fact that he would never permit his bankers to buy or sell stocks on margins. Mr. Benedict, however, makes his few investments, and they are generally wise ones. Some years ago Mr. Cleveland had five thousand dollars to spare, and Mr. Benedict obtained for him the right, which he availed himself of, to subscribe for the stock of a projected trust company. The knowledge that the former President was to become one of their shareholders intrigued the promoters with a brilliant idea. After consultation, they sought Mr. Benedict, and through him, offered Mr. Cleveland the presidency of the company at a salary of \$50,000 a year. It was a legitimate undertaking, backed by reputable men, but Mr. Cleveland somewhat reluctantly declined on the ground that he was unacquainted with the details of the business, and that the condition of his health would not permit of the severe application requisite to effective service. Again he was urged to accept, with the assurance that his duties would be nominal, his mere official connection with the company being considered sufficient recompense for his remuneration. Mr. Cleveland replied simply that that would seem to him too much like selling the use of his name, which, of course, he could not do. That closed the incident.

## The Cowboy Watched the Exit With Interest.

He stood in the office of Hardscrabble Hotel, his hat pushed back, his legs apart and bowing outward, his fingers idly toying a cigarette. When the operation was completed he stuck the cigarette in his mouth and lighted a match.

"I'm sure glad to get a hold of some of this here brand," he observed to a comely smiling young woman behind the desk, "I ain't had nothing but a half a sack of Sheep-herd r's Delight since we left the ranch. I feel like a human once more."

A paper rustled in the opposite corner, and the cowboy turned to encounter a pair of questioning brown eyes above the paper's rim. He nodded his head in a salutation, to which the man behind the paper responded uncertainly and forthwith retired again behind his friendly screen. After a moment's silence, broken only by the nervous rustling of the paper, the man rose and left the room. The cowboy squared himself and watched the exit interest. His eyes traveled slowly from the stranger's smoothly brushed hair to the wide soles of his tan shoes which incased the extremities of a pair of varicolored golf stockings. When the owner of these interesting appurtenances had closed the door behind him, the cowboy turned to the girl and demanded: "Where'd you get that 'un?"

"He's some kin to Macrum's," she replied. "He just come in this morning. I think he's plum scared of you, cow-boy, and he asked pa if there wasn't no Eastern people in town."

"He looks sorter off'n his range," Then with a stride to the door the cowboy added: "But I got to get another look at them wonderful long-handled socks."

The sloping-shouldered youth hurrying down the street turned at the corner and looked back. Then he hurried on more rapidly. "Now that there is a plum sight, ain't it?" the cow-boy chuckled, returning to the little office and disposing himself astride a chair. "That feller'd better stay away from our herd. Them socks would stampede the cattle sure." He threw his head back and laughed uproariously. "He told him Towhead was a Easterner, did he? Oh, yes, Towhead will perfect him." His head went down on the back of the chair and his body shook with gleeful chuckles. Presently he looked up at the girl. "I'll deal that pinto-legged stray some misery before I'm a day older, or my name ain't Bowlegs Hurd."

"Well, what's so all-fired funny, you bow-legged cow puncher? You better get back to that herd."

Bowlegs felt himself lifted bodily from his chair by a heavy hand on his collar. He turned and faced a powerfully set-up young fellow with the gleam of gold in his hair.

"Hello, Towhead! Did you meet it down the street?" he inquired eagerly.

"Meet what?"

"A spotted-legged stray that's got off his own range. Looks sort of wild-eyed, as if it didn't know where to find water."

The new-comer returned to the hotel-keeper. "Let's see where he hails from," he said, scanning the ink page which the girl turned toward him. "R. Lester Binford, Portersville, Michigan," he read aloud. Then reflectively: "I know a fellow from Portersville. Guess I'll look this new chap up and—"

"Hold on," interposed Bowlegs hastily. "Let's deal him some misery first."

"What's the use?" returned Towhead. "Ever since we brought on Edson's hemorrhage I'm leary of playing jokes on tenderfeet."

"How do you know this 'un got any hemorrhage to be brought on?" Bowlegs persisted.

"Then what's he doin' here?" came the convincing retort. "Of course he's got a hemorrhage stowed away somewhere in his speckled anatomy!"

The big triangle before a hotel interrupted him with its discordant clang, and Bowlegs, his ardor perceptibly dampened, hung his hat on a peg. "Well, I'll throw some chuck into me and get back to the herd," he observed as he

di appeared into the dining-room.

Then Towhead turned to meet the object of the recent discussion, as the latter, in response to the dinner call, entered the hotel. Towhead advanced and accosted him affably: "Mr. Binford, I presume. I see that you are from Portersville. I know a fellow in Portersville, and if you are a friend of his it will give me pleasure to do anything that I can for you. Ed Shaw is his name. Yes, that's the one."

A cloud of apprehension that had hung about the stranger disappeared under the magic of a familiar name. "Where did you know Ed Shaw?"

"At Ann Arbor."

"Ann Arbor? Are you a college man?"

"Graduated last year."

"I am delighted to meet you, sir!"

And Binford extended his hand with such undoubted sincerity and relief that Towhead gave vent to threatening explosion by wringing the slender fingers most cruelly.

"Have dinner with me, won't you?" he suggested.

As the two took their places at a small table apart from the other guests, all of them rough looking men, in shirt sleeves and leather leggings, oiled and spurred, bronzed, weather-beaten and rugged, Binford felt a degree of obligation to his new friend entirely out of proportion to a mere appreciation of an invitation to dinner. After the young woman had taken their orders, Towhead leaned across the table to within confidential speaking distance of his companion. "You'll find a tough set in town just now," accompanying the words by a significant glance toward the other table. "There are several outfits shipping cattle, and the cow-boys are painting the town."

Binford nodded. "I will confess that I have been a little apprehensive." The admission came with such direct simplicity that Towhead was visibly affected. "I'm out here at the instigation of my cousin Will Macrum. My health has not been exactly good, and Will asked me to spend a year with him on his ranch; but unfortunately he is not in town to meet me. I was feeling very uncomfortable, for I had noticed the desperate looks of many of the men, and knowing that a tenderfoot is considered legitimate prey I was prepared for trouble. It is indeed fortunate for me that I met you."

"It is," admitted Towhead. Then lowering his voice even more: "It's like this. If the cow-boys think they can, they will run it over you; but if they find that they can't, they'll treat you like a gentleman. You must show them on the kick-off that they can't."

The foot ball expression had a reassuring sound. Not so the sentiment. Towhead continued with slow emphasis on every word. "The boys are going to have a dance tonight. I advise you to go."

"Yes?"

"Take a gun."

Binford's expression changed.

"I mean by that a pistol in your hip-pocket."

"Oh, of course. I shouldn't think of going without one," Binford hurriedly interposed.

"What sort of a pistol have you?"

"A thirty-two hammerless, a good little iron," was the confident rejoinder.

"Well—um—I'll lend you a forty-four. It will make a better impression."

"Oh, certainly," assented Binford, though a crestfallen. He half resented the implied espersion cast upon his cherished weapon, a weapon he had shown to the folks at home with much pride and an unconscious air of bravado.

Towhead outlined his plan briefly.

"When the affair is in full swing, walk in, looking unconcerned, and then accidentally drop your six-shooter."

Binford uttered a quick "Oh!"

"Yes, just pick it up coolly, put it back in your hip-pocket and walk over and ask Miss Ellie to dance. Miss Ellie is the damsel who has just served us with this delectable repast."

"You will introduce me? I haven't had the pleasure—" Binford began with foresight.

"That's not necessary at all," Towhead assured him. "It's one of our free-and-easy ways, you know. Then that little bow-legged, long-chinned critter over there," again Towhead glanced at the other table where Bowlegs was being boisterously merry, "will slide up to you and say something sassy. He keeps pretty close tabs on that little girl, and he doesn't like the cut of your job, I mean the hue of your nose."

Binford followed the direction of Towhead's look and encountered the square, unflinching, and as he thought not altogether friendly gaze of the man in question. He lowered his own eyes hastily. "I've noticed him taking me in," he said. "He has been offensively impertinent."

"Then's your chance," Towhead continued impressively. "Pull that gun and tap him alongside the ear, and your fortune is made."

Binford shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Meanwhile what will he be doing?"

Towhead stuffed a couple of oyster crackers in his mouth before replying.

"Before he has a chance to do anything, some one will grab him. They are always on the lookout for such affairs. In fact, to make yours impressive you must pull it off first on the program. When you are grabbed you must play wolf. Struggle for your life and holler: 'Let me at him, let me at him!' They will hustle you both out of the hall."

"And then?"

Towhead appeared to choke on a bit of the cracker. "That's all. You will have arrived at the point for which we are striving. Cow-boys like a fellow with nerve. You will have proved yours and have established your right to be respected. It is the only way. You will have to do it sooner or later, and this is your best opportunity. There will be no slip, for I shall be on hand to grab Bowlegs."

"That's good of you," Binford's tone was mouthless but appreciative. "You know best."

They passed out of the room before the noisy tableful had dispersed. From a peg in the office Towhead took a belt and scabbard from which he abstracted a long-barreled six-shooter. Binford eyed it with a not altogether perfect assurance.

"Stick this down in your jeans," Towhead admonished, and then as Binford looked his uncertainty, supplemented: "So fashion," and with a none too gentle motion rammed the pistol under the tail of the other's coat and into the belt of his golf-trousers. Then as a shuffling of feet sounded in the adjoining room he pushed Binford toward the door. "Now scoot!"

Binford obeyed with a haunting sense of an undue dorsal protuberance.

"Did you talk that feller out of his spotted socks?" Bowlegs asked tauntingly as the crowd came in from the dining-room.

"No," replied Towhead, with a significant grin; "but he told me he was going to make you hard to catch. Says he doesn't like the 'offensively impertinent' way you look at him, and that unless you wipe the expression off your face he will punch it off. That fellow is a wolf."

Bowlegs was bristling, and Towhead continued: "He says he's going to dance every dance with Miss Ellie, and if any little bow-legged cow-puncher doesn't like it he can—"

"I sorter believe you are lying," Bowlegs interrupted, eying the other narrowly; "but if you ain't—" The bare possibility of such an event robbed him of the power of further speech.

The Mexican fiddler, his instrument held low against his chest, was jerking "Nicholas" from the fiddle-strings with a series of swift forearm movements that had won him his reputation of "keeping good dance time" and made him the musician most in demand for affairs such as at present was in progress at the town hall, where the old Star Saloon used to be. Along one side of the lamp lit room was seated the larger portion of the feminine population of Hardscrabble, gay with ribbons and radiating an atmosphere of geniality. Grouped about the outer door was the masculine contingent, the cow-boys from the ranges and Binford.

Bracing himself against the wall, his moral courage under an almost intolerable pressure, Binford looked upon the scene with a vague feeling that it might have been interesting had it not been so tragically personal in being the arena in which he was to make his coup d'etat a proceeding which, in the hours that had intervened since his interview with Towhead, appealed to him less and less. He even now was contemplating ignominious flight and the surrender forever of his right to be respected in the community, but at the moment his ears caught the words:

"Them brindle legs of his'n 'll have to pump lively to keep up with his shoulders when I get on his trail." He turned and again met the fixed stare of the now thoroughly objectionable Bowlegs. He did not doubt that the expression referred to himself, although he had exchanged the offensive golf-suit for his traveling clothes. At the same moment Towhead passed close to him and whispered: "It'll go off all right. Let her flicker at the end of this first dance."

With an inward groan Binford braced himself for the crisis. All hope of anything but a disgraceful retreat was now cut off.

"Partners for a quadrille!" came the rousing command, with a rude shock to Binford's analysis of things temporal, and he made way for the dancers. There was a general agitation of the crowd at the door and a perceptible flutter on the feminine sidelines.

"Get a move on you! Lots of good music going to waste!" Towhead was dispersing these orders in a voice which made the windows rattle in their casings. It proved effective in bringing two sets of dancers to their feet. Bowlegs led forth the fair Miss Ellie, resplendent in crimson lawn and white streamers of satin ribbon. More than one cow-boy pulse beat faster with gazing upon that fair vision. Bowlegs was wearing, with an air of conscious satisfaction, a glaringly new suit of store clothes and a four-in-hand tie which caused Binford to comment with some spleen: "And he objects to the color of my stockings!"

"Hands out of your pockets and backs to the wall!"

Pick up your feet now and balance all!" yelled Towhead from his commanding position on top of an empty barrel.

"Swing on the corners like swinging on a gate;

Now your partners and pull your freight!"

The dancers did his bidding enthusiastically, the fiddler quickening his time to keep pace with the flying feet. When the gents had 'cut a caper' and everybody had chassed and 'put on style,' rechasseed with a 'little more style,' and in response to a final admonition to 'thank the ladies and kiss the fiddler' had taken their seats, Towhead shot a meaning glance at Binford, who made a supreme effort to shake off the numbness that seemed to be gathering around his heart. Then suddenly a loud what sounded throughout the room, and all eyes were upon him, as he coolly stooped down and picked up the six-shooter and replaced it in the band of his trousers.

A significant stir followed, and Bowlegs made an impulsive move toward him, muttering something incoherent. Binford looked steadily and defiantly back and then walked across the room to Miss Ellie. Bowing low before her, and blushing like a peony, he asked her, with what composure he could muster, for the pleasure of the next dance. The girl looked at him in bewildered embarrassment; but before she could reply Binford found himself whirled about and facing the angry Bowlegs.

"Look a-here! I don't know how they do business in Michigan, but in New Mexico a feller's got to be introduced before—oh, that's your game, is it? Well, you're too slow at it, you piddled-shanked hiptopotomous!" and with one swift blow he had stretched the surprised Binford his length on the floor. Pinning him there with one knee, the irate cow-boy continued: "I'll tell you something right now that'll be good for you to know. When you go to make a gun-play on me, don't be

a week gittin' your gun, and don't use my gun to do it with."

He was cut short from further expostulation by a heavy hand on his shoulder and a gruff voice commanding him: "Get up! I want to arrest this feller for carrying firearms in the town limits. I wonder [if he thinks he can come into a law-abiding community and disturb the peace this a-way. He'll have to get somebody to go his bail or he goes in the jug."

Binford began to remonstrate; but was promptly silenced by a curt request to "Shut up! You can have your say later on." Wisely he followed the town marshal from the hall. Bowlegs, in response to a first impulse, looked around for Towhead. Some one directed him to the hotel, and thither he hastened. As he opened the door he was confronted by the spectacle of Towhead astride a chair, his head buried in his arms across its back, his burly frame shaking convulsively. With a firm two-handed grip on the inviting collar Bowlegs jerked him to the floor. "What's so all-fired funny, you tow-headed cow-puncher, you?" he demanded.

An hour later Binford and Towhead emerged from the little frame building known as the jug.

"We can shake hands then and be friends, I hope," the cow-boy said as they paused at the hotel door.

The tenderfoot extended his hand. "I swear I'll take it out of Ed Shaw for you when I go back. I'll thresh him as you would have done if you could have got hold of him."

"Glad you do not regard this as a personal matter," Towhead assured "but it seemed to be the only way I could get at Shaw."

Bowlegs at the moment was making what explanation he could to the mystified and indignant Miss Ellie. "I reckon that tenderfoot meant all right; but he jest nacherally ain't got brains enough to have a headache."

## Our Cold Waves

We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal and iron, and our fat fields of corn and wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the cold wave, which in summer and winter so often sweeps across the land and sends the thermometer tumbling thirty degrees in almost as many minutes, we have a constant, a never diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave acts as a tonic, but, unlike any tonic made by man, it carries no reaction. No other land has cold waves like ours. To the cold dry air of this periodic cold wave, which brings extraordinary changes of temperature, we owe much of the keen, alert mind, the incessant, unremitting energy of our American race.—Century.

The small but determined minority which for years has been upholding in Delaware the standard of political decency has won the final victory. J. Edward Addicks has dropped out of Delaware politics; his strongest supporters have deserted him, his candidacy for the United States senate no longer menaces the state. A most ugly warfare it has been. An unscrupulous business man, desirous of becoming a senator, nearly seventeen years ago selected a small state as a favorable field of operations and began his campaign. By the purchase of votes he gradually acquired a following which of recent years was almost strong enough to gratify his ambition. But the plucky Republican minority in the legislature could be neither bought nor cajoled. Addicks, it is understood, no longer has the money to keep up the fight. The outcome of this long struggle strengthens our faith in human nature. After all there are men who have no price and the political atmosphere seems sweeter and cleaner for the knowledge that this is so.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered an aromatic pleasant herb drink for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-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., Lefroy, N. Y.

Finny-Fectoral Soothes Sore Lungs and makes tender throats well and strong.



# THE SOWERS

By  
Henry Seton Merriman

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE table d'hôte of the Hotel de France at Tver had just begun. A Russian table d'hôte is anything but a banquet. It is a certain number of guests seated at a long table, and a few more seated at smaller tables, and that is all. There is no pretense that any more sociable and neighborly motive has brought them together. In fact, they each suspect the other of being a German or a nihilist, or worse, a government servant.

The table d'hôte of the Hotel de France at Tver was no exception to the general rule. In Russia, by the way, there are no exceptions to general rules. The personal habits of the native of Cronstadt differ in no way from those of the czar's subject living in Moscow. The long table of the hotel represented the respectable intervals of a day, more gentlemen, who gazed at each other from time to time, while the host himself smiled benignly upon them all.

Of these Russian gentlemen we have only to say that one—a man of broad, square shoulders, of colorless eyes, of a massive face, who consumed what was called "black" with as little regard as possible. Known in Paris as "M. Vassili," this traveler.

M. Vassili was evidently desirous of attracting little attention as circumstances would allow. He was obviously a man who had to look like one who was in the interest of bread or butter. Moreover, when Claude de Chauville entered the table d'hôte, he was concealed whatever surprise he may have felt behind a cloud of cigarette smoke. Through the same haze, he met the Frenchman's eye a moment later without the faintest shadow of recognition.

When the waiter went through the usual service, provided by a cook who had a knowledge of French without knowing any compromise between the two. When the waiter came to the table of M. Vassili, he observed that the number of his bedroom in large figures on the label of his bottle of wine, after the manner of wise commercial travelers in continental hotels. He consequently turned the bottle around so that Claude de Chauville, could easily read the number, and, with a slight and general bow, he left the room.

There long a discreet knock at the door of Vassili's room announced the arrival of the expected visitor.

"Enter," cried Vassili. And De Chauville stood before him.

"My dear friend," said Vassili behind his window-pane, "that I did not anticipate in Tver."

"Consequently one that carries its own mitigation. An unanticipated pleasure, my friend, is always inopportune. I make no doubt that you will be sorry to see me."

"Oh, the contrary. Will you sit?" "I can hardly believe," went on De Chauville, taking the proffered chair, "that my appearance was opportune—on the principle, ha, ha, that a flower growing out of place is a weed! Gentlemen of the—eh—home office prefer, I believe, to travel quietly. He spread out his comprehensive hands as if smoothing the path of M. Vassili through this crazy world. "Incognito," he added guilelessly.

"None does not publish one's name from the home town," replied the Russian, with a glimmer of pride in his eyes. "Especially if it happens to be not quite obscure, but between friends, my dear friend—between friends."

"Then what are you doing in Tver?" inquired De Chauville, with genuine frankness.

"Ah, that is a long story! But I will tell you—never fear—I will tell you the usual terms."

"And they are?" inquired the Frenchman, lighting a cigarette.

Vassili accepted the match with a benevolent smile. He blew a gentle cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Exchange, my dear baron, exchange."

"Oh, certainly," replied De Chauville, who knew that Vassili was in all probability fully informed as to his movements past and prospective. "I am going to visit some old friends in the government—the Lanovitchs, at Tver."

"Ah!"

"You know them?"

Vassili raised his shoulders and made a little gesture with his cigarette as much as to say, "Why ask?"

De Chauville looked at his companion, too keenly. He was wondering whether this man knew that he (Claude de Chauville) loved Etta Howard Alexis and consequently hated her husband. He was wondering how much or how little this impenetrable individual knew and suspected.

"I have always said," observed Vassili suddenly, "that for unmitigated impudence give me a diplomatist."

"Ah! (And what would you desire that I should for the same commodity give you now?"

"A woman."

There was a short silence in the room while these two birds of a feather chattered.

Suddenly Vassili tapped himself on the chest with his forefinger.

"It was I," he said, "who crushed that very dangerous movement the Charity league. Now, my dear baron, listen to me. The genial Vassili leaped forward and tapped with a finger on the knee of De Chauville as if knocking at the door of his attention.

"I am all ears, mon bon monsieur," replied the Frenchman rather coldly. He had just been reflecting that, after all, he did not want any favor from Vassili for the moment, and the manner of the latter was verging on the familiar.

"The woman—who—sold—me—the Charity league papers, I mean, the one in Paris—a fortnight ago," said Vassili, with a staccato tap on his companion's knee by way of emphasis to each word.

"Then, my friend, I cannot—congratulate you on the society in which you move," replied De Chauville, mimicking his manner.

"Bah! She was a princess!"

"Yes, of your acquaintance, M. le Baron. And she came to my house with her—eh—husband—the Prince Paul Howard Alexis."

This was news indeed. De Chauville leaned back and passed his slim white hand across his brow with a slow pressure as if wiping some writing from a slate—as if his forehead bore the writing of his thoughts and he was wiping it away. And the thoughts he thus concealed—who can count them? The first thought was that if he had known this three months earlier he could have made Etta marry him. With Etta for his wife he might have been a different man.

But the news coming, thus too late, only served an evil purpose, for in that flash of thought Claude de Chauville saw Paul's secrets given to him, Paul's wealth meted out to him, Paul in exile, Paul dead in Siberia, where death comes easily; Paul's widow, Claude de Chauville's wife.

"You said her—eh—husband," he observed. "Why? Why did you say that little 'eh'?"

"Rather more than a year ago," said Vassili, "I received an offer of the papers connected with a great scheme in this country. After certain inquiries had been made I accepted the offer. I paid a fabulous price for the papers. They were brought to me by a lady wearing a thick veil—a lady I had never seen before. I asked no questions and paid her the money. It subsequently transpired that the papers had been stolen, as you perhaps know, from the house of Count Stepan Lanovitch—the house to which you happen to be going at Tver. Well, that is all ancient history. It is to be supposed that the papers were stolen by Sydney Bamboorough, who brought them here—probably to this hotel, where his wife was staying. He handed

me the papers, and she conveyed them to me in Paris. But before she reached Petersburg they would have been missed by Stepan Lanovitch, who would naturally suspect the man who had been staying in his house—Bamboorough, a man with a doubtful reputation in the diplomatic world, a professed doer of dirty jobs. Foreseeing this and knowing that the league was a big thing, with a few violent members on its books, Sydney Bamboorough did not attempt to leave Russia by the western route. He probably decided to go through Nijni, down the Volga, across the Caspian and so on to Persia and India. You follow me?"

"Perfectly," answered De Chauville coldly.

"I have been here a week," went on the Russian, "and I have not yet been able to find out by which link the papers were stolen from the house of Count Stepan Lanovitch."

De Chauville did not speak, and after a moment Vassili began to state his case with lawyer-like directness.

"A body was found on the steps," he said, "the body of a middle-aged man dressed as a small commercial traveler would dress. He had a little money in his pocket, but nothing to

identify him. He was buried here in Tver by the police, who received their information by an anonymous post card posted in Tver. The person who had found the body did not want to be implicated in any inquiry. Now, who found the body? Who was the dead man? Mrs. Sydney Bamboorough had assumed that the dead man was her husband; on the strength of that assumption she had become a princess. A frail foundation upon which to build up her fortunes, eh?"

"How did she know that the body had been found?" asked De Chauville, perceiving the weak point in his companion's chain of argument.

"It was reported shortly in the local newspapers," replied Vassili, "and repeated in one or two continental journals, as the police were of opinion that the man was a foreigner. Any one watching the newspapers would see it—otherwise the incident might pass unobserved."

"And you think," said De Chauville, suppressing his excitement with an effort, "that the lady has risked everything upon a supposition?"

"Knowing the lady, I do."

De Chauville's dull eyes gleamed for a moment with an unaccounted light. "She may have information of which you are ignorant," he suggested.

"Precisely. It is that particular point which gives me trouble at the present moment. It is that that I wish to discover."

De Chauville looked up coolly. He saw his advantage.

"Hence your sudden flow of communicativeness?" he said.

Vassili nodded.

"You cannot find out for yourself, so you seek my help?" went on the Frenchman.

Again the Russian nodded his head.

"And your price?" said De Chauville.

"When you have the information you may name your own price," said the Russian coldly.

There was a long silence. Before speaking De Chauville turned and took a glass of liquor from the table. His hand was not quite steady. He raised the glass quickly and emptied it. Then he rose and looked at his watch. The silence was a compact.

"When the lady dined with you in Paris, did she recognize you?" he asked.

"Yes, but she did not know that I recognized her."

For the moment they both overlooked Steinhilber.

De Chauville stood reflecting.

"And your theory," he said, "respecting Sydney Bamboorough—what is it?"

"If he got away to Nijni and the Volga it is probable that he is in eastern Siberia or in Persia at this moment. He has not had time to get right across Asia yet."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WEEK later Etta, watching from the window of her own small room, saw Paul lift Etta from the sleigh, and the slight made her clench her hands until the knuckles shone like polished ivory.

She went slowly downstairs to the long, dimly lighted drawing room. As she entered she heard her mother's clicking voice.

"Yes, princess," the countess was saying, "it is a quaint old house—little more than a fortified farm, I know. But my husband's family were always strange. They seem always to have ignored the little comforts and elegancies of life."

"It is most interesting," answered Etta's voice, and Catrina stepped forward into the light.

Formal greetings were exchanged, and Catrina saw Etta look anxiously toward the door through which she had just come. She thought that she was looking for her husband. But it was Claude de Chauville for whose appearance Etta was waiting.

Paul and Steinhilber entered at the same moment by another door, and Catrina, who was talking to Maggie in English, suddenly stopped.

"Ah, Catrina," said Paul, "we have broken new ground for you. There was no track from here to Osterno through the forest. I made one this afternoon, so you have no excuse for remaining away now."

"Thank you," answered Catrina, withdrawing her cold hand hurriedly from his friendly grasp.

"Miss Deland," went on Paul, "admires our country as much as you do."

"I was just telling mademoiselle," said Maggie, speaking French with an honest English accent.

Paul nodded and left them together.

"Yes," the countess was saying at the other end of the gloomy room. "Yes, we are greatly attached to Thors—Catrina perhaps more than I. I have some happy associations and many sorrowful ones. But then—mon Dieu—how isolated we are!"

"It is rather far from—anywhere," accented Etta, who was not attending, although she appeared to be interested.

"Far! Princess, I often wonder how Paris and Thors can be in the same world! Before our—our troubles we used to live in Paris a portion of the year. At least I did, while my poor husband traveled about. He had a hobby, you know, poor man! Humanity was his hobby. I have always found that men who seek to do good to their fellows are never thanked. There is a little gratitude in the individual, but none in the race."

"None," answered Etta absently.

"It was so with the Charity league," went on the countess volubly. She paused and looked around with her feeble eyes.

"We are all friends," she went on, "so it is safe to mention the Charity league, is it not?"

"No," answered Steinhilber from the fireplace; "no madame. There is only one friend to whom you may safely mention that."

"Ah! Had example!" exclaimed the

countess playfully. "You are though I did not see you enter. And who is that friend?"

"The fair lady who looks at you from your mirror," replied Steinhilber, with a face of stone.

The countess laughed and shook her cap to one side.

"Well," she said, "I can do no harm in talking of such things, as I know nothing of them. My poor husband—my poor mistaken Stepan placed no confidence in his wife. And now he is in Siberia. I believe he works in a bootmaker's shop. I pity the people who wear the boots. You hear, Paul? He placed no confidence in his wife, and now he is in Siberia. Let that be a warning to you, eh, princess? I hope he tells you everything."

"My dear countess, silence!" interrupted Steinhilber at this moment, breaking into the conversation in his masterful way and enabling Etta to get away. Catrina, at the other end of the room, was listening, hand eyed, breathless. It was the sight of Catrina's face that made Steinhilber so forward. He had not been looking at Catrina, but at Etta, who was perfect in her composure and steady self-control.

"Do you want to enter the boot trade also?" asked Steinhilber cheerfully, in a lowered voice.

"Heaven forbid!" cried the countess. "Then let us talk of safer things."

The short twilight was already brooding over the land. The room, lighted only by small square windows, grew darker and darker until Catrina rang for lamps.

"I hate a dark room," she said shortly to Maggie.

When De Chauville came in a few minutes later Catrina was at the piano. The room was brilliantly lighted, and on the table gleamed and glittered the silver tea things. The intermediate meal had been disposed of, but the samovar had been left alight, as is the habit at Russian afternoon teas.

Catrina looked up when the Frenchman entered, but did not cease playing.

"There is no need for introductions, I think," said the countess.

"We all know M. de Chauville," replied Paul quietly, and the two men exchanged a glance.

De Chauville shook hands with the newcomers and while the countess prepared tea for him launched into a long description of the preparations for the bear hunt of the following day.

The Frenchman was really full of information and enthusiasm. There were many details upon which he required Paul's advice, and the two men talked together with less constraint than they had hitherto done. De Chauville had picked up a vast deal of technical matter and handled his little knowledge with a skill which bade fair to deprive it of its proverbial danger. He presently left Steinhilber, and the prince engaged in a controversy with the countess as to a meeting place at the luncheon hour.

Maggie and Catrina were at the piano. Etta was looking at a book of photographs when, princess," said De Chauville in a voice that all could hear while the music happened to be soft. But Catrina's music was more remarkable for strength than for softness.

"Charming," replied Etta.

The music rose into a swelling burst of harmonious chords.

"I must see you, princess," said De Chauville.

Etta glanced across the room toward her husband and Steinhilber.

"Alone," added the Frenchman coolly.

Etta turned a page of the album and looked critically into a photograph.

"Must?" she said, with a little frown.

"Must?" repeated De Chauville.

"A word I do not care about," said Etta, with raised eyebrows.

The music was soft again.

"It is ten years since I held a rifle," said De Chauville. "Ah, madame, you do not know the excitement. I pity ladies, for they have no sport—no big game."

"Personally, monsieur," answered Etta, with a bright laugh. "I do not grudge you your big game. Suppose you miss the bear, or whatever it may be?"

"Then," said De Chauville, with a brave shrug of the shoulders. "It is the turn of the bear. The excitement is his—the laugh is with him."

Catrina's foot was upon the loud pedal again.

"Nevertheless, madame," said De Chauville, "I am so fond as to use the word. You perhaps know me well enough to be aware that I am rarely bold unless my ground is sure."

"I should not be so bold," answered Etta. "There is nothing to be proud of. It is easy enough to be bold if you are certain of victory."

"When defeat would be intolerable, even a certain victory requires care! And I cannot afford to lose."

"Lose what?" inquired Etta.

De Chauville looked at her, but he did not answer. The music was soft again.

"I suppose that at Osterno you set no value upon a bear skin," he said after a pause.

"We have many," admitted Etta.

"But I love fur or trophies of any description. Paul has killed a great deal."

"Ah!"

"Yes," answered Etta, and the music rose again. "I should like to know," she went on, "upon what assumption you make use of a word which does not often annoy me."

"I have a good memory, madame. Recalling," he paused, looking toward the room. "There are associations which these words which stimulate the memory."

"What do you mean?" asked Etta, in a hard voice. The hand holding the album suddenly shook like a leaf in a wind.

De Chauville had stood upright, his hand at his mustache, after the manner of a man whose small talk is exhausted. It would appear that he was wondering how he could gracefully get away from the princess to pay his devotions elsewhere.

"I cannot tell you now," he answered. "Catrina is watching us across the piano. You must beware, madame, of these cold blue eyes."

He moved away, going toward the piano, where Maggie was standing behind Catrina's chair.

"I was merely wondering whether we were to count you among our rifles tomorrow, Miss Deland. One never knows what ladies will do next. Not ladies! I apologize—women. I suppose it is those who are not by birth ladies who aspire to the grand name of woman. The modern woman with a capital W—is not a lady, is she?"

"She does not mind your abuse, monsieur," laughed Maggie. So long as you do not ignore her she is happy. But you may set your mind at rest as regards tomorrow. I have never left off a gun in my life, and I am sensible enough not to begin on bears."

De Chauville made a suitable reply and remained by the piano talking to the two young ladies until Etta rose and came toward them. He then crossed to the other side of the room and engaged Paul in the discussion of further plans for the morrow.

It was soon time to dress for dinner, and Etta was forced to forego the opportunity she sought to exchange a word alone with De Chauville. That astute gentleman carefully avoided allowing her this opportunity. He knew the value of a little suspense.

During dinner and afterward, when at length the gentlemen came to the drawing room, the conversation was of a sporting tendency. Bears, bear hunting and bear stories held supreme sway. More than once De Chauville returned to this subject. Twice he avoided Etta.

In some ways this man was courageous. He delayed giving Etta her opportunity until there was a question of retreating to bed in view of the early start required by the next day's arrangements. It had been finally settled that the three younger ladies should drive over to a woodman's cottage at the far end of the forest, where luncheon was to be served. While this item of the programme was arranged De Chauville looked straight at Etta across the table.

At length she had the chance afforded to her deliberately by De Chauville.

"What did you mean?" she asked at once.

"I have received information which had I known it three months ago, would have made a difference in your life."

"What difference?"

"I should have been your husband instead of that thick-headed giant."

Etta laughed, but her lips were for the moment colorless.

"When am I to see you alone?"

Etta shrugged her shoulders. She had plenty of spirit.

"Please do not be dramatic or mysterious. I am tired. Good night."

She rose and concealed a simulated yawn.

De Chauville looked at her with his sinister smile, and Etta suddenly saw

the resemblance which Paul had noted between this man and the grinning mask of the lynx in the smoking room at Osterno.

"When?" repeated he.

Etta shrugged her shoulders.

"I wish to speak to you about the Charity league," said De Chauville.

Etta's eyes dilated. She made a step or two away from him, but she came back.

"I shall not go to the luncheon tomorrow if you care to leave the hunt early."

De Chauville bowed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## LOCAL NEWS.

Rather fallish. Hortense Miller started Saturday, for Stockton Springs.

**WANTED**—A small safe. Inquire at the Times office.

Mrs. C. E. Owen of Waterville, is in town attending the Federation meetings.

Geo. W. McDougal has recently assumed the management of the Snell House.

Miss J. June Dunn is at home from Eliot, Me., visiting her father for a short time.

Miss Diantha Brown has returned home from a three week's visit to friends in Bangor.

Miss Jennie Linton left Tuesday night for Raleigh, where she is a teacher at Shaw University.

Mrs. Lottie M. Hume of Fairfield, is passing a few days with her son, F. M. Hume, Military St.

Mrs. W. J. Estabrooke of Skowhegan, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Putnam and Mrs. Oscar Brown.

Mrs. F. Dooley returned this week from Bangor, where she has been a guest of Mrs. B. Bagnall at her fine home on Cottage St.

L. L. McLeod is in New York purchasing his fall and winter garments, ladies' and children's furnishings, and stock of house furnishings.

Gorton's Minstrels will be at the Opera House, next Wednesday, with their up-to-date entertainment. A concert and street parade will be held at 11 o'clock noon.

The sudden cold and rainy weather is giving the farmers a severe setback in their potato digging and in the event of a cold, rainy fall many of the tubers will suffer severely.

Attention is called to the article by Mrs. Wilkins on the second page. This address received unusual commendation by those who listened to our gifted townsman. Other addresses will be published in our next issue.

Miss Jewett of Florenceville, was the guest of Mrs. Caleb Fowler, Tuesday of this week at which time she rendered some fine selections upon the organ, also several vocal selections which were listened to with much pleasure by Mrs. Fowler's guests.

The convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs held in town this week brought a large number of visitors here from all over the State. All the meetings of the convention were well attended, regardless of the unfavorable weather which prevailed during a part of the session.

There are a number of husky boys at the Institute who are used to farm work, and they would be glad to exchange their muscle on Saturdays. During potato harvest some of this muscle might be expended to good advantage in assisting the neighboring farmers, or doing up the odd jobs around residences. Anyone desiring help of this kind should leave word with the editor.

Don A. H. Powers started Monday evening, for Portland and Boston, where for the next few weeks he will combine business with pleasure and hopes to obtain a much needed rest. Mr. Powers has been a very busy man during the summer having had extensive building operations on his hands aside from his large law practice and the opportunity of taking a rest will be much appreciated.

Eleven men were brought down from Presque Isle last Saturday by Officer Huson, Fall and Brown. The charges against these men are vagrancy. Their sentences vary from thirty to ninety days. They are a rugged, healthy lot of men that ought to be earning two dollars a day in some potato field. They must have come to the conclusion that this world owes them a living without work. Heroic treatment must be adopted to relieve them of this idea.

The Elks had a very enthusiastic meeting at their hall last Friday evening. About fifty Elks were present to talk over the advisability of securing better and more attractive quarters. It was the unanimous opinion that larger quarters were absolutely necessary. A committee consisting of Jos. A. Brown, H. J. Hatheway, R. L. Turney, Don A. H. Powers and W. F. Titcomb were appointed to draw up plans and make arrangements for quarters in the Mansur block, now in course of construction. With the prepared new arrangement the Elks club will be able to have a pool and billiard room, a gymnasium room and a bowling alley for the convenience of the members. The committee will report at the regular meeting Friday evening, Sept. 22. There will be no initiation.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Wait ladies for the grand opening at the garment store. Watch for the date.

Mrs. E. P. Maye of Fairfield, was the guest of Mrs. Kendall Jackins this week.

The list of Syndicate Store bargains may be found on opposite page. For the real things call at the store.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Theodate Stevens of this town, to Mr. Fred A. Shean of Patten.

The Festival Chorus will rehearse in Ricker Memorial parlors next Monday evening at 7.30. A full attendance is requested.

Mrs. John Weiler and four daughters started this week for Providence, R. I., where the young ladies will attend school.

Read the ad written by an 11-year-old boy, published this week in connection with The Ingraham Clothing Co.'s ad on page 7.

Remember the Vesper Service at the Presbyterian church on Sunday at 4 p. m. Rev. Mr. Ford will speak. All are cordially invited.

On Sunday morning Rev. J. A. Ford will speak on "The Making of a Man," and in the evening on "Six Reasons for Going to Church." Miss Lottie Kinney will sing.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be omitted next week as the president and several members will be absent, attending the state convention which convenes at Bar Harbor, Sept. 19, 20 and 21.

On Oct. 28, the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.'s directory goes to press. Why should not your name be included in this, the most universal of all directories?

Mrs. L. V. Rice and daughters Florence and Alice, of Roxbury, Mass., are spending their vacation here in town. They are at present stopping at the home of C. H. Wilson on Court St.

Miss Margaret Koch of Portland, will give a recital Friday evening, Sept. 22, in the First Baptist church. The admission is free. An offering will be taken to buy mattresses for the homeless boys in Christian Endeavor Cottage at Good Will Farm.

It is safe to say that the Federation of Women's clubs have rarely, if ever, enjoyed such a musical treat as was given them at the recent Houlton Convention by our own Nevin Quartet, and even they seldom delighted their friends as this did on that occasion.

The social held by the W. C. T. U. Sept. 7, proved a very successful one both socially and financially. The president, Mrs. F. McLeod was again elected, this making her fifth year in office. Following are the vice presidents, Mrs. L. White, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. W. L. Tingley, Mrs. K. McKay and Mrs. H. Bubar. Superintendents of department work were appointed by the executive committee.

We are very sorry to learn that Hon. Beecher Putnam has an attack of typhoid fever. This was no doubt contracted by drinking water in Smyrna as he took dinner there a few weeks ago. It was ten days after drinking this water that Mr. Putnam began to feel symptoms of the disease and this is the usual incubation period. Care should be taken to insure pure drinking water, and it is better to go thirsty than to drink unboiled water from wells.

The exemplification of the floral work on Sept. 5th afforded a very pleasant evening for the members and visitors of Fidelity Chapter O. E. S. Those who participated were dressed in white and the work certainly showed that they had worked hard through the hot summer months. The floral work was followed by a drill, giving many military figures, the perfectness of which elicited great applause. One of the many beautiful features of the work was the reciting of Scriptural verses by the officers, also the duet "Entreat Me Not" sung by Mrs. F. W. Mann and Mrs. Percy Rideout. The chanting of hymns by Mrs. Isaac Hutchinson, Miss Mary Crawford, Mrs. C. Newell and Mrs. W. H. Guion. The hall was made very attractive by Mrs. Newell. The officers for the floral work were, Cora Putnam, Worthy Matron; Ira Hersey, Worthy Patron; Ella Guion, Associate Matron; Mabel Cates, Conductress; Lydia Gray, Associate Conductress; Mattie Clough, Adah; Helen Floyd, Ruth; Mertie Andrews, Esther; Ernestine Davis, Martha; Clara Crawford, Electa; Georgie Gellerson, Marshall; Clara Hutchinson, Chaplin; Eudenia Davis, Sec'y.; Louise Monson, Treas.; Jennie Dill, Warden.

## LOCAL NEWS.

See new ad of S. Friedman & Co.'s, on 7th page.

Mrs. Ella Dudley has been confined to the house for some time.

Miss Lottie Kinney of Dexter delighted a large congregation of friends last Sunday at the First Baptist church. Her voice is rich, full and sympathetic. She will sing again next Sunday.

Miss Mollie Pierce, who has been visiting her sisters Mrs. Geo. A. Graham and Mrs. P. N. Burleigh, returned to her home in Fort Fairfield, Monday of this week.

Pres. Hyde's address Thursday evening at the Baptist church was a scholarly effort, worthy of the man and position he occupies. He was listened to by a large audience of attentive club women and leading citizens of the town.

A literary entertainment will be held in the vestry of the Free Baptist church this evening. Those to take part include Hon. R. W. Shaw, who will narrate his experiences in the West; Mr. J. Barry Allan, humorist reader of Fredericton, N. B.; Mr. Cheney Kinney, Miss Fay Nickerson and other local talent.

Notwithstanding there is a considerable falling off in the potato crop this year as compared with last season's big yield, nearly double the number of bushels were shipped from the Aroostook division of the B. & A. during August of this year than in the corresponding month of 1904, the exact figures being 115,265 bushels against 64,344 bushels last year.—Republican.

A very pretty home wedding occurred Thursday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stephenson on Highland Ave. when their daughter Miss Edna was united in the sacred bonds of matrimony to Mr. Hoyt T. Parks of Clifton, Me., who for the past few months has been employed by the B. & A. in this town and who has made many friends during his short stay here. The bride is a young lady of estimable character and her friends are legion. Having resided in town all her life she is well known, respected and esteemed. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Kenneth McKay. The bride was becomingly attired in white organdie and wore flowers. The house decorations were fittingly arranged and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Parks started on the afternoon train Thursday for Clifton, Me., where they will make their home.

The local corps of the world wide Salvation Army are launching out on their Harvest Festival effort of 1905 which is their home mission effort of the year. Capt. Hoos and wife, who have just taken charge of Houlton corps, are desirous of raising \$125 so as to be able to see the way clear for the winter's work. With each winter's cold comes the attendant suffering among our less fortunate population. Did you ever hear of a person applying for aid, being rejected by the Salvation Army because of color creed or condition? That is not the Army's way. Remember they are here for the benefit of the suffering, the down-trodden, the outcast to spend and be spent in following the blessed Master's example. Any aid you can give in finance or store will be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. D. M. Bamford has returned from St. John, N. B., where she has been visiting friends and relatives.

It becomes our painful duty this week to chronicle the death of Miss Jennie Porter, daughter of Harris A. Porter, which occurred Tuesday evening, at the home of her parents on Court St., after a critical illness of about two weeks. For nearly two years Miss Porter's health had been failing, but the fact had not been generally known as her bright and cheerful disposition forbade her speaking of it. The deceased was an active member of the Unitarian church and devoted a great deal of her time to furthering the interests of the Society. She was a member of the choir and was ever active and solicitous for the welfare and perfection of the musical interests of the services. Always interested in social work, she would leave nothing uncared for or undone to make a success of any social occasion. After the first days of her fatal illness her life was despaired of many times and the end was expected at any time by those acquainted with her condition. Besides a host of loving friends she leaves a father and mother and three sisters, Alice, Annie and M. S. B. B. McIntyre to mourn her loss, and to whom the sympathy of the entire community is extended. The funeral occurred from the residence on Court St., Thursday afternoon at 2.30, Rev. L. R. Daniels officiating.

## LOCAL NEWS.

When the buildings being erected in the business part of the town are completed there will be no town in Maine of its size that can boast of as fine and thoroughly built business blocks. We heard a business man say the other day that the proprietors of the several blocks also owned them. That not one of them is mortgaged, and this we believe is true. When the two brick blocks and the Snell House are completed a little attention should be given by the town to the beautifying of the square itself. Why could not a small oval plot of ground in the center be devoted to green grass and a few flowers? It would certainly improve the appearance of the Square, and would not interfere with traffic.

## Supreme Judicial Court.

Houlton, Sept. 19, 1905.

HON. SEWALL C. STROUT, Justice Presiding.

MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.

HERBERT T. POWERS, County Attorney.

REV. DANIEL E. PUTNAM, Chaplain.

A. H. WHITMAN, Reporter.

MARTIN LAWLIS, Sheriff.

G. A. Barrett, Deputy.  
John A. Brown, Deputy.  
Elmer G. Bryson, Deputy.  
P. O. Cassidy, Deputy.  
M. S. Huson, Deputy.  
Geo. H. Mooers, Deputy.  
A. B. Smart, Deputy.  
Geo. H. Smith, Deputy.

## GRAND JURORS.

Alexis Albert, Madawaska.  
J. W. Beckwith, Presque Isle.  
Ambrose H. Bishop, Fort Fairfield.

Wilbur A. Buck, Monticello.  
Raymond Charrette, Fort Kent.  
Wilbert E. Crockett, Caribou.  
S. H. Farley, Bridgewater.  
Byron O. Hatch, Caribou.  
Columbus Hayford, Presque Isle.  
Albert T. Hoyt, Fort Fairfield.  
Warren A. Long, Limestone.  
Frank A. Lovering, Van Buren.  
Alexis Morneau, Grand Isle.  
James Ouillette, Frenchville.  
P. M. Porter, Mapleton.  
Dennis Rairdon, Littleton.  
Leod M. Rideout, Blaine.  
H. W. Shaw, Mars Hill.  
Isaac Shields, Linneus.  
Chas. E. Stetson, Houlton.  
R. L. Turney, Houlton.  
Albert Whitcomb, Easton.

## TRAVERSE JURORS.

Frank G. Allen, Presque Isle.  
Stephen E. Ames, Ft. Fairfield.  
Ezekiel Benn, Oakfield.  
Leslie N. Berce, Caribou.  
Asa Brown, Hersey.  
J. F. Collins, Mars Hill.  
Sylvain Corbin, Grand Isle.  
John B. Cormier, Van Buren.  
Frank E. Cram, Fort Fairfield.  
George Crosby, Littleton.  
Laurent Fournier, Madawaska.  
Maxime Gagnon, Frenchville.  
George W. Getchell, Linneus.  
Lyman F. Getchell, Limestone.  
James H. Glenn, Caribou.  
John B. Greenleaf, Amity.  
Chas. G. Haglund, Woodland.  
L. S. Hale, Wathburn.  
Henry H. Mare, Monticello.  
J. W. Holmquist, New Sweden.  
A. T. Kallack, Ashland.  
E. M. Jackman, Sherman.  
Joseph R. Michaud, St. Agatha.  
F. B. Morton, Bridgewater.  
Arthur Sanford, Ludlow.  
Wm. H. Sincock, Houlton.  
Fred C. Smith, Easton.  
George Springer, Weston.  
Thomas Sweeney, Jr. Ft. Kent.  
John M. Ramsey, Blaine.  
C. H. Richardson, Presque Isle.  
George W. Rollins, Haynesville.  
Ira Royal, Hodgdon.  
John R. Weed, Houlton.  
Everett Wessenger, Masardis.

## Booze at the Boundary.

Two men were before Justice Norton today this week charged with the crime of drunkenness. One man hailed from Woodstock, the other from Fredericton. When asked where they obtained their liquor they said at Thompson's line store. They paid one dollar for one quart of crazy. What say you Thompson Bros., guilty or not guilty?

## Federation Convention.

A Brief Review of the Work of the Convention.

The annual meeting of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs has been a grand success from start to finish. The following is a brief report of a part of the proceedings. We shall endeavor to make the report more complete in our next issue, and pick up some of the scattered threads and weave them into a more complete whole.

The reception to the Federation given by the Houlton Clubs, Wednesday evening, was a brilliant success. The hour of the reception was nine o'clock, to make it possible for the ladies coming on the evening train to attend. Foresters hall was decorated with pink and green, the colors of the Fact and Fiction Club, bunting, palms, ferns and cut flowers being utilized. The banquet hall was made very bright and beautiful by using yellow and white, the colors of the Houlton Woman's Club. Huge bouquets of yellow flowers were arranged on a long table occupying the center of the room. Yellow and white bunting was festooned across the ceiling over the table. The young lady waiters wore white dresses and yellow flowers, being not the least attractive feature of the decorations. Ice cream and cake were served for refreshments.

Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. Burpee, Mrs. Geo. C. Frye, Portland, Mrs. Etta Osgood, Philadelphia, Mrs. I. B. Mower, Waterville, Miss Edith McAlpine, Portland, Mrs. Rose C. Johnson, Gorham, Miss Katherine Tinker, Concord, N. H., were in the receiving line. The ushers, in deference to Pres. Hyde of Bowdoin, who was the guest of the Federation, were graduates of that college. The ushers were Bernard Archibald, Geo. Purinton, Jr. Leonard Pierce, Fred Putnam and Roland Clark. There were about 300 present.

The attendance at the Thursday morning session of the Federation testified to an undiminished interest in the proceedings. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. L. R. Daniels after which the Nevin Quartette rendered a selection "On the Road to Mandalay." The applause which followed proved that the audience agreed with the president when she said that this quartette had contributed largely to the success of the meetings.

Mrs. Frederick Jones, chairman of the Reciprocity Bureau, being absent her report was read by the recording secretary. The report was of deep interest to all showing the possibilities for help along special lines which lie in this department.

Mrs. Johnson then read a telegram conveying greetings from the Androscoggin Union in the words of numbers 524-26. The greeting was received and the secretary instructed to send a letter in reply.

Mrs. Frye then introduced Mrs. E. P. Viles of Skowhegan, who reported at some length on the work which had been done by the Commissioner on Forestry. This department, a comparatively new one in state work is receiving earnest attention. Mrs. Viles report included an extract from a letter written by Supt. Stetson, in which he acknowledged with gratitude the very substantial assistance rendered by the woman's club along the lines. In connection with the work Mrs. Wood of Norridgewock, the newly appointed treasurer of the Federation, read an interesting and practical paper on the proper observance of Arbor Day. Mrs. Merrill of Skowhegan told of the work which had been done in her town towards cleaning and beautifying a plot of ground for a public park. The enthusiasm of this speaker was contagious and her account of the result from small beginnings was full of significance.

The history of the Waterville Woman's Club and the great work which it is doing along practical lines is well known throughout the state.

Mrs. G. Hutchins of this club read a most interesting paper full of practical hints and suggestions on "The Mission of the Arts and Crafts movement to the Average Woman." She was followed by Mrs. Ezra White, who reported the work of the Arts and Crafts Commission.

After the report of the Legislative Committee had been read by Mrs. Mortland of Rockland, the president calling to the platform Mrs. Ella Jordan Mason of Biddeford whose paper "Child Labor Legislation" was the principal feature of the morning.

The power and persuasiveness of this speaker are well known and tears sprang to many eyes at the pathetic picture

which she drew of the conditions which exist even in our own fair state. The appalling statistics which she presented and the forcible way in which she pointed out the disastrous results that follows this evil, was convincing proof of the necessity of more stringent laws against child-labor.

The beautiful solo by Miss Charlotte Kinney was particularly pleasing at this point.

In the afternoon as the president's gavel fell at two o'clock it called to immediate attention a large and interested audience.

As Mrs. Kate Clarke Estabrooke of the Library Commission was not present her report was read by the corresponding secretary Miss McAlpine. The selection by the Nevin Quartette which followed needs no comment as the appreciation of the audience was shown by the enthusiastic applause which greeted the performers.

The president then gave the meeting into the hands of Literature and Art Commission whose chairman Mrs. A. M. Wilson of Bangor, took the platform, and in brief, but forcible words outlined the work of this commission and introduced the speakers.

The first speaker was Miss Mary E. Merrill of Bangor, her paper "Composition in Pictures" showed deep study and thorough technical knowledge. Such exhaustive information is less surprising however, in the light of the thought which she presented as the keynote of her address "There is more Virtue in Perspiration than Inspiration." Her talk was fully illustrated by a number of pictures displayed above the stage.

After this paper Miss Ethelyn Larabee sang a selection in a most pleasing manner, after which the guest of the Federation Miss Katharine Tinker of Concord, N. H., was introduced, and presented her interpretative lecture on William Morris.

The pleasing personality of the speaker, her felicitous choice of words, her exquisite rendering of various selections from the poems of Morris, and her evident enthusiastic sympathy with her subject held her audience spell-bound and made the hour one long to be remembered.

## Crystal.

A young daughter was born in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher Duplisea, Sept. 8.

Carl Corliss is teaching school at Crystal station.

Alfred McGowan has nine men working for him this season digging potatoes. He digs and picks up for \$15 per acre, and at present is digging for C. E. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnham C. Willey started for Readfield this week, where they will visit Mrs. Willey's father, W. C. Hackett. Mr. Hackett moved from Crystal to Readfield about two years ago.

R. G. Noyes and Mrs. Noyes with three of their family went to Lewiston to attend the fair and will be the guests of relatives in the near vicinity.

Haward Brewster, who has been away to New Hampshire for several years, is home for a short visit.

## Card of Thanks.

We take this opportunity to extend our sincere thanks to our many kind friends and neighbors for their kindly assistance through the sickness and death of a loved husband and father.

MRS. COLEMAN GILKEY and FAMILY.

Houlton, Sept. 13, 1905.

## Equal Rights.

A man from the North who recently visited Washington became possessed of the desire to visit Mount Vernon. Boarding the electric train that runs from the capital to the home of Washington, via Alexandria, the visitor had comfortably ensconced himself in one of the rear seats of a compartment, when the conductor tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Excuse me, but this compartment is for colored men."

This was the Northerner's first experience in a "Jim Crow" car. "Why" said he, surprised, "the seats forward are all occupied."

"Can't help that, sir," was the reply; "you mustn't sit here."

The Northerner smiled. "See here, conductor," said he, "I'm from the North, and haven't the prejudice of you people in the South. I don't mind sitting here with a negro."

"Maybe you don't," replied the conductor, "but the nigger might object." —Harper's.

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# G. W. RICHARDS & CO'S.

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## OUR SYNDICATE

Has just completed some great purchases  
at headquarters for cash.

NOW WE ARE GOING TO SHOW OUR CUSTOMERS WHERE TO BUY  
ONLY THE BEST OF ALL KINDS OF

## MERCHANDISE

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\* \* \*

ONLY THE LATEST STYLES FOR FALL and WINTER WEAR

and at less price than you are paying for Summer Materials, which are of  
little account at this season of the year.

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### Special Prices on New Fall Garments.

3-4 and 7-8 Length Coat with the new Empire back. New Fur Lined Coats  
with fur storm collars, at special prices during the month of September.

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Three Invoices of New Walking & Dress Skirts, at \$2.98, \$3.98 \$4.98 each

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### BEGINNING SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16,

We shall sell a Manufacturers' Stock of Lace Curtains. These are all Samples. FIRST LOT are single curtains  
and are worth from \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair. We shall sell this lot for 29c. each---just the thing for sash curtains  
and other uses. SECOND LOT are in pairs and not over two or three pairs of a kind, worth from \$1.00 to \$3.00  
per pair, and will be sold at 49c. per pair. Nothing has ever been shown in the way of Curtains like these for so  
little money. This is not one-fourth of their real value. Be on hand if you want any of them. They wont last long.

At the same time we shall sell another lot of those heavy Percale Wrappers, worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50 each,  
at 98c. Also two thousand yards good quality dark outing, at 5c. per yd. One hundred beautiful framed Medallions  
worth from 75c. to \$1.50 each. We shall sell them at 35c. and 69c. each. These last named were bought for our  
Christmas trade, put we have decided to put them on sale at the low price of 35c. and 69c. Now will be the time  
time to secure handsome framed pictures for your home. Remember lots of new goods, at low prices.

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SALE Begins Saturday Morning, Sept. 16th.

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## G. W. RICHARDS & COMPANY



### Corks For Bottle Stoppers.

The application of cork as a bottle stopper for liquid vessels is said to be of great antiquity. The earliest record extant of its use in Europe is that mentioned by Horace, who asserts that the Romans had cork as stoppers for their wine vessels. Certain of the uses of cork are known to the ancient Greeks, but whether they used cork for stopping the mouths of their liquid vessels history does not say. It was not, however, until the year 1760 that the Spaniards first commenced to work their cork woods with some degree of regularity for the making of corks. Although perhaps corks were made long before the time of the Spaniards, it is not until the fifteenth century, yet it was not until two and a half centuries later that the Spaniards began to prepare cork for bottle stoppers, which they did in a forest situated at the northeast of the Tago, on the Muge. The cork industry since gradually came to be one of the first magnifying its chief center in Oporto being in Catalonia.

### What the Teacher Must Do.

Knowledge is good, but wisdom is better. A good teacher is a college graduate, trained to take knowledge in rather than to impart it, may have much of it with but little wisdom. He may be able, as a teacher, to drill boys and girls in Greek and Latin declensions and cram them with facts, but he is of little value, unless he can produce in them what Spencer calls "pleasurable excitement" and interest he is a failure. His would be the sort of teaching that harps upon obedience and discipline and endeavors by force of rule and rod to oblige the pupil to study and learn. The will cannot be forced, but the teacher knows well that it can be led. He remembers the remark of Rousseau that "the teacher's province is less to instruct than to guide," that "he must not lay down precepts, but teach his pupils to discover them." This was the way of that great teacher, Agassiz, certainly.—Arthur Gilman in Atlantic.

### The Mouthed Bass.

The mouthed bass fully deserves his reputation for being vigorous and game from infancy. He is characterized by his peculiarly his own when he is young, activity and craft are unequalled. I once took a bass four inches long on a spoon hook, the bowl of which was more than two inches long. This bass does not hesitate to tackle that terror of all other fish—the snake and voracious pickerel. With his first dorsal fin rigidly set up, he lays off some ten or twenty feet and then makes a rapid dash right into and under the "log" forcing him to clear out at once or slipping him so hard that he ignites combat. The bass is established that bass introduced into a pond containing pickerel will ultimately destroy the latter. The same fate awaits other fish, introduced into a pond.

### Wind Superstitions.

The Finns of Norway long entertained a traditional belief in the power of controlling the winds by a small rope with three knots tied in it. This popular superstition gave rise to the curious industry of making and selling these wind controlling ropes with magical knots to mariners and fishermen. It was believed that by unloosing the first knot a favorable breeze was secured, the second raised a strong gale and the third knot was untied it would bring the tempest. According to Randolph Higden, the witches of the Isle of Man had a similar ancient practice of selling winds to sailors.

### App.

Douglas Jerrold had a way of putting pet names to things. One of his remarks is given by George Hodder in "Jerrold at 75." Jerrold was at a party one night where a doctor, who was tall and thin almost to emaciation, had for a partner a lady who was short and square in build. Turning to a bystander, he remarked, "The little dancin' with a million of legs."

### When Labor Did Not Tell.

A home missionary who visited Sling Island, took occasion to have a heart to heart talk with one of the country boys. "Well, my friend," said he, "that prime never brings success? It is only achieved by hard labor." "I did six months of it at a stretch once, and I didn't come out no richer than I went in."

### But He Was Burned.

"Bless me," said old Gotrox, "all the time I was in the hospital I'm sure I could learn to be a good husband. You know I was a good one to learn." "Nor too old to learn, perhaps," replied the nurse. "I'm sorry to say you're not too old to learn."—Philadelphia Press.

### Always Something Lacking.

Love is like a waltz. It never quite fulfills all one expects of it. Either the man's lead is too fast or too slow, his hold too light or too loose, he stumbles over your gown or steps on your feet, and if everything else is right it is the waltz you hate.—Life.

### What.

A Scotchman once took dinner at a house and regarded the meal as inadequate. As he was leaving his host asked him when he would dine with him again. "Now," was the startling reply.

### A Good Cause Needs Not to be Patronized by a Person, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.—Browne.

### A Vegetable Caterpillar.

In New Zealand and Australia they have an animal vegetable oddity which cannot be equaled by any other animate or inanimate object upon the earth's surface. It is the queerest of the many atipodean wonders and paradoxes and for the want of a better name has been called the "bulrush caterpillar" or "vegetable worm." The native Tasmanian name for the oddity is aweto-hotele. The aboveground portion of this vegetable worm is a fungus of the order sphaeria, which grows to a height of six or eight inches. When pulled up by the root this fungus is found to consist of a large caterpillar, showing head, segments and breathing holes—every detail of the grub being perfectly preserved. On examination the interior of the caterpillar is found to be composed of a "punky" looking substance, really the root of the fungus, which has cremated every fiber of what was once a living, breathing creature's anatomy. In all the instances which Buckland records, the sphaeria had made its attack in the fold of skin between the second and third segments of the caterpillar and had replaced all the animal substance of the creature's body with a hard brown vegetable growth resembling the fungoid growths on blackberry and other vines.

### Vells In Churches.

During the tenth century no woman was allowed to appear at church without a veil. It had to be a real veil, too, covering and concealing the features in order that the prayers and meditations of the men might not be disturbed by the contemplation of feminine loveliness. There was a tradition that the origin of the custom was in an order from a great French saint. When a young man he met a little girl with features so noble and beautiful that, although he was many years her senior, he immediately fell in love with her because she resembled a young lady to whom he had been engaged years before, but who died in his arms. The man and the girl separated, and he became a priest. Many years later he saw her in the congregation just as he was entering the pulpit to preach, and the sight disturbed him to such an extent that his sermon was a failure, and he ordered all the women thenceforth to wear vells.

### Birds In Attack.

Birds display great skill and cunning in the chase, the attack and in guarding themselves from injury during the struggle for supremacy. The secretary bird is the inveterate enemy and untiring pursuer of the snake. All sorts, even the most venomous, he hunts with a zest that is at once interesting and amusing. The snake flees from its foe, who follows, watching every opportunity for a blow. When the reptile turns the bird uses one of his wings as a shield and strikes with his foot. The snake buries its fangs in the wing, but leaves the poison in the plumage, and the bird escapes unhurt. Repeated blows from the powerful claw confuse and disable the snake, and at last it falls, to be at once dispatched by thrusts of the sharp beak into its head. The bird then tosses his victim into the air and, catching it as it falls, swallows it.

### England's First Organ.

Elfric, bishop of Winchester during the reign of Alfred the Great, is reputed to have procured an organ for his cathedral. It was the largest instrument then known, having 40 pipes divided among ten keys, supplied by wind from twenty-six pairs of bellows and requiring the services of no fewer than seventy blowers. Judging from this, the Winchester organ either came from Germany or was built upon a German model, for in that country, until much later, the wind was provided by a species of treadmill arrangement whereon the blowers gripped a bar, each working two pairs of bellows, like those of our smiths, with their feet.—London Queen.

### Splitting Paper.

Very often it is worth knowing how to split a sheet of paper. Suppose you had an article which was printed on both sides and you desired to paste it in your scrapbook. You would paste it between two sheets of stout paper and, when nearly dry, draw these apart. You will have half of the printed sheet on each, and by the use of moisture you can readily detach them.

### Three of Them.

One word in the English language in which the vowels occur in regular sequence is "facetious." Is there another?—Rochester Post-Express. Ever hear of the word "abstemious"?—Cleveland Leader. What is the matter with "arsenious"?—New York Tribune.

### Autobiographies.

All autobiographies are lies. No man is bad enough to tell the truth about himself during his lifetime, and no man is good enough to tell the truth to posterity in a document which he suppresses until there is nobody left alive to contradict him.—George Bernard Shaw.

### Woke Him Up.

Bashful Beaumont—He—I—or—dreamt I—or—kissed you last night. What's that a sign of? Modest Maldon—Well, it's a sign that you're more sensible asleep than awake.

### They Fall Short.

Foreigner—Are the earnings of your household servants large as a rule? American—No; not nearly so large as their pay.—Pittsburg Post.

He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that.—Mill.

### Funeral Instead of Wedding.

Manchester, N. H., Aug. 22. A double funeral was held here for Harris Lindsey, deputy police commissioner of New York city, and his fiancée, Miss Evelyn P. Willing of Chicago, who were victims of an automobile accident at Bennington a week ago. Lindsey and Miss Willing were to have been married this week. The services were held at the Congregational church and the bodies were buried side by side in Bellwood cemetery.

### Heavy Claims Against Missing Man.

Berlin, N. H., Aug. 21. The police of this city were notified last night of the disappearance of C. Lamoureux, president of the Canadian-American Insurance company, a French-Canadian benefit society, and efforts are being made to locate him. Claims for about \$21,000 have been presented by the creditors of the missing man. Lamoureux held the office of assessor for some time. He was prominent in city politics.

### Struck Ledge Close to Wharf.

Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 23.—Steamer Gay Head, which arrived here last night from Woods Hole and New Bedford, with 125 passengers on board, struck a submerged ledge of rocks. The passengers were not greatly alarmed, as the Gay Head was close to her wharf, and they were all landed safely within a half hour after the vessel struck. The bow of the steamer is about 20 feet from the wharf.

### Bribery Charge Falls.

Boston, Aug. 23.—The grand jury of Suffolk county, which has been investigating a charge of bribery preferred by Alderman Frank J. Lincoln against 10 members of the board of aldermen, returned a "no bill" and declared to be unanimously of the opinion that no crime had been committed.

### Retires From Diplomatic Service.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 23.—Edwin H. Conger has resigned his post as American ambassador to Mexico, to take effect Oct. 18 next, and President Roosevelt has accepted the resignation. Mr. Conger says he resigns "for reasons pertaining to my private business and personal affairs."

### 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.

Are You Using Allen's Foot Ease? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful, Smarting, Hot, Swollen feet. At all Drug-gists and Shoe Stores, 25 cts.



## VINEGAR CAUTION

Vinegar, may be vinegar, or it may be something else; and due regard for health demands care in the purchase of this article of universal consumption. Perhaps a so-called vinegar, composed of acetic acid and water may not be called strictly poisonous, but to use it is to treat the delicate lining of one's stomach rather harshly, to say the least, while its strong metallic taste destroys the flavor of everything to which it is applied. Or if it is doctored with tannic or sulphuric acid to improve its flavor, than it is doubly dangerous because more deceitful. It would seem, therefore, that one's only safe-guard is to

PURCHASE A RELIABLE BRAND FROM A RELIABLE GROCER

and the absolute guaranteed purity and perfection of delicate flavor in all Heinz Vinegars will recommend them to discriminating people. We sell Heinz XXX Malt Vinegars in bottles, for salads, etc., incomparable. Heinz Pure Pickling Vinegars, the best obtainable White Vinegar—a vinegar for all general pickling purposes.

Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar for those who prefer cider vinegar, strictly pure. Each the best of its type. There is safety in buying your vinegars from us.

We refund full purchase price if any package of Heinz Vinegars proves unsatisfactory.

**A. H. BERRY & SON,**  
Strictly Cash Grocery and Meat Market  
70 MAIN STREET, HOULTON, MAINE.

# GERMS CAUSE DYSPEPSIA

IF YOU DON'T KILL THE DISEASE GERMS THEY WILL KILL YOU. PEPSOIDS DRIVE THE GERMS OUT OF THE STOMACH AND REBUILDS IT. WRITE FOR A FULL SIZED BOTTLE—FREE.

A noted physician of Pittsburg, Pa., in a recent letter to Dr. Oldman says: "In your prescription known as 'Pepsoids' you have given the medical world the greatest and most valuable discovery in medicine of the present century. You have at last solved the problem that has baffled the skill of the best physicians of recent times, how to cure permanently all Acute or Chronic Stomach Diseases known as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Catarrh of the Stomach and Digestive Weakness. I have used your prescription, 'Pepsoids,' in hundreds of cases with-out a single failure. I attribute the success of your treatment mainly to the fact that the disease germs of the stomach cannot resist Pepsoids. Your theory that most Stomach Diseases are brought about by multitudes of nefarious disease-breeding germs must be correct, judging from the remarkable results attained from the use of your 'Pepsoids.' I consider 'Pepsoids' the best and most valuable remedy yet discovered, for the treatment of stubborn stomach ailments." Pepsoids cure Dyspepsia and all Stomach Diseases, in a new way, by repairing the worn-out lining of the Stomach and at the same time, destroy all disease-breeding germs. Dyspepsia and the worst

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



Vacation days are most over and you and the youngsters will soon be looking out for shoes to begin school in.

Now we know a lot about shoes and what lively youth demands of them, and we assure you that months of shopping will not result in your finding better shoes at the price than

Trotters at \$1.00  
Strongbak at \$1.25  
Bopbilt \$1.50

Besides that we take special pains in fitting children's feet.

**Merritt's Shoe Store.**  
10 Court St., Houlton.

**L. W. Dyer,**  
SINCOCKBLOCK  
—DEALER IN—  
Meats, Groceries, Fruit  
Confectionery,  
Crockery, Etc.  
MAIN ST. HOULTON, ME



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM  
Grooming and beautifying the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & dandruff. Sold and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Commencing October 1st, I will give absolutely free  
**PHONOGRAPHS**  
of the latest makes.  
Call and find out the particulars.  
**B. S. GREEN,**  
"My Clothier."

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, Sanford & York, Mars Hill, T. B. Bradford, Golden Ridge, Chas. W. Westcott, Patton, A. M. Leavitt, Smyrna Mills, P. E. Craig, Ashland, O. A. Stanley, Monticello, J. W. Darling, Sherman Mills.

## On Dress Parade Occasion



there is often pecky customs that have to be complied with. It's different though if you want to buy

**Pianos**

In that event custom says we are the people to buy of. It's because in buying of us you get quality, style and durability combined with lowness of price. The custom of buying of us saves you money.

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."

**HAGERMAN & ASTLE,**  
66 Main Street, Houlton

**FOX BROS.**



## Grange News.

## Potato News.

There is a fair crop of potatoes over the United States, sufficient to make the season a much better one than last year. Potatoes were so cheap last year that the dealers disliked to handle them. As long as they remain about \$2 a barrel, and it now looks as though that will be the ruling price, then the trade can make a little money. In Michigan and Wisconsin two of the great potato states, the crop is very good, while in New York state it is scattered. In certain portions it is claimed there will not be more than 75 per cent of a crop and others not more than two-thirds. The total of the New York crop will probably be 75 per cent of an ordinary crop.

## Blight in New York.

In New York state the blight is what is playing havoc with the potatoes. This is particularly bad in Steuben county, one of the best potato counties in the state. When the blight sets in it is impossible to tell what the potatoes will yield in digging.

## Aroostook Stock Coming into that Market very Freely Now

Boston, Sept. 8.—Maine potatoes came forward very freely this week and from this on things will be humming, for this is digging time in Aroostook. The dealers this week have been rather at a disadvantage because they started in Tuesday morning at Charlestown with an accumulation of 102 cars, which jammed prices down to 50 and 55c., as Monday was a holiday. Said one dealer: "When we get rid of this big supply I look to see the market advance to 50 and 57c. and that will be a good working price."

## Are Bees Stupid?

One would conclude, says Mr. Louis Rhoad, in the Outlook, after a survey of most that has been written about the honey-bee, that he is endowed with extraordinary knowledge. Little or nothing has been said of his ignorance or stupidity, but I have come to the conclusion, after three years' most careful study of my bees, that in many instances they are far less intelligent than the average insect both in guarding their stores and in protecting themselves. The oft-repeated praise of the tender solicitude of the nurse and doctor bees seems in striking contrast with the callous movements of healthy bees who pass by their dead or wounded sisters without the slightest notice, but will quickly remove them if work is impeded, taking no end of trouble to pick the body up, fly some distance and then drop it. A single bee may be seen tugging and pulling, the rest working merrily on, taking no notice whatever nor giving assistance; yet in the hive comb-building every one helps his neighbor in building a cell. On bright days during the winter they will issue forth. No matter if the snow is on the ground and the air is chilly; if only the sun shines, they will fly around. I have seen them on these occasions fly for a few moments and then drop helplessly on the snow, and after a time, for a space of a few yards around the hive they lie so thick that the snow is hidden. On these occasions the beekeeper will often lose from fifty to one hundred thousand bees. The question may well be asked, "Why does the bee not know, not have instinct enough to know that the temperature is lower than he can bear?"

Lewiston, Me., Sept. 11.—The deputy enforcement commissioners made an important haul of liquors at Lewiston Junction Monday morning. In all it amounted to about 250 gallons valued at the smallest general average at about \$600. The stuff was marked: "K. C. R. Gorham, Me." It came into Lewiston where it was seen by the commissioners. When it was jumped back to Lewiston Junction, Deputy Commissioner Stevens kept it under his eye all day. The liquor was finally seized on a warrant and is now in custody of the commissioners.

## BANKRUPT'S PETITION FOR DISCHARGE.

In the matter of Hubert G. Brissette, In Bankruptcy. To the Hon. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine.

HUBERT G. BRISSETTE of Caribou, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the 17th day of June, 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 2nd day of Sept. A. D. 1905. HUBERT G. BRISSETTE, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

District of Maine, ss.

On this 9th 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 22nd 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 in interest, 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 9th day of Sept., A. D. 1905.

(U. S.) JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

138

## County Road in Linneus and Hodgdon.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Aroostook:

We, the undersigned citizens of the Towns of Hodgdon and Linneus, would respectfully represent that public convenience and necessity requires the location of a public road or way as follows:—Beginning in the center of the Maine Military road at a point near where the west line of the Town of Hodgdon and the east line of the Town of Linneus intersects said road; thence running southerly on or near said town line to the road leading from the Town of Hodgdon to Linneus near the south east corner of lot numbered Four, Range One in the Town of Linneus.

And we ask you to view the same and locate the said way at your earliest convenience.

June 1905.

E. B. PORTER, and 34 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Aroostook, ss. Court of County Com'rs.

September Term held Sept. 5, 1905.

Upon the foregoing petition it is adjudged that the petitioners are responsible persons, and we, the County Commissioners, are of the opinion that there ought to be a hearing thereon. It is thereupon

Ordered, That the Commissioners will meet on Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the dwelling house of Mrs. Eva Porter in Hodgdon, in said Aroostook County, and hear all parties interested in said way, and after said hearing proceed to view the route above described, and there or at some convenient place in the vicinity hear all parties interested immediately after said view. Said notice to be given by posting up attested copies of said petition and this order in three public places in said Town of Linneus and also in said Town of Hodgdon, and by serving one upon the clerk of said Town of Linneus, and also upon the clerk of said Town of Hodgdon, and by publishing the same three successive weeks in the Aroostook Times, a newspaper printed and published at Houlton, in said County, the last publication and said service and posting to be at least thirty days before said meeting that all parties interested may then and there attend and be heard if they see fit.

SAMUEL C. GREENLAW, Co. Com'rs.

LEWIS E. JACKMAN, of 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.

38

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 Greenwood C. Rannels, In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Greenwood C. Rannels of Caribou, in the County of Aroostook and district aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of Sept. A. D. 1905, the said Greenwood C. Rannels 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 20th 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. 11, 1905.

138

Notice.

I hereby notify all persons not to trust or harbor my wife Eva M. Clark, as she has left my bed and board without just provocation, and I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

Dated at Hersey, Sept. 12, 1905.

JAMES E. CLARK.

Witness L. W. Kilgore.

WANTED

Lady or gentleman of fair education to travel for firm of \$250,000 capital. Salary \$4,072 per year, payable weekly. Expenses advanced. Address GEO. G. CLOWS, Houlton, Me.

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

## INGRAHAM CLOTHING CO.

BOYS Write Advertisements on "Widow Jones" America's Leader of Boys' Fashions.

REMEMBER—No literary ability required. Good common sense reasoning will win.

PRIZES—A Widow Jones Suit or Overcoat for the best local ad; \$100.00 in gold for the best three [3] ads in the country.

\$50 FIRST, \$30 SECOND, \$20 THIRD

HOULTON, MAINE, SEPT. 11, 1905.

I wish to call the attention of the boys of Littleton and Houlton to the merits of the Widow Jones ready-made clothing, kept and sold by their local agents, The Ingraham Clothing Co., of Houlton, Me.

I have had quite an experience with them and found them to be the best ready-made clothing I have ever worn. The best for several reasons. First because they are the best, still second because they are best fit and will keep their shape, and will not rip, they also have large pockets and strong pockets which are needful for boys.

I can recommend the Widow Jones suits and Overcoats and in fact everything in their line of clothing as the cheapest and best on the market to-day.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT R. MASON, age 11 years,  
Houlton, R. F. D. Route No. 3.

INGRAHAM CLOTHING CO.

HOULTON.

S. FRIEDMAN & CO.  
One Price Clothing House

OPENING  
OUR FALL LINE OF  
Men's, Boys' & Children's  
SUITS

Clothes Made Upon Honor

BY THE

STEIN BLOCH  
TAILORS

of Woolens Wool Tested.

They will fit and save you money.

R. C. I. Sweaters  
AND

H. H. S. Sweaters

This Label Stands for 51 Years  
of Knowing How



YOU MUST SUCCEED,  
IF YOU'LL MEET ME HALF WAY.

This is a thorough, practical, conscientious course of instruction in bookkeeping, business practice, penmanship, shorthand, typewriting, etc. No better training at any price.

HOULTON BUSINESS COLLEGE,

O. A. HODGINS, Prin., Houlton, Maine

S. FRIEDMAN & CO.  
HOULTON, MAINE.



**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 Bang-  
gor at 3.25 p. m.**

**Pullman Sleeping Car  
on train leaving Houl-  
ton at 8.40 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  
9.19 a. m., Patten 11.40 a. m., Millinocket  
10.28 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 8.40 a.  
m., Mars Hill 9.31 a. m., Fort Fairfield  
10.40 a. m., Presque Isle 10.04 a. m., Caribou  
10.30 a. m., Van Buren 11.55 a. m.

11.15 a. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills  
12.04 p. m., Masardis 1.11 p. m., Ashland  
1.35 p. m., Fortage 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 and Blaine 4.41 p. m.,  
Presque Isle 3.14 p. m., Caribou 2.40 p. m.  
New Sweden 4.45 p. m., Van Buren 5.35  
p. m., Fort Fairfield 2.30 p. m., Limestone  
3.25 p. m.

4.15 p. m. for and arriving at Island Falls  
5.12 p. m., Patten 4.05 p. m., Millinocket  
4.22 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., Oldtown  
6.50 p. m., Bangor 7.25 p. m., Portland 1.05  
a. m., Boston 3.30 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 8.50 p. m., Bangor 11.30  
p. m., Portland 4.15 a. m., Boston 7.20 a. m.

8.05 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 8.50  
p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.04 p. m.,  
Presque Isle 9.34 p. m., Caribou 10.00 p. m.,  
Fort Fairfield 9.50 p. m.

**ARRIVALS.**

6.25 a. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 6.25 a. m.,  
Caribou 6.20 a. m., Presque Isle 6.47 a. m.,  
Mars Hill and Blaine 7.18 a. m., Bridge-  
water 7.35 a. m.

8.25 a. m.—leaving Bangor 8.25 a. m., Millinocket  
6.15 a. m., Sherman 7.05 a. m., Island Falls  
7.25 a. m., Oakfield 7.43 a. m., Ludlow 7.39  
a. m., New Limerick 8.08 a. m.

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

12.35 p. m.—leaving Boston 9.45 p. m., Portland  
12.55 a. m., Bangor 7.10 a. m., Oldtown 7.47  
a. m., Brownville 9.07 a. m., Millinocket  
10.24 a. m., Patten 9.08 a. m., Island Falls  
11.35 a. m.

12.10 p. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 11.30 a. m.,  
Van Buren 9.10 a. m., Caribou 12.10 p. m.,  
Presque Isle 12.38 p. m., Mars Hill and  
Blaine 1.35 p. m., Bridgewater 1.25 p. m.,  
Millinocket 1.40 p. m.

12.35 p. m.—leaving Fort Kent 11.10 a. m., Port-  
age 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 6.00 p. m., Caribou 4.40 p. m., Pres-  
que Isle 5.07 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine  
5.37 p. m., Bridgewater 5.50 p. m.

8.35 p. m.—leaving Bangor 8.00 a. m., Portland  
1.05 a. m., Bangor 3.25 p. m., Oldtown 3.55  
p. m., Brownville 4.50 p. m., Millinocket  
6.00 p. m., Patten 6.05 p. m., Sherman 6.45  
p. m., Fort Fairfield 6.05 p. m.

**C. E. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket  
Agent, Bangor, Me., June 5, 1905.**

**CANADIAN  
PACIFIC RY.**

Effective June 4th, 1905.

Trains Daily Except Sunday Except Other-  
wise Stated.

**DEPARTURES.**

Eastern 6.20 a. m. Mixed, Week days for St.  
Stephen, St. Andrews,  
Fredericton, St. John and  
East; Vancoboro, Bangor,  
Portland, Boston, etc.

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

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

Eastern 8.10 p. m. Mixed for Woodstock, N.  
B.

Atlantic 6.20 a. m. Mixed Week days from  
Atlantic 7.25 a. m.

Atlantic 9.20 a. m. Mixed Week days from  
St. John and East; Fred-  
erickton, St. Stephen, (St.  
Andrews after July 1st),  
Bangor, Montreal and  
points West.

Atlantic 4.45 a. m. Mixed Week days from  
Woodstock, and north  
Presque Isle, Edmund-  
ston, and Riviere du  
Loup, and Fredericton,  
etc., via Gibson Branch.

Atlantic 9.45 p. m. Mixed Week days from  
St. John and East; Fred-  
erickton, St. Stephen, St.  
Andrews, Vancoboro,  
Bangor, Portland and Bos-  
ton, etc.

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

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, manu-  
factured by F. J. Cheney & Co., To-  
ledo, 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. Testi-  
monials free. Sold by druggists. Price  
75 cents per bottle. Take Hall's Family  
Pills for Constipation.

**Petition of Danforth Telephone  
Company.**

STATE OF MAINE.

ARROSTOOK, ss.

To the Honorable Board of County Com-  
missioners of said Arrostook County:

The Danforth Telephone Company, a cor-  
poration duly organized under the laws of the  
State of Maine, and having its principal place  
of business and office at Danforth, Washing-  
ton County, Maine, respectfully represents  
that on the 14th day of August, 1905, it pre-  
sented to the Selectmen of the Town of  
Hodgdon, in said Arrostook County, a  
petition praying for a location for its poles  
and wires therein in the following street and  
highways, of said town of Hodgdon, to wit:

Hodgdon 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 copies thereof and of an  
order of notice at F. H. Vail's store and J.  
H. Hand's store in said Town of Hodgdon,  
that a hearing on said petition would be held  
at the Town Hall in said Hodgdon, on Tues-  
day, August 22, 1905, at nine A. M. That  
due notice of said hearing was given in ac-  
cordance with said order and that the hear-  
ing on said petition was held at the Town  
Hall in said Hodgdon, on Tuesday, August  
22, 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 filed with the Clerk of  
said Town of Hodgdon, on the sixth day of  
September, 1905. That a copy of said ad-  
judication of said Selectmen is filed herewith  
and marked Exhibit "B."

Wherefore, said Danforth Tele-  
phone Company, being the party interested in said peti-  
tion and said adjudication, being aggrieved at  
the failure of said Selectmen to grant said  
petition and at said adjudication, hereby ap-  
peals from the decision of said Selectmen to  
your Honorable Board of County Commis-  
sioners of said Arrostook County.

Dated September 7, 1905.  
DANFORTH TELEPHONE COMPANY,  
By M. L. PORTER,  
Treasurer & Gen'l Manager.

STATE OF MAINE.

ARROSTOOK, ss.

Court of County Com'rs.

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 thereon,  
in the Arrostook 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 permit  
should not be granted. Said notice to be  
given at least fourteen days before said hear-  
ing.

SAMUEL C. GREENLAW, J. C. Com'rs.  
CHARLES E. JACKMAN, J. C. Com'rs.  
CHARLES E. DUNN, J. C. Com'rs.  
AUSTIN MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.  
A true copy of petition and order thereon.  
Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.

327

**Notice of Foreclosure.**

Whereas, Ellen White and Albion White,  
husband and wife, both of Fort Fairfield,  
in the County of Arrostook and State of  
Maine, by their mortgage deed dated Novem-  
ber 18th, 1899, and recorded in the Arrostook  
Registry of Deeds Vol. 175, Page 690,  
conveyed to Albion White the County of  
described real estate situate in said Fort  
Fairfield, to wit: The northerly or westerly  
half of Treaty lot numbered forty-four (44)  
in the County of Arrostook, containing nine  
and eight (88) acres, more or less, being the  
premises conveyed to said Ellen White by  
said Albion White, devise under the will of  
the late William J. White and by Enebe  
White, widow of the late William J. White,  
and being the homestead farm formerly oc-  
cupied by said William J. White and now  
occupied by said grantors. And, whereas,  
the said Albion White by his assignment dated  
the 11th day of October, 1900, and re-  
corded in the said Registry, in Vol. 175,  
Page 101, 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,  
1905, and recorded in the said Registry, Vol.  
196, Page 150, assigned said mortgage and  
the debt thereby secured to Lizzie E. Hacker  
now, therefore, the condition of said mor-  
gage is broken by reason whereof the said  
Lizzie E. Hacker claims a foreclosure there-  
of, and gives this notice for that purpose.

Fort Fairfield, Maine, August 22, 1905.  
LIZZIE E. HACKER.  
By her Attorney HERBERT W. TRAFFORD.

327

**State of Maine.****Office of Board of State Assessors.**

Augusta, Sept. 4, 1905.

Notice is hereby given that the State As-  
sessors 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 Arrostook, at 8 o'clock in the forenoon of  
each day, A. D. 1905, to receive information to  
enable them to make a just and equal assess-  
ment 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, Board of  
OTIS HAY FORD, Assessors.  
GEORGE POTTLE, Assessors.

JAMES PLUMMER, Clerk.  
237

**Residence for Sale on  
Highland Ave.**

Entirely owing to my increasing  
deafness 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 29 Highland Ave.

H. M. ORRIS

**Drill Wells for your Neighbors.**

We can start you in a paying business on  
small capital. Machines easy and simple to  
operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue  
and full information.

**Star Drilling Machine Co.**

Office: 104 Fulton St., N. Y.

**Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!**

How many children are at this season  
feverish and constipated, with bad stomachs  
and headache. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders  
for Children will always cure. If worms are  
present they will certainly remove them. At  
all druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE.  
Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

**BLOOD WINE AT 50c. A BOTTLE IS BETTER  
FOR ALL KINDS OF ILLNESS, EITHER LOCAL OR CHRONIC,  
than \$10.00 worth of doctors' prescriptions, and  
besides being always at hand. All druggists.****YOUR KIDNEYS ARE THEY  
WELL?**

Unless they are, good health is impossible.

Every drop of blood in the body passes through and is filtered by healthy kidneys every three minutes. Sound kidneys strain out the impurities from the blood, diseased kidneys do not, hence you are sick. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE makes the kidneys well so they will eliminate the poisons from the blood. It removes the cause of the many diseases resulting from disordered kidneys which have allowed your whole system to become poisoned.

Rheumatism, Bad Blood, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Inflammation of the Bladder, Diabetes and Bright's Disease, and many others, are all due to disordered kidneys. A simple test for Kidney disease is to set aside your urine in a bottle or glass for twenty-four hours. If there is a sediment or a cloudy appearance, it indicates that your kidneys are diseased, and unless something is done they become more and more affected until Bright's Disease or Diabetes develops.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is the only preparation which will positively cure all forms of Kidney and Bladder troubles, and cure you permanently. It is a safe remedy and certain in results.

If You are a sufferer, take FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE at once. It will make you well.

**Some Pronounced Incurable**

Mr. G. A. Stillson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes: "FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I myself am able to testify to its merits. My face today is a living picture of health and FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has made it such."

**Had Lumbago and Kidney Trouble**

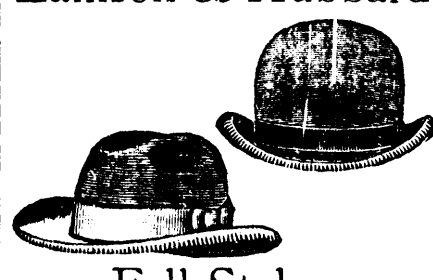
Edward Huss, a well known business man of Salisbury, Mo., writes: "I wish to say for the benefit of others, that I was a sufferer from lumbago and kidney trouble, and all the remedies I took gave me no relief. I began to take FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE, and after the use of three bottles I am cured."

Two Sizes, 50 Cents and \$1.00.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

ROBT. J. COCHRAN, Agent,

Houlton, Maine.

**Lamson & Hubbard****Fall Styles**

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

For sale by

S. FRIELMAN &amp; 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 vaca-  
tions. For full particulars regarding any of  
our Schools write direct to our executive office  
at Cincinnati, O. Catalogue free.

**The Morse School of  
Telegraphy.**

Cincinnati, Ohio. Buffalo, N. Y.  
Atlanta, Ga. LaCrosse, Wis.  
Texarkana, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.

**Nasal  
CATARRH**

In all its stages there  
should be clearance.

Ely's Cream Balm  
clears, soothes, and  
restores the inflamed  
membrane, relieves  
the pain, and cures  
the cold in the head  
quickly.

Cream Balm is placed upon the nostrils, spread  
over the membrane and is absorbed. It is not drying—  
it produces a healthy condition of the membrane, and  
restores the normal function of the nose. It is sold at  
all druggists and by mail for 25 cents a box.  
Ely Brothers, 54 Warren Street, New York

**STROUT  
FARM**

1237 Farm Hunters answered our news  
paper advertising during July.  
If you want to get a quick, cash sale  
write today for our FREE descriptive  
blank, so that your farm may be brought  
to the attention of these Farm Buyers.

We require no advance payment—  
"Strout's Bargain List" of big trades  
made free.

**E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY,**  
150 Nassau St., N. Y. Tremont Temple, BOSTON

**Dorothy Dodd****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, Bait-  
ing, 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.

Prices moderate. Phone 3-11.

CHAS. A. ATHERTON,

Proprietor.

**EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO.**

BANGOR DIVISION.

SUMMER SERVICE.

SIX TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, May 1, 1905, steam-  
ers leave Bangor daily, except Sunday, at  
1.30 p. m. for Winterport, Bucksport, Bar-  
 Harbor, Camden, Rockland and Boston.  
For Bangor and New York 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, Bucksport, Bar Har-  
bor, and Winterport.

From New York and Hampton Tuesdays,  
Thursdays and Sundays.  
All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers  
of this company is insured against fire and  
maritime.

**G. D. MELDRIM & CO.**

Furniture, Carpets,  
Caskets and  
Funeral Material.

Embalmers and Funeral Director.

Opera House Block,

17 Court St. HOULTON, MAINE

**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  
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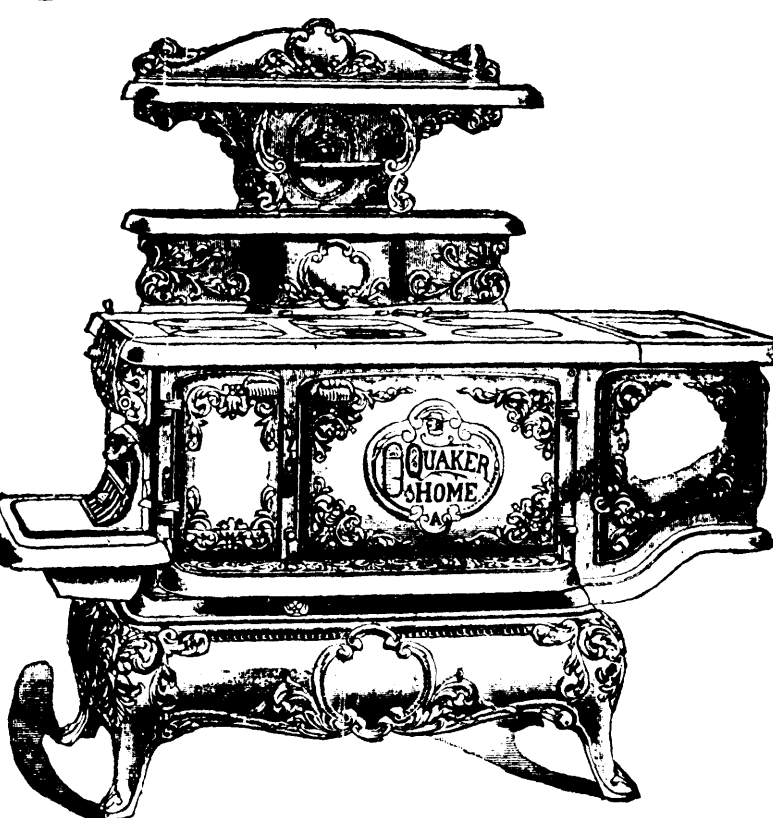
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