

Phillips Phonograph.

Devoted to the Interests of Franklin County, its Summer Resorts, Mountains and Lakes, and General News.

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The PHONOGRAPH

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Saturday, Nov. 16, 1878.

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.

SOME DAY.

Some day, we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the far hills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time, but oh! not yet,
But we will wait and not forget.

That some day all these things shall be,
And rest be given to you and me.

So wait, my friends, though years move slow,
The happy time will come, we know.

Miscellaneous.

Bluebacking in the Northern Rangeley Lake Region.

But very few persons outside of the immediate vicinity of the Northern Rangeley Lake region know of the existence of a distinct and peculiar species of trout called "Bluebacks." And very few of the regular habitués of this region have ever seen them, or know of them except from the stories of the guides, who tell of how many hundred weight of these fish they have taken in a single day—which are probably looked upon as decided fish stories.

The waters of the Northern Rangeley Lake Region are noted for their trout, genuine *salmo fontinalis*. Their size exceeds those in any other known waters. This is attributed to the peculiar quality of their food, which is supposed to be "blue-backs," a fish peculiar to Rangeley and Mooselucmagantic Lakes, and never found in any other locality.

They are a species of trout, and named by naturalists—*salmo ogosoa*—after Ogoosoc or Rangeley Lake—and bear the general semblance of a regular built, bona fide, "brook trout," except that they have a crocheted tail. Their backs are of a very dark blue color, therefore their name, "blue-backs." They grow to the maximum length of ten inches and weight of six ounces. They inhabit the deepest waters of the lakes, and are consequently never seen except during about two weeks in October of each year, when they run into the streams in countless myriads to spawn.

Then is the time when the natives of Rangeley and surrounding towns really enjoy fishing, if their method of capturing these fish may be called fishing.

Let us take a look at the various methods employed in the wholesale slaughter of this beautiful and peculiar fish.

Just below the old mill dam on the Rangeley stream, we find several persons with rod and line, casting into the big pool, and hauling out a blue-back at every cast. We at once conclude that they must have a very taking bait; but upon examination are surprised to find attached to each line a grapnel composed of three fish hooks, and that the water is literally packed with fish, so that every time this grapnel is thrown among them a fish is sure to be hooked. One gentleman, a summer resident of this locality, has, I should judge, caught in this way as many as two thousand of these fish in ten days of this season. His exploits would fill Pages.

Farther down the stream, at the foot of the pool, where a wall of rocks has been piled up to form a temporary dam, are several more persons. Some are armed with a gaff, or what they call a "jig," which consists of a fish hook lashed to the end of a small pole. With this implement it is nothing new for one person to take three hundred blue backs in an hour. Others, who wish to take the fish without lacerating them, use a dip-net which they place close to the bottom, and when the fish run over it—dip them up.

Still farther down where the water is shallow, we find the stream divided off into several sections by stone walls

with an opening or outlet at the lower end, in which is placed a long, large, bag-shaped net, the mouth held open by a hoop. These sections are called "runs."

When the net is in proper position, two or three persons start at the upper end of the run and wade down stream, thrashing the water with sticks as they go, driving the fish before them toward the net, and at the proper moment the net is lifted from the water. The result is from two fish to half a bushel.

There is deal of fun in this method of fishing. As the bottom of the stream is very rocky, and it being necessary to advance toward the net rather rapidly, one cannot pick his footing; consequently many slips and falls are experienced; each unfortunate, of course, being greeted with a laugh as he plunges wildly to regain his footing, and generally ends by sprawling at full length in the water; and, having once more regained the perpendicular, he is fully prepared for blue-backing; as, having got completely wet, he is regardless of tumbles, and thoroughly enjoys himself. But the attitudes one gets into while driving a run are decidedly trying and not particularly graceful. It is astonishing how quickly one's feet will go to one side and upward, to the great bewilderment of the head, which cannot keep track of the various evolutions of the feet, until the water begins to run into the nose and ears. Then how quickly is the footing regained, to be how quickly lost! making the whole journey a series of plunges and sprawls. But then, the satisfaction when the net is held up, and a basketful of wriggling beauties brought to view! Then when, with boots and stockings, you sit before the cheerful open fire in the Mountain View House, and laugh at one another's mishaps, you feel that life has some pleasures left worth living for.

Of course you can drive a run and not go over the tops of your boots, or have tumbles; but then! you do not get as many fish, and do not have as much fun—nothing to make you laugh. So don't stop to find out how cold or how deep the water is, but, like mine-host Kimball, plunge in—get wet and have it over with. Then you have no drawbacks to the sport.

The only other method of taking these fish that I have seen, was practiced one evening by a gentleman, who, not having good success at gaffing, took his revolver to them. He held a lantern over the fish, and put the muzzle of the pistol about two inches from its head, and fired. The fish winked one eye, as much as to say, "Don't want any Moore," and started down stream, wagging his little tail. Good shot, wasn't it?

The amount of blue-backs caught and carried away from this stream alone, is almost beyond calculation. The spawn is crushed and dislocated from the spawning beds by this method of driving the fish into nets, and it is probable that a very small percentage will mature.

It is a fact that these fish run into the streams in much smaller numbers than in former years, and the probability is that the waters are rapidly being depleted of this valuable trout food. Ought not there to be some legislation to protect these fish, or at least to prevent the spawn being trampled from the rocks?

I am, by my experience of the past summer, convinced that it is an error to suppose that the blue-backs will not take bait or fly. I caught several in July and August while bottom fishing, in from forty to fifty feet of water, in the Mooselucmagantic Lake, and while they were on the spawning beds, this season, they would bite at the bare hook of my gaff.

I have no doubt but that a person with a small hook baited with worm, with a fine line, could catch plenty of them from the deep waters during the summer months. GEO. A. BULLEN, Rangeley Lake, Nov. 5, 1878.

The oyster season opens with a few raw, and yet it puts an end to the clammers of the past season.

"After August 1 woodcock may be shot." We advise this 1 woodcock to look out for himself.

Farmington and the Narrow Gauge Railroad.

"But think on me when it shall be well with thee."—Gen. 40:14

This was the simple yet earnest plea of Joseph to his fellow prisoner, who was about to be released from bondage and restored to his former position of butler to the king. Joseph was undoubtedly the well-wisher of his friend, the butler; they had been prisoners together, and were probably good friends. Joseph could bid him God speed, and rejoice with him in his good fortune; and yet the thought must come back to him doubly laden with sorrow and sadness, that while the prison doors were to be opened to his friend, they were to remain closed to him, for aught he knew, for life; but thinking the butler might have some influence with the king that might result to his advantage, he makes this parting plea: "But think on me when it shall be well with thee." We cannot fail to notice here a deep anxiety coupled with a claim upon the kind offices of his friend. Now upon this principle let the people of Farmington enquire what relation they, as a town, sustain to the towns up the valley of the Sandy River, and their duties in regard to the building of the narrow gauge road. Turning back in history, about twenty years ago, we find the valley of the Sandy River, Farmington included, shut in, as it were from the outside world, so far as railroad communication and transportation were concerned. We were, so to speak, shut up in the same prison; our interests and desires were one; we were laboring under the same great disadvantages, and our prayers for deliverance were earnest and united. We longed for the coming of that messenger who was to set wide open the door of our prison-house. At length the messenger came, not for all, but for Farmington, and a partial release of the valley. But the terms of our release, as well as of our Farmington neighbors, were conditional. A ransom must be paid. We must subscribe for a certain amount of the stock of the Leeds & Farmington railroad. As our neighbors below were unable to secure means sufficient it was then they turned to their fellow prisoners up the valley and asked their aid. And do we forget to-day how generously and how nobly we responded to the call? Do we forget the hundreds and thousands we willingly subscribed, all through our towns, to help you go free?

And to-day this same earnest plea comes from those up the valley, left in bondage some twenty years ago. "But think on me when it shall be well with thee."

It is well with Farmington as a town, as a village, as individuals. Are you better off to-day than you would be if the shrill whistle of the iron horse had never echoed among your hills? To this question there can be but one answer: It is well. As to your village, it is well with you, and when the first engine sounded the note of your deliverance, there was not a habitation, no, not a soul, but bid her welcome. Look at your handsome residences, churches, schools, and the busy hum of trade, which owes its improvements to the impetus given by the introduction of the railroad. As to the farming interest we must say, it is well with them. As well might we blot out the sun at noon-day as to deprive the farmers of their railroad facilities. Who of them would prefer to take their own teams and haul their potatoes, beef, pork, butter and cheese one hundred miles, and why is it? Thus all the advantages are to be had by our neighbors, simply because they have steam transportation to the ends of the earth.

With you, then, as a town, as a village, as a citizen, it is well. And now the question comes home, how shall you respond to the appeal which comes from those up the valley, who so kindly assisted you in time of need? Shall we raise our banner, upon which shall be inscribed in letters of gold, these words: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And will you show to your friends up the valley that this same golden rule is inscribed in your hearts, and lend us a helping hand, and release us from the same bondage that twenty years ago was your fate? *

Reminiscences of Phillips.

No. 2.

PORTLAND, Nov. 14, 1878.

During the years from 1806 to 1814, the upper Sandy River valley was settled very rapidly. The lower towns had been pretty well settled in former years, commencing as early as 1775 or '6. As other immigrants flocked into the newly-discovered and beautiful country, they had to go further back to find lands suited to their tastes, keeping near the meandering beautiful "Muslunsquit." It is evident that this valley had acquired a wide-spread notoriety, from the fact that many of the immigrants were from the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut, as well as from the southern and western portions of our own State—then the District of Maine.

Messrs. Samuel, Daniel and Jesse Ingham came on foot all the way from Sabrook, in Connecticut, to explore this valley, and finally settled in Avon. Daniel subsequently left town. The other two lived and died there. I mention this case as a specimen of the enterprise of those early settlers, and of the reputation this valley sustained in these days.

What gave an unusual impetus to emigration from the older settlements of the country, and particularly from near the seaboard, was that in those days there were difficulties existing between England and the United States, on account of which the Congress passed an act called a non-intercourse law, i. e.: that we would have no dealings with them; also an embargo act, forbidding our vessels sailing from our ports. These things naturally affected every kind of business—not only of ship-owners, sailors and merchantmen, but multitudes of men more or less dependent on commerce for a livelihood. These difficulties finally culminated in open hostility and the war of 1812. Very many of those thus thrown out of employment fled to the woods to make for themselves homes, and provide for the subsistence of their families.

During the years from 1806 to 1814 the number of inhabitants of Phillips were more than quadrupled. In 1812 it became a town, adopting the name of a former proprietor of the land. The first marked improvement that I recollect in the place was after the mill property had changed hands. A Mr. Thompson (grandfather of Capt. James Thompson), a resident of Avon, purchased that property for his sons, John and William. Soon after the transfer the old mill gave place to a new one, much larger and better, especially the grinding department. Dwelling-houses and other buildings were soon erected near the mill, and among others a blacksmith shop occupied by Mr. William Whitney. I do not recollect what time the first bridge was built across the river there, but think it was soon after the Thompsons came into possession of the mill—probably about 1808 or '9.

Very soon after the new mill was put in operation, there was manifest a disposition for trade and dicker. There were kept for sale in the grist mill at times, rum, cider, tobacco, &c. During the war many articles became very scarce and hard to be obtained, and commanding very high prices; for example, Liverpool salt \$2.00 per bushel, Bohea tea \$2.00 per pound. To remedy the great evil of the scarcity of rum, the minister of the town, Elder Thomas Wilbur, built a distillery near a spring in the woods, not far from the dwelling-house of Mr. Martin Kelley, to distil whiskey from potatoes, the odor of which was the most offensive of anything I ever knew drank as a beverage. Permit me here to say that the above is not designed as a hit at this particular minister—let it be remembered that the "Maine Law" had not then been enacted, nor the subject of temperance even agitated; but that ministers and people alike used alcoholic liquors as freely as tea or coffee, when to be had.

Soon after the close of the war, a great change took place in "Chatagee," a few incidents relating to which may possibly be alluded to hereafter.

B. F. E.

A press gang—young ladies after ferns—New Haven Republican.

STORY OF A WRECKED BARK.

Capized at Sea and Twenty-two Men Drowned—Three Perishing Sailors Rescued from the Wreck.

The following account of a disaster which occurred to a whaling vessel from New Bedford, Mass., rivals the fictions of the most graphic writers and appeals far more strongly to one's sympathies than could any imaginary tale of shipwreck and suffering. The ill-fated vessel, it will be seen, was caught in a hurricane the day she left port, and in a few hours capized by the force of the wind and waves and left adrift on the raging sea. A majority of the crew were swept overboard at once, and of the remaining little band cut off by the incoming waters only three were saved, after suffering far worse than death. A detailed account of the finding of the sinking bark, the rescue of the three perishing sailors and their own story of their sufferings is given below.

The pilotboat Isaac Webb, No. 8, left Sandy Hook, near New York, at two p. m. on a recent Monday, and at four o'clock the next morning, when forty miles south of Block Island, passed close by a floating wreck, barely showing above the surface of the water. No sign of life was visible, but the yawl was got out and pulled close to the bow of the vessel. By the light of the moon it could be seen that it was a bark lying completely on her port side above the water. A man sprang from the yawl on to the wreck and trod upon what he supposed to be a pile of wrecked stuff and canvas, but to his astonishment and fright the mass rose up with a cry of alarm. In the pale moonlight it appeared so much like an apparition that the crew of the yawl were for a moment scared completely out of their wits.

Recovering themselves they looked again and saw not a ghost, but two human beings wrapped in canvas reaching out their hands for help. The poor fellows, when they realized that deliverance was at hand, pointed to the side of the vessel beneath their feet and said, in broken English, "One man inside. The pilotboat put their ears to the spot indicated and heard the voice of a human being calling in heartrending tones for help. The rescuers had only the slippery side of the vessel, washed by the sea, to stand upon, and there were four inches of plank, eight or ten inches of oak timber and four inches of ceiling to be cut through with a dull axe before they could reach the imprisoned man.

But the sailors were not disheartened by the difficulties of the situation, and, having taken the two men to the pilot boat, they returned to the wreck and commenced cutting through the oak and iron fastenings of the vessel's side. They could still hear the despairing cry of the almost exhausted man. Relieving each other at intervals, they continued to cut and saw, and after two hours' incessant toil succeeded in making a hole through which they could speak to the poor fellow within, who cried out that the water was rising and almost strangling him. Redoubling their efforts, they finally made a hole large enough to admit of the passage of a man, and drew from the darkness below the swollen and almost lifeless body of Henrique Gancavis. When asked if any others of the crew still survived, he answered, "No; they are all dead."

Taking the sufferer into the yawl the party returned to the pilotboat and did what they could to aid the rescued sailors, from one of whom, Joseph Reis, they obtained the following story of their shipwreck:

"Our names are Joseph G. Reis, Manuel Alvis and Henrique Gancavis, all of the Cape Verde islands. Last Saturday we shipped on the bark Sarah, of New Bedford, for a whaling voyage of two years. The crew numbered twenty-five men all told. We left New Bedford Saturday morning at seven o'clock, the weather at the time looking very stormy, wind northeast, blowing a stiff breeze, which at four p. m. increased to a gale. We commenced to take in sail and reef. At half-past five we hove to on the port tack, the wind blowing a hurricane and a frightful sea running. About two hours later a tremendous sea struck the bark and capized her on her beams ends. There were seven of us below in the fore-castle at the time. The sea rushed in and filled the fore-castle in a moment, cutting off our escape to the deck. We struggled for life and managed to keep our heads above water clinging to floating chests.

"We called to each other and found that there were six of us alive—five men and one boy. One man, a brother of Alvis, died a little while after. The boy died the next morning. The four of us yet alive clung to the sail tier, with the water up to our chins. By prying open the lid of a floating chest we found a small bottle of sweet wine and about eight apples. We ate the apples and each one of us took a drink of the wine. The cock was dying. He begged for more wine. We gave him another swallow, and a little while after he died. We pushed his body down under the water, as we wanted the space. There was only about eighteen inches to two feet of space between the water and the side, and the floating chests and stuff jammed our heads and bruised our bodies dreadfully. We had fresh air enough through a broken deck light, which occasionally rose above the water. Believing we must die if we remained in this horrible place, we decided to try and find the scuttle and reach the deck. The scuttle was about ten feet under water from where we were clinging.

"Manuel tried first, and on the second attempt succeeded in reaching the open air. This was on Sunday afternoon. I tried twice, and was almost drowned before I could get back again. I had a hard struggle to get my head through the floating boxes. I didn't try it again

that day; but the next day, Monday, I made another attempt, and, after a desperate struggle, got out and found Manuel clinging to the upper side of the vessel.

"There was a dead man (Joseph Barro) lashed to the rigging. I cut him adrift, as he made me feel bad. Manuel said he saw a steamer about eight miles off the day before. We pulled some of the pieces of canvas up to where we were clinging and wrapped ourselves in it. We called to Henrique, who was still in the fore-castle, to come out, but the poor fellow couldn't swim and wouldn't try. We tried to cut through the plank with a knife, but could only dig the oak out of the seams, the plank was so hard. We kept a good lookout for vessels, and only dropped asleep a little before we were rescued. We believe all the rest of the crew were lost when the bark capized, and it was so sudden and the wind and sea too much for a boat to live, even if one could be got out."

Cannibal Caves in South Africa.

We left Thaba-Bosigo early one morning, writes a traveler in South Africa, and passing along the Beria heights, reached the deserted mission-station of Cans. Having obtained some natives as guides, we again set off for the cannibal cavern, which was about two miles distant. Upon our arrival at the mountain above the cavern, we left our horses in charge of a native, and descended a steep and rugged foot-path, or rather, I should say, a hand-and-foot-path, for the hands had quite as much to do in traversing it as the feet; and by dint of holding on to tufts of grass, projecting rocks, etc., and by slipping, sliding and scrambling, we at length arrived upon a grassy ledge, in the face of the cliff, where we could stand without the necessity of holding on. On turning to the right of this ledge, the scene opened out in all its grandeur; and certainly, in all my life and wanderings, I never beheld a more savage-looking place. The cavern is formed by the overhanging cliff, and its entrance, a long, rugged, natural arch, extends along the whole face of the cave, which is in length about one hundred and thirty yards, and in breadth about one hundred yards. The roof of the place, which is lofty and arched, is blackened with the smoke and soot of the fires of savages who formerly inhabited it. Its floor, strewn with the remains of what they had left there, consisted of heaps of human bones piled up together, or scattered at random in the cavern; and thence down the sloping face of the rock as far as the eye could reach, the clefts and small level spots were white with the bones and skulls of human beings. Skulls, especially, were very numerous, and consisted chiefly of those of children and young persons. These remains told too true a tale of the purpose for which they had been used, for they were cut and hacked to pieces with what appeared to have been blunt axes or sharpened stones; the marrow-bones were split into small pieces, the rounded joints alone being left unbroken. Only a few of these bones were charred by fire, showing that the prevailing taste had been for boiled rather than for roasted meat.

Their mode of living was to send out hunting parties, who concealed themselves among the rocks and bushes, and lay in ambush near roads, drifts, gardens, and watering-places, for the purpose of surprising women and children, travelers, boys in search of lost cattle, etc. But they were not content with hunting and preying upon their enemies, but preyed much upon each other also; for many of their captures were made from amongst the people of their own tribe; and, even worse than this, in time of scarcity their own wives and children became the victims of this horrible practice. If a wife proved lazy or quarrelsome she was speedily disposed of, or a crying baby would be in a like way silenced, and any member of the community showing signs of sickness or of bodily infirmity, would not be allowed to linger or fall off in condition. Such were the practices of these people; and although it is now commonly reported that they had for many years given up this mode of life, I saw that the custom has not been altogether abandoned, for amongst the numerous bones were a few that appeared very recent. They were, apparently, those of a tall bony individual, with a skull as hard as bronze. In the joints of these bones the marrow and fatty substances were still evident, showing, but too plainly, that many months had not elapsed since he met his fate.

There are still old cannibals in existence. On the day that we visited the cavern I was introduced to one of them, who is now living not very far from his former dwelling-place. He is a man of about sixty years of age. In former days, when he was a young man, dwelling in the cavern, he captured, during one of his hunting expeditions, three young women, and from these he selected the best-looking as a partner for life—the other two went to stock the larder. This union, notwithstanding the strange circumstances attending it, proved to be a happy one, the lady soon reconciling herself to her new mode of life, and settling down in the cavern, where I was shown the corner which she and her husband formerly occupied. Her son, a fine strapping youth, brought us some milk on the day of my visit.

At one of these caverns we met with an old savage, who told us he had formerly assisted in cooking thirty persons. He seemed, like the "Last Minstrel," greatly to regret

"That old times were changed,
Old manners gone,"

and that
"The bigot of this iron time
Has called his harmless life a crime."

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so, remarked that he liked to converse with a man of sense,

A Few Odes to Autumn.

The man who can look at all the wondrous, vast machinery of a universe and see the seasons come and go in regular succession and not have the poetry of his nature stirred up to its most depths would be a phenomenon. The truth is that we have more poets than the world is aware of, and were it not for that great impassable barrier, the waste basket, some new poet would burst upon an astonished and defenseless world at almost every tick of grandfather's clock. Editors are a jealous set of literary thunder-pumps, for they know very well that if all the genius in this country was allowed to get into print at will, that the great discriminating public would soon learn how they were being defrauded in the obscurity from which they were hoisted by some mysterious mistake of the fates. That's the reason lots of poetry is not printed.

For ourselves, we have none of that sort of meanness that would keep down panting genius lest it rise above and beyond us, and we are determined that as long as our good right arm does not fail us, and we are re-elected by a discriminating public to edit a newspaper, the season poets shall have a chance—by the Great Grand Master of poetry, so they shall!

The odes to autumn are coming in rapidly. There are too many of them to print in full, but we give a verse or so from each, merely for the purpose of encouraging the writers and pointing out defects. We have elected ourself poetic director, and—but we begin. Here is the first one from "Doitus":

"Time when comes the falling of leaves!
Time when comes the lowing of bees!
Time when comes the meadow of eaves!
Fading, ever fading autumn."

It will at once be perceived that "Doitus" is a poet of no mean order. A poet who can take falling leaves, the lowing bees and broken eaves, and bake them into a poetical pancake, and pour over it the syrup of flowing rhythm is possessed of genius. We have no harsh criticism of "Doitus."

The next comes all the way from Michigan in a blue envelope with the superscription written diagonally, and sealed with flour paste. It says, "By Josie-plina," and the first four lines are as follows:

"October glows on every cheek—
October shines in every eye,
While up and down the hill and dale
Her crimson banners are let fly."

By Josephine, we have heard of people with bad eyes, but imagine all Michigan with Octobers in their eyes, and crimson banners let fly up and down all the hills and dales. Josie, turn your talent to washing dishes.

We have space for only one more, so we give "Pearl Dallas" a chance. Sweet Pearl steps forth and thusly warbles:

"Jennie and I, in the summer time soft,
In the glad month of June,
Played together by the brookside
When the merry singing feathered songsters were in tune."

"But times have all changed since then;
Now comes the lagging fall,
And Jennie's married another fellow,
And we don't roam the woods at all."

At some length Pearl proceeds to speak of the "dainty red-bug," and works in much "flowing-water" and "sweetening flowerets," but life is too short to take in all its excellencies. The rhythm, which is flexible enough to make a seven and a fourteen syllable line rhyme together, and not make a man who is reading it stop to catch his breath between lines, is its strong point. Other contributions must go over till we can reach them, but we assure every anxious poet on our honor as an editor that at least part of every poem sent shall be inserted. Whenever our columns are too crowded, we can always find room in the waste basket.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Russian Soldiers Returning Home.

A St. Petersburg letter, describing the return of a regiment of Russian soldiers from the campaign against Turkey, says: The Russian peasant is an undemonstrative fellow. He possesses the quality of self-control in a very high degree. Those who were looking at the soldiers surveyed them as calmly as if they had not been the heroes of that winter passage of the Balkans. It was only by the wet eyes and eager, strained look of attention on the faces that their pride in these victorious soldiers and sorrow for those that were not here were exhibited. As for the soldiers themselves, they were very quiet; but as they marched by their ranks were broken, and women and children were mixed up with the rows of bayonets. Here I saw an old woman who had found her son. She was holding on to his coat-sleeve and crying very quietly. Then came a young girl who had to run to keep up with the long-legged soldier beside her. She was crying, too, and he was winking hard and looking straight ahead of him. There were many little children, all eager, most of them in tears, but no one excited nor talking. As they passed through the gate an officer attempted to put these intruders out of the ranks; but the czarovitch forbade it, so the mothers and sisters and wives kept their places, and marched the three miles with the soldiers through the mud, receiving fresh installments by the way, so that at last there was quite a crowd of families. As they passed down the street flowers began to rain upon them. Each of the commanders was crowned by the grand duchesses, and almost every bayonet had wreaths or bouquets upon it. Sobs mingled with hurrahs which swelled forth, for many poor fellows had been buried in the trench nameless, and it was only by seeing their places filled by others that their families knew they had gone on their last, long journey. It was the same all along the line of march. Showers of cigarettes and flowers and shouts of joy, until the regiment disappeared.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Farm, Garden and Orchard Notes.

Soot is a powerful stimulant. Clay soils are best suited to beans. Caladium bulbs must be kept dry and cool, and secure from frost. Only the flowers of saffron are useful, and they are gathered when in full bloom.

Club-root in cabbage is caused by the sting of an insect. A preventive is the free use of lime and phosphate manures.

Mr. Elbert S. Carman recommends protecting trees from mice during winter by means of lath tied on with twine. Dry bark has been successfully used for the same purpose.

As a manure for Dutch bulbs, well-decayed sandy cow manure is the best; but where this is not conveniently at hand, well decomposed surface soil from a forest growth will answer a good purpose.

Frequent, perfect and regular milking is a very efficient means of promoting the flow of milk and preventing change in its quality, for, so long as a large flow is maintained, so long will it maintain its earlier characteristics.

Damaged straw may be profitably used as a mulch at the rate of one ton to one and one-half tons to the acre, and will increase the yield. It is also highly beneficial when used over top-dressings of stable manure to preserve and absorb moisture.

To plant peach stones, dig a hole in the ground (say six or eight inches), plant as soon as the pulp is off; let them remain in the ground all winter. In the spring take them up, crack the stones, plant the meat. The first year they will grow five feet.

For some sorts of vegetables, as lettuce, cress, radishes and others, the Chinese system of keeping the soil continuously wet is the best that can be adopted. It produces a crispness in the vegetables that is obtained only when there has been no check in the growth.

Dahlia, gladioli, tuberose and other plants that require winter protection for their roots in cellars, should be taken up at once on their leaves getting injured by the first white frosts. Dahlias may be put away at once, but gladioli and tuberose should be pretty well dried before storing away, or they may rot.

Care should be used in securing good potting earth for plants, without insects or worms. A little tobacco or lime water will compel angle worms to come to the surface, when they can be removed. If the ball of earth is slipped from the pot the angle worms will be found on the outside and can be removed by hand.

Young and quickly-fed animals have more water and fat in their flesh, whilst older and well-fed animals have flesh of a firmer touch and fuller flavor and are richer in nitrogen. The former may be more delicate, the latter will be more nutritious.

As soon as currants have cast their foliage, the young shoots may be taken off and cut into lengths of say six inches, and planted in rows, merely allowing the top bud of each to show above the surface of the soil. Tread them firmly, and when freezing weather approaches, sprinkle over a slight covering of long, straw manure. They will mostly form roots before winter, and be prepared to start strong next spring. Some planters tie cuttings in bundles and bury until spring, when they are set out in rows, but the former plan gives better satisfaction.

In regard to the crossing of plants and fruits *Vick's Magazine* says: "The fertilization by the pollen of the flower affects the seed, and not the flesh, as a general rule. Many curious facts have been published showing, however, that the character of the flesh is sometimes changed by cross-fertilization. The contrary, however, is the general rule. Two cherry trees may be growing side by side, or two strawberry plants; the fruit of each will retain its true character, but if the seed of either is sown, when the plants or trees bear fruit, it will be found to differ from the fruit from which the seeds were taken, showing that the seed and not the fruit was changed by cross-fertilization."

Christmas Gifts.

A very pretty present is a toilet set, made of silver or plain cardboard, and wrought in worsted. A hairpin cushion, hair receiver and match safe comprise the set, and are neat, pretty and useful. A piece of cardboard five inches square, sewed together in a roll, and stuffed with curled hair, with ends crocheted, some pretty design on one side, worked with the same shade of worsted that is at the ends, and suspended by a cord, with balls of worsted to match, is for hairpins. A straight slip of cardboard, five inches wide and five in length, with a crocheted bag at the bottom, the upper end cut either pointed or square, a crocheted edge around it, and trimmed with cord and bells, hung on the other side of the mirror frame, is for the combings of the hair. The match safe is made of very pretty design, trimmed in the same style. Little mats to match, for the top of the bureau, on which to set a lamp or glass of water, make a very tasty finish to a chamber, and every young lady or housewife would value such a gift, made by loving hands and nimble fingers for love's sake.—*Farmer's Wife.*

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody is dissatisfied with him. There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us. The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment

Sequoia Trees in California.

The trees in most of the small northern groups have been counted. Those of the Calaveras number twelve or thirteen hundred; in the Tuolumne and Merced groups there is less than one hundred; in the well-known Mariposa grove, about six hundred; and in the North King's River grove, less than half as many; but the Fresno group, the largest congregation of the north, occupies an area of three or four square miles.

The average stature attained by the big tree under favorable conditions is perhaps about 275 feet, with a diameter of twenty feet. Few full-grown specimens fall much short of this, while many are twenty-five feet in diameter and nearly 300 feet high. Fortunate trees, so situated as to have escaped the destructive action of fire, are occasionally found measuring thirty feet in diameter, and very rarely one that is much larger.

Yet so exquisitely harmonious are even the very mightiest of these monarchs in all their proportions and circumstances, there never is anything overgrown or huge-looking about them, not to say monstrous; and the first exclamation on coming upon a group for the first time is usually, "See what beautiful trees!" Their real godlike grandeur in the meantime is invisible, but to the loving eye it will be manifested sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses like the grandeur of Niagara, or of some lofty Yosemite dome. Even the mere arithmetical greatness is never guessed by the inexperienced as long as the tree is comprehended from a little distance in one harmonious view. When, however, we approach so near that only the lower portion of the trunk is seen, and walk round and round the wide bulging base, then we begin to wonder at their vastness, and seek a measuring rod.

Sequoias bulge considerably at the base, yet not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the only reason that this bulging is so often remarked as excessive is because so small a section of the shaft is seen at once. The real taper of the trunk, beheld as a unit, is perfectly charming in its exquisite fineness, and the appreciative eye ranges the massive columns, from the swelling muscular instep to the lofty summit dissolving in a crown of verdure, rejoicing in the unrivaled display of giant grandeur and giant loveliness.

About a hundred feet or more of the trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the fitting bark furrows, and loose tufts and rosettes of slender sprays that wave lightly on the breeze and cast flecks of shade, seeming to have been pinned on here and there for the sake of beauty alone.

The young trees wear slender, simple branches all the way down to the ground, put on with strict regularity, sharply aspiring at top, horizontal about half-way down, and drooping in handsome curves at the base. By the time the sapling is five or six hundred years old, this spire, feathery, juvenile habit merges into the firm rounded dome-form of middle age, which in turn takes on the eccentric picturesqueness of old age. No other tree in the Sierra forests has foliage so densely massed, or presents outlines so firmly drawn and so constantly subordinate to a special type. A knotty, angular ungovernable-looking branch eight or ten feet thick may often be seen pushing out abruptly from the trunk, as if sure to throw the outline curves into confusion, but as soon as the general outline is approached it stops short, and dissolves in spreading, cushiony bosses of law-abiding sprays, just as if every tree were growing underneath some huge invisible bell-glass, against whose curves every branch is pressed and molded, yet somehow indulging so many small departures that there is still an appearance of perfect freedom.

The foliage of the saplings is dark bluish-green in color, while the oldest trees frequently ripen to a warm yellow tint like the libocedrus. The bark is rich cinnamon brown, purplish in younger trees, and in shady portions of the old, while all the ground is covered with brown burs and leaves, forming color masses of extraordinary richness, not to mention the flowers and underbrush that brighten and bloom in their season.—*John Muir, in Harper's Magazine.*

Cincinnati Breakfast Table Diet.

Curd is alluded to as "offal from the dairy," but it is an offal allusion.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We can tell you: he has got trusted for a new suit of clothes.

Most women have need to whisper "lead us not into temptation" when they see another with a new bonnet.

Serpent skin shoes for ladies are the latest Paris novelty. Thus it is that they get even for the way the snake treated Eve.

The proverb "a short horse is soon carried," must not be construed as applying to mules. The shortest are the most careless with their feet.

Appearances cannot always be relied on. A young man may seem to wear a fine gold watch-chain, girls, but after all it may be plated, and pinned into his vest pocket.

It is said that the left foot of a left-handed man is always longer than his right one, but when the old man reaches after Adolphus from the top step he always sends the right foot, and in most cases it is long enough.

"Educate the nose," says some writer on physical culture. A great many are sufficiently educated now to turn up a people who are their betters.

The people of Ceylon bake and eat bees. If we were going to indulge in this kind of provender, we should want to know that the baker understood his business, for if a bee should revive after he had been swallowed—!

The PHONOGRAPH

Phillips, Franklin Co., Me.

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1878.



O. M. MOORE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PHILLIPS.

Methodist—Rev. E. W. Simons, Pastor. Services every two weeks. Next service, Nov. 24. Sabbath School at noon, every Sunday. Services at West Phillips, once in four weeks. Next service, Dec. 11.

Universalist—Rev. O. H. Johnson, Pastor; services at Union Church every four weeks. Next service, Sunday, 24th. Sabbath School each week, at 2.30 P. M.

Free Will Baptist—Rev. Edward Toothaker, Pastor; services in Union Church every two weeks. Next service, Nov. 17. Sabbath School at noon, each Sabbath.

STRONG.

Methodist—Rev. George L. Burbank, Pastor; services every Sabbath, A. M. and P. M. Prayer meeting Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath school at 12 o'clock, M.

Congregationalist—Rev. J. L. Pratt, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Bible services at 11 A. M. Sermon at 1 P. M. Sabbath school at noon each Sabbath.

WELD.

Free Baptist—C. W. Furlington, Pastor—Preaching every other Sabbath at 10.45. Next service Nov. 24. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Prayer and social meeting at 6.30 P. M. Bible reading every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Teachers' meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Apology.

We have taken the liberty, this week, to inflict upon our readers an extra sheet of a purely personal character. We trust we shall not be judged hastily, or simply by the amount of space devoted to this matter; but rather by a careful perusal of the same. It is done simply in self defense, as a last and complete denial or notice of what our neighbor may say of us. We started our paper but ten weeks ago, and have met with grand success, thus far—far beyond our expectations, and, of course, have in a competitive sense, been correspondingly injurious to the business prospects of our neighbors in like business. All will grant us this as a right. In our attempt to correct a statement in regard to the railroad, and at the same time rebuke the author, we have brought the third personal attack upon us by an old and established paper, which evidently feels determined that, as we are of "mush-room growth," we "must surely die!" and is bound to be, in at the death.

We have come among you, our readers, a stranger, without commendation, position, or knowledge of previous reputation, to sustain us as a respectable citizen—are determined to do right and suffer wrong, but never to tolerate attacks upon personal character and integrity of word and purpose, without some show of vindication. But a personal controversy, in the columns of newspapers, is to us, a most unpardonable outrage upon the community. As this matter has been made purely personal, without intention on our part, we understanding it would be an injustice to our readers to fill our sheet with such controversy, have gone to the expense of a complete extra sheet, that we may be set right after this last abuse, with the fixed determination to hereafter carry out our first and best resolve—never to bring a personal controversy into our paper.

We would simply ask our readers, in conclusion, if while we have endeavored to make a paper well worthy of patronage and its subscription price; of itself fair and just toward all—supporting our patrons interests, and reproving wrong—have we not been unjustly dealt with by one whose fair record of the past should hold above petty animosities and childish constructions of our meanings—one who would not only antagonize us with all christendom, if possible, while accusing us of the same in less degree, by garbling and misconstruction, willfully done, and last of all, unwarrantably placing in the front of battle as a bulwark, a "protector" whom the humblest being would protect and guard sacredly.

The amount of the Halifax award is twelve cents apiece for the entire population of the United States.

Long Winter Evenings.

Appearances indicate a bitter cold and boisterous winter, when fingers and toes will ache and noses look red, white, and blue by spells. Yet the people of the cold North will not be housed up like dormant beings for the frost season, but many a moonlight night will wake with the jingle of merry bells, and peals of youthful laughter, as "swift we go o'er the fleecy snow," and hoofs keep time to the merry chimes of the bells. The young and blithesome will pass the winter months in devious ways—kissing parties, (though very naughty) will undoubtedly be indulged in; sleigh-rides, skating, coasting, and many ways will be devised to while away the long evenings, till another Spring ushers in a new order of things.

The system of circles by the churches is a good thing for both old and young—giving two evenings out of each week when a social time can be enjoyed in various ways. The circles at the hall afford a great source of pleasure, as often as opportunity admits. The stage suggests that literary entertainments may be enjoyed to a greater extent, and we doubt not there is sufficient latent talent in our midst which could be brought out by the organization of a dramatic club that could present profitable entertainment every few weeks, giving exercise to the participants in many ways, and pleasure to the hearers in good degree.

But the snows will come, the wind howl, the frost lit, mountains of snow will pile here and there, and many a dreary evening will be spent at home, sweet home—while those who indulge will smack their lips over cider and apples, crack nuts, pop corn, and tell stories, as the fire glows in the old fire-place, heaped high with logs that snap, sputter and sizzle, till one can sit and gaze into its midst, seeing in fancy happy days of boyhood gone by, loves grown cold, places made vacant by absence and death, perchance, and wonder in pity how the poor of the crowded cities are cared for, while comfortable homes, friends all around us, a plenty to keep us well and warm, knowing each night where our own and our dear ones will find place and rest for each night, and a welcome in the morn.

How thankful we should be—how contented—that we are so well provided for, and that we are not far away from friends and home, buffering the cold world alone,—and the cold world is colder than winter, no chilling winds, no storms, rude blasts can chill the heart of tender youth as the cold frown of the world.

Let us provide our families with good wholesome reading with which to while away an hour now and then; careful that our selections are such as shall not poison, but instruct the mind, and build up our moral and intellectual faculties to the point necessary to make good men and women, and citizens worthy of place and honor.

Moses Owen, of Bath, one of Maine's gifted poets, died recently at the Insane Asylum. In the State House, just across the river from the Asylum, is a tribute to his memory, adorning the glorious battle-flags, in poetic verse. He died, as hundreds have—a victim to rum. He immortalized the departed dead—who died upon the field of honor—but who shall immortalize him? A fair fame blasted by the common destroyer, dealing death to the soul and body.

The promised list of stock-holders in the proposed R. R. is not ready yet for publication, but probably will be next week. We repeat our brotherly editor to head the Farmington list.

They are talking of snow-plows, at Auburn, and sleighs at Bangor, while we, away up among the mountains, have scarce seen the ground covered with snow yet.

Posters announce that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will deliver a lecture at the Methodist church, Farmington, on the evening of Dec. 4th.

A Man From Strong.

STRONG, Nov. 12, 1878.

Ed. Phono.—We are glad to welcome your newsy and vivacious sheet here every Saturday morning; there can be no doubt but that it is rapidly growing in favor.

The railroad fever affecting many of our citizens, is not dying out, but is no doubt fast assuming a typhoid form of the most malignant type, and nothing short of the construction of the road will now cure.

Many men are willing to take one share of stock but several among them, some of our wealthiest have as yet done nothing, still the active friends of this great enterprise, not disheartened, are pressing on and securing every share of subscription possible. William W. Smith, a one-armed soldier of this town, and wholly crippled for manual labor, subscribed for a share of stock recently. Has he not set an admirable example for many? All must subscribe something, and many who have subscribed should double up.

At the last meeting of the Board of Agriculture at Presque Isle, the subject of holding branch or local meetings of the Board in the several counties the coming winter, was briefly considered, but no definite action was taken upon the matter. The plan of holding branch or county meetings of the Board has been tried to some extent in past years, and has proved a very great advantage, several most interesting and profitable meetings of this kind having been held at chief places in several counties. In view of the increasing interest in these meetings, and the good they will be the means of accomplishing, it is suggested that each member of the Board could in his own county or locality, arranged the holding of at least one the coming winter, which would be a means of doing much good in behalf of our agriculture generally. We hope with the Secretary that arrangements for such a meeting in our town during the present season, may be made to be held one day and evening, and to be devoted to essays and discussion on vital questions of the hour concerning our agriculture.—When ever possible, the secretary will be present at such meetings and assist to the best of his ability in carrying them on. If it can be held in connection with our Farmers' Club or Grange, so much the better, provided all will take hold and work. These suggestions are culled from a circular sent out by S. L. Boardman, Esq., and we doubt not something will be done by our farmers in this respect.

It seems strange that any one should be forced to apologize for success in business. Some weeks our list of subscribers increase so fast, and our work being so pressing, we are unable to furnish the number of papers required of some issues. The issue for No 9, last week, fell short, and we were forced to cut off some from our exchanges and free list. And as for back numbers, they are about as scarce as hens' teeth. We would like several of last week's issue.

That journal of news and humor, par excellence, the Burlington Hawkeye, advertises in our columns, and we cheerfully call attention to the same. Money for good reading cannot be better expended—unless it comes this way, of course.

Henry W. True, our popular tailor, advertises conspicuously in our extra, this week. Mr. True's experience warrants him in assuming to do as good work as can be done outside of large cities. Look at his prices and give him a call.

The New York banks have decided not to receive silver on deposit except under a contract to withdraw it in kind; and they will receive it in payments only as a token currency in amounts not exceeding ten dollars.

Will the Chronicle please show its interest in our railroad project, by copying one item from the PHONOGRAPH—that upon our first page, "Farmington and the Narrow Gauge Railroad?"

Now is the time to secure a plenty of good reading, for long winter evenings. We want fifty yearly subscribers to help support our circulating Library, at rates published elsewhere.

Latest News by Telegraph.

—TO THE—

PHONOGRAPH.

News in Brief.

The Government has purchased foreign exchanges with which to pay the Halifax fishery award, on the 23d of this month.

New Mexico has elected a Republican Congressman, by three hundred majority.

A train on the New Brunswick Ry. cleared the track and rolled down an embankment. One passenger car was burned. Three persons were killed and several injured.

The wrecked crew of the Boston schooner, George E. Thatcher, was brought into New York Thursday.—They were five days in open boats and without water before being picked up. One man was lost.

The Republican majority in Michigan is 45,000. The Nationals lead the Democrats in twenty-nine counties and both parties in six counties.

The Riddell House, at Bradford, Pa., and several other buildings were burned last night.

NOTES FROM RANGELEY.—We learn that a young man named Charles Neal, while in the woods a week or two ago building camps for Toothaker & Spaulding, by a misstroke with his ax, made a fearful cut on his knee. He was brought out to J. R. Toothaker's, where he suffers very much from his wound, and is said to be in rather a critical condition. . . . We are having a singing school two evenings in each week under the instruction of Sanford Thompson, a young man of rare musical talent. He has about forty scholars. . . . We have preaching every Sabbath, and a short sermon and social meeting Wednesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Wheelwright of the Maine Missionary Society. The Sabbath school is intended to be kept up during the winter. . . . Frank C. Hewey and Jerry Ellis are at work on Ram Island, clearing off the underbrush. . . . The Occoquosoc Angling Association are excavating ground, hewing timbers, etc. for their new house. . . . Daniel Hoar of Rangeley, killed two Essex porkers last week that were less than 13 months old, that weighed, when dressed, 850 lbs. If you have beat this, brother farmers, just speak of it.

Delegates from the various Granges in Franklin Co. met in the Grange Hall in Phillips on Tuesday Nov. 12. The meeting was called to order by Bro. Lorin Adams. T. B. Hunter was chosen Chairman, and S. G. Foster temporary Secretary. The meeting next proceeded to the election of officers with the following result:—Master, T. B. Hunter, No. Franklin Grange; Overseer, J. O. Kyes, No. Jay Grange; Lecturer, O. S. Norton, Aurora Grange; Steward, R. H. Smith, No. Farmington Grange; Assistant Steward, J. E. York, Blue Mountain Grange; Chaplain, R. P. Thompson, Jay Bridge Grange; Treasurer, C. V. Pinkham, Chesterville Grange; Secretary, S. G. Foster, Franklin Grange; Gate Keeper, Orren Tuft, Carrabasset Grange; Ceres, Mrs. John Brackley, Aurora Grange; Pomona, Mrs. C. V. Pinkham, Chesterville Grange; Flora, Mrs. S. W. Soule, No. Franklin Grange. The indications are favorable for a successful Pomona Grange in this County. They commenced with about 150 names on the roll Book, and at this meeting much enthusiasm was manifested. At the close of election of officers the meeting was adjourned to meet at Wilton Saturday, Nov. 16, to complete the organization and prepare for future work. S. G. FOSTER

At a meeting for conference between the Greenback and Democratic State Comms. of Maine, held in Gardiner, Wed'sdy, it was unanimously voted "that there were many State officers that must be dispensed with, also that several appropriations usually made by the Republicans must be cut off to relieve the over-burdened tax-payers." The following named gentlemen were chosen by the Nationals to represent Maine in the coming National conference in Washington: William M. Rist, Belfast; E. H. Gove, Biddeford; T. H. Murch, Rockland; E. L. Pierce, Auburn. In the evening a reception was given to the committee by Chas. A. White, chairman of the Greenback State Committee, at his residence on Pleasant street.

Two more subscribers, making twenty-five.

The Proposed Sandy River R.R.

[From the Farmington Chronicle.]

Our position in regard to the enterprise under consideration having been misunderstood or willfully misrepresented, we deem it but just to ourselves and to people of the entire county that we make a formal statement in relation thereto.

We are and ever have been a friend to the project, and were astonished to learn that any one thought the contrary. Not one line or word has ever appeared in the Chronicle inimical to the building of the road, while we have published with care every article that we have received in favor of it. We have stated to leading men of Strong and Phillips and every town in our county that we were in favor of the road and hoped it would prove a success. Several well written articles opposed to the road have been sent us from the northern portion of this county which we promptly refused to publish, and for which we have been severely censured.

Early in the agitation of the question of the proposed road we stated to many of our own and other towns that everyone ought to favor whatever would be of benefit to any portion of our county, and believing that northern Franklin ought to have a railroad, we had decided to contribute substantial aid to the building of the road, which promise we have ever been ready to redeem in money, until we were bitterly denounced and ungraciously read out of the friends of the movement.

While giving free use of the Chronicle to the friends of the enterprise and thereby aiding the cause, we have never regarded it as proper for us to advocate the road with our pen, for the very good reason that there is a strong minority in more or less of northern Franklin opposed to the building of the road or at least to increasing the taxes of the people to secure it, hence it seems to us it is a matter that properly belongs to the towns above here to settled for themselves.

We may have inadvertently overlooked some item in our exchanges encouraging to the movement that otherwise we should have published, and may without consideration have given publicity to some items that have been unfortunately, and to us unaccountably, construed to be against the road; but that anything like the latter was ever intended cannot be believed by the people of the county where we were born and are thoroughly known, and for whose prosperity and happiness we have ever cherished an earnest and affectionate interest.

The italics are ours.—[ED PHO.]

NOTES FROM STRONG.—M. D. writes:—The High School closed Friday, with a public examination. The school was taught by Mr. L. W. Taylor, assisted by Miss Smith, of Farmington, a Normal graduate.—The teachers labored hard to make this a profitable school. A large number of parents and friends were present at this examination—ministers, lawyers, doctors and teachers. The exercises were examinations in the various branches taught in the school, interspersed with music both by the small scholars (trained by Miss Smith) and a choir of singers, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Starbird, Miss Nellie Vining and Miss Clara Stinchfield. Mrs. Marcia Dyer played the organ. After the close of the school exercises remarks were called for. All seemed well pleased with the school, and we all acquiesce in saying this has been one of the best High Schools ever taught in Strong. Mr. Taylor is engaged to teach the winter term. In the evening Mr. Taylor and Miss Smith gave a "School Sociable" at the Hall. This was enjoyed by all, young and old. . . . Frank Smith, son of Wm. Smith, of this town, while helping his father build stone wall, dislocated his elbow. Dr. Hunter was immediately called and reduced the dislocation.—He is now able to attend school. . . . Our people are quite busy preparing for winter. . . . A large quantity of potatoes are being purchased at S. L. Baldam's store. The present prices are 70 cents for early rose and 65 for other varieties. . . . Rev. J. L. Pratt intends to visit his friends, and will be absent two Sabbaths. He leaves some time this week. We understand that his mother is very sick. . . . Rev. Mr. Johnson preached in the Congregational House to a large congregation, last Sabbath. . . . The Grangers had a meeting in Balkan's Hall, Monday evening. The lecturer interested a large audience, and from remarks we heard from some that were present, we judge the speaker was well acquainted with his subject. . . . The Ladies' Circle of the Methodist Society held a sociable Wednesday evening of last week, at Daggett's Hall, and cleared \$10.00.

The communication from Strong, by T., is again crowded out.

Local Notes.

Bear scares are scarce. Some- thing's bruin.

Another flirt of snow Wednesday, with wind and rain following.

The dog advertised as found last week, has been claimed by a Mr. Jones, of Weld.

The young hunters are now putting up their "line of traps," and bagging game of all descriptions.

The Rev. E. Toothaker seems to have lost none of his vigor and earnestness by his recent severe illness.

The Universalists Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. David W. Shephard, Saturday evening, Nov. 23.

A result of advertising—Eugene Carr advertised a lost hat, paid for the same, and found the article in less than two minutes!

Twenty-three new subscribers this week, and no stops. We have one hundred and seventy-five subscribers, whose papers are taken from the Phillips post-office.

Our subscriptions, though coming in fast, have not yet reached a paying point, and we have room for and need more advertising. Our terms are always easy, and rates will be reduced to liberal patrons.

The noise of hounds is heard from our village, in their chase of game through the woods and surrounding hills, and we learn that loupcieuviers are plenty and make night hideous with their yelling, in the vicinity of Mile Square.

We sent "our reporter" out Thursday, to get a smash-up item. He came back—"Horse twisted 'round a post; broke thills, harness, and—" Whose was it? "Thompson, Johnson, or something," and that's all we know about it.

Having found time to print some receipts for the paper, we have discontinued the credit system heretofore practiced in the paper, and shall hereafter give each subscriber a receipt for cash. We have a large number of them on hand!

Mr. Nutter, of Dexter, State Lecturer for the Patrons of Husbandry, gave an interesting lecture at the Grange Hall in this village, Tuesday evening, which was quite instructive to the objects and standing of this flourishing order.

The Methodist sociable, at the Grange Hall, Thursday evening, was all we predicted and much more. We never saw a place where a really good time could be enjoyed at a public place, as in Phillips. The society received the sum of \$10.60, we learn. Good.

The new Waterville Journal has died—and—is it our turn next? Who is looking this way? If we fall, it will be simply because some of our traders, who should, do not give us the aid we need in the matter of advertising—"from whence cometh our strength."

At the Universalist sociable, last Saturday evening the drama "Once on a Time," was played before a good audience, and the various parts were well sustained, excepting, maybe, the soldier-lover, who once before played the part, and consented to try it again, as it had been committed to memory, though the "action" had been overdone in years past.

We have received from Mrs. S. N. Parker, several copies of the Natic (Mass.) Citizen, containing interesting letters from a daughter now in Europe, though formerly of Phillips. They are too lengthy, as a whole, for publication in our little sheet, but persons interested can have the reading of them at our office.

Advertising is the bread of life to a newspaper, and without it—well, stop breathing awhile, and you have it. When our advertising patronage warrants it, we shall do all our printing at home, and either enlarge or print an extra each week. To any business man who advertises with us, and finds it does not pay, we will refund the money.

By an unpardonable oversight, we have neglected heretofore to mention the fact that Rev. A. S. Ladd, of Portland preached an admirable discourse at the Methodist house, in this place, a few Sabbaths since. Mr. Ladd is a native of Phillips, and is a welcome visitor, and very able preacher, as his large congregation testified. He was expected in the evening to talk to the young folks, and another large company awaited him, but preaching in Strong in the afternoon, he did not return on account of the rain. However, the meeting was conducted in a very spirited manner by the resident pastor, Rev. Mr. Simons.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have added one quire of paper to our regular edition, since last week, we are compelled to issue half sheets to our exchanges and free list, in order to supply all of our regular subscribers. We have now been running but nine weeks, and have at present one-half as many subscribers as the average country newspaper. One dozen names were given us at the office on Monday and Tuesday. Still there's more to follow.

A few weeks since we visited the farm of Mr. George Hunter, in Strong, and looked about his farm and buildings a few minutes. His onion patch is the same as for years past, and this year yielded 300 bushels. We should judge about as many beets were in the next "bed." This is putting them in pretty thick, but he makes it pay. His orchards were heavily loaded; his cellars and barns were full to overflowing; corn-house heavily laden, and everything just stuffed with the fat of the land.

MARRIAGE.—The following is a translation from a German paper. The sentiment is good and may benefit youthful readers:

"Marriages are usually contracted to gratify one of three desires, viz: love, fortune or position. The man who marries for love, takes a wife; who marries for fortune, takes a mistress; who marries for position, takes a lady. He is loved by his wife; regarded by his mistress; tolerated by his lady. He has a wife for himself; a mistress for his household; a lady for the world and society. His wife will take care of his household; his mistress of his house; his lady of his appearances. If he is sick his wife will take care of him; his mistress will visit him; his lady will inquire after his health. He takes a walk with his wife; a ride with his mistress; goes to a party with his lady. His wife will share his grief; his mistress his money; his lady his debts. If he dies, his wife will weep; his mistress lament; and his lady wear mourning."

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—Young men, boys, and every one, I care not who, you have need to improve your time. Moments fly like the dust, and they wait neither for time nor tide. But they are as precious as gold. Idle away your time by seeing others work and loafing around the shops, and you will grow up to be an idiot. But have energy, my friends, improve your time, save your money, and you will grow up to be a blessing, and not a curse to humanity. You do not know how to appreciate the advantages you enjoy; compare them with the disadvantages of fifty years ago. Now education does or may reach every civilized home on the face of the earth. Do not squander away your time or your money. Save every cent, improve every moment, so that when you are a man, you won't tell the old story of—I wish I had a better education and better circumstances. NED.

The publishers of the Lewiston Journal offer a premium of \$50 for the best acre of corn (sweet corn excluded) of the harvest of 1879. Those entering for this premium must forward to the Journal publishers their full address on or before June 18th, 1879. Names of competitors will be published in the Journal from time to time.

While Governor Hampton was deer hunting near Columbia Thursday, his mule ran away. The Governor leaped from the saddle, and broke his leg in two places.

The President thinks the Southern conciliation policy a failure.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market. Boston, Nov. 13. Cattle, Sheep, Swine. At market this week, 3,003 4,200 1,600 Last week, 3,578 4,200 1,315 Western cattle, 1,924; Eastern cattle, 839; Milch Cows and Northern cattle, 350. Beef cattle—Extra quality, 5 00 to 5 25 First Quality, 4 50 to 4 75 100 lbs. Sec'd Quality, 4 12 to 4 37 1/2 Hvo wt. Third Quality, 3 50 to 4 00 Poorest grades, 3 00 to 3 50 Fat hogs 4 to 6 lbs live weight. The supply from Maine was large, and were mostly store cattle, for which trade has not improved any since last week. There were a few cattle and sheep in from Canada and the West to be shipped to Liverpool, last of the week. Working oxen, supply fair, trade rather inactive. Store cattle, yearlings, \$8 to 11; 2 year olds, 15 to 27 and 3-yr-olds, 25 to 45 head. Milch cows extra 45 to 70; ordinary 20 to 40 and farrow 11 to 24.

Gold and Stock Market. NEW YORK, Nov. 11. Money was loaned at 6 per cent. on call. Gold, 100%. United States Sixes 1881, coupon, 109 1/2 " 5-20's, 1867, new, 103 1/2 " " " " registered, 106 1/2 " " " " " coupon, 103 1/2 " " " " " 1863, registered, 108 " " " " " coupon, 108 1/2 " " " " " 1867, registered, 107 1/2 " " " " " coupon, 105 1/2 New Fives, registered, 105 1/2 New Fives, coupon, 104 1/2 United States new 4 1/2 per cent's, registered, 104 1/2 " " " " coupon, 104 1/2 United States new 4 per cent's, 100 1/2

Phillips Price Current.

Corrected every Friday. Apples—cooking, 15 c 25; eating, 30 c 50; dried 5 c 7. Beans—yellow eyes, 7 quart; pea, 8 Butter—first quality, 16 a 18 lb. Cheese—Factory, 10 lb. Home made 11. Coffee—Rio, 18 c 25 lb; Java, 30 c 35 Corn—Western 72 c 75 Flour—5.00 a 7.50 lb bbl Fish—dry cod, 5 lb; pollock, 3; hake, 4; rock cod, 4 Lard—pall, 11 lb; tierce, 10 Molasses—40 a 55 lb gallon Sugar—granulated, 11 lb; cut loaf, 12; coffee-crushed, 2 1/2; standard No. 6, 35 c 60 Tea—Japan, 50 a 61 lb; Oolong, 35 c 60 Potatoes—55 to 70 lb bushel Oats—35 lb bushel Hops—by the hundred, 5.00 a 7.00; steak 10 a 14 lb; roast, 7 a 10; corned, 4 c 5 c Poultry—chickens, 8 a 12 lb; turkeys, 12; ordinary fowls, 7 a 10 Pork—roast, 6 a 8 lb; round hog, 5; clear salt pork, 8 a 10; hams, 10 a 12 Mutton—6 a 8 lb; spring lamb, 6 a 10 Veal—stewing, 12 lb; roast, 6 a 8 Nutmegs—8 lb oz Starch—10 a 12 Soda—6 a 8 Cream Tartar—40 lb Raisins—10 a 12 Onions—3 lb Vinegar—35 lb gallon Pickles—8 lb Rice—10 lb Kerocene Oil—20 a 23 lb gallon [The above prices are at retail.]

PRODUCE MARKET. Apples—Winter, No. 1, 1.00 a 1.50 lb barrel; dried 3 a 5 Beans—yellow eyes, 1.50 a 1.75; pea, 1.85 a 2.00; medium, 1.65 lb bushel Eggs—18 lb dozen Hay—10.00 lb ton; straw, 5.00 Oats—30 a 35 lb bushel Potatoes—50 a 65 Wheat—hard 2.00 lb; 2.25 lb cord Pelts—50 a 1 00 Hides—5 a 7 Wool—33 a 35 lb lb

Portland Market. THURSDAY, Nov. 14. Apples—1 00 a 2 00 lb bbl. Dried 5 a 6 lb Butter—20 a 23; for family, store 10 a 15 lb Beans—pea 2 00 a 2 15; yellow eyes, 2 00 a 2 25 Cheese—Maine and Vermont Factory, 8 a 10 lb; 3 lb; small 2 75 a 2 50; pollock, 1 50 a 1 75; haddock 1 75 a 1 50; herring 3 50 a 5 00 bbl; sealed 20 a 25 lb box; mackerel 7 lb bay No. 2 to No. 1, 7 00 a 14 00; shore Nos. 1, 2 and 3, 3 25 a 17 00 Fish—large shore 3 50 a 4 00; spring X and XX 4 75 a 5 75; Michigan X and XX 7 a 9 50; patent spring wheat, 7 50 a 8 50; St. Louis X and XX to best, 5 50 a 7 25 Grain—Corn 55 a 62; per bushel; oats 37 a 37; fine feed 24 00 a 24 00 lb ton; shorts 20 00 lb ton; Hay—10 a 13 lb ton; pressed 10 00 a 13 00; straw 8 a 8 lb ton Lard—tierce 17 1/2 c lb; keg 7 1/2 a 7 1/2; pall 10 a 9 Plaster—white porton 3 00; blue 2 75; ground 10 bbls 8 a 9 00; calcined 10 bbls 2 75 a 3 00 Produce—beef side 7 a 9; veal none; mutton 9 a 11; chickens 12 a 15; turkeys 14 a 16; eggs 18 a 16; potatoes new, 60 a 70 lb bushel. Provisions—Chicago extra beef 10 50 a 12 50; pork hocks 13 a 14; clear 12 a 13; mess 10 50 a 11; hams 11 a 13 c lb; round hogs 4 1/2 a 5 c

Wool Market. BOSTON, Nov. 13. Domestic—Ohio and Pennsylvania pick-lock 33 a 40c; do. choice XX 33 a 37; do. line X 34 1/2 a 35 1/2; medium 32 a 33; coarse 30 a 31c. Michigan extra and XX 33 a 34; fine 32 a 33c; medium 31 a 32; common 28 a 30; other Western fine and X 32 a 34; medium 30 a 32; common 28 a 30; pulled extra, 30 a 32; superfine 30 a 32; combing fleece, 35 a 42; fine delaine 35 a 40; California 12 a 20; Texas 14 a 24; Canada pulled 30 a 32; do. combing 38 a 40; Smyrna 16 a 28; do. unwashed 11 a 17; Buenos Ayres 15 a 20; Cape of Good Hope 24 a 30; Australia 34 a 40; Donskoi 24 a 30c.

BIRTHS. In Freeman, Nov. 9, to the wife of Orrin Walker, a son. In Strong, Nov. 10, to the wife of Wm. R. Bates, a son. In Portland, Nov. 4, to the wife of Geo. R. Thomas, a son. In Weld, Oct. 17, to the wife of Mr. Joseph Harmon, a daughter. In Carthage, Oct. 20, to the wife of Mr. G. P. Coburn, a son.

MARRIAGES. In Weld, Oct. 1, by Rev. A. W. Cummings, Mr. John E. Hatch and Miss Emma E. Piper, both of Carthage. In Wilton, Nov. 6, by Rev. D. Allen, Mr. Henry Webster and Miss Achsa J. Weeks, both of Wilton.

DEATHS. In Avon, Nov. 9th, Mrs. Sally Sanborn, aged 79 years.

G. D. AUSTIN, Town Clerk of Phillips, Has Removed to Office of Elias Field. 3t10

Estate of Maria Moulton. STATE OF MAINE. Franklin, ss.: Probate Court, November Term, 1878. A certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of MARIA MOULTON, late of Phillips, in said County, deceased, having been presented for Probate. Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested therein by publishing a copy of the order thereon successively in the PHILLIPS PHOTOGRAPHIC, a paper printed at Phillips, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Farmington, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of December next, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, and show cause, if any they have against the same. H. B. PRESCOTT, Judge. A true copy. Attest, JAMES B. SEVERY, Register. 3t10

\$1,000 Premiums! Commissions to All. AGENTS are WANTED In Every Post Town in the United States To send subscriptions for BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

Send five cents for copy and terms to agents. HAWKEYE PUB. CO., 4110 Burlington, Ia. STODDARD HOUSE, Farmington, Maine. J. B. MARBLE, Proprietor. MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, at the Lowest Prices, At Mrs. M. J. BURNS', Main Street, Farmington, Me.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

FRANKLIN, ss.: Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on Saturday, the thirtieth day of November, A. D. 1878, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of P. A. Sawyer, in Phillips, in said County, all the right in equity which William W. Taylor had on the fifteenth day of August, A. D. 1878, when the same was attached upon the original writ to redeem the following described real estate situated in Avon, in said County, to wit: A certain piece or parcel of land on the South side of Sandy River, being lot numbered Four (4) in the Seventh (7) Range of lots in said Avon, estimated to contain one hundred acres more or less. Also some other piece or parcel of land, situate in said Avon, and described as follows, to wit: Bounded on the West by land above described; on the North by Sandy River; on the East by land owned by the late Nathaniel Vinton; to contain about the County road as now traveled from Phillips to Strong, on the South side of Sandy River, estimated to contain ten acres, more or less. The above premises being subject to two several mortgages as follows, to wit: One recorded in the Franklin Registry of Deeds, Book 53, page 499, given by said William H. Taylor to Phillips Saving Bank, to secure the payment of a promissory note for two hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-two cents, upon which there is now due the sum of two hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-two cents. Also a mortgage recorded in Registry of Deeds, Book 85, page 221, given by the said William W. Taylor and Irena Taylor to P. A. Sawyer, to secure the payment of a promissory note for fifty-eight dollars, bearing date October 13th, 1877, on which there is now due the sum of thirty-five dollars. Dated Phillips, Oct. 27th, A. D. 1878. 3t8 C. C. BANGS, Deputy-Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale. FRANKLIN, ss.: Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on Monday, the ninth day of December, A. D. 1878, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Elias Field, in Phillips, in said County, all the right which Levi Reed had on the sixth day of June, A. D. 1878, when the same was attached upon the original writ to have a conveyance by virtue of a bond of said Levi Reed to him by Jacob Witham, of the following described real estate with the buildings thereon, situated in Letter E Plantation, in said County, to wit: Lot numbered five (5) in the fifth (5) Range of lots, estimated to contain one hundred acres, more or less, according to survey made by Joseph Norris. There is now due said Witham upon said bond or contract the sum of three hundred and eighteen dollars. Dated Phillips, Nov. 10th, A. D. 1878. 2t8 C. C. BANGS, Deputy Sheriff.

P. W. Hubbard, Apothecary, Main Street, Farmington, Me. Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c.

A choice line of Toilet Articles constantly on hand. Also a full line of Artists' Materials. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. Farmers and others will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. 4t6

DENTISTRY! I can be found at Dr. KIMBALL'S office, Beal Block, Phillips, Dec. 24th, 1878, for three weeks, when I shall be pleased to see all in need of Dental Work. E. A. WILLIAMS. Remember the time and place.

Barden House. The Barden House, Phillips, Me., is too well known to require comment. Square meals, and good, clean and comfortable lodgings for both man and beast, are always in readiness, at low prices. Board, from \$1 to \$2 per day. SAMUEL FARMER, Prop'r, also proprietor of Stage Route to Rangeley. Private Teams always in readiness at moderate prices.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS! J. D. ESTY, Dealer in FLOUR! Groceries and Confectionery, PAINTS, OILS & VARNISHES. Come and see my goods and prices. J. D. ESTY, (Old stand of Major Dill.) Phillips, Oct. 18th. 6

E. W. MOORE, CRAYON Portrait Artist, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, Augusta, - Maine. G. W. YOUNG & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Corn, FLOUR, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, &c.

N.B.—Tourists will find everything in Canned Goods and general Camping Supplies. Goods always fresh, and best the markets afford. Rangeley, Maine.

House for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale a story and half house, with ell and stable, in good repair. Lot contains half acre of land. Good water and spring on the lot. Situated in Phillips village. Inquire of the subscriber on the premises. J. D. MOULTON. Phillips, Nov. 9, 1878. 3t9

M. W. DUTTON, Manufacturer and Dealer in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, MOCCASINS, &c. Particular attention paid to Custom work. Under Masonic Hall. 52 Phillips, Me. B. T. PARKER, Phillips, - Maine. Watchmaker and Jeweler! Watches & Clocks. Repairing Fine Watches a specialty. Over 25 years experience. Watch Cases polished without extra charge. 17

NOTICE. VELOZIA, my wife, having left my bed and board, without cause, I hereby warn persons not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I shall pay no bills of her contracting after this date. MADRID, Oct. 31st, 1878. 3t8 LAFOREST H. SMITH.

W. M. CHANDLER, BLACKSMITH! Phillips, Maine. Particular attention paid to Interfering and Over-reaching, also to Edge Tool work.

B. Emery Pratt, Atty at Law & Notary Public. Farmington, Maine. 133 New Livery Stable! Loe Stoyell, prop'r, Farmington, Maine. 6m



E. M. ROBINSON, DEALER IN

FURNITURE

Has Constantly On Hand Coffins and Caskets,

—ALSO— Coffin and Casket Trimmings, FOR SALE.

Embossed Pictures, For Ornamental Work.

Picture Frames at Reduced Prices, Writing Desks, Albums, Stereoscopic View Holders, Brackets and Card Baskets.

FRENCH CHAMBER SETS, CHEAP FOR CASH.

Call and see for yourselves. All orders for Sign Painting Promptly attended to. E. M. ROBINSON, Phillips, Me. No. 3 Beal Block.

S. L. BALKAM, Strong, Maine, DRUGS!

Medicines! Chemicals! Patent Medicines, &c.

—ALSO— Surgical & Dental Instruments, Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes.

Perfumery, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Etc. I have also on hand a large stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Choice Tobaccos and Cigars.

BEING SHORT OF MONEY, WITH A Good Line of Goods On Hand,

(Some of which we are owing for) I will sell them very low for Cash so as to be able to pay for the same; therefore I invite my numerous friends and patrons, before making their fall purchases to call and inquire of

D. H. TOOTHAKER, 5 Beal Block, Phillips, Lower Village, where he will be pleased to wait on customers, show goods, give prices and receive cash. 3ct

M. W. HARDEN, FASHIONABLE

HAIR DRESSER! Next to Barden House, Phillips, Maine.

Clean Towel and plenty bay Rum for every customer. 5ct

A. S. BUTTERFIELD, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furs, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Reticules, Umbrellas & Carriage Trimmings.

Corner Main Street and Broadway, 15 FARMINGTON, ME.

W. HUNTER, M. D., Physician & Surgeon

Strong, Maine. P. A. SAWYER, Attorney & Counselor at Law, Office in Beal Block, Phillips, Me., Sept. 14, 1878.

D. H. TOOTHAKER, Dealer in DRY GOODS & GROCERIES, 5 Beal Block, Phillips, where Good Goods at Low Prices is the order of the day.

FOREST HOUSE, Farmington, Me., G. A. FLETCHER, Prop'r. Free Coach to and from the Depot.

F. A. KIMBALL, M. D., Physician & Surgeon Office in Beal Block, Phillips, Maine.

"The Water Mill,"

Listen to the water mill,
All the livelong day—
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a memory o'er my mind
As a spell is cast—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Take the lesson to yourself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by;
Youth is passing, too.
Strive to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring you back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of thought and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon your way.
All that you can call your own
Lies in this—to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not always last—
The mill cannot grind
With water that is past.

—D. C. M. Cultum.

The Guard Above the Heart.

"I believe I have given all the orders, Alma, just as you wished. The little library is already arranged with the last little bracket and statu in place; the lining-room and kitchen with china, silver, linen and superb old-fashioned sideboard, just as you directed, have everything in place. And your room—how I wish you could go and see it—is beautiful. There can be no greater harmony than the blending blue-and-gold furnishings of that room."

"You are very good, Arthur."
"Thanks, Alma; but not half so good as you in loving me so tenderly and loyally. But I was bothered about one thing, sweet."

"What was it?"
"Your writing-desk. It is such a gem. I don't believe you can ever write anything but poetry at it. I could not get a place in the library for it to suit me. This light was too sharp, and that light too dull. I fancied it needed a soft, mellow light, so I set it in your room, and will leave you to arrange a place for it. I flatter myself that everything else will please you."

"The pictures!"
"They are all hung. I can hardly tell you now where each one is. The Beatrice Cenci I hung over the library door which enters to your room."

"Why, what made you give it such a poor place as that?"
"For just one little reason of my own. Her great, sad, suffering, patient eyes are duplicates of your own. So I have hung it there as a sign to me that the door beneath it opens to a place wherein the goddess of my life presides; also that when the door is shut, your face shall still look down upon me, and follow me with mournful and guardful tenderness."

"Though your love and fancy, Arthur, make my eyes to-day as luminous as Psyche's, perhaps to-morrow those that love me most may forget or wish to forget that I ever existed; for who can determine now whether Psyche, the very idol of all poets, was a reality or a dream."

"But to-morrow you will become all the reality my life shall ever know or wish, for to-morrow, when the priest has had his service and the witnesses have written their names, and your dainty finger has a new ring upon it, I shall set you down in the pretty gold-and-blue room where Beatrice keeps guard. Then you shall dismiss or retain the historical sentinel as you please, for you shall fill all my to-morrows with your own sweet self."

He took both her slender white hands in parting, and said:
"Remember, we are to be promptly at the church at four. Good-by, sweet, till then."

Her eyes filled with tears, and she clung to him tenderly as if she would not have him go; but she only said:
"Well, Arthur, let Beatrice stay where she is, and whenever you look at her think of me, if you will."

This last so low that he did not hear. But he went out busy and happy with thoughts of his wedding day.

Alma stood still until the door closed behind him, then she clasped her hands and cried:
"Who am I? What am I? that I should deceive such a man?"

When Arthur went on the morrow where the merry guests were assembled for the wedding, the white-robed bride was gone; but in her room was found a note for Arthur Leroy, which read:
"Arthur, forgive me. I have not meant to deceive you. How it has all come about I hardly know any better than yourself. But true it is that when you read this I shall be the wife of another. Farewell, and may your noble heart find forgetfulness of ALMA."

Five years after, Arthur Leroy was standing watching the silent, dark-eyed, picturesque group which sat on the gray steps of the Trinita di Monte in Rome. While he stood and looked, a tall, graceful woman dressed in mourning came

down the street and stood beside him. She glanced hurriedly at the same group which his own eyes were scrutinizing.

Arthur was pursuing his artistic studies at Rome, and was searching for a model. The woman beside him was upon a similar mission. She, however, seemed to find none among the group to suit her, and she started to go. As she turned, their glances met. Arthur and Alma were face to face. Her eyes were sadder than ever, and her garb was weeds of mourning.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed, in surprise, holding out her white, slender hand.

The blood receded from his face, and left it white as marble. The old life and the old pain surged back. He took the hand she extended, and said in a cold, cruel voice:

"Mrs. Russel, I am glad to meet you here. In search of a model, too?"

"Yes," she said in a voice which had a perceptible quiver; "but I have found none to suit my purpose. I am going now to the Piazza di Spagna. Won't you join me, and tell me how you are and how you have been?"

He walked beside her as she started off, saying:
"Thanks. As to how I am now—well; how I have been—I have forgotten."

She felt the little thrust; but it was easy for her woman's wit to parry it by saying with her old naïveté of manner:
"Well, you see the influence of your taste has had its influence on me. I have turned artist myself."

"You did not have to turn artist; you were always one by nature."

She saw clearly enough that the steel was still in this man's soul. She had placed it there, and she resolved to pluck it out at once.

"But you never told me I was an artist."

"I never knew till"—
"Nor did I know it myself," said she, interrupting him, "till Mr. Russell's death two years ago, when I was left almost without means or resources of any kind."

She paused; but the announcement of the death of the man who had robbed Arthur Leroy of his bride drew no comment from his set lips. She had long ago taught him to endure surprises in silence.

"Then I came here to study; to learn, if I can, the dream-toil of an artist's life."

"In which calling you have my best wishes for your success, and my services always at your command," he said, with unfeigned sincerity.

"Your good wishes, Arthur, are grateful to me, and I shall be only too glad to avail myself of your valuable suggestions, if—if I may only know that I am forgiven."

"You are forgiven. But I do not forget. Everything which I put into your room is there yet untouched. From that day to this hour the doors have been locked; the long curtains at the windows are drawn down, the blinds are closed, and a deep shadow rests upon all within. So the doors, and windows, and curtains are closed about the memory in my heart. The shadow rested there also a long time. But to-morrow it will be lifted. The Beatrice I brought with me. I put it above my door here in Rome as an emblem of the guard which you had taught me to set upon my heart. At last I have found one pair of eyes more luminous among the shadows than are those of Beatrice or Psyche. On to-morrow the picture above my door and the guard above my heart will be taken down and the light of the new eyes will enter in."

She was in doubt as to his meaning. Was he purposely obscure? Was he talking of the old love? She took it for granted.

"God bless you, Arthur," she said; "I do not deserve as much as you accord?"

"For the old love's sake, for the grand and beautiful Alma"—
She started as he called her name. He had not done so before. She laid her hand upon his arm, and said in a low, tender voice, as her eyes filled with tears:
"Arthur!"

"Wait a moment, please," he resumed; "for the sake of Alma which was, her little room, which my love made for her, shall never be opened while I live. She cast the shadow upon it; I shall never lift it. To-morrow I shall be married to Miss Bruce. She is an artist too."

The hand upon his arm trembled, and the queenly woman at his side grew deadly pale, and swayed slightly forward as they walked. He drew the hand more securely through his arm and added:
"Will you pause at the di Spagna, or shall I see you to your hotel?"

"We will go on, if you please. Thanks for your kindness."
Then, after a pause, she said: "You have been frank and just, Arthur. The tenderest are the cruellest. I don't know how it is, but we have both proved it. May God forgive us both, and bless you always."

Five years have rolled the dusty wheels over that sad day when Arthur and Alma met and parted in Rome.

He is with his wife in Scotland. She has become famous and rich and is back at her old home. Often when the days are fair, a tall, queenly woman is driven slowly through a certain street, and from her open phaeton looks up curiously, reverently, tenderly to the windows of a house which have not been opened for ten years. The blinds are covered with dust. The curtains, and all the pretty blue-and-gold furnishings are crumbling under the immovable shadow within. But the old love is only a memory now, covered with years. The rainbow-tinted aspirations which were set within it once have given place to the solid colors of a calm, smooth life without.—Potter's American Monthly.

The man who is going down in the world is the coal miner.

PRINCELY ALLOWANCES.

The Salaries Allowed to the Potentates of Europe.

In this country, (says a Philadelphia paper) where the Executive is considered to be "passing rich" on a salary of \$30,000 a year, with the White House as a general and the Soldiers' Home as a summer residence, there may be some natural curiosity regarding the pecuniary allowance paid to foreign potentates. It is to be remembered, however, that the majority of these rulers also possess inherited property, real and personal, of considerable value, and that the respective rulers are also allowed magnificent palaces, chateaux and rural residences, repaired and furnished out of public revenue. Taking most of our figures from "Frederick Morton's Year Book," a very reliable work, revised after official returns, and now in its fifteenth year, we shall proceed with the potentates:

EMPEROR, KING, PRESIDENT.

Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria and king of Hungary, born in August, 1830, has a civil list (as his salary is generally called) of \$4,650,000 a year.

Leopold II., king of Belgium, born in April, 1835, has a civil list of \$600,000 a year.

Christian IX., king of Denmark, born in April, 1818, has a civil list of 500,000 rigsdalers, or \$227,775. His oldest son has an annual allowance of \$33,333.

Marshal MacMahon, president of the French republic, has an annual salary of \$120,000, with an extra \$60,000 for house-keeping expenses. President Thiers had the same salary, with \$77,560 for house-keeping.

Napoleon III., had the largest civil list in the world. It amounted to \$5,000,000 a year, in addition to which he received the income of the crown domains, amounting to \$2,400,000, and the free possession of a number of palaces, parks, forests and mansions, kept at the expense of the state. His total income reached the sum of \$7,800,000. Nevertheless the debts of the imperial civil list were stated in 1867 to amount to \$16,000,000.

William I., born in March, 1797, receives no salary as German emperor. His annual salary as king of Prussia is \$3,079,760. Most of the expenditure of the royal family and the court is defrayed out of the sovereign's immense private property.

Ludwig II., king of Bavaria, born in August, 1845, has a civil list of \$1,378,365.

Karl I., king of Wurtemberg, born in March, 1823, has a civil list of \$391,685, with an additional annual grant of \$1,357,355 for the other members of the royal family. Albert I., king of Saxony, born April, 1828, has a civil list of \$635,000, with an additional \$127,650 a year for the princess and princesses. This little grant may be justifiable, as in 1830 the reigning monarch surrendered his domains to become the property of the state.

SOME GRAND DUKES.

The grand duke of Baden has a civil list of \$374,655 for himself and the members of his family. The hereditary landed property of this dynasty, valued at \$20,830,000, has been made over to the state. The grand duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who claims to be the only European sovereign of Slavonic origin, pretends that he can trace his descent to Genseric, king of the Vandals, who conquered Spain in the fifth century, and going over to Africa took Carthage in 436 B. C. In his full title he styles himself "Prince of the Vandals." He has no civil list, but is absolute owner of one-fifth of the whole area of the lilliputian duchy which he governs. The grand duke of Hesse, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, has a civil list of \$328,710 for the support of himself or his near relations, and his little court at Darmstadt.

The civil list of the grand duke of Oldenburg is \$125,000; of Brunswick, \$250,000; of Saxe-Weimar, \$210,000; of Saxe-Weiningen, \$90,000; of Anhalt, \$145,000; of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, \$110,000; of Saxe-Altenburg, \$107,250; of Waldeck, \$183,674; of Lippe, \$50,000; of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, \$110,000; of Schaumburg Lippe, \$125,000.

The grand dukes of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Renss-Schleiz, and Renss-Greiz, absolutely own most of the states which they govern.

NOTED SOVEREIGNS.

Victoria, queen of England, born in May, 1819, has a civil list of \$1,925,000, with \$300,000 more from the duchy of Lancaster. Thus her annual income is \$2,225,000 a year. To her children and to the Duke of Edinburgh is a further sum of \$880,000, making a total of \$3,105,000 to British royalty.

George I., king of Greece, born in December, 1845, has a civil list of \$260,000 a year. Humbert, of Italy, born in 1844, has not accepted the large civil list (\$3,250,000) granted to his late father. William III., king of the Netherlands, born in February, 1819, has a salary of \$250,000, with an addition of half as much more for members of the royal family. He and the king of Wurtemberg are believed to be the richest sovereigns in Europe. The whole grants to Louis I. of Portugal, born in 1828, and his family amount to \$660,000.

Alexander II., of Russia, born in April, 1818, possesses the revenue from the immense crown domains equal to \$10,000,000 a year. Alfonso XII., of Spain, born in November, 1857, has a civil list of \$2,000,000. Oscar II., of Sweden, born January, 1829, has a civil list of \$338,330 from Sweden, and \$94,445 from Norway. He also has an annuity of \$83,330, voted many years ago to Carl XIV. (Bernadotte), and his successors on the throne of Sweden; the total is \$416,108.

OTHER SALARIES.

The president of the Swiss republic, who has only a single year term, re-

ceives \$3,000 per annum. Nevertheless, Switzerland is well governed.

There is no knowing what is the salary or income of Abdul Hamid, sultan of Turkey, born September, 1842. The civil list of Abdul Aziz, who was almost his immediate predecessor, varied from \$4,557,580 in 1868 to \$5,351,020 in 1875, but it has been calculated on good authority that in the latter years of his reign, which closed in May, 1876, Abdul Aziz spent \$22,500,000 a year. It is not near that amount just now.

Lord Lytton receives \$125,000 a year salary and \$60,000 for "allowances," as viceroy of India. The duke of Marlborough gets \$100,000 as lord lieutenant of Ireland. The earl of Dufferin had \$50,000 as viceroy of Canada.

Edison at Work.

The following is from an article in Scribner, entitled "A Night with Edison." There is nowhere such another ingenious mind, but there is also nowhere such a worker. When in search of some special object he allows himself absolutely no rest. At Newark he mounted to the loft of his factory with five men, on the occasion of the apparent failure of the printing-machine he had taken a contract to furnish, and declared he would never come down till it worked. It took sixty hours of continuous labor, but it worked, and then he slept for thirty. The routine of his day is a routine of grand processes and ennobling ideas. Nowhere else probably would such a day be possible. There are no fortunes, if there were capacity, to carry on the business of pure scientific research on such a scale. His whole great establishment is occupied, not in manufacturing, nor primarily in projects for profitable returns—though these follow—but in new reflections, new combinations, in wresting from nature inch by inch the domain she would have kept hidden. He comes in the morning and reads his letters. He overlooks his men and the experiments of his assistants. The element of hazard enters into these somewhat. There are a great number in progress—the action of chemicals upon various substances or upon each other, or the phenomena of substances subjected to the various forces at command. Strips of ivory, for instance, in a certain oil in six weeks become transparent. A globule of mercury in water, then with a little potassium added, takes various shapes for the opposite poles of the battery, retires coquettishly or is attracted, forms in whirlpools, changes color, or becomes immobile. There is no use at once for these results, but they are recorded in voluminous note-books. When the proper time comes they are borne in mind; some one of them may form the connecting link in the chain of an invaluable discovery. Then perhaps he tests for the thousandth time his carbon telephone for new perfections, and then goes on carrying forward a step each of the works in progress, or becomes wholly engrossed, according to his mood, in one.

In spite of the fact that the motive of his retreat to Menlo Park was in good part to escape them, numerous visitors arrive. It is the Mecca of a continuous pilgrimage of scientists, reporters for the journals, and curiosity-hunters. Yesterday a troop of one hundred and seventy-five persons brought by a gentleman who had asked the privilege of presenting a few friends—to-morrow a special train of visitors from Boston is announced. He receives all affably, submitting himself and his inventions to be gazed at without reserve. One wonders, next to his phonograph, at his good humor.

"Still, I shall blow up somebody yet," he says, laughing. "I am considering the idea of fixing a wire, connecting with a battery, that knocks over everybody that touches the gate."

He sits down at the phonograph, fixes a double mouth-piece to it and summons one of his assistants, while another places himself at an organ in the corner. They sing in two parts. As the sonorous music rises and fills the long apartment, one gazes musingly yet with a secret thrill. It is like assisting at some strange, new rite—a martial chant of rejoicing in the greatness of a new era full of sublime promise and the dissipation of mysteries.

Animal Remains in Queer Places.

A bat has been found in limestone, opossums in slate; guinea pigs, rabbits, rats and beavers in limestone; the sloth, one fourteen feet long, in South America, and in limestone caves; bears, dogs, foxes and wolves in diluvial soils and caves; hyenas and tigers in limestone caves and marl; the teeth of horses, elephants, rhinoceroses, hyenas, bears, wolves, tigers, etc., are found in masses in diluvial soils; oxen in peat bogs and marl pits; one six feet high and nine feet long was found in the Isle of Man, in marl, covered with sand, then peat and then the vegetable soil; rhinoceroses are found in every part of Europe and in the Arctic circle; the hippopotamus is found in England, France and Germany. Elephants, and animals much larger than elephants (called mammoths) have been found in Europe, America and Siberia; one, found near Abingdon, now at Oxford, England, is sixteen feet high, and its bones are mixed up with those of other large animals; another was found in Siberia in the ice, quite perfect in its flesh, skin, hair and eyes, with a long mane and tail of stiff black bristles; others have been found in Hudson's bay. The gigantic mastodon is found in North America and Siberia. The gigantic tapir, twelve feet high and eighteen feet long, has been found in different parts of Europe. Whales are found in Essex, in London clay and Bath limestone.

Part of the edge of the cone of Mount Vesuvius has given way, and Prof. Palmieri is having a sort of retaining wall of ashes built.

In Harvest Time.

I met my love when 'neath the evening breeze
The corn layed to and fro, when 'mid the
trees
The wind moaned softly, when the reaper's
song,
The echoes of the deep glen would prolong—
In harvest time.

And brighter than the golden sheaves, her hair
Strayed downward o'er a neck so purely fair
That e'en the snow-white lily well might hide
Its bending head beneath the streamlet's tide—
In harvest time.

The thrilling of the songsters now was dashed
'Neath sunshine bright the rose no longer
blushed;
And day was ended, far beyond the bill
The reaper's song grew fainter and was still—
In harvest time.

'Twas then my love was spoken, and 'twas
then
I reaped love's golden harvest in the glen.
The nightingale wailed forth her low, sweet
strain,
Singing joy's triumph in a glad refrain—
In harvest time.

And now the autumn of our lives, instead,
Approaches—spring and summer all have fled
Tho' still of love's bright setting sun the gleam
Is glorious as that which first lit our dream—
In harvest time.

Items of Interest.

Springs of fresh water rise in most seas.

Oysters have a language of their own, and clams stow.

Cork trees bear an edible acorn resembling our chestnut.

Dr. Carver's rife brought him to an income of \$60,000 last year.

Bad-fitting shoes make corns on horse's feet, the same as on people.

Be careful how you indorse drafts especially the draught of a chimney.

If anything will reduce a full-grown fat man it is a well-directed bank failure.

We have seen many a poor horse out in a driving rein and not a wet hair on his back.

Milk is nutritious, but the chap who drinks a half gallon of it must feel completely cowed down.

Some one ought to invent a sewing machine to collect rents, mend manners and repair family breaches.

"I declare, it beats aw!" as the shoemaker said the first time he used a sewing machine.—Rome Sentinel.

Balm sleep,
Tired nature's sweet restorer—
Don't amount to much,
If you happen to bunk with a snorer.

Mr. John M. Tramwell, of Lafayette, Ga., has made a pair of sleeve-buttons, each button smaller than a dime, and containing 100 pieces of wood.

"Is this air-tight?" inquired a man in a hardware store, as he examined a stove. "No, sir," replied the clerk; "air never gets tight." He lost a customer.

One archivist of Antwerp has discovered a bill of sale of September 1st, 1547, for twenty-two bottles of petroleum, at that early date imported into the city.

Of 3,434 doctors whose deaths have been announced in the London Lancet during the last ten years, the ages of 2,684 were given; average age at death, 56.6 years.

"That parrot of mine is a wonderful bird," said Smithers; "he cries 'stop thief!' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop. What are you laughing at, any way?"

The time of the year has come when the pretty garter-snake crawls out of the hollow back-log to the domestic hearth, and makes the house a little too warm for the timid occupants.

Can you tell why a watch is an image of modesty? We will save time by telling you why. It always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

"How are the stairs?" said the lady to the house agent; "not steep, I hope." "Steep, madam, I should say not. It's the easiest staircase I ever saw in my life. Why, it's so easy that when you're going up you'd swear you were going down."

That Brooklyn girl who "has lived fourteen years without any sort of nourishment," would not be an economical girl to marry. Her appetite is sure to return some day, and it will take a whole boarding-house to hold her.—Detroit Free Press.

A letter from abroad says: To the visitor from America there is a marvellous exposition of taste and industry in gardening, ornamental and useful, all about Paris. The least bit of a yard is turned into a shaded retreat. There are no barren back yards.

This world may be only a cathartic pill, that some sun in the solar system may, in future ages, take a notion to swallow, and yet this fact does not at all alleviate the pangs caused by the knowledge that we have a number of seventy-five-cent accounts on our books, to collect each one of which will cost three dollars' worth of shoe-leather.—Whelan Leader.

In describing a dinner at the sultan's palace, Mr. Drew Gay writes: "And now comes the critical moment for you if you are present at this feast as a stranger. You will have placed your meat on your plate, and be carefully cutting it up, when suddenly a more than ordinarily juicy morsel will be pushed into your mouth by a pair of very greasy fingers. You must not resent this. It is a token of loving kindness, a sign that you are respected, esteemed, beloved. Eat it; you are a favored mortal."

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Mistake. Little Rosy Red-cheek said unto a clover: "Flower! why were you made? I was made for mother; She has n't any other; But you were made for no one, I'm afraid."

A Bear Story. "— and slammed the door in his face, and ran under a desk, almost frightened to death!" That was what the young teacher, Miss Stewart, was saying as I went into the school-room, one day, at the close of the weekly "story hour."

upon the existing prevalence of leprosy in Alicante (Spain), gives some curious details of this malady, both in ancient and modern times. A very slight acquaintance with the Mosaic law or the Hebrew writings is sufficient to prove how common, and at the same time how deeply dreaded, was the disease in ancient Palestine.

The boys had built the girls a play-house out of hemlock boughs, down by the spring not far from the schoolhouse; sometimes we spent the noon time there, and at others we would climb on the coal shed and play 'house.' The ground was slanting where this building stood, and, at the back, we could easily jump upon the roof; we had fixed it up with blocks and boards, so that our house-keeping was very convenient and grand indeed.

"One fine day we had great difficulty in deciding where to spend our nooning; some said, 'go to the spring,' others wanted, above all, a family gathering on the roof; finally, the spring folks gave in, and we all tumbled up in great good humor. I was planted on a block, with a white handkerchief tied on my head for a cap and another one folded across my chest for a cape. All I had to do was to pretend to knit with four sticks, and every now and then say, 'Less noise, child!'"

An Attempt to Make it Rain. Says the American Monthly: "A gentleman who resides near Boylton, Va., has aspired to a new science—that of controlling the clouds in order to cause it to rain at will. With the view of attaining this end he built a 'rain tower,' which novel structure is said to be thirty feet in diameter at the base, which size it retains to the height of forty feet. To this height it contains four flues, each seven feet in diameter. The number of flues is then reduced to two, which run up twenty feet higher, the top of the structure reaching an altitude of sixty feet. The whole concern was erected at a cost of about \$1,000. The method of causing rain to fall is as follows: The flues are filled with dry pine wood, which is set on fire, and which is kept up until the desired effect is produced on the elements. His theory is, that the great heat produced in the air above the 'tower' will cause the clouds to concentrate over it, when plenty of rain will fall in that vicinity. The originator of this novel idea is said to be a firm believer in the practicability and utility of his invention, notwithstanding the fact that after repeated trials, during which he consumed hundreds of cords of wood, his tower failed to produce the desired effect on the unpropitious heavens, he having been a great sufferer from drought during the entire spring and summer."

Joint debate—The one held between the heads of the house on whether this piece of stove-pipe will fit that,

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Four hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine in a magazine at Petrolia, Pa., exploded, killing the owner, S. O. Gotham, and an employee, John Fowler, and dangerously wounding Henry Frunch. Mr. Gotham was picked up dead, without a mark upon his body, while Fowler was blown to atoms, only a finger being found, and that was two hundred yards from the scene of the explosion.

Four men were being lowered to the bottom of the shaft (350 feet in depth) of an iron mine at Boyertown, Pa., when the drum became disarranged. The engine was reversed, but in doing so the teeth were torn from one of the cog-wheels of the drum, and the bucket carrying the miners was dashed to the bottom. As soon as possible after the accident ropes were procured and two men were sent down the shaft to render assistance. At the bottom the unfortunate men were found, all breathing, but badly injured. The ropes were tied around their bodies, and one at a time they were drawn up as carefully as possible. Not one of them escaped without broken bones and severe internal injuries. One died soon after reaching the surface, and two others died a few hours after being carried to their homes.

The schooner Florence, Captain Tyson, has arrived at New London, Conn., from her Arctic voyage. Captain Tyson doubts the existence of an open Polar sea. He says there may be water at the pole, but he believes it is choked with immense quantities of floating ice.

At this early day a meeting of New York merchants has been held to initiate a movement for a world's fair in the American metropolis in 1889. A resolution appointing a committee of ten to take such steps in the matter as shall be deemed advisable was adopted. The year 1889 will be the centennial of the inauguration of President Washington in New York and the establishment of constitutional government in this country.

The Merchants' and Mechanics' State bank, of Troy, N. Y., has been closed by the State bank superintendent. Disastrous real estate ventures and other losses are reported as the cause of suspension.

Cassius Carpenter was fired upon and fatally wounded by his brother, Judson, during a quarrel, at South Granville, N. Y.

The examination of witnesses in the Vanderbilt will case continues before the New York surrogate.

Conductor Rand was killed and Conductor Denver slightly injured by the explosion of a locomotive boiler at New London, Conn.

Bernard & Hutton, New York silk importers, have been defrauded out of \$108,000 by one of their clerks—H. A. Pedrick—who spent in stock speculation the money intrusted to him to pay customs duties. Pedrick fled, but sent a letter from his hiding place, confessing the defalcation. The government has been indemnified against loss by the firm.

The Mechanics' and Laborers' savings bank, of Jersey City, N. J., has suspended; but the president stated that depositors would be paid in full.

Charles Knox, a well-known New York dealer in hats, and familiarly known as "Knox the hatter," is a bankrupt, with liabilities amounting to about \$200,000.

The November elections have taken place, and the political cauldron, which has been seething and bubbling for weeks past, is quiet once more. Elections in thirty States—for twelve governors, nineteen legislatures and 237 congressmen—were held. Throughout the New England and Middle States the vote was generally quite large, as in several cases unusual interest was taken in the result of the battle at the polls. In New York the Republicans were successful, the legislature being largely Republican, which means the return of a United States senator to succeed Roscoe Conkling. The bitter fight in New York city between Tammany Hall and a "Combination" ticket, divided among anti-Tammany Democrats and Republicans, resulted in a sweeping victory for the latter, whose candidate for mayor—Edward Cooper, a son of Peter Cooper—was elected over his opponent, Augustus Schell, by 20,000 majority. The Republicans also gained a number of congressmen in the Empire State. In Pennsylvania General Hoyt, the Republican candidate for governor, is elected, and in Delaware the Democratic nominees for governor and Congress were successful. In Massachusetts, the Republican candidate for governor with the entire State ticket, was elected over Butler and Abbott. The Democrats elected one congressman and the Greenbackers none. In Rhode Island the two Republican candidates for Congress were elected. Connecticut gives the Republicans a gain in congressmen and the legislature, which selects a United States senator to succeed W. H. Barnum. In Vermont Barlow, the Greenback candidate for Congress, has a plurality.

Wilkinson Brothers & Co.'s paper mill in Shelton, Conn., one of the largest paper mills in the country, has been destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of more than \$150,000.

Alexander Smith was elected to Congress from the twelfth New York district, on the Republican ticket, to succeed Hon. Clarkson N. Potter. During the canvass Mr. Smith caught cold, and died on the night of election day, just after the announcement of his victory had been made to him.

In New Hampshire the Republicans elected Natl. Head, governor. They have a majority of about sixty-four on joint ballot in the legislature, and send a solid delegation to Congress.

The Republicans gain eight congressmen in New York.

George E. Loring has been declared elected to Congress from the sixth Massachusetts district by a small plurality, over E. M. Boynton, Greenback candidate, who was at first announced victorious.

Western and Southern States.

A difficulty occurred near Mount Juliet, Tenn., between Winfield McWhirter and John Floyd (colored), caused by a dispute about forty cents, claimed to be due to Floyd for picking cotton. Floyd shot McWhirter and fled. A writ for his arrest was issued and given to Constable Frank Warhol to serve. James McWhirter, Dr. Rayner and John Osborne were summoned to aid him in effecting Floyd's arrest. The posse, in the course of the search, came to the house of John Williamson (colored), and discovered that Williamson was heavily armed. He was placed under arrest. The posse proceeded toward Greenhill, hoping to meet Floyd on the way. When near the residence of John T. Gleaves the officer met Floyd and tried to take him in custody. Floyd shot Warhol, who then returned the fire as he fell. The ball struck Floyd in the forehead and he immediately expired, as also did Warhol. Two friends of Floyd shot Dr. Rayner in the thigh and arm, inflicting serious wounds.

Hermann & Co., Cincinnati bankers, have failed for about \$200,000.

Business is being actively resumed in the districts of the South lately desolated by yellow fever.

For forty miles on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, east of Parkersburg, W. Va., diphtheria has been raging to an extent hitherto unknown in that region—twelve children dying in four days, and more than half the families along the road having had at least one case.

Many vessels were beached or sunk, and a number of lives, lost during a heavy storm on Lake Michigan.

From the Beaver and Sappa valleys of Kansas comes a terrible story of murder, outrage and plunder by the Indians during the recent uprising. About thirty persons were killed in the two valleys, all the women and girls met by the red hounds were maltreated, and the property of the settlers was everywhere destroyed or carried off. The loss of the savages during their inhuman raid was trifling.

The British bark Beaconfield, from Dublin, arrived in Baltimore a few days ago, having on board the survivors of two shipwrecked vessels—an Italian brig and a Portuguese schooner. From the former the captain and his two brothers were washed overboard and drowned, and from the latter five passengers—a woman, her son and three men—were lost.

Robbing the graves of the dead seems to be a matter of common occurrence in portions of the West. In Detroit, Mich., two men were discovered and fired upon just as they had exhumed the body of a woman, and a horse and wagon standing near by were recognized as belonging to a well-known undertaker. At Keokuk, Ia., it has been discovered that A. Mackey, of that city, has been receiving bodies of recently-buried people—graves having been robbed at Beacon, Ia., and the bodies barreled and shipped to Mackey, who sold them to medical colleges. The wholesale resurrectionist was arrested, but declared that he was innocent.

The Phoenix elevator at Peoria, Ill., with over 100,000 bushels of grain, has been destroyed by fire.

The elections in Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Alabama, Virginia, Tennessee, Maryland, South Carolina, North Carolina, Florida and Texas have resulted in the success of the Democratic State tickets in every instance and the return of a solid Democratic delegation to Congress in several States. South Carolina re-elected Wade Hampton for governor; and in Louisiana Burke's majority for State treasurer is about 50,000. In Tennessee and Texas Albert S. Marks and Oran M. Roberts are elected governors. In Georgia Alexander S. Stephens was re-elected to Congress. The political contests in the Western States were not so decided as in the South—Kansas, Michigan, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois and Minnesota going Republican where State tickets were in the field, while the Democrats are ahead in Missouri.

Missouri and South Carolina send solid Democratic delegations to Congress—a gain of four members in the former State and of three in the latter.

The Republicans gain one congressman in Illinois and one in Michigan.

From Washington.

Auditor French, of the bureau of railroad accounts, has reported to the secretary of the interior that the president of the Central Pacific railroad refuses to submit the books of the road to inspection and to render such accounts as have been called for under the law passed by the last Congress. Formal notice of the refusal was transmitted to the attorney-general, with a request that legal proceedings be taken under the act. The penalty for the violation of the law is a fine in each case of neglect or refusal of not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$5,000.

Two Washington banking institutions—the German-American savings bank and the German-American national bank, which grew out of the former—have suspended.

The secretary of the treasury has written a letter stating that there is on hand, for redemption purposes, the sum of \$134,231,865.06 in coin, and that at least that amount will be available to resume specie payments January 1, 1879.

According to the report just issued of the operations of the patent office during the fiscal year ending June 30, the number of original applications received for patents was 19,657, and 14,190 new patents were granted, while the number of reissues is 627. The receipts of the office amounted to \$734,888 and the total expenses were \$665,906.

The national debt statement for October shows: Cash in the treasury, \$275,217,473 92; debt, less cash in the treasury, November 1, 1878, \$2,024,200,083 18; decrease of debt during October \$1,708,402 80; decrease of debt since June 30, 1878, \$11,586,748.64.

During October the total amount of coinage at the various mints of the United States was \$6,625,400, divided thus: Double eagles, \$3,464,694; eagles, \$377,900; quarter eagles, \$346,800; standard silver dollars, \$2,070,000; cents, \$6,700.

Halbert E. Paine of Wisconsin, has been appointed commissioner of patents in place of Pills Spear, resigned.

According to estimates made the day after election, the Democratic majority in the House will be about twelve, exclusive of the Greenbackers, who have about fifteen members. In the Senate the Democrats will have six majority.

Foreign News.

The directors and other officials connected with the broken Glasgow bank have been committed for trial on charges of fraud and theft. Several prominent officials connected with the institution have fled.

The ocean steamship Helvetia, while on her way from Liverpool to New York, collided with and sank the British coast-guard cruiser Fanny, off Queenstown, at four o'clock in the morning. Seventeen persons on board the Fanny lost their lives, while the Helvetia was uninjured.

Australia will hold an international exposition at Melbourne, in 1880.

Gladstone has made a speech, adversely criticising the British government for declaring war against Afghanistan.

Maynooth college, near Dublin, Ireland, a prominent Catholic ecclesiastical institution, has been partially destroyed by fire.

Recent elections in France have wiped out the conservative majority in the senate, which will now be republican.

Louis Antoine Garnier-Pages, French statesman and historian, ex-mayor of Paris and once minister of finance, is dead at the age of seventy-five.

A six days' international pedestrian tournament in London resulted in a victory for William Corkey, an Englishman, who covered 521 miles in the specified time, winning a champion belt and \$2,500. The two American contestants, Weston and Ennis, were left far behind.

St. Petersburg papers report a large number of suicides and attempted suicides in the Russian army in Bulgaria.

M. Balthazar Jacotin, a French senator accused of cheating at cards, has been compelled to resign.

National Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The following proclamation, setting apart Thursday, Nov. 24, as a day of thanksgiving, has been issued:

By the President of the United States, A PROCLAMATION: The recurrence of that season at which it is the habit of our people to make devout and public confession of their constant dependence upon the divine favor for all the good gifts of life and happiness, and the public peace and prosperity, exhibits, in the record of the year, abundant reasons for our gratitude and thanksgiving. Exuberant harvests, productive vines, ample crops of staples, of trade and manufactures, have enriched the country. The resources thus furnished to our reviving industry and expanding commerce are hastening the day when discord and distress, through the length and breadth of the land, will, under the continued favor of Providence, have given way

to confidence and energy, and assured prosperity. Peace with all nations has remained unbroken, domestic tranquillity has prevailed, and the institutions of liberty and justice, which the wisdom and virtue of our fathers established, remain the glory and defense of the blessing of health through our wide land has made more conspicuous the sufferings and sorrows which the dark shadow of pestilence has cast upon a portion of our people. The heavy affliction even the Divine Ruler has tempered to the suffering communities in the universal sympathy and succor which have flowed to their relief, and the whole nation may rejoice in the unity of spirit in our people by which they cheerfully share one another's burden.

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 28th day of November next, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer; and I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for his mercies, and to devoutly beseech his continuance.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 30th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1878, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and third. R. B. HAYES.

By the President: WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

Largest Orchard in the World.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, says: The largest orchard in the world is doubtless that owned and worked very successfully by Mr. Robert McKinstry, of Hudson, Columbia county, N. Y. Mr. McKinstry's orchard is producing for him a world-wide reputation, and he has many visitors. Like all fruit-growers, and others of kin to that profession, he is kindly and liberally disposed, and has no secrets to reserve from others who love fruit-growing, and to talk of fruit. Visitors are, therefore, made welcome, and his orchard is open to inspection by all who are interested in his labors. The orchard is situated on the east bank of the Hudson river, on high rolling table land, and occupies 800 acres, and contains more than 24,000 apple trees, 1,700 pears, 4,000 cherries, 500 peaches, 200 plums, 200 crabs, 1,600 vines, 6,000 currants and 200 chestnuts.

In an account of a tour in the north of England, by George Colman, the younger, in 1775, occurs the following passage: "In the adjacent village of Kirkleatham there was at this time an individual residing in a neat, comfortable cottage, who excited much interest in the visitors at the hall. His looks were venerable and his bearing above that usual among the lowly inhabitants of a hamlet. How he had acquired this air of superiority it is difficult to say, for his origin must have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly passed away, and only two or three years previously he had learned to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride by reading his son's first voyage round the world! He was the father of Captain Cook."

The curious, unshiplike shape of the Chinese junks is accounted for by a tradition which records that, some centuries ago, a deputation of Kwangtung shipbuilders sought audience of the reigning emperor to exhibit models of foreign vessels, and to solicit permission to alter the native type. The emperor, enraged at their audacity, kicked off his shoe, telling them to return to Canton and adopt that as their model; and the shoe form of vessel prevails in China to this day.

The bigger the dog the more fuss he will make when you tread on his tail. There may be philosophy in this, and there may be nothing but dog.

The Markets.

Table with market prices for various commodities like Beef Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, etc. in New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, and Brighton, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

Turning to Farming.

The current movements in real estate convincingly show that people are beginning to realize the overcrowded condition of trade and the mechanical callings, and are turning back to the country and the farms from which they came. The reports of the sales of farms in different parts of New England are satisfactory proof of the change which is taking place. In the city and its neighborhood, it is pretty well ascertained that the bottom has been reached, and that the next movement must be an upward one. But if the prospect of city property has not yet brightened up very much, the facts respecting farm property both near by and in remoter quarters are encouraging in a striking degree. The statement has been made that actual sales of farm property in this market during the past six months have been more than double what they were for the corresponding six months of last year.

Most of this form of property which has changed hands lies within thirty miles of the city, although portions of it are very much more remote. These farms have generally been bought for investment merely. They are to be improved by their owners, and averaged in price from eight and nine hundred dollars up to five thousand. The larger number of the purchasers were residents of Boston, either business men or mechanics, but few of whom have been reported as "failed." It is evident that there is nothing so sure and enduring as a farm, and they have proceeded to prove their faith by their works. Besides the sales above spoken of, there have been large sales of what are known as "abandoned farms," in New Hampshire, which have been readily taken up by laborers and foreigners who have had enough of the "hard times" in the city.

The men who bought these abandoned farms have worked hard when work was to be had, and laid by money for the future; but having seen the slow wasting of their savings in consequence of an enforced idleness concluded to stop it where it is and provide with what is left a permanent home and an opportunity to produce and save again. That is genuine thrift, and it is based on the right principles. Then, again, numbers of people have come back from the West, where they have been looking around, and they find that a naturally good soil is not all there is to be considered. They have discovered that good crops do not necessarily bring all the comforts with them. There are compensations for a more sterile soil here in New England which may be looked for in vain in the West. Markets are remote out there. Villages do not nestle under every hill as they do here. Civilization, say what they will, is not so far advanced there as here; and neighborhood is an entirely different thing.

An immense crop of corn is not worth raising to burn for fuel. Those who have been to the West, many of them, see just as it is, and come back to New England glad to purchase a home, however small, and settle down in peace and security among their native hills. They realize that happiness consists in something besides a prairie patch and a lot of wheat and corn for others to make the profits on. In reference to a large proportion of the farms recently sold it is to be said that no more is paid than was asked five years ago; so that if a man who now moves out upon a farm, after having been squeezed and rubbed through the hard times, had bought his farm five years ago, he would have had so much the start and got rid of an experience that has worn and torn him so sorely. Farms everywhere are temptingly low at the present time, and it is this that induces so many people to turn their faces toward the country.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

How many really excellent jokes are lost for want of a proper appreciation. Here, only a few days ago, when the Iowa excursionists went up to Minneapolis, a young man set up at the Nicolet half an hour one night after his chum had gone to bed, sewing the legs of the innocent sleepers' trousers together. He sewed them itrong and laughed long and silently after he went to bed, as he pictured the scene in the morning. When the morning dawned, he arose with the glow of anticipation on his face, and as it slowly faded away he sat down upon the side of the bed and dejectedly cut open the bottom of his own carefully sewed trousers legs, and when his unsuspecting chum asked what he was doing, he sighed and said sadly, "Oh, nothing." And he wearily thought how full of meanness was this base, deceiving old world.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Cranberry Cultivation.

A correspondent of the New York Times says that what cranberries need is swamp muck, or vegetable mold. The roots of cranberries are very fine and short. They also want an acid or sour soil, in order to bear fruit. Hence, you must not manure the land as this makes the vine grow too rank, and they will not bear. Manure also causes the weeds to grow. Taking off the turf and ditching it gradually sweetens the surface, especially if exposed to frosts. Sometimes the vines grow too rank. The only remedy in that case is to spread one inch of dry sand every year, immediately after picking the berries, and keep on doing so until they bear satisfactorily. I know of no possible way to make a cranberry patch a success on a wild grass meadow, except by flooding it one or more years to kill the grass entirely; then sand with clean white sand lightly—not over four inches; the deeper the muck the more sand you will have to put on in time to prevent the vines from growing to rank. But you must not put on much at first, because the roots of the plants want to reach the muck, and because if the muck is soft the sand will sink, and it is necessary to mat the ground first. Never take a cold, springy piece of ground for cranberries; it costs too much for underdressing and for weeding grass.

Yes, son, yes; go out west and buy a farm. There is no life so independent as that of that of the honest farmer. Do not be discouraged if the work is little hard at first. The grasshoppers will eat up all your first planting, but they will devour it so early in the season that you can plant a second time. They won't eat that planting until just about three days before harvest. Then you will have nothing to do all fall and winter and you can put in your full time starving. The next year's crop will be destroyed by constant rains and floods. The third year a drouth will burn up everything that has a root or a leaf within ten miles of your farm. The fourth year, however, every thing will go well. You will raise a booming crop. get it in and safely housed, and sit down happy and contented, waiting for the market to rise. Then a prairie fire as big as the butt end of the universe will come along and burn up everything you have in the world except the clothes you have on. Buy a farm! A young man is neglectful of his best interests and most solemn duties who does not buy a farm right away.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Thirty days hath September, if we the almanac remember. Then comes October, brown and sere, the month we chills and fever fear.—*Erratic Enrrique.*

And then November, month of rains, when one is full of aches and pains.—*Meriden Recorder.*

You are all wrong, although 'tis true November maketh the nose quite blue. December comes, with frosts and snows, and gives us chilblains on our toes.—*Bradford Breeze.*

And January, with its thaw—no cash on hand from which to draw.—*Det. Free Press.*

Then February with bracing air, so cold that wicked sinners swear, and even Christians tear their hair. And then bold March with piercing winds that whistle round a fellow's shins. Now fickle April takes its place and gladdens everybody's face. But soon the gods of wind and rain conspire to raise the very Cain, and when the thirtieth day is gone we gladly welcome May-day morn. Go on, gentlemen, says the Post, and we present this little toast; The glorious month of all the rest, the month of June—we love it best. June-bugs and flowers, all in bloom,—we'd complete the verse, but haven't room.—*Ed.*

In Jersey City a child fell off the wharf into deep water near the Pennsylvania Railroad depot. The father could not swim, and as he stood almost paralyzed, two youths, fifteen and twelve years of age, hearing the cries for help, hastened to the spot, and without throwing off coat or shoes, the elder plunged in, sank out of sight, and arose with the child in one hand, and with the other reached and threw his arm around a floating log, whence his young brother took the child. The great merit of the act is the fact that the youth himself is not a swimmer in the true sense of the word. His father had told him that holding his breath when in the water or on the surface would, for a time, enable him to keep his head above water. Acting upon this counsel he saved the life of the child. These courageous youths are Augustus and Frank Fairbanks.

Best thing to do when you go shopping with ladies—take notes.

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Miscellaneous.

Terrific Smashup!



Last week the Chronicle in an imaginative sense, succeeded in getting the wheels of the S. R. R. R. locomotive from the track. Now the thing has gone to "tarnal smash." With the assistance of the "Buck-bored butting-machine," and by "drawing the fire" (one share,) the "brakeman" being off duty (reading the PHG. and Chronicle,) the whole train has been hurled over a precipice to destruction and death. At last accounts, the engineer had his hand on the "throttle-valve" and still breathed. \$50 will repair the damages.

All nature smites, and bids us "be good," as we undertake the disagreeable task of defining our position to a dull scholar, who can't or won't understand, and, while charging us with many misdemeanors, is guilty of them all himself.

We would not notice the article "Again," in the last Chronicle, save in one or two items, but that many have desired us to step out without reserve, and vindicate ourself. We know that character will vindicate itself, and have no fear in our own case, but the natural course is slow. We do not hope, nor care, to place ourself right in the eyes of the author of personalities in the Chronicle, but will review them as briefly as possible, for the benefit of our position, for this once, though we dislike to fill our column with such matters. Our files of papers will not be looked back upon, by us in future years, with any pride at

personalities. A row in the neighborhood would be fully as interesting.

The Chronicle of last week commenting on our article in support of the R. R., and in denial of the statement that "the interest was fast dying out," characterized it as a "dishonest attempt, under the guise of public interest, to prejudice the friends of the movement in North Franklin, against the Chronicle."

In answer, we "disowned any such low and revengeful spirit, superinduced by a vast degree of jealousy." C. (C. stands for Chronicle man) dons this garment and chooses to wear it, saying:

"He charges that our criticisms of his *personal attacks* upon us were prompted by jealousy."

The man must have struggled fearfully to adapt this to himself, though it was intended.

Now follows a recount of past and well known and understood personal matters, which reminds us of a wasp in a dish of molasses—swimming first this way, then that, and ready to sting the hand that helps him out.

C. says "we are no office-holder or seeker," and therefore has no "constituents." Are not your subscribers an "essential part" to the Chronicle concern? The Chronicle continues:

"Growing eloquent with his theme our brother *expands* and directs a shaft at Farmington and the lower portion of our county; hear him:

"Come up out of your *circumscribed limits*' and look at us."

As though such invidious and slurring remarks as applied to any portion of our county will tend to the building of the Sandy River R. R., or the promotion of *brotherly love and charity* among us all, a *virtue* everyone should cherish."

How keculy this C. *adapts* hidden meanings to himself, and *twists* our

invitation to *himself*—to come up out of *his sanctum*, and see if the fever was dying. Our article, "Off the Track" was in answer to the Chronicle, and no stretch of the most vivid imagination can honestly construe it as applying to Farmington or any section of the county. It was well understood to apply wholly to the Chronicle man, though intended to apply to any who thought the interest "dying out." "Go with us, hand in hand"—our hand was extended to you, neighbor, and you know it, but you see a chance to do what you accuse us of—prejudice a portion of the county against the paper—a mean advantage, and you grasp it.

We simply italicise "brotherly love" and "charity," and let the inference be drawn.

Again we quote :

"The Phonograph man strikes the key note and reveals the *animus* of the tirade upon us when he says :

'We dare assert that not one reader of the Chronicle, interested in the railroad, but was *mad* when he read it. We can cite cases where the paper has been *stopped* simply on account of this 6-line item.'

Here we have the whole thing in a 'nut shell.' It was for personal and selfish ends that he made the personal and bitter attack. Since the publisher of the Phonograph 'opened' on us in his last issue, we have lost two subscribers and have *twelve new ones*."

The quotation from our last week's issue was garbled by C. and gives him an opportunity for another false impression. This quotation was in support of the fact that the "6-line item" was a weapon hurled at the railroad, and, as any fair mind can readily see, showing that this item had alone caused the stoppage of several papers. Tell us now how many papers have been stopped since the item was first published by you, and solely on this account. It is none of our business how many stop the Chronicle, but we deny that any influence of ours ever tend d to such an effect. Let us see some of the causes for this distressing case of stoppage, and if it is not a constitutional disarrangement. First, as a natural consequence, on the advent of our paper, many people about and from

here, who could not take both, stopped the one they could best spare. Secondly, when the Chronicle of Sept. 26th appeared here Thursday morning, containing the "patent"-expose, three business men immediately telegraphed to have their papers stopped. Who they were we do not know, and our information did not come from the telegraph operator. The next week twenty men were pledged, then unbeknown to us, to suspend their papers, in case the Chronicle abuse was continued. As to how many discontinued on account of the "Man-from-Strong" item, let the Chronicle answer. One of our most influential citizens, on reading the "allusions" to us in last week's Chronicle, immediately ordered his paper stopped, though he had paid for it some time in advance.

Were *we* instrumental in any of these cases of stoppage? We state these cases to show that the Chronicle has brought judgment upon its own head, and is trying to convict us of the dissatisfaction thus expressed at its course. We challenge our neighbor to show us where his paper has been stopped through any influence of ours. A sane man would not, surely, "sound the loud tymbal" in this manner, for fear our course *might* cause him to lose patronage. Even if we had, we should be justified, because we have not over-stated the case in any particular, but simply added circulation to his statements. And what has been the result? This 6-line shot from the Chronicle has done more to awaken our people to a realizing sense of duty and its performance than a column of our feeble words could possibly do.

We do not make an issue with the Chronicle man in regard to his "welcome." We bid ourself welcome, and are willing to take our chances. When let alone we are very peaceable.—When punched with a sharp stick, or a pen even, our nature receives a natural impulse to jump, and when we go up we must come down somewhere; and when we light, are heard from.

We cannot comment upon this last paragraph from the Chronicle, except to try and evince our astonishment at

its import. The manufacture of a personal affair, from our railroad talk, may be excusable, but such a preposterous attempt at misrepresentation, requiring the introduction of one whom love and respect and common decency holds sacred, even in uncivilized lands—is beyond conception. We simply subjoin the closing paragraph, and show from whence came the outrageous insult—on our part—followed up by one in return, meaner than the meanest—bringing into a personal controversy one who should be kept sacred from filth—merely to make a false point.

But the climax of this uncalled for and unprovoked attack is reached by the editor of the Phonograph, whom we cordially and sincerely welcomed to the field and profession and whom we never sought to injure in the slightest degree or respect, by his hidden, but intended and understood, remark in regard to the wife of the editor of the Chronicle. That portion of his article is regarded as an intended personal insult, and reveals his sense of honor and conception of what constitutes a gentleman.

This was our "remark :

"Any and all *patrons*, who can write a readable article for the press, even with the help of their better half, will ever be welcome."

This article—as disagreeable to the writer as to any who may read it—will be incomplete without adding the words of a well-read gentleman who is conversant with these matters, and which tells the whole story :

"He is evidently aware that he has put himself in a bad position, and it certainly must be if he is obliged to write private explanations of his position as editor of a country paper."

We have now had our little say, and propose to stand where we are—a target for anything, fearing neither man or w—well, we didn't say it! We have vindicated ourself to our own satisfaction—denying all imprecations cast upon us as a gentleman of honor, and trusting in the righteous vindication of a discerning public.

The Phillips PHONOGRAPH is laboring very energetically for the construction of the Sandy River railroad. The PHONOGRAPH is smart as a trap and deserves the good fortune it now enjoys.—*Ex.*

—The poem published last week, and credited to the Martyr-President, was from a paper, (the Portland Transcript, we think) published soon after Lincoln's assassination. An editorial note (which we did not publish) accompanying the poem, gave Abraham Lincoln credit for writing it. It was given us for publication. It is difficult, nowadays, to tell who does write an article for the press, even though the pretended author's signature is affixed. We have to take many things for granted.

—Our child—the PHG.—is now ten weeks old. If it dies, the Chronicle will not be to blame, as it has warned the people against paying advance subscriptions to new papers. Any who may be afraid we shall "slump," and who are good pay, may take the paper on 6 months' trial, paying then at our regular rates—in case we still live. Don't feel very sick yet! Appetite getting voracious.

—The Chronicle says we are trying to immortalize Abraham Lincoln! We had been taught that Lincoln immortalized himself. This slur at us is an insult to the memory of a soul that would sink to insignificance myriads of such as suggested the thought.

—The general impressiou was, Thursday, that the Chronicle had "wound us up." So it did. A good time-piece needs winding occasionally. Ours is a seven-day concern, warranted for many years.

—The Chronicle says: "We may arrive at some distinction yet, in the estimation of the PHONOGRAPH man." He may, and in the estimation of everybody. Nothing in the way to prevent.

—Big boo for a small horse!

A San Francisco paper says that the convicts in the States prison have contributed more to the relief of yellow fever sufferers than the state officers at Sacramento; the newsboys more than the railroad officers, and the theatres more than the churches.

About the cheapest thing of the day is sheet music. You can buy it for a song.

5 23
15
60

WANTED!

BUTTER & EGGS!

YELLOW EYE BEANS!

DRY HARD WOOD

—AND—

KNIT MITTENS

AND STOCKINGS.

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Thanking friends and patrons for past patronage, the subscriber wishes to announce that he will from this date do work at the following greatly

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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

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—AND—

PENNY READING ROOM

will be found in connection with the PHONOGRAPH office, open Day and Evening, Sundays excepted. Exchanges, &c., kept on file. Admission to Reading Room and Library, a penny a day—patrons of the paper, free. Books taken from the Library at the following advance rates, one book at a time:

By the Year, - - - - - \$1.00
Six Months, - - - - - .50
Three Months, - - - - - .25
One Week, - - - - - .05
Or one cent per day per book.

Strangers and others, at the Lakes and n adjoining towns, can be supplied with books by paying transportation and above rates.

**E. W. MOORE, II
CRAYON**

Portrait Artist,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, 173

Augusta, - Maine.

B. Emery Pratt,

Att'y at Law & Notary Public,
Farmington, Maine. 13

The editor of the PHONOGRAPH says it makes the friends of the proposed railroad to Phillips mad to read an expression of regret over unfavorable reports to the accomplishment of the enterprise. The unkindest cut yet!—*Chronicle.*

How would it appear, thou *Chronicle* man, if we were to announce any untrue statement, without trying or caring to get at the truth of the matter, even though we regretted to make the announcement? For instance, if we were to announce (with regrets) that the above-mentioned, short-sighted personage was attempting to make himself appear an uncompromising and consummate ass by his present and already defined and understood course in regard to our humble sheet—would we be held blameless for the announcement? Again—if there were any grounds for such an assertion—and we should announce (with regrets) for the public good, that a neighbor's family was terribly afflicted with the *itch*—think you, we could assume an innocent expression, and call it "unkind" if a neighbor, more interested in the welfare of the neighborhood, were to tell us our course was unjust. We scarce think it would be necessary to reprove us. We should hate, at least, to make the admission that we did not realize its effect. Had we the sublime cheek and ignorance to view either of the above announcements as to have been "unfortunately, and, to us, unaccountably, construed to be against" the reputation of the parties interested, we would—let's see, what would we do? Turn in our due bills toward stock for the proposed R. R., and sacrificing ourselves upon the altar—"where ignorance's bliss"—depose and say that our bones should either be bequeathed to some superphosphate factory, or having our defunct body suitably embalmed, have it placed at some obscure point of the proposed road, in such a position that it might view the prosperity of its disappointment, and try success as a "sleeper" for the S. R. & R.

"Our editor is a corpse," said Frank—"with the 'e' left off," added red.

Two great objects of our controversy with the *Chronicle* have been attained, and but for the utter impossibility of the thing, we would stop now. One object—the greater—was to get the *Chronicle*-crammer to say something for the R. R. We give him the benefit of that elsewhere. The other object was to get him to give us credit for matters taken from our columns. When we first started, we gave them credit as from the "*Chronicle*." Mr. Keyes requested us to say "*Farmington Chronicle*." We did so, and always have and shall still copy from the *Chronicle* all local matters of interest to our subscribers, giving proper credit. Has the *Chronicle* used us as fairly? No! It took from our paper the list of premiums awarded at the Strong show and fair, word for word, and gave their correspondent (Z.) credit for the same. This we know, because the list appears in both papers, word for word and figure for figure, the same. The premiums awarded at the Phillips show and fair were taken from the PHONOGRAPH, and given to the compositor for composing—although "O. S. N." was given credit for the same. A friend of ours saw O. S. Norton cut from our paper the latter list, simply adding one report which we had not then received. We do not charge Mr. Norton with stealing the list from us; but the *Chronicle* gave him credit for it rather than PHONOGRAPH. What's that you say about personal insults, animus, jealousy, dishonesty, and such?

We had decided to contribute substantial aid to the building of the road * * * until we were bitterly denounced, and ungraciously read out of the friends of the movement."—*Chronicle, 14th.* "At the very moment * * * we stood pledged for a contribution to the road under consideration."—*Chronicle, 7th.*

Look on this picture, then on that. Have we been the cause of the defeat of the R. R. project? We must counteract this evil effect, and come to the rescue. Some one lend us \$50, that we may take one share in the R. R.

"It is no child's play to run a newspaper."—*Chronicle.*
Child, give us thine hand!

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