

The Arrostook Times.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 44

Houlton, Maine, December 29, 1906.

No 1.

A Flying Chance.

Jim So there, beaten down to a state of absolute weariness by the day's oppressive heat, the jostling throngs, the fever of unrest and impatience, and the weight of the ration in the gunny sack across his shoulder, stumbled into the shade of a clump of sumacs and threw himself on the ground. He had arrived from Coffeyville that morning at the "line" marked every few hundred feet by a soldier, at the barrier which separated the waiting thousands from the mystery, the hope, the promise of the great, raw country beyond.

Here, six days before the date set for the firing of the gun which was to announce the opening of the Cherokee Strip, Southern found the "line" a throbbing artery of life. For mile and mile on either hand the boomers were camped, all ready, all eager, all determined. Most of them were provided with teams and wagons; some had fast race-horses, some bicycles, some wheelbarrows, and some, like himself, only the means Nature had given them for measuring distance and transporting freight. Those with wagons and teams had selected the most favorable points for starting. Many of them from the gentle declivities of the hills which sloped into the land of promise, and all had the tongues of their whips pointing southward, like sentinels, busy fingers calling on all eyes to behold.

Oh, oh, oh, cursing, shouting, screaming, teeth clenched as they caught over the dusty prairie, hope and a new life beckoning them, the strugglers, contestants in the race sped and swifter.

He in the lead of all rode one, mounted on a long-necked bay, who looked back at times, to lean over after and hold place behind and pat his horse's neck.

"Up, up, old boy," he coaxed, "up, up, old boy! We got to keep this, John Henry, 'cause we've got everything in the game this time. The best corner lot in Puff City's going to be mine, then you and me will retire from business. Come on, ole feller."

The horses guarding the town site with their two contesting first corners, the cheers as they galloped by; and then heading for the center of the plot, John Henry arrived there long enough to see the other man to give him time to take possession of what he judged would prove, in time, the most valuable lot in the city.

"It's a daisy, John Henry," said the man, looking the leg-weary, tottering man over carefully, as an engineer examines his engine after a long run.

"Good ole boy," said the man who had satisfied himself that John Henry was all right, the first arrival began driving his stakes. Before the first one was down, the competitor turned up—he had taken the lot just opposite.

"Guess mine's as good as yours, if you did beat me," he shouted, "cause it looks like somebody beat you to it, that's you was."

John Henry's master looked up. "What'll do you mean?" said he. The neighbor waved his hand. "Seen a man coddin' back there behind that brush," he replied.

"If there's anybody there it's a damn sooner," declared John Henry's master. "Cause I was the first man on this horse town site." He dropped his hat and stakes and went over to investigate. It was hard to believe it, but behind the clump of brush indicated by the man across "the street," he found a soil-stained, sweat-grimed fellow making coffee over a fire that had been kindled long enough to burn down to coals. The men looked inquiringly at each other a moment, then the sooner turned his back and beat over his smoky coffee-can.

"What're you a-doin' here, feller?" John Henry's master demanded.

"Me?" the sooner replied; "I'm a coddin' here a-holdin' down this here lot, that's what I'm a-doin'."

"Well, pardner, that don't go. I was the first man on this town site, the first lawful man, an' you'll have to pick up your traps and skedaddle."

This the sooner emphatically and profusely refused to do, and the claim-

ant went back to his stake-driving. Before he had finished the job many other boomers had arrived, and very soon scores of lots in the heart of the plot had been taken. The news of the dispute between the first man there and a sooner quickly spread, and a crowd gathered around the lot where John Henry grazed to witness the outcome. John Henry's master staked him out, deliberately took off his saddle, and then went for the soldiers.

An important sergeant, with two privates to uphold his dignity, came to inquire into the merits of the case, openly discrediting the allegation of the complainant that a sooner had slipped in, resending the same as a vulgar reflection on the standing army of the United States.

The sooner's coffee had boiled, and he was sipping it with audible relish when the sergeant confronted him.

"This man," said the officer, indicating the claimant who had taken possession, "charges that you're a sooner. Now, what have you got to say?"

"I got to say he's a durned liar, pardner," the sooner answered dispassionately, imparting a vortex motion to the coffee in the can, and looking at it meanwhile, as if his interests were solely centered there.

"Where's your horse?" questioned the claimant.

The sooner was silent.

"He ain't got no horse," triumphantly announced the other man, "but he got here before anybody else, an' was here long enough to make a fire. I was the first lawful man here, an' I come in on the best horse in the Territory. That's him, John Henry, out of Lisa Jane, sired by Hell-an'-Blazes. I paid five hundred dollars for him, that's what I done, an' it cleaned me up, too, I tell you. So don't you believe for a minute that I'm here to let any damn sooner beat me out of my rights."

"Where's your horse, my man?" asked the sergeant.

"Me?" said the sooner, looking up with innocent surprise, "me? Well! I ain't got no horse. No," he added, after a reflective pause, "I never had no horse in my life." He turned again to his coffee, implying, by an eloquent aloofness, that he desired to be left alone.

"He's been a-hidin' in the brush, an' he sneaked out when he seen us a-comin'," said the contestant. "That's what you done, didn't you, pardner?"

The sooner ignored the question, and the sergeant asked; "Were you the first man on the site, as this man claims?"

"You damn right, I was, pardner."

"Well, if you didn't have a horse, how did you make it, how did you get past the soldiers?" pressed the sergeant.

"Soldiers," echoed the sooner, with a sniff of contempt, "soldiers, huh, I ain't never seen no soldiers 'at could fly."

The sergeant's dignity began to vanish with his temper. "None of your flip talk, now, pardner," said he sharply. "I asked you how you got by the guards?"

"Pardner," said the sooner, gravely arising, "I mentioned something about flyin'. I said I ain't seen no soldier 'at could fly. And I ain't a soldier could be a good soldier an' not be able to fly. I ain't a-castin' no slurs. But if a soldier had a-wanted to stop me, he'd had to been able to fly, that's all."

The claimant and rapidly increasing crowd laughed. "You look like a flier," said one. "Gosh, feller, you look like a turtle-dove."

"Arrest him and take him to the guard-house," commanded the sergeant.

The soldiers advanced. "Now, hold on a minute, pardner," protested the sooner. "I'll prove somethin' to you. Here, look a-here."

He stepped aside and pointed to a broken jumble of boughs, to which was attached a piece of rent and soiled tent canvas. He kicked it out, pulled it into shape, and spread it on the ground.

"See that there air-ship?" said he; "see them there wings? Well, that's how I got here! It busted to flinders when I lit. Now, you git off my

claim," he ordered, turning fiercely to the man who disputed possession with him, "an' don't you lose no time about it, neither, 'r sure I'll bust you one!"

"You wouldn't bust nothin'," said the man, edging aggressively towards him; "you wouldn't bust nothin', you damn sooner!"

"Nothin' but a air-ship," said one. The soldiers interred and stopped the threatened clash. "Take him to the guard-house," the sergeant again commanded.

"Now, hold on a minute, pardner; don't you git too frisky an' lose your job," the sooner cautioned. "I say I flew in here, an' I mean what I say. If you stop a minute to think about it, you'll remember that all the big men of times past has been considered cracked by the meat-heads 'at lived along with 'em. Look at Columbus an' Lincoln, an' an' Jeff Davis an' all the rest of the great inventors. They was all called leaky in the roof. And why? 'Cause they was smarter'n the rest of the gang, that's why. Now, you give me till mornin' to fix up that air-ship, an' I'll prove to you 'at I can fly."

"That's fair," said the claimant. "I don't ast nothin' fairer'n that. I'll camp right here on this lot, an' it's mine, sure as the sun rises. If he flew in, he can fly out. If he fails to fly in the mornin', then we'll all know he's a thief of a sooner and a liar to boot."

"If you can make a machine that'll fly," said the sergeant, "you'll not have any use for a lot in Puff City, no, not even the whole town, stranger."

The sooner looked at him, pityingly.

"Why not, pardner, why not?" said he. "I say, why not? Won't I need a site for a factory?"

The sergeant finally yielded to the flying man's request, backed by the solicitations of the claimant and the rest, although he believed the early comer to be not only a sooner but crazy as well.

All through the sultry night the sooner sat by the little blue blaze. He kept it alive by feeding it twice now and then. For a long time he appeared to be working on the flying machine, and the contestant, who did not sleep soundly, often raised himself on his elbow to watch. When the cold breezes of morning began to stir, the sooner let the fire die, and by its ashes he sat with his head bowed upon his knees.

"Well," said the sergeant, "are you ready to make good with them wings?"

The sooner did not raise his head, and a grinning soldier shook him. Then he lifted his gaunt face and sunken eyes, groped with his hands as one reaching out in sleep, looked at them wistfully, and said, with a crackling in his throat:

"Gimme a drink of water, fellers, if any of you's got one to spare."

Someone brought water, and he drank greedily and long, then looked around with a pitiful smile. He made as if to speak, but nothing came of it but a movement of the dry lips and a working of the guttered throat.

"Ready to fly, stranger?" asked the sergeant, unbending so far as to stoop and speak near the sooner's ear. The sooner rose. All the assurance of the day before was gone; he appeared older by many years—worn and heartsick, as one who had seen the blood drawn from his last living hope.

"Fellers," said he, "let me say a word, will you?"

No one assented or dissented, and he went on, his eyes on the wreck of the alleged flying machine near at hand. "I been a-thinkin' it over all night, fellers," he said, "an' I reckon here's where I lose again. I'll tell you how it was. My name's Southern, Jim Southern. Week ago I walked from Coffeyville to the line, with my grub on my back. My wife an' me we'd been a-workin' an' a-savin' up in Kansas, with a view of buyin' a horse for me to make the run on, but somehow we never could get more than thirty dollars ahead, and the time was a-flyin'. So I laid out them bucks in grub an' hooped it to the line, thinkin' I'd take my chances on foot in the rush."

"When I got to the line I was plumb parlyzed! They was enough people scattered along there—you know it, fellers, you was there—to make a

dozen Coffeyvilles, and, it seemed to me, enough to put a man or woman on every square yard of ground in Oklahoma. I figured out that I didn't have no show 'cept I could git there first. Layin' half-snoozin' under some brush that afternoon, this here air-ship yarn came into my head. That night I slipped along a little holler an' come in. I've been here four days, hidin' from the soldiers, eatin' raw grub an' afraid to move; I whittled out this here thing, an' sewed my little dog tent on ter it, then I smashed it up an' ripped it, so's to make it look like I'd come down hard.

"Dang it, I never reckoned my yarn'd be so darned thin. I did figger you fellers'd say I was a sooner, an' I 'lowed I'd pint to this contraption an' say: 'You didn't see me come, how you a-goin' to prove I didn't fly?' But you say: 'Prove it. Of course, if you flew onct, you can fly twict', and that leaves me plumb up agin it, fellers. My wife, she said: 'Now, here's where you got to make good, Jim Southern, for the sake of the chil'ern an' me.' So I done my best, but I didn't fly in here no more'n a rabbit, an' I ain't nothin' but a plain, everyday sooner. That's what I am, fellers, an' here's where I lose agin."

He spoke with pathetic weariness, and recited the closing phrase in a dragging tone of resignation.

"Well, why don't you give up this lot," advised one, "and strike off into the country after a farm? There's plenty of good ones left."

"A sooner," said the sergeant, "forfeits his right to file on land."

"Now, what'd I tell you?" the sooner sighed. "Here's where I lose agin. But don't be too hard on me, fellers. She's a driver, that wife of mine, that's what she is. Has any of you fellers got a wife that's a driver?"

He looked around with a sickly grin, but finding the crowd in no humor for levity, resumed: "My wife she told me to git here first; that's what she said. Git there first, Jim Southern, or never show your face to me agin. You always tag end, she says, 'an' never got there in time for nothin'."

My heart's weak, boys, an' I kaint run an' rain aroun' like some, but what does a drivin' woman care? She says, 'We got to have a home in Oklahoma, an' you've got to git it,' that's what she says, an' I think the law ort to be again the one that makes a feller do a thing again his right mind an' will, that's what I think. If you'll let me off this time, fellers, I'll—"

The man who had contested his claim stepped forward, placed a hand roughly on the sooner's shoulder, shook him, turned him, and looked into his face. "You're Jim Southern, air you, the man that married Annie Davison?"

"Sure," said the sooner, brightening; "know her?"

The claimant was silent a moment, the hard little muscles of his jaw twitching and swelling as if he were biting a most unusually tough plug.

"Yes," he said, "I know her. My name's Joe Brassfield."

The sooner held out his hand, grinning hopefully. "Dang your old hide. I'm glad to know you," he declared. "Why, fellers, me an' this man—"

"Shut up," commanded Brassfield sharply, ignoring the hand. "You said too much already, Jim Southern. I'll do the talkin' now. Yes, fellers,"

said he, looking at the ground and kicking the loose soil with the toe of his great boot. "A woman, fellers," he went on, "is a good deal like a claim. You got to stick purty close to her if you want to prove up. I thought I had things cinched with a girl once, an' I went away to try my hand at stock raisin' in Texas. While I was gone, a—another feller—he come, come from Indiana, so I was told, an' there's where the meanest, oneriest men in the world comes from 'ordin' ter my count—"

He swept a defiant glance around. "If they's anybo' 'ere that wants to take that up, come on," said he.

No one appeared to fight for the honor of Indiana, and Mr. Brassfield continued: "Now, I don't blame the girl for doin' what she wanted to do, 'cause if she cottoned to this other duck of course she ort to have him. An' I don't blame him for marryin' her, either, 'cause she's a girl a better man 'a been proud to git."

The sooner was picking at the ends of his fingers like a child awaiting the heavy correction he knew to be justly due, his face colorless, his limbs unsteady.

"He ain't much of a man, this feller, as you can see, an' if the girl he married's at last got her spunk back an' turned him out to range to see if she can make a better one out of him, I'm a-goin' to give her a hand. This skunk he ain't here 'cause he's got enterprise. Not on your life. He come 'cause Annie Davison bundled him out an' made him come best way he could—which was in the way most men would er come."

"But boys, I draw out, I draw out!" He was silent. The sooner started as if struck with a whip, looked at Brassfield with a wild question in his big, frightened eyes, and the crowd craned for word to see and hear.

"I had made up my mind," said Brassfield, "to hang on, no matter if we had to fight for it, but, as I said, I draw out. It's between me an' him to say which was on the 'ot first. I say he was. When that point's settled they ain't nobody else got no right to put in his chips. This feller was the first man here. He's got a good claim to this 'ere lot, an' he's a-gain' to keep it."

He dragged the shambling figure to one side and fairly shook him as he spoke.

"Jim Southern, you go to work. You work like hell, hear me, an' send for Annie Davison soon's you git money enough to bring her here. When she comes, you deed this lot over to her she'll know what to do with it. It's worth, or soon will be, four or five thousand dollars. That'll be enough to give Annie Davison a start. An' you flew, hear me, flew!"

"I've got a good horse," said he, speaking to the gathering, "an' they's somethin' for me out yander, somewhere. If they ain't, why that's all right too. Now, before I leave I want to hear how all you fellers thinks this man got here ahead of all the rest of us. Anyone say he didn't?"

There was some shuffling of feet, some clearing of throats and silence. On the edge of the crowd a voice replied, almost inaudibly:

"He flew, I reckon."

The sergeant marched his men away, the crowd scattered about its business, only the sooner and his late enemy remained.

"You flew, you durned ranga pup," the tall man said huskily. "Not because you're such a enterprisin' man, not because you wanted to, but because Annie Davison raised you up to it. You flew. Stick to that, do you hear? If I ever hear of you a-backin' down on that agin I'll hunt you up an' riddle you with buckshot. You flew, you onery cuss, you flew, hey?"

The sooner passed the back of his hand across his eyes, turned his head away, gulping at something that stuck in his throat and choked his words. After a little he got control of his scattered senses and his springing flood of emotions, faced Brassfield as he stood with one foot in the stirrup:

"I flew, yes, God bless you, I flew!" he said.—Booklover's Magazine.

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Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
Young Peoples Religious Union 7.00 P. M.
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Bible School and Pastors Class 11.45 A. M.
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COURT ST.
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Bible School 12.00 A. M.
Junior Endeavor 3.00 P. M.
Christian Endeavor 6.15 P. M.
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Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
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TUESDAY.
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SUNDAY SERVICES.
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Sunday School 12.00 A. M.
Epworth League 6.00 P. M.
Song Service and Sermon 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.
FRIDAY. Class Meeting 7.30 P. M.
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Morning Worship 10.30 A. M.
Junior C. E. Service 2.30 P. M.
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Arrostook Times 1 year \$1 in advance.

The Aroostook Times

Established April 13, 1860.

ALL THE HOME NEWS.

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

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

Publishers

L. M. FELCH, Editor.

A. B. TOLAND, Local Editor.

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

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

Advertising rates based upon circulation and very reasonable.

Communications upon topics of general interest are solicited.

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

Political and Practical.

By a decision of five to two the court of appeals of the state of New York, the highest judicial body in the state, declared, December 13, that the request made by counsel for W. R. Hearst, for a recount of the ballots cast in the last mayoralty election, should be denied.

Mayor McLellan has one foot in Tammany Hall and the other in the national Democracy. Ever since the election, he has stood on his Tammany foot. He has disappointed those who believed that he would rise above the plane of Tammany ideals. It was not unusual to infer that a man of his training would welcome any investigation of the methods by which he was elected. He has, however, fought every effort to secure a recount. By sticking to this position, he has lost caste, and it is now doubtful if he will ever become a national figure. His friends may find plausible justification of his course, but nothing that can be said rings quite true. On the other hand, Hearst's attitude since election has been unimpeachable.—Public Opinion.

RAILROAD PASSES MUST GO.

Several great railroad systems, the Pennsylvania, Reading, Lehigh, Delaware and Lackawanna, New York Central, Jersey Central, Norfolk and Western, Chicago and Northeastern, and others, have announced that hereafter no free passes shall be used except to employees of the road.

The great saving to the roads concerned is the point considered by the Chattanooga Times. "When it is computed that all state officers, county and city officials, judges, attorney-generals, congressmen, senators, members of state legislatures, newspapermen, etc., travel on passes, some adequate idea of the extent to which the practice has been carried, may be obtained. It has degenerated into a pure system of 'hold up' and graft, which, sooner or later must become so notorious and disgraceful as to challenge public attention. We doubt now whether our railroad friends would be willing to make public the full extent to which they have been victimized, and we feel quite sure they would be ashamed to furnish the names of some of those who make demands upon them in this respect." The movement which began with the Pennsylvania system is expected by the Philadelphia North American to be a hard blow to the Pennsylvania Republican machine. "By passing the gang cemented its power and influence, especially among those who could not otherwise be corrupted; and the spirit of bribery which inspired the almost universal bestowal of passes among federal, state, county and municipal officials, made mightily for the perpetuation of gang control."

The following interesting fact is pointed out by the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle: "Curious as it may seem, some of the strongest opposition to the abolition of the pass system years ago, came from the railroads, and some of them persisted in evading the laws against it when they could do so and some of them persisted in evading the laws against it when they could do so with safety. Naturally, there will be much ill-feeling excited by this action on the part of the big railroads; but there is no question about its rightfulness or that it will make for the purification of politics. Free transportation granted by a railroad to a public official is a very subtle and persuasive way to dispose him favorably in behalf of questionable schemes and measures." The inequality of the distribution of passes is criticized by the Indianapolis Star: "Passes are generally issued to those who need them not and withheld from the deserving and helpless. The ordinary rich man has an annual pass, the millionaire gets an extra one from Pullman, and the multimillionaire is tendered a special train or a round-trip ticket to Europe. The struggling reporter, a month behind with his board-bill, can't get a pass to Broad Ripple; but when he owns the paper and several

blocks of real estate, his pocketbook bulges with annuals."—Public Opinion.

An incident which may help to explain some forms of popular unrest and distrust of our institutions may be cited in the case of the thirteen men rescued from the sinking lightship off Nantucket Shoals. For thirty-six hours they worked in a terrible storm to save the ship. Through wireless telegraphy, a desperate message calling for help reached the shore, and a tug was sent to their rescue. They were taken off, and the lightship plunged into the ocean, carrying down all their personal possessions. The moment the telegram took the news to Washington, the names of these thirteen brave men were stricken from the roll and their pay stopped. The old captain, when the news came, said to a bystander: "You tell them. I can't." Secretary Metcalf said he had no alternative under the law. When their services ceased, their pay ceased. Such scrupulous administration of the law is praiseworthy. Indeed, it is beyond all praise, if only it illustrates the dealings of all who are in authority, with all men, rich or poor, officials of the government or private citizens, in all their transactions. Had these thirteen men been Morgans, Astors, Vanderbilts, Carnegies, Rockefellers, Schwabs, Platts, Depews, and other honorable citizens of high degree, dealing in hundreds of millions of dollars, would the law have been enforced upon them to the last iota? This event has tempted thousands of American citizens to profanity of thought, if not of speech, and has given to irresponsible agitators exactly the kind of irritating fact they need to excite popular discontent. Since writing the above, the secretary has seen a great light and will provide for the shipwrecked heroes.—Christian Register.

Aroused to a keen realization of its duty by the most recent tragedy in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and by the discovery of a subsequent flagrant case of hazing by cadets, the Navy Department announced its determination to stamp out the evil by the most vigorous means at its command. The decision of the department was stimulated by the discovery that a cadet had been seriously injured by a comrade, apparently under the eyes of the cadet who was on duty, and only three or four days after the termination of the court-martial of Midshipman Minor Meriwether, Jr., who took part in the fist fight with Midshipman James R. Branch, Jr., soon after which Branch died. The Navy Department, with the loyal co-operation of the commanding officers of the Academy, has exerted every effort to make hazing unpopular and to punish the participants in the practice as violators of discipline.

The efforts of the football authorities to reform the rules of the game as to eliminate danger of injury suggests the desirability, for similar reasons, of modifying other sports. At latest accounts the football casualties of the season just closed were twenty-three killed and 159 injured. From July to December, the hunting season included accidents in which seventy persons were killed and eighty-nine wounded; yet we have not heard that the principal guides have been summoned to a White House conference. Use of the modern rifle, which kills at a mile or more, should be forbidden in every state and territory. Special penalties should be fixed for mistaking a man for a bear or moose. No hunter has a right to shoot unless he knows what he is shooting at. In eleven months, moreover, and in spite of speed-restricting ordinances, motorcars have killed seventy-five persons and injured 509 others.—Public Opinion.

Adulterated foods, drugs and liquors will soon have to be consumed in the states and territories where they are produced, if the President's recommendation is heeded, and if the Fifty-ninth Congress shall pass a bill which is understood to have the approval of the

Federal administration, and is to be introduced in the Senate at an early date by Mr. Hepburn, of Idaho. This bill gives the Federal government jurisdiction over these commodities to the extent that they become articles of interstate or foreign commerce, and imposes a maximum fine of \$500 and the penalty of a year's imprisonment on violators of the regulations. By this bill it is made unlawful to manufacture or sell any foods, drugs, medicines, or liquors, which are adulterated or misbranded, or which contain any poisonous or deleterious substance. The introduction of such articles from a foreign country into the United States or our insular possessions is prohibited. In order to ascertain the purity of foods, drugs, or liquors, whether of foreign or domestic manufacture, the Secretaries of the Treasury, of Agriculture, and of Commerce and Labor, are empowered to prescribe uniform rules for the examination of such commodities, the examination to be made by the Bureau of Chemistry or the Department of Agriculture. In case an article is found by the examiners to be adulterated, notice will be given to the party from which the article was obtained, by the Secretary of Agriculture, and a hearing will be granted. Should the hearing show that the provisions of the bill have been violated, the Secretary of Agriculture is to certify the facts to the proper United States District Attorney, whose duty it will thereupon become to prosecute the defendant without delay in the proper United States court for the recovery of the fine and the enforcement of the penalty. No retail dealer, however, can be convicted under the terms of the bill, provided he can produce a guaranty signed by the wholesaler, jobber, or manufacturer, or other person from whom the articles were purchased, to the effect that the articles are not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the act. To facilitate investigation, it is made a misdemeanor to refuse to sell samples to agents of the government. If this bill becomes a law and is rigorously enforced, the adulteration and misbranding of food products, drugs, and liquors is certain to be checked, if not stopped. It is well known that similar legislation has for some time been carried out in the United Kingdom.—Harper's Weekly.

The Boss Bounced.

"Down with the Boss!" was the slogan of victory at recent elections throughout the whole country. Almost all of the great cities in which elections were held—San Francisco excepted—bounced the party boss, with New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Newark in the lead.

The voter is thinking for himself. The man who scratches the party ballot is no longer an outcast. Brains and character are at a premium.

Ten years ago such kicking of partisan traces as characterized the last election would have been almost inconceivable. Ten or more years of education along good citizenship lines has raised up a new generation of voters who came, dared and conquered.

It was not Governor Folk's personality which won in Missouri, but the lofty ideals which he personated. He was the embodiment of the moral purpose of all parties. He quaffed his character as a reformer at his mother's breast, and learned his rigid principles from the old Bible, at his mother's knee.

The reformer is born, not made. One cannot successfully pose as a reformer for any length of time. The stuff of which reformers are made must be within him, and that is like faith, "not of itself, but the gift of God."

When a man puts himself in direct opposition to all political parties and wins in the race, with a big balance to his favor, like John B. Morgan, he must have something within him which men want to tie to.

Let us hope so. Time will tell. We wait and hope.—The Defender.

Can you believe your senses? When two of them, taste and smell, having been impaired, if not utterly destroyed, by nasal catarrh, are fully restored by Ely's Cream Balm, can you doubt that remedy deserves all that has been said of it by the thousands whom it has cured? It is applied directly to the affected air-passages and begins its healing work at once. Why not get it at once? All druggists or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren St., New York, on receipt of 50 cents.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Fungus, Swelling, Hot, Swollen feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c.

THE DOG DAYS.

In the Course of Time Sirius May Rise in Midwinter.

Dog days begin, according to the traditions of boyhood in certain parts of the United States, when the green scum, algae, begins to appear on the surface of the lakes and rivers. Then it is supposed to be unsafe to go in swimming. And it is then that, according to the tradition of many adults as well as of boys, dogs most frequently go mad. All nations and races of civilization apparently have had a period during the summer known as dog days when many maladies were supposed to be common. But the madness of dogs, hydrophobia, was never associated with dog days by the ancients.

Dog days are a rather indefinite period, according to this green scum rule, but there is a disagreement of authorities as to when dog days really do begin and end. According to the dictionary, "dog days are part of the year about the time of the heliacal rising of the dog star, Sirius"—that is, when the dog star rises in conjunction with the sun or as nearly in conjunction as may be observed. Various dates from July 3 to Aug. 15 have been assigned for the beginning of dog days, and they are given various durations of from thirty to fifty days.

It seems to have been from the heliacal rising of Sirius that the ancients most commonly reckoned the dog days. Thus at the present time dog days would begin July 3 and will end Aug. 11. Sirius is the brightest star in the heavens, and it was easy to associate the mutual heat of the brightest star and of the sun with the hottest and most unkindly period of the year. Hippocrates (450 B. C.) declared the dog days to be the most unhealthy part of the summer.

Dog days are continually dropping farther back in the calendar. Now they are twelve days behind the schedule to which they held in the period of the pharaohs. In time Sirius may rise in the dead of winter. The Egyptians maintained that the first indication of the rise of the Nile took place on the morning of the longest day, when, as they said, the sun and Sothis (Sirius) rose together. They attributed the rise of the river entirely to the great heat generated by this star in conjunction with the sun.

Sirius is situated in the mouth of the constellation Canis Major (the "great dog"). The Latin name of dog days was "dies canicularis," and from this comes the term "canicular year," which was known among the Egyptians and Ethiopians. It was computed from one heliacal rising of Sirius to the next and consisted ordinarily of 365 days, every fourth year having 366 days.—Chicago News.

Giants of History.

Turner, the naturalist, declares that he once saw upon the coast of Brazil a race of gigantic savages whose average height was over ten feet, some individuals exceeding twelve and a half feet. M. Thivet of France in his description of America, which was published in Paris in 1575, says that he was once present when the skeleton of a South American savage eleven feet and two inches in height was discovered. The Chinese have a record of several giants between twelve and sixteen feet in height which have lived in the Flowery Kingdom within the last 300 years. Josephus mentions a Jew who was ten feet two inches, and Pliny was well acquainted with Gubath, the Arabian giant, who was nine feet nine inches in height. Coming down to modern times, we find that John Middleton, who lived in the time of James I., was nine feet three inches and had a hand seventeen inches long by eight and a half broad. Murphy, one of the celebrated trio of Irish giants (Charles Byrne and O'Brien being the other two), was eight feet ten inches and O'Brien two inches taller.

Old Thunder Notions.

The "Prognostication Everlasting" of one Leonard Digges, published in 1558, tells us that thunder in the morning denotes wind, at noon rain and in the evening a great tempest. He goes further still and declares that "Sunday's thunder should bring the death of learned men, judges and others, Monday's the death of women, Tuesday's plenty of grain, Wednesday's bloodshed, Thursday's plenty of sheep and corn, Friday's the slaughter of a great man and other horrible murders, Saturday's a great pestilence plague and great dearth."

The Blazer.

The name "blazer" was originally applied to the bright red uniform of the Lady Margaret Boat Club of St. John's college, Cambridge. The brilliant scarlet which was the invariable characteristic of the Johnian "blazer" doubtless suggested the name, and as an expressive slang epithet it proved a hit. In course of time the application of the term widened and is now extended to any bright or pale colored flannel jacket, striped or plain, whether for cricket, football, tennis, boating or seaside wear.—London Standard.

Distrusted Him.

"I don't believe Windy's tips on the races are any good." "Why not?" "Well, he said they were a sure thing and then he wasn't willing to lend me the money to bet with."—Detroit Free Press.

The Main Point.

Victim. What has happened? Where am I? Doctor—You have been seriously injured in a trolley accident. But cheer up; you will recover. Victim—How much?—Cleveland Leader.

The man who tries to hide his religion will soon have none that any one could find.

Science Notes.

Is There Life on the Moon?

There was a time in the history of the earth when it had no satellite, when it was not the globe we know it now, but a great liquid planet incrustated by a shell some thirty five miles in thickness. That time is separated from us by an interval which cannot be accurately determined, but which must be measured by millions of years at least. In those early days of its planetary career, the earth spun on its axis with a constantly-increasing swiftness that reduced the day to a few hours. When the period of revolution had finally dwindled to a bare three hours, a catastrophe occurred, one of the most fearful in all celestial history. Such was the enormity of the centrifugal force on the earth, that five thousand million cubic miles of its mass were hurled off into space. In that cataclysm our moon was born.

Strange as its origin may be, the moon has still other peculiarities to offer. It is the largest of all planetary satellites, so large indeed that to the inhabitants of a neighboring world it must appear with the earth as a marvelously beautiful double planet.

Because it is smaller in mass than the earth, the attraction of gravitation on the moon is considerably less than it is on the earth. If it were possible for one of us to journey to the moon and live there, we should find ourselves able to accomplish six times as much as we can on the earth. We could lift weights six times as heavy, run six times as fast, work six times as hard—all because the moon attracts bodies with but one-sixth the force of the earth. We could leap over barns with ease, and run a mile at express-train speed.

Despite the chasm of 253,000 miles that separates us from the moon, we know more of the physical characteristics of the single pellic face which it ever turns toward us than we do of the Arctic regions, or of the heart of Africa. We have studied, mapped, and photographed the great dark plains which were once thought to be seas and were accordingly misnamed "maria"; the lofty mountain ranges that sometimes tower 20,000 feet above the seas; and the vast, annular craters that pit the moon's aged features.

Although it once formed part of the earth, the moon is different from our globe in many respects. Charred by fires long since dead, honeycombed like a giant ball of slag, scarred by terrific volcanic upheavals, its telescopic aspect is anything but cheerful. Craters are not uncommon features of the earth, but on the moon their number and size are truly astonishing. At the lunar south pole these dead volcanoes are so closely packed together that to Galileo (the first man who ever saw the moon through a telescope) they seemed like the eyes of a peacock's tail. So large, indeed, are many of these craters, that a man standing within one of them would be unable to see the surrounding ramparts, because they would lie below his horizon. A diameter of ten, twenty, or even sixty miles is not infrequently met with in a lunar crater.

Are these craters all dead? Most astronomers believe so, but Prof. W. H. Pickering, of Harvard University, has recorded a number of observations that seem to point to the activity of a few of them at least. He relies chiefly on the fluctuations in size which have been observed in a comparatively small crater called Linne. On an old map one observer records Linne as a crater of moderate size. A century later it is described as a small, round, brilliant spot. When modern instruments of precision were invented the crater was measured repeatedly, with decidedly surprising results. Once its diameter was four miles; then it grew to six miles; and now it has shrunk to three-quarters of a mile. If this volcano is extinct, how comes it that it changes its size so strangely? Still another proof of activity is found by Prof. Pickering in the eccentricities of a gigantic crater called Plato, and in dense clouds of white vapor which have appeared before his eyes, rising from a tortuous cleft known as Schroeter's Valley. So minute have been Prof. Pickering's observations that their accuracy can not be seriously called into question.

Granting that a few of the moon's craters are active, it follows that they must discharge something into space. That something, judged by our earthly volcanoes, must be water and carbonic acid gas. Because the pressure on the moon's surface is exceedingly low, and

because the temperature during the long, cold lunar night is probably not far from 460 deg. F. below zero, water cannot possibly exist in the fluid state. Ice and snow are the only forms water can assume.

Is there any evidence of snow and ice? Almost every crater is lined with white. The lofty peaks of mountain ranges are hooded in white. At the South Pole the white glare is almost blinding. What is this white shewn? Merely the natural color of the moon's wrinkled face, according to most astronomers—snow and ice, forming where it should form, according to Prof. Pickering. The disappearance and reappearance of these white spots are admirably explained by this theory; for snow and ice would vaporize in the long lunar day—equal to fifteen of our days and congeal again in white crystals as the sun set.

It has been said that an earthly volcano vomits carbonic acid. Conceding that a lunar crater ejects water in the form of a vapor and carbonic acid gas, is there any reason why life, in its lowest forms at least, may not exist on the moon? Prof. Pickering believes that he has discovered traces of vegetation. There are variable spots on the moon, spots that darken after sunrise and gradually disappear toward sunset. They are not shadows for they are most pronounced when the sun is high in the heavens. They appear quickly at the equator, and encroach on the higher latitudes after a few days have elapsed. They are never seen in the polar regions. It is in these variable spots that Prof. Pickering has discovered what he considers to be vegetation. Whether he is right or wrong, this much is certain: He has explained with admirable simplicity a phenomenon that has long puzzled astronomers. To offset the objections that the temperature of the moon is too low to support organic life, it may be answered that certain lichens thrive in our own Arctic regions, where the temperature rarely rises above the melting point of ice. Moreover, many bacteria resist the most intense cold that we can produce. It may be objected that in a single day vegetation cannot grow appreciably; but on the moon a day is equal to fifteen of our days, and may well be likened to a miniature season.

The advances which have recently been made in selenography by Prof. Pickering show that although the moon is not a riotously luxurious abode, it is anything but the lifeless orb commonly supposed. It may be desolate and cold; but it is not altogether dead.

DO YOU WANT

A girl to do housework?

A good rent cheap?

A good second-hand organ for \$25.

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In fact if you want to buy or sell anything,

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THE LAKESIDE PRESS CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

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At a bargain one organ in good condition. Inquire at

TIMES OFFICE.

Aroostook Times 1 year \$1 in advance.

A CRUSHED GENIUS.

The First Musical Efforts of the Composer Grieg.

One day—I must have been twelve or thirteen—I brought with me to school a music book on which I had written in large letters: "Variations on a German Melody for the Piano, by Edward Grieg: Opus 1." I wanted to show it to a schoolfellow who had taken some interest in me. But what happened? In the middle of the German lesson this same schoolfellow began to murmur some unintelligible words, which made the teacher call out half unwillingly: "What is the matter? What are you saying there?" Again a confused murmur, again a call from the teacher, and then he whispered, "Grieg has got something." "What does that mean, Grieg has got something?" "Grieg has composed something."

The teacher was not very partial to me, so he stood up, came to me, looked at the music book and said in a peculiar, ironical tone: "So the lad is musical; the lad composes. Remarkable!" Then he opened the door into the next classroom, fetched the teacher in from there and said to him: "Here is something to look at. This little urchin is a composer." Both teachers turned over the leaves of the music book with interest. Every one stood up in both classes. I felt sure of a grand success. But that is what one should never feel too quickly, for the other teacher had no sooner gone away again than my teacher suddenly changed his tactics, and, looking by the hair till my eyes were black and said gruffly: "Another time he will bring the German dictionary with him, as is proper, and leave this stupid stuff at home."

Alas! To be so near the summit of fortune and then all at once to see oneself plunged into the depths! How often has that happened to me later in life!—Edward Grieg in Contemporary Review.

AN OCEAN GRAVEYARD.

Sable Island is a Most Dangerous Place For Navigators.

Sable Island, sometimes and not too extravagantly termed the graveyard of the Atlantic, is set among shoal waters that afford the best of feeding ground for the particular kinds of fish that the water men most desire, halibut, cod, haddock and what not, and so to its shoal waters do the fishermen come to trawl or hand line.

Lying about east and west, a fat quarter moon in shape is Sable Island. Two long bars, extending northwest and southwesterly, make of it a full, deep crescent. Nowhere is the sailing so good or so dangerous as close in on these bars, and the closer in and the shallower the water the better the sailing. There are a few men alive in this graveyard who have been in close enough to see the surf break on the tide bar, but that was in soft weather and the bar to windward, and they invariably got out in a hurry.

Two hundred and odd wrecks of one kind or another, steam and sail, have settled in the sands of Sable Island. Of this there is clear and indisputable proof. Of how many good vessels that have been driven ashore on the long bars on dark and stormy nights or in the whirling of snowstorms and swamped up in the fine sand before their eyes could make note of their shipwrecking hulls there is no telling.

A Gloucester fisherman needs no tabulated statement to remind him that the bones of hundreds of his kind are strewn on the sands of Sable Island, and yet of all the men who sail the sea, they are the only class that do not give it wide berth in winter.—James K. Connolly in Scribner's.

"Being," East and West.
"I tell you what," said Gotham, entreating his western cousin, "everything's so high here it's almost impossible to keep a house going."
"Well," replied the Kansan, "the things are so high out our way it's almost impossible to keep a house from going."—Philadelphia Press.

Real Estate.
\$6000.00
For Sale
HOTEL
EXCHANGE,
Island Falls, Me.

This hotel is located in one of the smart and thriving towns of Aroostook County, and any one wishing to step right in to a good paying business and get a good bargain at the same time will surely be able to better themselves than to buy the above property. Any competent agent of Real Estate will tell you that this is a big trade in this hotel. Why? Because the owner for the very best reason, which will be made known to those interested, is anxious to make a sale at the earliest possible moment. The property consists of a large office with writing room, large dining room, public parlor, large kitchen, sleeping rooms for help off the kitchen, laundry and wood shed, 4 private rooms, 20 sleeping rooms on the first floor, 24 beds on the second floor. Hot and cold water in all parts of the house. Gas and electric lights. 5 horses, 2 sets single harness, set double harness, set light double harness. 2 new rubber tired wagons. 1 single wagon. 1 two-wheeled wagon. 1 one-horse truck. 2 sleighs, 2 punts, 1 two-seated punt, summer and winter hacks, 4 trunks, 1 six-horse power boiler, 1 steam pump, 1,000 feet 2-inch galvanized pipe, 1,000 feet 2 1/2 inch galvanized pipe, 1,000 feet 4-inch pipe, large run to river. Any party or parties interested, would be pleased to have them call and inspect the property, and see the business that is being done by this hotel. The price I name will show you I want to sell. Terms easy if desired.

THEO. J. FOX,
Real Estate Broker,
Houlton, Me.

Aroostook Times 1 year \$1 in advance.

Hodgdon.

The Union revival meetings are being continued with increasing interest in the Free Baptist church, conducted by the noted evangelists, Revs. Mr. and Mrs. McLean. Several persons have professed conversion and many have asked for prayer. Elder Kinney took part in the service last Sabbath. Mr. and Mrs. McLean come to us highly recommended by pastors and gospel committees as successful evangelists. They have held great meetings in our largest city churches, city halls, opera houses and court houses, where hundreds of persons have professed conversion. They both sang for the late D. L. Moody in his great meetings. These meetings are to continue over next Sunday, with service Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock, to which the public is most cordially invited. A Union gospel committee is co-operating with the evangelists.

LIBEL FOR DIVORCE.

To the Hon. Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court next to be held at Houlton, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine. Rebecca Wentworth of Sherman, in said County of Aroostook, respectfully represents that on the twenty-first day of January, 1901, at Taunton, in the State of Massachusetts, she was lawfully married to Fred Arthur Wentworth, then of Taunton, Mass., whose residence is now to her unknown and cannot be obtained by reasonable diligence, and afterwards moved into this State and lived and cohabited together as man and wife at Sherman, in said County; that ever since said time she has conducted herself towards said Libelee as a faithful, true and affectionate wife but that said Libelee, regardless of his marriage covenant and duty, on or about the first day of January, 1905, utterly deserted your Libelee, without cause, and that said Libelee has continued to the present time, being more than three years, during which time he has contributed nothing to her support. That said Libelee has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment towards your Libelee, in this that he has neglected her and compelled her to work when she was not able to do so, to support him, that he has hurt and injured and abused her. That after their said marriage said Libelee contracted, and now has, gross and confirmed habits of intoxication from the use of intoxicating liquors.

That said Libelee is of sufficient ability and being able to labor and provide for her, yet he grossly and wantonly and cruelly refuses and neglects to provide suitable maintenance for her.

That your Libelee has made diligent inquiry, but that the residence of said Libelee is unknown to your Libelee, and cannot be ascertained by reasonable diligence. That there is no collusion between them to obtain a divorce; but that your Libelee believes that said bonds of matrimony ought to be dissolved, wherefore she prays that a divorce may be decreed.

And your Libelee further prays that she may have the custody of their minor children, named Millage L. Wentworth and Ivan Wentworth, aged three years and three months, respectively.

REBECCA WENTWORTH.
Signed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1905.

R. W. SHAW, Justice of the Peace.

AROSTOOK, ss. Supreme Judicial Court in Vacation, December 18, 1905.

In this action it is ordered by the court that notice be given said Libelee, by publishing the libel and this order of court three successive weeks in the Aroostook Times, a newspaper published at Houlton in said County of Aroostook, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this court in said County of Aroostook to be held in Houlton, in said County, on the third Tuesday of April, 1906; that he may then and there appear and defend if he sees fit.

FREDERICK A. POWERS, J. S. J. C.

A true copy of libel and order of court thereon.

Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.

Bridgewater.

Mr. Kenney has retired from the position of Supt. of the tannery and has gone to Michigan. His family will be much missed in town. Cliff Pomroy of Island Falls, has been appointed Supt. Some bark is being hauled into its yard and a large quantity of wood. The farmers receive \$2.00 per cord for its waste timber taken from the land they are clearing, regardless of quantity.

A pretty home wedding occurred, Christmas, at the home of Mrs. Geo. Esty, when Miss Nellie V. Esty was married to Orlin E. Stewart of Monticello. Miss Esty is a charming young lady and Mr. Stewart is a very popular teacher. W. S. Knowlton, Prin. of High School, officiated as clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart will reside in Lynn, Mass., during the winter, after a bridal tour to Mr. Stewart's old home. A large crowd of friends met the couple at the train and showered them with rice and good wishes.

Mr. Morgan from R. C. I., is teaching at the Boundary. Since certain citizens of that community have located Thomaston, there has been great improvement in the surroundings.

Mr. Felch, the able editor of the Times, was in town Saturday.

A Happy New Year!

May the coming new year have naught in store for you but health and happiness.

This store is grateful for the generous patronage it has enjoyed, and we trust we have earned your support by deserving it.

1905 give us many new friends and cemented many ties that bind us to old ones.

Begin now to write it 1906. Don't forget your date. Don't forget another thing—its this, don't forget to look to us during the new year for everything that's new, reliable and desirable in footwear for men, women, misses and children look to us for the lowest—look to us for shoe satisfaction at every point. We will not disappoint you.

Again we say,

"A Happy New Year"

The White Front
Shoe Store,

GEO. B. NILES,
HOULTON, MAINE.

Farmers, Grangers and Everybody Read This!!

The R. T. Prentiss Co's Fertilizers are taking like "hot cakes,"

BUT HAVE A DIFFERENT SMELL

Samples of these Fertilizers have arrived, and can be seen by calling upon any of our agents, for Southern Aroostook, as follows:

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| SAFFORD & YORK | Agents for | Mars Hill |
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Our first cargo of 1500 tons will arrive in January and can be inspected by inspecting our warehouses, at different points and we wish to inform you that these goods are to be put up in nice new barrels and we sincerely believe that no other Fertilizer Company will offer you such inducements to buy their fertilizers as we shall this season.

R. T. PRENTISS CO.,
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Great Reduction
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Fine
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and Caribou.

Price Cut in Half

Review of Reviews
Cosmopolitan
Woman's Home Companion
The Aroostook Times
REGULAR PRICE \$6.50
Sensational Price for a
Limited Time \$3.25

We are very fortunate in being able to arrange with the publishers of these three well-known magazines to offer a subscription for the coming year at this sensational price. We have decided to let our readers have the full advantage of the reduction and to cut the price of the Aroostook Times as well, in order to get quickly a large body of paid-in-advance subscribers.



The Review of Reviews.
Many other publications are desirable, and you may prefer this or prefer that fiction and art publication, but the Review of Reviews is necessary. Substantial American men and women are going to keep up with the times and they are going to take the shortest cut—which is the Review of Reviews. Twelve hundred pictures a year; departments giving the best that is in all the other important magazines all over the world; timely and informing articles, almost as fresh and full of news interest as a daily paper; and Dr. Albert Shaw's interpretation of the public men, events and issues of the month, in "The Progress of the World."

The Cosmopolitan.
A leading magazine for eighteen years. With the recent change of ownership it has been improved. It is far better in every respect, and aims to be the best in its field. Every year or so there is one notable advance in the forward movement among the many magazines. This year it is the Cosmopolitan. And this shall be a splendid permanent success. Its gains in news-stand sales and in subscriptions have been remarkable. And these are due only to the new life and real interest. The Cosmopolitan is printing WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT. It contains regularly the best fiction, best special articles on timely topics and best illustrations that money can buy.

Woman's Home Companion.
The Woman's Home Companion is for every member of the family. For our bright, earnest, cultured, home-loving American woman it is an ideal entertainer and helper in a thousand congenial ways; but the fathers and brothers and sons join in its perusal by the pages that are written for them. The issues for the forthcoming year will be unique in conception and execution, rich and varied in contents, and brilliant with the most elaborate and artistic illustrations obtainable.

Don't wait; the offer is good for new and renewal subscribers. Arrange for your magazine reading now. You are really getting the Aroostook Times FREE and still saving money on your magazines by accepting this offer, so great is the reduction. Send in your subscriptions at once in order to get the January Magazines.

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AGENT
Singer Sewing Machine

Machines sold on installments.
Old machines taken in part payment. General repairing done.
Repairs always on hand.
20 GREEN ST.

Overcoat Lost.
Black fur overcoat lost Monday, Dec. 18, between Fox's corner and Catholic church. Finder will confer a favor by leaving same at Town Hall, where they will be rewarded.
CHAS. HARDY.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is simply liquid electricity. It goes to every part of your body, bringing new blood, strength and new vigor. It makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents.
ROBT J. COCHRAN.

Pale Faced Nervous Women,
Ferrozone

Ferrozone is by long odds the best tonic for pale faced girls and exhausted women. It forms the right kind of blood and tissue for rebuilding the system. It replaces tiredness by energy and vim, and adds nerve force and staying power. Miss Dorothy E. Leduc, of Chester, gives the following convincing evidence of Ferrozone's power.
"My work compels me to rise early in the morning and work for hours daily as a specialty. Last spring I was run down, lost my color and fell off in weight. I seemed to lack ambition and the life was out of me. A friend recommended Ferrozone, and I took one tablet after meals with wonderful results. Ferrozone brought back my complexion and has given me new strength and abundance of energy and spirits. I would advise all young ladies to use Ferrozone."
Mrs. H. G. Wilder of Dexter, says: "My daughter was out very well last summer and lost her strength completely when the hot weather came. I gave her Ferrozone and am glad to say it did wonders. After six boxes were used my daughter was strong and looked the picture of health. I can recommend Ferrozone to all mothers, both for themselves and daughters."

Go to your druggist today and get a supply of Ferrozone. Price per box, or six boxes for \$2.00. By mail from The Ferrozone Company, Kingston, Ont.
H. J. HATHEWAY CO.
AGENTS, HOULTON, ME.

Clear thinking, decisive action, vim and vigor of body and mind, the sparkle of life, comes to all who use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets.
ROBT J. COCHRAN.

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 John C. Cathleen, In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of John C. Cathleen, of Amity, in the county of Aroostook and district aforesaid, a bankrupt. Notice is hereby given that on the 23rd day of Dec., A. D. 1905, the said John C. Cathleen 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 13th day of Jan., A. D. 1906, 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, Dec. 28, 1905.

Beautifying methods that injure the skin and health are dangerous. Be beautiful without discomfort by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Sun-shiny faces follow its use. 35 cents.
ROBT J. COCHRAN.

The SOWERS

By
Henry Seton Merriman

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CHAPTER XL.

BETWEEN Brandon in Suffolk and Thetford in Norfolk, in England, runs a quiet river, the Little Ouse, where few boats break the stillness of the water.

Three years after Etta's death, in the glow of an April sunset, a Canadian canoe was making its stealthy way up the river. The paddle crept in and out so gently, so lazily and peacefully, that the dabchicks and other water fowl did not cease their chatter of nests and other April matters as the canoe glided by.

So quiet, indeed, was its progress that Karl Steinmetz—suddenly white headed, as strong old men are apt to find themselves—did not heed its approach. He was sitting on the bank, with a gun, a little rifle, lying on the grass beside him. He was half asleep in the enjoyment of a large Havana cigar. The rays of the setting sun, peeping through the lower branches, made him blink lazily like a large, good natured cat.

He turned his head slowly, with a hunter's consciousness of the approach of some one, and contemplated the canoe with a sense of placid satisfaction. The small craft was passing in the shadow of a great tree—stealing over the dark, untroubled depths. A girl dressed in white, with a large diaphanous white hat and a general air of brisk English daintiness, was paddling slowly and with no great skill.

"A picture," said Steinmetz to himself with Tautonic deliberation. "Gott im Himmel, what a pretty picture to make an old man young!"

Then his gray eyes opened suddenly, and he rose to his feet.

"Oo-oo-a-a!" he muttered. He dragged from his head a lamentable old straw hat and swept a courteous bow. "Mademoiselle," he said, "ah, what happiness! After three years!"

Maggie stopped and looked at him with troubled eyes. All the color slowly left her face.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. And there was something like fear in her voice.

"No harm, mademoiselle, but good. I have come down from big game to visit you. I have a here a saloon rifle. I wait till a water rat comes, and then I shoot him."

The canoe had drifted closer to the bank, the paddle trailing in the water. "You are looking at my white hairs," he went on, in a sudden need of conversation. "Please bring your boat a little nearer."

The paddle twisted lazily in the water like a fish's tail.

"Mod'light," he said, reaching down. With a little laugh he lifted the canoe and its occupant far up on to the bank. "Despite my white hairs," he said, "with a tap of both hands on his broad chest."

"I attach no importance to them," she answered, taking his proffered hand and stepping over the light bulwark. "I have gray ones myself. I am getting old too."

"How old?" he asked, looking down at her with his old blindness.

"Twenty-eight," she replied.

"Ah, they are summers," he said; "time have turned to winters. Will you sit here where I was sitting? See, I will spread this rug for your white dress."

Maggie paused, looking through the trees toward the sinking sun. The light fell on her face and showed one or two lines which had not been there before. It showed a patient tenderness in the steady eyes which had always been there—eyes which Catrina had noticed in the stormy days that were past.

"I cannot stay long," she replied. "I am with the Faneaux at Brandon for a few days. They dine at 7."

"Ah, her ladyship is a good friend of mine! You remember her charity ball in town, when it was settled that you should come to Ostero. A strange world, mademoiselle—a very strange world, so small and yet so large and bare for some of us!"

Maggie looked at him. Then she sat down.

"Tell me," she said, "all that has happened since then?"

"I went back," answered Steinmetz, "and we were duly exiled from Russia. It was sure to come. We were too dangerous. Altogether too quixotic for an autocracy. For myself I did not mind, but it hurt Paul."

There was a little pause, while the water lapped and whispered at their feet.

"I heard," said Maggie at length in a measured voice, "that he had gone abroad for big game."

"Yes—to India."

"He did not go to America?" inquired Maggie indifferently. She was idly throwing fragments of wood into the river.

"No," answered Steinmetz, looking straight in front of him. "No, he did not go to America."

You have heard that my country is in order again? They have remembered me. For my sins they have made me a count. Bon Dieu, I do not mind! They may make me a prince, if it pleases them."

He was watching her face beneath his grim old eyebrows.

"These details bore you," he said.

"No."

"When Paul and I are together we talk of a new heaven and a new Russia. But it will not come in our time. We are only the sowers, and the harvest is not yet. But I tell Paul that he has not sown wild oats nor sour grapes nor thistles."

He paused, and the expression of his face changed to one of semihumorous gravity.

"Mademoiselle," he went on, "it has been my lot to love the prince like a son. It has been my lot to stand helplessly by while he passed through many troubles. Perhaps the good God gave him all his troubles at first. Do you think so?"

Maggie was looking straight in front of her across the quiet river.

"Perhaps so," she said.

Steinmetz also stared in front of him during a little silence. The common thoughts of two minds may well be drawn together by the contemplation of a common object. Then he turned toward her.

"It will be a happiness for him to see you," he said quietly.

Maggie ceased breaking small branches and throwing them into the river. She ceased all movement and scarcely seemed to breathe.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"He is staying with me here."

Maggie glanced toward the canoe. She drew a short, sharp breath, but she did not move.

"Mademoiselle," said Steinmetz earnestly, "I am an old man, and in my time I have dabbled pretty deeply in trouble. But, taking it all around, even my life has had its compensations. And I have seen lives which, taken as a mere mortal existence, without looking to the hereafter at all, have been quite worth the living. There is much happiness in life to make up for the rest. But that happiness must be firmly held. It is so easily slipped through the fingers. A little irresolution; a little want of moral courage; a little want of self confidence; a little pride, and it is lost. You follow me?"

Maggie nodded. There was a great tenderness in her eyes—such a tenderness as, resting on men, may bring them nearer to the angels.

Steinmetz laid his large hand over hers.

"Mademoiselle," he went on, "I believe that the good God sent you along this lonely river in your boat. Paul leaves me tomorrow. His arrangements are to go to India and shoot tigers. He will sail in a week. There are things of which we never speak together; there is one name that is never mentioned. Since Ostero you have avoided meeting him. God knows I am not asking for him anything that he would be afraid to ask for himself. But he also has his pride. He will not force himself in where he thinks his presence unwelcome."

Steinmetz rose somewhat ponderously and stood looking down at her. He did not, however, succeed in meeting her eyes.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I beg of you most humbly—most respectfully—to come through the garden with me toward the house, so that Paul may at least know that you are here."

He moved away and stood for a moment with his back turned to her, looking toward the house. The crimson mass of her dress came to him as she rose to her feet.

Without looking round he walked slowly on. The path through the trees was narrow; two could not walk abreast. After a few yards Steinmetz emerged on to a large, sloping lawn above it. On the covered terrace a man sat writing at a table. He was surrounded by papers, and the pen in his large, firm hand moved rapidly over the sheet before him.

"We still administer the estate," said

Steinmetz in a low voice. "From our exile we still save our seed."

They approached over the mossy turf, and presently Paul looked up a strong face, stern and self contained, the face of a man who would always have a purpose in life, who would never be petty in thought or deed.

For a moment he did not seem to recognize them. Then he rose, and the pen fell on the flags of the terrace.

"It is mademoiselle," said Steinmetz, and no other word was spoken.

Maggie walked on in a sort of unconsciousness. She only knew that they were all acting an inevitable part, written for them in the great libretto of life. She never noticed that Steinmetz had left her side; that she was walking across the lawn alone.

Paul came to meet her and took her hand in silence. There was so much to say that words seemed suddenly useless; there was so little to say that they were unnecessary.

For that which these two had to tell each other cannot be told in minutes nor yet in years. It cannot even be told in a lifetime, for it is endless, and it runs through eternity.

THE END.

INDIANS AND BULLETS.

A Sample of the Strenuous Life of Kentucky in 1777.

In 1777, while Harrodsburg, Ky., was so beset with Indians that the inhabitants were in straits for daily bread, a young man, only sixteen years old, made himself extremely useful by venturing out of the fort before daybreak and returning with a load of game after nightfall. This intrepid youth was James Ray, afterward General Ray.

One day in the year just mentioned Ray and another young man were shooting at a mark near the fort, when the second man was suddenly shot down by the Indians. Ray looked in the direction whence the shot had come, saw the enemy and was on the point of raising his rifle when he was set upon by another band, who had crept near him unseen.

He took to his heels, and, being a quick runner, reached the fort amid a shower of bullets; but the gates were shut, and the men inside were so frightened that they dared not open them. Finding himself shut out, Ray threw himself flat on the ground in the rear of a stump, and here, perhaps seven steps from the fort and within sight of his mother, he lay for four hours, while the bullets of the Indians tore up the ground on either side of him.

At last he grew impatient and called out to the garrison:

"For heaven's sake, dig a hole under the cabin wall and take me in!"

The men inside set to work immediately, and the brave young hunter was speedily safe inside the fort.

IMAGINATION.

Give It Free Play and It May Make a Well Man Sick.

Imagination in some people is exceedingly strong. One day recently a local physician was talking to a friend about the power of it.

"Will," said the doctor, "you have about the strongest imagination I ever knew of."

"My imagination isn't very strong," replied the other.

"Yes it is. Some day I'll prove it to you," said the physician. A week later the two men were walking downtown together when the doctor handed his friend a cigar.

"It's mighty strong, Will," he said; "so strong, in fact, that the same brand frequently makes me sick, but it's all I have."

The other smiled. "It won't make me sick," he said. He lighted the cigar. Just as they were about to part the doctor said:

"Will, you're looking pale around the gills. What's wrong?"

"Frankly," said the other, "that cigar has made me slightly ill. I never smoked as strong a weed."

"That's one of the mildest cigars made," he said. "I was just trying to show you how strong your imagination is."

The doctor's friend got over his illness at once. "Well," he said, "you've done it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

This Was in France.

An American millionaire while driving an automobile in France ran over and killed a dog. Near the scene of the accident was a peasant, presumably owner of the dog. To him the millionaire gave a bank note. But the peasant was not the owner of the dog, and he was honest, but before he could make up his mind to return the money the automobile and its driver were beyond recall. None the less, the peasant would not keep the bill, and when the automobilist rode past that place some months later he discovered the dog's skeleton at the side of the road with the bank note attached to it and a pained line calling attention to the mistake.

How Slaves Treated Rheumatism. Every colored man of the old slavery days understood the treatment of rheumatism often better than the most skilled medical graduate. The colored people are peculiarly subject to rheumatism and learned to treat it themselves with great success. The system that they employed was that of mechanical manipulation and consisted of rubbing, pumping and pressure either with the hand or by means of a compress. If one method did not answer, they tried another and in one of the three were almost certain to secure relief and by persistent use a permanent cure.

Sharp tongues. Like sharp knives, are apt to do a great deal of damage in this world.—Austin Statesman.

AN INDIAN'S CUNNING

THE BLACKFEET'S STORY OF THE GREAT WHITE HORSE

During Strategy by Which This Fleetest of All Steeds Was Secured For His Own Tribe by the Smartest Thief Among the Crows.

All Indians who use horses are very fond of horse racing and not only race their own horses against one another, but they race their own against those of other tribes and used to do this even in the wild era of the buffalo and of constant warfare. Even at that time friendly tribes and bands joined in the two grand buffalo hunts of each year and after the hunting was over pitted the fastest horses of the various bands one against the other. At one time not so very long ago the Blackfeet had the very fastest horse that any one knew of, the fastest horse of which any one could tell or which any one had seen. He was a source of wealth to the tribe, for Indians are very fond of betting, and this animal always won everything that was bet against him. You can imagine how proud the Blackfeet were of this creature. You can also imagine how envious were the Stoney, the Crows, the Sioux, the Creeks and all the other Indians of the plains.

Stealing is considered fair between tribes, and if it can be successfully done those savage people think it very honorable, even glorious. The Blackfeet, therefore, kept the wonderful race horse in a tent at night. They did not dare leave him out with their other horses. They bought a string of bells at the Hudson Bay company's nearest fort, put the bells around the horse's neck, tied him to a tepee pole inside a big tepee and set four men to sleep in the tent with him. This was the rule every night, and on no night did the men forget to close the door of the tepee and "cinch" it tight with thongs of buckskin. Whoever could steal that big white beauty of a horse had to be a very clever thief, they thought; but, in truth, they never dreamed that he could be stolen.

The smartest thief among the Crow Indians told his chief and the head men that he was going to try to get that horse away from the Blackfeet. One evening he crawled through the grass to the tall bluff along the Bow river (north of our Idaho, I think, was the locality), where the Blackfeet had their camp. He saw the noble horse led into a certain tent, and he saw the four watchers go in and close the door. Night fell, and he crept down the slanting bluff into the camp. The only thing he had to fear was the barking of some dog. If a dog saw or heard him and barked, that would set all the other dogs barking, and he would be obliged to run for his life. Steadily, as only an Indian can move on his softly moccasined feet, this arch thief of the thieving Crow Nation crept into the Blackfeet camp. He had to step over several sleeping dogs, and he did not awaken one. He came to the tent of the white horse. He looked it all over. He went to another tepee and took a travois from its side and carried it and set it up against the horse's tent.

A travois is the wheel-less wagon the Indians use in the summer. It is made of two long poles with the upper ends near together; the lower ends spread apart and drag upon the ground. You see by this description that if a travois is stood on end it can be made to serve as a sort of ladder. Thus the arch thief of the Crows used the one he put up against the horse's tent. On it he climbed to the top of the tepee, and from there he got a view of the interior, looking down between the tent poles that form the sides of the chimney hole. He saw the horse dimly, and even more dimly he saw the four men beside the horse, all asleep. He climbed upon the tent poles; he poised his body very nicely in the chimney opening; he dropped fairly and squarely upon the white horse's back.

The instant he felt himself on the back of the beast his knife, which was in his hand, swept through the cord that tethered the horse. His heels slid in against the horse's sides, the bells rang out sharp and clear, and the horse snorted with surprise. But the pressure of the thief's heels urged the animal forward, and as he took one step the man reached out and slit a gash straight up and down through the fastened door, which was only buckskin. The four Indians leaped to their feet, but the horse and his captor were now out in the open ground and like the wind shot away from the camp. The watchers ran and yelled, the dogs barked, the whole tribe rushed out of the tents, and every man sprang to horse. But what was the use? There was no horse that could catch the animal, and so they all turned sadly home again after a mad ride of a mile or two. The thief rode in triumph home to the tents of the Crows, and from that day his tribe owned the great white horse, and his fame and their riches increased. From Julian Ralph's "Stories Told by Indians" in St. Nicholas.

Bottled Down.

"Blind has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

"No."

"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Ed?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."

Agreed.

Wife: If I thought a thing was wicked I wouldn't do it. Husband: Noting would I. Wife: Right, I think smoking cigars is a wicked waste. Husband: Then you should not smoke. Hand me a match, please.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

Bangor & Aroostook Railroad

Arrangement of Trains

in Effect

Nov. 27, 1905.

Pullman Car Service.

Pullman Sleeping Car

on train leaving Houl-

ton at 6.20 p. m. and

Boston at 7.00 p. m.

Until further notice trains will leave Houlton as follows:

8.05 a. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 9.10 a. m., Patten 11.50 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Brownville 11.25 a. m., Oldtown 12.25 p. m., Bangor 1.00 p. m., Portland 2.35 p. m., Boston 9.05 p. m.

8.55 a. m.—for and arriving at Littleton 9.12 a. m., Mars Hill 10.07 a. m., Fort Fairfield 10.55 a. m., Presque Isle 10.52 a. m., Caribou 11.00 a. m., Van Buren 12.10 p. m.

11.30 a. m.—for and arriving at Snyrna Mills 12.24 a. m., Masardis 1.00 p. m., Ashland 2.15 p. m., Portage 2.40 p. m., Fort Kent 4.15 p. m.

1.00 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 1.54 p. m., Mar. Hill and Blaine 2.19 p. m., Presque Isle 2.40 p. m., Caribou 3.15 p. m., New Sweden 4.30 p. m., Van Buren 5.30 p. m., Fort Fairfield 6.05 p. m., Littleton 4.10 p. m.

2.00 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 3.01 p. m., Patten 3.35 p. m., Millinocket 4.20 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., South Lagrange 6.19 p. m., Stockton 8.20 p. m., Eastport 8.30 p. m., Oldtown 6.50 p. m., Bangor 7.25 p. m., Portland 1.10 a. m., Boston 5.30 a. m.

3.35 p. m.—for and arriving at Snyrna Mills 4.18 p. m., Howe Brook 4.51 p. m., Masardis 5.46 p. m., Ashland 6.00 p. m.

6.20 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 7.18 p. m., Millinocket 8.43 p. m., Bangor 11.45 p. m., Portland 4.20 a. m., Boston 7.20 a. m.

8.20 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 9.10 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.25 p. m., Presque Isle 9.57 p. m., Caribou 10.25 p. m., Fort Fairfield 10.15 p. m.

ARRIVALS.

8.00 a. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 6.00 a. m., Caribou 6.00 a. m., Presque Isle 6.27 a. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 6.58 a. m., Bridgewater 7.15 a. m.

8.50 a. m.—leaving Boston 7.00 p. m., Portland 10.35 p. m., Bangor 3.55 a. m., Millinocket 6.40 a. m., Sherman 7.28 a. m., Island Falls 7.51 a. m., Oakfield 8.09 a. m., Ludlow 8.25 a. m., New Limerick 8.36 a. m.

9.20 a. m.—leaving Ashland 6.50 a. m., Masardis 7.15 a. m., Snyrna Mills 8.30 a. m., Ludlow 8.55 a. m., New Limerick 9.02 a. m.

12.55 p. m.—leaving Boston 10.00 p. m., Portland 1.05 a. m., Bangor 7.00 a. m., Oldtown 7.35 a. m., Searsport 5.50 a. m., Stockton 6.05 a. m., South Lagrange 8.10 a. m., Brownville 9.01 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Patten 8.50 a. m., Island Falls 11.48 a. m.

1.55 p. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 11.40 a. m., Caribou 9.30 a. m., Caribou 11.45 a. m., Presque Isle 12.15 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 12.48 p. m., Bridgewater 1.05 p. m., Monticello 1.28 p. m.

3.15 p. m.—leaving Fort Kent 10.45 a. m., Portage 12.19 p. m., Ashland 12.45 p. m., Ludlow 2.51 p. m., New Limerick 3.01 p. m.

6.15 p. m.—leaving Van Buren 2.40 p. m., Fort Fairfield 4.15 p. m., Caribou 4.40 p. m., Presque Isle 4.38 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 5.10 p. m., Bridgewater 5.27 p. m.

8.15 p. m.—leaving Boston 6.05 a. m., Portland 10.25 a. m., Bangor 3.15 p. m., Oldtown 3.45 p. m., Brownville 4.49 p. m., Millinocket 6.03 p. m., Patten 6.15 p. m., Sherman 6.54 p. m., Island Falls 7.15 p. m.

C. C. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.

BANGOR, ME., Dec. 6, 1905.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Effective Oct. 8th, 1905.

Trains Daily Except Sunday Except Otherwise Stated.

DEPARTURES.

Eastern 6.00 a. m. Mixed Week days for St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John and East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam Jct. to Boston. Pullman Sleeping Car, McAdam Jct. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to Truro.

Eastern 9.35 a. m. Express Week days for Woodstock, and all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Plaster Rock.

Eastern 4.25 p. m. Mixed Week days for McAdam, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st); Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., Montreal and points West; Fredericton, St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

Eastern 7.00 p. m. Mixed for Woodstock, N. B.

Eastern 10.35 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock.

Eastern 5.25 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock, and north Presque Isle, Edmundston, and Plaster Rock River du Loup, Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

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

F. R. PERRY, D. P. A. St. John, N. B.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO.

REDUCED RATES.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK.

Steamers leave Winterport (weekly permitting) at 11 a. m.: Bucksport, at 1.30 p. m.

For Searsport, Belfast, Camden, Rockland and Boston, Mondays and Thursdays.

Free transfer of westbound baggage at Bucksport from train to steamer.

RETURNING.

From Boston Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 p. m.

From Rockland, touching at way-landings at 5.30 a. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays.

All cargo except the stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

H. T. SANBORN, Agent, Bangor, ME. CALVIN A. STIN, V. P. & Gen'l Mgr., Boston, Mass.

Houlton, Dec. 29, 1905.

The annual meeting of the Aroostook County Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Houlton will be held at the Grand Hotel, Houlton, Monday, Jan. 29th, 1906, at 2 p. m. for the purpose of the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

GEO. W. AUBER, Secretary.

1000 Boys Wanted

To put their feet into one thousand pairs of our Winter Shoes

Always on Hand
S. J. Stewart has placed his
agency at L. W. Dyer's Store
80 MAIN STREET.

Fresh Cut Flowers can be obtained at any time.
Special attention given to funeral emblems. Orders
promptly filled and delivered to any part of the
town. 252

Aroostook Times \$1.00 per Year.

DR. MAZARINE'S
ENGLISH CURE

FOR
Cold in the Head, Catarrh & Asthma

It instantly kills the germs, allays all inflammation, clears the
head, throat and lungs, takes away headache and in a little
time removes every trace of the disease.

Packed in Jars, 30c and 50c each.

United States Office: 416 Baxter Block, Portland, Maine.

Sold and recommended by R. J. Cochran, H. J. Hatheway Co., and Perks Bros.



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SET UP FOR ACTUAL WORK.
ARRANGED FOR GENERAL
WORK WHERE POWER
IS REQUIRED

Pumping Water, Sawing Wood, &c.

WE WANT YOUR IDEAS.

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196 EXCHANGE STREETT,

BANGOR.

MAINE.

Sawmill Machinery !

A sawmill must have good set
works and good feed works or
it will not make good lumber
and money for the operator.
Our sawmills have both good
set works and feed works.
They will saw lumber ac-
curately. They are adapted to
Maine logs. We have them in
sizes to saw from 2,000 to
40,000 feet per day. Write for
our catalogs and prices.

Stevens Tank & Tower Co

ESTABLISHED IN 1893.

AUBURN, MAINE.

A CHANGE IN BUSINESS POLICY !

COMMENCING JANUARY 1, 1906

We shall discontinue soliciting orders by our
order teams, we can by this method effect
a saving of about 40 per cent in cost

of doing business which saving we propose to give to our customers. By this method we put our business expenses on the low-
est possible basis which means lower prices for our goods. We shall deliver orders in the forenoon left at the store or those sent
in by telephone. Orders received in the afternoon will be delivered the next morning.

Compare These Prices With What You Have Been Paying.

| Former Price | Present Price. | Former Price. | Present Price. | Former Price. | Present Price. |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cans Hatchet Corn .30 | 2 cans Hatchet Corn .25 | Molasses per gal. .50 | Molasses per gal. .45 | .48 Rump Steak per lb | .25 Rump Steak per lb |
| 1 " choice Maine Corn .13 | 1 can choice Maine Corn .10 | " " " .45 | " " " .40 | .43 Loin " " " | .20 Loin " " " |
| 2 " Hatchet Brand Peas .30 | 2 " Hatchet Brand Peas .25 | " " " .40 | " " " .35 | .38 Best Round Steak per lb | .15 Best Round Steak per lb |
| 2 " " " Tomatoes .30 | 2 " " " Tomatoes .25 | " " " .35 | " " " .30 | .33 Undercut Round Steak | .10 Undercut Steak per lb |
| All Coffee sold per lb. .35 | All 35c Coffee .33 | Good Cooking Molasses .30 | Good Cooking Molasses .27 | per lb .12 1-2 | Shoulder " " " |
| " " " " .25 | All 25c Coffee .23 | Golden Drip Syrup per gal .45 | Golden Drip Syrup per gal .42 | Shoulder Steak .12 1-2 | Loin Beef Roast " " |
| 5 cans Fancy Blend Coffee \$1.00 | 5 lbs Fancy Blend Coffee .90 | 1 pkg Ginger .05 | 1 pkg Ginger .05 | Loin Beef Roast .05 | First Cut Roast " " |
| All Tea sold per lb .50 | All 50c Tea .45 | 1 " Pepper .05 | 1 " Pepper .05 | First Cut Roast .05 | Chuck Roast per lb .09 |
| " " " " .40 | All 40c Tea .35 | 1 " Cassia .05 | 1 " Cassia .05 | Chuck Roast .05 | " " " " .07 |
| 10 lbs Soda .25 | 10 lbs Soda .25 | 1 " Cloves .05 | 1 " Cloves .05 | " " " " .05 | " " " " .06 |
| Cream Tartar 1-4s .10 | Cream Tartar 1-4s .08 | 1 " Allspice .05 | 1 " Allspice .05 | " " " " .05 | Corned Beef " " 5 to .08 |
| " " " " .35 | " " " " .30 | 1 lb Nutmegs .50 | 1 lb Nutmegs .45 | " " " " .05 | " " " " .07 |
| Cal. Pea Beans per qt. .12 | Cal. Pea Beans per qt .10 | | | Corned Beef per lb 7 to .08 | Best Quality P. R. Oysters |
| New York Pea Beans per qt. .10 | New York Pea Beans per qt .08 | | | Best Quality P. R. Oysters | per qt .40 |
| " " Yellow Eye " .12 | " " Yellow Eye per qt .10 | | | per qt .50 | |

These Prices Go Into Effect January 1, 1906.

We carry the largest and best selected stock of goods of any retail Grocer in Houlton and it will be our endeavor to even carry a
better stock than we ever have before. We take this opportunity to thank our many customers for their generous patronage in the
past and we desire a continuance of the same in the future. Try us if you want low prices and a square deal.

NO DISCOUNT CHECKS WILL BE GIVEN AFTER JANUARY 1, 1906.

A. H. BERRY & SON

Strictly Cash Grocery and Meat Market.

HOULTON, MAINE.

Always on Hand
S. J. Stewart has placed his
 agency at **L. W. Dyer's Store**
 80 MAIN STREET.

Fresh Cut Flowers can be obtained at any time.
 Special attention given to funeral emblems. Orders
 promptly filled and delivered to any part of the
 town. 252

Aroostook Times \$1.00 per Year.

DR. MAZARINE'S
ENGLISH CURE

FOR

Cold in the Head, Catarrh & Asthma

It instantly kills the germs, allays all inflammation, clears the
 throat, lungs and lungs, takes away headache and in a little
 time removes every trace of the disease.

Packed in Jars, 30c and 50c each.

United States Office: 416 Baxter Block, Portland, Maine.

Sold and recommended by R. J. Cochran, H.J. Hatheway Co., and Perks Bros.



Come and see our

ENGINES

SET UP FOR ACTUAL WORK.
 ARRANGED FOR GENERAL
 WORK WHERE POWER
 IS REQUIRED

Pumping Water, Sawing Wood, &c.

WE WANT YOUR IDEAS.

The Fairbanks Company

196 EXCHANGE STREET,

BANGOR.

MAINE.

Sawmill Machinery !

A sawmill must have good set
 works and good feed works or
 it will not make good lumber
 and money for the operator.
 Our sawmills have both good
 set works and feed works.
 They will will saw lumber ac-
 curately. They are adapted to
 Maine logs. We have them in
 sizes to saw from 2,000 to
 40,000 feet per day. Write for
 our catalogs and prices.

Stevens Tank & Tower Co

ESTABLISHED IN 1893.

AUBURN, MAINE.

A CHANGE IN BUSINESS POLICY !

COMMENCING JANUARY 1, 1906

**We shall discontinue soliciting orders by our
 order teams, we can by this method effect
 a saving of about 40 per cent in cost**

of doing business which saving we propose to give to our customers. By this method we put our business expenses on the low-
 est possible basis which means lower prices for our goods. We shall deliver orders in the forenoon left at the store or those sent
 in by telephone. Orders received in the afternoon will be delivered the next morning.

Compare These Prices With What You Have Been Paying.

| Former Price | Present Price. | Former Price. | Present Price. | Former Price. | Present Price. |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 cans Hatchet Corn .30 | 2 cans Hatchet Corn .25 | Molasses per gal. .50 | Molasses per gal. .45 | Rump Steak per lb .25 | Rump Steak per lb .23 |
| 1 " choice Maine Corn .13 | 1 can choice Maine Corn .10 | " " " .45 | " " " .40 | Loin " " .20 | Loin " " .18 |
| 2 " Hatchet Brand Peas .30 | 2 " Hatchet Brand Peas .25 | " " " .40 | " " " .35 | Best Round Steak per lb .15 | Best Round Steak per lb .15 |
| 2 " " Tomatoes .30 | 2 " " Tomatoes .25 | " " " .35 | " " " .30 | Undercut Round Steak .33 | Undercut Steak per lb .10 |
| All Coffee sold per lb. .35 | All 35c Coffee .33 | Good Cooking Molasses .30 | Good Cooking Molasses .25 | per lb .27 | Shoulder " " .10 |
| " " " .25 | All 25c Coffee .23 | Golden Drip Syrup per gal .45 | Golden Drip Syrup per gal .40 | Shoulder Steak .42 | Loin Beef Roast " " .14 |
| 5 cans Fancy Blend Coffee \$1.00 | 5 lbs Fancy Blend Coffee .90 | 1 pkg Ginger .05 | 1 pkg Ginger .05 | Loin Beef Roast .05 | First Cut Roast " " .12 |
| All Tea sold per lb .50 | All 50c Tea .45 | 1 " Pepper .05 | 1 " Pepper .05 | First Cut Roast .05 | Chuck Roast per lb .09 |
| " " " .40 | All 40c Tea .35 | 1 " Cassia .05 | 1 " Cassia .05 | Chuck Roast .05 | " " " " .07 |
| 1 lbs Soda .25 | 10 lbs Soda .25 | 1 " Cloves .05 | 1 " Cloves .05 | " " " " .05 | " " " " .06 |
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| " " Yellow Eye " .12 | " " Yellow Eye per qt .10 | | | | |

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A. H. BERRY & SON

Strictly Cash Grocery and Meat Market.

HOULTON, MAINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

For bargains call at E. B. Terrill's general store. Come once and you will come again.

Mrs. W. A. Purinton and daughter Margaret, are spending a few days at Oakland, Me.

Mr. F. W. Preston of Ponce, Puerto Rico, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Getchell.

Mrs. Henry M. Chapman of Bangor, who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Dunn, returned home Tuesday.

Murray Donnell who is attending Bowdoin College, is at home passing the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Donnell.

Mrs. Jonathan Benn started this week for Boston, where she will pass a few weeks visiting relatives and friends.

Cyrus McCready, formerly of this town and now with the Bacon & Robinson Co., of Bangor, was in town this week visiting relatives and friends.

The Ricker Travel Class will meet with Miss Packard, Tuesday evening, January 2nd. Members are requested to bring Scott's Lady of the Lake.

Dr. Bert Doyle who has recently disposed of his dentistry practice in Caribou, is in town this week visiting his mother, Mrs. G. W. Anderson.

Miss Mabel Harris of Machias, who was for several years, teacher of music and assistant at the Houlton High School, is in town this week visiting friends.

Last Saturday was, without doubt, the busiest day with the merchants that Houlton has ever seen, and no complaints are heard regarding the Christmas trade.

After your Christmas is over, after your friends are gone, send them the last and best post cards to greet them in their own homes. Ask your dealer for the last and best post cards, 3 for 5c.

There will be an old time Watch-Night Service at the Salvation Army Hall, Sunday, Dec. 31st. The first meeting at 8 p. m., second at 10.30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

Don't forget the concert and ball New Year's night at the Opera House, under the auspices of Bryson's Orchestra. Good music and good management will make this one of the most pleasant occasions of the year.

Ernest Leighton, who for the past three years has been employed at Perkins' drug store, received as his best Christmas present a certificate from the State Board of Pharmacy making him a registered pharmacist for the State of Maine.

Joseph Drolet & Son, are dressing some fine stock this winter at their slaughter house on the Foxcroft Road. You will find some of his choice beef at E. B. Terrill's store, corner Military and Foxcroft St. Call and get a nice loin or roast for dinner.

At about 9.30 a. m., Wednesday, an alarm of fire was rung in from box 33 for a slight blaze in the basement of the Opera House. The fire caught around the furnace, where a quantity of bark had been piled in such a manner that it came in contact with the hot furnace pipe. An unusually prompt response by the Fire Company slipped in the bud what promised to be a serious conflagration. A small quantity of water served to subdue the blaze and no damage resulted.

On Christmas afternoon Main St., was the scene of many exciting brushes when the horsemen of the town were granted the privilege of speeding their horses through the square. O. B. Buzzell carried off the honors of the day and after he left the field there were many other contests among the lesser lights. It is reported that on New Year's day permission to race will again be granted by the selectmen and races which will be more interesting than the last are now being arranged.

The Fact and Fiction Club will meet with Mrs. Erwin C. Harmon, High St., Saturday, Dec. 30. Roll Call. Quotations from Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

Wales—
"Their Lord they shall praise;
Their language they shall keep;
Their land they shall lose
Except Wild Wales."

—Talisman "Destiny of the Britons."
An excursion through Wales, conducted by Miss Barnes. The Conquest of Wales. Women of Wales. Reading, Elaine, Guinevere, The Passing of Arthur, Tennyson. Current events, Mrs. White. History Review, England under the Norman Kings, 1066 to 1154 A. D. Miss McGinley.

LOCAL NEWS.

Ricker Classical Institute will open Tuesday, January 2nd.

Fred A. Shean, of Patten, spent the holidays in town.

Joseph Donovan, who is attending Bates college, is at home for the holidays.

Walter B. Clark, of Bowdoin college, is passing the holidays with his parents in town.

Mrs. G. T. Stevens left here this morning for Roxbury, Mass. She will spend a few weeks with relatives there.

Miss Blanche Ertha of White Settlement was made happy, on Christmas, by the present of a fine piano from her grandmother, Mrs. E. V. Taylor.

The large willow trees in front of the Mansur block—landmarks in Houlton for many years—have this week, been cut down, and the block now stands out prominently as one of the best business sites in Aroostook county.

The nomination of W. W. Sewall, of Island Falls, for Collector of Customs for the port of Aroostook, which was sent to the senate by the President, during the opening week of Congress, has been confirmed and Collector Sewall will enter upon his duties at an early date.

There is very little change in the potato market this week. Prices are \$1.35 and \$1.40 per bbl. Heavy foreign importations is the chief factor in keeping the prices. 125 carloads of foreign stock arrived in New York last week and the prospect for a higher price for Aroostook spuds is very slight.

Dr. Sullivan, the eminent eye and ear surgeon, will be in Houlton, at the Snell House, on Monday and Tuesday, Jan 1-2, 1906, on his regular professional visit of the first Monday and Tuesday of each month. Special attention given to testing and correcting difficult cases of refractive errors, requiring glasses.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—Eleven months ago the present proprietors of this paper bought out S. H. Hanson, the former editor and proprietor of the TIMES. The subscription price for some time has been one dollar a year in advance or one dollar and fifty cents after the expiration of one year. We have bought paper and ink, paid postage and sent out weekly sixteen hundred papers without asking a single man or woman for a dollar. This does not mean that there has been nothing paid on subscriptions for the past eleven months. A great many of our subscribers have already paid in advance. To such this article does not apply. We would like to collect one dollar and fifty cents a year for our paper but we prefer that every subscriber would pay us one dollar before the year ending February 1st, 1906, expires. You will see by the slip on your paper the date of the last payment. Send your dollar by check, post office or registered letter, we are not particular as long as we get the money. Whose dollar will reach this office first?

Address, FELCH & DUNN, Houlton, Me.

When ex-Gov. Llewellyn Powers of Houlton, gets back here after the holidays, he will find a lot of people from distant lands, harking around to ascertain his attitude on certain pending matters of legislation. On his shoulders will be borne a large part of the load of the Statehood bill in its passage through the House. He took up the burden in the House conference of a week or two ago. Chairman Hamilton, although recognized as an able man and a forceful speaker, is not a good debater. He is powerful when he can commit a speech to memory, but unless he has the words written down, he becomes embarrassed. As can readily be understood, he is not a formidable chairman in debate. He became rattled in the Republican conference and, as was told at the time, Gov. Powers had to come forward and defend the Two State bill. So it is that when any important bill is referred to the House committee on territories, its friends immediately want to know how Gov. Powers stands, for without his support and co-operation not only can no bill get out of the committee, but it will be assured of rough treatment on the floor of the House. Many measures, which the territories committee has to handle, assure Gov. Powers of an active winter, at least for the next two or three months. He has been very fortunately placed on the committee in many ways. A large proportion of the members are new men, which makes his attitude on public questions considered there, of more moment than would be the case otherwise.—Washington correspondent in Commercial.

LOCAL NEWS.

John Tenney arrived Thursday, from his camps at Umeo Lake.

Miss Allie Lincoln, of Boston, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Lincoln, over Christmas.

Mr. Sidney Brennan, of Boston, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Lincoln, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, of Limestone, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robinson over Christmas.

For low prices on flour call at McGee's feed store. We shall have attractive figures in our ad in next week's Times.

Rev. John Tinning and wife of Milltown, are spending the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Fred Merritt on Heywood St.

Dec. 28th Peace Day was observed by the W. C. T. U. A program consisting of readings, music and peace texts was successfully carried out. A poem on Peace by Alice Cary, was listened to with much interest.

At the December term of S. J. Court at Caribou, which adjourned Friday, the 15th, there were 678 actions on the docket, of which 199 were new entries. 255 actions were disposed of.

The Whittier Reading Club will meet with Miss Anna Palmer, Kellerman St., Jan. 4. Roll Call. Quotations from John Boyle O'Reilly; Question Bx; Reign of George III.; Napoleon and Wellington; Pope Stephen, Sociology; Reading "Palms" Chap. IX.

The two year old daughter of B. B. McIntyre met with quite a serious accident, one day recently, whereby she sustained a broken arm. The child was playing about the house and slipped on the floor, falling and breaking her arm in two places.

There will be a meeting of the Houlton Board of Trade at the Town hall, January 2, at 7.30 o'clock. Michael M. Clark, president, says that all taxpayers, whether members of the Board or not, should attend, as matters of importance, in which all citizens of the town are interested, are to come before the meeting.

There will be a Union Watch Night service in the Baptist church, Court St., on Sunday night next, beginning at 10.30. The church bell will toll at five minutes to midnight, and then ring in the New Year. The service will be informal—brief words will be spoken by the pastor. Special music will be provided and ample time allowed for a participation by the people.

The Fact and Fiction Club met Dec. 16, with Mrs. Moses Burpee, Military St. The members responded to roll call with quotations from George Elliot. Miss Mary Burpee favored the club with a solo. Mrs. Thornton read a paper she had prepared on "Social Life" in England from 1850 to 1900. Mrs. Felch gave a review of "Middlemarch," and Mrs. White had "Current Events."

The funeral of Mrs. A. Ingram, who died suddenly, on Christmas day, at the residence of her father in Littleton, was held on Thursday, at her old home. The service was largely attended by sorrowing friends and relatives, and was conducted by Rev. J. A. Ford, of Houlton. Mrs. Ingram was a most estimable lady. She had many friends in Houlton. She was a member of the Baptist church. She leaves a husband and four small children to mourn their loss.

A special civil service examination for clerk and carrier in the Houlton, Maine, post office will be held in the High school building, on January 12th, 1906, at 9 o'clock, a. m., in order that an appointment may be made in the office, and future appointments as occasion may require. Applicants must be between the ages of 18 and 45 and citizens of the United States. Male applicants must measure not less than 5 ft. 4 in. in their stocking feet, and weigh not less than 125 lbs. in ordinary clothing. Medical certificates will not be required of applicants, but those who may receive appointments will be called upon to furnish the same before entering upon duty. Lists of those who pass examinations are no longer posted, but information as to their standing on the register can be obtained upon application. For the required application form, and a pamphlet of general information, containing specimen examination questions, apply to Mr. Murdock B. McKay, at the post office, or Edward E. Stebbins, Secretary Board of Examiners, Post Office Building, Boston, Mass. Applications should be promptly filled out and filed with the latter not later than 4.30 p. m. January 9th, 1906.

LOCAL NEWS.

A package marked "York," was taken from Smith Bros last week during the rush. Will the one who took it kindly return the same?

J. A. McLean was taken to Augusta, Tuesday, by Deputy Haskell, on charges of violation of the U. S. laws. He gave bonds to appear at the February term of court.

Monday, January 1, 1906, will be observed at the Houlton Post Office, as a public holiday. General delivery window will be open from 7.30 a. m. to 8.30 a. m.; 1.00 p. m. to 2.00 p. m.; 7.00 p. m. to 8.00 p. m. Carriers' window will be open from 1.00 p. m. to 2.00 p. m.; 7.00 p. m. to 8.00 p. m. Regular morning delivery and collections will be made by carriers. No afternoon collection or delivery will be made. No delivery by rural carriers.

The Aroostook County Directory has arrived and while its mechanical construction is all that can reasonably be expected, yet we are sorry that it was necessary to insert liquor advertisements in order to make it pay its publishers a reasonable profit. We shall be careful another year to give our support only on the condition that such advertisements are not inserted, and it was a surprise to us to find that such ads were a part of the present volume.

TO MY MANY PATRONS IN MAINE:—I wish to thank you for your many past favors and to inform you that I have been so fortunate as to get The Seavey Co. of Portland, Me., to take over all my unfinished work. Mr. L. M. Felch of the TIMES is their representative for Houlton. The Seavey Co. have every facility for doing first class work promptly and at moderate prices. I have every confidence in recommending them to you and bespeaking for them your bookbinding patronage. Again thanking you for your kind orders in the past.

Most Respectfully Yours,
H. M. ORRIS, Los Angeles, Cal.

One of the former students at R. C. I. was elected one of the City Councilmen in Portland, at the last election. We refer to Clifford McGlaughlin, Esq., of Portland. McGlaughlin was formerly from Mapleton and entered R. C. I. about 15 years ago. He had what most people would call a hard chance to make anything of himself. But he had what many boys lack, an ambition to be something, and he worked his way through Ricker, through Brown University, and at last through Harvard Law School. We wish every boy in Aroostook could know of his brave struggle and how, unaided he has forged his way to the front. Surely a man who has accomplished what he has, will undoubtedly win, not success, for success is already won in doing these hard things; but the laurel wreath of public approval.

The concert and Christmas tree at the Baptist church on Monday evening, was a very pleasant occasion. The concert was under the direction of Miss Cordelia Shaw, and the children who took part did credit to themselves and afforded much pleasure to others. Among the smaller ones who deserve especial mention are Eva Seamans, Beulah Bartlett and Alfred McCready. Robert Williams' recitation and the one given by Tommy Taber were much enjoyed by all present. The singing was unusually good. At the close of the concert the Sunday School teachers and friends passed into the vestry and there the tree was the chief attraction. Candy and cornballs, the gift of one of the teachers, were distributed to each scholar. Other gifts made the children happy. Santa Claus performed his part well and altogether it was a very merry Christmas.

The second of the course of four assemblies being given by O. E. S., at the Opera House, occurred Thursday. About fifty couples participated in the grand march. The hall was very tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and mirrors. During intermission delicious refreshments were served by the members of the order. Dancing was indulged in until 12 o'clock when the party dispersed. The next assembly will be held next Thursday when the following program will be carried out:

1. March and Circle
2. Waltz
3. Contra
4. Two-Step
5. Quadrille
6. Schottische
7. Contra
8. Waltz
9. Contra
10. Two-Step
11. Quadrille
12. Five-Step
13. Contra
14. Waltz

Boston Fancy
Lancers
Five-Step
Portland Fancy
Lady of the Lake
Plain
Portland
Good Night

Have you any surplus money on hand that is not earning anything for you?

Have you money in Savings Banks that is earning only 3 1/2 per cent a year or less?

Would you like to invest your money through a safe and conservative Banking Institution so that it will earn for you from 4 to 5 per cent a year, without risk of loss of any kind?

The Merrill Trust Company, Bangor, Maine,

Makes it a business to obtain for its customers, investments in \$500 and \$1,000 denominations, such as the Maine Savings Banks buy for themselves. The business was originally established nearly thirty-five years ago, and only the SAFEST AND BEST securities are ever recommended. The Directors of the Merrill Trust Company are men well known throughout Eastern Maine, and the officers of the Company will take pleasure in showing you how you can invest your money SAFELY to pay better than Savings Banks. Drop us a line, and our representative will call and give you full details.

Merrill Trust Company, Bangor, Maine

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
\$155,000.

President,
EDWIN G. MERRILL.

Treasurer,
W. B. HASSARD.

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F. H. APP ETON
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THOMAS U. COE

HENRY F. DOWST
WILLIAM ENGEL
JOHN R. GRAHAM
EDWIN G. MERRILL

EUGENE S. SANGER
B. B. THATCHER
WILSON D. WING
ANDREW P. WISWELL

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Nathaniel Thompkins a student at Harvard Law School, is visiting friends in Bridgewater. It will be remembered that Mr. Thompkins is a graduate of R. C. I., and after graduating from Colby, taught at the Institute. We predict a successful career for "Thannie" and he deserves to succeed.

The Houlton Woman's Club will observe its "Gentleman's Night" on Thursday, Jan. 4, at Forester's Hall. Every club member can be accompanied by a gentleman, (husband or otherwise) and also may invite any number of guests. All guests, including gentlemen, pay an admission fee of 25c. A fitting program has been arranged.

Two exciting and very dangerous runaways in one day is unusual for this town, but Thursday afternoon of this week rang in two of the wildest "smash-ups," which have occurred for many a day. The first was the team of B. Dunphy, which started in front of Dyer's grocery and without any visible cause, as onlookers say. The animal ran wildly the entire distance from Dyer's to Fox's corner on the sidewalk and many narrow escapes to pedestrians were prevented by the presence of mind of those who were in the path of the runaway. One of the most fortunate escapes was that of the young child of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Rideout. Mrs. Rideout had taken the child from its carriage, which was sitting in front of the Farmer's National Bank. Shortly before the horse started on his mad race, Mr. Rideout had placed the child in its carriage, and had stepped back into the doorway, where he was engaged in conversation, having no thought of danger to the little one. Suddenly hearing a commotion, he stepped to the door only in time to snatch the child from the conveyance to the safety of the doorway, when the horse went by striking the carriage and smashing it into kindling wood. The horse continued its race to beyond the Mansur block, running up on the platform in front of the First National Bank, and from there to Atherton's livery stable, where it was captured with one runner of the sleigh and the thills still attached. The other runaway, which occurred shortly afterward, was the team of Geo. A. Hall, and contained a man who is in the employ of Mr. Hall and also Mr. Hall's daughter, Miss Tessa. It is understood that a large mirror was being transported and—contrary to all conceptions of humanity—the horse, being without blinders, looked around and saw his own reflection, and started in a mad run down the street. The man who was holding the mirror was first thrown out, without damage to either, then nearly in front of the Thibodeau block, Miss Hall was thrown out, striking heavily upon her head and shoulders, and cutting a deep gash in the side of her head, in which it was necessary to take six stitches, in order to close the wound.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Herman Betts, of Colby, is spending his vacation with his parents in Hodgdon, and supplied the pulpit last Sunday.

The students of the Houlton Business College played Santa Claus to the principal by sending him, Christmas morning, a fine arm-chair.

Important Meeting.

A meeting is to be held in the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, at 7.30 to discuss the probability of the development of Aroostook Falls, and the bringing of the electric line to Houlton. Mr. Arthur Gould of Presque Isle, will be here, also Engineer Whitney. These gentlemen will be able to give valuable information in regard to this important enterprise. A full attendance of the business men of the town is expected, and everyone who has the business welfare of the town at heart should make special effort to be present.

Card of Thanks.

We sincerely thank our many customers of 1905, for their liberal patronage and would, as we face the new year, ask for a continuance of the same. Our goods are standard makes and have been on the markets for years. Our motto, one price to all and that a right one. All orders by mail for popular music shall have prompt attention.

HAGERMAN & ASTLE,
Houlton, Me.

Maine's Great Potato Yield.

Maine has headed the list of states which yield the most potatoes to the acre for a long time and is apt to stay there. For 1904, Maine's average yield per acre was 215 bushels. It was the only state in the union whose average was above the 200 bushel per acre mark. The state nearest Maine is Wyoming, which yielded 159 bushels to the acre last year. There are only 24 states and territories of the 49 which produce an average yield of over 100 bushels to the acre. The smallest yield of Irish potatoes to the acre is in Alabama, with Mexico a close second. Maine is the best known potato state in the North, because its production concentrates in one county. Outside of Aroostook county, there are very few commercial potatoes raised in Maine, but that county alone produces such great quantities that the industry there has become noted the world over. The most improved machinery for planting, digging, cultivating and harvesting potatoes is employed in Aroostook county. The farmers have made a great study of it, and to show what progress has been made, the average yield per acre in 1904 was 215 bushels, while in 1895 it produced 163 bushels and in 1897 the yield was only 59 bushels per acre, but during that year there were great drawbacks. Gradually the soil has been cultivated and improved so that it now yields more and better potatoes.

ELECTRIC BAIT FOR FISH.

The New York Aquarium's Supply and Where It Is Captured.

The New York aquarium, which is the largest and best equipped institution of its kind in the world, obtains its supplies of tropical fishes from the waters of Bermuda. Some of the rarest and most beautiful species are exceedingly hard to catch, persistently refusing to take a bait, and on this account it has been found necessary to resort to a very novel and ingenious expedient to effect their capture, an electrical contrivance which serves to stun the coveted specimen and reduce it to helplessness until it can be made a prisoner.

The device in question consists in part of a small and compact storage battery which is held in a leather pouch beneath the arm of the operator, who wades as quietly as possible through the shallows and invades, with as little disturbance as may be, pools among the rocks. He carries a large handed dip net, to the handle of which a wire is attached. On the end of the wire is fastened a small percussion cap of the kind used for exploding dynamite cartridges. It is the bursting of the cap that is relied upon to stun the fish.

Luckily for the hunter fishes have as much curiosity as land animals, and even the slightest one will approach a bait to look at it, though indisposed to attempt the slightest nibble. Accordingly the percussion cap at the end of the wire is concealed either by something edible or by a bunch of grass wrapper around it. Mr. Fish wonders what it is, ventures near and has instant reason to regret his impudence. The fisherman closes the circuit, the percussion cap is exploded, and the victim is rendered for the moment lifeless, though receiving no permanent injury. Promptly, by reversing the dip net, he is gathered in, and a few days later he finds himself swimming about in a tank.

The fishes from Bermuda are carried to New York on steamers, and it is a curious fact that during the first twenty-four hours of the voyage they are liable to become quite seasick.—Saturday Evening Post.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some men work just enough to keep dry.

Every one wants always to be able to work, but not always to have to.

If you don't like certain persons, how you go to hear their money rattle!

Here is one sign that you are talking too much—when your listener tries to pull away from you.

After a man passes fifty it is impossible for him to get up any enthusiasm about anything but his troubles.

Ever notice how the big flies avoid fly paper? It is the same with the really big men. They are seldom caught.

You can follow directions in making a cake or cutting out a shirt, but there are no directions that can be followed in managing a man. Some men are like a cake or a shirt.—Chicago Globe.

Helping Him Out.

For years Squire Latham, of whom many amusing stories are told, was a resident of Bridgewater, Mass., and it was while he was living there that the incident occurred which is related below. It illustrates his habitual coolness and whimsical temper.

He was awakened one night by his wife, who told him she thought there were burglars in the house. The squire put on his dressing gown and went downstairs. In the back hall he found a man looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard.

The burglar had unlocked the door and was pulling it with all his might.

"Don't open that way, you idiot!" shouted the squire, taking in the man's predicament instantly. "It slides back!"

How Tortoise Shell Is Worked.

The softening of two pieces of tortoise shell together is effected by means of hot pliers, which, while they compress, soften the opposed edge of each piece and amalgamate them into one. Even the raspings and powder produced by the file, mixed with small fragments, are put into molds and subjected to the action of boiling water and thus made into plates of the desired thickness or into various articles which appear to have been cut out of a solid block.

Early Timekeepers.

The clepsydra, or water clock, was used at Babylon at a very early date and was introduced at Rome by Scipio Nasica about the year 158 B. C. Toothed wheels were added to it by Ctesibius about 140 B. C. Some writers aver that they were found to be in use in Britain by Caesar in the year 55 B. C. The only clock in the world is said to have been sent by Pope Paul I. to Pepin, king of France, in the year A. D.

Hair Baiting.

Hubbard—I feel in the mood for reading something sensational and startling—something that will fairly make my hair stand on end. Wife—Well, here is my last dressmaker's bill.—Washington Life.

Many Meanings.

Traveler—Some expressions in the Chinese language have as many as forty different meanings. Little Miss—Same way in English. "You amaze me. Mention one." "Not at home."

His Regret.

Blodde—Buggins' wife says he is a model husband. Blodde—Yes, and he used to be such a good fellow too.—Philadelphia Record.

ORIGIN OF GOLD PENS.

THE FIRST ONES WERE MADE IN ENGLAND AND WERE FAILURES.

Then an American Citizen Discovered That Iridium Could Be Used For Protecting the Points, and the Perfect Pen Resulted.

To an American is due the credit for having made the fountain pen the useful article it has come to be, for without the gold pen point, which cannot corrode, the fountain pen would be useless.

The manufacture of gold pens was commenced in the United States in 1835 by a watchmaker of Detroit. Attempts had been made in England to make gold pens prior to that time, but they met with little success. Alloyed gold is too soft to make a durable point, and this circumstance made it necessary to protect the pen points with diamonds or rubies until John Isaac Hawkins, a citizen of the United States, but residing in England while the experiments in the manufacturing of gold pens were in progress there, accidentally discovered that the native alloy of iridium and osmium ore, one of the hardest and most refractory of all metallic alloys, could be used for protecting the points to much better advantage and more cheaply.

Hawkins' rights were purchased by a clergyman of Detroit, who induced the watchmaker above mentioned to manufacture gold pens. The first pens made by him were poor substitutes for the quill then in use. In 1840 his plant was taken to New York, where the business was enlarged.

Quite an improvement was added to the plant by the machines for the making and tempering of the pens, invented by John Rendell, one of the employees of the establishment. This establishment soon produced a gold pen so perfect that it combined the elasticity of the quill with the permanency of the metal. About 1850 it was discovered that by imbedding the iridium points in the gold instead of soldering them on the corrosive influence of the ink on the two metals, the solder and the gold, was avoided and a firmer hold in the pen was given to the points.

The gold pen has been brought to its present degree of perfection by the American manufacturer, and the industry from its inception has been characterized by the use of American methods. For the production of the gold pen a high degree of skill is necessary, and only experts are employed in the different plants.

The gold used in the making of the pens is obtained from the United States assay office. It is then melted and alloyed about sixteen parts fine and rolled into a long, narrow ribbon, from which pen blanks or flat plates in the shape of a pen, but considerably thicker than the finished pen, are cut by means of a lever press or die and punch. The blunt nib of the blank is notched or recessed at the end to receive the iridium that forms the exceedingly hard point which all good pens possess.

The iridium is coated with a cream of borax ground in water and laid in the notch formed in the end of the blank. It is then secured by a process of sweating, which is nothing more or less than melting the gold of which the pen is formed so that it unites solidly with the iridium. The blank is then passed between rollers of peculiar form to give a gradually diminishing thickness from the point backward. The rolls have a small cavity in which the extreme end of the iridium pointed nib is placed to prevent injury to the iridium. After rolling the nib of every pen is stiffened and rendered spongy by hammering.

This is the most important process in the manufacture of the pen, as the elasticity of the pen depends entirely upon this operation. The pen is then trimmed by a press similar to that which is used for cutting out the blanks or by automatic machinery. When the blank has been trimmed the name of the manufacturer and the number of the pen are stamped on it by means of a screw press.

The pen is given its convex surface also by means of a screw press, the blank being pressed between a concave die beneath and a convex one above. Quite a little force is necessary to bring the pen to the required convexity, and when this operation is completed two jaws approach the blank and press it up on opposite edges, thus giving the pen its final shape.

The next step is to cut the iridium into two points by holding it on the edge of a thin copper disk which is charged with fine emery and oil and revolves at a high speed. The nib is then silt by a machine and the silt cleared by means of a fine circular saw. After sitting, the nibs are brought together by hammering, and the pen is burnished on the inside by a concave form and on the outside by a convex form. This is necessary to give the pen a uniform surface and greater elasticity.

These nibs are then set by the fingers alone, after which operation the pen is ground by a lathe with a thin steel disk and a copper cylinder, both charged with fine emery and oil. The silt is then ground by a fine disk, and the sides of the nibs and the points are ground upon the copper cylinder. After the grinding is done the pen is polished upon buff wheels, which completes the process of manufacture.

Before the pen is placed upon the market, however, it is given a thorough inspection to see that it possesses the proper elasticity, fineness and weight then passed to an inspector who tests it and weighs it.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Stray Bullet.

It is an odd fact that the most expert marksman cannot equal the unerring accuracy of the stray bullet in reaching the mark.—Baltimore American.

IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

The Peculiar Language and Odd Customs of the People.

Of the strange scenes and customs of the Basque country a traveler writes: "I was struck by the way the women walked and carried themselves. A fat old woman with a huge tray on her head walked along at a swinging pace, shouting her wares meanwhile at the top of her voice. I saw a woman carrying on her head first of all a large tray of fruit (its size can be imagined when I tell you that it was afterward her stall). On the top of this was a basket of washing and a big umbrella to be used to cover the stall. Then in her left hand she carried a supplementary stall, and by the other she led a little child which could just reach the mother's hand by holding its own up as high as it could stretch.

"I was waiting once at a little wayside inn in the village of Aseain when I saw an old lady, followed by two great fat white pigs. They all three waddled over to the village pump, and then, procuring some water in a pail, the old lady proceeded to wash her charges. She cleaned them most assiduously—eyes, ears, tail, back, hind quarters and feet.

"There is a dignity of carriage about all the women in this country. I fancied it might be due to the fact that formerly, before the 'Code Napoleon' came into operation, the law obliged the firstborn, whether boy or girl, to inherit the patrimony and continue the head of the family, the husband taking the wife's name when the inheritor was a woman, thus giving the woman a perfect equality from her birth. The matrons are not less beautiful than the younger women.

"Quite unlike any other language is that of the Basques. Although when hearing the people talk a Spanish sound seems to be occasionally emitted, it is not really at all like Spanish. I was amused to find that 'no' is 'ess' in Basque, and when I asked what 'yes' I thought at first the answer was 'na,' which would have been very curious, but it turned out to be 'ba,' with the 'b' softly pronounced."

A PERFUME THAT SMELLS.

The Awful Odor That Comes From Paris Attar of Roses.

The perfumer took from his desk a small flask of copper.

"In flask like this attar of roses comes to us," he said. "Attar of roses is worth from \$10 to \$25 an ounce, according to the market. This flask is empty now, but in it a little odor still lingers."

The visitor smiled delightedly. He had never smelt pure attar of roses before. Now he unscrewed the stopper and, closing his eyes, with an ecstatic look he applied his nostrils to the flask.

But only for an instant. Then he threw back his head, twisting his features into a grimace of disgust, and he exclaimed:

"Garbage! Bone yards! Glue factories!"

The perfumer laughed.

"All essential oils smell like that," he said. "Yet no good perfume can be made without them."

He took from a shelf a cut glass jar filled with a thick, yellowish oil that looked like petrolum partly refined.

"In this jar," he said, "there are forty ounces of pure attar of roses worth over \$500. You know how the attar smells alone. Now watch me make a rich perfume by adding things to it."

He put a few drops of the attar into a vial. He filled the vial with spirits of musk, another of orris, then one of neroli, one of rose, of violet, of orange, of vanilla, and, finally, the oil of cloves and bergamot.

"There," he said, "smell that. Isn't it exquisite?"

"Exquisite!" said the visitor.

"Well, without its foundation of the malodorous and costly attar of roses it wouldn't smell any better than a plate of soup."—New York Herald.

As a Clincher.

"I'm not so particular about speed, but I must have a gentle horse," repeated Mr. Green. "My wife wants to drive, you see. Will you warrant this horse to be safe?"

"Certainly," said the dealer reassuringly. "He's a regular lady's horse."

"You are sure he's not afraid of anything?" asked Mr. Green anxiously and for the tenth time.

The dealer assumed an air of reflection.

"Well, there's one thing that he has always appeared to be afraid of ever since I got him," he admitted contentiously. "It seems as if he's scared to death for fear some one might say 'Whoa' and he not hear it."

Ancient Bridge Superstition.

A primitive notion existed among the Romans and other races that a bridge was an offense and injury to the river god, as it saved people from being drowned while fording or swimming across and robbed the deity of a certain number of victims which were his due. For many centuries in Rome propitiatory offerings of human victims were made every year to the Tiber. Men and women were drowned by being bound and flung from the wooden Subleian bridge, which, till nearly the end of the republican period, was the one and only bridge across the Tiber in Rome.

Authorship as a Profession.

Nobody should write who is not firmly possessed of the idea that he has a vocation for literature and is not willing to endure the penalties of art for the sake of serving an art. If a person who writes in that spirit makes a living he earns it. If he makes a fortune he deserves it.—New York Times.

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount.—Coleridge.

LIFE ON A WARSHIP.

Why the Men Are Allowed to Indulge in Athletic Sports.

To see a thirteen inch gun loaded and fired is a sight not to be forgotten. The projectile is thirteen inches in diameter, about three feet in length and weighs 1,100 pounds. The powder charge for target practice is 250 pounds. The cost for each shot is about \$500. When all is ready on the range the signal siren sounds, there is a blinding flash, a roar like thunder and a jarring shock. Then you hear the whining scream of the shell, for all the world like a fast express rounding a sharp curve. The projectile is visible almost from the time it leaves the gun. You see it rip through the target and strike the water beyond, throwing up a column of liquid many feet high. The shell skips, much like the flat stone "skipper" of our boyhood, and again a column of water shoots up two miles or more farther out, to be repeated time and again. The shed in its flight can be watched without the aid of glasses for eight miles or more in clear weather.

While the life of a sailor, from captain down to apprentice, is an almost continual round of work, some time is found for athletic sports, such as boat racing, football and baseball. The object of this is to give the men recreation and at the same time to foster the spirit of competition. Besides, it makes the men easier to manage. The ship with a strong football or baseball team or the fastest race boat almost invariably has a happy and easily managed crew—a crew that will swear that its officers are the finest men in the world, and likewise the officers swear by such a crew. Some ships have training tables for their athletic teams, the expense usually being defrayed by the officers. The team or boat crew, as the case may be, is petted by the officers and idolized by the crew, and for some time before a hard contest the men are exalted from various duties in order that they may give more time to training.

Every battleship and cruiser has its race boat, purchased by contributions from officers and men. The prizes paid for these boats is, as a rule, contingent upon their winning certain specified races. The builders are willing to take a chance, knowing that the crew will do its best to win. For a winning boat the prize is often as much as \$1,000, while for a boat that proves less speedy the builder will accept \$500 or less. On the result of a fleet boat race as much as \$30,000 has been known to change hands, and large sums are also wagered on baseball and football games. This is, of course, contrary to the letter of the regulations; but the sporting instinct is as strong in the navy as elsewhere, and it is not always possible to hold down the lid.—Leslie's Weekly.

The End of the World.

That the earth will eventually dry up and all living things will die of thirst is the theory of a scientific writer. He says that in both Africa and Asia, and indeed in all the great levels of the world, the water beds are drying up. Many lakes well known during the historical period have entirely disappeared, while others are shrinking rapidly. "Explorations in central Asia have proved that for centuries a zone stretching from the east to the southeast of this part of the earth's dominion has been drying up. Deserts are gradually spreading, and reports show that it is only in the neighborhood of mountains, round whose brows vapors condense and fall, that irrigation can be carried on or life itself can be preserved."

Just What He Meant.

An American in London once attended a dinner where Henry Arthur Jones told a story about Beethoven.

"Mr. Tree," said the playwright, "met a friend of his one afternoon in Regent street."

"The two stood and conversed a little while, and then Mr. Tree said:

"Have you been down to see me lately, my boy?"

"Not too poor," said the other.

"Too poor," Mr. Tree exclaimed. "Why, you spend enough on wine and cigars!"

"But the other, nettled, interrupted:

"I don't mean I'm too poor. I mean you're too poor," he said.

Cramp in the Legs.

People who are subject to cramp in the legs should always be provided with a good strong piece of cord, especially in their bedrooms. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it round the leg over the place where it is cramped, take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little, and the cramp will cease instantly. People much subject to cramp in bed have found great relief from wearing on each leg a garter of wide tape which has several thin slices of cork stitched on to it.

The Tools He Lacked.

"Why don't you go to work?" said a charitable woman to a tramp before whom she had placed a nicely cooked meal.

"I would," replied the vagrant, "if I had the tools."

"What sort of tools do you want?" asked the hostess.

"A knife and fork," said the tramp.—Tit-Bits.

We Eat Too Fast.

"The trouble is that we eat too fast," said the man who worries about health. "That's right," answered the man who worries about money. "Some of us eat so fast that our stomachs can't keep up with our grocery bills."—Washington Star.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—Hazel Litt.

THE HOTEL CHILD.

Dangers That Threaten the Luckless Offspring of Rootless Parents.

It is not the material only to existence which are the bane of the hotel child; it is the mental and spiritual attitude accompanying this life which is to be deprecated. It destroys a democratic spirit through emphasizing the difference between the servant and the served, it exaggerates the power of money, fosters a spirit of dependence and unfits the pampered individual for any other kind of life, and, worst of all, in a child so brought up there can be no understanding or love of home. There may be some future for the child who knows nothing of art, some fun and for the one to whom literature makes no appeal and who is not sensitive to music, but there is no place in the state for the man who has neither initiative, self reliance, patriotism nor love of home. He is a social menace, a disease. The community is better off without this satellite of the manager, parasite of the hotel boy and source of sympathy for the waiter.

If there is one child in our community who is superfluous it is the hotel child. As places for temporary occupancy are by homeless and childless adults hotels are to be tolerated, but as residences for children they are without the possibility of excuse. Miss Martha S. Bensley in Everybody's Magazine.

FIVE MINUTES.

Under Some Circumstances It Seems a Very Long Time.

In a number trial before a western court the prisoner was able to account for the whole of his time except five minutes on the evening when the crime was committed. His counsel argued that it was impossible for him to have killed the man under the circumstances in so brief a period, and on that plea largely based his defense, the other testimony being strongly against his client.

When the prosecuting attorney replied, he said: "How long a time really is five minutes? Let us see. Will his honor command absolute silence in the courtroom for that space?"

The judge graciously complied. There was a clock on the wall. Every eye in the courtroom was fixed upon it as the pendulum ticked off the seconds. There was a breathless silence.

We all know how time which is waited for creeps and halts and at last does not seem to move at all.

The keen witted counsel waited until the tired audience gave a sigh of relief at the close of the period, and then asked quietly:

"Could he not have struck one fatal blow in all that time?"

The prisoner was found guilty, and as it was proved afterward, justly.

THE DOG'S COAT.

Brush It, but Do Not Wash It, If You Want It Perfect.

In the Country Calendar Reginald F. Mahow writes: "Even careful feeding will not give a dog's coat that glow which is such a sure sign of health. If he is continually washed with soap and water, owners who allow their dogs to live in the house are forever washing the wretched animal and forever complaining that his coat is coming out. The owner's dog is washed and scrubbed the more will his coat leave its trail and the dealer and guller will look. The health and growth of a dog's coat depend entirely on a natural oil from the skin. As often as the dog is washed so often is the oil washed out and so much more is the destruction of the coat. If a dog were brushed every day for five or ten minutes against as well as with the grain his coat would not only have a luster, but would cease to distribute itself all over the place except for a very short time once or twice a year. Besides this, brushing has a stimulating effect on the whole system, helps the blood circulation, by this the digestion, and so the general health."

MacMahon's Epigrams.

When Marshal MacMahon in the Crimean campaign took the Malakoff by storm and wrote his celebrated dispatch, "J'y suis, j'y reste" ("Here I am; here I stay"), these words made him famous all over the world. Yet his friends said that the worthy soldier had written them in the most matter of fact manner, with no thought of phrase making. The most surprised person over the success of this epigram was MacMahon himself.

Ancient Jewelry.

The jewelry found in an excavation near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4,300 years ago. The figures cut on amethyst and carnelian are described as exquisite and anatomically correct. The gold is skillfully worked, and precious stones are set into it so as to give the effect of enameling.

A Helping Hand.

"I have heard," stammered her timid admirer, "that you are engaged. Is it—er—true?"

"I'm not engaged yet," replied the fair girl, "but I hope to be soon."

"Er, how soon?" he asked.

"In a few minutes," she replied, with shining eyes. Philadelphia Ledger.

Moses Well Known Down Here.

Small girl, in bed, being read to by an elder cousin. Small Girl—When I die, shall I go to heaven, Mary? Mary—Oh, yes, if you are a good girl. Small Girl—I want to see Moses. I shall tell him I heard quite a bit about him down here. London Globe.

The power of speech differentiates the man from the brute, except when he abuses his wife. Detroit Tribune.

STATE OF MAINE.

To the Honorable the Judge of Probate in and for the County of Arrostook, Maine: Respectfully represent, Maria J. Megquier of Weston, administratrix of the estate of Arthur S. M. Megquier late of Weston, in said County, deceased, intestate, that said deceased was the owner of certain Real Estate situated in said town of Weston, bounded and described as follows, viz:—On the east by the Houlton and Baring Road; south by land of Warren P. Smith; west by the land of H. H. Putnam; and north by land of George W. Moody. The said lot is known as the Smith Place, and was conveyed by deed recorded in the Arrostook Registry, vol. 102, page 271.

Also one other lot of parcel of land situated in said Weston, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—On the north by land of R. G. Marble; east by the Monroe Road; south by land of Arthur Moody; and west by land of H. H. Putnam, containing and bounded acres, more or less, and being the same premises devised by Charles Megquier to his son Arthur Megquier.

Also all the right, title and interest of the said Arthur S. M. Megquier in certain other lot of parcel of land situated in the town of Danforth, Washington County, and State of Maine, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a fence post on the south side of Sandy Brook on the east side of the Houlton Road, and on the road limit running north thirty-two degrees east parallel with the said road thirteen rods; thence south fifty-five degrees east twenty rods to a cedar stake; thence south twenty-two degrees west thirteen rods to a spruce stake; thence north fifty-five degrees west to place of beginning, being the same premises conveyed by deed recorded in Washington Registry, vol. 217, page 404. That the debts of the deceased as nearly as can be ascertained

| | |
|--|------------|
| Amount to | \$4,087.79 |
| And the expenses of sale, and of administration estimated at | 100.00 |
| Amounting in all to | 4,187.79 |
| That the value of the Personal Estate is | 2,176.00 |

That the Personal Estate is therefore insufficient to pay the debts of the deceased, and expenses of sale and of administration and it is necessary for this purpose to sell some part of the real estate to raise the sum of

1,961.79

That the residue would be greatly depreciated by a sale of any portion thereof.

Wherefore your petitioner prays that she may be licensed to sell and convey the whole of said Real Estate at private sale for the payment of said debts, and expenses of sale and of administration.

Dated at Caribou, the 19th day of December, A. D. 1905.

STATE OF MAINE.

ARROSTOOK, ss. Court of Probate.

December Term, A. D. 1905. Upon the foregoing petition, Ordered, That said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of said petition and this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Arrostook Times a newspaper published in Houlton, in said County, that they may appear at a Court of Probate for said County, to be held at the Probate Office in Houlton, in said County, on the third Tuesday of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

NICHOLAS FESSENDEN, Judge. Attest: SETH S. THORNTON, Register. A true copy of petition and order of Court thereon. Attest: SETH S. THORNTON, Register. 31

BANKRUPT'S PETITION FOR DISCHARGE.

In the matter of Sander L. Bennett, In Bankruptcy.

To the Hon. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine.

SANDER L. BENNETT of Caribou, in the County of Arrostook and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 30th day of Sept., 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 have 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 4th day of Dec., A. D. 1905. SANDER L. BENNETT, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 23rd day of Dec., A. D. 1905, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—ORDERED BY THE COURT, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 12th day of Jan., A. D. 1906, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Arrostook Times, a newspaper printed in said District, and read aloud in said Court, 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

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, W. F. Records and Clara A. Records, both of Caribou, Aroostook County, State of Maine, by their mortgage deed dated the fifth day of September, A. D. 1905, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds, book 169, page 293, conveyed to Charles Davis of Bangor, Penobscot County, State of Maine, a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the village and town of Caribou, and bounded as follows:—That is to say, commencing at a stake and stone on the County Road leading westerly from the village of Caribou, (now called Sweden Street) to the Fish River, so-called, twenty-one (21) rods from the road running to Van Buren through said village, (now called Maine Street); thence north thirteen and one-third (13 1/3) rods to a stake and stone; thence west sixteen (16) rods to a stake and stone; thence south to the first mentioned road; thence east to the point begun. Being a part of lot numbered eight (8) containing one and one-third acres, more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to said Clara A. Records by Samuel W. Collins by his deed dated the seventh of May, 1904, and recorded in Aroostook Registry, book 34, page 384, which mortgage was assigned to me, the undersigned, by John H. Davis of Bangor, Penobscot County, State of Maine, the executor of the estate of the said Charles Davis, on the twenty-ninth day of November, 1905; which assignment is recorded in Aroostook Registry of Deeds, vol. 212, page 474; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

CHARLES W. MORSE.

351

HILLSIDE POULTRY YARDS

Houlton, - - Maine.

Light Brahmas,
Barred Plymouth Rocks,
White Wyandottes,
Brown Leghorns,
Buff Orpingtons,
Rhode Island Reds,
Black Minorcas.

All Standard Bred.

Poultry supply house in connection, beef scraps, ground bone grit, ground oyster shells, meat meal, prepared poultry feeds, bee killers, disinfectant &c.

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Have just received a large consignment of shingles which I do not care to hold over for another season, so will close out at \$1.25 per thousand. Buy now and save money.

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BLOOD WINE at 50c. A BOTTLE is better for all kinds of illness, either local or chronic, than 500 worth of "dope" or other drugs, and also being always at hand. All druggists.

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Some grocers have a way of buying flour from different mills and stenciling on some pretty name of their own.

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Farms for Sale.

Mammoth Trades.

In Caribou and vicinity we have sold in the past six weeks thirteen farms and some twenty-five more to offer at bargain prices as the description below will show. One farm of 210 acres 130 clear, 40 wooded, hard wood of birch and maple growth, good house and barn with never failing well, is located one mile from town on a level road has 100 acres, all ploughed without a stump or stone pile, and 75 of it suitable for potatoes. The entire farm is smooth without a rough place in it. This will be sold at a true if handled at once, and on very easy terms, and is without doubt the best money making property in the county.

Another farm of 120 acres, 70 cleared, fair buildings, four miles from town on a good road, this place can be bought for \$3000 with a payment of \$500 down and the balance on easy terms.

120 acre farm all cleared and good potato land, within the limits of the village, has a potato house at the C. P. station on farm, extra fine house, with good rock cellar, barn 40 by 70, with neat stable in basement, good shed connecting house and barn, water in barn, both house and barn lighted with electric lights. Small house for hired man, will produce over \$5000 of crop this season and can be bought for \$1000, including stock, tools and team on easy terms.

We have many others of equally good value, if you wish to buy a farm we can save you money, will show you any farm on our list free.

Now is the time to buy as the price is advancing, one farm recently sold by us for \$5400 can be sold now for \$10,000, while another sold the 15th for \$3500 is placed on the market at \$12,000.

Call at our office or write us for further particulars.

F. J. Laffaty & Co.

Real Estate Agency.

Caribou, Me.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, Fred E. Grout of Sherman, Aroostook County, Maine, by his mortgage deed dated the 25th day of October, 1905, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds, vol. 200, page 380, conveyed to Arthur Jordan of said Sherman, who assigned said mortgage to me the undersigned, said assignment being recorded in said Aroostook Registry of Deeds, vol. 196, page 219, a certain parcel of Real Estate situated in said Sherman, and described as follows:—All of lot numbered seventy (70) in said Sherman, excepting about five acres on the northeast corner of said lot and being all that part of lot 70, that lies on the north-east side of the Roscoe L. Webber road, so-called; also another parcel of land situated in said Sherman, described as follows:—Commencing on the Goldenbridge road, on the west side, where the west line of lot numbered one hundred twenty-eight (128) crosses it, thence running north on the west line of said lot to the Goldenbridge road, before mentioned, thence southeasterly on said road line to the Goldenbridge road, before mentioned, thence southwesterly on said Goldenbridge road to the point begun at, containing three acres, more or less; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

Sherman, Maine, Dec. 9th, 1905.

ISAAC L. JORDAN,

By V. LUDGATE, his attorney.

BANGOR DIVISION.

FALL SCHEDULE

FOUR-TRIPS-A-WEEK

Steamers leave Bangor Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 11 a. m.

From Bangor via two landings, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at about 5.30 a. m.

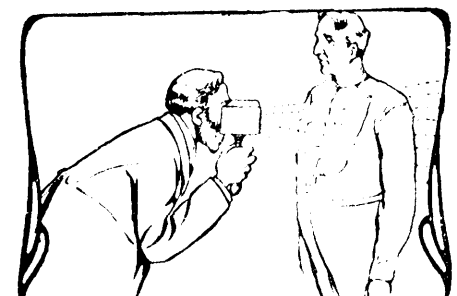
All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

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Good board and room for several persons may be obtained at MRS. J. BRYSON'S,

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The aid of scientific inventiveness is not needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms can be readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

There is no disease known that gives so many plain warnings of its approach as consumption, and no serious disease that can be so quickly reached and checked, if the medicine used is Dr. Roscher's German Syrup, which is made to cure consumption.

It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warnings are given in the cough that won't quit, the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration. But no matter how deep seated your ailment, even if chest complaint has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure, as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

New trial bottles, 25c. Regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

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Sold and given at Druggists

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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 Pittsburgh, Pa., in a recent letter to Dr. Oidman says: "In your prescription known as 'Pepsoids' you have given the medical world the greatest and most valued 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, 'Crutch of the Stomach,' Stomach Weakness, 'Bitterness of the Stomach,' and all the numerous ailments of the stomach, in hundreds of cases with, and at the same time, destroy all disease-treatment mainly to the fact that the disease germs of the stomach cannot resist Pepsoids."

Your throat, 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 restoring the worn-out lining of the Stomach and at the same time, destroy all disease-breeding germs. Dyspepsia and the worst forms of Stomach Disorders once cured in this way never returns.

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

Because of better wheat and more of it, and greater skill

"Town Talk" Flour

Gives better results in bread, biscuits and pastry than any other flour.

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Ely's Cream Balm

In all its stages, Ely's Cream Balm cures, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is instantaneous and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug-gists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

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Lowney's Cocoa is not loaded with ground cocoa shells, flour, starch, or other adulterants.

It consists of nothing but the choicest cocoa beans ground to flour fineness.

The result is the most delicious, purest and finest flavored cocoa possible.

Such cocoa as Lowney's, if made abroad and duties paid, would cost double the Lowney price.

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have more improvements than all other ranges combined.

Single Damper (patented); worth the price of the range. Saves fuel—saves worry.

Cap-Joint Oven Flues; never leak. Insure better baking.

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Our New Plain Designs—less nickel ornamentation—are making a hit. Artistic, handsome, easily kept clean.

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The State of Maine Cream Separator

The Close Skimming, easy running, easy to clean, durable.

The finest guarantee. We are a leader among the

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Avoid a cheap Separator as you would a twenty five dollar horse.

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

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