The Antrim Reporter.

VOL. IX. NO. 18. ANTRIM, N. H., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1892. SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS,

EPHRAIM WESTON POST, NO. 87, G. A. R.

Meetings in G. A. R. Hall, Jameson Block, second and fourth Friday evenings in each month.
E. C. Paige, Commander.
J. A. Bryer, S. V. Com.
G. D. Dresser, J. V. Com.
S. Forsaith, Q. M.
L. Emery, Adjutant.

WAVERLY LODGE, NO. 59, I. O. O. F.

Meets Saturday Evenings at 7:45 o'clock.
A. C. George, N. G.
G. H. Perkins, V. G.
J. R. Putney, R. S.
A. F. Ingram, P. S.
F. W. Palmer, Treas.

FRANK W. BUTLER CAMP, No. 35, S. of V.

Meetings first and third Wednesdays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m., at Engine House Hall, Bennington, N. H. Brothers and Comrades of the G. A. R. are always welcome.
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BRANCH 693, ORDER OF IRON HALL.

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SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement—October 4, 1891.

PETERBORO' AND HILLSBORO' BRANCH, VIA CONCORD.

Arrive a. m.	Arrive p. m.	STATIONS.	Leave a. m.	Leave p. m.
11 50	6 55	Keene	7 15	2 55
11 15	6 10	Peterboro'	8 00	3 30
10 45	5 18	Hancock Junc	8 17	3 50
10 35	5 10	Bennington	8 23	4 00
10 15	5 00	Antrim	8 30	4 08
9 45	4 40	Hillsboro'	8 50	4 40
9 05	4 23	W. Henniker	9 05	5 02
8 50	4 19	Henniker	9 10	5 15
8 15	4 07	W. Hopkinton	9 23	5 37
8 00	3 57	Contoocook	9 30	5 50
7 00	3 27	Concord	10 10	6 30
	1 00 lv	Boston ar	1 05	8 55
a. m.	p. m.		p. m.	p. m.

PETERBORO' AND HILLSBORO' BRANCH VIA HANCOCK JUNCTION.

Arrive a. m.	Arrive p. m.	STATIONS.	Leave a. m.	Leave p. m.
11 30	6 20	Hillsboro'	7 40	2 30
11 13	6 03	Antrim	7 57	3 07
11 07	5 57	Bennington	8 03	3 31
11 00	5 50	Hancock Junc	8 10	3 40
11 15	6 10	Peterboro'	8 00	3 30
9 50	4 23	Nashua	9 29	4 53
9 14	3 47	Lowell	9 58	5 34
8 30	3 00 lv	Boston ar	10 40	6 30
a. m.	p. m.		a. m.	p. m.

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OLD STAND!

are ready to wait on all. We have an excellent line of

STOVES,

RANGES

and all kinds of goods usually kept in a Stove and Tin Store, consisting of

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Steel -:- Roofing,

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ALSO AKRON DRAIN PIPE.

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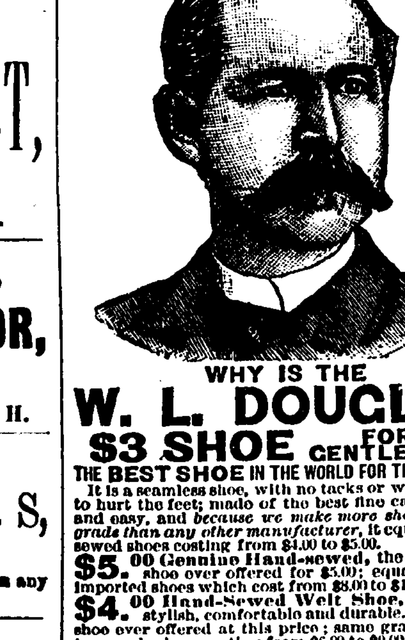

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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and *because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

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Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

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COFFEES

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IN THE MARKET.

ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED.

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FOR THE LAUNDRY.

BRUSSELS

SOAP.

A NEW book purports to show "how much harder it is to spend a million than to make it." The difficulty probably depends upon the personal temperament of the owner of the million. Russell Sage, for instance, could afford the author of the book some very convincing illustrations.

Curious Experiences of a Pearl-Diver.

The diver, as the reader may imagine, gets many scares when below. A fifteen-foot shark, magnified by the water, and making a bee-line for one, is sufficient to make the stoutest heart quake, in spite of the assertion that sharks have never been known to attack a man in dress. Neither is the sight of a large turtle comforting when one does not know exactly what it is, and the coiling of a sea-snake around one's legs, although it has only one's hands to bite at, is, to say the least, unpleasant. A little fish called the stone-fish is one of the enemies of the diver. It seems to make its habitation right under the pearl shell, as it is only when picking them up that any one has been known to be bitten. I remember well the first time I was bitten by this spiteful member of the finny tribe. I dropped my bag of shells, and hastened to the surface; but in this short space of time my hand and arm had so swollen that it was with difficulty I could get the dress off, being unable to work for three days, and suffering intense pain the while. Afteward I learned that staying down a couple of hours after a bite will stop any further discomfort, the pressure of water causing much bleeding at the bitten part, and thus expelling the poison.

One of the strange effects that diving has upon those who practice it is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom; and as this irritability passes away as soon as the surface is reached again, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is caused by the unusual pressure of air inside the dress, affecting probably the lungs, and through them the brain. My experience has been that while below one may fly into the most violent passion at the merest trifle; for instance, the life-line held too tight or too slack, too much air or too little, or some imaginary wrong-doing on the part of the tender or the boys above, will often cause the temper to rise. I have sometimes become so angry in a similar way that I have given the signal to pull up, with the express intention of knocking the heads off the crew; but as the surface was neared, and the weight of air decreased, my feelings have gradually undergone a change for the better, until by the time I reached the ladder, and had the face-glass unscrewed, I had forgotten for what I came up.—[Century.

How Railroads Make Their Maps.

The railway official called the young man into his office and asked sharply:

"Did you draw this map?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"And you call yourself an expert in your line!" said the official with ineffable disgust.

"Why, sir, I have devoted years to the study of it, and I was particularly careful with that map. Everything was measured off, even to hundredths of an inch. I wouldn't have thought that a geographical society could have found a flaw in it."

"You wouldn't!" exclaimed the official. "Why, you don't know the first principles of the business. Look here!" He laid the map down on the desk. "Here is Podunk and here is Jonesboro. They are the terminal points." He took a rule and a pencil and drew a straight line from one point to the other.

"Now put the other cities on that line," he said.

"But, sir, the inaccuracies—"

"No 'buts' about it. This is our railroad map. Let the other roads do the zig zag, rail fence act. That's the science of this business."—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Snaggle Squelched.

Mr. Snaggle (snappishly)—Don't be correcting that boy always, Sarah. Let nature take its course, won't you?

Mrs. Snaggle (laying aside the shingle)—I'll do nothing of the sort, Mr. Snaggle. I don't intend that any woman shall have such a husband as I've got, if I can prevent it.—[Detroit Free Press.

Tommy's Toilet.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?

Mamma—Mercy, no; that's mucilage.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—I guess that's why I can't get my hat off.—[Good News.

JOHN G. ABBOTT,

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A SPRINGTIME IDYL.

The bluebirds they are calling,
The robin plumes his wing,
The snow-born streams are falling
Upon the feet of spring.
Sing sweet, oh Southland,
Sing soft, oh Southland,
O'er hamlet, farm and town;
Invade the Northland,
Surround the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.

The wee frogs wake from sleeping,
They're getting out of bed,
And thro' the cold turf peeping
The crocus shows her head.
Arise, oh Southland,
Blow soft, oh Southland,
O'er dingle, dell and down;
Go flood the Northland,
Dissolve the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.

Go sound the cow-bell loudly;
Wake feather, fur and fin.
My brothers, see how proudly
The splendid spring comes in.
All hail, oh Southland,
Come soon, oh Southland,
And green the hills of brown;
Invade the Northland,
Go smite the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.

—Dundas (Canada) Banner.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY BELLE MOSES.

MILES around Briar Lodge the snow lay heaped, deeper there than about the other villas, which were built on elevated ground, while Briar Lodge nestled in a hollow. But if the two inmates of this abode were snow-bound, that fact troubled them little. They were all in all to each other, this mother and daughter, whose kingdom was their home, so they could afford to laugh at the vagaries of the weather.

They were very companionable; for whether through the influence of Mildred Vicars's healthful flow of spirits, or the still unquenched fire of the mother's youth, the years had passed lightly over the older woman's head. Her figure still retained its graceful outlines, her soft skin was unwrinkled, her glossy black hair scarcely showed a silver thread. A woman, one could see, who had carefully husbanded the best years of her life, so now at the harvest-time there were no disappointing tares among the golden grain. The mother was in the fullness and perfection of maturity, and the daughter in that sweet first glow of youth—fair of face and joyous by nature as a girl of nineteen should be.

Briar Lodge was a fitting bower for two such charming women. It was the home of Mrs. Vicars's girlhood, where, as Madeline Hunt, she had made it the most attractive place on the hillside.

The Prince came at last, invaded Briar Lodge and took Madeline captive; but he died in the flush of happiness. Little Mildred gave warmth to her mother's life, urging her to cast off the blighting influence of her sorrow; and Madeline's nature blossomed afresh, all the better and stronger for its crucial test. Though many of the old suitors again surrounded her, the beautiful lonely woman only twined her affections more closely about her little daughter.

After a longer stay than usual, the snow was beginning to melt, and one bright afternoon Mildred Vicars armed herself with a light snow shovel, and sallied forth to aid the sun in his work. From beneath her jaunty seal-skin cap her bright face glowed with the stirring exercise, and snatches of song rose to her lips, floating on the clear thin air down among the frozen hollows and out upon the broad stretch of moorland. Her eyes were often turned in this direction, until a certain dark spot on the horizon took a more definite shape. Then the color deepened in her cheeks, and she beat to her voluntary labor as if her daily bread depended upon it. Nearer and nearer came the hurrying figure of a young man, whose steps were bearing directly down upon Briar Lodge. Reaching the prickly hedge he called softly, "Mildred! Mildred!"

The girl dropped her shovel and turned quickly around, meeting a pair of ardent eyes that caused her own to fall in some confusion.

"I—I am glad to see you home, Herbert. When did you arrive?" As she spoke she came slowly up to the hedge that divided them, and reached over her little gloved hand in greeting to the newcomer, who caught and kissed it passionately before he released it.

"Didn't you know I was coming to-day?" he asked reproachfully. "I am sure you expected me, Mildred. Answer me truly. I cannot believe that you have forgotten."

"Forgotten! oh, no!" returned Mildred quickly. "I thought—I imagined—well if you must have it—I did look for you to-day."

Herbert Overton's face grew radiant.

"Have you no warmer welcome for me. May I not come in?" he asked after a vain attempt to repossess himself of her hand, across the intervening barrier.

"Yes," she ventured slowly, "and—and mother says you may stay to tea if you like."

There was a tremor in the soft voice; but Mildred shot a roguish look at him from under her long lashes, and the young man waited for no second bidding. Another moment and he was beside her, grasping both hands, and trying to read the pretty downcast face.

"What am I to understand by this, Mildred?" he demanded in a low, eager tone.

She did not withdraw her hands, but with an impulsive movement she nestled closer to his side, and answered almost in a whisper: "Whatever you wish, dear Herbert."

Then they lost sight of time and place, and fell to planning their future, as only happy lovers can.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Vicars sat alone with her thoughts, marveling as the short afternoon wore on, at the intricate weaving of circumstances which had brought these young people together. She was thankful that it was so, for it partly effaced an act of her own which had cost her many a bitter pang of self-reproach.

She had once been engaged to Colonel Overton, Herbert's uncle and guardian; but with the dawn of her love for Ashley Vicars she felt that she could no longer keep her promise. He released her—it was all he could do—for her happiness was his first thought. But from that day he never set foot in Briar Lodge. He spent a good deal of his time abroad, superintending Herbert's education, but when his nephew determined to practice law in the city, he took up his residence once more in the old mansion on the brow of the hill. He had never married. He and Madeline met occasionally, but beyond a grave bow on either side there was no further intercourse.

The young people, however, made up for their elders, and Madeline was glad to see the feeling that had grown between them. Not so the Colonel. He listened quietly enough, when on his return that evening Herbert asked his consent to a speedy marriage with Mildred Vicars, and an unwonted flush came to his handsome face as he said:

"I am sorry for this, Herbert. Had you confided to me sooner I might have spared you much pain. Such a thing cannot be thought of, and let me advise you, my boy, to go back to the city. The only hope for your peace of mind is to root out this unfortunate love."

Herbert looked flushed and indignant. "I do not wish to root it out, uncle, you do not know Mildred. She is truth and sweetness itself."

"The girl is like her mother," answered Colonel Overton; "she loves you now—at least, she thinks she does; but let a handsomer man appeal to her fancy, and her over-tender conscience will blight your happiness. Withdrew before it was too late.

"It is too late now," burst out Herbert vehemently. "I cannot understand your prejudice against Mildred."

"I have no prejudice against the young lady. I do not know her," answered the Colonel. Then, after a pause, he continued, "I am the last person to oppose a true love match, Herbert; besides I know that opposition only adds fuel to the flame. But this much I ask of you—leave things as they are for awhile. You are both young, and can wait. Go back to the city and your work, and if in the end I find that I can give my full and free consent I will send for you."

"Yes—but—" began Herbert.

Colonel Overton smiled rather sadly as he laid a hand on his nephew's shoulder.

"I know what you would say, Herbert. You are of age and quite your own master, fully capable of controlling your own affairs; but I deserve from you some slight consideration after years of faithful guardianship. The same hot blood flowed in my veins once that now courses through yours, and I will not have its warmth chilled if I can help it. Can you trust me for awhile?"

There was a short struggle, then Herbert held out his hand.

"I owe you too much, uncle, to refuse such a request," he said, in a trembling voice.

Colonel Overton grasped the preffered hand, then went slowly and thoughtfully from the room.

Just at sunset the following day another figure made its way across the moorland toward Briar Lodge—a taller, statelier figure than Herbert's. It was the Colonel himself. It was over twenty years since he had taken that walk, and he hesitated now—almost afraid to stir the slumbering passion of his youth. He had fought a long, hard battle, and if he had not been victorious, he had at least retreated with flying colors. Why should he jeopardize the little that remained of his future for the sake of Herbert's happiness? The thoughtless boy might be grateful to him for an hour, and then he would live his life alone; for Madeline's daughter should not haunt him always with her presence. That would be too much. At fifty, when the sun of youth is forever set, and the twilight shadows creep on apace, he should have peace, undisturbed by the gnawing of a pain which he thought dead.

But as he strode along, his fine figure alert with graceful, easy motion, and an eager look in his dark eyes, one might almost have fancied that the years which had silvered his hair had done no further damage. And he was himself surprised to find his heart beating with the old impatient throb, as he traversed the well remembered path.

The sun had vanished behind the hill, leaving a misty pink trail, when at last Colonel Overton passed up the pretty walk which led to Briar Lodge.

How strangely familiar everything looked without. The garden still preserved the same trim aspect, but as he was admitted he noticed at once the subtle change that pervaded each nook and corner.

A blazing log fire cast grotesque lights over the room into which Colonel Overton was ushered, and he stood on the hearth preparing himself for an interview which would surely be a painful one to both.

How would she meet him? With the same unembarrassed coldness that had so often wounded him? His conjectures came to a sudden halt, for Madeline had entered quietly, and now stood before him with outstretched hand and a faint smile hovering on lips which trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"You are welcome, Greville," she said, using unconsciously the familiar name, and as the Colonel took her hand and looked into the sweet, unaltered face, he felt a strange, wild impulse to take here in his arms and forget the intervening years.

Somehow at the sight of him a crowd of tender memories swept over the sleeping heart of Madeline Vicars. A feeling deeper than friendship made the blood mount slowly into her cheek. She withdrew her hand from his grasp, and said in a low, hurried voice, "I—I will ring for lights. It is very gloomy here."

"Oh, no," answered the Colonel quickly; "I will not detain you long. Surely, after all these years, you cannot deny me a few moments."

"I have never done that."

"True," he interrupted. "It was voluntary banishment. I was afraid to come here, Madeline. I am afraid to be here now, but that necessity forces me."

"You speak of the children?" she questioned.

"I speak of your daughter and my nephew, who have most unfortunately formed an attachment for each other."

"Unfortunately?"

"Yes, I say unfortunately, for you know from experience how it may end. I cannot allow Herbert's life to be wasted as mine was. He is young, ambitious and clever. I have great hopes of him."

The tears slowly filled Mrs. Vickers's beautiful eyes. "You are hard," she murmured. "I thought—I thought—" she paused. "Mildred's happiness is even dearer to me. She loves your nephew truly, and perhaps, 'Greville, their marriage may—may bridge over the gulf between us. We may be friends once more."

She nervously clasped and unclasped her hands, and Colonel Overton saw a few bright tears trembling on her lashes.

"You mean well, Madeline," he answered quietly, "but though we are past the turning point in our lives, the even flow of friendship can never exist between us. As for Mildred—she is young—she has seen nothing of the world. There may be some other who may touch her heart more deeply—I have known such cases—and then Herbert's happiness will be wrecked."

Madeline was weeping bitterly; but Colonel Overton continued: "I do not mean to reproach you. Your course was better than deception; but I will protect Herbert to the best of my ability."

"And Mildred—poor little Mildred—is she to suffer too?"

Madeline rose from her chair, and coming close to him laid a beseeching hand upon his arm. The Colonel seized it, and fixed his passionate, pleading eyes upon her.

"Madeline, Madeline! you try me past my strength. Did you think of my feelings when you told me the cruel truth years ago, and now am I required to make still greater sacrifices? Even if all should turn out happily, do you think that it would cause me no pang to see Mildred—your very image—flitting about the old place which has known no gentle presence since you refused to enter it? Would you force me into exile again? Madeline, I am too old—leave me my solitary hearth, where I may spend a few peaceful twilight hours."

"Mildred could make them much happier for you," pleaded Mildred's mother.

"Never!" he said with sudden fire. "There is but one way of happiness for all. I am mad to dream of such a thing. for when I gave you up, Madeline, I swore I would never approach you again. I shall keep my vow. But, if you truly wish to mend the breach between us, then it is your place to seek me—not for Mildred's sake, nor Herbert's, nor even mine, but at the bidding of your own heart and desire."

He gently disengaged her clinging hand, and left her to ponder his words.

So while Mildred sang in the joy of her heart, Madeline went about her accustomed duties, dazed and bewildered. When the twilight came that meant so much to her, she could bear it no longer; she left the lovers to their dreams, and scarcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, halting at last at the familiar gate. The spirit of the place was dead—the serene gentlewoman who had brightened the homestead for her children.

The front door stood ajar, so Madeline slipped in, and guided by old associations, found her way to the library. This door was closed; she turned the handle softly, and entered unobserved by the lonely occupant.

The room lay deep in shadow, the glow of the fire was subdued and fitful, and the sight of the solitary man before it, buried in his own thoughts, unconscious of her presence, touched the tenderest chords of heart. She heard him sigh once, as she moved silently toward him in the gathering gloom. She paused behind his chair, and summoning all her courage, laid a timid hand upon his head.

"Greville, I have come," she whispered.

He did not start, nor even turn, but he reached up and drew her gently around in front of him, without a word. She crept into his embrace, and there another sweet and solemn secret was told in the twilight.—Times-Democrat.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Italy is experimenting with liquid fuel for torpedo boats.

There is a thermometer at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md., which is considered worth $10,000.

The Hollerith electrical counting apparatus has saved the census bureau $600,000 in the expense of enumerating the population of the country.

Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples contract and potatoes will turn black.

It has been found that sandstone as an engine foundation is far from perfect. The stone soon becomes saturated with oil, making it soft and easily friable.

To find the relative distance of the sun and stars, suppose the earth and sun but one inch apart. At the same relative distance the nearest fixed star would be just eleven miles away.

It is said that the latest improved guns are able to give a velocity to their projectiles of 2887 feet per second, which is at the rate of 1968 miles an hour. This is the highest velocity yet recorded.

It has been found by experiments that ordinarily the blood travels from the heart through the arteries at the rate of about twelve inches a second and through the capillaries at about 3-100 of an inch per second.

The floating fire-engine, propelled by steam, which has been lately built for the service of the prefecture of the port, says the Levant Herald, made a short trial trip in the Marmora recently. It steams twelve to thirteen miles an hour.

A new English pattern of stair thread is made of alternate strips of lead and steel, the lead furnishing foothold and the steel preventing wear. The lead is cast in grooves in a plate of steel, and it is asserted that this form of step has unusual durability, not wearing smooth even under heavy travel.

The microphone is the latest absolute test for death. Recently a St. Petersburg (Russia) woman, who was subject to fits of catalepsy, apparently ceased to breathe, and was looked upon by her friends as dead. Her medical attendant, who knew the history of the case, applied the microphone to the region over the heart, and was thus enabled to hear the faint sounds of its beats. After strenuous exertions the doctor was enabled to restore the woman to consciousness.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

He Points a Moral—Her Safeguard Gone—Lamb Becomes Mutton—Personally Acquainted, Etc.

He never takes the papers, for "they're dull as all creation."
And, besides, he's "up" with everything that goes
That's why the train has left him when he gallops to the station,
And his friends are dead a year before he knows!
He never takes the papers, for he isn't a believer
In the news and the sensations of the day;
That's why they've put his business in the hands of a receiver,
And his creditors are hauling him away!
—Atlanta Constitution.

ANSWERED.

Bystander—"How! What are you digging that hole for?"

Laborer—"Fur two dollars a day. How much do ye get for axin' questions?"—Yankee Blade.

AN OCCASION OFFERED.

He (boastingly)—"I always endeavor to rise to the occasion."

She (yawning and looking at the clock)—"What is the matter with this for an occasion?"—New York Herald.

HER SAFEGUARD GONE.

Giles—"You shouldn't anticipate trouble. Besides, I remember you always said your aunt would never die."

DeGarry—"But that was before she lost all her money."—New York Sun.

KNEW HE WAS SAFE.

Makepeace—"How was it you allowed yourself to be drawn into that fight with Sawdoff the other day?"

Halfback (surprised)—"How was it? Why, you know his size, don't you?"—Boston Post.

ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

Miss Passe (to young Mrs. Benedict)—"Mrs. Benedict, just let me give you a wrinkle."

Mrs. Benedict (mentally)—"I don't know anybody who could spare one better."—Kate Field's Washington.

PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED.

Mrs. Superb—"Are you acquainted with her personally?"

Proprietress (of intelligence office)—"Yes; indeed. She is a good girl. I have known her for years. She comes in here almost every week for a place."—Puck.

LAMB BECOMES MUTTON.

Diner—"You may possibly recollect that I ordered roast lamb a long time ago."

Waiter—"Yes, sir; it'll be ready directly."

want mutton."—Truth.

HE DIDN'T RENEW HIS ATTENTIONS.

Cousin Jack—"I see that my old sweetheart, Cora Flirty, is just as much a devotee of fashion as ever."

Mabel (who doesn't like her)—"Yes, indeed; she has samples of every year's new style of engagement-rings ever since you went away!"—Judge.

EASY TO PRESCRIBE FOR.

Druggist—"What did that man want?"

Clerk—"He wanted something for the grip."

Druggist—"What did you give him?"

Clerk—"Don't know; didn't look! Everything is good for the grip."—Puck.

A FULL EXPLANATION.

"H'm!" said the Doctor. "The symptoms are unmistakable. You have appendicitis."

"Dear me, what is appendicitis, Doctor?"

"Appendicitis, sir, is the disease from which you are suffering."—New York Herald.

ONE POINT OF SIMILARITY.

Customer—"You said this cloth would wear like iron. I've only worn these trousers two months, and now look at this. Do you call that wearing like iron?"

Tailor—"Certaily I do. Ain't they rusty enough to suit you?"—Boston Transcript.

THE LIMIT REACHED.

Johnny—"Where you goin'?"

Tommy—"Home. Don't you hear maw a callin' me?"

"That's nothin'. She called you two or three times before."

"Yes; but she's out at the peach tree now, cuttin' off a ultimatum."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN EXCITING RACE.

Tomson—"What about that burglar that broke into your house last night?"

Willson—"Oh, I simply came upon the villain at his work and he ran, and I ran after him."

Tomson—"After him? Of course you mean after he did. Well, did he catch you?"—Yankee Blade.

MIGHT FIND OUT IT COST LESS.

Mother—"That is a handsome group in bronze you have selected for Miss Style's wedding present; but why do you leave the price label on?"

Daughter—"The bronze is very heavy, and I do not want the dear girl to injure herself carrying it around to the shops to find out what it cost."—Boston Globe.

A MALE "CHAPERONE."

"You seem to be devoting a good deal of time to young Augustus Fizzle's society."

"Yes. Must get a living, you know. I'm working."

"Working!"

"Yes. Gussie has engaged me to chaperone him this leap year."—Washington Star.

AFTER LONG SEPARATION.

Smith—"Do you remember Miss Arkwright, with whom we used to dance so often?"

Jones—"Perfectly. She was pretty, but fanciful as the mischief, light and foolish, and I often said to myself, I pity the man who marries her."

Smith—"I married her three years ago."—Harper's Weekly.

TOO THRIFTY FOR ITS OWN GOOD.

Archie—"My children manifest too early in life a tendency to put away money, and I am exceedingly worried over it."

Sandiman—"Why, that is an excellent trait, and I don't see any reason why you should be worried."

Archie—"But I am. The baby swallowed a quarter this morning."—Rosebud.

PROBABLY HE DIDN'T HEAR.

Squire Stakenrider (after a prolonged and gloomy reverie)—"I've spent nigh onto $900 on that boy's education already, 'Lizbeth, and he hain't got half's much sense as he had 'fore he went to college."

Mrs. Stakenrider—"You're too hard on him, Joshaway."

"No, 'Lisbeth, I ain't. I said to him a little while ago I thought it was going to rain to-morrow, and what do you s'pose he said?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Joshaway."

"He begged my pardon."—Chicago Tribune.

A LIVELY TIME.

Wrathful Passenger—"Thunder and Mars, conductor! what is the cause of this outrageous delay?"

Conductor—"Three train robbers boarded us half an hour ago. One of them had a long argument with a drummer who wanted to retain two per cent. of his money because it was a cash transaction, and when they finally got that settled the drummer sold him a big bill of burglar alarms, getting his money back and taking a chattel mortgage for the balance. Then the same robber discovered a long-lost brother in the peanut boy, and they are now holding a little love-feast. The second robber took a watch from a passenger when he first got on, and has been working steadily ever since trying to wind it up to see if it is worth keeping. The third robber has stirred up a terrific argument as to whether or not the tariff is a tax. If Providence smiles on us we will probably pull out of here about the Fourth of July."—Chicago Tribune.

GOING TOO FAR.

"Have you any cold vituals," inquired the rusty-looking pilgrim, "to spare for a hungry—"

"No!" snapped the woman at the kitchen door.

"Perhaps I was wrong in asking for cold vituals," he rejoined apologetically. "If I had suggested tenderloin steak with baked potatoes, madam, and a cup of cocoa—"

"You wouldn't have got that either."

"H'm! My own preferrence, I acknowledge, would have been roast turkey with cranberry sauce, chicken salad, coffee, and perhaps a glass of—"

"It wouldn't have done you any good to ask for that, either, you impudent, insulting vagabond! You ought to go to work!"

"Madam," interposed the rusty tourist, with dignity, "I can overlook your total inability to satisfy the gastronomic requirements of a man with a somewhat fastidious appetite, but when you apply offensive epithets and offer unsolicited advise, you are presumably altogether too far. Madam, good morning!"

And as he got around the angle of the kitchen he could plainly hear the dipperful of hot water strike the wall of the house opposite with a horrible swish.—Chicago Tribune.

A Guitar's Tale.

Miss Bessie W. Harris, daughter of a music dealer in Troy, N. Y., broke a guitar which her father had given her some time ago. It was a peculiar-looking but fine-toned instrument, which had belonged to her dead grandfather, and no one knows how it came into his possession. Mr. Harris, in examining the pieces to-day found the following strange inscription written on the wood:

"March 6, 1880.—This guitar is put together to-day by a man who has been in prison eleven years under a sentence of life, a prisoner who is a victim of circumstance and to-day is held as a criminal. To carry out revenge the plan was so laid that Chamberlain is into it yet unbeknown to himself. In time this guitar may be broken and these words read by some one, and whoever it may be I ask them to know and publish this fact.

"A man may be a State prisoner for years and yet get square with his enemies. I have enjoyed many pleasant moments even in this prison, for it is a pleasure to believe that there are those who fear me as a man. Chamberlain stood with his hand on his revolver, Christmas, 1879. Oh, how contemptible he looked, the poor cur. Yes, he is a cur of the mongrel breed. Rets of Neb., cripple nine years, caused by neglect of prison officials."

Read backward the signature forms the name "Ben Foster."

Velocity of Light.

We are familiar with the rush of the express train as it flashes past us at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but light actually travels 11,179,550 times as fast! The initial velocity of the shot from the twelve-pound bronze service gun is only 1769 feet a second, or 1—556,134th only that of light. And yet so stupendous is the scale on which the visible universe is framed that this vehicle of our sole knowledge of our neighbors in space, which would travel round the earth in 0.1336 of a second of time, does not reach us from Neptune under a period of more than four hours; while from the nearest fixed star (alpha Centaur) it occupies three and one-half years, and from a little star called mu in Cassiopeia its journey occupies ninety and seven-tenths years. These, be it noted, are stars whose "parallax" has been measured and whose distance is known. In the case of the more distance ones thousands of years may elapse ere their light message reaches us, and did our optical means enable us to see what is going on on their surfaces we should gaze upon the events of their ancient history, and be eye-witnesses of what happened thousands of years ago.—Leisure Hours.

The stupendous results of the steam engine may all be traced to the boy who sat watching the steam which came from the nose of the tea kettle.

The Antrim Reporter.

Published every Wednesday.

G. M. Barron, Publisher and Proprietor.
C. B. Gardner, - Local Editor.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per Year, Strictly in Advance.

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim as second-class matter.

To Our Patrons.

Advertisements for this paper *must* be handed in not later than Tuesday noon to insure insertion that week. Correspondents are alone responsible for their sentiments. We do not necessarily endorse or condemn any opinions expressed over a signature.

Particular Notice to Advertisers.

Copy for changes of advertisements should be left at this office as early as Monday morning, and Not Later than Monday night of each week, to receive attention. This paper must go to press on time, and considerable labor is involved in making the weekly changes. Extra Charge for advertisements changed oftener than once a month.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1892.

Special Announcements.

Business notices and special announcements calculated to benefit, financially or otherwise, will be published under this head at the rate of five cents a line, each insertion. No charge made less than 15 cents.

Three new plows for sale. Inquire of Forsaith & Hunt.

Tissue papers in many colors, Japanese and American paper napkins. Gospel Hymns Nos. 5 and 6 and the new singing book, "Finest of the Wheat," can all be found at Barron's stationery store.

Good pasture land for 12 or 15 head of cattle. Apply to Geo. Woodbridge, Bennington, N. H.

All those having long standing accounts with us will please call and adjust them at once, as these accounts *must* be settled or left in other hands for collection. Putney & Little.

At Barron's, orders may be left for any book printed. A specialty made of this work. Orders for the week sent Thursday mornings.

Call at Barron's and inspect those beautiful sewing machines—the New Home and Wheeler & Wilson No. 9.

Notice.—A nice lot of young pigs for sale by M. D. Poor.

At Barron's stationery the finest of shelf papers may always be found. A specialty made of all kinds of paper goods.

A few more sweet apples left. Can be had at 50 cents a bushel. I. P. Hutchinson.

The finest of Box Papers in Wedding Plate and Old Windsor Mills, at Barron's stationery store.

There was a very fine display of the aurora borealis Monday evening, presenting a most magnificent sight to those who happened to be witnesses thereof.

Another legal holiday next Saturday, 30th inst., that being the date designated by Gov. Tuttle as Arbor Day.

C. R. Jameson, insurance and real estate agent, has a new ad. in this issue, in which he offers two houses and two excellent building lots for sale; also a lot of land on West street to let for cultivation.

Miss Etta M. Miller took a short respite from her studies at Tilton Seminary, and passed the Sabbath with her parents.

Married, in Derry, April 25th, by Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., Mr. Edward W. Davis of Lynn, Mass., and Miss Helen M. Caldwell of New Boston.

N. W. C. Jameson's residence is receiving a new dress of paint.

The grounds about the Baptist church are being graded.

The Shepard Family, 7 in number, will give a grand musical entertainment in town hall, Antrim Centre, tomorrow, Thursday evening, April 28th, and at Bennington, Friday evening, April 29th. A fine treat is in store for all who attend.

Geo. Perkins has purchased the house lot on No. Main street, north of his residence.

Chas. Coombs is convalescent from illness occasioned by lead poisoning.

The Waverly school house looks resplendent in its new dress of paint.

The concert by the Antrim Brass Band in the Baptist church last Thursday evening, was given in the presence of a large audience, and was indeed quite a treat for our people. The singing by Mr. Jameson was very fine indeed, his selections being heartily applauded. Miss Jennie M. Jameson, Antrim's soprano soloist, never appeared in better voice, and her renditions were warmly received by her hearers. As a whole the concert was a success in every respect, the band giving excellent satisfaction in every selection.

C. O. Kimball has purchased the lot of land lying between the Jameson block and C. E. Kibbey's residence on Main street.

The Republican State convention is held in Concord today. The Antrim delegates are Ex-Gov. D. H. Goodell and Gen. Sylvester Little to the State convention, and Geo. A. Cochran and S. R. Robinson to the congressional.

The Mechanics Band made their first parade through our streets last Wednesday evening, discoursing excellent music. This band has been organized but a few months, and consists mostly of old players. The manner in which they render their selections, gives promise that they will become a band of no mean order in the near future.

Postmaster Baker has connected his office and residence with a telephone wire. Fred W. Robinson executed the job.

Soldiers' Monument.

The erection of a soldiers' monument in Antrim is now an assured fact. Ephraim Weston Post, G. A. R., have been very active in this matter of having a shaft to perpetuate the heroic deeds of the sons of Antrim, who served in the armies of the United States, in its trying conflicts of war. It is proposed to place the names of the Antrim men who lost their lives in their country's defence on the monument, and to that end it is desired that no name should be missed from the number, and should any one know of any person, other than those published below, a favor will be conferred by notifying Leander Emery, committee of the Post. Appended is the list so far as known: Chas. E. Lawrence, Harry H. Winn, Ira Johnson, Hiram G. Atwood, Miles S. Peabody, Henry H. Foster, Elbridge T. Smith, James M. Smith, Lorenzo A. Rodgers, George H. Philbrick, Alonzo F. Pierce, Joseph S. Brooks, Chas. F. Parmenter, George H. White, Martin L. Parmenter, Joshua R. Philbrick, Adino N. More, Isaac A. Buswell, Peter Smith, Abbot D. Holt, Thomas Buswell, Chas. H. Dodge, Orlando Webster, L. Hurd Webster, Chas. H. Story.

Miss Annie S. Clark of Francestown was the guest of Miss Emma S. McCoy, last Sabbath.

Miss M. Jennie Abbott visited the past week with friends in No. Cambridge, Mass.

A very extensive fire raged over Greenfield plains last Wednesday, covering an area of more than 500 acres, extending from the railroad to a point far to the eastward of the Bennington road, and from the village to a brook about a mile to the north. 250 cords of cut wood was burned. Several buildings on the outskirts of the village were in great danger of falling prey to the flames, and were saved from destruction by the hard work of willing hands. Assistance was asked from Bennington, and 75 men were carried to the scene, to aid in putting out the flames, laboring with the citizens through the night, plowing furrows around the fire, setting back fires, etc., and were finally successful in putting a quietus on the raging element. It was a big fire and entailed lots of damage. The immense volumes of smoke ascending from the flames, presented a grand view from this village, and the scene in the evening was one of picturesque grandeur, the flames reddening the sky to a great extent over the devastated tract.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Raleigh have the sincere condolence of the community in the loss of their three-months-old daughter by pneumonia, [illegible] were held Monday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Hastings, officiating.

Morrison Bros. pay fare of ladies in Antrim and vicinity, to Hillsboro Bridge. Read their adv. in relation to it.

W. A. C. Oaks is making improvements on his grounds on Summer street.

The Mechanics Band gave George Appleton and his bride a surprise serenade at their residence on the Hillsboro road, Saturday evening.

R. S. Buckminster is improving the lot of land adjoining his residence on North Main street, by removing quantities of stone and building a stone wall.

Read C. M. Freeman & Co's new ad., in which they announce a fine line of baby carriages; also furniture, carpets and wall papers—a large assortment.

Henry Simonds, John R. Putney and Frank W. Palmer of Waverley Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this town, were present at the dedication of the Odd Fellows' Hall at Nashua last Tuesday.

Clinton Village.

C. D. Sawyer's shoulder has so far improved that he is able to attend to his work.

Anna Story is teaching school at Boscawen.

Mrs. W. A. Hildreth, with two children, have been visiting with her daughter Rose, at Medford, Mass.

The primary school at the Centre commenced Monday, April 18th, in charge of Miss Downes.

Fred Pack is with his uncle, Frank King at Weymouth, Mass.

Mrs. Tryphenia Tenney celebrated her 70th birthday on Monday, by a gathering of her old neighbors at the residence of her son, J. F. Tenney.

C. F. Holt returned home Friday with his bride.

Nettie Tenney has returned from a two-weeks' visit with friends at Milford and Wilton.

The law requires all dogs to be licensed on or before April 30th of each year.

W. W. Story and son John made a trip to Grafton the past week in pursuit of cattle.

By Scott & Woodbury, Auctioneers.

Saturday, April 30th, at 12 o'clock noon, at late residence of G. Alfred Whittemore, in Bennington, deceased, a lot of personal property comprising wagons, carts, harnesses, farm tools and household furniture.

We learn that James C. Hopkins is very ill with rheumatic fever at the residence of his sister at Williamsville, Vt.

OBITUARY.

The telegram announcing the death of Mrs. Frances M. Robinson, at her residence, 173 West 83d street, New York City, and which so shocked her friends in this vicinity, came just as we were going to press, thus preventing more than a brief mention of the sad occurrence in our last week's issue.

Mrs. Robinson was a grand-daughter of the Hon. Jacob Whittemore of this town, who died in 1860. Her father, J. P. Whittemore, M. D., formerly of Hillsborough Bridge, but some years ago removed to Haverhill, Mass., where he died in 1873, was a brother of our highly respected townsman, Reed P. Whittemore, Esq. Also she was a sister of the late Dr. J. H. Whittemore, who, at the time of his death, about six years ago, was superintendent of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Charles E. Robinson, manager of the advertising department of the Manufacturer and Builder, the oldest magazine of its class in this country; by her mother, now in her 83d year, (a sister of the late Ira Cochran, Esq., of Antrim); one sister, Mrs. Edson C. Eastman, of Concord; and two sons, Dr. Edwin P. Robinson of Newport, R. I., and Carl B. Robinson, assistant cashier in the office of The New York Press.

Although Mrs. Robinson has been somewhat of an invalid for a number of years, her death was most unexpected. It resulted from a slight cold, at first, which developed in three days into acute bronchitis and asthma. She was out making calls on Friday preceding her death, which occurred on Monday, the 18th inst., and on Sunday was about her room. She had arranged to start on Tuesday for New Hampshire, with the intention of spending a few weeks with her mother and sister in Concord, her former home, but on the very day and train she had written her sister that she might expect her arrival, she was borne into Mrs. Eastman's house in a casket. Seldom are we called upon to chronicle such a sad event.

It was Mrs. Robinson's custom to spend several weeks in the summer of each year on the old Cochran homestead of her maternal grandfather, Mr. James Cochran in this town, now owned by George A. Cochran, Esq. In this brief sojourn Mrs. Robinson endeared herself in the hearts of all who met her. Her bright, cheerful face, her pleasant, winning manner toward all whom she met, won for her a host of friends. Always vivacious and sympathetic, those who were in any manner depressed came from her presence with the feeling that they had been made better by the interview.

Antrim's Schools

All the schools in town will be in session next Monday, with teachers as follows:

Division 1—Primary, Mrs. Marshall; Intermediate, Miss Mary Carter; Grammar, Miss Grace Todd.

Division 2—Primary. Miss Annie E. Downes; Grammar, Henry Cooledge.

Division 3—Miss Alice Sawyer.

Division 4—Chas. L. Wilder.

Division 5—Miss Minnie Holmes.

Division 6—Miss Nellie E. Goodhue.

The Colby Academy at New London, was totally destroyed by fire last Monday evening. The origin of the fire was unknown. Two young ladies from this town were students at the school—Miss Estelle Wallace, and Miss Elvira Hildreth. Richard C. Goodell of this village, who was visiting there, had a narrow escape from suffocation by smoke while endeavoring to remove property from the building.

With but a single exception, all of the street lights on Main street that give forth their cheering rays during the evening hours, are located on the eastern side of the thoroughfare. There are a couple of lamps on the western side that might be of a public benefit if a little enterprise was shown by their owners.

Rev. M. T. Cilley, the new pastor, preached in the Methodist church last Sunday to a large audience. In the afternoon Mr. Cilley held a service in the chapel at No. Branch village. Quite a number were present from this village.

W. H. Pickard has bought the building lot south of Dr. Cooley's on Concord street, and intends to build soon.

Particular attention is called to the three headings "To our Patrons," "Special Announcements" and "Particular Notice to Advertisers."

Geo. E. Whittum of Dorchester, Mass., is in town today.

Geo. E. Whittum has sold his cottage house on Depot st. to Mrs. S. I. T. Hadley of Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. P. J. Jackson and daughters Mary and Nellie, took a carriage trip to Mont Vernon today, to be present at the marriage of the former's niece in that town this evening.

Bullard's photo studio, Peterboro, will be open Arbor Day.

Prof. Cyrus Baldwin of New London, Conn., is visiting Mrs. Anna M. Woodbury.

In order to make advertising pay, a manufacturer must give a good article to begin with—a poor thing may be well advertised, but a poor thing never advertises itself. We tell you that the Chilton Paints are the best to buy, make you familiar with the name, and you buy them. What is the result? You find that we have stated facts in our advertisements—you find the Chilton Paints are durable—economical—satisfactory in every way. You receive full value for your money and are satisfied.

We have made a friend of you. "A good thing advertises itself." The Chilton Paints are "good things."

For sale by H. P. Kimball.

Sunday was a beautiful day, but toward evening the air grew cooler, the mercury continuing to fall through the night, and at sunrise on Monday found thermometers indicating 10 degrees below the freezing point. Monday night was also of a cool order, thin ice forming on still waters.

Resolutions of Respect

Passed by Ephraim Weston Post, No. 87, G. A. R., of Antrim, on the death of Comrade Cyrus Simonds, at a meeting held April 25, 1892:

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father in His divine wisdom to remove from our midst Comrade Cyrus Simonds, be it

Resolved, that we tender to the bereaved family our sympathy in this, their hour of affliction.

Resolved, that we mourn his departure and ever cherish his firm and manly course in assisting to suppress the Rebellion.

Resolved, that as a mark of respect due our late Comrade, our Charter be draped in mourning for 30 days.

Resolved, that these resolutions be entered upon our records, and that the Adjutant be directed to have a copy of them printed in the Antrim Reporter, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family of our departed comrade.

Geo. D. Dresser,
H. W. Muzzey,
J. C. Richardson } Committee.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Hiram B. McIlvin, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated April 14th, 1892.

a27 WILLIE B. McILVIN.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Cochran, late of Antrim, N. H., in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated April 4, 1892.

GEORGE A. COCHRAN.

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HILLSBOROUGH, S. S.

The Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough, in the State of New Hampshire.

To the Heirs at Law of the Estate of Charles A. Fleming late of Bennington in in said county, deceased, intestate, and all others interested therein.

You are hereby notified, that George A. Whittemore, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, has made application to render his account of the administration of said estate, at the Court of Probate to be holden at Peterborough in said County, on the 27th day of May next, at which time and place you are hereby cited to appear, that you may be heard on the said account.

The account of said Administrator having been filed in the Probate Office for said County.

And it is ordered, that the said Administrator serve the above citation by causing the same, and this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Antrim Reporter, printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication whereof to be at least one week before said day of hearing.

And return the same, with his doings, to the Court aforesaid.

Given at Nashua, in said County, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1892.

By order,

a20-3t E. J. COPP, Register.

NEW YORK
MILLINERY!

A Fine Stock of
LADIES' & MISSES'
HATS and BONNETS
In the Fashionable Shapes and Shades, direct from the New York City markets, At Reasonable Prices.

Flowers, Ribbons,
&c., &c.
Also a nice line of
FANCY GOODS

Mrs. H. H. Whittle.
JAMESON BLOCK,
ANTRIM, - N. H.

WE SELL
— THE —
IMPROVED
NEW HOME
Sewing Machine.

Can Save You
Dollars and Cents
BY PURCHASING OF US.

NEEDLES AND OIL!
In stock for any kind of a machine made.

S. A. BROWN,
Proctor & Co.'s Furniture Store,
Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.

BALCH'S CYCLE AGENCY.

LOVELL
DIAMOND CYCLES.
$85.00, $95.00, $115.00.

Solid Cushion and Pneumatic Tires

The Best Low Price high grade Cycle made.

If you want a Bicycle come and inspect the Lovell Diamond.

If there is anything in the line of Sundries wanted that we haven't in stock, it will be procured by first express.

A GOOD LINE OF
FISHING TACKLE
In season for the Trout Fishing next Friday.

J. A. BALCH,
Goodell's Block, ANTRIM, N. H.

FARMS, STORES! VILLAGE
And Personal Property
Bought and Sold on Commission.
Tenements Let & Rents Collected.

CHAS. R. JAMESON,
Insurance
— AND —
Real Estate Agency,
Antrim, N. H.

The Granite State
Fire Insurance Co.,
The Capitol Fire Ins. Co
The Concord Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

Office in JAMESON'S BLOCK, Antrim,
Saturday afternoon and evening.
Whittemore Block, Hillsboro' Bridge,
Friday afternoon and evening.
BOSTON OFFICE:
C. F. PIERCE & CO., 180 and 186 WASHINGTON ST.

$775. Buys a Cottage House and Land on Elm street.

$450. Buys a House of 8 rooms on Depot street. $300 expended will make it the best paying tenement in the village.

$200. Buys a House lot on No. Main St., 123 x 200 feet with good shade trees in front. A bargain.

FOR SALE.
A lot of Land on Concord street, 75 x 100 feet, within 400 feet of the churches.

TO LET.
For cultivation—Land on West St.

GOODWIN'S
CASH STORE
Is the Place to Buy
Patent Medicines.

— AGENTS FOR SPAULDING'S —
BICYCLE AND ATHLETIC SUITS.
Bicycles to Let.

SPORTING GOODS.
BICYCLES,
Tricycles and Velocipedes,
RIFLES, SHOT GUNS AND REVOLVERS, BICYCLE SUPPLIES, &c.

Shot 8 cents; Best Rifle Powder, 60 cents.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

1892. 1892.
WILKES PATCHEN FARM,
ANTRIM, N. H.
Hager C. Wilkes,
Sired by Mambrino Wilkes, 2.28 3-4, sire of Arthur Wilkes, 2.22 1-4, Mischief, 2.24 3-4, R. M. Wilkes, 2.25 1-4. Son of the great George Wilkes, 2.22, who had 75 in the 2.30 list. His sons had 3.26 in the list.
Hager C. Wilkes will make the season of 1892 at his owner's stable. Terms $15.00, to warrant a living foal.
Address all correspondence to
C. H. CLEAVES,
a6tf ANTRIM, N. H.

SAWTELLE'S
SELECTED PIANOS
Are absolutely the finest in tone. Low net prices. Sawtelle's skilled tuning and repairing result from thirty years practice. For pianos, tuning, exchanging or advice, write to E. A. SAWTELLE, 181 Tremont St., Boston.

After suffering horribly for years from scrofula in its worst form, a young son of Mr. R. L. King, 706 Franklin st. Richmond, Va., was recently cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other medicine can approach this preparation as a cleanser of the blood.

The roads about town are generally in very good condition.

Bullard's Photo. Studio,
Peterboro' N. H.
If you are contemplating Photographic work for the Holidays, place your orders at once, as the rush of the Holidays is upon us.
Having newly refurnished our operating room with accessories and backgrounds, we are prepared to give you a line of work entirely new in effect, and of a character that will please and satisfy.
A large variety of Pictures for Framing, Easles, Cabinet Frames, etc., etc., all suitable Presents for the Holidays.
C. E. BULLARD.

Ice. Ice. Ice.
I am still in the business, and will be around with my team as soon as warm weather comes. Thankful for past favors, I hope for a continuance of the same, and the addition of more. Shall commence delivering about May 1st. In Antrim, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday; Bennington, Tuesday and Friday. All orders promptly attended to.
G. H. HUTCHINSON.
a18

H. H. BARBER.
Bargains in Spring
Dress Goods!

—5 Pieces of—
Elegant Camel Hair Effects
in all wool Suitings were opened in Boston at 75 cents.
This Lot only 50 cents.

10 pcs. Silk Finished Henriettas,
beautiful Spring Shades, only 75 Cents. 5 pcs.,
Chevron Twills Spring Shades,
made to sell at 38 cts., at only 25 Cents.
10 pcs., Latest Shades of Velvets
matching all the new Dress Goods in a quality you cannot match in this town or any other for less than $1.50, at only $1.00 a yard.
Don't fail to see them before they are sold as we can get no more of them.

STYLE, BEAUTY AND VALUE
are the THREE GRACES who will welcome you when you come to see our
New Spring Jackets, Top Coats and Capes,
which are now ready for your inspection.
THE JACKETS are in Tans, Mixtures and Blacks.
THE CAPES are in Tans and Blacks, handsomely embroidered.
ALL OUR GARMENTS are made to our order, from cloths of our own selection, and we give particular attention to every detail of workmanship, finish, style and fit, which gives our Garments their superior appearance and value over the ordinary ready-made Garments you will have shown you. Come and see them. Whether you wish to buy or not when you come, you will want to before you go.

TRIMMINGS.
Never have we had such a trade in this department, which shows that we have got the POPULAR and STYLISH NOVELTIES.
The RIBBON and ROPE FRINGES are leading all other trimmings now.
OUTING FLANNELS
short lengths worth from piece ten cents, at only 6 1-4 cents per yd.

SPRING GLOVES
are now open, including all the most desirable styles in Silk, Lisle and Kid.
HAVE YOU ever tried the ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS? It is the most perfect fitting Corset made. We have a full line.

H. H. BARBER,
Milford, N. H.

NEW
Spring Goods!
JUST OPENED
— AT —
H. and K.'s.

We have opened the most desirable line of
PRINTS from 5c. to 12 1-2c. per yard, that we have ever shown.
10 pieces of the Best GINGHAMS, "Dress Styles," at 9c. per yard. Send for samples.
15 pieces of BRETON ZEPHYR. Nearly as fine as a Scotch Gingham, for 12 1-2c. Send for sample.
6 pieces SORRENTO CLOTHS, dress styles, 10c. a yard. Send for sample.
The greatest line of OUTINGS in light and dark colors, 10 cents to 12 cents per yard.
New Spring Worsted Dress Goods. Some very pretty pieces at 28c. to 50c. per yard.
Just drop us a line, and we will forward samples to your address.

HATS! HATS! HATS!
A GOOD DERBY HAT for $1.25, $2.00, $2.50.
MEN'S SOFT HATS 62c., to $1.25.
Spring styles in CAPS, 25 to 50c.

FLOUR! From $5.25 to $6.25 per barrel.

GRASS SEEDS of all kinds. Quality is A1, at a Low Price.

— A large stock of —
Wall Papers & Borders,
At Low Prices. Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dryers, Japan, Brushes, &c., at Low Prices.

WE PAY CAR FARE.

TO THE LADIES OF

Antrim, Bennington and Hancock.

—oooooo—

On all purchases amounting to Five dollars ($5.00) we will deduct from the amount of your bill, Car Fare one way.

On all purchases amounting to Ten Dollars, ($10.00) we will deduct from the amount of your bill, Car Fare to Hillsboro' and return.

This Offer Holds Good Until July First.

Morrison Bros.,

HILLSBOROUGH BRIDGE, . . . NEW HAMPSHIRE

Are you in need of a

New Hat or Bonnet?

Unlike your neighbors,
Are you in need of a

New Spring Garment?

Are you in need of a

New Spring Dress?

FRIDAY MORNING,

April 22nd.

MILLINERY UP TO DATE.

——WE SHALL OPEN——

New Novelties in Hats.
New Novelties in Ribbons,
New Novelties in Trimmings.

Trimmed MILLINERY a SPECIALTY.

We shall accommodate our out of town customers by delivering you orders the same day they are left.

WE WANT THE OUT OF TOWN TRADE.
WE WILL SELL YOU GOODS WAY DOWN
WE OFFER EVERY INDUCEMENT.

MORRISON BROS., - Hillsborough Bridge.

Putney & Little,

ANTRIM, N. H.

SPRING AND SUMMER

Hats and Caps

New Stock, Just in.

Please look them over before making your purchase

DRESS : GOODS

—— IN ——

Pongee, Bedford Cord, Delhi, Sorento, and Fancy Prints.

—o—

: CLOTHING! :

The latest styles in

MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS.

Do not forget to look at

OUR WALL PAPERS.

ALSO OUR VARIETY OF

MEN'S AND BOY'S SHIRTS,

all to be sold as low as elsewhere. Glad to show the goods if you do not buy.

PUTNEY & LITTLE, - Antrim, N. H.

Hillsborough Bridge.

William Marsh and wife of Concord are visiting relatives for a few weeks.

Misses Alice Ferry, and Katie Curtis have been entertaining the measles for the past week.

Gen. John M. Corse of Boston, was in town last Friday.

Mrs. B. F. Upton returned last Saturday from a month's visit in Westfield, Mass.

The Parsonage and Fred Gove's house are undergoing repairs.

After an illness of years, and confinement to his bed of 4 months, Mr. J. S. Allen quietly and peacefully passed away Tuesday morning, April 10th, at 3 o'clock. Mr. Allen was born in Melrose, Mass., May 10, 1810, and lived there until 10 years of age. At the age of 17 he went to Fall River and drove a stage, carrying the mails from Sandwich, starting at 2 A. M., returning in the afternoon. Afterwards he bought a stage line and four horses, and drove until the cars were first put on, then went as express messenger between Boston and Fall River. After the road was extended to Newport, R. I., he rode from Boston to Newport and return every day except Sunday until his health failed. After a few years he removed to Manchester, N. H., where he resided 10 years. Three years ago he purchased the Sawyer Place, situated between Hillsboro Bridge and Lower Village, where he resided until his death. Deceased was a man of good principles, economical in his habits, but always ready to help when help was needed. His last illness was from consumption. Funeral services were held at his late residence on Thursday afternoon, Rev. D. W. Goodell, officiating.

Misses Mabel Wyman and Helen Jones arrived in town again Monday.

Henry Clark is visiting his sister, Mrs. Henry Cutting, for a few days.

Hutch Clough has exchanged his house on the other side of the river, with J. S. Butler, for a house lot on Central street, and is soon to erect a two story tenement house.

Carl Wright and wife went to Boston Tuesday afternoon.

Missionary concert at the Congregational church Tuesday evening last.

The Ladies Social Circle will meet with Mrs. D. W. Goodale on Thursday afternoon.

The 2d Demorest contest will take place on Friday evening, in Odd Fellows hall.

The Rebekahs will hold their next circle with Mrs. Frank Bennett, on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Myra Critchett of Concord is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ernest Marcy.

Andy Sawyer was in town over Sunday, returning to Milford on Monday afternoon, with his family.

Mrs. Geo. Morey and children of Manchester visited relatives in this place last week, and went from here to Washington to visit her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and Dr. Piper and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brockway at Echo Cottage, Half Moon Pond, over Sunday.

Scott D. Hoyt and wife went to Nashua, Tuesday, to visit friends and attend the dedication of the Odd Fellows Building.

Bennington.

Antrim's Mechanic Band gave a concert and dance at our town hall, last week, which was fine. There were a good many out, and there would have been many more had it not rained in torrents.

The cellar is completed at the new depot and is now ready for carpenters.

Maud Philbrick has returned from Concord after four weeks absence.

Bennington is going to organize a band.

F. M. Twitchell, our new road agent, has commenced work on the roads with his new span of horses and has several men to assist him.

May party next Monday at the town hall. Appleton's Orchestra will furnish music. Supper at G. O. Joslin's.

Auction of G. Alfred Whittemore, next Saturday. George Andrew Whittemore, administrator.

Last week, Greenfield people sent for our citizens to assist them in extinguishing the fire which burned over Greenfield plains, and endangered their village. The flames were within twenty feet of their new hall.

Fred Lang, one of our highly esteemed young men, who has been telegraph operator at South Danbury, has again been promoted and will be located soon in Canaan.

Clipped from Canada "Presbyterian," under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, Prop'r: I war cured of oft-recurring bilious headache by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Hancock.

Rev. Mr. Hurlin of Antrim applied the pulpit last Sunday in the absence of our pastor, and gave us a good discourse.

Nellie Goodhue is teaching school in the west part of Antrim. She commenced last Monday.

Henry Simonds of Dartmouth college is visiting at home.

Mrs. Maria Dyer and son Ned returned to Gloucester last week.

Alfred Barber was drawn on the jury to attend court at Manchester, but was excused and George W. Goodhue was drawn in his place.

Mrs. Fidelia Coffin has gone to Harrisville to live with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Matthews.

Fred Colby is clerking for G. H. Dodge.

The selectmen started the road machine last Monday.

Cure for Croup.—Use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to direction.

It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of cold, pain and inflammation, and injury.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Harrington & Kibbey.

Francestown.

The selectmen have reappointed N. H. Wood as constable.

Several couples went to Greenfield, Tuesday night to an entertainment given by the Grange of that place.

The rate of taxation is $1.20 per hundred, with ten cents additional within the precinct.

Adam Lorge and wife of Boston are visiting a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Henderson.

Rev. Herbert Remick and family have been visiting friends in town.

Word was received here on Friday of the death by drowning of George A. Newton of Globe, Arizona. No particulars regarding the affair have yet been learned. He left a widow and several children. Was a native of this place, being the eldest son of Samuel P. Newton. He went West in 1874, since which time he has been extensively engaged in several branches of business. His age was 39 years.

George K. Wood will have charge of the grammar room. Minnie Tobie of the primary room in the village schools. Grace Downes will teach in No. 4, Minnie Pettee in No. 5.

Scholars in Nos. 1 and 8 will be accommodated at the village schools.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was used for years as a prescription by a successful physician. It is in all respects the best cough medicine made today. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

At the auction sale of real estate of the late Anna E. Searle on Tuesday, it was bid off by S. D. Downes for the Congregational church parsonage.

The prospecting for stone at the Union quarry has an encouraging outlook.

E. J. Copp of Nashua will be the orator on Memorial day.

Miss Carrie Cochran is again teaching in Weare.

Corporations and individuals paying over fifty dollars tax are as follows: Williams & Co., $361.20; First National Bank, 179.09; Amasa Downes, 133.56; Mason H. Balch, 109.68; Mrs. L. H. Balch, 72.00; Hiram Patch, 69.84; H. P. Clark, 68.80; Mrs. Mary B. Farnum, 66.00; B. Wadleigh estate, 60.00; F. H. Hopkins, 58.56; George E. Downes, 54.84; Nathaniel Whiting, 54.00; S. L. Felch, 53.40; W. A. Lord, 53.26. The above is exclusive of precinct tax.

Dodds' Catarrh Cure.

Local and Internal Treatment.

In order to cure catarrh it is necessary to allay the inflamation of the irritated membranes with a soothing application, cleanse the head of the plugging mucous secretions, and heal the discharging ulcers. For cold in the head and nasal catarrh Dodds' local treatment does this without the aid of snuff, douches or fumes. If the disease has extended downwards, affecting the bronchial tubes or lungs, digestion and blood, the internal treatment both removes from the system the scattered poison, and by its building-up properties assists nature in restoring the impaired parts. Send for our book treating on catarrh FOSTER, MILBURN & Co., proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y. Sold in Antrim, N. H., by E. C. Goodwin.

For nearly half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the most popular cough remedy in the world. The constantly increasing demand for this remedy proves it to be the very best specific for colds, coughs, and all diseases, of the throat and lungs.

Deering.

Last October Carlton Clement headed up several barrels of Baldwin apples and placed them in his cellar. One of the barrels was opened recently, and all the apples were free from decay except seven.

Geo. Hassell of Amherst visited his aunt, Mrs. B. F. Cleveland of E. Deering, last week.

Jesse Brown and wife went to Springfield Friday, to visit her parents.

Baldness ought not to come till the age of 55 or later. If the hair begins to fall earlier, use Hall's Hair Renewer and prevent baldness and grayness.

Carlton Eaton of this town and Fred Phelps of New Brunswick are working for Charles Brown.

Giles Brown's house is newly painted.

Last Thursday, while raising the frame of Giles Brown's barn, one of the timbers fell, striking David Travis on his head and shoulders, knocking him down. Had he been standing upright instead of leaning forward, it would probably have killed him.

Work has begun on the new schoolhouse.

La Grippe Again.

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who have used it confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the disease left no bad results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble. Trial bottles free at Harrington & Kibbey's store. Large bottles, 50c. and 1.00.

Stoddard.

Two of J. D. Cutter's children have been afflicted with scarlet fever, and another has just fallen a victim to the disease.

Miss I. M. Chapin commenced her school in Gilsum on Monday.

Preaching at the church next Sabbath at 11 o'clock.

The new store will soon be occupied. Prosperity to F. J. Reed, P. M. is the wish of all.

Norman Howe is unable to leave his room on account of a fever sore, which has troubled him for years.

Gardner Hodgman is delirious and not able to be left alone.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

SEASON

—OF—

1892.

BABY CARRIAGES

This cut represents but one of the many styles of Carriages that we are now enabled to show you.

PRICES ARE WAY DOWN!

And they are going fast.

Secure Yours NOW!

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Wall Paper!

Our immense stock of the above has got to go, as we MUST have the room.

BARGAINS

Never heard of before in the

FURNITURE

Line will be offered you for the next 30 Days, if you will but avail yourselves of them.

A Black Walnut
6 Piece
Parlor Suit!

Upholstered in best quality of Plush, for only

$88.67.

C. M. Freeman

& CO.,

Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.

BOSTON STORE!

—oooooo—

OUR SPRING AND SUMMER

CLOTHING

IS ALL HERE

And we have the Finest Assortment of LIGHT GOODS Ever opened in this Town.

Below is a few of the Prices:

100 CHILDREN'S SUITS, all wool, 3 styles at $2.50 per Suit.
60 CHILDREN'S SUITS, age 4 to 14, at $3.00, a very fine Suit.
50 SUITS at $4.00.
60 SUITS at $5.00.

We also have a line of Jersey Suits in stock age from 3 to 7, very neat Suits for small boys.

200 BOY'S SUITS, long pants, age 14 to 18, price $5.00.
150 BOY'S SUITS, price $7.00.
100 BOY'S SUITS, price $8.00, a fine pattern.
50 SUITS at $10.00.

IN MEN'S GOODS WE HAVE

200 SUITS, all wool at $8.00, size 34 to 44 in two styles.
100 SUITS at $10.00, all wool in 6 styles.
50 SUITS, Livingston Serges in Blue and Brown, square cut. These are selling fast.
50 SUITS of Sawyer's best Cassimeres at $12.00 per Suit.
60 SUITS of Black Cheviot, square cut and bound, at $13.50 per Suit.

Also, some Fine Suits at 15, 17, and $20.00.

SELLING AS USUAL THE

Indigo Blue Flannel Suits

With the G. A. R. buttons and black buttons at $10.00 per Suit. 2nd grade also at $7.00 per suit.

Pants! PANTS! Pants!

200 pairs of KNEE PANTS, 50 cents each.
150 pairs of KNEE PANTS, 75 cents each.
100 pairs of KNEE PANTS, $1.00 each.
200 pairs of BOY'S PANTS, long, $2.00 each.

75 pairs of MEN'S PANTS, $1.00 each.
100 pairs of MEN'S PANTS, $1.75 each; a fine pattern.
50 pairs of all WOOL PANTS, $2.00.
50 pairs of all WOOL PANTS, $2.50.
60 pairs of all WOOL PANTS, $3.00.
Also some fine patterns at 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, and $7.00.

Just think of it, a ready-made Pant for $7.00. Come in and see them.

SPRING OVERCOATS,

at $7.50, $8.50, $10.00, $11.00, $13.50, $15.00.

REMEMBER, you use a Spring Overcoat more than any other during the year.

Shirts! Shirts! Shirts!

Outside Shirts in black, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25, and 1.50. Light Colors same prices.

Undershirts, 25 and 50c., Summer Goods.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

We have more Boots and Shoes than any two stores in this vicinity. Call for any style and you get it.

——100 PAIRS OF——

Ladies' Kid Button and Lace,

Tip and Plain Toes, and Common Sense, $1.50 a pr.

Others at 2.00, 2.40, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50. We are always 10 per cent. under price on Boots and Shoes.

Lawn Tennis Goods and BROGANS.

We carry in stock all the time, Lamson & Hubbard's latest styles in

Soft, Stiff and Silk Hats,

at prices lower than they retail them themselves.

Try us and see. A large line of fancy Caps for Ladies and Children, at 50 cents each.

Our Straw Hats are all Here

and in new colors. 50c, 75c, and 1.00.

Soft Hats, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.50, and 2.00.

RAIL ROAD CAPS, BASE BALL CAPS,

Trunks and Bags of all kinds and at all prices. We also HAVE A FULL LINE OF

Bicycle Suits and Caps, Jerseys, Pants,

STOCKINGS and BELTS.

And anything you want we will get for you, subject to your approval. Come and look at the largest assortment of Fine Clothing.

KIMBALL & ROACH,

BOSTON STORE,

Hillsborough Bridge, - New Hampshire.

Do You Chew?

Then get the BEST which is FINZER'S OLD HONESTY

Genuine has a RED H tin tag on every plug.

OLD HONESTY is acknowledged to be the purest and most lasting piece of Standard Chewing Tobacco on the market. Trying it is a better test than any talk about it. Give it a fair trial. Your dealer has it.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

Insurance Agency

Established 1872.

All Classes of Risks INSURED IN THE BEST STATE

— AND —

Foreign Companies.

We refer you to the Equitable Adjustment and Prompt Payment of all Losses insured with this Agency in the past, and guarantee the same in the future.

Travelers Life & Accident Ins. Co.

Issues Life and Accident Policies at Lowest Rates and pays all losses immediately on proof.

E. W. Baker,

— AGENT, —

Post-office, Antrim, N. H.

Pianos AND ORGANS.

Any one wishing to purchase, will do well to visit our store and get our prices for cash or installments. Old instruments taken in exchange.

To any one buying a Piano or Organ of us, we will pay car fare both ways, or if not on line of railroad will pay for team. Remember the name of Estey is a household word with lovers of music.

MANDOLINAS, VIOLINS, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Autoharps, Music Books, Sheet Music and Musical Fixtures.

Wyman & Macalister,

Whittemore's Block,

Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.

1837. 1892.

WHEN IN WANT OF

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

Druggists' Sundries,

Toilet Articles!

— OR —

PATENT MEDICINES

Call or send to

H. Marcy & Son,

Registered Pharmacists,

Cor. Main & Bridge Sts.,

HILLSBORO' BRIDGE, N. H.

A Growing Opinion.

Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, contributes an article to Arena wherein he argues vigorously for the state ownership of telephone and telegraph lines. As the constitution gives Congress the power "to establish postoffices and post roads" any development of these he argues comes equally within the sphere of Congressional action. It is no new thing that the postoffice should employ the telegraph, for the first line established was part of the postoffice service "and its continuance as such was recommended by Hon. Cave Johnson, then Postmaster General. This wise recommendation was not acceded to simply because Congress, not foreseeing the value and importance of the invention, deemed the price asked by the inventor too great, and in an evil hour permitted this great agency to pass into private hands. The public interests, the popular will and the constitutional provision, all alike require its restoration to its original function as a part of an enlightened and progressive postal service."

Every civilized country except this has its telegraph service owned and managed by the Government, and in every other the plan is found to work well. "The rates in Great Britain and Ireland," says Mr. Clark, "are, like postage, uniform for all distances, and are 1 cent per word. In Germany the rate is about the same, and in Austria less. In France and Belgium the rate is under 10 cents for ten words between any two points. No department of the postoffice in any country pays better than the telegraph. In most countries the telephone, too, has been added."

As the telephone patent expires in a year, Mr. Clark thinks that now is the time for the postoffice to adopt it and establish it in every village, for there it would be even more useful than in cities. The introduction of this instrument would make the way easy for the telegraph and remove the usual objections to Government control.

The Reasons Why.

We call it Alabastine, as it is manufactured from alabaster rock.

The people use it because it is durable and beautiful.

The sanitarians endorse it because it is of a sanitary nature, and contains no poisonous material.

We advertise it as we want all to have an opportunity to be benefited by its advantages.

Wall paper firms fight it, as it displaces their poisonous products.

Some dealers talk against it, as they can buy cheap kalsomines, and where the people are not posted, sell at Alabastine prices, thus making more profit.

Kalsomines must go, as they are only temporary and spoil the walls.

Alabastine has come to stay, as it possesses merit, and has the unqualified endorsement of those who have used it for years.

Alabastine has stood the test of time, and now stands higher in public favor than ever before.

Prof. Kedzie, the eminent sanitarian of Michigan, says: "Have carefully tested for arsenic or copper; none could be found. Find no traces of poisonous or injurious material."

Dr. DeWolfe, the health officer of Chicago, says. "The perfect wall for domestic habitation is the material which resists decomposition in every form. It seemes to me that Alabastine is admirably adapted to the purpose."

The Good Health Publishing Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "We will, probably, use Alabastine as long as it is in existence."

We are located at Grand Rapids, Mich., and will cheerfully answer any communications in relation to our goods.

Philadelphia raises more camellias than any city in the United States.

Mr. Robert W. Denvir

Two Christmas Dinners

In '90 a Smell was Enough
In '91 a Good Appetite

The Change Was Due to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"CHRISTMAS DAY, Dec. 25, 1891.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"I have been reading in a paper to-day about Hood's Sarsaparilla being a cure for

Dyspepsia

And I know that it is true. A year ago the smell of my Christmas dinner was enough for me, but this year I find that **I want more than a smell**, and I give Hood's Sarsaparilla the credit for the change in my feelings. For the last two years I have been troubled with dyspepsia, and could find no cure for it. My friends told me that if I went to Europe, seasickness, change of air and diet would cure me. I went to Ireland and remained the three summer months of this year, '91, and came back in September uncured. **My blood was watery** and I was told to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for it. I did so, and in one month I found that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Both poor blood and dyspepsia, for I am now **perfectly well** and have not taken any other medicine since I came home." ROBT. W. DENVIR, 238 Franklin St., Astoria, Long Island City, N. Y.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective.

Kennedy's
Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

Bowels,
Liver,
Kidneys,
Inside Skin,
Outside Skin,

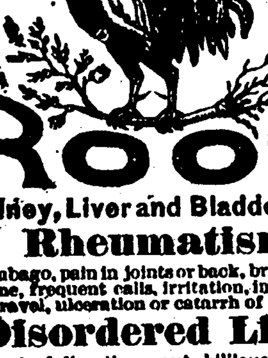
Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,
Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood,
scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

DROP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE.

"Oh, ship ahoy!" rang out the cry
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
A voice came o'er the waters far,
"Just drop your bucket where you are."
And then they dipped and drank their fill
Of water fresh from mead and hill;
And then they knew they sailed upon
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O'er tossing wastes we sail and cry
"Oh, give us water or we die!"
On high, relentless waves we roll
Through arid climates for the soul;
'Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath
Smit with the thirst that drags to death
And fall, while faint for fountains far,
To drop our buckets were we are.

Oh, ship ahoy! you're sailing on
The broad mouth of the Amazon,
Whose mighty current flows and sings
Of mountain streams and inland springs,
Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm,
Of heaven-dropt evening's twilight calm,
Of nature's peace in earth or star—
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leaps
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps;
Parch not your life with dry despair,
The stream of hope flows everywhere
So, under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HOME FLIES THE DOVE.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

BIG Josh Demby, the colored sexton, was tolling the Baptist church bell for the last time in 1890. Revival services were being held in the church. The echoes of the tolling went vibrating down the valley, telling the sinners that the time had come for them to make the usual vow of renunciation from the thraldom of the flesh. The congregation was unusually large, for the fervency of exhortation and the vehemence of supplication had quickened the slumbering fires of piety in the hearts of the faithful and strengthened the feeble knees of many a halting zealot.

The organist was playing a dreamy voluntary, full of the tenderest expression from Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." As his fingers stole softly over the keys he muttered to himself a stanza which fitted the air admirably and in which the line, "When the bird waketh and the shadows flee" was incorporated. It was a quiet, restful scene, full of comfort for the body and soul.

Just as Josh came down on tiptoe from the belfry, the outer door of the church swung open and a young woman entered. She was elegantly dressed. Her form was wrapped in a sealskin cloak and diamonds sparkled in her ears. There was an air of elegance and refinement about the woman which caused Josh to open the inner door with more than his customary politeness. With a gracious inclination of her head the woman entered and took a seat, in the extreme end of the pew nearest the door, upon the faded red cushion.

This was the first time that Dove Jones had been inside of a church for five years. There were no blushes in her cheeks now such as vied with the hollyhocks in her mother's garden when she went away. She had lost her roses with her self respect, and had earned dark circles under her hazel eyes, a pallid brown and a disease which the doctors said was valvular disease of the heart. In moments of excitement she was seized with paroxysms which turned her face the color of ashes and made her feel as if steel fingers were squeezing her heart relentlessly. And now she was on her way home to her mother, who lived in the village, to sit by the window where the honeysuckles bloomed in summer and the scent of sweet briar stole in at twilight. While passing the church on her way toward the window seat, she saw the lights in the church windows and heard the deep toned bell, and an impulse which she could not resist prompted her to enter. Many inquiring glances were cast at her, but none recognized her now. But many familiar faces met her gaze as she looked around. A few seats in front of her sat the fat grocer, whose dried apples she had so often stolen when on an errand for her mother. In a pew in the church sat the rich banker who went to the city every morning and returned at night. He had paid for the new baptistry, Dove remembered. She recalled with a smile that he often prayed in meeting and always repeated the phrase, "On this, this earthly footstool," fifteen times in each petition. He put a five dollar note on the plate every Sunday, she remembered too, as she looked at the bald spot on the top of his head.

But in the extreme corner of the church near the pulpit, where the pews were cheap, she saw faintly, for the church was dimly lit, two figures. Both were plainly dressed and gray-haired. They were her father and mother. Her heart leaped in her bosom. There was an icy constriction in her breast and the perspiration started on her hands and forehead. With trembling fingers she drew out of her pocket a small vial marked "Night Blooming Cereus," poured ten pinhead pellets into her shaking palm, and quickly swallowed them. The effect was magical. In less than two minutes the constriction was gone.

Up the side aisle there came a young and beautiful girl. Dove heard a boy across the aisle whisper to his neighbor:

"That's the new soprano. Ain't she a daisy!"

The "daisy" alluded to disappeared behind the red curtain that hung on a brass rod in front of the choir loft, raised about a foot above the level of the church floor.

"Oh, Dick," the new soprano said to the tenor, as she dropped panting into a seat and unrolled her music, "I've got just the sweetest little song you ever heard to sing to-night as a solo. The minister said he wanted something about a dove, for he intended to preach a sermon about that cooing bird, and I found the very thing in a Sunday-school book. You know Mr. Hopkins, who pays the choir bills, has not decided whether he will give me the position of solo soprano, but—thank you, Dick, they'll moisten my throat—(Dick had passed her a handful of marshmallows)—you'll see if I don't catch him to-night. The song is a little thing, in four parts; nothing like the 'Green Hill Far Away,' or 'With Verdure Clad,' but just simple and melodious enough to appeal to his limited musical conceptions. I've been working hard on it all the week, real hard, two hours a day. I can almost feel tears on my cheek when I sing it, and you know that feeling always improves the timbre of your voice. What is that Hawois says about—"

The flow of her comment was cut short by the organist. With a lizard touch, as if he were loth to let it go, the latter had finished the voluntary, and the gentle prelude to the new soprano's song came from the keys. The congregation were all seated and everybody looked expectantly toward the choir loft as the head of the new soprano rose gracefully above the red curtain. In a rich soprano the melody floated out into the church freighted with the words:

From the transient and the fading,
Home flies the dove;
To the sky no cloud is shading,
Home flies the dove;
To the longed for, happy meeting,
All the well beloved greeting,
From the vain and false and fleeting
Home flies the dove.

As the mellow cadence arose and fell the old deacon in the front pew felt that the time of refreshing had indeed come. The tenor leaned forward and listened to the delicate shading with a trained ear.

"By George!" he muttered to himself. "I'll have to take lessons of her teacher."

A smile of grateful vanity spread over the face of Mr. Hopkins, the banker, as he inwardly congratulated himself on his judgment in the selection of a soprano, and even the fat grocer kept his eyes open while the song was in progress, which was a greater compliment than he had ever paid to a singer before.

But on the back seat sat the one who appreciated the song the most. It was the Dove in the sealskin cloak. She had clasped both her white hands over the back of the seat in front. Her soul shone in her eyes, and every note and word of the song fell upon her tired heart with the refreshing of rain in the face in August. Her lips parted as she whispered to herself the refrain, and a look of infinite peace overspread her face and her head fell upon her hands and rested there in the attitude of prayer.

As the soprano resumed her seat, the tenor said in a whisper:

"If you don't get the situation, Hopkins'll have to hire Patti."

Then they fell to whispering softly to each other. The tenor pinched the soprano's cheek playfully, and she reproved him with a glance that was not all reproof.

The venerable pastor arose in the pulpit and, adjusting his gold spectacles, opened the big Bible on the red velvet cushion at the eighth chapter of Genesis and the eleventh verse, and read:

"And the dove came to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off. So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."

'Twas not an exhaustive exegesis that the gray pastor preached. He made no attempt to prove that the flood had occurred as stated in the Sacred Book. But while the grocer went to sleep as usual and the banker's thoughts were far away in Wall street, and the tenor and soprano ate candy oblivious to the flight of time, he dwelt on the flight of the message bird above the waste of waters. He told how on tired wing she had explored the billows for an evidence of solidity, and had at last secured it. He drew a homely analogy between the return of the dove with the olive branch and the coming of the Christ. And while many of the congregation yawned because they had heard the old story before, and the boys on the back seat ate peanuts and threw the shells on the floor to make the sexton angry, Dove sat quietly on the back seat, in the position she had assumed when the song was sung, and made no sign that the story of the olive branch had reached her ears.

As the pastor closed the Good Book and resumed his seat the organist played again. The fat grocer awoke with a start as his wife indicated with her elbow in his ribs that it was time for him to pass around the contribution box. The cents jingled into the box as he passed slowly down the middle aisle until he came to the seat where Dove was sitting. He touched her gently with the box to notify her that she was expected to contribute something toward the distressed heathen, but she did not respond. The boys across the aisle snickered at what they thought was an attempt to avoid paying rent.

The congregation then arose and sang a hymn to the effect that they were standing on a narrow neck of land 'twixt two seas, with no conception of the meaning of the words. The doxology and the benediction followed, during which the banker put on his overcoat. As the congregation filed slowly out there were solicitous inquiries as to Martha Jones's rheumatism and Uncle John's lame shoulder. The concensus of opinion on the late Sunday-school concert was heard, and the possibility of giving the pastor a donation was discussed. And when the last lingerer had gone, Josh went around the church turning out the lights. He was tired and he wanted to get home. As he came down the middle aisle he noticed that the woman in the sealskin cloak was still sitting in the back seat. Putting his great black hand tenderly on her shoulder he said:

"'Scuse me, missus, ain't it time for you to go home? Youse de only one lef'."

There was no response. He shook her gently. A small vial fell from her lap, and breaking on the floor, scattered a thousand pellets on the carpet. He touched her hand. It was as cold as the icicle that hung from the corner of the church. As he stood beside the bowed figure in the darkened church, Josh realized that there would be mourning on the morrow for the Dove that had flown.

* * * * * *

The tenor was going home with the soprano. The snow crackled under their feet and the stars twinkled knowingly overhead. As they loitered along the way they softly sang together:

Where it never more shall weary,
Home flies the dove;
Where the day is never dreary,
Home flies the dove;
To the rest that is forever,
To the love that changes never,
From its own no more to sever,
Home flies the dove.

The congregation lingered on their doorsteps and listened with pleased looks; but no one realized that the sweet melody was a requiem.—New York Press.

Suicide Is Rarely Attempted Twice.

"Did you ever notice that as a rule the persons who seek death and are rescued from the grave never court the society of the dark angel again?"

The propounder of the question was a hospital physician, and he proceeded to explain without waiting for an answer.

"What I mean is that of all the persons who attempt suicide and are foiled, but few try self murder a second time. Probably one-half, if not more, of all those who try to kill themselves are frustrated. The percentage of those who leap into the dark river a second time is exceedingly small. I have tried to discover the reason for this from the lips of those who have gone through the terrible experience, but I have not met with success.

"It is queer that persons, after devoting weeks and months to a consideration of so momentous a question and deciding to end their existence, should, when foiled, declare that they were fools, and swear never to do the like again. Yet this is what is done in a large majority of instances. Those who have stared at death seem to live life anew. The past is effaced—a new light seems to have dawned. The sunshine is dearer, the air is purer. It is the convalescent taking great draughts of the outdoor air with a keenness of relish that was unknown before."—Chicago Tribune.

THE GREAT TULIP MANIA

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CRAZE OF TREMENDOUS VIOLENCE.

Fortunes Won and Lost On the Pretty Flower Bulb—Origin of the Spring Beauty of Our Gardens.

THAT gay flower, the tulip, belle of the garden, has reason to carry itself with proudly uplifted head, for its history is a unique one. A native of flowery Persia, growing there in prodigal luxuriance and making the earth flame with its crimson corollas. Coming from there to Turkey, it received its name, tulip, from tulbend, the Turkish name for turban, which it resembles. At last in its migratory mood it chose its home among the good people of Holland, henceforth with quiet effrontery ignoring its birthplace and going out into the world as a Holland bulb. But the flower which in the rich soil of Persia glowed a bright crimson, in the sandy loam of its new home appeared in a new and fantastic dress of "two-fold beauty and a parted streak," and ever since florists have been trying to vary the garb of the flower. For years otherwise sensible men devoted their lives to finding some way of producing black tulips, but with no better success than their compeers who sought blue roses.

Tulips were introduced into Northern Europe about the close of the sixteenth century. In Holland they quickly became the popular ornament of their prim gardens, and by one of those strange freaks which seem to sieze a nation as well as an individual, they became articles of commercial speculation.

The rise and fall of the tulipomania has no parallel in the business world. In 1636 tulip marts were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem and other cities, where they were sold as stock on Wall street is to-day. Prices rose higher and higher. Bulbs bearing all kinds of high-sounding names were offered for sale. They were bought and sold again without the buyers receiving, indeed, with no expectation of ever seeing them. All classes entered into the speculation, from noblemen to turfmen. Servants, becoming suddenly rich, left their places to set up establishments for themselves. Men parted with houses, land and even clothes for bulbs.

A sailor in a warehouse picked up a bulb and bit it, supposing it to be an onion. The cost to the merchant of that one bite would have banqueted the Prince of Orange and his retinue.

Suddenly this strange inflation ceased and was followed by a panic. Prices fell, merchants could not meet their engagements, rich men found themselves beggared—but the tulip had come to stay.

Even in England amid the excitement of civil war and the stern, joyless rule that followed, the tulip gained its place and friends. An old book gives a pleasant picture of General Lambert, one of the noblest officers of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden Tulip.

But while those bright flowers blush "in gay diversitie" at our feet, and make our lawns and parlors brilliant for so long a time as nature, aided by the florist's skill will allow, they have companion blossoms that refuse to lend themselves for such lowly ends. They bloom but for the stars, and choose for their admirers birds with plumage as showy as themselves. Perhaps the eagle pauses to wonder at the gay coloring of the tulip tree.

Although common in the Middle States, comparatively few have seen the magnificent blossoms of this tree. This is because of the great height it attains before it branches out. It seems strange to think of those great cup shaped flowers glowing in their strange beauty of variegated scarlet, yellow and orange over a hundred feet from the ground. For hundreds of years those trees, the largest in America except the California group, will bear their blossoms and people living in their shadows will never see the coloring of their canopy. By some law of association, perhaps that instinct which makes birds frequent those trees whose foliage will best conceal them, the tree attracts to itself the gayest hued birds, notably the oriole, to which Hawthorne compares its flower.—Detroit Free Press.

The Prince and the Cook.

The following story, which is not new, will bear retelling. During the earlier visits of the Royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing. "What is that," asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook. "Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply. "How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—" "Yes, yes," said the Prince, who had not learned that "intil't" meant "into it," expressed by the contraction, intil't; but what is intil't?" "Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—" "Yes, I see, but what is intil't?" The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious, he replied, "There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and—" "Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; but what is intil't—intil't?" "Ye daft gowk!" yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I no telling what's intil't?" There's mutton intil't, and—" Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who was fortunately passing, and stepped in to save his Royal Highness from being rapped over his head with a big spoon, in search for information from the cook.—Manchester Times.

The Biggest Kite Ever Made.

The biggest kite in the world was made in Durham, Greene County, N. Y., about a year ago. It may be taken as the biggest kite ever made.

The frame consisted of two main sticks twenty-eight feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks twenty-one feet long, and weighing seventy-five pounds each; all of these sticks were 2x6 inches in dimensions.

Over this frame work was stretched a great sheet of white duck, 25x18 feet, and weighing fifty-five pounds; the tail of the kite alone weighed fifty pounds, and contained 150 yards of muslin. Twenty-five hundred feet of a half-inch rope served as "kite strings."

This plaything cost $75, and when it mounted into the air, it exerted a lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1000 feet.—Atlanta Constitution.

Isaac S. Dement, the President of the Chicago Stenographers' Association, has a record of 360 words a minute, and is said to be the fastest shorthand writer of the day.

New England News.

AMES IS SATISFIED.

The Ex-Governor's Reasons For Going Before the Convention.

BOSTON, Mass., April 23.—In an interview ex-Governor Ames said:

"I am well satisfied with my candidacy before the convention as delegate-at-large. I did not desire the honor of representing the State in this capacity, a fact well known previous to the proceedings.

"I was willing to go before the convention to ascertain how large a proportion of the delegates agreed with my views on the tariff. It appears that 167 delegates voted for me as a consequence of this statement. The result has justified me.

"I approve of the platform adopted, especially the paragraph relating to the amendment of the tariff laws."

Incendiary Heal Confesses.

BATH, Me., April 21. — Heal, the young man who confessed yesterday to incendiarism, has given information against an associate named Jack McDonald. Heal claims that they entered into a conspiracy to set the Saturday night fires, Heal setting the barn fire and McDonald setting fire to the buildings in the ship yard. Heal has partly revealed his connection with other incendiary fires. McDonald was arrested and placed under $5,000 bonds.

Bank Robber Dunlap's Case Again.

BOSTON, April 21.—The third hearing before the Pardon Committee of the case of James Dunlap, the Northampton bank robber, was held yesterday. Those present in Dunlap's behalf were President Edwards of the Northampton National Bank, Robert A. Pinkerton of New York, George Abbot James, Mrs. Mary Scott Rawland, ex-Gov. J. D. Long and several other prominent persons, who have been working for Dunlap's release for several years.

Fierce Forest Fire in Maine.

DAMARISCOTTA, Me., April 22.—A fire that started about noon yesterday near John Burks, in Booth Bay, worked into the woods and burned over 600 to 800 acres, including the dwelling of Willard Merry and the school house in district 5. It swept south to Hagget's ice pond, when a change of wind drove the flames down the east side of Pleasant Cove, covering the land of eleven different owners. The loss is estimated at from $8,000 to $10,000.

Paper Box Manufacturers Combine.

BOSTON, April 23.—The paper box manufacturers of New England have formed an association, the action being occasioned by the advancing of prices by the American Straw Board Company, which controls the manufacture of straw board. George H. Dickerman of Boston was elected president, and Mr. Frank of Marlboro, secretary. For investigating the whole subject and advisability of establishing a straw board plant a committee was appointed.

His Relatives Are Wealthy.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., April 21. — David Nixon, who says he is from Chicago and has no relations, was found lying on the Boston & Albany track near this city yesterday. His scalp was torn and his skull cracked, and he had evidently been struck by a train. It is learned that he has a brother in Chicago who is a banker and another brother in Washington who is in the employ of the Government. He will probably die.

Failure of a Hotel Man.

BOSTON, April 23.—Joseph Lee, proprietor of the Hotel Abbotsford, Commonwealth avenue, this city, and of the Woodland Park Hotel, Auburndale, owes about $103,175, of which $75,000 is secured on real estate. The assets consist of equities in real estate and of teams, materials, furnishings of the hotels, and accounts of the face value of $2,300. Mr. Lee has gone into insolvency.

Barnum's Heirs Satisfied.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 23.—There were no objections offered yesterday by the heirs of P. T. Barnum to the report of Executors William F. Hincks and Benjamin Fish. This shows that they are satisfied with the executors' management of the estate. Mrs. Thompson, the showman's eldest daughter, wrote to Judge Beardsley expressing her approval of the administration.

Death of General E. E. Goodrich.

BOSTON, April 23. — General Edwin E. Goodrich, who served on the staff of Gen. Burnside during the war, is dead here. He was breveted Brigadier-General for meritorious service. After the war he filled several positions of trust. At the time of his death he was connected with the Boston "Herald." He also did some work for the "Army and Navy Review."

Dr. Parkhurst Eulogized.

ROCKLAND, Me., April 21.—Rev. J. T. Crosby of Ellsworth, preached the Conference Sermon in the East Maine Methodist Conference yesterday afternoon. He eulogized Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, terming him the "Prophet Reformer," and said it was the duty of every minister of God to preach righteousness and overthrow iniquity.

Prof. Totten to Join His Battery.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 22.—Capt. James S. Pettit, First United States Infantry, has been ordered to relieve Lieut. C. A. L. Totten as Professor of Military Science in Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. Lieut. Totten is ordered to join his battery of the Fourth United States Artillery. The change goes into effect August 1.

A Blow to Massachusetts Prohibitionists.

BOSTON, April 23.—By a vote of 91 to 72, the House has refused a third reading to the bill enabling a political party holding two per cent. of the votes for governor to make nominations. This bill was in favor of the Prohibition party and was supported by the Democrats and opposed by the Republicans.

The New Connecticut Railroad.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 22.—The Boston & Inland Railroad Company, which filed its certificate of organization yesterday, has a capital stock of $10,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares. Its principal office will be at Middletown, Conn., where most of the stockholders are, a number being also in Boston.

BIDDEFORD, Me., April 23.—Two wooden blocks on Main street, one owned by Bryant & Garland and the other by the Sweeter estate, were burned in the morning. One was insured for $1,000 and the other for $1,500. Nine tenants lose in the aggregate $6,500.

Looking Up His Ancestors.

NORWICH, Conn., April 23.—Ex-President Hayes is here looking up data about the Birchards, who were his ancestors. The houses they used to live in and their graves will be visited by him.

A Cut in Eastern Rates Likely.

NORFOLK, Va., April 23. — The Seaboard Air Line System, which controls the Georgia, Carolina & Northern road, has withdrawn from the Southern Passenger Association. This move will probably be followed by a cut in rates to Eastern cities and other competitive points.

Mississippi River Rising.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—Recent heavy rains are causing the rivers to rise rapidly in the Ohio and upper Mississippi valleys. The stages of water in the lower Mississippi River already high and rising will be added to greatly the next two weeks. The situation as regards the possibility of an overflow of the lower Mississippi is critical.

A MOST GRAPHIC STORY.

It is Taken Direct from Real Life.

A CHARMING NEW ENGLAND LADY TELLS HER EXPERIENCE BOTH ABROAD AND IN AMERICA.

The unwritten romances of life are more wonderful and far more interesting than the most vivid works of fiction. The one we are about to relate occurred in real life, and is both interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Jennie Ray formerly lived in Manchester, N. H. Her home was pleasant, her surroundings comfortable. In the year 1890 she visited England, and while in that country began to experience strange sensations. At first she attributed them to the change of climate, but they continued and increased, until finally, like many another woman, she became utterly discouraged.

It was while in this condition that Mrs. Ray returned to America and her home. Thousands of women who read this story can appreciate the condition in which Mrs. Ray then was, and sympathize with her suffering. Two prominent physicians were called and endeavored to do all in their power for her relief. In spite, however, of their skill Mrs. Ray grew weaker and more depressed, while the agony she endured seemed to increase. It was at this time that a noted physician who was called declared Mrs. Ray was suffering from cancer, said there was no help, and told her friends she could not live more than a week at the farthest.

And here comes the interesting part of the story, which we will endeavor to tell in Mrs. Ray's own words. She said:

"Unknown to all these physicians, I had been using a preparation of which I had heard much. I did not tell the physicians because I feared they would ridicule me, and perhaps order its discontinuance. During all the while that the physicians were attending me the preparation was steadily and faithfully doing its own work in its own way, and I had faith in its power. At last the doctor said there was no use of his coming, for he could do me no good. I had suffered so much that I was quite willing to die, but it seems I was nearer relief than I knew. One week from the day the doctor last called a false growth, as large as a coffee cup, and which looked as though it had been very large, left me. I sent for a doctor, and he declared it was a fibroid tumor, but said he had never known one to come away of itself before. I immediately began to gain health and strength, and I unhesitatingly declare that my rescue from death was due solely to the marvelous effects of Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy I took unknown to the physicians, and which certainly rescued me from the grave. It is my firm belief that many ladies who are said to die of cancer of the womb are cases like mine, and if they could be induced to use Warner's Safe Cure they, like me, might be saved."

The above graphic account is perfectly true in every respect. Mrs. Jennie Ray is now living at 143 West Sixth street, South Boston, Mass., and if any lady doubts the above statement she can address Mrs. Ray, who will gladly answer all questions or grant an interview of a confidential nature to any lady who may choose to call upon her. It is said that "truth is stranger than fiction," and when the thousands of suffering, helpless women who are upon the road which physicians say leads only to death, consider the story as above given, there is reason for hope and joy, even although they may be now in the depths of despondency and misery. To such ladies the above truthful account is willingly given.

The People of the Earth.

Exactly how many people there are in the world it is impossible to say, since no census is taken of many populace countries, like China, while the number of people who live in the jungles of Africa can only be guessed at.

As long ago as 1866, Behm, a leading German authority, estimated the population of the earth at about 1,400,000,000.

In 1880, the same authority set the figures at about 100,000,000 more. He did not base this new estimate on the natural increase of the people of the world, but explained that more accurate figures and estimates had enabled him to guess more closely.

Two years later Mr. Behm estimated the earth's population at 22,000,000 less than in 1880, the decrease being accounted for by the fact that new investigations had compelled the reduction of the estimated population of China from something over 400,000,000 to about 350,000,000.

Probably the estimate for the year 1891, made by a learned German statistician, is the most nearly accurate of any yet made—1,480,000,000.

It is believed that the world's population is increasing at the rate of nearly 6,000,000 a year.

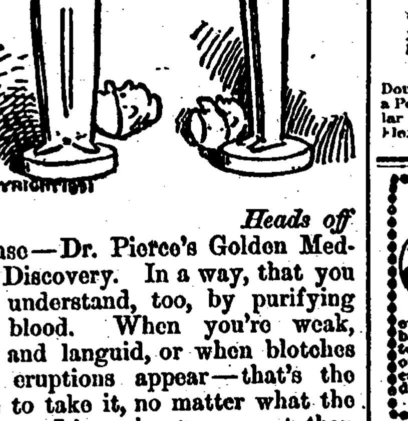
The most populace country in Asia, which contains two countries—China and India—whose swarming millions outnumber the people of all the other countries of the continent.

The most densely peopled continent is, of course, Europe. The number of people in Europe is known with a great degree of accuracy. There are about 360,000,000; and the continent which accomodates all these people is so small that there are upon it an average of ninety-three people to the square mile.

The people upon the two continents of North and South America, without the Artic regions, are less than 122,000,000 in number, or only eight to the square mile.

When America is as densely peopled as Europe, this half of the world will have a population of nearly 1,400,000,000—practically the same as that of the whole world at the present time.—Youth's Companion.

The report of the State Board of Health relative to arsenic in wall paper was submitted to the Massachusetts Legislature. It was found that, of 1,018 samples collected in twenty cities and towns, 389 contained arsenic in appreciable quantities. About three per cent. of the papers manufactured to-day contain more than one-tenth of a grain of arsenic per square yard, against thirty per cent., approximately, ten years ago. Between sixty and seventy per cent. of the papers sold are free from arsenic, while about six per cent. contain more than one-twentieth of a grain per square yard.—[Scientific American.



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Heads off disease—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In a way, that you can understand, too, by purifying the blood. When you're weak, dull and languid, or when blotches and eruptions appear—that's the time to take it, no matter what the season. It's easier to prevent than to have to cure.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin, or Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula), in its earlier stages, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's *guaranteed*. If it does'nt benefit or cure, you have your money back.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy lose $500 if you're not cured of Catarrh. They promise to pay you that if they can't cure you. What do *you* lose by trying it? Is there anything to risk, except your Catarrh?

Latest Magazine Gun.

The very latest invention in the way of magazine small arms, and one not yet submitted to the United States Army Board, is the gun that has just been put to the test by the Italian authorities. This rifle is four feet long and of the smallest calibre yet attempted, .256-inch. The speed of the bullet is 2,360 foot-seconds, and as regards its penetrative force it is said that the ball will pierce two mattresses and two planks five inches thick at a distance of nearly a mile. Loading is effected by means of chargers containing five cartridges arranged so that a repeating fire may be maintained until the magazine is exhausted. Many of the experts who attended the trials are of the opinion that the weapon is the most destructive at present existing among European armies.—[New York Times.

The Saleslady and the Factory Girl.

The salesladies of New York are greatly incensed because a bill introduced in the Legislature classes them with factory girls! Caste distinction is certainly becoming well defined when such unhealthy notions are entertained, and such notions are as unjust as unhealthy. In physique the factory girl is the peer of the "saleslady;" in intelligence she does not fall short; in wage earning ability she is her superior, and in the home she will prove a better housekeeper than her fastidious sister. The motion of a fly's wings will not subject her to a cold and a cookie to a doughnut she will have fewer flies on the dinner table than the mistress of the tape and the pencil.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is reported from China that the Chinese rebels are remarkably poor fighters.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is told that in England shorthorns are depreciating in value.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc. should try "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

A petrified forest has been discovered in Mendocino County, California.

A Brilliant Discovery in Dermatology.

It is said that superfluous hair can be permanently removed without pain. An interesting and valuable discovery has recently been made by John H. Woodbury, of 125 West 42d street, New York City. It is a remedy for the permanent removal of superfluous hair, consisting of a fluid which is applied to the hair follicle by means of an electric needle. It is designed to be used by patients at their homes, and is said to be fully as effectual as electricity. Full particulars in reference to this valuable remedy are found in a little book of 128 pages, which is sent to any address for 10 cents on application to the discoverer.

A hop-picking machine has been invented in Australia.

THE progress of science in medicine has produced nothing better for human ills than the celebrated Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The yacht Valkyrie has been sold to a Russian Grand Duke for $22,500.

Mr. A. B. Laforme, Boston, Mass., says: "I ordered and distributed one dozen large bottles Bradycrotine among my friends afflicted with headache, and in every case it has afforded almost instantaneous relief." Fifty cents.

A copyright treaty between Spain and Mexico has been arranged. U17

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Cheaper than Barb Wire.

HUMANE, STRONG, VISIBLE, ORNAMENTAL.

HARTMAN WIRE PANEL FENCE.

Double the Strength of any other fence; will not stretch, sag or get out of shape. Harmless to Stock; a Perfect Farm Fence, yet Handsome enough to Ornament a Lawn. Write for prices, Descriptive Circular and Testimonials, also Catalogue of Hartman Steel Picket Lawn Fence, Tree and Flower Guards, Flexible Wire Mats, &c. HARTMAN MFG. CO., Beaver Falls, Pa.

Eastern Sales Agency, 103 Chambers Street, New York.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effectual. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking a TABULE after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross $2; 1 bottle 15c. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N.Y. Agents Wanted; EIGHTY per cent profit.

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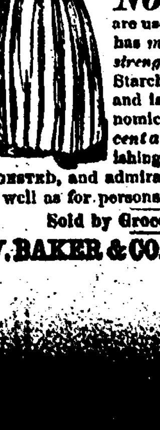

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY

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Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

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For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use.

By an Old Family Physician.

SOOTHING, HEALING, PENETRATING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love to take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves Summer Complaints, Cuts and Bruises like magic. Cures Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Cholera-Morbus, Chilblains, Chaps, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Muscles or Strains. Inhale for Nervous Headache. Ill'st'd Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cts. Six bottles, $2.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FROM THE "PACIFIC JOURNAL."

"A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt. That eminent chemist has produced

Tutt's Hair Dye

which imitates nature to perfection; it acts instantaneously and is perfectly harmless." Price, $1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

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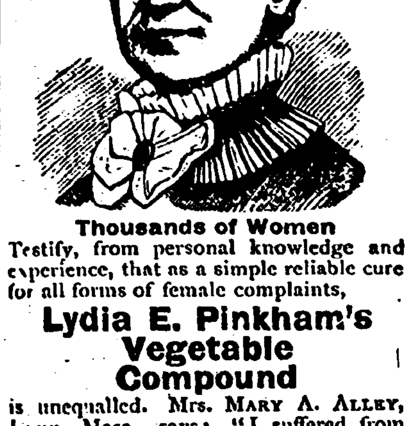
DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.



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