

Phillips Phonograph.

DEVOTED PRINCIPALLY TO THE LOCAL INTERESTS OF NORTH FRANKLIN, ITS SUMMER RESORTS, MOUNTAINS AND LAKES.

Vol. IV.

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O. M. MOORE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Poet's Corner.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

Selected Story.

RACHEL GREENOUGH'S BOOK.

UNSET on the East river—and a lovelier stretch of sky never gladdened the eye of beauty-seeking artist! A merry little music-box of an April shower was dimpling turbid tides like the dance of invisible fairies, and the shining sheets of rain, sweeping away to wreath themselves about the arch of a shadowy rainbow, whose solemn splendor gleamed athwart the heavens, were transformed into so many tiny kaleidoscopes, as the level sun streamed triumphantly over spires of the great city. Involuntarily the passengers all thronged to the rough wooden

guards of the uncouth little ferry-boat—the rudest laborer of them all felt a sudden thrill at his heart as the conquerer sun threw down his golden lance across the long line of tremulous waves; if he had not, he would have been an iron man indeed! When Nature speaks in some intonations all her children recognize her language and bow before it!

Rachel Greenough leaned over the guards, gazing earnestly at the bright sky, her lips apart, and a flush upon her generally colorless cheek. She was not a beauty, dear reader, our Rachel; if you had passed her in the streets you would not have cared to look twice. She was merely a nice-looking girl, rather pale, with black hair growing low on her forehead, and gray, thoughtful eyes. But the stalwart young man at her side firmly believed that there was not a sweeter or truer face in all the wide world; and he ought to know, for had he not known her ever since they sat side by side on the wooden benches of the old red school-house under the hill? Hadn't he dwelt all his life within site of the Old Poplar Farm, which Rachel's father used to own?

"Isn't this a splendid shower, Rachel? How delicious the air is!" Rachel turned her large eyes wistfully up into his face. "Don't it remind you of the April rains that used to patter on the brook, where the wild honey-suckles and the hazel bushes grew, Charles? O, how I long to escape from the wild whirl and tumult here, and feel the sweet country winds upon my brow!"

"So do I, Rachel," he answered; "you can't imagine how beautiful it looks at the old farm—the violets are all blue upon the southern slopes, and the borders where you planted the crocuses look as if they were edged with gold!"

"I wish I could see them!" murmured Rachel, with clasped hands.

"Then, dearest," urged the young man, eagerly, "Why not accept my offer at once? Why need you stay here, working brain and health away, when I would so gladly toil for both? Rachel, you know how warm a welcome my mother would give you at the old homestead. Be my wife now, and the roses of the spring-time will be brighter to me than ever blossomed before!"

"Not yet—the time is not yet, Charles," she said, in a low voice, but one which was too decided to admit of appeal. "My mission is yet unaccomplished."

"Rachel," said the young man, "I won't deny that your language is beyond my comprehension. You always were too good and wise for me, darling; but I'll wait your own time, even if it should be a hundred years!"

She put her little hand in his, with a confiding gesture that made his manly heart leap with gratified pride.

"I don't wonder you are tired of the city, Rachel," he went on, talking rapidly to veil his embarrassment; "for even I, who have only been here a week, feel as if I were lost in its whirlpool. And you have lived here—let me see—"

"Ten years," said Rachel, quietly. "See Charles, the boat has stopped; we are at the New York pier. And now, good-bye!"

"And when shall I see you again?"

"I don't know, dearest—in heaven's own good time. Good-bye!"

Charles Hartford stood on the crowded pier, heedless of hurrying passengers and shouting cartmen—stood, firm and immovable a post, his eyes shaded from the level sunshine with one hand, watching the little figure in gray dress and simple straw bonnet until it had disappeared in the swaying crowd. And then he turned slowly away, feeling as if he would give uncounted worlds to be a boy again, with a boy's privilege of "crying out" his grief.

The April shower had tinkled out its brief tune, and floated away through the golden archway of sunset, to sprinkle other lands with baptismal dew. On the narrow panes of the little city windows the lingering drops yet sparkle like stray diamonds, and all along the western horizon great ridges of luminous cloud-pearl lay heaped in fantastic piles and drifts. How it had rained! and what a faint, sweet odor there was in the moist atmosphere. A smell of springing grass, and swelling leaf-buds, and moss-patches, sending up aromatic incense through layers of brown, fallen leaves. Even in the city street old Abel Greenough felt its undefined charm, and stretched his gray head out of the window, like a captive who looks through prison bars, and vainly yearns for his native land.

"Come, father, tea's ready!" said his bustling, little wife, who, with one eye on the clock and one on the singing tea-kettle, had spread the round, claw-legged table, setting forth the cups of brilliant "flowing blue" ware, and elaborately disposing the rarity of the season—a tumbler of tapering crimson radishes, immersed to their necks in clear, cold water—in the centre of the small feast. "I hear Rachel's foot-step on the stairs; and here's your big cushioned chair, all ready for you. And I've bought the nicest radishes, and—why father, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Greenough's cheerful tones had changed to an accent of greived surprise as her eye fell on her husband's.

"O wife, wife!" groaned Abel, limping to his chair with rheumatism-cramped limbs, "it does seem as if I couldn't live, nohow' in this shut-up hole. I don't mind it so much in the winter; but when it comes to this time o' year I feel as though I was perishin' for a breath of the winds that used to blow from the old pine woods on the Poplar Farm."

Rachel's soft step, as she came into the room, with a fresh color in her cheek and lips, interrupted him; but as she went up to give him his usual kiss of greeting, he resumed:

"What's the use of all your book-learnin' and all your pen-and-ink work, daughter? It can't give me back the old meadows and pasture-land that was my father's afore me! I know you provide daily bread

for us, but what's the use? Livin' ain't livin', in this cooped-up swarm of houses, and a body might as well starve to death as pine to death! Why didn't you marry Charles Hartford when you had a chance, and leave the poverty-stricken old folks to take care of themselves?"

Rachel pressed her cool lips on her father's burning brow. "Father, you are tired. You will feel better, bye-and-bye."

Late that night Rachel sat at her writing, the shaded gaslight throwing its little circle of brilliance down upon the flying point of the busy pen which had been her companion for so long.

"Rachel, dear, it is nearly midnight!" said the old lady who was nodding in her chair, having long since laid aside the silver-bowed spectacles, and the blue woolen "knitting-work" which had borne her company during the earlier part of the evening.

"I know it, mother, but I must work some time yet. Don't sit up for me!"

"Child, what are you so busy about?"

"Mother, said Rachel, leaving her work to come and kneel down by the old lady's side, her head resting on the lap that had been her refuge in so many childish troubles, "I am writing a book, and it is nearly completed."

"A book? dear me, child; won't it take you forever?"

"Not quite," said Rachel, smiling; but I particularly wish it to be a secret for the present."

"Well, then I won't breathe a word—not even to father. But don't work yourself to death, darling."

Rachel kissed the withered forehead, and went back with renewed vigor to her toil.

A year had passed away, more than a year, and the May days were growing longer and sweeter, when Rachel came home one evening earlier than usual.

"Father, would not you like to take a long ride to-morrow, with mother and me?"

"A ride?" repeated the old man, mechanically, a ride into the country? O yes, let us go! I believe a sight of the green grass would do my old eyes more good than all the rose-water in the world!"

The next day came, and as the carriage rolled through the fragrant country roads, where the banks on either side were sprinkled with buttercups, and the gnarled old apple trees shook their coronals of pink blossoms overhead, Abel Greenough's heart stirred with the glad feelings he had known as a boy, long, long ago.

"Rachel, this is something like living! But isn't this the Waynesborough road we are turning into? Do you mean to visit the Old Poplar Farm?" "Would you like to see it again, father?"

"Would I like it, daughter?" repeated Abel, almost reproachfully.

Rachel leaned over to grasp the old man's tremulous hand.

"Dear father, you shall see it!"

There it lay in the mellow noonday sunshine, the stately poplars, rearing their tapering spires, as of old, in front of the portico, and the grove of dark cedars still

casting cloistral shadows on the velvet grass at the north of the house. The coral honey-suckle waved its clusters of bloom around the porch-pillars, as if not a day had elapsed since Mr. Greenough passed out beneath them with a breaking heart; and the brown-breasted robins, darting in and out of the patriarchal cherry trees, eyed the new-comers shyly, as if uncertain whether they were friends or foes. Not a patch of moss more upon the low-caved roof—not a grayer stain on the antique well-sweep, so clearly outlined against the dazzling sky—they might almost have quitted it yesterday.

"But, Rachel," said the old man, uneasily, "why is no one stirring about the place? Why does it look so deserted?"

"Mr. Jennings sold it a few days since, father, and it has been vacated, ready for the new occupants."

"And where are they, daughter?" he questioned as he stood on the sunshiny porch looking wistfully about him.

"Here," dearest father!" said Rachel, throwing her arms about his neck. "We are the owners of the dear old farm once more. I bought it, and paid for it yesterday. Will you take it as a gift from your own little Rachel?"

"But where—but how—?" stammered the bewildered old man.

"Father, it is for this that I have been toiling during the last eleven years. My work is done at last—tell me that you approve it."

But ere Abel Greenough could answer, a tall figure darted from the wall of cedars, and Charles Harford caught Rachel in his arms.

"Mysterious little riddle! And I should never have known this had not Mr. Jennings accidentally revealed the name of the anonymous purchaser of the Old Poplar Farm. But, Rachel, am I right in concluding that the mission you have so often spoken of is fulfilled? Rachel, is the time come when I may claim you as my little wife?"

Nobody could ever assert distinctly just what Rachel answered to this appeal, but it certainly wasn't "No." For when the purple-and-gold-winged butterflies swarmed in early June around the snowy blossoms of the great white rose tree under the southern windows, every bud was gathered to deck the dark braids of a quiet bride whose dress of moonlight-colored silk was scarcely more spotless than her heart.

Old Abel Greenough was in his glory that night, welcoming once more to his home the friends and neighbors he had known long ago, and never weary of telling how it was that he had come back to them.

"Charles," he said, as the handsome young bridegroom came to tell Rachel that the clergyman was waiting, and to arrange one last rosebud in her hair, "I should almost grudge my little one to any one else than you. Take her, my boy, and if she makes half as good a wife as she has a daughter, you've got a treasure worth all the diamond mines of Peru."

And so Rachel Greenough was married at last under the peaceful roof of the Old Poplar Farmhouse.

WHY WEAR PLASTERS?—They may relieve but they can't cure that lame back for the kidneys are the trouble, and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action—and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to-day, and cure yourself. Either liquid or dry for sale at the druggists.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Original and Quoted.

The Institute Fair.

BOSTON, Sept. 16th, 1881.

Everybody and everybody's relations seemed to be going to the fairs to-day. So your correspondent, as an item of the population, went along. In some mysterious way he succeeded in getting aboard a horse-car, which was already vainly striving to accommodate a hundred people. After a ride of twenty minutes under very compact circumstances, the conductor called out, "Institute Fair—end of the route." The living freight poured out of the car, and was soon merged in the stream of people steadily flowing through the gates of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute. Once within the walls of the great building, there was no more danger of crowding. A regiment or the inhabitants of a township might be lost in the spacious halls and galleries. Over 100,000 people, it is said, can locomote and inspect the exhibits without inconvenience. 2,000,000 bricks, 2,000,000 feet of lumber, and 40,000 square feet of glass went into the structure. It is without doubt the largest permanent exhibition building in this country. The plan of construction is exceedingly simple. There is a front hall, and an enormous main hall with galleries above the former and round about the latter. The exhibits are thoroughly systematized, so that even without the comprehensive catalogue, which has been issued, any particular one can be found with ease.

The textile machinery—the canning metallic fingers that weave our clothing—the machines that turn out our boots and shoes with marvelous facility, the wood and iron working machines that supply all sorts of necessities and luxuries of life,—all varieties of these, and the engines that furnish the motive power, may be seen in practical operation in the main hall. The galleries are devoted to another class of exhibits, ranging, however, from furniture and pianos, heliotypes and chromos, to crockery and canned goods.

But your correspondent didn't attempt to investigate and comprehend all these things on the first visit. With supreme indifference to the sage injunctions of that terrible race of people, the methodical sight-seers, he sauntered about the acres of machinery, up and down the spacious aisles, into the unique and artistic sections of the galleries, anywhere and everywhere, at his own sweet will. He did not hold himself above partaking of the chocolate, male-berry coffee and griddle-cakes, that are dispensed free of charge in the rear gallery. Nor was he proof against the glass-blowers, nor even the card mania, which judging from the miscellaneous collections the ladies carry out of the building, has taken a new lease of life.

Among the exhibits peculiar and practical interest, is that of the Hampton and Carlisle institutes. A day or two ago a prominent Bostonian, standing on the floor of the main hall, pointed to this section, and said, "There, gentlemen, is the solution—the only solution—of the Indian problem. It is through education that the wards of the nation must be protected, and made into law-abiding citizens, and a period put to the generations of dishonor." The noble work that these institutions have done and are doing for the intellectual and industrial development of the Indian and negro is well illustrated by the exhibit.

Striking and suggestive contrasts are continually forcing themselves upon the attention of observant visitors at the fair. For example: in this Hampton exhibit sits a somewhat taciturn but very industrious Apache, not more than ten weeks from his native wilds. With ordinary shoemaker's tools, but in a method peculiar to himself, he puts together a pair of rough shoes in the course of two days. Almost directly below, on a raised bench over the spur of the Providence Railroad, is to be seen ye ancient cobbler, who consumes the same amount of time with much the same result. Round about the latter, and reaching the ears of the Indian as he bends quietly over his work, comes the incessant whirl and buzz of the numerous intricate machines of the modern shoe-factory, where the leather may be cut, a dozen processes gone through, and a finely-finished pair of boots placed upon the feet, in precisely eight minutes. There is something pitiable in this contrast. It makes the uncivilized look almost helpless, and the ways and contrivances of the past almost ludicrous in the light of the present.

The shoemaking exhibit is the largest in the fair, and is arranged to give the visitor as comprehensive an idea of the manufacture as could be obtained by spending a day or two in the numerous department of a large factory. In the latter a novice is apt to be confused by the roar of machinery, and the swarms of workmen, while here a logical insight may be obtained into all the processes, from the uncut leather to the finished boot. The factory is run full time, does regular work, and employs a large number of the company's best men. It may be of interest to note that on one day lately fifty-one cases of boots were turned out, and shipped by order to Cuba and sixteen different states.

To attempt to make further notice of particular exhibits would intrude too much upon your space. Suffice it to say, that the opportunities at the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute Fair, for instruction and amusement, for hearing excellent music, and enjoying one's self in a general way, are such that no visitor to Boston should fail to take advantage of. The admission fee is but a quarter,—the management placing it at this modest figure that the fair might be more of a popular educator. According to the turnstile count, nearly 200,000 people have already passed through the gates. The other attractions in the city, the grand fair of the Mechanics' Charitable Association, the Art Museum, the Natural History Rooms, and the magnificent churches of the Back Bay—all of which are within fifteen minutes of the Institute Fair—render it particularly desirable to be in Boston at this season. Arrangements have been made for excursion trains on all the principal lines of railway, and those who avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded will not be likely to regret it. ***

Col. A. Wood Merryweather, whom everybody in Scranton, Pa., knows, writes and says: "I had long suffered from a derangement of the bladder and kidneys; it had made my general health very poor. I also was troubled with severe indigestion: pills gave me only temporary relief, and I experienced great anxiety of mind, as well as physical distress. A friend recommended Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used it with most gratifying results, and just now my health never was better, and I feel that the cure is permanent."

Women in the Treasury.

The first female clerks in the National Treasury were appointed in 1862 by Secretary Chase, who placed them in the office of the Controller of the Currency at \$600 a year. They cut and trimmed the United States notes issued in sheets, and did their work very well. As soon as they had been appointed there were many other applicants, and their number steadily increased, many of them securing places through the peculiar energy and perseverance which will refuse to take no for an answer. There are now more than 1,300 women in the departments at Washington, the majority employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and in the Government Printing Office. They excel as counters, their slender, sensitive fingers turning notes with great rapidity and exactness. They detect counterfeits, it is said, quicker than men, though they do not succeed so well with accounts, as the average feminine mind has little natural love of figures. Counters and copyists receive \$900 a year, other women \$1,200 to \$1,400, several of them \$1,600, and one in the internal revenue, \$1,800. Most of the clerks are well educated and refined, and many have seen more prosperous days. A number are widows and daughters of army and naval officers who lost their lives in the civil war. Very few of the young women or widows marry or resign, and consequently the hundreds who are constantly seeking places in Washington have very slender prospects of success. The most untiring, obstinate place-seekers at the Federal capital are women.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Programme of that Interesting Event as arranged by an Italian.

Leonardo Aretina, an Italian of the 14th century, predicted the end of the world for the 15th of November, 1881. Behold the exact programme of this catastrophe which will happen in a few months:

November 1—The ocean will overflow its shores.

November 2—The earth will be souked with water.

November 3—The fish in the rivers will die.

November 4—All the water fowl and fish will die.

November 5—The birds in the air will die.

November 6—The houses will fall down.

November 7—The rocks will fall down.

November 8—The earth will tremble.

November 9—The mountains will fall down.

November 10—The men will become speechless.

November 11—The tombs will open.

November 12—The stars will fall.

November 13—All the men and all the women will die.

November 14—The heavens will disappear and the land will be no more.

November 15—A general resurrection and the last judgment.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. 40t28

The village of Birhaita is reported to have been destroyed by the Arabs.

Farm & Household.

A Phillips Fruit Farm.

Mr. Editor:—Please allow me space for a few words regarding the home farm of our enterprising townsman, Silas M. Wing. Having occasion to be at his house last week, he very kindly took me through his orchard, and it is a sight calculated to remain before ones eyes for a long time. His apple crop this year was shriveled by the cold weather in the early part of the season, but he has a large quantity of gauge plums, damsons and other plums of all kinds, which testify to the fact that this can be made quite a fruit country if care and labor are properly bestowed. His trees hang full and present a very delightful picture. He also has a large quantity of grapes of different varieties, all of which are yielding well this year. I notice most of his grapes are set near large ledges, upon which they run, and the warmth of the ledge tends to the early maturity of the fruit.

In addition to his other enterprises in the way of fruit, he has during the past season, cleared up and put in proper condition, a very large tract of meadow for cranberries, upon which he has set many thousands of vines.

It would be of advantage to our farmers generally to visit Mr. Wing's place and see what he is doing. I can assure them of one thing, they will be well received and entertained for he always appears glad to see his friends. *

Colossal Farming In California.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who has recently been journeying from San Francisco to Los Angeles, writes as follows: "Looking from the car across this great agricultural section, the range of the eye is bounded only by the distant mountains, while a broad expanse of waving grain, covering many thousand square miles of level land, lies between. Nowhere else is farming prosecuted on such an extensive and scientific scale, and the quantity of wheat and barley produced each year is somewhat enormous. To the Eastern tourist, the lack of fences, roads and homes is surprising. For miles and miles on each side of the road nothing but wheat-fields are seen, and the play of light and color upon the standing grain exceeds in beauty the best tints of the most famous artists. On every ranch is seen farming machinery of whose value the Eastern farmer is scarcely yet aware. Gang-plows for preparing the ground, centrifugal sowers, giant headers for cutting and costly separators for threshing, combined headers, threshers and sacking wagons,—these are the implements which have made large farming possible on the San Joaquin, and which have furnished wonderful results for the amount of capital employed."

Bushes and briars may be cut to the best advantage while they are growing, as at this time it will give them a check, while cutting when dormant or when the leaves are off rather tends to cause sprouting with increased vigor. It is better to cut or grub them as they are approaching the completion of the growth for the season, when they have nearly expanded their vigor. If done quite early in the summer they may have power to sprout again. A close repetition of the grubbing

will be likely to end them. Weeds are destroyed most easily and effectually as soon as they reach the surface of the ground, or better before they come up, by repeated stirring of the surface. The labor is greatly increased if they get a foot high; and on no account should they ever be permitted to go to seed.

The best rule for salting butter is to salt to suit the taste of the customer.—There is no use in applying any particular amount of salt for the purpose of preserving it, because the very lightest salting is always more than sufficient for all the effect salt can have as a preservative of butter. Generally one ounce of salt to sixteen ounces of butter, so as to obscure in a measure the faulty taste, the flavor of salt being less objectionable than a wrong or faulty taste in butter. But if the flavor is very fine and full it will not be desirable to hide it; but, on the contrary, to give it more prominence, hence less salt, say one ounce to twenty of butter, will give a better effect.

ITCHING PILES—SYMPTOMS & CURE.—The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, as if pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected; if allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment" is a pleasant sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all Scaly, Crusty, Cutaneous Eruptions. Price 50 cents. 3 boxes for \$1.25. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price in currency, or three cent postage stamps. Prepared only by Dr. Swayne & Son, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., to whom letters should be addressed. Sold by all prominent druggists. 1y8

The following is a well tested receipt for chicken cholera: At the first symptoms dissolve in one gallon of the drinking water half a teaspoonful of alum and the same of copperas; at the same time give daily in the soft feed a little sharp sand at the rate of one teaspoonful to a fowl. In severe cases give at once by hand a piece of alum and a piece of copperas, each the size of a pea, mixed in dough, with one teaspoonful of sand and a little meal and water. Continue the medicated water and sanded feed till all signs of disease disappear.

In Algiers a deep, steam cultivation is considered by the French agriculturists as the equivalent of half an irrigation. The ground is a sort of sponge, and absorbs the heavy dews to such an extent that it withstands the parching sun, and each night renews the moisture, while the shallow plowed soil is effectually dried early in the season.

In cultivating sweet potatoes it is a mistake to cut the vines short, as this will check the growth of the tuber; but they should be prevented from rooting outside of the hill. To prevent this, pull them up several times at the joints during the season. This plan will give potatoes, if the land is right quality and well cultivated.

Prof. Riley says that kerosene oil is sure death to insects in all stages, and the only substance with which we may hope to destroy their eggs.

The harvest prospects in Ireland are no longer gloomy or uncertain.

B. F. HAYDEN, Phillips.

People coming to the Fair, Sept. 28 and 29, will find by calling they can see the largest stock of goods in Franklin county, and they can be bought lower than at any other place. Do not fail to call and look, whether you want to buy or not, for I am always pleased to show goods and give prices.



Wall Paper, Curtains and Curtain Fixtures, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Cloaks and Cloakings, Woolens, Flannels, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, School Cards, Stationery. Hats and Caps, Cutlery, Silver Knives, Forks, Gent's Neck Ties, Collars, etc., etc., ever in Phillips, and they shall be Sold LOWER than the LOWEST. Call before you buy and look over the NEW GOODS.

The Largest Stock of DRY and FANCY GOODS, Boots and Shoes,

Monday, Sept. 19 to 21, Wednesday

Opening of Fall Goods!



News of the Week.

Details of the accident on the Erie railroad show that it was more serious than at first reported. At 6.30 o'clock Monday morning a wild cat freight on the Erie road ran into first extra No. 10 near Chemung station, a few miles east of Chicago. Engineer Fuller of train 10, Brakeman Bornt and Pomeroy were killed, and Conductor Jones and Brakeman Dunham fatally injured. The trains were wrecked and the track blockaded six hours. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of signals.

General Secretary Jones of the coal miners' association, Pennsylvania, has given notice to retail operators that if the price of coal is not reduced within one week another strike will be inaugurated by miners for an advance to five cents per bushel for mining. Operators lately conceded the miners an advance from three and a half to four cents, and at the same time raised the retail price to eleven cents. Secretary Jones claims this advance is unnecessary and extortionate.

Unusually cold weather is reported from Des Moines and other parts of Iowa for several days, and snow fell all along the Rock Island road between De Sota, twenty miles west of Chicago, and some points in Nebraska. Snow is two inches in depth at Omaha. The tops of cars on the Rock Island on arriving at Chicago were covered with snow.

The first dispatch that was sent was to Mrs. Eliza Garfield, the President's mother, at Hiram, Ohio. It read: "the President expired quietly and without pain at 10:45." The next dispatch was addressed to Harry and James Garfield, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. It said: "Come at once. Your father has peacefully passed away."

Dr. William S Pattee, for thirty years a prominent and respected citizen of Quincy, Mass., died at that town, Monday, aged fifty-seven years. He was born at Bath, Me., was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and contributor of the Historic Genealogical Register. He was the author of the history of the town of Quincy.

Pullman, the new manufacturing city, fourteen miles south of Chicago, where the ground was broken for the enterprise fifteen months ago, will by the first of January have ten thousand inhabitants, with elegant stores, opera house, church, hotel, schools, parks and all the accessories of metropolitan life.

A child of Mr. John Sargent, a carriage manufacturer, was shot, in Danforth, Friday, by a boy named Kiersted. Eight buckshot lodged in his right leg and knee and three in his left thigh. He was in a tree when shot and fell to the ground, bruising his head and shoulders badly.

The Russian Ambassador has informed the minister of finance of his intention to address the Porte a note claiming that the war indemnity will be included in the arrangement with the bondholders and protesting against a transfer of Bulgarian tribute to them.

A man named Lenahan, with his own family and the family of a man named Harvey, while boating on Lily lake, at Scranton, Pa., got drunk and capsized the boat. Lenahan's 9 year old daughter and William Harvey, aged 16 years, were drowned.

Mr. Perry, the editor of the Camden Herald, was obliged to have his third finger cut off at the middle joint Wednesday. The finger has been doing well until within a few days, and the other fingers had healed entirely several weeks ago.

The largest boat on the great lakes is being built at Cleveland, O. It is to be of iron, 302 1-2 feet in length, thirty-nine feet breadth of beam, and twenty-five feet depth of hole, and to have a capacity of 3,200 tons.

A man in Lowell, Mass., exhibits with beaming pride a weather-beaten clapboard from the house in Tewksbury, Mass., in which Gen. Joseph Warren, of Revolutionary fame, was born.

Two children of August S. Littlefield of York, were poisoned from cucumber vines on which Paris green, was accidentally thrown. One died shortly and the other is in a critical condition.

The barn of Peter Smith, in Brewer, was burned Friday evening. The barn contained ten tons of hay, one hundred bushels of oats, and a threshing machine; all were destroyed.

Brig Clara J. Adams, before reported ashore on back of the Cape, has become a total loss. She has broken up and fragments of the vessel are strewn upon the beach.

The man who bought the main Centennial building at Philadelphia for \$97,000 says that he has sold it to a syndicate of Pittsburg and other capitalists for \$175,000.

The dinner by Mr. Morton, United States minister to the delegates to Yorktown, has been countermanded in consequence of the death of President Garfield.

George Smith of Pembroke, while intoxicated last Thursday, beat his wife so severely that the physicians think the injuries will prove fatal. Smith has fled.

The Star parlor organ factor and Beatty's organ factory have been burned. Loss estimated at \$200,000. Four hundred men are thrown out of employment.

Fanfilla says the sentiments of condolence which the royal family have transmitted to Washington, are the sentiments of the Italian nation.

A fire has destroyed twenty buildings in Austin, Nevada, including the post office, Odd Fellows and Masonic hall. The loss is \$100,000.

It is reported that a shoe manufacturer in Lynn has forty thousand dollars worth of experience, the result of dealings in Hannibal & St. Jo.

The mill companies at Oldham, England, have agreed to stop work for a week. The loss to operatives by the decision will be \$20,000.

At Philadelphia, Judge Butler of the United States District Court, has authorized the extradition of Prompton, the English forger.

At Pittsburg Johnson & Company's glass warehouse and a portion of Hayes' lumber yard have been burned. Loss \$25,000.

Amiel Wentworth, aged 41, fell from a beam in his barn at Lancaster, N. H., Friday morning, and was instantly killed.

Seventeen banks in Chicago have authorized the cleaning house to forward \$2,700 in aid of the Michigan sufferers.

There are many cases of small-pox in Philadelphia, and the number is increasing so rapidly as to cause anxiety.

The tannery of Kiestad and son at Hancock, New York, with a large quantity of leather, is burned. Loss \$40,000.

There 19,388 births in Philadelphia last year, there being an excess of 766 males. The deaths numbered 17,711.

General Hancock will detail a special court martial to try Sergeant Mason, who attempted to shoot Guiteau.

Gov. Littlefield has called the general assembly to meet Sept. 26 to elect a successor to Gen. Burnside.

A dispatch from Santiago announces that Don Santa Maria has been installed President of Chili.

Otis R. Pickett, formerly a well known journalist, died Thursday in New Haven, aged 36 years.

Scully's planing mill and residence at Sanbury, Pa., were burned Friday. Loss \$20,000.

During a fire in Montreal three men jumped from a window and was fatally injured.

In New York T. & R. Patterson's box factory was damaged \$20,000 by fire Sunday.

Snow fell all Friday morning at Creston, Iowa, and in southern Minnesota.

Subscriptions in Boston to the Michigan relief fund amount to \$5,319.75.

The Porte is about to send 6,000 more troops to Tripoli.

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Saturday, Sept. 24, 1881.

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THE PRESIDENT.

The end has come at last. To the one who has suffered for the long and weary weeks that have elapsed since the bullet of the assassin prostrated him, it is a relief. But to the millions of American citizens who loved and respected their leader, it is a sad bereavement, and to the nation an irreparable loss.

Never before since the assassination of President Lincoln, have our people been called upon to go through such scenes of trying anguish and fearful suspense. During the sickness of our loved and respected President, the people had come to regard him almost as a father to every household in the land, and now that Death has accomplished its work, all mourn together, as brothers, the nation's bereavement.

Yet in all this woe the eyes of the nation are instinctively turned to him on whose shoulders the mantle falls. What the result of the change will be we cannot yet predict, but let all true citizens hope that the policy marked out by his predecessor may be his constant aim.

We believe that never before has a chief magistrate been placed under more trying circumstances than is President Arthur, to-day. Circumstances and influences which have surrounded him in the past will cause his motives and actions to be viewed with suspicion by many. The circumstances which have made Arthur, President of the United States, have also placed him in an extremely sensitive attitude, hedged about by those who will watch him with the eye of an eagle. Then remembering his position, let us have charity for him, and remember that he is only human, and liable to err. We fully believe the affairs of the nation will be conducted in the interests of the people, and that all petty differences will be laid aside.

Editorial Notes—En Route.

"George," said an elderly lady, as the train from Farmington reached Lewiston, "don't you go any further, my way?" "No, ma'am," replies Conductor Knapp. "Dear, dear! How can I get along without you—you're so kind!"

Monday, as a freight train was passing the Lewiston Fair grounds, several timbers fell from a load of lumber, striking the saloon car, and breaking off a closet door, then smashing a window. Another timber went through the roof, and knocked off the funnel. No one was in the car at the time. The Conductor and Brakeman (Chas. Dusty) had just stepped out.

E. A. Samuels, Esq., of the Boston Town and Country: went into the Lakes via. Andover, Monday, and will remain through the season.

Four hours wait at Danville Junction. When we did get a-going, on the Grand Trunk, we found it the easiest riding of the day—since leaving the N. G.

"Fun on the Bristol" and trouble on the Grand Trunk must be twins. 2 1-2 hours

after midnight, and crowds get aboard the train already full! Crowd up! We offer half our seat to a fair damsel, and say several pretty things. We ask, "Going far?" and she—"No un'erstan." French by gar! and she eats apples in French. She thinks we cannot even eat apples in French! She asks us to come out and let her sit by the window, in unmistakably English signs, and she casts French glances, nudges with a French elbow, and—Heavens! how can we inform her we have a family depending on us for support? But her fellow comes this way, and we are saved. She withdraws to her corner.

We nap a little. Richmond is visited—2 a. m. we seem to hang fire here some time. But we do not get away, and nap some more.

We strike a bit of Northern Aroostook country. A steady down grade for miles, and straight as II. How we whiz! 6 30 a. m., and still we are scooting. But we've got to climb that grade on the home run. We're speeding on to Montaeal and breakfast.

Such level country as we are now passing we had never seen before—as far as the eye can reach, as level as a house floor, and looking away across the fields, nothing but rail fences can be seen with now and then a cow's back above the fence. The farms seem to be divided into long, narrow strips, with fences separating them as straight as an arrow, and running till they apparently run into the ground in the distance. The fields are turned up into what are called French furrows—from six to eight feet wide.

We see a village of white cottages, stretched along for a mile or more, on but one street, and thickly settled.

Now we are entertained by a couple of mirthful Frenchmen, who take turns in delivering orations in their language.

We enter Montreal at 9 o'clock, Tuesday morning, after passing through the covered bridge over the St. Lawrence—probably two miles long.

First we see only dirty houses, goats, geese, and cows, roaming at will.

But what is this we see? The American flag, and set half mast! Alas! and is it ended? Garfield may-be is no more, but the end is not yet.

Montreal—Tuesday morning. Here all right, only have that fearful cold in the head. Hope to get over it before I get to K. C.

The Phillips PHONOGRAPH is to suspend the publication of its four-page extra on Tuesday, and add four pages to its regular Saturday edition, which will hereafter contain twelve pages. The PHONOGRAPH bids fair to become the leading Republican paper of Franklin County.—*Waterville Sentinel*.

That is true; and the *Sentinel* might have stated without fear of contradiction that the PHONOGRAPH is already the leading republican paper of the county. Were he located at Farmington, all would concede to him that honor, if honor it be.—*Farmington Herald*.

O. M. Moore, Editor and publisher of the Phillips PHONOGRAPH, left for Kansas City on Monday last. He will return next week.—*Farmington Herald*.

Not so fast, Mr. Herald. At any rate we shan't look for him for several weeks. If you see him, Mr. Herald, send him home.

While coming from Farmington on the excursion train, last Saturday, we were pleased to notice expressions of admiration and surprise, by many of Lewiston and Bath excursionists, at the wonderful feats of our baby railroad. Riding in a open car they had a fair view of the grades and curves, of which there are not a few, and numerous were the expressions of wonder at this feature of modern rail-roading. Our N. G. will never cease to be a marvel to the strangers.

THE END.

The Death of President Garfield at 10 45 Monday Night.

Neuralgia of the Heart Hastens the End.

Vice President Arthur takes the Oath of Office.

The end has come. President Garfield died with unexpected suddenness at 10:45 P. M. on Monday. He had a chill Monday morning, followed by great weakness. He slept through the afternoon and was quiet at 6:30, and even up to 9:45, his condition showed little change. At 10:15 he remarked he was suffering great pain in the region of the heart. The family were summoned; the President was already dying and unconscious, and in thirty minutes he was dead. We give below a history of his last hours.

THE FIRST NEWS.

From what can be ascertained, death was from sheer exhaustion. Warren Young, assistant to Private Secretary Brown, brought the news from the cottage at ten minutes before 11. The first indication that anything serious had occurred was the appearance of a messenger at the Elberon Hotel, who obtained a carriage and drove rapidly off. It was supposed he had gone to summon members of the Cabinet, who left Long Branch about 9:30 P. M. Attorney Gen. McVeagh notified Vice President Arthur of the President's demise. The Cabinet went to Francklyn cottage in a body at 11:15 P. M. Sec'y's Lincoln and Blaine arrived Tuesday evening. Great excitement prevailed at Long Branch. The guard around the cottage was doubled and no one allowed to approach it. The government took possession of the only telegraph wire which is connected at Elberon.

SEC. MAC VEAGH'S STATEMENT.

Sec. Mac Veagh says: I sent my dispatch to Lowell at ten o'clock. Shortly before that Dr. Bliss had seen the President and found his pulse 106 and all conditions then promising a quiet night. The doctor asked the President if he was feeling uncomfotable. The President answered, "Not at all," and shortly after fell asleep, and Dr. Bliss returned to his room across the hall from that occupied by the President. Colonels Swain and Rockwell remained with the President. About fifteen minutes after 10 o'clock the President awakened and remarked to Gen. Swain that he was suffering great pain and placed his hand over his heart. Dr. Bliss was summoned and when he entered the room found the President substantially without pulse and the action of the heart almost undistinguishable. He said at once the President was dying, and directed that Mrs. Garfield be called, also the doctors. The President remained in a dying condition until 10:45 when he was pronounced dead. He died of some trouble of the heart, supposed to be neuralgia, but that of course is uncertain.

THE DEATH BED SCENE.

Previous to his death the only words spoken by the President were that he had a severe pain in his heart. It is supposed by the surgeons that death was occasioned by a clot of blood forming on the heart. Dr. Bliss was the one notified of the

President's expression of pain, and upon entering the room he at once saw that the end was near.

Members of the family were immediately summoned to the bedside. All arrived and quiet prevailed. Mrs. Garfield bore the trying ordeal with great fortitude and exhibited unprecedented courage. She gave way to no paroxysms of grief, and after death became evident she quietly withdrew to her own room. There she sat, a heart-stricken widow, full of grief, but with to much Christian courage to exhibit it to those about her.

She of course was laboring under a terrible strain, and despite her efforts tears flowed from her eyes and her lips became drawn by her noble attempt to bear the burden with which she has been afflicted. Miss Mollie was naturally much affected, and a burst of tears flowed from the child's eyes, notwithstanding her noble effort to follow the example of her mother.

The death scene, was one never to be forgotten. Perfect quiet prevailed, and there was not a murmur heard while the President was sinking. After death had been pronounced, the body was properly arranged by Dr. Boynton. Telegrams were immediately sent to the President's mother in Ohio, and to the sons, Harry and James, who are now at Williams College, as also to Vice President Arthur and other prominent public men.

THE LAST BULLETIN.

The doctors issued their last bulletin at 1:30 A. M., on Tuesday. It was as follows:

The President died at 10:45 P. M. After the bulletin was issued at 5:30 Monday evening, the President continued in much the same condition as during the afternoon, the pulse varying from 102 to 106, with increased force and volume. After taking nourishment, he fell into a quiet sleep. After thirty-five minutes before his death, and while asleep his pulse arose to 120, and was somewhat more feeble. At ten minutes after ten o'clock, he awoke, complaining of a severe pain over the heart, and almost immediately became unconscious, and ceased to breathe at 10:42.

LAST SCENES AT LONG BRANCH.

About three minutes before 8:30 A. M. Wednesday, the doors were opened, and a double line of United States soldiers, forming part of the guard of honor, was formed in front of Francklyn cottage. The crowd was large. The people from all parts of the adjacent country had gathered at an early hour in all manner of vehicles to satisfy their curiosity and pay a tribute of respect. The sentries stood at either side of the entrance. The coffin lay in the hallway on the lower floor, a soldier at the foot and at the head of it. The coffin was black, with silver handles. Black rods ran along the side, and upon the top a silver plate with the inscription. It was lined with white satin. Across the top and crossing each other were two long leaves of palm. Only the face and shoulders were exposed, and one needed to know all that remained of James A. Garfield lay there to recall the face so familiar during life.

ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON.

The train bearing the remains reached Washington at 4:35 P. M. Wednesday. The passage from Elberon to Washington was one continued manifestation of sympathy and sorrow. In the populous cities, in the smaller villages, and even in the country through which the mournful train passed, demonstrations of sympathy and sorrow were ever present. In the larger cities multitudes of people assembled and stood absolutely silent, with heads uncovered, as the train passed by, while the tolling of bells, flags flying at half-mast and the funeral drapery which covered many buildings, all added to the solemnity of the scene.

THE REMAINS PLACED IN THE ROTUNDA.

"Nearer my God to Thee," as with solemn tread, the remains of President Garfield were borne into the rotunda and placed upon the catafalque, the Senators and Representatives preceding, and ranging themselves on each side of the dias. Close behind the casket, walked President Arthur and Secretary Blaine, who were followed by Chief Justice Waite and Secretary Windom, Gen. Grant and Secretary Hunt, Secretary Lincoln and

Miscellany.

THE WARREN TRAGEDY!

Two Women and a Child the Victims of a Man's Jealousy.

A Rockland despatch gives further details of the tragedy at Warren which was partly reported by telegraph Saturday morning. In a house on a bridle road leading from Mt. Pleasant road, lived David Robbins and wife, elderly people, and their daughter about 19 years of age, the wife of Charles Smith, and her child, a boy a year and a half old. The aged father of Mrs. Robbins also lived with them. In another part of the same house lived Isaac Metcalf and family. Smith, the murderer, who is about 35 years of age, was at work as a mortar mixer in Rockland. He had been for some time very jealous of his wife and last week made threats against her.

Friday evening Smith hired a team and started for Robbins' house which is about eight miles distant from Rockland. He arrived at the house and going in asked his wife to go out with him, which she did, when they had some words, and he told her he was going to kill her. He went back to the house where he had some altercation with Mrs. Robbins, his wife's mother, when he drew a revolver and shot her in the eye, and she fell to the floor. At this, Mrs. Metcalf, who was in the room, attempted to escape, when Smith fired at her when she went out, the bullet grazing her ear. He then turned and shot his wife in the neck, and she fell.

The murderer then went out and going round to the rear of the house, entered by a back door, and going into the room where his little boy lay sleeping, shot him twice in the mouth, killing him instantly. He then took up a lighted lamp and dashed it on to the floor, intending no doubt to burn the house, but it went out as it fell. He then returned to the room where his wife and mother-in-law were and shot the latter again through the body. He then spoke to his wife, asking her to kiss him, and shot her again in the breast.

While the shooting was going on, Mrs. Metcalf took her two children and ran out and hid in the woods till Mr. Robbins, who had been to the city, returned.

Mrs. Robbins died at 5 o'clock Saturday morning, and Mrs. Smith will probably die. The ball which entered Mrs. Robbins' head seems to have struck her back of the ear and passed along under the scalp, and came out at the eye, its force being sufficient to break the skull at this point. The other ball penetrated the chest and passed entirely through the body. The wound in Mrs. Smith's neck is very severe. The ball entered the base of the brain, and has not been found. The other bullet struck her in the breast, penetrating the lung, but did not come out. Mrs. Smith was conscious and able to make an ante-mortem declaration.

Coroner Rust held an inquest Saturday and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above facts. Smith, the murderer, as already reported, after committing his diabolical deed, drove back to Rockland and delivered himself to the authorities. He was arraigned Saturday, plead guilty and was committed to await the action of the grand jury, which meets tomorrow. Smith has not been regarded as a violent or dangerous man, though he has been accused of petty thieving. There was some ground, report says, for his jealousy of his wife.

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First Lieutenant.

BENJAMIN G. AMES.

Second Lieutenant.

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SERGEANTS.

Hiram R. Dyar, Orderly.

John N. Morrill, 2d, Walter F. Noves, 3d, Chas. M. Bean, 4th, James Snowman, 5th.

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MUSICIANS.

George P. Conner, Charles A. Morrill.

WAGONER.—Leonard T. Vosmus.

MUSTERED INTO THE United States Service.

AUGUST 18th, 1862,

AT CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE.

PRIVATEs.

- Arnold, Edgar W. McLaughlin, Jos. L.
Bean, Francis O. Manson, John S.
Butterfield, Aug. F. Merrill, Gideon S.
Butler, George Nevens, Fred H.
Bean, Nelson O. Norton, Oliver D.
Blaisdell, Lewis G. Phinney, Lincoln
Baker, Nathan A. Plaisted, Leonard F.
Bubier, Charles Purrington, Jacob
Butterfield, Ab'ham Perry, John W.
Childs, Luther Plaisted, John
Conant, Daniel A. Phinney, Spaulding
Colomy, Elbridge Pray, James E. S.
Dyke, Sidney B. Rand, Charles M.
Dill, Cyrus H. Roberts, Ebenezer
Dunnell, Alvah H. Roberts, Stephen H.
Eastman, George A. Roberts, James A.
Fogg, Charles E. Robinson, James B.
Frederick, Geo. A. Rowe, Seth W.
Gowen, Geo. R. Rollins, Albert G.
Goodwin, Jas. F. Strout, Oliver A.
Heath, Eaton Sawyer, Isaac D.
Huff, Benjamin F. Sanborn, Thomas G.
Hamblin, John A. Stearns, Albert M.
Hackett, Sumner S. Thompson, John
Hanscom, Eben B. Tyler, Ebenezer
Hosmer, Geo. L. Vaughan, Sylvester
Hard, Francis E. Walker, Jr., Robert
Ham, Charles H. Whitney, Benj. M.
Houston, Elbridge Wainwell, Andrew
Horn, John B. Wilder, Silas
Jennings, Asa Whitehouse, Chas.
Kannady, Warren Walker, James M.
Kannady, George H. Wentworth, Henry
Kimball, John H. Waringford, George
Keen, George W. Wright, Charles L.
Laird, William H. Waterman, John H.
Lander, Jason Wheeler, Jr., Ezra
Lowell, Jophanus J. Witham, John E.
Lane, James
Lawrence, James B.
Lamos, Lloyd W.

A little daughter of Mr. Frank Molton, of Whitefield, received a dangerous wound a few days since, while playing with a jack-knife. The child ran and fell on the knife, the blade entering the bowels severing an important blood vessel. The wound is considered to be very dangerous by the attending surgeon.

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Hunting and Fishing.

Angling As a Recreation.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

In the days of good old Father Izaak Walton, angling was, as stated by him in the title of his famous book, the "contemplative man's recreation." While this is no less true in our own day, the art of angling has extended its sphere of usefulness by becoming, not only the recreation of the contemplative man, but of the active, stirring, overworked business and professional man as well. While in the comparatively slow-coach days of the quaint Walton it was rather a recreation of choice, it has, in this age of steam become, in a measure, one of necessity.

The American idea of rest and recreation seems to have been based upon the Mosaic law of resting on the seventh, or last day of the week. A man must first gain a competency, and rest afterward, even if it took seven times seven years to gain the first condition—wealth—for then only would he be entitled, or in a proper condition to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*.

In the rapid race for wealth and distinction, men labor, night and day, with mind and muscle, especially during the season of business activity. But too often alas, they labor in vain, and find that the "bubble reputation," or the "wealth that sinews bought," has in a moment been swept away, after years of toil and anxiety. Or, if they make their footing sure, they find, to often, that the result has only been attained at the expense of a permanent impairment of health, for which the dearly bought treasure is but a sorry recompense; and the oft-imagined and fondly looked for goal, of a life of peace and quiet, and the enjoyment of the hard-earned competency, has been realized to be one of short continuance, or of long bodily suffering.

To keep pace with the rapid strides of trade and traffic, as much labor is now performed in one day, as was formerly done in a week. Consequently, between the busy seasons, or "heats," in this race for wealth and place, men find it absolutely necessary—not so much from choice, as necessary—to rest and recuperate, and build up the exhausted energies, the tired brain and relaxed muscles, and to gird up the loins for renewed efforts.

The necessity being acknowledged, the question then arises: In what way can this rest and recreation of the muscular and nervous tissues of the body be best attained? When men think of rest and relaxation, their thoughts turn naturally to the woods, to the fields, to running streams and quiet lakes, or the seashore. If it is simply a Sunday stroll, their steps naturally and irresistibly lead them to green fields, or the river-side; or a drive along the country road with its hedges, and birds, and crossing brooks. If it is a day's holiday, it must be a picnic in the grand old woods, and near a lake, or stream, or at least a babbling rill. The very idea of perfect rest is associated with mossy banks and cool sparkling waters. It is doubtful if there is a sweeter line in human language, or one more expressive of perfect bliss, of lasting peace, of complete rest, of true happiness, of quiet contentment, than that of the psalmist: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

But the question: Where can rest be found? has already been answered in the crowds of tired pilgrims—they are called pleasure-seekers, but they are looking for rest—who are seen each Summer-time wending their ways by rail and steamer, to the mountains, to the seashore, to the Adirondacks, to the great Lake region, to the wilds of Maine and Canada, to the charming streams and lakelets of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, or simply to "the country"—any place, in fact, is their Mecca, where may be found rest and quiet, green fields, green hills, green trees, and clear cool water.

Then, the season for angling, coming as it does during the Midsummer vacation in the pleasantest weather, and during the lull in active business life, presents at once means and the opportunity for enjoyment and rest, for recreation and peace. Horace Greeley once said to the writer that he had been for years eagerly looking forward to the time when he could lay down his pen for a few days, and "go a fishing;" but that time never came during his busy life. His dreams of a brief season of what he considered the very essence of rest and contentment, were never realized—he died a martyr to an overworked brain.

Rest and recreation to the active mind do not mean mere idleness, or, as it is more poetically expressed, *dolce far niente*; this, to many, would be more irksome than the hardest work. Many men have a horror of going into the woods, to the wilderness, to the lakes, or the seashore, because there is nothing to do, nothing to occupy their minds, nothing to save them from *ennui* after the novelty wears off. The busy, active man can secure rest only by diverting the muscular and nervous energies in new and unaccustomed channels. This may be accomplished, in a measure, by cards, chess, music, reading, etc., as purely intellectual recreations; while riding, driving, boating, yachting, archery, shooting, etc., furnish ample means for muscular skill and exercise; but *angling* brings into play both the mental and physical capacities. To be a good angler requires good judgment, much patience, rare skill, a full share of endurance, and a lively imagination; the latter quality is not absolutely essential, but it helps mightily when "luck" is bad, and on it depends the æsthetic and poetical features of the art.

But the persons who are disposed to "take time" to indulge in these or similar recreations, in our country, are quite limited. In England, it is considered a part of a gentleman's education to know how to ride, to row, to sail, to shoot and to cast a fly, and he is the better for it, morally, physically and intellectually. In our own country it is to often considered "a waste of time" to acquire and practice these manly and healthful accomplishments. Our girls may learn music, and dancing, and painting, as means and requirements necessary to the securing of a husband, but any attempt on the part of our boys to learn any of the manly sports, in a regular and systematic way, must be frowned down as opposed to all our ideas of thrift and economy, and a gross misuse of "time." What we need is more muscular Christianity; we would then have sounder minds in sounder bodies.

A few weeks taken from the fifty-two composing the year, and devoted to angling, shooting, boating, or "camping out," would not be missed in the long run from

the business man's calendar, but, on the contrary, would return an interest, which though it could not be computed by any rate of percentage, would be felt and realized in a clearer brain, a stronger body, and a better aptitude for business. The clergyman would acquire broader views of humanity, and preach better sermons. The physician would better appreciate, and oftener prescribe, Nature's great remedies, air, sunshine, exercise, and temperance. The lawyer's conscience would be enlarged, and his fees possibly contracted. The poet's imagination would be more vivid; the artist's skill more pronounced. Nerve would keep pace with muscle, and brawn with brain.

I have purposely avoided any allusion to the gipsy blood inherent in our veins, or the savage traits yet manifest in our flesh, and their liability to crop out, as evidenced in our love for nature and nature's arts. I do not look at it in that light. I claim that the more enlightened and civilized a nation becomes, the more it is interested in the works of nature and her laws; that the more progress we make in the arts and sciences, and all the achievements of a high state of civilization, and the more artificial and advanced we become in our ideas of living—the more readily we turn for rest and enjoyment, for recreation and real pleasure, to the simplicity of nature's resources, "Knowing that nature never did betray The heart that loved her." Cincinnati, O.



DOUBLE GALVANIC BATTERY

The greatest scientific achievement of the age, is best known cure for Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Heart, Nerve and ALL blood diseases. It lasts a lifetime, and costs but \$1; single, or children's size, 50 cts sent by mail, and a safe delivery guaranteed. Circulars, with hundreds of reliable references, free. Special terms to physicians and local agents. Will reliable parties, who wish a well-paying and honorable business, call or send for agents' terms? J. R. FLANIGAN & CO., Inventors, manufacturers, and sole proprietors, 89 Court Street, Boston, over Oriental Tea Store. A cure guaranteed to all cases, or no pay. Female weakness a speciality. Ladies in attendance. Consultation Free. 3m35*

P. S.—Beware of frauds. Paper was never known to refuse ink. Every cheap imitation is but an emphatic endorsement of the genuine article. Investigate before purchasing. Be sure you get the Patent Double Battery. O. M. Moore, Agent, Phillips.

A book of rare originality, entitled PRACTICAL LIFE

The great problem solved. The individual considered from the age of responsibility up to maturity, in regard to Education, Home, Society, Love, Marriage, Business, &c. How Bread-Eaters are to be Bread-Winners. The volume abounds in striking thoughts, rare information and intense common sense. Full page colored plate—each one a gem. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular, full description terms, &c., address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Phila., Pa. 4151

100 GOOD AGENTS WANTED

for our new Township, Post Office and Railroad Map of New England States, best yet published. THREE TO EIGHT DOLLARS A DAY MADE CLEAR, as Great Inducements are now offered. Every body needs it. Exclusive territory, apply at once to D. L. GUERNSEY, Cornhill, Boston or Concord, N. H. 461

Over 5000 Druggists AND Physicians

Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York: Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Caprine Plaster is a genuine Pharmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Caprine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER

Farmers Attention

New Model

BUCKEYE MOWER!

Delano Improved, Tiger! Cleaner and Thomas

HORSE RAKES

HAYING TOOLS! Of Every Description.

Solid STEEL SCYTHES.

W. F. FULLER.

A SOUVENIR.

The Death and Funeral of George Washington.

Through the kindness of Mr. Tomlinson, proprietor of the Poughkeepsie Museum, the editor of the Telegraph has been placed in possession of the following interesting account of the death and funeral of George Washington, who died December 14th, 1799. The following is a copy of the Poughkeepsie Journal of the date of December 31st, 1799. The Journal was then "Published in Poughkeepsie, by Power and Southwick, at the Post Office."

FUNERAL OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.
George Town, Dec. 20, 1799.

On Wednesday last, the mortal part of Washington the great—the Father of his country and the friend of man, was consigned to the tomb, with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansions—but, alas! the august inhabitant was no more. The great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how afflicting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty portico where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrouded corpse.

The countenance still composed and serene seemed to express the dignity of the spirit which lately dwelt in the lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin, was inscribed *Surge ad judicium*—about the middle of the coffin, *gloria deo*—and on the silver plate,

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Departed this life on the 14th, December, 1799. Et. 68.

Between three and four o'clock the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corpse was moved—the band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount, formed their lines—the clergy and the Masonic Brothers and citizens descended to the vault, and the funeral services of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessels in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

The general discharges by the infantry, the cavalry and one piece of artillery, which line the Potomac back to the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States, and to the venerable departed hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the son of glory was set forever! No, the Washington—the American President and General—will triumph over death; the unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate future ages."

The number of the Journal from which we copy the above is draped in the deepest mourning.—*Argus*.

KIDNEY-WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES!
WHY?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:
Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.
Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.
M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.
Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.
John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.
Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.
It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.
It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, \$1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
At the outlet of
RANGELEY LAKE
H. T. Kimball, Propr.

THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE is located at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, close to the Steamboat landing, and in close proximity to the best Trout Fishing in Maine. 1 1/2 mile from Indian Rock. Parties furnished with Boats and guides at short notice and reasonable rates. Six new rooms added this spring and house rearranged and refitted throughout. New spring beds and hair mattresses in every sleeping-room. Send for circulars. 39

MOOSE LOOK ME GUN TIC
HOUSE,
AT HAINES' LANDING,
RANGELEY, ME.
C. T. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

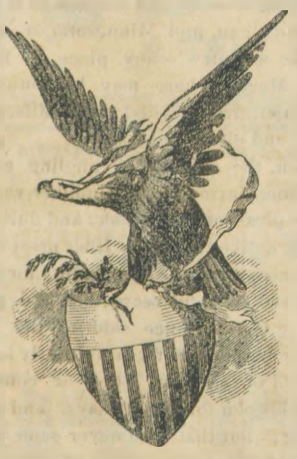
The subscriber having purchased the above house, formerly owned by Mr. George Soule, and situated on the shore of the Lake from which it takes its name, proposes to open the House for regular summer travel the 15th of May. Sportsmen and Summer boarders will find ample accommodations. The nearest point to the best fishing grounds on the Lakes. Boats and Guides provided at short notice. Address as above.
52 C. T. RICHARDSON.

Oquossoc House,
RANGELEY VILLAGE,
George Oakes, Proprietor.

The subscriber has leased the above House, and it is opened for Sportsmen and Summer travel. The above House is within three minutes travel of the Steamboat Landing, and is the most convenient for those that are going to and from Kennebec Lake to stop and take dinner. We have a good stable connected with the house, and horses to let.
37 GEORGE OAKES, Prop'r.
Rangeley, May 16, 1881.

M. W. HARDEN,
FASHIONABLE
HAIR DRESSER!
Next to Barden House,
Phillips, Maine.
Clean Towel and plenty bay rum for every customer. 752

ACCIDENTS
WILL HAPPEN.



INSURE

AGAINST THEM!

TRAVELERS



Insurance Co.

From \$5. to \$20.

WILL INSURE YOUR LIFE

FOR \$1,000

—in case of—

Accidental Death,

AND ALLOW YOU

\$5.00 PER WEEK

WHEN DISABLED.

Insure at this Office.

O. M. MOORE,
Agent.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER
DOES WONDERS!

The above is from a photograph of a well-known Ex-Mayor and of wife, of a city in the Middle States, taken before and after using this Great Tonic Family Medicine.

ARE YOU SICK?
HAVE HOPE.

If it's Liver Trouble, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Decline, Piles, "Wells' Health Renewer" Will Cure You.
It is the great Reliable Tonic for General Debility or Special Weakness of any functions; invaluable in nervous or mental weakness & Heart Troubles.
It is a complete Rejuvenator for Exhaustion, Faintness from overwork, Excesses, Advancing Age, Ague, Chills, Female weakness and disease.

SKINNY MEN
and Women should use the "RENEWER" as it is THE greatest remedy on earth for Impotence, Leanness, Sexual Debility, Nervous Weakness, Constipation, DYSPEPSIA, Kidney Complaint.

WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER
Restores Manhood, Vigor and Vitality, renews broken Mental and Physical Forces, clears CLOUDY URINE. Stops losses and escapes in same, cures NIGHT SWEATS, CONSUMPTION, PALPITATION, LIVER COMPLAINTS. \$1.00 per bottle at all druggists.
Can be sent in Dry Powder by mail sealed to any address on receipt of \$1.00, or for \$5.00.
E. A. WELLS,
22 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

ASK FOR
"ROUGH ON RATS"

15c. box's. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, mosquitoes, bed-bugs, insects, skunk, weasel.

Gen'l Sale and Purchasing Agency.

Matters advertised under this heading will not be charged for, unless the object is attained. Principally intended for disposing of farm stock, wants and small affairs generally.

Wanted.—Steam Engine.
Yearling Colt to Pasture.
Office Desk or Table.
Summer Board and Boarders.
For Sale.—1 5-yr.-old Yoke Cattle.
Nice open Buggy & New Sleigh.
One Cook Stove—1 Office Stove.
To Let.—Front Office.
For particulars, inquire at the PHONOGRAPH Office.

NOTICE.

HAVING disposed of the greater part of the Livery Stock of the late C. C. Bangs, I am now ready to sell a horse, carriage, harness, sleigh or pung, singly, or to sell all that is left in a lot as I can find a purchaser. The sooner you apply the better your chance for a trade will be. ELIAS FIELD, Admr.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
For the LIBERAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN. Examination for entrance, Sept. 14th. Catalogues sent on application to W. L. DEAN, Registrar. 847

Charles H. Vining, Wholesale Dealer in Wool, Hides and Skins. Office in store formerly occupied by J. W. Porter. Strong, Me., April 8, 1880. 6m31

BEEES FOR SALE.
Pure Italian Stock—several swarms, by J. H. CONANT, South Strong.

Miscellany.

Discoveries Made by Accident.

Not a few discoveries in the arts and sciences have been made or suggested by accident. The use of the pendulum, suggested by the vibrating of a chandelier in a cathedral; the power of steam, intimated by the oscillating of the lid of a tea-kettle; the utility of coal-gas for light, experimented upon by an ordinary tobacco-pipe of white clay; the magnifying properties of the lens, stumbled upon by an optician's apprentice, while holding spectacle glasses between his fingers, are well-known instances in proof of the fact.

Galvanism was discovered by accident. Professor Galvani, of Bologna, in Italy, gave his name to the operation, but his wife is considered as actually entitled to the credit of the discovery. She being in bad health some frogs were ordered for her. As they lay upon the table, skinned, she noticed that their limbs became convulsed when near the electrical conductor. She called her husband's attention to the fact; he instituted a series of experiments, and in 1789 the galvanic battery was invented.

Eleven years later, with that discovery for his basis, Professor Allessand of Volta, also an Italian, announced his discovery of the "voltaic pile."

The discovery of glass-making was effected by seeing the sand vitrified upon which a fire had been kindled.

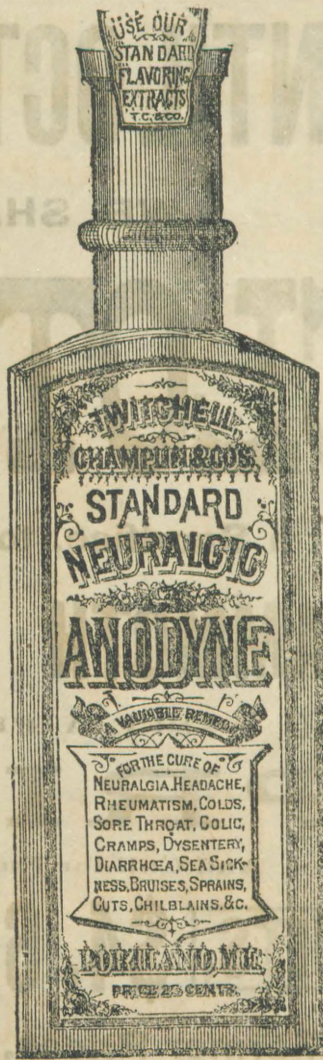
The making of plate-glass was suggested by the fact of a workman happening to break a crucible filled with melted glass. The fluid ran under one of the large flag-stones with which the floor was paved. On raising the stone to recover the glass, it was found in the form of a plate, such as could not be produced by the ordinary process of blowing.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A LEADING MEDICAL PROFESSOR.—The learned doctor says: "Keep some kind of a tonic medicine always in the house, and if any one feels unwell, make free use of it. But first be sure that it is both harmless as well as meritorious. Put no trust in alcoholic preparations: their use will lead to intemperance, neither be partial to any remedy that produces a severe cathartic effect, for prostration of the nervous system and digestive organs is sure to follow. The mildest and best medicine ever invented for strengthening every part of the body and restoring impaired or lost organic functions to their normal condition, and one which is having unparalleled and rapidly increasing sale in the Eastern States, is **Brown's Iron Bitters**. Any druggist will procure it for you if you request him to do so, especially when he finds you cannot be persuaded to take some substitute. It does not contain alcohol, and is the only preparation of Iron that cures headache and does not blacken the teeth. It is a sure reviver, a true strengthener, and the very best medicine ever invented for permanently strengthening the pulmonary, urinary and digestive organs, and preventing consumption, kidney diseases and chronic dyspepsia, often curing these diseases when all other remedies have failed; for it is truly nature's best assistant."—*Gazette*.

DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS, while away from city conveniences, the traveler should make some provisions against sudden attacks of headache, Neuralgia, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, and other diseases. *Twichel, Champlin & Co's Standard Neuralgia Anodyne* when taken according to the directions on each bottle will relieve the distress and remove the cause of any of these troubles. Try it and be convinced. 1y21

"This is brief and to the point," as a man remarked when he got up off a tack.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.



GOOD FOR EITHER MAN OR BEAST.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers and Country Stores.

Sick Folks should send a three cent stamp for a free book of nearly 100 large octavo pages, full of valuable notes by Dr. E. B. Foote, the author of **Medical Common Sense & Plain Home Talk**, on Scrofula, Diseases of Men and Women, and all chronic ailments, with the evidences of their curability. Address Murray Hill Pub. Co. Bx 788, N. Y. City.

NEW RICH BLOOD! **Agents Wanted Everywhere to sell** **Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People**. This is the best medicine for all ailments of the blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letters stamps. **Dr. J. C. Williams & Co., Boston, Mass.**

Sandy River R. R.

On and after Monday, June 27, 1881, trains will be run as follows:
 Leave Phillips at 7.10 A. M and 1.45 P. M
 Strong at 7.45 " " 2.30
 Returning—
 Leave Farmington at 9.30 A. M and 5.15 P. M
 Strong at 10.30 " " 6.10 "
 Arriving in Phillips at 6.45.
 3-37* JOEL WILBUR, Supt.

Knowlton Printing House, FARMINGTON, MAINE.

Knowlton & McLeary, Propr's.

All kinds of fine Book and Job Printing executed with dispatch: In fact, anything from a Card to a Mammoth Poster.—Orders by mail promptly attended to. 1y31

Nice Job Work at this Office

ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT!
 THE BANNER
KIDNEY REMEDY!

A Positive Cure for Kidney & Liver Complaints and all Diseases arising therefrom, such as

DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, BRICK DUST DEPOSIT, RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, & ALL DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS.

A Druggist has Sold over 1,000 Bottles. ROCKLAND, ME., April 25, 1881. I have sold over one thousand bottles of Elixir of Life Root, and have never found a case where it failed to give satisfaction. WM. H. KITTRIDGE.

Nearly Dead and One Bottle Cured Him. WESTFIELD, MASS., March 28, 1881.

J. W. KITTRIDGE, Agent Elixir of Life Root: Dear Sir:—Having suffered intensely for four years with disease of the Kidneys, after having during that time tried various medicines without obtaining relief, I was induced to try a bottle of your ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT, and it affords me pleasure to say that one bottle of it completely cured me. I recommend it as the only valuable and certain cure for kidney troubles I have ever seen. I would add that before taking your medicine I had become so weak that I was about to give up work. Hoping that others who have suffered like myself may be so fortunate as to try your valuable medicine. Truly yours, T. F. MCMAIN.

As a SPRING TONIC and APPETIZER IT HAS NO EQUAL.

One Dollar a Bottle. Elixir of Life Root Comp'y.

J. W. KITTRIDGE, Agent. 157 ROCKLAND, MAINE. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

SANFORD'S



GINGER.

Impure water, unhealthy climate, unripe fruit, unwholesome food, cramps, chills, malaria, excessive heat and the thousand and one ills that beset the traveler or family are nothing to those fortified and sustained by the use of SANFORD'S GINGER, "the delicious." As a beverage it quenches thirst, opens the pores, relieves the head, regulates the stomach and bowels, eradicates a craving for intoxicants and imparts new life to the languid, careworn, overworked, nervous and sleepless. Beware of imitations said to be as good. Ask for SANFORD'S GINGER and take no other. Sold everywhere. 4151 WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED THE AUTHOR.

A new & great Medical Work, warranted the best and cheapest, indispensable to every man, entitled "The Science of Life," bound in finest French muslin, embossed, full gilt, 300 pages, contains beautiful steel engravings, 125 prescriptions, price only \$1.25 sent by mail; illustrated sample, 6c.; send now. Address Penobscot Medical Institute or Dr. W. H. PARSONS, No. 4 Bulfinch St. Boston.

L. A. DASCOMB, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, PHILLIPS, MAINE. Office and Residence with C. C. Bangs. 3m42*

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offer for sale, their meat business and all equipments for running it. A good trade is offered if applied for soon. CARLTON & TOOTHAKER. Phillips, Sept. 7, 1881. 11f

TAKE THE



THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE.

No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.

The unequalled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C. B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort. Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given by applying to J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent, 236 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and 317 Broadway, New York.

PERCIVAL LOWELL, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago. T. J. POTTER, General Manager, Chicago.

Maine Central R.R.

Commencing Monday, June 27, 1881.

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave FARMINGTON for PORTLAND and BOSTON, and for LEWISTON, BRUNSWICK and BATH, at 8.50 A. M.

A MIXED TRAIN leaves FARMINGTON for LEWISTON Lower Station at 3.35 P. M., excepting Saturdays. Passengers taking this train can leave Lewiston at 11.20 P. M. (every night), connecting at Brunswick with Night Pullman Trains for Bangor and Boston.

PASSENGER TRAIN from PORTLAND arrives at FARMINGTON at 5.05 P. M.

Freight Train arrives at 1.52. PAYSON TUCKER, Sup't. Portland, June 27th, 1881. 1y12*

WANTED.

At once, girls to work in a Coat Shop. Steady Employment and Good Wages.

For further particulars, address ELWIN A. SOULE, Buxton Centre, Me.

Town Business.

The Selectmen of Phillips will be in session at the Law Office of James Morrison, Jr., on Saturday afternoon, of each week, for the transaction of town business.

JAMES MORRISON, JR., T. B. HUNTER, D. C. LEAVITT.

NOTICE!

THE Annual Show and Fair of the North Franklin Agricultural Society will be held at Phillips, September 28th and 29th, 1881. There will be trotting both days of the Show, for which liberal purses are offered. J. W. BUTTRFIELD, Secretary. Phillips, Sept. 7, 1881.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Sample worth \$5 free. Address STIRSON & Co., Portland, Me. 1y23*

Fun and Physic.

A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.

The cucumber looks green, but it has got an awful sight of wickedness hidden in its bosom.

In what respect is an ill-bred man like lightning? He does not know how to conduct himself.

A homely young girl has the consolation of knowing that when she's sixty she'll be a pretty old girl.

"I see Fred that you are on the road to matrimony." No, my dear fellow not on the road; I'm only on the bridal path?

Exhausted and enfeebled constitutions suffering from dyspepsia, nervousness and general weakness cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The wrong men always get rich. It is the fellow who has no money who is always telling how much good he would do with it.

Those who have taken "ELIXIE OF LIFE ROOT" confess that it has more curative powers in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaints than any other remedy. Try it at once and get well.

A Texas jurymen snored so loud in the jury box that he woke up the judge from a sound nap and was promptly fined for contempt of court.

"Gracious! wife," said a father, as he looked at his son William's torn trousers, "get that little Bill resealed." And she replied, "So I Will."

The shades of night were falling fast, when through a rural paper cast, we found a dozen puffs so nice, and garnished with that sweet device—Taffy.

Jones on hearing a band of "picked musicians" torturing a tune at a recent concert, said, "Ah I understand; they were picked before they were ripe!"

An advertisement is headed "Don't die in the House." Why not? Does the man want people to go out to the barn to die just because he has invented a rat-poison?

A lot of Maine women have organized a mining company. If speech is silver, that company will strike the biggest bonanza ever seen at the first meeting of the stockholders.

Thousands of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrance of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound. It positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

The owner of a large cranberry-farm at Berlin, Wis., employs a hundred girls, and he promises to marry the one who picks the most berries this season, providing she wants him. A safe proviso.

A small boy who goes to private school, was asked, on returning home at the end of the first session, how many children were present. "I think," said he, "that the teacher ordered 12, but there were only nine there!"

"If I was as bald as you," said Gus De Smith to one of the most prominent citizens of Austin, "I would wear a wig." "I don't see why you should ever wear a wig," was the quiet response; "an empty barn don't need any roof."

REGULATE THE SECRETIONS.—In our endeavors to preserve health it is of the utmost importance that we keep the secretory system in perfect condition. The well-known remedy Kidney-Wort, has specific action on the kidneys, liver and bowels. Use it instead of dosing with vile bitters or drastic pills. It is purely vegetable, and is prompt but mild in action. It is prepared in both dry and liquid form and sold by Druggists everywhere.—Reading Eagle.

A Deadwood man saw another reach for his pocket, thought the fellow meant to draw a revolver on him and shot him dead. Then he found that the man was about to draw a flask to treat him, and he much regretted his hasty act. But he remarked that the last wishes of the deceased should be carried out, and took a drink from the flask. Such a touching example of respect for the last wishes of the dead is seldom seen.

Greenvale House.

At the Head of Rangeley Lake.

This house is the headquarters for Fishermen and Tourists, three miles nearer the depot at Phillips than any other hotel at the Lakes. Passengers for Mt. View, Indian Rock, Upper Dam, Parmachenee Lake, and all points on the lower lakes can save three miles staging by taking the Steamer from this house. Guests who wish to reach the Steamer Oquossoc, at Haines' Landing at 8½ o'clock, a. m., can do so from this house.

The stage from Phillips arrives daily, giving passengers who wish to go down the Lake ample time for dinner. The stage for Kennebago Lake leaves this house daily on arrival of stage from Phillips. Good accommodations for Summer boarders, and prices reasonable. Livery stable connected. Greenvale, Me. GEO. M. ESTY, Prop'r.

MOUNT BLUE HOUSE!

At Foot of Mt. Blue.

R. L. HILLGROVE, Propr.

This house is pleasantly situated, four miles from Phillips village, on a good road, remote from other habitations. Good path and easy ascent to the top of the mountain, where a most magnificent view is obtained. Mt. Blue Pond and streams near by afford the best of Trout Fishing.

Hotel charges very reasonable, and facilities excellent. Make it in your way to visit this famous retreat.

CAMPS BEMIS!

Ten in number, are pleasantly situated on the shore of Mooselookmeguntic Lake (of the Rangeley group), at the entrance of Bemis Stream. Each Camp is built of logs and lined with birch-bark and has a sitting-room with a large brick fireplace, and one or two sleeping-rooms. The latter are supplied with patent spring beds and good mattresses.

Here the sportsman is near as good fishing and hunting as anywhere in the Rangeley Region. Within a three-mile walk are the four ponds, famous for their trout; and Metalook Pond, abundant in ducks, and frequented by deer. Steamer "Oquossoc" will make daily trips to camp, from Indian Rock and Upper Dam. The steamer "Cupsuntic" will run up to Cupsuntic Falls on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, to accommodate Parmachenee travel.

Board at Camps Bemis—two dollars per day. Ten dollars per week through July and August. Capt. FRED C. BARKER, Manager.

The Barden House

PHILLIPS, MAINE,

SAMUEL FARMER, Prop'r.

The above House—within two minutes walk of Depot—has been thoroughly renovated and Ten good Rooms added, besides Toilet Rooms on second floor; New Crockery and the best Spring Beds with hair mattresses to be found in the market, and New Furniture in part, have been put in this Spring. It is intended to make this a strictly First Class Hotel.

The Proprietor will give his personal attention to his many friends and patrons, and promises the Tables shall be second to none and everything entirely satisfactory.

Prices—By the day, \$2.00; over night, \$1.50, and by the week in proportion, or according to rooms.

RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE,

Rangeley Village Me.

THE LARGEST HOTEL at the Lakes; pleasantly situated at Rangeley Village. Stage from Phillips arrives daily in time for dinner.

Kennebago Lake Stage leaves this house daily, on arrival of stage from Phillips. Three miles shorter route than any other. Steamboat stops at this place over night. Guests from this house can leave on the boat daily, at 7 a. m. and 1 p. m., for Indian Rock, Soule's Camp, and all points down the Lakes. Summer Boarders will be accommodated on reasonable terms. A good Stable is connected with this house.

J. A. BURKE, Prop'r.

ELMWOOD HOUSE,

Phillips, Franklin Co., Maine.

The Most Convenient Point for Parties visiting the

Rangeley Chain of Lakes

in the Famous Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Maine.

THEO. L. PAGE.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 17 Stops 5 set gold-en tongue reeds only \$85. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

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