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Belfast Directory.

RAILROADS AND STEAMBOATS.

Boston & Bangor S. S. Co. Leave Belfast for Boston every day except Sundays, at 4 p. m. Arrive in Boston next forenoon.

Leave Belfast for Bangor and intermediate landings every day except Monday on arrival of the train leaving Belfast at 7.30 a. m.

Belfast Pigeon Hill stages run round trips per week between Belfast, Castine, Deerisle and Brooksville. See ads.

STAGES.

Leave Belfast for Searsmont, Searsport, through the towns of Morrill, Knox, Freedom, Albion, Benton to Fairfield. Three trips to Albion, and daily from latter place to Belfast Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, on arrival of train leaving Belfast at 7.30 a. m. Leave Belfast Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m.

Belfast to Bangor, 30 miles, through the towns of Searsmont, Searsport, Stockton, Prospect, Frankfort, Hampden and Bangor. Daily except Sunday. Leave Belfast every day at 8 a. m. Returning leave Bangor every day at 8 a. m. Belfast to Jackson, 26 miles, through the towns of Morrill, Brooks, Freedom, Liberty, Montville, Palermo, Unity, Lincolnville and Augusta. Daily except Sundays. Leave Belfast every morning at 8 a. m. Arrive in Augusta at 10.30 next day. Returning leave Augusta at 11 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Leave Belfast Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays via Searsmont, Lincolnville, Camden and Rockland.

Belfast to Frankfort via Swanville and North Jackson, 17 miles. Leave Belfast Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1 p. m. Leave Frankfort Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m. Belfast to Rockland, 30 miles, through the towns of Lincolnville, Camden and Rockland. Leave Belfast 7.30 a. m. Arrive at Rockland 12 m. Leave Rockland 2 p. m. Arrive at Belfast 4 p. m.

Belfast to Center Lincolnville, 12 miles, twice a day. Leave Belfast Mondays and Thursdays at 1 p. m. Leave Center Lincolnville on arrival of train leaving Belfast at 12 m.

CHURCHES.

CITY. The following is the programme for services in the different churches:

FIRST, Silver street, Rev. W. H. Williams, Sabbath school, 9 a. m.; preaching at 10.30 a. m.; Sunday evening, 7 p. m.; young people's prayer meeting, 6 p. m.; general prayer meeting, 7 p. m.

CONGREGATIONALIST church, corner of Market and Church streets, Rev. Geo. A. Reed, pastor. Sabbath school, 12 m.; prayer meeting, 7 p. m.

UNITED, High street, Rev. Geo. E. Tuttle. Sunday School at 12 m.; preaching at 7 p. m.; prayer meeting, 7 p. m.

CHURCH, County street, Rev. T. B. Gerrish, pastor. Preaching at 10.45 a. m., Sunday evening before first Sunday evening, 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST church street, Rev. J. A. Saxon. Preaching hour 10.45 a. m.

CHURCH, Johnson Hall, High street, supplied by the Church of the Redeemer. Services every Sunday morning.

CHURCH, The bodies meet at Masonic Temple, Church, Main and High streets.

CHURCH, Commanders K. T., No. 14. Regular meetings 2d Wednesday evening in each month.

CHURCH, Belfast R. A. S. M., No. 4. Regular meetings 3rd Tuesday evening in each month. Special meetings.

CHURCH, Waldo Chapter, No. 7. Regular meetings first Monday evening following full moon. Special meetings at call.

CHURCH, Lodge, No. 21. Regular meetings Monday evening before full moon. Specials at call.

CHURCH, Chase Lodge, No. 126. Regular meetings Friday evening in each month. Specials at call.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OD'D FELLOWS. Bodies of Odd Fellows: Halloo Center Maple and High streets.

CHURCH, Encampment, No. 26. Regular meetings 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in each month.

CHURCH, Lodge, No. 42. Regular meeting every Friday evening.

CHURCH, Canton, Lodge D. of R. Regular meetings 2d and 4th Tuesday in change of moon.

TEMPERANCE. Belfast Lodge, No. 30. Regular meeting every Monday evening at the Union Temperance Hall.

UNION LEAGUE. Public meeting each Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Temperance Hall. Rev. T. C. Business meeting every Saturday evening, at the Congregational church parlor.

GRAND ARMY. Thomas H. Marshall Post, G. A. R., No. 9. Regular meetings 2d and 4th Friday evenings, over the Angler store, 104 Main street.

W. H. Smith Granges, No. 243. Regular meetings Saturday evening over F. E. Knowlton's Hardware store.

Belfast Grange, No. 99, meets every Saturday evening in Building on the Lincolnville road near Albert Harris.

GRAND ARMY. Waldo Co., No. 22, AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR. Meets at Geo. E. Johnson's office, Hay Block, on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.

ROYAL ARCANUM. Belfast Council, No. 256, meets at Kilgore's office, Masonic Temple, on the 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month.

BELFAST POST-OFFICE.

Mails are made up and closed at the post-office as follows: For the east, Boston and all points west, 7.00 a. m., 1.00 p. m. Closes 7.45 a. m., and 3.30 p. m.

The mail for the western mail arrives at 10.45 a. m. and 3.30 p. m. Closes at 9 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

[For this department brief suggestions, facts and experiences are solicited from housekeepers, farmers and gardeners. Address Agricultural editor, Journal Office, Belfast Maine.]

Agricultural Comment.

SPECULATORS.

The fascination of speculation is the most demoralizing and the most lasting of any infatuation that ever crazed the mind of man. He who sits down to a gaming table knows he is engaging in an illegal and immoral act—a social crime. On the contrary the grain or stock speculator imagines he is doing a very respectable thing as the taking advantage of the confidence of investors is considered a very smart stroke. Prices fluctuate—the money is there plain to view and tempts by the seeming facility of obtaining it and its glittering fascinating power leads on to further ventures. And when gained—has the result been worth the labor? Most emphatically, no!

THE TOUCH.

This is by all odds the most important test of an animal. One that handles well is sure to be a good animal; and the power or capability to tell a good 'touch' seems to come only through intuition or long experience. It is excessively difficult to describe it.

BARLEY.

The great barley district in Canada is found around the B y of Quinte, near Kingston, Ontario. This is a limestone formation, and this barley is in great demand by brewers. Were other grains confined to the fertile districts that barley is, the returns would probably be fully as profitable. Barley returns show it is more profitable under present condition of growth than are corn, rye, oats, buckwheat or wheat. There is not enough grown in the United States to supply the home demand.

COAL ASHES.

These are valuable to change the mechanical condition of the soil and are good in the orchard especially as a top dressing for cherry and pear trees. They are also good for squash vines and for radishes. They are valueless as a manure food for grain crops.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

We should keep more stock, making more dairy products and beef and mutton for the butcher. The increase in the amount of manure would prove of almost inestimable value and the value and fertility of the farms be greatly increased.

LIME TO STERILIZE SOIL.

Lime acts as a disintegrating agent, making more plant food available in the soil by its chemical action, and should be used without fail in the rotation of manures which should be adopted as much as a rotation of crops.

NEW METHODS.

There is always a great hue and cry periodically about some new plant or about some new cultivation that should be immediately adopted. The great curse of agriculture in this country is the amount of stuff that is allowed to go to waste on the ground and yet we are asked by the theorists to cultivate the tea plant and to engage in the silk industry. Let us take care first of what we have—there is room for improvement.

CABBAGES.

It is important to raise cabbages on land not recently devoted to cabbage growing, otherwise there is great danger from club root. One of the best preventives of this disease is heavy manuring and top dressing with lime. The "insect" so frequently alluded to is probably the result and not the cause of the disease.

TEMPERANCE.

The beneficial effects or results of temperance is shown in the two Western States, Kansas and Iowa, which have adopted strict temperance legislation. The wheat crop in Kansas is estimated at 40,000,000 bushels, which could not be grown where the farmers passed their time in saloons drinking rum.

CARP CULTURE.

Too much has been claimed for fish growing, and the culture of carp has not proven so successful or profitable as was expected. Under proper conditions it can hardly be doubted but that it should be profitable. In isolated ponds carp multiply and grow very rapidly; to our taste they are poor eating, as compared with fish which live in colder or running water. At certain seasons they are better than at others, having a muddy taste in July and August when the water is warm.

TROE CULTURE.

The preservation of our forests is of supreme importance and forest lands possess great value as reservoirs for streams and for sanitary and climatic influences. It is a matter primarily for the States except as regard lands in the Territories. The pine is nearly all gone in Maine now, and hemlock and spruce are fast disappearing. In England, France and Germany the system of forestry legislation is very comprehensive and exact.

BUCKWHEAT.

New York and Pennsylvania produce sixty-eight per cent. of the twelve million bushels of buckwheat now grown in the United States. Only twenty per cent. is grown outside of New England and the Middle States. The great fertile prairies and the South are not favorable to buckwheat, which does well in hilly regions on light and thin soils, flourishing at higher altitudes at a lower temperature and under a greater rainfall than other grains.

STORE CREDIT.

Goods bought on credit are always dear, more is purchased than is needed and a higher price is always paid by the credit purchaser. The bill or account runs on, increasing and increasing till a startling sum is reached. The storekeeper takes a note at a good rate of interest and the usual result is that the farm is soon mortgaged and his farm is devoted to making money for the storekeeper whose slave the farmer has become. [Mass. Ploughman.

Local Fairs as Educators.

Farmers have not as cordially devoted themselves to the success of annual fairs as their importance demands. The local annual fair is the farmer's home school, and should teach a valuable, practical lesson. The fair should be expected to bring together the best evidence of the advancement of agriculture in its district. If the farmers in the district represented by the annual fair, entered into it as a matter of personal interest, competing whenever an opportunity offered, offering prizes in all those departments most requiring improvement, stimulating a lively rivalry, such enthusiasm would produce most unexpected progress, and soon give the fair a wide reputation.

Every prize offered should be for the illustration of some important point in agricultural practice, and as the feeding of live stock absorbs more of the capital and time of the farmer than any other specialty, so it should occupy a very prominent position at all our local fairs, and the prizes should be given to illustrate in a practical way all the live stock specialties. All breeds of cattle should be encouraged alike, for each breed has special qualifications adapting it to certain localities. All matters in farm practice should be illustrated at our fairs, and every farmer should regard it as his duty to assist in building up these local fairs. [National Live-Stock Journal.

Mr. Bergh says he has in his possession wills bequeathing half a million dollars to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the society is already self-sustaining, although its annual expenses amount to $20,000.

Beyond.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond;
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies, that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world; yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there,
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so to me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea;
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Gold Digging in Saugonnet.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

The amount of treasure buried by Capt. Kidd is perfectly incalculable, because nobody knows the data but Tradition, and she is such an arrant liar. It grows like the old chairs and tables, brought over in the Mayflower, or the wood of the true cross in lands of the faithful, which even now, have become the largest stock of lumber outside of the State of Maine.

Wherever the sturdy pirate chanced to be when his ship had got piled, from kelson to taffrail, with gems, and jewels and solid ons of gold, "as he sailed," he would run into the first quiet cove, and bury his treasures in the sand, and set an elect demon to watch over it; and he must have had at command, whole legions of those bat-winged reptiles, and sooty pteradactyls of the under-world, so numerous are the hiding-places of his plunders. All along the sandy flats of New Jersey he stowed away dinner-pots of gold coin, and bags of diamonds, with a frequency that is astonishing to those who fail to find them.

The Long Island shore is lined with send ingots that are not easily got out, for the imps that watch them are as shrewd as their father, and if they fail to frighten the gold hunter away, they will turn the whole cache into yellow sand under his spade, just as he hopes to turn the sand into cash.

There are, also, huge bins of the Kidd metal in the heart of the primitive ledges of Dungeon Rock, Lynn, so mirach-master guarded that the most assiduous and well-directed labors have failed to come upon them. In fact, Kidd's gold is like a "razor-shell," the solon; you dig for it, and it dips off, keeping provokingly near your spade and pick, and after you have blasted the rock for years, and got only your liberal "pile of rocks," you are driven by sheer desperation, to blast the luck, a profanity to which one is naturally led by familiarity with evil spirits.

Living as we do, on the Saugonnet coast, we have hesitated, and delayed to mention that a considerable store of the Kidd treasure, packed in pots, and kettles, and iron chests, lies to this day—as snugly as it ever did—under the sand dunes of the East shore, and so undisturbed has it been for the last half century, that the legion who guarded it have for a long while been off duty, playing the truant among the inhabitants of this secluded and virtuous region; wherefore we have been the more reluctant to draw the attention of adventerers to these rare deposits, hoping that something might turn up, or cave in, or wash away, and the treasure so lately guarded, might fall into our hands without a struggle.

As a warning to any rash exploiters, we record the fearful experience of the men who last invaded the goblin treasury, and how one of them was carried away bodily, by the guardian monster of the place. It, in the narrative, we seem to whistle to keep up our courage, and do not always keep on the grim face of funeral decorum, it is, partly, that the tale be not too tragic, and partly that it was none of our funeral, anyway, and, conclusively, that not even the mourners are left, and nothing but the gold is where it was.

It came to pass on the night of the 11th of September, 1809, or, possibly, as our memory of that period is a little misty, it was the 9th of September, 1811—let us have accuracy rather than piquancy—that Hezekiah Elbower, in the familiar language of neighborly affection designated Ki, and Josiah his brother, for euphony, symphony and brevity, called Si, and one Stephen Kilby known by the rather frightful, imperative agomen Kil, were the daring projectors of this terrible expedition.

In these days, when ghosts are linen weavers, kitchen servants, and parlor playthings; when even young girls amuse themselves with trundling that little devil's wheelbarrow—Planchette—with the master aboard—one can hardly appreciate the courage required to face the wrath of infuriated goblins and jealous imps, in these days, and among the ruder populace who were nursed on "boogar-stories" instead of science. These were plucky fellows, as you will see, bottle-brothers who drank confidingly from the same jug, hugged each other's heels tenderly in the same ditch, and went to bed the next morning with the same headache. Temperance had not been invented, and New England rum was the most cheerful form that molasses could assume, as a domestic luxury. Over their imaginations the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, so far away and dim, if indeed they had ever heard of that municipality, would not have exercised a control like that of the near deposits of gold and jewels, which lay only a mile off, among the sand hills of the East Shore, where the sharp sedges hissed and shrieked in the Atlantic gales.

The tradition had been familiar to them from boyhood, and from long habit of fancying where the best diggings lay, they had come to have a very definite feeling of certainty about it, till, finally, as a clinching confirmation of their conjectures, Si Elbower dreamed that he sat eating peanuts on "Brimmer's Flower-bed," the largest of the sandhills, derisively so named, when the very old split-hoof himself came suddenly and snatched them away. This left hardly a doubt that here was the true spot, though not giving a cheerful omen of their success.

After days of weary farm-work between the granite ledges, they had nights of quiet drinking, over the project of unearthing that treasure, when in low, longing, hungry and thirsty consultation, they balanced their chances and the little brown jug alternately. This last, their poetic fancy had named "the little brown maiden," and to her they certainly showed the rare virtue of an unjealous constancy.

But there was that strange, somewhat inscrutable servant of His Sulphurous Majesty, that kept watch and ward there. Would he let up? How did he look? What might, could or should he do if invaded? And what were the chances of escape, should he appear? Was there any particularly powerful collection of "hog Latin" that would take the kink out of his tail, and send him screeching to his barbor to recoil it with his hot tongs? Such were the questions they asked of each other; such the perils they anticipated. With this wholesome fear of the evil one, which, in such fellows seems as notable an example of filial piety as we could expect, they had an unexpressed feeling of self-justification in their scheme, which, had it come to the surface as an idea, would have been to this purpose:

"Here, now, is treasure in the hands of adversity, so called; and here are we, who do not know a pulpit from a pediment, unless it be the imp-pediment that keeps us from our fortune; and what possible difference can it make to his irreverence whether this gold be continued in charge of a shoal of ragged-out imps, who can never use it, or come into our hands, that are fresher, if not cleaner, and still all in the family, as you may say?"

The reasoning was clear, though it never took shape in words, and the conclusion of it was a determination to "go in," though the wet kelp on Briggs' beach was as swarming with kelpies as with sand fleas, and Brimmer's Flower-bed should bloom with nothing but snap dragon and devil-in-the-bush. The sand hill so named was flanked by loose boulders and flat junipers, while sharp serge grass and stunted beach plum trees anchored the drifting sand of the dune, and held it steep as the house-roof. The sea front was naked sand; the landward slope was fringed at its base by a feather-like vegetation, not a foot high, which swarmed more than a foot deep with mosquitoes and woodticks, and the genuine race of the "wicked flea," enough to empty the veins and pick the bones of a tipsy sleeper, before he could rouse enough to enquire for the missing envelope.

If the vulgar imagination was right in making this the haunt of supernatural beings who carried a smell of matches in their invisible pockets, they must have felt quite at home in the discomforts of the place. On this eventful night of the 9th of September, 1811—if this be the true date—though we rather incline to the other, for reasons which shall be set forth at large, in the fifth volume of our unwritten "History of Memorabilia of Saugonnet"—the sky was curtained with white lace clouds which hung in lovely folds about the horizon and over the waters, their edges fringed with a subdued mouse color. There was a moon nearly life size, who put her rounded face through a loop in the curtains, now and then, as if to see that all was quiet, but soon withdrew, and at length forgot to look, when she supposed everybody was asleep. It was a mistaken supposition, for Ki and Si and Kil where never so very wide awake.

Had the moon kept up her watch, they might have been seen trudging across the pastures, with shovels, picks and crowbars on their shoulders, and a two-quart jug of New England rum in a bag for a chief protector, now stumbling over a sleeping ox in an angle of the walls, now frightening themselves with the rest, as they raised a clamor from an acre of geese in the shelter of the bogs; and, again rousing a huge gobbler, who, squatting turkey fashion in his seraglio, peremptorily told them to "quit;"—and they quitted, looking both ways at once for a more frightful goblin, with mentors even more peremptory. They might have been seen, but they were not; so, while they stumbled on toward the sea, you shall have their doggery types by the instantaneous process.

By favor of an elegant binocular stratagisnis, Si Elbower was admirably adapted to oblique watching, for while his left eye was set a little east by north, with a horizontal band sinister, the right eye was elevated at an angle of forty, south southeast; and his nose, which he could never follow and take the benefit of either eye, wound with a half-spiral to the left. But failing as a guide, it still shone as a beacon, for the fires of many a distillery burned purple in its turret; none of your flashing, intermittent or revolving lights, but ready at all hours, like dinner at an Irish restaurant. Had he ever studied Latin, you might think him a painful example of suspended development, stuck in the rudiments, he was so often ejaculating his "hic, hic," but never a "bujus," while he would not decline a drink in any language. Perhaps his mind, like a perpetuated puppy, had been dwarfed on burnt rum.

His brother Ki prided himself upon his courage rather than his good looks. Red-eyed, low-browed, with coarse, shaggy locks, and a black-and-tan stubble a quarter of an inch long, over most of his face, through which, down the delta of his chin, meandered yellow rills from some Nile of tobacco juice, whose source was lost in some unexplained, savage wilds—he was, withal, not quite a beauty. Secure his confidence with a glass of grog, and he would frankly confess that he was "not afraid of the devil;" he had reached that point in their mutual relations which "casteth out all fear." If His Supreme Ugliness, coming upon Ki in the twilight, could have reciprocated the boast, there would have been a brave couple of them, that's all.

The third man, Kil, though adorned with a frightful pet name, was mild-tempered, smooth-headed, and even a trifle silly, after counting the "little brown maiden." He early took an adipose turn, grew round and bulging, here and there, and acquired a new name, by the way of elegant variety, "Meat-Eyes," they called him, and the dynasty that sprung from his (tender) loins. Satellite of the Elbowers, what you might call an up-late spheroid, he revolved about Ki and Si, being drawn to the first by his courage, and "a chaw," and to the latter for guidance and a drink.

While flattering themselves that they believed in nothing out of sight, all three were singularly superstitious; and with natures agreeably matched, they would much rather dig gold than potatoes, and they were now on the eve of becoming the future millionaires of Saugonnet, if the powers of darkness should not prove jealous of their attractions.

On reaching the shore they laid down their tools, carefully crossed in pairs, and muttering over them something they never learned in Sunday School, by way of a charm, which was all the more curious, as nobody had imagined they were charming fellows. How they listened for the rustle of leathern wings, the clank of chains, or "squeak and gibber" of uneasy ghosts; the sharp grass hissed them, the pebbles laughed and chuckled, but nothing squeaked beyond their own dry throats, that were soon well lubricated from the jug.

Then they gravely surrounded the sand hill where the gold lay, with twenty rods of hocus pocus recited in concert, as learned from a "conjuring book," that a Jew peddler sold to Ki, years before; and it's more than possible they mispronounced some uncouth word, or lost some potent syllable to their own harm, for fiends who watch buried gold are sharp as pedagogues to scent a false accent, and there was, certainly, a loophole somewhere. Nevertheless, they went through their spell sturdily, however ill-fared in pronunciation, only Kil did swear a little more than his fat should answer for under other circumstances—as if foreseeing itself all in the fire, and Si seemed a trifle hoarse when some most tremendous words fell from his lips, as: "Abra-ca-da-bra-abire! conjuro te scale-ratissime!"

But Ki rolled them off sturdily, though he must have nicknamed some of the Nandislandish dignitaries fearfully, for he was interrupted once or twice by a shrill hiss, and a great groan shuddered through the air when they ended. Just then a long line of pallid surf, crested with pale fire, marched suddenly up to the gray beach, and the breaker which began with a whoop at their very feet, ran miles away into the darkened east with a lessening roar, till the dull thunder grew to a low, incessant moan.

Because Si could look both ways at once, he was chosen to patrol the ground behind the sand hills. If a man appeared, he was to whistle like the quail that is always in pursuit of "Bob White." If the very Old Fellow himself presented an appearance in any shape, Si was to yell "murder!" and it should be, "save who can, without looking to see who takes the hindmost."

This arranged, all hands rekindled their courage by kissing the "brown damsel," and it was touching to see three such "ardent" lovers devoted to one mistress, with no shadow of jealousy. Si went to his beat with both eyes on the alert, while Ki and Kil, with coats off, proceeded to shovel sand as if their masters were indeed at their elbows. They broke ground in the form of a cross; not a word must they speak within the charmed circle, or the spell would be broken, they must throw nothing to the left, at the same peril, with other equally sensible and vital precautions. It takes a gross disbeliever in Providence to exhibit such faith in the power that makes unrighteousness. Their pious neighbors, sneered at for credulity, would have smiled to see these fellows thus celebrating the mysteries of their subterranean religion, in the sweat of unutterable profanity and the odor of bad rum.

They paused often to breathe, listen and caress the jug, and the more they hugged it the better could they see. The surf never before burned with such lurid phosphorescence. Was Lucifer in it; and should they find their match? When they had removed about three donkey loads of sand it chanced that their excavation was a narrow, oblong pit, with a man at each end, waist-deep in the earth; when both were startled at once by its striking resemblance to a grave. Kilby sprang out with a shudder, and plunged his spade in the bank to break it down and defeat the evil omen, in the manner of all fools who destroy the prophet to escape the prophecy. Kiah, too, shivered, but inwardly cursed his cowardice, and dashed his spade with an atoning vehemence into the bottom of the pit, where it struck something which gave back a metallic clang! just as the sand, disturbed by Kilby, broke in and buried him to his knees.

The clink of the metal struck fire in his imagination, which the caresses of the "damsel" had made very tinder, as Pat would say; 'twas the iron pot-lid! he was right upon it! and that cowardly movement of Kil and the falling sand made him swear. He was used to it; he was too free to have even himself for a master; his tongue was an ass without a bridle, and it reared and run with him. The spell was broken, and so was his shovel. The sky seemed suddenly darker, the roar of the waves deeper, their flame more lurid, and the hiss of the sedges a more bitter scorn. Then a sullen, terrific sound, half a hoarse bark and half a smothered growl and a fierce trampling of feet on the resounding beach, startled their ears, and before they could do so much as say, "The devil's after us," a voice that was too hollow and sepulchral to recognize as human, burst forth from the abrupt turn of the sand dune crying, "Kill Ki! Kill Ki!" as if he who had struck the charmed pot-lid should first taste the infernal pot luck. He, poor wretch, was wrestling with the sand, or perhaps with the very demon of the place, to extricate his legs from his tenacious grip. At that instant Kilby was dashed to the earth by a flame-eyed monster with eleven hoofs that rushed by repeating its rasping, barking growl; and oh, horrors! by the dim light he could see it bad Si Elbower on its back a powerless captive! It was now time, calling upon Kil and Ki for rescue, and not the fiend denouncing death to the bold invader. But this was not so clear to Ki, who wrung himself out of his boots and struck a chalk line for home through bog and bramble, over rocks and walls, leaving everything behind—except his friend Kilby, whose peri'ed fat ran as though it had already been in the fire.

Upon the first encounter Ki thought him another of the evil brood hot and hungry and all the worse for appearing to be well fed; but just then the moon peeped through her curtains, and he saw his mistake and slackened his pace, as the barking sound was more remote, and Si was still. Kilby would have been very pale with terror had he not been very red with running; and Kiah's stubble seemed to have bleached sensibly in five minutes, in spite of its nicotine dye.

"Poor Si!" panted Kilby, "we shall never see him again! Do you s'pose it'll eat him?" Ki trembled with a twinge of unwonted remorse.

"Eh! I hadn't been such a blamed fool as ter speak! I bit the old ir'n chist sure's yer born! And that's what roused the thing up!"

"Oh, dear!" grunted Kilby; "I believe my shins are scorched to a blister, where the critter hit me with his split foot; and didn't you hear a kind of a Sizzle in the wet sand?!"

Ki dropped into the confessional.

"Wal, I'd a naiver b'lieved there was sech a bein' ef I hadn't a-seen 'im wi' my own eyes and ears!"—a peculiar way of seeing which ought to satisfy the most incredulous.

Conversation, which is always a difficult art, is doubly so when one is running for life, with no proper light to discriminate between rock and grass, and pit-holes where rocks once were, and water still is; and yet these fugitives, in their haste and terror, managed to make their manœuvrings, solemnized by the far beating of cloven feet, and fitful flashes of fiery eyes over the "cat-tail pond," for, in fact, the "lightning bugs" had not yet blown out their candles.

"Ki!" gasped Kilby, "if you get home and I never do, I give you my long goose-gun and the old Continental powder-horn."

"Kil," responded Kiah, not to be outdone in posthumous generosity, "Ef you fetch an' I don't, I gi' yer that flock 'scovy ducks in the heater piece."

Be it known, oh children, that a "heater-piece" is a triangular bit of ground, so named from its resemblance to an old-fashioned flat-iron; but the suggestion of anything hotter than he was now undergoing, made Kil gasp and mop his brow with his sleeve.

Men feel easier when their wills are made, so they dropped into a gentle dog-trot, having already reached the highway, and jogged on in silence till Kilby arrived at his own gate—a tumble down bar-way in a crazy wall, where he groaned a parting sigh for Si. "Oh, dear me! D'ye b'lieve it did eat him up?" "Do'no," snorted Ki, on the trot; "ef he hez, that's enough for once, he shan't bolt me a-top of 'im!" and with this fraternal valedictory over, he was safe at home in three minutes more.

Kilby met his much-afflicted spouse on the threshold of his door, for she had been watching out anxiously for her belated lord, and he sank upon the floor at her feet exclaiming in the sing-song tone of a "hard-shell exhorter:" "Oh, Tildy Jane! I'm happy now-a! Oh, I'm happy now-a!" And Tildy Jane, astonished as she was at his appearance was yet more astonished at his speech, thinking that he was either tipsy, or had met with a sudden change. But his only feeling was a sense of safety. Not the kiss of the "brown damsel" would have been so sweet to him then as the sight of his own true wife, and she, poor thing, in her long, ghostly robes and high-flaring capborder, more picturesque than elegant, would have been anything but reassuring to a stranger in a similar fright.

Now while the contrite Kilby reveals to his lady the whole fearful drama, we will go back to look up the crisp bones of Josiah, to find if there be anything left for Christian burial.

When he had cautiously traversed the rounds for an hour, not once getting sight of an imp or goblin, and only once hiking his heart hop into his mouth, as a flock of quails whirred up under his very nose, he enlarged his circuit, and, just beyond the first sand-hill, came upon a granite doorway, over which hung an awning of flat junipers like an umbrella very wide open; on the ground was another flat juniper, spread out like a rusty green door-mat, and out through the doorway was the dim sea, weltering and moaning. He started to walk through. It must have been at the moment when Ki struck the iron gold chest, for the green mat sunk under him, he stumbled forward, the earth opened, and a terrific creature rose with a frightful snort and snatched him away. It was Captain Brimmers's gigantic porker, that had the run of the shore pasture, dug clams and roots, and made his bed under the juniper. Si, who was thinking more of starting the old enemy than disturbing one of his carriers, felt that now, surely, things had got reversed, that the rider had turned horse and was taking him down a steep place into the sea; and as people in great terror always do the wrong thing, instead of just tumbling off into the sand, he clung desperately to the long bristles, and the frightened beast ran, snorting, seaward, as if his old rider had him again. To topple over Kilby, and scare Ki out of his boots was done "in the twinkle of a pig's eye," as they say, and before Si could become aware of what sort of beast bad him in freight, the creature was in full career for the home of his pighood, as demoralized a swine as ever ran since the days of the Samaritans. Si was tumbled into the sand and dragged several rods before it occurred to him to let go, he was so absorbed with the difficulty of hanging on, and his dazed wits hardly took in the situation when he saw the huge brute kick back the sand with a great "grumph!" and leave the lonely dunes to nature and to him.

With slow deliberation he gathered up all the parts of himself, much doubting if he should find everything, and stood swaying fore and aft, as in a heavy swell; and while the moon condescendingly held her lantern he soliloquized thus:

"If this 'ere (hic) is Si Elbower, and that (hoc) was the devil, then (hæc) I've had a (hic) deliv'rance, and a (hæc) scrape; but if that (hoc) was me, and (hic) I am the devil, (hoc) then, begracious, he's got away from me!"

After revolving the problem a long while, and getting it a little clearer at every revolution, he concluded that it was he that had escaped, for which he congratulated himself in hoc Latin and crept off home in a path that followed the divious trend of both his eyes and his nose.

Kidd's gold is still in the bank, though not securing so much interest as formerly. Daylight revealed the fact that the fiend had turned the iron chest to a slab of granite, before turning himself to a ponderous porker, and mournfully the Saugonnet gold diggers gathered up their tools and retired to safer industries, sadder indeed, but not much wiser.

Mr. Blaine's Business Transactions.

Mr. C. L. Medbery, the industrious Maine correspondent of the Boston Journal, has been investigating this matter, and we give place here to his report:

There are few men in Maine more desirous of Mr. Blaine's election in November than Governor A. P. Morrill of Augusta, yet an anonymous Portland correspondent of the Herald last Sunday endeavored to impeach his good will. This, however, was but the basis for a two column arrangement of Mr. Blaine, in which he was imputed to have acted in bad faith in his dealings in railroad bonds, and to have appointed himself the successor of Hon. A. P. Morrill in the United States Senate, through his influence over Governor Connor. So many statements of this character are being sent from Maine this year to the Democratic and so-called Independent papers of the country that it is little use to attempt their refutation, but their very abundance shall convince the reading public of the strained character of the statements. In all that has been published from Maine derogatory to Mr. Blaine, there is but little that has not been previously vindicated, and, when all the circumstances are understood, shown to be in keeping with the high business integrity of the man.

There are no business transactions Mr. Blaine ever had with his Maine friends that have not been of the most honorable character. The only one ever brought against him was his dealings in the bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, and of the numerous transactions Mr. Blaine had with Maine capitalists the anonymous correspondent mentioned above only finds one instance where Mr. Blaine did not take the bonds back and satisfy the purchaser, and that was the late P. F. Sanborn of Hallowell, whose estate, he says, it is reported, has been settled up to-day. This is an error, like many others in the same article, that has resulted from an imperfect knowledge of another transaction. Among the gentlemen who purchased Little Rock bonds of Mr. Blaine were both P. F. Sanborn and Joseph Sanborn of Hallowell. When these bonds proved of little value Mr. Blaine redeemed them, with their coupons, though he has never settled for some coupons which he received from Joseph Sanborn. Mr. Emery Sanborn of Hallowell, however, has Mr. Blaine's receipt for these coupons, and Mr. Blaine a long time ago said that he was ready to pay a certain amount of money for the coupons or would allow Mr. Sanborn whatever he might ascertain to have been their market value at the time he received them. Not even the most captious critic could find fault with Mr. Blaine in this matter, and this is the only case cited where he has failed to satisfy the purchasers of Little Rock bonds.

Generalities.

It cost fifty million dollars to pick last year's cotton crop.

The grave of Thaddeus Stevens is covered with weeds and grass a foot high.

The personal estate of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson is valued at $83,083.

Isaac Newton, an eminent engineer, of New York, committed suicide Thursday.

It is asserted that the Chinese have decided to block the Woosing River at Shanghai.

Vermont school teachers violate the law when they use tobacco, and are liable to dismissal.

It is believed that Frank Hatton will succeed Secretary Gresham as Postmaster General.

A new vault to hold fifty million silver dollars has been completed in the Treasury building, Washington.

Colorado Democrats in State convention at Denver passed a resolution favoring the unlimited coinage of silver.

Etta Larrabee, a handsome young woman in New York, is serving her third term in the penitentiary for burglary.

The cotton, peanut and late corn crops of Virginia and North Carolina have been seriously injured by the drought.

Cholera still continues its ravages in Italy, is declining in France, and is said to be fatally progressing in Odessa and in China.

The steamer Etruria, recently launched on the Clyde for the Cunard line, is, next to the Great Eastern, the largest steamer afloat.

The Marine National Bank in New York in the hands of the comptroller of the currency, will pay a dividend of 10 per cent. to depositors soon.

Henry Clay, a grandson of the great statesman and orator of that name, was shot and mortally wounded by a saloonkeeper in Louisville, Ky.

The Newcomb-Buchanan Company, of Louisville, one of the largest whiskey distillers in the country, has made an assignment. Fraud is alleged.

A Constantinople dispatch says Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the American novelist, will marry the daughter of Col. Bevdan, the inventor, some time in October.

A circular from the Commissioner of Navigation says seamen must be paid off in presence of a shipping commissioner in money, and not by drafts or "in kind."

During the year 1883, the sun in London shone for only 974 hours out of a possible 4,456 hours, which is an average of two hours and forty minutes per day.

A syndicate of English and Scotch gentlemen have purchased a tract of land in northern Mexico twice as large as Rhode Island. The price paid was $1,000,000.

The losses of the National Bank of New Jersey at New Brunswick will amount to about $250,000. Comptroller Cannon has authorized the reopening of the bank.

James and Harry, the two eldest boys of the Garfield family, have decided to be lawyers, and Miss Mollie, who is now a young lady of 17, is preparing to go to Vassar.

An elderly lady near Erie, Pa., while in a state of somnambulism got out of a second story window, and, on being suddenly awakened, fell to the ground, sustaining fatal injuries.

Mormon troubles in Tennessee continue. Thirty-three miles from Nashville, at Drennon sett

Maine Matters

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

MR. BLAINE'S MOVEMENTS.

Mr. Blaine received a remarkably enthusiastic reception at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Thursday. At 1 o'clock Friday morning he was serenaded by the Young Men's Blaine club of Cincinnati. In response to their calls he appeared at the window of his room and said:

Young men, the giants of mythology typified the strength of young men. In the enlightened era of the Christian dispensation young men were called to the work because they were strong. To-day the strength of the Republican party is in the young men of the country of whom it possesses a vast majority. (Cheers.) A young man is always good for two votes, his own and the one he brings. (Cheers.) No party in the history of this country has ever been beaten that had the sympathy and support of the young men of the country. (Cheers.) And it has been the chief gratification of the tour I have made from the great commercial metropolis to your beautiful city, that everywhere I have found the young men on our side. (Cheers.) You are in the morning of life. The day is before you and your strength is equal to it. (Cheers.) You will have the fashioning of the republic, of its strength, its prestige, its glory, its destiny, long after the generation to which I belong shall have passed away. See to it that it is kept in your power and that your hands, clean, pure and strong, shall bear up the ark of the covenant. (Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.) I bid you good morning. Let us turn together to the duties of a new day with its responsibilities, and, I hope, with its rewards.

At the close the cheering was renewed and calls were made for General Logan but he had retired. Friday Mr. Blaine was given receptions along the route from Cincinnati to Columbus. There was a great crowd at the latter place. Mr. Blaine arrived in West Virginia, Saturday where he has been enthusiastically received. He will go from West Virginia to Michigan and will spend October 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th in that State. The 18th and 19th will be devoted to rest, and to organization, and beginning with the 20th he will spend four days in Indiana, filling a program which will be arranged by the State central committee. On the morning of the 24th he will be received by the Illinois State central committee at Danville and proceed thence to Springfield. Gen. Logan will spend three days in Indiana during the last week in October.

NEWS OF THE COLLEGES.

At Bowdoin the following jurymen have been selected by their respective classes: Webb Donnell, '85; P. A. Knight, '86; H. M. Moulton, '87; W. P. F. Robie, '88. The workings of the jury system thus far have been attended with the best results. Differing widely from the system in vogue at any other college, its aim is to place the power of college government more in the hands of the students, and a year's experience has demonstrated the wisdom of this plan.

At a meeting of the college to consider boating affairs it was voted to send a four-oared crew to compete in the intercollegiate regatta, N. S., Whitlock, '85, was elected captain. The crew that rowed at Saratoga last July now in college, was elected captain. Good men will immediately go into training, a new shell will be purchased, and a good record is anticipated for next summer.

The competition examination for the Merrill prize at Colby University has ended. Of the several competitors, Miss Mary E. Farr of Waterville, is announced the successful contestant. The prize amounts to $82 annually. Four of the graduates of Colby University in the last class are studying for the ministry.

Frank D. Ballard, a graduate of Colby, class of '83, and son of Dr. Wm. R. Ballard of Lincoln Centre, has gone to California to take charge of the preparatory department of Sierra Madre College, reports the Bangor Whig.

Mr. A. C. Hinds a graduate of Colby in the class of '83 has accepted a position on the Portland Advertiser.

The Sophomore class at the Maine State college contemplate publishing a monthly.

MRS. TUCK'S MURDERER CONFESSES.

John Baker, of Albion, who, it was suspected, murdered Mrs. Nowell Tuck, of Albion, Feb. 5th, and who was arrested Sept. 30th and taken to Augusta jail, has confessed. He said he knew the woman was alone, and going to where she was said, "Good morning" to her and she replied, "Good morning." He then struck the woman and caught her by the throat. She attempted to scream, but I had such a grip on her throat that she could not utter a sound. She fell back, and becoming frightened I ran. I did not think she was dead when I left her. I immediately returned home. Baker was arraigned Oct. 1st, pleaded not guilty and was committed for trial at the December term of the Supreme Criminal Court. Baker is 25 years of age, five feet nine inches in height, has a fine head of long black hair combed back and a slight moustache. He is a slow speaker and evidently his intellect is not very quick. Mr. Tuck, in reading Baker's confession, was much exasperated and expressed a desire to get his hands on the man. Besides the reporters Baker has confessed to Mark Rollins, Capt. Sewall, janitor of the Court House, and A. Libby, of Albion.

DUE MEED OF PRAISE TO JOHN MEAD.

John Mead of North Bridgton, who is rapidly gaining a position in the front rank among painters of the fishes of our inland waters, engaged by the Maine Commissioner to the World's Exposition at New Orleans to furnish several of his best specimens of Maine fish, particularly the landlocked salmon and black bass. Mr. Mead is an enthusiastic lover of his art, and has many the pictures in his studio, a visit to which is a rare pleasure. He excels also in the art of fresco painting, having frescoed many churches, public halls and dwellings within the last few years. As local fish warden he has done great service to the State, in his efforts to promote the preservation of our native fish from unlawful depredations by lawless poachers.

FRANKLIN'S NEW RAILROAD.

Work on the Franklin and Megantic railroad is progressing rapidly. The grading will be completed probably within three weeks. Track laying was begun this week and will be pushed with a large crew of men. It is expected that the road will be in condition for business before the end of November. Foundations for engine houses, sheds, depots and other buildings, are in and the substructures will be commenced in a few days. An immense amount of timber in the forest district west and north of Dead River, is awaiting transportation. The location is such that the company will not be much inconvenienced by drifting snow.

RACES AT KNOX TROTTING PARK.

The fall meeting at the Knox trotting park Rockland, closed Thursday. Wednesday's races were the 2.50 class, won by Isaac A. in three straight heats; time, 2.40, 2.42, 2.37. The 2.37 class won by Baby Boy, in three straight heats; time, 2.41, 2.40, 2.39. In Thursday's races the 2.40 class was won by Isaac A. in three straight heats, Lucy M. second, Georgia third. Time, 2.39, 2.37, 2.37. The match race between Fred and Albert Willis, won by Fred; time, 2.40, 2.46, 2.38. Free for all was won by Johnnie B., Baby Boy second; time, 2.37, 2.39, 2.42.

MAINE CONGRATULATED.

The committee of the United Kingdom Alliance Temperance Organization has adopted a resolution congratulating Neal Dow and the State of Maine for having in the recent election secured such a majority for prohibition. They say that by reason of this vote they anticipate great results will accrue to the rest of the world.

IN GENERAL.

The municipal debt of Augusta is $319,100.

A schooner was at Portland the other day with a cargo of live eels bound from river Clyde to New York.

Sylvanus C. Blanchard, S. C. Blanchard & Bro., shipbuilder, Yarmouth, has been petitioned into involuntary bankruptcy.

A Swede, name unknown, was crushed to death in the slate quarry at Monson, last week, a large rock falling 100 feet and striking him.

Treasurer Osgood reports the total receipts of the State Farm at $17,978.07. This is between $1,000 and $2,000 less than previous estimates.

Hannah M., widow of the late Deacon John Frost and mother of Hon. George A. Frost, of Springvale, died Oct. 1st aged 94 years. She was the oldest person in town.

In the Blaine-Sentinel suit at Indianapolis a bill of discovery and 12 additional interrogatories have been filed by the defence.

The Portland Packing Company has finished canning corn, having put up 250,000 cans at Winthrop, paying therefor to the farmers, who raise the corn, about $4,500.

Trustee Wyman offers the entire property of the Shaw Bros. for sale. It includes 300,000 acres of timber land in New England and tanneries and other property in Quebec, New Brunswick, Maine and New York.

A project is on foot for the Portland district to purchase the Old Orchard campground of the New England Holiness Association, and hold it under the control of a district association according to Zion's Herald.

Seventeen thousand bushels of potatoes were taken at the starch factory at Sherman the first three days of last week. Seventy-five tons of starch have already been made, fifteen tons grated, and ten thousand bushels of potatoes are now on hand.

Fessenden Post, No. 43, G. A. R., of Buckfield, has recently received a life size picture of the late Gen. Fessenden from Mrs. F. Fessenden, of Portland, and from Gen. Fessenden, of Portland, a brother of the late Gen. Fessenden, an elegant bible.

Sergt. Kelley who is on trial at Portland for manslaughter, does not deny that he shot and killed Smith, but claims that the shooting was purely accidental. He always has said that the revolver was accidentally discharged while he was throwing a club at Smith, whom he considered an intruder in the Fort. The trial ended Tuesday; jury disagreed.

S. J. Anderson, receiver of the Portland & Ogdensburg railroad has filed the first quarterly report for the quarter ending June 30th. The receipts are $198,367 and the expenditures $195,163. The total expenditures on track and bridges amounts to $144,629. The entire track has been relaid with steel rails.

The orchard of J. Pope & Son, of Manchester, will yield most bountifully this season. The trees are fairly burdened with fruit and it is estimated that the yield of Baldwins alone will be 2000 bushels. Mr. Charles Pope, the senior member of the firm, is president of the Maine Pomological Society.

The Portland Press says: Oscar Blaney, Mrs. Barrows, the Kittery murderers, and Baxter and Lewis, the Old Orchard pickpockets, arrived here Wednesday from Alfred, en route to Thomaston, in charge of Warden Bean. During the journey Blaney appeared very light hearted and gay, but Mrs. Barrows was grave and silent. The pickpockets received sentence for three years.

If any Dealer informs

You that he has for sale a dentifrice identical with or containing ingredients equalling or superior in efficacy to those of SOZODONT, discredit the statement and insist upon having that alone. By doing so, you will secure a dentifrice *par excellence* the best in the market, containing botanic elements of rare preservative influence upon the teeth, and one which will endow them with most becoming whiteness. Another desirable feature of this staple toilet article is that it imparts fragrance to the breath. Sold by druggists.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

BELFAST, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1884.

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FOR PRESIDENT,

JAMES G. BLAINE,

OF MAINE.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

JOHN A. LOGAN,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS:
Electors at Large,
JOHN S. CASE, of Rockland.
WESTON F. MILLIKEN, of Portland.
First District.....CHARLES M. MOSES.
Second District.....J. G. RICHARDSON.
Third District.....ABNER COBURN.
Fourth District.....C. F. A. JOHNSON.

A Short Lived Lie.

The New York Herald took advantage of the absence in Europe of Mr. J. T. Joy, President of the Wabash Railroad, to concoct an absurd story concerning Mr. Blaine, and which if true would be almost as discreditable to Mr. Joy as to the former gentleman. Mr. Joy is said to have endeavored to induce Mr. Blaine to appoint a committee favorable to certain railway legislation desired by the former, and the latter to have named a price for compliance with Mr. Joy's request. The article as it appeared in the Herald clearly shows that it was manufactured to order, and carries its own refutal to all unprejudiced persons. It will be remembered that Mr. Joy presented Mr. Blaine's name to the National Convention of 1880.

This Herald slander was short lived as will be seen by the following despatch. It does not seem to have occurred to that paper that there is an Atlantic cable:

DETROIT, Oct. 1. Immediately upon the publication of the Blaine-Joy matter in the New York Herald, and its republication in Detroit by the Free Press and other Democratic papers, General R. A. Alger, the Republican candidate for governor of Michigan, telegraphed to Joy who is now in London, as follows:

DETROIT, Sept. 30, 1884.
Joy, care Brown, Shepley & Co., London:
Did Blaine offer to appoint committee to suit you if you took Little Rock bonds off his hands? Henry Ward Beecher says you told him Blaine did. ALGER.

The following is Mr. Joy's reply:

LONDON, Sept. 30, 1884.
R. A. ALGER, Detroit, Michigan:
Blaine never made me any offer to appoint a committee to suit me in any manner, form, or for any consideration of any kind whatever. J. F. JOY.

"Blaine is and always has been a liar," said Col. Henry Lee at the meeting of Boston Independents last week. This is fine language to come from one of the Lamb-holier-than-thou-party. There was more of the same sort, yet the Boston Herald says editorially of this meeting:

The oratory of the evening matched the conscientious tone of the assembly. It was inspired by and fraught with conviction. Naturally, it rose above the level of ordinary platform work.

And in concluding its report the Herald says: "The chairman in a very gentlemanly manner thanked the audience for their attention," etc. One would suppose the Herald was reporting a meeting of blackguards. The fact that a chairman was "gentlemanly" would be accepted as a matter of course of a meeting of American citizens, without the necessity of parading the fact in cold type. The chairman in this case must have been an exception, for the speakers certainly did not use gentlemanly language. And yet these are the men who profess to embody all that is good and true, and who are supporting Cleveland on moral grounds.

The Rockland Opinion attempts to break the force of Mr. Hazeltine's letter in defence of Mr. Blaine by charging that Mr. Blaine "has for years run both parties in this State." This will be interesting news to Maine Democrats, and we quote from the Opinion, for their benefit, as follows:

Of course Mr. Hazeltine thinks Jim Blaine a little tin god on wheels, and Blaine esteems Hazeltine very highly. It may seem a bit singular to people outside the State that Blaine's claim is on the Democratic electoral ticket, but such things are not novelties in Maine. Blaine has for years run both parties in this State. He has quite as much influence in the Democratic as the Republican party, and almost always has the Democratic committee and tickets packed with his tools. The Democratic National committee did not dare to send any money into Maine this year because they knew it would be either stolen outright, as in 1878, or put where it wouldn't hurt Jim Blaine say.

Hon. J. R. G. Pitkin, who spoke in Belfast during the State campaign, and has been on the stump ever since, has returned to New Orleans in consequence of the illness of his wife. We quote as follows from an interview with him published in the New Orleans Daily City Item:

Item—What is the political situation from your observation?

Mr. P.—The whole North is solid for Blaine. I am sure that he will carry New York. There is no doubt of it. There is not a single State in the North which will go for Cleveland.

Item—On what do you base that prediction?

Mr. P.—I do not speak thus because I am a Republican, but I give you frankly the result of my own personal observations. Traveling quite extensively, I had occasion to see the people, to talk to them, to note popular feelings and to find out the drift of political sentiment among all classes.

But of all political acrobats, Mr. Blaine carries off the palm. He is not only all things to all men, but he is on all sides of all questions. [H. H. Boyeson in N. Y. Independent.

Another foreigner thus attempts to enlighten the American people, but is singularly importunate in his attempt. It so happens that there is no public man in this country to-day whose position on all public questions is more clearly defined or more generally known than is Mr. Blaine's. The charge that this scavanger, or Scandinavian, makes would not be made by any well informed person.

Ex. Gov. Walton, of Louisiana, recently returned to New Orleans from a summer tour through the Northern States, and was asked by the City Item what he had gathered of political news. He replied:

First, that Blaine will sweep the North, and that he will be elected by such a majority as no man has ever been gratified with. As for Cleveland, the Democrats even in private concede that he has no chance, though in their newspapers and in public they hold him up for the sake of appearances. I have discussed very frequently with intelligent politicians the relative chances of the candidates of both parties, and am convinced that Blaine will be elected.

The Democrats of the committee that investigated the star route matters have published a report, designed as a campaign document, without giving the minority an opportunity to be heard at the same time. Mr. Milliken was the active Republican member of this committee and will prepare the minority report. He did not receive the printed report of the testimony and the majority report until just before he started for Ohio, and delayed his departure several days that he might attend to this work.

If the democrats had one-tenth of the moral earnestness in the campaign displayed by the anti-Blaine republicans they would make a better showing for success. [Boston Advertiser.

You cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail or a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The man who would look for "moral earnestness" in the Democratic party would go clamming at high water, and would not know enough to come in when it rained.

The Boston Congregational Club, at a meeting attended by 200 members, indorsed Mr. Blaine by a vote of 195 to 5; and the Methodist Ministers Association of New York, after discussing the situation concluded that it is wisdom for temperance men to support Blaine rather than St. John.

The Charges Against Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine has been accused of making money while in public life. That is the sum and substance of the charges the opposition press have brought against him; most of them we may say here, unfounded and malicious. But suppose that by legitimate business enterprises of whatever nature Mr. Blaine has made money. What then? Is it a crime for a man, because he holds a public office, to endeavor to make provision for his family or for himself, when the time comes for him to retire to private station? If it is a crime, then Mr. Blaine is not the only guilty one, and public men by scores, Democrats as well as Republicans, must be arraigned and condemned. That it is wrong for a public officer to use his official position or vote as a means to make money is, of course, admitted. But Mr. Blaine has not done that. No one vote given by him in his long career in Congress is open to criticism or objection; and every ruling made by him during the four years he occupied the Speaker's chair will bear and has borne the strictest scrutiny without reflecting in the slightest degree either upon his integrity or his parliamentary ability. As a private citizen he has exercised the undoubted right of investing in lands, in mines and in railroad enterprises. That is all there is to the fearfully exaggerated, and in many instances wholly false, reports of Mr. Blaine's money making which have emanated from his personal and political enemies. In this connection we present the following extract from one of Mr. H. J. Ramsdell's Washington letters to the Philadelphia Press:

During the past summer I met the publisher of Mr. Blaine's book "Twenty Years of Congress." He told me that he had put to press the fourth edition of 50,000. Since our conversation I have been thinking about the charges of Mr. Blaine's money making. According to the publisher, 200,000 of Mr. Blaine's book have been sold. His book means two volumes, and 200,000 copies therefore means 400,000 books. Let us say that Mr. Blaine gets fifty cents a volume royalty (not a high estimate); then he receives $200,000 for less than two years' work. And yet the poor little gizzard-eaten Democrats say that he is corrupt because he makes money outside of his salary. Bah! It is disgusting.

The Independents, who are opposing Mr. Blaine, as they say, because of these charges, wanted Senator Edmunds nominated. He was their "ideal candidate." They are now shouting for Cleveland! Senator Edmunds has been as long in public life as Mr. Blaine and is reputed to be quite as wealthy. He is a lawyer and has a very large income from his profession, not in petty practice, but as the attorney for railroad and other corporations before the Supreme Court of the United States. It is a common thing for him to leave his seat in the Senate to argue a case before the Supreme Court. We do not state this to his discredit, nor charge that his vote is influenced by his retainers as a lawyer; but we are surprised that the men who regarded Mr. Edmunds as an ideal candidate should object to Mr. Blaine, simply because he made an investment in railroad stock. And what is true of Senator Edmunds was true of his bosom friend Senator Thurman, of Ohio, and of Senators Conkling, and Carpenter, Congressman Butler and many other Senators and Representatives, both Democratic and Republican. Indeed, there is hardly a day during the sessions of the Supreme Court when one or more Congressmen are not present as counsel in the cases of railroad and other corporations. We do not say that this is wrong; but if Mr. Blaine is condemned these men should not escape. There have been other transactions, known to those familiar with inside matters at Washington, such as speculations in Pacific Mail stock, which would bear the light of day, and in which Democratic statesmen figured largely; but no one will pretend that Mr. Blaine had any part in these transactions. Some of his detractors did participate in them.

The question is narrowed down to this point. Has a member of Congress who receives $5000 per annum for his services the right to exercise his business or professional talent in his own behalf. It is understood, of course, that he will faithfully attend to his duties as a Member of Congress. If it be decided that he has not the right, then only rich men, or those who are not worth $5000 a year in any capacity, can go to Congress. There is, however, no such restriction and it can readily be seen that it would be unwise to make it. Five thousand dollars a year looks a large sum on paper to those unfamiliar with the cost of living in Washington and with the demands upon the purse of a Congressman. An M. C., if married, must either be deprived of the society of his family for an average of six months in the year, or maintain them at a heavy cost in Washington while his house is closed or left to the care of others. If he leaves his family at home he has to keep up, practically, two establishments. Constituents come to Washington in quest of office, get out of funds, and have to be helped home; or come sight seeing and expect to be entertained. There are a thousand and one demands upon the pocket, and the $5000 rapidly melt away despite the utmost prudence. So that a Congressman with a family growing up, if he remains in public life, must, unless already wealthy, endeavor to keep up his business or profession, if he has either, or to make money in the various channels this growing country offers to the man of enterprise and ability.

Let us see what Gen. Hawley, soldier, editor Representative and Senator, says on this subject. In a recent speech at Albany Senator Hawley eulogized Blaine in a five minutes peroration, and said his critics had never pointed out an improper vote of his, and insisted that he had as much right to buy the bonds as any one of his audience had. Ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts, also said in a speech at Plymouth:

That transaction (Little Rock) was a business transaction not connected with any political action. Now, people speak of Mr. Blaine as though he had been speaker every minute. It is not so. A member of Congress serves three months one year and six months the other, and the remaining nine months and six months he is at home or away from his duties at Washington.

The Boston Advertiser (mugwump) takes exception to Gov. Long's presentation of the matter and thus lays down the law—of the Independents: "It is no new principle, and it is the true one, that a representative of the people in Congress, or the legislature, should never for a moment forget his position, nor fail to keep his hands entirely clear of doubtful schemes either during the recess or during the session." While denying that any such principle exists or has ever existed, except in the imaginations of those who are seeking to do Mr. Blaine injury, we may say: First, that there is nothing to show that Mr. Blaine at any time forgot his position either as a member of the Maine Legislature or of Congress, and that in both bodies his record has been creditable to himself and an honor to his country; and, secondly, that no law, written or unwritten, exists which ties the hands of a man from making provision for himself or his family while he is a member of a legislative body. The pretence of the Advertiser is absurd. As to doubtful schemes, what business enterprises of any nature are certain in their results? There is an element of doubt attending every human endeavor. The farmer when he plants and sows has no guarantee that the harvest will be abundant and profitable. The ship-owner has no guarantee of dividends. The fisherman is not sure of his catch. The projector of a railroad, or of a steamboat line does not always reap a reward. It is because of the American spirit which puts doubts at defiance and projects vast enterprises that wealth has come to many, that the country has been developed and that we have attained a prosperity greater than that enjoyed by any other country on the face of the earth. But the dozen or so of editors who wanted to dictate to the people of this country who they should elect as President, would stop the wheels of industry and trade and arrest the progress of the nation to revenge themselves for the defeat of their schemes. "Anything to beat Blaine" is the parrot-like cry of these baffled schemers.

Of all the women who come in to the office of the Woman's Journal only one has declared herself an Independent. [Woman's Journal.

That any good woman could lend her voice or influence to the support of an unprincipled libertine, who after fully wronging a woman attempted to incarcerate her in an insane asylum, and sent his and her child to the poor house, is not to be supposed. Women are not ready to forget or forgive sins of this sort, and Cleveland's subsequent conduct aggravated the original offence.

Gen. Hancock four years ago called the tariff question "a local issue." Mr. Cleveland goes farther, and calls it "*irrelevant*." [Philadelphia Press.

And Cleveland goes farther to fare worse.

During Mr. Blaine's travels in Ohio last week there were showers at night and sunshine by day, and the people called it "Blaine Weather."

The Irish Republicans in convention at Cincinnati endorsed Mr. Blaine.

Cleveland's Character.

The Boston Herald says of Gov. Cleveland:

There was not even a Republican whisper against his character or his administration until he was nominated for President.

But Democratic newspapers and politicians made public mention of the Maria Halpin matter before Cleveland's nomination, and it was offered at Chicago as one of the reasons why he should not be nominated; and the Boston Globe said, before the convention, that Grover Cleveland had too many children for a bachelor. In another editorial the Herald says

The men who sustain a "tattooed" candidate naturally consider it essential to find some spot on his opponent, and this has led to the dirty stories about Cleveland.

The "spot" on Cleveland was found by Democrats, and Democratic papers first published the stories of his wrong doing. If the stories are "dirty" it is Cleveland who made them so. Their truth is not questioned. The Herald says further:

The answer to the foul slanders about Cleveland is the respect of his fellow citizens, who know him well as an honest, upright man, while the candidate opposed to him is a proved liar and jobber.

What the Herald calls "the foul slanders about Cleveland" are substantiated by his fellow citizens, including the clergy of Buffalo of all denominations; and there is every reason to believe that Cleveland's own city and county, as well as State, will give majorities against him in November. The Herald makes the only defence possible for Cleveland, and that is to assail Mr. Blaine in the language of a blackguard.

The issues of the war are ended. I have been spoken of here as one who was identified with the colored people of the nation. When I am false to my fellowship to those men my arm will deserve to drop from its socket, and I hope it will. [Applause.] But it is because I am bound to them by those close ties, that I am sick and tired of seeing that whole race turned into nothing but a foot-ball for unscrupulous politicians. [Applause.] [T. Wentworth Higginson at the meeting of Boston Independents.

The Republican party delivered the colored people from bondage, placed the ballot in their hands and gave them equal rights before the law. It has endeavored to protect them in the right of suffrage against the Ku Klux and White Leagues of the South, and if continued in power it will secure them that right. Meanwhile the negro in the Southern States is not only the foot-ball but the target of "unscrupulous politicians," whom Mr. Higginson hopes to place in control of the National Government. There are plenty of men in this country to-day who lost an arm in the struggle that secured liberty and citizenship for the colored people, but they are not helping to put the ex-slaveholders in power as Mr. Higginson is doing.

There has been some curiosity to know Mr. Cleveland's position on the tariff question, as he did not allude to the matter in his letter of acceptance. He has lately expressed himself on this subject. He says the tariff question is an "irrelevant discussion." Is it "irrelevant" whether our mills and factories are closed, or the wages of our working people reduced from fifty to seventy-five per cent.? Is it "irrelevant" whether our farmers lose their home market, and our people are pauperized to benefit the manufacturers and laborers of Europe? Is it "irrelevant" whether the unprecedented growth of this country and its advancement materially, intellectually and morally shall be suddenly checked? Mr. Cleveland says this is "irrelevant." But perhaps he doesn't know.

You do not fully understand how the republican campaign is carried on. It is being carried on all the time, not just for election, no as a civil service, not even as a tariff campaign, but first and chiefly as a bloody shirt campaign, ringing the old changes on the Southern outrages. [T. Wentworth Higginson.

Mr. Higginson has easily fallen into the methods of the Democratic campaign, which consist of forgeries and lies. Of course Mr. Higginson, who is an intelligent man, knows that the statement he has made is untrue, and as he had a good reputation, we are surprised that he did not leave this sort of work to some of his fellow Democrats who have nothing to lose.

The Boston Herald published in its editorial columns the forged letter attributed to General Dow, with the remark, "We do not know whether it is genuine," while its news columns contained Gen. Dow's denial captioned "An unmitigated Lie. Gen. Dow nails a fabrication sent from out the West." This is a specimen of independent journalism. The Boston Post published the bogus letter and suppressed the contradiction. This is a specimen of Democratic journalism.

When Sheriff of Erie county, New York, Mr. Cleveland charged for 863 days' personal service from October 1, 1871, to September 30, 1872. Yet in a recent letter to the Ohio Democrats he had the effrontery to say:

Let me impress upon the people that this issue involved in the pending canvass is the establishment of a pure, honest administration of their Government.

Pure! Honest! Mr. Cleveland is not that kind of a man.

The suggestion of our Liberty and Searsport correspondents to those having items for the Journal is a good one, and we make it in behalf of all our correspondents. Those who prefer to send news direct to this office can of course do so. Items of local interest are always welcome, but should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender to ensure consideration.

A gentleman of this city says of the Rockland Opinion's assertion that Mr. Blaine runs both parties in this State, that if true it testifies to Mr. Blaine's great popularity and must be accepted as a decidedly high compliment. No doubt the Opinion meant to compliment Mr. Blaine.

The editor of the Fairfield Journal is not a heavy stock-holder in the People's Party. He says:

The Republican party was too big for Ben Butler, the Democratic party was not large enough, and the People's party appears to be just about the right size, for this played out demagogue.

Gen. Logan is doing splendid campaign work in Ohio, speaking nightly to audiences of 1,000 to 50,000 people. He will arrive in Worcester, Mass., Oct. 11th.

The Seventeenth Anniversary of the Maine State Sunday-school Association will be held at State St. church, Portland, Me., Oct. 14, 15, 16, 1884.

The fifth annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society will be held at the Reception Hall, City Buildings, Portland, Oct. 16, 17, and 18.

We have received, too late for publication this week, an interesting letter from Hon. S. L. Milliken, dated at Bellaire, Ohio.

THE GARDINER EXCURSIONISTS. The Kennebec Reporter had a representative on the steamer Star of the East which brought a party of 300 from Gardiner to this city on Sunday, Sept. 28th. The Reporter says:

Belfast is rather a pretty place. It is the shire town of Waldo County, situated at about the northwestern angle of Penobscot Bay, about twenty miles from its mouth. Among its manufactories are a shoe factory which employs 250 people, several grain mills, a large sash and blind factory, &c., &c. The weather on this time had become more propitious, and as a majority of the party had never visited the city, she stroll over the place was greatly enjoyed. Dr. Lane of the Togus Home, and a "distinguished" party called and paid their respects to Congressman Milliken, of the Third District, who is a resident of that city. The writer of these lines intended to accompany them, but with his usual luck "got left." We were told, however, that the gentlemen enjoyed a very pleasant call. It must have been particularly pleasant to the honored host to have been roused out at eight o'clock in the morning, just the hour when the "Sunday morning nap" is the most enjoyable, to cater an even "distinguished" callers.) But great men must expect to be "bored," as we know. About nine o'clock "all aboard" was shouted and the return trip commenced. The clouds had rolled away, the sun shining brightly, and the sail down the Penobscot Bay was delightful. Northport camp ground with its well kept grounds and pretty cottages was greatly admired, and the natural scenery was very fine.

THE GRANGES. Five Granges were represented at the regular meeting of Victor Grange Searsmont Wednesday evening Oct. 1st: Union Harvest and Mystic, by large delegations. The Grange was promptly opened at 7 P. M., Worthy Master P. S. Wing in the chair. After the usual opening exercises the programme for the evening was taken up, consisting of select readings interspersed with music by the choir, solos and instrumental music. After recess, during which a nice treat of candy was passed around, the County Deputy was called upon for remarks. Among the many things said for the good of the Order, he paid a high compliment to Victor Grange, for their promptness in opening their Grange at an early hour, and for the interest and zeal manifested in all their work. Remarks were also made by many of the visiting Patrons. Thus a pleasant evening passed, and the Grange closed at an early hour. Victor Grange was instituted by Deputy D. O. Bowen one year ago last March and now numbers 60 members, comprising some of the best citizens of Searsmont. Bro. Wing, the Master, is always at his post, while the Overseer, living three miles from the Hall, has missed but two meetings since the Grange was organized. The members generally are interested in and appreciate the value of their Grange, and much good will result from their weekly meetings.

Our George in the Adirondacks.

CHATEAUGAY, N. Y., Sept., 1884.

Ever since I read that book of fairy tales by the Ex-Rev. Alphabetical Murray, about his experiences in the Adirondacks, I have had an itching to go there myself. At first I was a trifle worried about this itching, fearing it might be something worse, but a diagnosis of my case by a physician, relieved my mind of that apprehension and my pocket of a couple of dollars. I am not much of a hunter—that is to say, I *am* quite a hunter, but I never can find anything and this taking a deadly weapon and killing game is way beyond me. About the only game I can kill is a game of cards. I play so confoundedly poor that I generally kill the game after one or two deals. After reading the Reverend gentlemen's book, I learned that it was not necessary to shoot to get game, but only to stand behind a tree till a deer came along and then to entwine your fingers in the meshes of his tail and run him down the mountain till you came to a sharp turn, when by a deft movement of the wrist, you could snap his head off.

This seemed to me like business and the most natural way in the world to kill deer, and finding myself close on to the northern edge of this celebrated mountain I made up my mind to go there and get a few haunches of venison to send home to my friends, and a pair of nice antlers for myself.

From Ogdensburg, N. Y. to Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain, the great route is by the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain R. R. By this route you can enter the Adirondacks at several points, also visit the celebrated Chateaugay chasm, which can only be reached by this line, and which I shall tell you about later. It is only within a year or two that this road has catered for the summer travel and opened up to the public some of the finest scenery and most enjoyable pleasure resorts for sportsmen to be found anywhere. At Rouse's Point you can take the sail on Lake Champlain by steamer, visiting Plattsburg and Port Kent, at which place you are within a few miles of the wonderful Ausable chasm. At Chateaugay by stage, you strike the Adirondacks in a few hours. At Malone by stage a 15 mile ride brings you to Ayers, on high land, 1700 feet above the ocean, where there is good fishing and game. Still further in, a distance of some 15 miles, is Loon Lake, another resort of note. Next season the northern Adirondack R. R. will open and run south from Moira, a point 47 miles East of Ogdensburg to within 10 miles of Lower St. Regis Lake, at which point one is almost in the heart of the northern Adirondacks. I was not much acquainted with these mountains, other than by reputation, but I was surprised to find when I got here what a resort it is. People who want to get into the wilderness, either for health or for fishing and hunting, come to different parts of these mountains by hundreds. The forests of pines and firs with the balsamic odors are very beneficial for lung troubles, that is, they are supposed to be, which is just as good as long as the idea draws the public. Then there is an inherent desire in man to catch or shoot fifty cents worth of game and have the sole knowledge that it really cost him fifty dollars. Everybody has this same feeling in them, only it shows itself in different ways. Some it tackles with the garden fever and they will raise potatoes at ten dollars a bushel and cucumbers at a dollar each, and onions at a dollar an ear, and so on. I confess that there is a charm in being in the woods or wilderness when you can wear a shirt a month and only wash your face on every full moon, but my reason for going into the Adirondacks was the same as the man's who wanted to go to State prison, so he could say he had been there.

At Chateaugay, our party left the cars, as we had to connect here with the stage. Chateaugay is a smart little town of about 3000 inhabitants. I did not learn much about the town, except that there are two hotels, and the runners from them are a very enterprising set of men. About a half dozen runners and drivers met you, one is a lame man, and another is a little small fellow about four feet long, who is so square built that he looks as if he was sawed off from a piece of eighteen inch square timber. He will accost a traveler with both hands, and he never lets go unless he has part of him, if he doesn't get the whole passenger. It is so uncommon sight to see each one of these runners walking off with part of a man, and as "Jerry" said when he it makes a traveler feel lonesome, to have half of him stopping at one hotel, and the twin part at another, besides being expensive, paying board in two places. The young man is wasting his talents on Chateaugay. He should go to Niagara, where his stupendous cheek could find full scope and would be appreciated, but at Chateaugay he is altogether too numerous, and like any other nuisance should be abated.

Our destination was "Camp Cole", a hotel on Upper Chateaugay Lake, and the means of reaching it is by McGauley's stage from the station at Chateaugay. We searched out William, and presented our credentials, and were soon seated in the coach on the road. —Soon after leaving the town, we struck a plank road. It was as terrible a piece of roadway, as I ever traveled. There is an iron mill at the foot of the Lake, and all the iron is hauled over this road, the company furnishing the plank, and the county are supposed to build the road, but somehow they didn't know that we were coming, and had not repaired it very lately. The planks were all worn out, and there were only two stringers to drive a hole, and it was very much like riding over a ladder. The passengers were all provided with rubber rings to hold in their mouths, so that in jolting over this road, they will not bite their tongues off. The main road, which is a good road, which by the way we were told was generally in repair and smoother, was very enjoyable, and after driving six miles, we arrived at Belmont at the foot of the Lake.

All along the road some enthusiastic member of the People's party had been nailing planks to advertise Gov. Butler. They had set them up on the fences, and nailed them to the posts, and with a piece of charcoal had written on them, "Vote for ben butler." "ben Butler The Peoples friend." "God Bless ben butler." I shall watch the returns from this section, to see whether this gratuitous advertising paid.

Belmont is a small village whose whole dependence is upon the iron furnaces, which are located here. Everything is dirty and covered with coal dust, and a person is out of fashion if his face is clean. All along the stage road, and up the sides of the lake were charcoal pits, where charcoal is burnt for refitting the iron. These pits are built of birch, and we took like pictures of Esquimaux, or Hottentot houses, oval in shape and about twenty feet in diameter, and fifteen feet high. Curiously they are all whitewashed. An immense amount of wood is used by the furnaces, one hundred cords a year. The wood is cut in the winter and the coal burnt in the summer. At the foot of the Lake we took a little steamer, the "Adirondacks." It was a little affair, but was considerably lively in its movements. There are two lakes, the upper and the lower joined by what is called the narrows. The lower lake is about 2, miles long, and a mile wide. From this you enter the narrows, which are 4 miles long and from ten rods to an eighth of a mile wide; then the upper lake which is about 3 miles long and 1½ wide. You are now in the Adirondacks, which rise from the lake and are thickly wooded. The sail up the lake was novel, as the whole region was in its wild state. We went taking the lake and its shores, and the mountains in much detail, and we found it very different from anything we had seen. Occasionally along the shore we would see a cottage built by some party who comes here to spend a part of the summer, and hunt and fish or otherwise enjoy themselves. There were several fine cottages on which considerable money had been spent. We saw the cottage where Gov. Cleveland stopped, and then he "went to the woods," but so far as I know, he did not go back to Buffalo and tie about the deer he killed or the trout he caught. After an hour's sail, we arrived at "Ralph's," which is a hotel on upper Lake Chateaugay. It has accommodations for 200 guests, and there are airy rooms, pleasant parlors and office. There is an open fireplace in the parlor, which is considered the correct thing in these days. There is nothing pleasanter than to sit in front of an open fire on a cold day and freeze your back and burn your face and fill your eyes full of smoke and cough and cry and wipe your nose. There are guides, and boats, and guns and fishing tackle, and ever

MORRILL. A large audience assembled at the church last Sunday at 1 P. M. to pay their last respects to one of our oldest citizens, Mr. Roger Merrithew. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. M. Fowler of Searsmont. Mr. Merrithew was 87 years of age, was a soldier in the war of 1812 and later led a seafaring life, but for many years had lived upon his farm in Morrill where he reared a family of children, and led a quiet, peaceful life, respected by all....Fred Daggett is erecting a stable in connection with his house and oil....Fall term of village school closes this week.

SWANVILLE. The officers elect of Swan Lake Lodge, I. O. G. T. were installed Oct. 4th by Lodge Deputy, Z. L. Downes. Picnic supper Oct. 11th. This cause of delay in installation was, no ball in which to hold our meetings....Among the premiums awarded to exhibitors from this town at the So. Waldo and Penobscot fair we notice Elbridge E. Greeley, 1st on three year old steers; Levi Flicker, 2nd on trained steers. The weather was favorable during both days of the fair and the travelling never was better, consequently the attendance was larger than the average. Gross receipts $1365.... Rev. T. B. Gregory delivered an excellent sermon last Sunday, subject Crucifixion. His next meet' will be on Oct. 19th at 3 p. m....Rev. H. Small will preach in the church in this place Oct. 12th, a. m.

GREENBANK. Goodwin McGrey's little girl, aged 7 years, was of play one day last week on the fence near where her father was loading a cart, and as the team started fell in front of the wheel, which ran over her shoulder. A young man working for McGrey saw her in time to prevent the wheel from passing over her neck, but as it happened, she was badly hurt....Isaac Perry has been repairing Mrs. Susan Jones and Warren Harding each built a new house near Ketchen's mill ....John Harding has built a blacksmith shop at Reynolds Corner. It was very much need....Union and Friendship Lodges of I. O. G. T. with the Schoolhouse Lodge last Saturday night, had a very enjoyable time. The lodges appear to be in a very prosperous condition.

STOCKTON. Capt. Ethan Ames died in Hampden, Sept. 18th, at the residence of Mr. William Rogers. Capt. Ames was 80 years old and was a very popular young man and an efficient ship master. He died of lung consumption, originating from malaria in the system contracted while in Africa. He left his ship and came home hoping that the native climate would eradicate the malaria and bring recuperation, but his hopes were not realized. His parents were absent on a voyage to the West Indies and first he made his home at Frank's where he was tenderly cared for by S. F. Ames and wife. It really becoming necessary to have nursing and Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Rogers invited him to their home in Hampden, whither he was conveyed where he had the best of care. The last days were spent at his own home and the last services were held at his own home and the last services were held at the house of his native place.

WESTBROOK. Miss George Pratt has closed the term of music lessons, and will not begin another until fall. Miss DeMott, music teacher at the Westbrook seminary, is about starting a class.... A. Lewis has gone to Houlton for the winter....Mrs. T. H. Spear has returned from Stockbridge's and has been spending the summer.... Dr. Dunham's daughter of Mrs. Daniel Mosely died of the disease of cholera infantum....Miss Ella Stevens on Friday admitted consumption, after a long and distressing sickness of many months. Funeral services Sunday afternoon....Miss Laura Dillard is sick....Mr. Washington Cardozo, a young colored man, who for years has been in the employ of this place died in Stetson on Sunday night, and his remains were brought to Westbrook for burial....The store of E. Gray and the Post Office were entered by burglars one night last week, but not very much was taken....Dr. Baker has bought the Washburn house, and Mrs. Crosby has bought the Crosby house....Miss Lizzie Chase is home from Boothbay for a short visit.

FRANKLIN. Two crops of apples in this town will be gathered this year. Among the largest growers are Ira Eastman Clark, Leonard Burgess, F. Partridge, B. Gray and Miss Betty Thompson. Near by there are several others with crops of from 50 to 75 barrels and a number of handsome young trees are just beginning to bear, those of E. Marden and Hosea Littlefield among the Apples will be cheap. Everybody can have cider this year. O. E. Gray started the first bot on Monday last week. E. M. Eames is up from Lynn while loading a boat with his apples, and E. Hopkins will start a lot for the Islands.... Fred Aale Eames are threshing the grain in Fremont with a new Benjamin & Allen machine Wednesday. They threshed 14 bushels of oats in 1 hours for E. K. Lane.....I read in the journal an apple tree bearing a crop. Prospect has a apple tree in the E. M. Eames orchard that bears an apple one half sweet and the other half sour. This probably cannot be beaten in the country. Berries but one other tree in the state so far heard from....Hugo Ridley will lay the sills for his new house this week....Daniel Herriman has been at work a week in self groceries in connection with his Clothing and Dry Goods business. Mr. Gerrish truck never looked better. O. W. George and his son Manser have the largest potato digger in the town. Isaac Perry has been repairing the seven several miles....Farming in this town appears to have been well attended to, has been a very good year for all occupations. City folks if they have the money can be supplied from the Aroostook over cutting that grows on a farm.

CASTINE. About half past two o'clock on Wednesday morning, an alarm of fire was sounded, followed by a general turnout of the citizens. The house of M. L. Gray on Main St. formerly owned and occupied by the late J. B. Woods, was found to be on fire in the attic. When Hector No. 3 arrived the flames were breaking through the roof in several places, and after Hercules No. 2 was placed to work, after Hercules No. 2 was placed to work, both engines did good work, subdued the flames in about two hours, and effected no other damage are from spreading to the neighboring houses. Mr. Gray and wife narrowly escaped suffocation, so much smoke had the firemen before they were awakened. Most of the furniture was saved but the house is only a ruin, it was fully insured.... C. H. Hooper has received the opinion, which much he will illustrate the figures of Leach. With it he purchased about 400 miscellaneous views, and on Saturday evening entertained his friends with an exhibition of the same in town hall. The first of the illustrated lectures will be given in town hall on Thursday and Friday evenings of this week, under the auspices of the G. A. Post.... Dr. M. P. Harvey, who has been practising dentistry here during the summer with so much success, has gone to finish a course at Philadelphia Dental College. He will return in March next with his family. His many friends here will be glad to see him again, as he is a favorite, and has given general satisfaction in his profession....Mrs. Irene Hutchings, of this town, while visiting at Pro. Point a few days since, arose one morning apparently as well as usual and ate a hearty breakfast, but in less than two hours was a corpse, heart disease....Mrs. L. H. Parker, who has carried on the millinery business here for nearly 30 years has sold out to C. H. Hooper, who will be assisted by his daughter will continue the business in the same place....The third Castine Grange Fair, was held at their hall at West Castine on Thursday. Of course extensive exhibits could not be expected, but they were all very fine, evidencing taste and skill. It was highly satisfactory to the committee, and another will be held the coming

LIBERTY. Mrs. Peavey, an old lady living with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hurd, is very sick....Dr. Williams, a native of this state, but a graduate from a medical school at Cincinnati, O., has located in this village, occupying the Dr. Brown house.... Miss Kittie Walker left for her home in Florida on Thursday of last week, Mrs. J. J. Walker and her grandaughters, Madge and Kit, accompanying her as far as Boston....Mrs. Philbrick of Waterville, and Mrs. Washburn of Bath, daughters of Rev. Dr. Shaw, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Geo. F. Hunt at this village.... The man with the western carriages sold five out of the six that he brought to this place the 2nd inst. and left for Camden on the morning of the 3d....We learn that C. S. McFarland has stopped buying apples for his evaporator on account of the extremely low price of the evaporated apple in the markets....Fred Knowlton and wife returned from Boston on Saturday after a week's absence....Mr. Charles Bagley is paying $1.20 per bbl. for Baldwin apples....Fred A. Lowe, jr. of Rockland, has been spending a few days with friends here....T. P. M. Shaw having purchased the Geo. Cram colt, has now as fine pair of matched colts as there is in the state. They weigh upwards of one thousand pounds each and are sixteen hands high, with lofty carriage, sorrel in color with white feet, white in the face with very light manes and tails. Horse men say that the sight of them is good for sore eyes. Tom says that these colts are not for sale....Mr. John Perley closed a very successful term of writing school at this village last week....Joseph Pinkham has been quite sick for a long time....The many friends of E. J. Cunningham, formerly of Montville, now of Staten Island, N. Y., were pleased to see his pleasant face among us one day last week....Any persons in this vicinity having items that they wish published in the Journal will have the same placed in P. O. Box 54, Liberty, and they will be properly considered....Dr. J. W. Clough and family returned from Boston Saturday night, via Waldoboro....

J. J. Walker will visit Boston the coming week ... A number of ladies from this vil age taking advantage of the cheap rates on the boat will visit Boston....Fred Knowlton, the proprietor of the Liberty & Belfast stage line, walked out from Belfast Saturday, beating the stage time....Hon. C. F. Hildreth, Commissioner of Pharmacy for the State of New Hampshire, Surgeon in the U. S. Navy during the war of the Rebellion, and a life-long Democrat, writes as follows to his old comrade in arms at this place:

SUNCOOK, N. H., Oct. 2nd, 1884.

MY Dear J. O.: I hope to God that you have not become one of those independent blue bloods that are too nice to vote and associate with common folks but can swallow Cleveland with all his immoralities and his free trade. Don't pity the country if a man of that character is sent to the White House as an example for the young men of this country to follow. Although I have always acted with the Democratic party, I cannot go this man Cleveland or Free Trade, and this time if I live I shall vote for your old neighbor, J. G. Blaine.

Dr. Hildreth is a man of the hi chest type of honor, the most moral man we have ever met and has held many important offices in his state. He was appointed to his present position on his merit alone, he being of different political opinions from Gov. Hale, who appointed him.

Searsport Locals.

Mrs. George Colson has sold her place to William Gray.

Miss Lizzie Sargent and Miss Ella Sargent have moved to New Hampshire.

Chas. E. Rice has engaged for another year as cutter for E. L. Towle, Minneapolis.

Capt. I. F. Gilkey has sold his interest in ship Dacotah and is at home for the present.

Mrs. A. V. Nickels and Miss Emeline L. Nickels left by train Monday morning for San Francisco.

The attention of those who want surveying done is called to the advertisement of Mr. J. W. Brock.

The ladies of the Cong. sewing circle will purchase a new carpet for the church. Mrs. D. S. Beals has gone to Boston and will select it while there.

John Putnam has been doing a good business in his sail loft, employing most of the time for three or four months, six hands. They are now at work on the sails for the new schooner.

Elisha Dunbar's black horse was driven from Monroe fair ground last Thursday to this place, a distance of twelve miles, with two of our citizens representing one fourth of a tons weight, in one hour. Who has a better roadster?

A birch floor has been laid in Union hall and it is the intention of the managers to open it as a skating rink. The floor is laid in octagonal form, the most approved for rinks, as the rollers are always run lengthwise of the boards, thus preventing slipping sideways.

Samuel Sargent employed by F. E. Whitcomb to open a flue in his store chimney found a petrified dove entirely perfect with eyes as bright as when in life. The dove must have been imprisoned over two years as there have been none seen about here within that time. On coming to the air the bird commenced to decay.

Capt. John A. Partridge has recently become the possessor of a very rare coin. It is a $10 gold piece coined in 1795, and is a perfect specimen, having a sharp and bright appearance and showing each hair line to perfection. On one side is a filiet head with thirteen stars and the date 1795; on the other side is an eagle with outspread wings and a wreath in his mouth. The coin is like California gold. It is no doubt valuable as a specimen, there having been but 1700 coined that year.

We are continually receiving congratulations on the Journal's column of Searsport locals. Mr. E. A. Nowes, before his departure for his home on the Pacific Coast, requested us to continue his ten years' sojourn in the far west he came, and he thought always should be, more interested in the Journal than in any of the daily or weekly papers of the section he has chosen as his future home. And our scattering friends tell us that news considered by those at home trivial and hardly worthy of printing is read and discussed abroad often more than news we considered of very much more importance. As it is quite a task to find locals of interest to fill the space allotted to Searsport, we shall always thankfully receive from friends items of news and when abroad we cordially invite correspondence. So large a class of our Searsport readers are mariners that news from almost any port is interesting to a majority.

Our item last week on the Mosman relics was read with pleasure by relatives here and Mrs. Charlotte B. Rickmore, a daughter of Ezekiel Mosman and a cousin to the Mrs. Holden spoken of, has shown us some of the Mosman family relics fully as rare as those mentioned in the article from the Gazette & Courier. Among them is a pocket knife with brass handle on one side of which was engraved the name of Moses Mosman, Sudbury, and on the other, Sarah Mosman 1647. A sampler made in 1719. A lady's riding jacket made of black broadcloth lined with dark blue silk, the sleeves lined with white silk, a style worn about 1775 to 80. A home made linen pillow slip nearly 200 years old. A pewter porringer, two pewter platters and a pewter basin over 200 years old. A green silk parasol from the same source and about the same age. Pearls consisting of Robert B. Thomas' almanac for 1752, when it was first printed, to 1884. She says her father, who resides in Grinnell, Iowa, has many other relics fully as interesting as these.

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UNITY. Joseph Hallorn, of Pittsfield, was on the track at the fair grounds Monday and collided with another team. Hallorn was thrown out, badly bruised, cut over left eye and ruptured the ligaments of his ankle. He was taken to his home at Pittsfield.

BUCKSPORT. The organization of the Natural History Society at the Seminary last spring has resulted in developing much interest on the subject among the students and many of them have been active in procuring specimens, etc. Last Friday a couple hits and fifteen minutes intermission from the fact that it was killed in the river just off Bucksport. They very seldom come so far up, but as this is the second one seen here this year it would seem as though they are becoming more neighborly. We hope this may be the case since they make excellent bait and are much sought for farther East for that purpose. They have a long wedge shaped body a foot or more in length, and from the margins of the mouth ten tentacles or arms extend. These arms in places are covered with suckers which enable the squid to stick fast and strong to anything to which it adheres. Considered in every respect the squid is one of the most interesting creatures that inhabits the seas, and it is worthy to be compared with another specimen, the chameleon, a terrestrial creature which was recently brought from Cadiz and housed for a time to the Seminary. This is a representative of the creature that has given rise to so many fabulous stories concerning its changeableness of color and its subsisting on air. It is a so cum looking individual and appears always as though engrossed in deep thought; but the fly knows better, for as soon as the fly approaches within speaking distance, the chameleon as quick as a flash darts out its tongue—a long hollow tube with a swollen fleshy extremity—and scoops him in. In warm countries where they are more active they require regular rations but here they live for months without food. Their eyes are independent of each other and it is very ludicrous to watch them ogling one thing in front of them and something else behind. This specimen changes color slowly from a creamy white to gray black; sometimes it is striped, sometimes spotted and often it is dark colored. It has eaten nothing now for over eight weeks and yet it seems to be happy. This disposition to fast will doubtless give it a fellow feeling for a live snake, which has lived in the laboratory of the Seminary for over five weeks without taking food, although a dainty little frog was kept with him for a week to tempt his appetite.... The sch. Caroline Kreischer, Capt. C. A. Devereux, is now on the marine railway for thorough repairs under the charge of Master Thomas Parker with a crew of eleven men. This vessel went ashore on Ram Island near Portland, July 4th, the weather being dark and thick at the time. Capt. D. made three bargains with as many different parties to get her off, who trying did not succeed. At one time, however, they got her afloat, but she parted the chain and two hawsers and went on again. After pounding on the rocks for thirty eight days the Capt. succeeded in getting her off, when she was filled with empty casks and brought here in tow of another vessel. Capt. D. owns 11-16 and will continue to run her as a packet to Portland as usual. The repairs will amount to about a thousand dollars, as she had to be rebottomed....Col. O. G. Putnam raised the boss sunflower of the season. We called to see the monster. It measures nineteen and a half inches across the seed disk. The stock is eight feet high....Our village nine has got a relapse of the *blues*. On Saturday afternoon the Seminary boys scored 8 to their 4; liniment has taken a rise. Our young village nine went over to Prospect and played the Ferry nine. The voyage did not agree with *them!* They left a *loud* challenge to just come over to Bucksport and try it.... The Portland Press of Monday reports the sudden death, from inflammation, of Harry A. Cobb, son of Charles J. Cobb, of Bucksport, who, for the past three years, has been in the employ of Rines Brothers, of that city. The Press says: "Mr. Cobb was about 23 years of age, an excellent salesman and a young man of good morals. For some time past he had been in charge of the velvet department in the store. The remains will be taken to Bucksport to day,"....A letter has been received stating that Albert Stover, a young man of this place, who went out West last spring, was shot and killed at a cattle ranch in Dakota. Full particulars have not been received, but the shooting is believed to have been accidental.

Farmers' Festivals.

WALDO COUNTY FAIR. The annual cattle show and fair of the Waldo County Agricultural Society began at the fair grounds, in this city, on Wednesday, and will close this afternoon. The attendance on the opening day was not large, although the weather was fine. The show outside and in the hall was very fine, although not large. Among the stock the thoroughbreds and high grades out numbered the natives, showing that Waldo county farmers are giving their attention to improvement in their stock. J. H. Frye, of Montville, exhibited a handsome Durham bull—Mountain Boy—which is a valuable animal. Mr. Parker, of the Belfast stock farm, had his herd of eight thoroughbred Herefords, headed by the bull Duke of Penpont, four cows, two heifers and one calf. These animals were at the Eastern State fair, where some of them took prizes. This stock is very handsome, and many promising calves of this breed were to be seen from different parts of the county. Joseph Littlefield, of Brooks, exhibited a fine grade Hereford bull, and a handsome pair of matched horses. Joseph Ham, of Jackson, had one of the finest animals on the ground, a grade Hereford bull eight months old which girls five feet and four inches. Charles Elwell has a handsome pair of three year old steers. Ellis Bros., Belfast, exhibited a Cotswold buck and a flock of grade sheep. Daniel Toothaker, of Belfast, exhibited a full blooded Southdown buck. Riley Bailey, of Brooks, displayed a handsome flock of Lincolnshire sheep. F. B. Wood, Belfast, a good flock of Cotswold and Southdown sheep. Gray & Webb, of Montville, had a pen of thoroughbred Cheapside sheep and lambs. The sheep were the handsomest and largest on exhibit for some time. Among the fine horses is a three year old stallion owned by L. Fletcher of Monroe. This is one of the most promising colts on the grounds.

The following are the largest exhibits in the hall: J. W. Knight, Northport, 22 varieties of apples, 14 of potatoes, 4 of pumpkins, 2 of cabbages, 2 of beets, parsnips, turnips, cucumbers, 3 of squash, 17 kinds of beans, 4 of peas, 4 of corn; butter. T. D. Nickerson, Searsville, 23 kinds of apples. James Cunningham, Belfast, 30 kinds of apples, 6 of grapes, 3 cabbages, pears. F. A. Gray, Montville, a pump, kin weighing 12 lbs., 4 kinds of squashes, 4 kinds beans, 2 potatoes, onions. Percy Redman, Belfast, 25 kinds of apples, 2 wheat, 2 oats, 7 beans, 12 potatoes, 6 corn. A. S. Redman, Belfast, 13 kinds of potatoes, 8 beans, 3 peases, 2 oats, wheat, corn and apples. J. R. Littlefield, Brooks, 38 kinds of apples.

The above are the largest of the exhibitors. Next week we shall publish all the entries and awards.

The following races were trotted Wednesday afternoon: 2 year old colts, 3 minute horses, 2.40 horses. We go to press too early to give results.

Thursday afternoon there will be an examination of stallions, brood mares, and colts, and election of society officers.

The following is the programme for the trotting this (Thursday) afternoon, and as some of the best horses in Maine are entered there should be a large attendance.

1.30 P. M. 4-year-old Class. Purse $30, $15 to 1st, $10 to 2d, $5 to 3d.

H. E. Haley, Monroe, ns.....b m Lula
G. A. Hunt, Unity, ns.....blk g Black Tom
Blodgett Bros., Belfast, ns.....b g Joe Baxter
H. Reynolds, Unity, ns.....g m Kitty R
G. B. Wellington, Milton, ns.....g Hancock
2.30 Class. Purse $30, $25 to 1st, $15 to 2d, $10 to 3d.
H. E. Haley, Monroe, ns.....g m Lula
H. E. Haley, Monroe, ns.....g m Eastern Queen
M. W. Ferrin, Belfast, ns.....b s Jim Blaine
Blodgett Bros., Belfast, ns.....b m Maggie
Isaac A. Adams, Thomaston, ns.....ch g Isaac A
H. M. Bean, Camden, ns.....b g McLain
N. D. Coombs, Thorndike, ns.....s g Sorrel Dan
C. B. Wellington, Albion, ns.....b m Jolanthe
H. Nelson, Waterville, ns.....b m Miss Ward
H. Reynolds, Unity, ns.....b m Maggie
Free for All. Purse $175, $100 to 1st, $50 to 2d, $25 to 3d.
H. E. Haley, Monroe, ns.....b m Knox Chief
Blodgett Bros., Belfast, ns.....b h Thackamian
A. D. Bumps, Thorndike, ns.....blk g Baby Boy
H. Merrill, Lincoln, ns.....b h Aroostook Boy
Col. Morrill, Dexter, ns.....ch m Surprise
F. S. Tilton, Bangor, ns.....blk m Gray Nose Clay
C. B. Wellington, Albion, ns.....s g La Clair
H. E. Nelson, Waterville, ns.....b m Jersey Lily
Morrill & Gibbs, Bangor, ns.....s g Gray Dan

NORTH WALDO AGRICULTURAL FAIR. The fair at Unity opened favorably on Monday, Oct. 6th. The attendance was fully equal to the average, the display of stock creditable and extensive, while the exhibited fancy articles fruit, vegetables, grain, etc., fell far below that of former years. However, one section we deer fruit or more colossal vegetables than were shown. C. E. Stevens presented five turnips, together weighing 60 lbs., while E. J. Barrett from the same source and about the same age, weighed 152, when it was first printed, to 184. She says her father, who resides in Grinnell, Iowa, has many other relics fully as interesting as these.

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WALDO AND PENOBSCOT FAIR. This fair was held at the Ritchie Grange room on Tuesday last and was largely attended. The show of cattle was good and many thoroughbred and graded animals were shown. E. L. Patterson exhibited a herd he bought a few months ago of Howard Murphy of Belfast, composed of ten grade Jerseys and two thoroughbreds. Mr. W. C. Coombs, who runs a milk team to Belfast, had a herd of fourteen native cattle. The Levensaler Bros. exhibited a Jersey bull, heifer and calf, all thoroughbred and one high grade animal. J. G. Harding had some good grade Jersey stock. Selden Gurney exhibited a very handsome thoroughbred short horn bull from Dow's herd, Brigadier Island. The draft oxen attracted much attention. The hall exhibits were pronounced the best ever showa here. The display of apples was large and fine, one man having thirty-eight varieties. It has been a good year for apples. The ladies department was good, the housewife taking a special pride in her butter, yarn, preserves and fancy work. An impromptu baby show was gotten up in the afternoon, but the reporter was unable to get the names of the babies or the parents, as no entries were made, except of the prize winners. The little ones all deserved a prize for they kept very still, making little or no fuss, apparently enjoying the scene as much as the doting parents. No cash premiums were paid except to the ladies. The fair, taken as a whole, was a decided success and the best ever held in this town. The day was fine, the crowd happy, and all seemed bent on having a good time. The following are the entries:

HORSES AND CATTLE.

J. R. Littlefield, pair draught horses, three pairs one year old steers.
Gilman Roberts, pair matched oxen.
Emmerson Bros., pair of draught oxen.
Levensaler Bros., Jersey bull, heifer, calf and one three years old.
Z. Eaton, pair one year old steers, three year old heifer, and one stock cow.
J. Whitcomb, three year old steer, one carriage horse.
Augustus Payson, three year old steers, cow, pair yearling steers, pair calves.
J. G. Harding, two year old heifer, heifer calf and one year calf.
J. V. Bartlett, three years old steers, five years old horse.
J. M. Colson, one colt.
W. Wentworth, coop hens, pair four years old oxen.
Samuel Reynolds, two years old colt.
Frank Freeman, one colt.
Z. Stephenson, pair draught oxen.
O. G. Huzzey, pair fat oxen.
Miles Luce, pair calves.
Bert Wentworth, two year old colt.
Manuel Blake, one year old colt.
Joseph Ellis, pair working oxen, two pairs two year old steers, one year old colt, and one three year old colt.
Frank Clement, pair matched colts three years old.
J. M. Roberson, bull calf, Durham grade.
R. M. Hartshorn, one coop hens.
Rossie Littlefield, one pair trained two year old steers.
J. C. Littlefield, matched horses.
N. R. Cilley, pair matched oxen, farm stock.
E. L. Patterson, herd of ten Jersey grade, one yearling colt, one cow.
R. Wentworth, three year old colt.
J. F. Smith, two year old stallion, three year old colt, roading horse.
W. L. Coombs, dairy stock, 14 head.
Henry Reynolds, pair calves, two yearling heifers.
Bert Morrill, pair yearling steers.
J. L. Chase, two yearling heifers, pair oxen, pair steers.
N. L. Cilley, two pair two year old steers, one yearling heifer.
L. Burns, 8 sheep, one calf.
Selden Gurney, one Shorthorn bull, one three year old colt.
Thomas Lane, some stock on the grounds which was not entered.

THE HALL EXHIBITS.

The following are the entries in the hall, which include the vegetables, produce, and fancy articles.

Joseph Ellis, pumpkins and squash.
Gilman Roberts, corn and pumpkins.
W. Storey, pumpkins, beans, (500 to a plat) bald wheat.
J. C. Chase, onions, pumpkins, turnip seeds.
A. J. Simmons, four lots of beets, carrots, turnips.
N. R. Cilley, turnips, onions, two varieties potatoes, two of carrots, corn, beets, pumpkins.
A. R. Wentworth, three strings of onions, cabbages, beets.
W. Luce, pumpkins, squash.
W. Moore, pumpkin.
E. Cross, pop corn, onions, squash.
J. W. Wentworth, pop corn, two kinds of beets.
R. R. Paul, two kinds beets, parsnips, pop corn, cucumbers, tomato plants, twin pumpkins.
J. C. Wentworth, two strings onions, carrots.
E. D. Freeman, trace corn, pop corn, field corn, pumpkins, Hubbard squash, Naturaline, ruta bagas, turnips, carrots, cabbages, citron, manger sorrel beets.
Ralph Freeman, two traces corn.
E. O. Stanhal, beets, onions.
E. L. Patterson, trace pop corn, two kinds of beets.
R. Shorey, beets.
Clara Marden, squash, corn, apples.
S. Kingsbury, trace corn.
Clarence Smith, pair of crystal apples.
Mrs. G. Roberts, two mats.
Annie Simpson, rag carpeting.
W. Bartlett, stockings, mittens, knit rug, bouquet flowers.
Mrs. Cross, stockings, mittens, preserves, pickles, jellies, butter.
Ada Cummings, tidy.
Mrs. Cummings, quilt.
Lina Harding, pair pillow cases.
Mrs. Harding, rug.
Gertie Walker, green felt curtain, embroidered nose, linen tidy, flannel tidy, red worsted socks, braid trimmings.
Mrs. Walker, Turkish toweling toilet, blue cord ing cushion, lace tidy, crochet edging.
S. Elwell, quilt, three pairs hose.
Mary Simmons, white leather wreath.
Bertie Gurney, pair double fancy mits, pair flowered mits, gentleman's hose, lady's hose.
Mrs. Riley, annular bandoroquin, baby carriage robe, lace tidy, sofa pillow.
Mrs. L. Reynolds, two pairs children hose, lamp mats.
Annie Littlefield, toilet set, lamp mats.
Mrs. Dora Clary, vegetable wreath.
Mrs. M. Wentworth, knit rug.
Mrs. L. G. Littlefield, tidies, lamp mats.
Mrs. N. R. Cilley, sofa pillow, tidies, lamp mats, apple jelly, raspberry and crab apple preserves.
Mrs. Annie Reynolds, Shetland shawl.
Mrs. W. A. Monroe, tidy.
Mrs. J. R. Bailey, toilet set, lamp mat, bradded rug, crochet scarf, air castle.
Mrs. F. Patterson, mittens, hose.
Mrs. J. C. Littlefield, yarn, butter, stockings and mittens, apples.
Mrs. J. L. Chase, fancy tidy, hooked rug, stockings.
Mrs. George Smith, satin and plush tidy, silk and plush mat.
Mrs. W. Luce, hair wreath, worsted wreath, butter, preserves, cut flowers, pot plant, pastry, stuffed fowl.
Mrs. G. Bartlett, knit rug, hooked rug.
Mrs. J. S. Morrill, hooked rug, tidy.
Mrs. Laura Roberts, toilet set, tidies.
Mrs. Mary A. Smith, hooked rugs.
Miss Ellen E. Parker, hooked rug.
N. R. Cilley, 15 varieties apples.
W. Storey, 14 varieties apples.
J. Wentworth, 2 varieties apples, butter.
Annie L. Collins, grapes.
J. Evans, apples and grapes.
J. G. Harding, 14 kinds of apples, grapes.
Mrs. A. W. Elwell, 6 kinds apples.
Gilman Roberts, 7 kinds apples, grapes.
J. C. Pilley, 6 kinds apples, 2 grapes.
J. Roberson, apples.
E. S. Gray, 15 kinds apples, honey, 2 kinds grapes.
E. D. Freeman, 14 kinds apples, grapes.
A. Wentworth, 7 kinds apples.
A. J. Cilley, 23 kinds apples.
J. Ellis, 15 kinds apples.
N. E. Clarey, 3 kinds apples.
A. R. Littlefield, 8 kinds apples, pears.
J. L. Chase, 14 kinds apples.
I. Whitcomb, 14 kinds apples.
L. C. Patterson, 12 kinds apples, grapes.
Mrs. Sarah W. Levensaler, two cheeses, one sage.
Mrs. W. Luce, Mrs. N. R. Cilley, Mrs. E. Cross, Mrs. J. W. Wentworth, Mrs. S. J. Littlefield, Mrs. E. Cross, exhibited butter.
Mamie Clements, brown bread.

THE PREMIUMS.

The following are the premiums so far as were awarded. The remainder will be given next week.

There were twenty-three different lots of apples, not less than nine varieties in each lot.

Wellington Shorey, 16 varieties, 1st premium, J. L. Chase, 14 v., 2d; J. G. Harding, 14 v., 3d.

GRAPES. Annie Collins, 1st; J. Evans, 2d; G. Roberts, 3d.

DRAUGHT OXEN. Z. Stephenson, 1st; J. C. Littlefield, 2d; Emerson Elwell, 3d.

FAT OXEN. O. G. Huzzey, 1st.

DAIRY STOCK. NATIVES. W. Coombs, 1st.

GRADE JERSEY. E. L. Patterson, 1st.

THOROUGHBRED BULL. Levensaler Bros., 1st; E. L. Patterson, 2d.

DURHAM BULL. J. M. Patterson, 1st.

GRADE BULL. E. D. Freeman, 1st.

FULL BLOODED DURHAM BULL. Selden Gurney, 1st.

STOCK COWS. W. Coombs, 1st; J. Evans, 2d.

HEIFERS. Three year old, J. Evans, 1st; 2 years old, J. G. Hardy, 1st; yearlings, N. E. Clarey, 1st; H. Reynolds, 2d; and 3d. Calves, J. G. Harding, 1st, and same on veal calves.

THOROUGHBRED JERSEY. One year old heifer, Levensaler Bros. 1st, and same to heifer calf.

MATCHED HORSES. J. C. Littlefield, 1st.

MATCHED COLTS. Frank Clement, 1st.

WORK HORSES. J. V. Bartlett, 1st.

COLTS. 3 years old, Selden Gurney, 1st; R. Whitcomb, 2d; Frank Smith, 3d. 2 years old, Frank Smith 1st; S. Reynolds, 2d; 1 year old, S. P. Blake, 1st; sucking colt, J. M. Colson, 1st; Frank Freeman, 2d.

STEERS. 3 year old, J. Whitcomb, 1st; J. V. Bartlett, 2d; S. A. Payson, 3; 2 year olds, J. C. Littlefield, 1st; N. E. Clary, 2d; J. Ellis, 3d; yearling, J. Evans, 1st; J. R. Littlefield, 2d; J. Morrill, 3d; calves, M. Luce, 1st; S. A. Payson, 2d; H. Reynolds, 3d.

MATCHED STEERS. Everett Chase, 1st; Bert Morrill, 2d; C. Littlefield, 3d.

MATCHED OXEN. N. R. Cilley, 1st; S. Gurney, 2d; G. Roberts, 3d.

WORKING OXEN. Geo. Sanborn, 1st; J. Ellis, 2d; W. Wentworth, 3d.

DRAUGHT HORSES. Double. J. R. Littlefield, 1st; J. Austin, 2d. Single horse. S. Genthner, 1st.

BABY SHOW. Hattie Mosmond, Esther Cilley, 1st. Joseph Elwell, 2d; Ralph Barley, 3d. Under 8 months old, Allie McCambridge, 1st; Grace Beckwith, 2d; Ardia L. Simmons, 3d.

THE WALDO AND PENOBSCOT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FAIR. The sixteenth annual fair of this Society was held at Monroe on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1st and 2nd. The attendance was large, and the fair was generally pronounced the most successful ever held by this society. Bangor was represented by quite a large delegation; Belfast, as usual, contributed her quota to the crowd; and Bucksport, Searsport and all the towns within a wide radius were represented. The exhibits of fruit, vegetables, cereals and fancy articles were very fine, and there was a large show of horses and cattle on Wednesday. The pulling matches on that day excited a good deal of interest. Three spans of horses were entered, and after a long struggle the first premium was given to a magnificent pair of dapple gray horses owned by Joseph Littlefield, of Brooks. These horses pulled on a drag of 6215 pounds. The second premium was awarded to Charles McKenney, of Monroe, and the third to Mr. Sterns, of Monroe.

In the class for two-year-old colts, the first prize was awarded to Young Onward, owned in Morrill. This is a splendid colt by Onward. The second prize was given to a colt owned by Dr. Colson, of Prospect.

Wednesday evening there was a dance in the Town Hall, which was largely attended. There were sixty odd coupies on the floor at one time.

Thursday morning the family horses and the matched pairs were exhibited. The premiums on family horses were awarded as follows: First, to F. Grant, Jackson; second, to F. A. Ritchie, Monroe; third, to George Sweetser, Hampden.

On matched horses the first premium was awarded to the black pair owned by E. D.

PURE BLOOD

IS THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF HEALTH.

THE marvellous results of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA upon all humors and low conditions of the blood are proven by the cures effected. Such has been the success of this article at home that nearly every family in whole neighborhoods have been taking it at the same time. It eradicates scrofula, vitalizes and enriches the blood, thereby restoring and renovating the whole system. Hood's SARSAPARILLA purifies the blood. Hood's SARSAPARILLA cures dyspepsia. Hood's SARSAPARILLA cures biliousness. A peculiar point in Hood's SARSAPARILLA is that it builds up and strengthens the system, while it eradicates disease, and as nature's great assistant proves itself invaluable as a protection from diseases that originate in changes of the seasons, of climate and of life.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

SCROFULA.

135 HOWARD STREET, LOWELL, MASS., Jan. 17, 1884.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO. Gentlemen—I have used HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA in my family for scrofulous humor with wonderful success, and am happy to say to you that it is the best medicine we ever used. I do sincerely advise any one who is troubled with scrofula to give this valuable remedy a trial, and assure them they will be delighted and astonished. Very truly yours,
C. C. PICKERING.
(Coburn Shuttle Co.)

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA is sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle, six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
1yr5

CAIN

Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney-Wort bought me from my grave, and I live to offer a testimonial to its merits." Jas. Ellis, Detroit.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness." Rev. Ira Mills, Ashtabula, O. "Kidney-Wort cured me." H. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk." Chas. Dyer, Chicago.
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the only medicine that has relieved me." Geo. Goodwin, Ex-Sheriff, Newark, N. J.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die." Mrs. L. Beth Nat. Guard, S. Y.

Is your Back lame and achine?
"Kidney-Wort, it relieved me in one day." Mrs. M. J. H. Gaslin, Ed. *Christian Monitor*, Cleveland, O.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort is the best medicine I ever used. Cured after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $100 to us." Samuel Hodgson, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever used." Mrs. J. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently* cured me of bleeding piles." Dr. W. Plumer, Chemist, Memphis, Tenn.
Geo. H. Hurst, Goshen, Ind. Jas. Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered years." Eldridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends owe it praise." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

1yr12

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. Ask Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

A CURE FOR GRAVEL.

A Common and Painful Complaint—A Statement You May Confide In.

It seems to have been reserved for Dr. David Kennedy of Rondout, N. Y., to accomplish, through his preparation widely known as KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, what others have failed to compass. The subjoined letter will be found of vital interest to sufferers from gravel and to the general public:

ALBANY, March 20, 1884.

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—Let me tell you frankly that I have never been partial to proprietary medicines, as I believe the majority of them to be nothing better than methods of obtaining money from people whom suffering makes ready to catch at any hope or relief. They are mostly humbugs and delusions. But your FAVORITE REMEDY I know by happy experience to be a totally different thing. I had been a sufferer from gravel for years, and had resorted to many eminent physicians for relief, but no permanent good came of it. Then, three years ago your FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. I can give you the result in a sentence. I tried it and it cured me completely. I am confident it saved my life. You can use this letter if you think best. Yours, etc., NATHAN ACKLEY.

Captain Nathan Ackley was for a long time connected with the Canal Appraiser's office in Albany. He is well known and writes for no purpose but to do good to others.

As a medicine for all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and digestive organs, KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY has fairly won its high reputation. Write if desirable to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. 1m8

DR. J. H. PORTER'S HEALING VITAL OIL

Is the best remedy on the continent for the permanent cure of most of the diseases to which flesh is heir. Ask your druggist for it, and send for a descriptive circular, inclosing stamp, to
BOSTON VITAL OIL CO.,
P. O. Box 1757, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil
Will not soil the finest fabric, explode nor take fire. Is taken into the system by absorption.
Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Weeks & Potter, Carter, Harris & Hawley, Smith, Doolittle & Smith, and Cutler Bros., Agents for Boston; Cook, Everett & Pennell, Portland, Agents for Maine.

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil
Makes a positive cure of Rheumatism, Cures Neuralgia every time. Ask your druggist for it. Send and get a full descriptive circular of home testimonials, inclosing stamp, to
BOSTON VITAL OIL CO.,
P. O. Box 1757, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil
Cannot be equalled for the cure of all weakness of the spine and limbs, stiff and lame joints, and contractions. Is a sovereign remedy for Heart Disease. Ask your druggist for it, and get a full descriptive circular.

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil
Is the best remedy to keep in the house in case of emergency. It is a *general* and *grand specific*. Will not harm the weakest infant. Ask your druggists for it and get a full descriptive circular.

Dr. J. H. Porter's Healing Vital Oil
Cures, viz.: Diphtheria, Croup, Sciatica, Felons, Corns. Will stop the progress of Cancers and Tumors in their first stages. Is a grand remedy for Asthma, and all Lung and Throat diseases. Ask your druggist for it, and get a descriptive circular.

J. H. PORTER, M. D.,
Has been in medical practice for more than forty years. Can be consulted, by letter or otherwise, upon any curable disease of either male or female. Residence: 21 Cross Street, Boston, Mass., Charlestown District.
Rupture permanently cured in from 60 to 150 days. 6m34

Farm for Sale.

A good farm for sale situated in South Belfast on Lincolnville avenue, one and one-half miles from the city, contains one hundred acres of land, well wooded, cuts between forty and fifty tons first quality hay, a good orchard, mostly grafted fruit, good buildings, all convenient and in good repair. The above farm will be sold at a good bargain. For further particulars enquire on the premises. JAMES P. WIGHT.
Belfast, Sept. 27, 1884.—3w40*

House for Sale.

The story and a half house with ell and barn attached, tool house, woodshed; good cellar and good well of water, on Waldo Ave., owned by Dr. A. S. DAVIS. There is about four acres of land, and some twenty fruit trees, pear and apple. This is a very desirable place, built by Dr. Davis for his own use, and will be sold at abargain. Apply to A. A. HOWES.
Belfast, ay 1, 1884.—tf18

For Sale.

A new two story house situated in Belfast about one-third of a mile from the Post Office. Also the house situated on North Street known as the Miller House. Apply to W. H. FOGLER or to Mrs. E. H. COLBY.
Belfast, July 17th, 1884.—29tf

Wanted!

A HOUSEKEEPER, in family consisting of four persons. Call on or address
W. E. MARSH, P. O. Box 545.
Belfast, Sept. 25, 1884.—4t39

Campaign Lyrics.

THE ELECTION IN MAINE.

Dear Brother Jacob: 'Spose you've he'erd
About our State election;
It went jist right, but some folks say
It han't got no connection
With what we think of Mr. Blaine
An' all the yarns they're tellin',
But still it kinder 'pears to me,
Accordin' to my spellin',
It proves that Blaine is tol'able
Well thought on by his neighbors,
An' that they're goin' to vote for him,
Ter pay him for his labors.
But arter all, some papers say,
Twas "bout as they expected,"
"Tain' no great s'ort'py at all
Nor sign who'll be elected.
That Blaine, he is an awful man,
An' Logan is a black 'un,
That Prohibition done the job,
An' set a sorter pattun,
Which way to vote; but it won't be
The case when comes November,
For all the lyin's and the sins
Folks *then* won't disremember."
But I dunno; though seems I writ
The iast, I've bin considerin',
An' 'studyin' politics a bit,
An' kinder, sorter, figgerin';
An' el I've got the answer right,
By addin' and subtractin',
An' cancellin' an awful sight
O' things that is distractin',
Our State will vote for Mr. Blaine,
An' he will be elected.
An' shows the English that he is
A man, *to home* respected,
An' prove to all the college folks
Who take the Christian Union,
Tain't best to be so awful sot,
Like some on close communion;
An' that, mos' likely they've forgot
That somewhere it is writ,
Those folks who strain so at a gnat
A camel down may git;
An' that it ain't the proper way
To set upon the fence,
An' say the Independent side
Has all the common sense,
An' all the honest politics.
For all our deestrict know
Virtu a'ot left the State of Maine
An' gone to Buffalo.
An' that perhaps it might be so,
That, as the Scriptur saith,
Some honesty might still be found
In deown east Nazareth,
An' that perhaps, if they should make
A new an' perfect party,
An' all the good folks jined it tew,
So innocent an' hearty,
They might be plagued to find a man
Who never had been errin',
But minded all his mother said,
Without the least demurrin';
And never once in all his life
Was 'blegged to say "I'm sorry,"
Who never got the answer wrong
An' never said "By gorry,"
If sorver, kinder, seems to me,
Their talk, an' their disputin',
Is pulin' wool on voter's eyes
An' rather hifalutin',
But then, perhaps, I'm deciphered wrong—
Wimmen is silly blunderin'—
An' el I've made a big mistake
There won't be no great wonderin';
But fur's I've gone, el I can see
Which way the wind is a blowin',
I think it starts from Kennebec,
An' keeps a stiddy goin'
To Westward; an' from Michigan
Begins to spry its motion,
An' looks like lightnin' when it gits
To the Pacific Ocean.
An' so it kinder seems to me
That el I was a man
I should keep hoff of that old ship
They call Republican.
True, Isaac's folks has never thought,
Like you an' I an' Peter,
An' allus sing election tunes
To Democratic meter,
An' say 'tis time to hev a change
An' let the bosses swop;
An' el they think so, let 'em think
They hev a right—; but stop
Perhaps you'll send a letter down
An' 'ville 'em what to do.
They are a most contrary lot,
But think a sight of you—
An' howsomever you sill may vote
Let there be no choice taken,
But el you vote for winmin folks
Don't write to POLLY DAKIN.

Boston Journal.

A SYMPHONY IN VERY DARK BLUE.

BY C. SCHURZ.

Air: "The Heart Bowed Down."

I cannot speak the new piece,
The piece I used to speak;
Paralysis my tongue has seized,
Tears course adown my cheek;
O Passamaquoddy's gladsome bay!
O Androscoggin's clear refrain!
O rushing Chinquassabemook!
I've heard, I've heard the news from Maine!

Chorus—

That Brooklyn speech was all in vain,
By Germany, 'twas not genuine—
Yes, I have heard the news from Maine!

I cannot find "the still vote,"
The vote I once did spy;
Augusta whispers in my ear,
"You'll find it in your eye";
While Passadumkeag remarks,
In tones of mocking glee,
That Carl has made another flop,
"For now he's Sadducee."

Cho.

That Brooklyn speech was all in vain,
By Germany, 'twas not germane—
Yes, I have heard the news from Maine!

I cannot fire the old charge,
The charge I aimed at Blaine;
The gun has burst, the powder spent—
I've heard the news from Maine!
O Umbagog! O Aroostook!
O Moosehunkamatuk!
Deep, deep within these boots of mine
My anguished heart has sunk!

Cho.

That Brooklyn speech was all in vain,
By Germany, 'twas not germane—
Yes, I have heard the news from Maine!

(N. Y. Tribune.

Gems of Thought.

It is said that every other demon attacks in the front, but Slander assaults from behind. [Parsi.

A fixed idea is like the iron rod which sculptors put in their statues. It impales and sustains. [Taine.

He that will make a good use of any part of his life must allow a large portion of it to recreation. [Locke.

Reason is always striving and always at a loss, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. [Dryden.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes. [Swift.

Extremes are for us as if they were not, and as if we were not in regard to them; they escape from us, or we from them. [Pascal.

When by a cold penury I blast the abilities of a nation, and stunt the growth of its active energies, the ill I may do is beyond all calculation. [Burke.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity. [Ruskin.

Passion and prejudice govern the world; only under the name of reason. It is our part, by religion and reason joined, to counteract them all we can. [John Wesley.

True law is right reason conformable to nature, universal, unchangeable, eternal, whose commands urge us to duty, and whose prohibitions restrain us from evil. [Cicero.

As in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever. [Longfellow.

Look upon pleasures not upon that side that is next the sun, or where they look beautiously, that is, as they come towards you to be enjoyed, for then they paint and smile, and dress themselves up in tinsel, and glass gems, and counterfeit imagery. [Jeremy Taylor.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door. [Dean Swift.

One of Carl Schurz's Meetings.

Mr. Schurz was on the stage, engaged in delivering his great speech, and back of him sat about fifteen or twenty people, and there were as many more vacant chairs.

As time passed on the house slowly filled up until it was crowded, many being persons just dropping in to see the speaker out of curiosity, and having satisfied their curiosity they left.

Thus the audience was kept in a turmoil continually, and but few could hear the speaker, who stood with his legs twisted about each other, leaning upon a desk and spoke in a low tone. When he was done speaking the audience dispersed quietly.

That was all there was of the great Schurz meeting and ovation.

Such a solemn fizzle has seldom been witnessed in any political campaign.

While Mr. Schurz was speaking, the beer was passing around and the waiters were kept busy, and the tobacco hung in a heavy cloud and there was much merry making and "guying" of the honorable gentleman.

It was a pitiable exhibition of a man who, not being honest and true to himself, was disdainfully considered even by those who applauded him, and who have for years found language too weak to express their hatred for him.

His visit and speech will have no more effect upon the German vote than the throwing of a buffalo chip upon a placid pool.

Cured by Prayer.

Miss Daisy Perrin of 832 Hancock street, Brooklyn, was given up by her physicians, and it was thought that she might die at any moment. For eight weeks she had not been able to rise from her bed, and for days one attack of convulsions followed another. On Thursday, Capt. S. W. Pendleton of the steamship Gulf Stream called with his wife upon Miss Perrin. Capt. Pendleton thought he could cure the young lady by prayer. He knelt by her bedside, and for an hour prayed fervently with her. When he had finished, Miss Perrin was strong enough to get up and walk.

The Poland Spring Waters.

WHAT A WELL KNOWN JOURNALIST SAYS OF THEM. ANOTHER BONANZA FOR MAINE.

Mr. H. J. Ramsdell writes to the Philadelphia Press as follows: Driven by hard work and a rather bad liver, I sought a place that was recommended to me by the person who will probably be the next President of the United States. Few of your readers ever heard of Poland Spring, in Maine, but I venture to say that in five years it will be known not only in every town and city in the United States, but in every country in the world. It is situated in Androscoggin County, about a thousand feet above the sea level, and is a country whose beauty it is beyond my power to describe. The Spring has been known in the country but a few years, although it was discovered more than a hundred years ago. It is owned by a family whose father and grandfather were born on the farm of which it is a part, but it was not until a few years ago that the thought of utilizing the waters was conceived. Maine is a State not noted for fertility of soil, but for rocks, and pine trees and bad lands. The Ricker farm, on which the Poland Spring is situated, does not differ from the known description of Maine. The farm is about 25 miles from Portland and about 10 miles from Lewiston. Within a stone's throw of the great Spring is a hotel of about 300 or 400 capacity, whose architecture and appointments will compare well with the hotels at Atlantic City, Cape May and Long Branch. The air is so delicious that it mocks disease and death, and the view is unequalled in this country, and I do not except any mountain resort in New England or the South, and I do not even except Lake George. To the West, spread out like a map, is the beautiful White Mountains, thirty miles distant, but piercing the sky with a distinctiveness that is marvelous. Mount Washington, Mount Kearsarge and Mount Pleasant seem about within an hour's drive, and within a mile of the hotel are three very pretty lakes, where one may fish, and catch fish too, or enjoy the charms of boating. I happen to be one of those few persons who do not like boating and cannot catch fish. On one of the lakes is a little steamer, which you may charter at a very small price and great inconvenience.

THE POLAND SPRING WATERS.

But I have not told you yet what the water of the spring was good for. It is not pretended that it cures everything. It is not good for weevil in wheat, for smut in corn, for adultery, for cholera, smallpox, yellow fever or the disease that is ruining the Democratic party. It is only pretended that it cures all diseases arising from a bad liver, such as kidney diseases, rheumatism, gout, and I don't know what else, and I can bear most hearty testimony to its efficacy. I had to pay my board, so this is an honest notice. When I arrived at the Springs I could not walk, and now I am the equal of Weston. Less than two months did it. I met a young merchant from Texas. He had been for five weeks at a famous spring in Wisconsin, and he came to the Poland Spring to die. I never saw a worse-looking invalid. Death was marked all over his face, eye, cheek, mouth. He stayed a fortnight and went away better, as he said, than he had been for five years. Nearly a hundred prominent physicians in New England have written letters in praise of the water, and thousands of testimonials are shown from persons whose praise or blame could not be bought. Ex-Senator Chaffee, five years ago, was nearer dead than any living man I ever saw. Poland water cured him, and he is to-day as healthy as any one. Here are a few of the men who have been cured by Poland water, and say so over their own names: Mr. Blaine, Senator Frye, Representative Dingley, ex-Governor Israel Washburn, Commissioner Loring, President Garfield, Fred Douglass, and Journalist Bridgman. There are a large number of names given, not publicly known, but whose standing at home cannot be questioned.

The liver and kidneys are things not to be trifled with, and I believe that most of the diseases in America are traceable to these organs. I am sure of the approval of my own conscience in speaking as I have spoken of the Poland Spring. I know the water is valuable beyond expression, and he who helps an invalid is, I believe, the greatest of benefactors. I also believe that there are no depths deep enough for one who misleads a sufferer of bodily pains.

Captain William F. Swasey has published a map of San Francisco as it appeared in 1846-7, when Montgomery street was the water front and there were but three open streets in the city—Clay, Washington and Kearney, and only about fifty buildings all told, scattered from the water front to the top of Clay street hill.

A good poem affects the character of its readers by formulating their opinions and feelings, and inevitably prompting their daily action. [Emerson.

A New Departure.

One good result of the hard times a few years ago was the bringing into life an article in proprietary medicine, which gives every purchaser a full equivalent for his money. The rule of this class of medicines is from 10 to 25 doses for $1, the best only reaching 48. Messrs. Hood & Co. took a new departure and in the article now so well and favorably known as Hood's Sarsaparilla, they gave the unprecedented quantity of 100 doses for $1. The facts commend this remedy to the consideration of the sick, also the well, for they are liable to be sick.

The man who always speaks what is uppermost in his mind should remember that the truth is always at the top.

☞ **You will be Happy.** Make your old things look like new by using Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c. at the druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The man who reads the opposition papers is like the lion who crosses the street, her object being to get over on the other side.

WHY WILL YOU

Allow your health to gradually fail? If you are closely confined indoors with little or no exercise, and desire good health, you must take care of yourself. Use Sulphur Bitters, and you will have a sound mind and a strong body.

From being as large as a demijohn, vinalgrettes have now come to be so tiny that they can be carried in the glove like a horse-car ticket.

The Boston & Maine Railroad, by its careful attention to the wants of the public, has become the most popular line in New England. High speed and low fares, with every appliance for the comfort and safety of passengers, make it the favorite route.

"Distrust that man who tells you to distrust," says Ella Wheeler. And so we do, Mrs. Wilcox. But on the other hand must we trust the man who tells us to trust? Not by a jug full.

Insurance.

Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No less a blessing is anything that insures good health. Kidney-Wort does this. It is insures great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See advt.

Ferdinand Ward says if he could live his life over again he would avoid the city and work on a farm. He would certainly make his talents useful in trading horses.

There was an eclipse this year that astronomers failed to note. It was the eclipse of Adamson's Botanic Balsam over all competitors. It cures coughs, colds, and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs. Price 10, 35, and 75 cents.

Maud S. has beaten her own trotting, and the cow Bonita, before she died, beat her own sled of milk. The next *rara avis* will be a hen which will beat her own eggs.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites.
For Throat Affections.

Dr. F. B. PHILPOTT, Salisbury, Mo., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in glandular diseases, and Throat affections, with uniformly good results. It is the only preparation of Cod Liver Oil I use."

Murderer Johnson, hanged in Cincinnati, addressed the crowd and said he would meet everybody there when they came to heaven. Doubtless many will stay away for that reason.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York.* 1yr29

Connecticut farmers take their hay to town in wet weather. The dampness makes it weigh more and every honest farmer is anxious to give full weight.

The Best Authorities in Hygiene

now concede that yeast fermentation in the preparation of bread foods are less healthy than when raised by the use of pure Bi Carb Soda or Sour Milk. The *Gold Medal* Soda or Saleratus are Superior for their purity and healthfulness. Cooking raised by using the *Gold Medal* will be found more free from the taint of alcohol than any other. Ask your Grocer for it until you get it. 1y49

Lots of dude pants left over from last season are being chopped up into proper lengths for glove fingers. The tailors of this country don't believe in wasting anything.

Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1yr5

The tied comes in," remarked the hotel clerk, as two newly married couples came blushingly forward and registered under the full glare of the Brazilian diamond.

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. Downs' Elixir, a never failing remedy for all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost 25 cents per bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, cures Sprains, Bruises and Lameness at once. 1m38

"Marriage!" exclaimed the maiden aunt. "Humph! Don't mention it." "Don't men shun it?" cried the blooming niece. "No, indeed, they don't."

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

1yrcow7

Cuticura

Infantile Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

A Positive Cure for Every form of Skin and Blood Diseases, from Pimples to Scrofula.

INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalp and Head, Eczemas, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with loss of Hair, from Infancy to Age, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the new blood purifier, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures, externally. *Absolutely pure and safe, and may be used from the moment of birth.*

"OUR LITTLE BOY."

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Stebbens, Belchertown, Mass., write: "Our little boy was terribly afflicted with Scrofula, Salt Rheum and Erysipelas ever since he was born, and nothing we could give him helped him until we tried CUTICURA REMEDIES, which gradually cured him, until he is now as fair as any child."

"WORKS TO A CHARM."

J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

"A TERRIBLE CASE."

Charles Fayre Hinkle, Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes: "My son, a lad of twelve years, was completely cured of a terrible case of Eczema by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. From the top of his head to the soles of his feet was one mass of scabs." Every other remedy and physicians had been tried in vain.

FOR PALE, LANGUID,

Emaciated children, with pimply, sallow skin, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will prove a most welcome discovery, cleansing the blood and skin of inherited impurities and expelling the germs of scrofula, rheumatism, consumption and severe skin diseases.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25 cts. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY Use **Cuticura Soap**, an exquisite Toilet, Bath and Nursery Sanative.

CATARRH

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fur, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,

For the Immediate relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Agreeable, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent, and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

PAIN IS THE CRY OF A SUFFERING NERVE. **Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster** instantly affects the Nerve on Sec-tem and Banishes Pain. A perfect **Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents.** It annihilates Pain, Vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

NEW STORE, STYLES, CLOCK,

Cor. Main and High Sts.,

Telegraph Building.

A carefully selected and desirable assortment of

WOOLEN GOODS

For Men and Boys' wear.

First Class Custom Tailoring

In all its branches, done with neatness and despatch. Particular attention paid to the getting up of

STYLISH SUITS!

☞ *Prices as low as the lowest.*

GIVE ME A CALL.

ARCHIE NICHOLSON.
Belfast, Aug. 28, 1884.—1135

Knitting Yarn!

Just received for FALL and WINTER all the most desirable kinds of Knitting Yarn, such as the original

SPANISH,
ANDALUSIA,
SCOTCH,
BALL YARN,
SAXONY,
GERMANTOWN,
STARLIGHT,
SHETLAND.

We have the largest stock of Yarns in the city, and they will be sold at the LOWEST MARKET PRICE for the same quality and quantity.

B. F. WELLS.
Belfast, Sept. 18, 1884.—10w38

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES!

New and Beautiful Styles,
Finely Engraved Hunting Cases,
Improved Waltham and Elgin Works,
New Setting,
AT WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES AT
Hervey's Jewelry Store.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

Railroad colors, 20 new shades, best goods, larges stock, lowest prices in town. 22
W. K. MORISON & CO.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

Having made special arrangements with manufacturers, I am now selling clocks in all styles of cases, many new patterns, superior time keepers. Very low prices

At Hervey's Jewelry Store.

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby warned against committing trespass upon the lot of land situate in Stockton and known as the ZEBIAH F. SHUTE place, now owned by me, as all such persons will be prosecuted to the extent of the law in such cases made and provided.
LUCINDA F. HARRIMAN.
Stockton, Sept. 26, 1884.—3w40*

Closing Out Sale!

Having recently bought out the stock and trade of the late ISAAC ALLARD, jewelry business, in Belfast, I am now prepared to offer the most astonishing trade ever seen in Belfast. My object is to dispose of the stock on hand so as to fit up anew.

Silver Ware & Jewelry

At almost your own price.

SPECTACLES

From 10c. to $2.

Razors & Shears

Of the best make and at wonderfully low prices

WATCHES & CLOCKS

Always on hand and at prices that cannot fail to suit.

--REPAIRING--

☞ If you will call and look at my stock and learn prices, you cannot fail to be suited. 21

W. M. THAYER,
No. 1, City Block, Belfast, Me

AGENTS WANTED

—FOR—

Demonology or Spiritualism,

Ancient and Modern.

I want agents to canvass every town in the United States with my new book. Ready for agents **Sept. 1st.** A grand chance to make money. Will sell to every only, spiritualists and all. Contains no **$200 offer.** No competition. Popular price, **$1.25**, cloth, Gilt stamping; 340 pages. **Big** commission to agents and steady employment. Endorsed by the leading papers and prominent men. Write my plan of selling you can make more than you can selling any other book in the market. Write at once for terms to agents and circular describing book.

E. F. HANSON,
Box 13, Belfast, Me.

12 EXCURSIONS 12

Belfast to Boston

And return, on the MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS of the

Boston and Bangor Steamship Co.

One fare for the Round Trip, commencing Monday, Oct. 6, and continuing until Oct. 18, 1884.

An opportunity will be presented to everybody desiring to make a pleasant journey, visit their friends, attend the Fair of the

Massachusetts Mechanics Asso.,

—THE—

INSTITUTE FAIR

And see the sights and attractions of a Great City for

$3.00

From Belfast and Searsport to Boston and return. Tickets good to return until October 31st.

The price of Staterooms, having two berths each is reduced to $1.50 and $1.00 each.

The Social Hall on our Steamers will be thrown open, and all its berths will be free to Ladies and Children.

Meals of a superior quality will be served at regular prices.

The courteous and polite uniformed officials attached to each Steamer, and at the offices of the Company in Boston, will render such assistance and give such information as excursionists may require.

☞ Steamers leave Belfast at 7 o'clock P. M., and arrive in Boston at an early hour the following morning. 3w40

JOSEPH FIELD.....Agent, Searsport
DANIEL LANE.....Agent, Belfast
CALVIN AUSTIN.....Agent, Boston
WILLIAM H. HILL, Jr.....General Manager
JAMES LITTLEFIELD.....Superintendent, Boston

The People's Friend!

Twenty five years of HONEST BUSINESS METHODS are the credentials we offer to the

CLOTHING

Buying public to substantiate our claim as the public's friend. By buying of us you save the middleman's profit as we are manufacturers. Just received direct from our WHOLESALE HOUSE a full stock of all the

Latest Fall & Winter Styles

of CLOTHING suitable for MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN at prices that defy competition.

MENS & BOYS'

Furnishing Goods and Hats!

NEW GOODS! LOWEST PRICES! LARGE STOCK!

☞ *Call and examine. No trouble to show goods.* ☜

D. L. PEAVEY.
No. 7, Phœnix Row. - Belfast, Me
Aug. 28, 1884.—3m35

CLOSING SALE

—OF—

Carriages!

Through August I shall offer my stock of Carriages at **REDUCED** prices to close out for this season. My stock consists of

12 Grocery or 2-Seated Wagons!

—ALSO—

Portland Wagons, Buggies and Top Carriages,

One New Buckboard, One Gig.

Will take STOCK or GOOD NOTES. Now is your time, as sale will POSITIVELY CLOSE AUGUST 30th. A grand chance for those buying to sell again.

E. F. HANSON.
Beaver Street, - - Belfast

Passadumkeag Steam Mills

FOR SALE.

THE STEAM, STAVE, HEADING, SHINGLE and Long Lumber Mills, of B. PLUMMER & SON, Passadumkeag, Me., together with yard, booms, and privileges, steam dry-house, shops, store houses, large boarding house and stable, rent houses, store and between one and two thousand acres of wild land. The above mills are situated on the Passadumkeag stream about 1600 feet from the mouth.

There is a large quantity of timber land in this vicinity, and can take timber to the mills by water from either the Passadumkeag or Penobscot rivers. Connected to the mills is a level dry yard of 6 to 8 acres, having to R. R. tracks passing through between the two mills so that lumber can be loaded to or from cars at either mill.

The above mills are well supplied with machinery and belting, and in first-class running order and are now running day and night.

Also a farm of 50 acres, with house and new barn 36x36, situated within two miles of Passadumkeag P. O.

The above mill property will be sold with or without the wild lands or farm to suit the purchaser.

Reason for selling is the ill health of the managing member of the firm, obliging him to change climate. For schedule, prices and further particulars, inquire of

B. PLUMMER & SON, Passadumkeag,
Or B. PLUMMER, West Winterport, Me. 4m40

R. U. A. Smoker?

TRY ESTABROOK & EATON'S

"Royal Comfort"

5c. CIGAR.

FOR SALE BY
W. O. POOR & SON, Belfast, Me.
Sept. 25, 1884.—6m39

ELMER I. RANKIN

Is this day appointed agent of the
Boston & Bangor Express Co.,
at BELFAST, MAINE. Said appointment to take effect Monday, Sept. 22, 1884.
(Signed) C. E. JENNINGS, Treas.
Boston, Sept. 16, 1884.—4w39

Machine Shop

—AND—

Brass Foundry!

READ & CARTER,
Machinists, Steam Fitters,
—AND—
Brass Founders,
44 Main St., - Belfast, Me.

All kinds of light and heavy work in our line done at short notice and reasonable prices. Pipe cutting and threading. Bolt cutting from 1-8 inch to 2 inches. Dealers in Machinists' Supplies and Steam Fittings. Patterns for Brass Castings can be procured of us if desired. Manufacturers of Roller Bushings and Roller Skates. Agents for

BRAYTON PETROLEUM ENGINE Co.
G. T. READ. W. P. CARTER.

EDWARD SIMONTON,

Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Loan Agent.
Office 18 West 3d St., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Negotiates loans on St. Paul real estate. Money loaned on good city property at 7 and 8 per cent. interest. Loans made on approved security. Loans invested for eastern parties in good mortgage securities at 8 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, collecting the interest and remitting, so as to net 8 per cent. Abstracts of title furnished, good titles guaranteed, all expenses of loan, Atty.'s charges &c., paid by the borrower. Sums of $500 and upwards advantageously placed. The interest collected and remitted without charge, and the principal reinvested when it falls due, if desired. No taxes on mortgages of non-residents. St. Paul is now a city of 100,000 inhabitants, having increased from 20,000 since 1870. It is the commercial, financial and railway metropolis of the Northwest. Capital eastern capitalists seeking this point for investment. St. Paul has six National Banks with resources of about $17,500,000. There were built in 1883 over 1000 blocks, 151 churches, 3,121 public buildings, 49, costing in all over $11,000,000. From the estimates of architects and builders, the improvements for 1884 will aggregate $15,000,000. No other place in the Union offers a fair chance in the Land of Promise. Good references given if required. Address

EDWARD SIMONTON,
18