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# The Antrim Reporter.

VOL. IX. NO 48. ANTRIM, N. H. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 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.
G. H. Perkins, N. G.
F. W. Palmer, V. G.
J. R. Putney, Rec. Sec.
A. F. Ingram, Per. Sec.
G. D. Dresser, 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.

Officers: Henry W. Wilson, Captain; John A. Scott, 1st Sergt.; A. C. George, Q. M. Sergt.

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**STOVES, RANGES**

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

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**[illegible] Undertaker,**

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**NIAGARA FALLS**
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**Boston & Maine Railroad**

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 55 | 6 50 | Keene | 7 15 | 2 55 |
| 11 20 | 6 15 | Peterboro' | 8 00 | 3 30 |
| 10 45 | 5 18 | Hancock Junc | 8 20 | 3 50 |
| 10 35 | 5 10 | Bennington | 8 25 | 4 00 |
| 10 15 | 5 00 | Antrim | 8 30 | 4 08 |
| 9 45 | 4 40 | Hillsboro' | 8 50 | 4 40 |
| 9 05 | 4 28 | W. Henniker | 9 05 | 5 03 |
| 8 50 | 4 19 | Henniker | 9 10 | 5 15 |
| 8 15 | 4 07 | W. Hopkinton | 9 22 | 5 37 |
| 8 00 | 3 57 | Contoocook | 9 40 | 5 57 |
| 7 00 | 3 27 | Concord | 10 20 | 6 33 |
| | 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 55 | 6 20 | Hillsboro' | 7 40 | 2 30 |
| [illegible] | 6 05 | Antrim | 7 55 | 3 07 |
| [illegible] | 5 [illegible] | Bennington | 7 59 | 3 31 |
| 11 05 | 5 50 | Hancock Junc | 8 20 | 3 50 |
| 11 20 | 6 10 | Peterboro' | 8 00 | 3 30 |
| 9 50 | 4 28 | Nashua | 9 29 | 4 55 |
| 9 14 | 3 47 | Lowell | 9 58 | 5 33 |
| [illegible] | 3 00 | lv Boston ar | 10 40 | 6 30 |
| a. m. | p. m. | | a. m. | p. m. |

WANTED—A bright boy or girl in every [illegible] postal card asking for [illegible] pleasant work [illegible]

**Wheeler & Wilson NEW HIGH ARM Family SEWING MACHINE! The No. 9,**

We notice in the catalogue, on pag 446, of Fall 1892, that the well-known firm of Jordan, Massh & Co., use in their manufactory department the Wheeler & Wilson, and recommend it to all families.

Sold in our stationery department, and also

SOLD BY

**C. H. Philbrick,**
BENNINGTON, N. H.

**Farmer's Store.**

Come to Farmer's Store and buy your

**FLOUR AND GRAIN, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**

Paints, Oils,

**HARDWARE, Farming Tools,**

— ALSO —

**Boots, Shoes, Rubbers,**

And all kinds of goods usually kept in a country store.

We keep a fine line of Stationery, Ladies' and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Remember we sell at

**Bottom Prices.**

Come and see us. We especially solicit your patronage.

**J. Scott & Co.,**
PROPRIETORS,
HANCOCK, N. H.

m18

**GRAND OPENING —OF— New York MILLINERY.**

Mrs. H. H. Whittle has returned from New York City with a splendid assortment of the latest styles of

Hats, Bonnets and Trimmings,

And respectfully invites the ladies of Antrim and vicinity to inspect the same at her Millinery Parlors.

She also has a large assortmennt of

**Ladies' Gloves, Hosiery AND Fancy Goods,**

To which an inspection is invited.

**Mrs. H. H. WHITTLE,**
Jameson Block,
ANTRIM, N. H.

**SAWTELLE'S SELECTED PIANOS**

Are absolutely the finest in tone. Low net prices. [illegible] Boston.


### ECHOES OF THE GAME.

**Nothing But Praise for Harvard for Her Plucky Fight.**

New Haven, Nov. 21.—Yale men are still rejoicing over the victory over Harvard on the football field Saturday, and it cannot be denied that they have not yet recovered from the surprise they received, for they firmly believed that they had a walkover with the Harvards this year. The odds offered by their friends in the betting indicates just how sanguine they all felt.

Well may the Yale men be proud of their victory, for there is no denying that it was the hardest and most scientific football battle on record, and Harvard proved to be no mean opponent, but on the contrary developed unexpected strength, and her team, although beaten, was one of the best that has represented the college in years.

The game throughout was really a contest between coachers.

An old foot-ball player, referring to the game, said:

"What a struggle it was! They fought so evenly that the great mass of humanity looking on was kept in a continual state of exuberance and violent emotion.

"But the end came, and Harvard had to succumb. Not, however, until irreparable injury had been done to her ranks through injuries to Emmons and Upton. Both men retired near the end of the second half. Who knows but what the score would have been a tie and Yale would not be reveling in the joy of victory had not these men been injured?

"Those who had predicted that Yale would win by a score of 30 to 0 had little knowledge of the strength of Harvard. Those who had wagered their money at three and two to one felt so shaky as the game progressed that they would liked to have gone after a "bracer" had it not been that they were penned in so they could not move.

"Harvard's defeat can be laid primarily to the absence of Upton and Emmons. The former was injured first, and retired when the second half was about half over. Emmons had his leg injured in the second half, but after a short delay he hobbled along on one leg and continued to play."

### MRS. AUGUST BELMONT.

**Death of the Widow of the Financier—She Was a Leader of Society.**

New York, Nov. 21.—Mrs. August Belmont, widow of the financier and turfman, died yesterday afternoon at her home, No. 109 Fifth avenue. Her death had been momentarily looked for, and when it came she was surrounded by her family.

Mrs. Belmont had not been in good health since the tragic death of her youngest son, Raymond, on Jan. 31, 1887.

Mrs. Belmont was the daughter of Commodore Matthew Galbraith Perry, and a member of one of the old historical families of America. Her grandfather was Christopher Raymond Perry, who served in the navy during the Revolutionary War. Christopher Perry married in 1784, and the male members of his family have served in the navy with distinction.

The two most notable were Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, who was Mrs. Belmont's uncle, and Commodore Matthew Perry, her father.

When August Belmont met Miss Perry her father was commandant at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Belmont was 35 years old, and Miss Perry but 18. Miss Perry had many admirers, but she gave her hand to August, who was then but little known.

She was a good conversationalist, a patron of art, and a fine musician. These qualities, together with the wealth of her husband made her a leader in the world of fashion.

At her bedside when she died were her children, ex-Congressman Belmont, August Belmont, jr., Oliver P. H. Belmont, and Mrs. S. S. Howland.

The funeral services will be held at the church of the Ascension to-morrow.

### SHE WAS SHOT BY A HUNTER.

**Mamie Jackson's Death May Start a Crusade Against Sportsmen.**

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 21.—The carelessness of sportsmen who have thronged the surrounding country since the opening of the rabbit season, has been the cause of numerous complaints, but the terrible affair at Lincoln Park, Saturday, will probably cause many of the land owners in this vicinty to forbid hunting on their property in the future.

Mamie Jackson, about ten years' of age, while playing near her parent's house near Lincoln Park was shot and instantly killed by an unknown person, but now supposed to be a hunter. Her body was completely riddled with shot.

Boston, Nov. 19.—Guiseppe Patone, the Italian who killed his two chileren Tuesday night, and then cut his own throat, is dead.


**Harrington & Kibbey, SOLE AGENTS For the following Brands of KID GLOVES**

MANUFACTURED BY Majestic TRADE P. & P. MARK

MANUFACTURED BY Pacific TRADE P. & P. MARK

MANUFACTURED BY Republic TRADE P. & P. MARK

**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.

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

**WYMAN & MACALSTER,**
Whittemore's Block, Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.

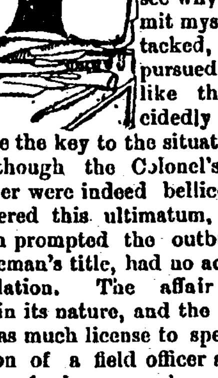

### WINTRY CHEER.

Three hundred years ago, or so,
The best that could be had for gold,
To set before the queen herself,
Might make a carving-knife run cold:
A peacock stripped and roasted! Then,
Served in its feathered skin and crest,
And glorious in the amethyst,
Emerald, and sapphire of its breast,
With curving throat of azure light,
And in its gilded beak a flame,
Held high by some fair lady's hands
On a great silver dish it came,
And Cleopatra's purple sail
Was duller than that streaming tail!
When that great gorgeous bird was fit,
I wonder how one lifted it!

Talk of the good old times! Just think
Of all the feathers and the fuss!
The times we have are best of all—
The best is good enough for us!
Look at this phenix, crackling hot,
Done to a turn of its brown breast—
From last year's ashes here again—
And never mind the peacock's crest!
What will I have? An outside bit
Whose praises epicures might sing—
The wish-bone, thank you, or perhaps
The luscious picking of a wing!
Come, let a royal feast begin
When Mary brings the turkey in!
For all their crests, and peacocks, too,
I wouldn't change with them—would you?

—Harriet P. Spofford, in St. Nicholas.

## VIOLA GAMBA.



I HAVE fought the battles of life for—ahem, let me see—fifty years and upward, and I have never yet been worsted in a fair struggle. I do not see why I should permit myself to be attacked, routed and pursued in a matter like this. No, decidedly no; I think I have the key to the situation!"

Although the Colonel's words and manner were indeed bellicose when he delivered this ultimatum, the occasion which prompted the outburst, like the gentleman's title, had no actual military foundation. The affair was purely civil in its nature, and the Colonel had only as much license to speak after the fashion of a field officer as belongs to a man who has once been a loyal and enthusiastic member of the militia. It was quite true, however, that he had suffered less than most men from the cruel perverseness of things which confront us in this life. Born rich, healthy and virtuous, and endowed with a charming capacity for shunning disagreeable things; he had lived his life thus far in the most optimistic manner possible.

Just now, however, his stronghold of serenity was threatened with vigorous assault. His only son had sent word from a remote Yorkshire parish that he was on the point of marrying the eldest of a family of seven daughters, the property of the vicar, a clergyman whose peculiar theological preferences had relegated him to obscurity and a stipend of £100 per annum. "She's the sweetest thing imaginable," Geoffrey had written, with the fine discrimination of a lover. "Just wait until we reach New York and she shows on the avenue."

The Colonel lost no time in cabling his most emphatic paternal dissent. He received an almost immediate reply to place the effect that the marriage had taken. This intelligence put him into a state that was exceedingly uncomfortable while it lasted, but it did not endure. Perhaps the time-worn expedient of disinheriting his refactory heir did not occur to him, for his indignation expended itself in a message devoid of congratulation, in which he requested his son and Mrs. Geoffrey to linger indefinitely at the vicarage. He intimated that an early application for his parential blessing would prove to be for them a real ignis fatuus, but he tempered the severity of the statement by sending a check for a sum which should have done wonders in allaying the sting of paternal displeasure.

It was a real grief for the Colonel—the most poignant he had known since the death of his estimable wife, which had happened long before Geoffrey was capable of inflicting any serious domestic wound; but he had much to console him, and, most fortunate of all, he had a hobby; it was the most delightfully and absorbing and self-engrossing distraction that a man can have—he was an amateur organist.

It must not for an instant be believed that he was a mere wanton trifler with the noblest of musical instruments. His whole soul was in it, and he was believed by his friends to be a virtuoso. His musical suppers were the talk of the town; to be bidden to them was tuneful surfeit, and not to know them unmelodious gnashing of teeth. It was a delight as well as an apparent necessity for the appeasing of the constant yearning of his musical nature for him to direct the music in a large and fashionable church.

He was at this particular moment in charge of the music at St. Nero's where he assumed the entire expense of the undertaking, and supplemented his generosity by having the organ rebuilt to meet his particular requirements. The music was quite as elaborate as any in town, and the diversion went far toward easing the pang of Geoffrey's unfilial conduct.

But the season advanced, and the ultro-fashionable worshipers of St Nero's deserted their temple and fled to summer resorts.

It was then that the Colonel began to bestir himself to secure an assistant, for he did not suffer his passion to interfere with the still potent magnetism of Newport. He advertised; there were many who were willing, and a time was appointed for a comparative trial. When the moment arrived the Colonel stole away to the darkest corner of St. Nero's, resolved to eschew personal appearance and to let merit win the test.

The candidate who played last was the one that best met his ideas of what was required. Entering the organ loft by a side door he saw a rather fragile-looking young woman perched upon the bench.

"Pardon me," he began, with a good deal of astonishment in his voice and manner. "Are you the person who has just been playing the Bach fugue so well?"

She turned with a startled look. "I was trying it," she admitted, "but I am afraid I made sorry work of it."

"By no means," dissented the Colonel gallantly. "It was well done—quite as well as I could have done it myself. We are very fortunate to have found you, Miss—what may I call you?"

She colored and seemed to hesitate. "Gamba—Viola Gamba," she replied at last.

Then she turned away and began to finger the stops nervously.

After that they talked a little about her engagement, and then the Colonel took his leave.

Miss Gamba from the first was a great success. She managed the great instrument in a manner that was little short of masterly. She also made a decided impression upon the members of the quartette. The Colonel, who was early on the ground, was not long in discovering that his new assistant was as pretty as she was clever. The tenor was so distracted by her charming individuality that he took a throaty note in the middle of his solo. The soprano confided to the alto her intention of going straight home after service and reproducing the newcomer's bonnet while the impression was fresh. The alto in return called attention to the heavenly fit of Miss Gamba's gown.

Now that he might, the Colonel did not at once leave the city. The weather became very warm indeed, but he lingered. He came regularly to all the rehearsals and services, but never once showed any disposition to resume his place at the organ. He seemed content to sit quietly in the organ loft.

About midsummer the services were discontinued and the great oaken doors of St. Nero's were to be closed. Before that time the Colonel had admitted to himself that Miss Gamba was the most interesting of women. He more than once found himself regretting that he must conduct himself toward her in the paternal fashion befitting his years, and he often sighed deeply. He realized all at once that his interest in neckwear was reviving, but the climax of his new condition was reached on the eve of the last Sunday before the close of the season at St. Nero's. It happened, as he was about to put on his hat upon leaving his club, that his eye caught a glimpse of the band of crape which he had worn for so many years in unsuspecting and unvarying repetition. He held the hateful thing at arm's length and gazed at it with horror. Then he called a waiter and bade him take the hat away.

"Where shall I take it, sir?" the astonished man asked.

"Anywhere—take it anywhere—to a hatter, and have him remove that band instantly. Do you think I can go about looking like a hatchment?" demanded the Colonel, indignantly.

In due time the man appeared with the offending tile, now shorn of its ghastliness. The Colonel, properly rehabilitated and rejuvenated, went to a florist's and secured the most satisfactory boutonniere that money could demand. Then he hurried away to the organ loft of St. Nero's, where the last rehearsal of the season had just been concluded.

The quartet had departed and Miss Gamba was alone with the great organ. As the Colonel entered she was still playing some softly-reminiscent thing. The loft was brilliantly lighted. The Colonel at that moment made up his mind that St. Cecilia was an overrated creature, and that she suffered greatly by comparison with the glowing picture before his eyes.

She saw him in the glass and at once stopped playing and turned to greet him. He came up and stood beside her.

"Shall you remain in town during the summer?" he asked, rather abruptly.

"Really—I hardly know—I have no plans at present," see stammered.

"Pardon me," he said. "I thought perhaps you might be going to your friends."

"No," she replied, with a slight choke in her voice. "My friends are very far away. I am practically friendless."

"Oh, you must not say that, my dear Miss Gamba—you really must not!"

She smilled sorrowfuly and shook her head.

"Really, Miss Gamba, I cannot permit you to say that you have no friends," he went on, reproachfully. "I should do myself a base injustice if I did not beg you to recall those words."

She pulled down the organ lid with a gentle touch and then began to put on a glove.

"Am I not your friend? Has not that fact occurred to you—ever?" he continued, rather eagerly.

"Of course it has—often," she replied frankly, giving him the ungloved hand.

"I am so much interested in you. I wish I could tell you how interested I am in you, dear Miss Gamba," he said, still retaining possession of the hand.

"You have been most kind—and considerate," she said, looking him full in the face. "I am deeply grateful to you."

"I want to be—I wish you would let me"—he stammered, getting red in the face. "I—I am very fond of you!"

She did not speak nor did she take away her hand.

"It seems to me now—just at this moment"—he went on, recklessly, "that I would suffer anything just to—to"—

"What?"

"Kiss you!"

Almost before the words had left his shamefaced lips the girl threw her arms about his neck and kissed him once, twice, thrice.

"I like you so much!" she exclaimed, with a hand on each shoulder, holding him at arm's length and looking him full in the face.

"I did not know—I did not think"—he choked, reaction setting in. "I never once dreamed of this!"

"Nor did I!" she declared, rapturously. "I never for a moment suspected that it could be brought about so easily. But I had faith in myself to believe that I could do it in time. Geoffrey has lost his wager!"

A sickening light broke in upon the Colonel's racked comprehension; this, then, was the young woman, whom he had advised to remain in Yorkshire.

With the effort of his lifetime he held himself erect and in a true military tone said:

"Madame, permit me to escort you to my house."

"But—Geoffrey—I must go to him—at the Victoria," she said.

"Never mind Geoff," he replied, loftily; "I will send the carriage for him."—New York Topics.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Celluloid is said to have been discovered by Hyatt as long ago as 1689.

Water in which salt is dissolved boils at a slightly higher temperature than pure water.

The Great Dipper revolves around the North star in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four seconds.

Spiders are solitary in their habits. The tradition that they are weather prophets is not credited by scientists.

Sugar fifteen times sweeter than that produced from the cane is being made from cotton seed grown at Witu.

German scientists will use the Emperor's donation in the construction of a large balloon for scientific purposes.

Liquid carbonic acid is now sold in Paris at about five cents a pound, most of it being used for making salicylic acid by reaction on sodium phenol.

Tarlatan has superseded calico for bandages in Paris hospitals, where 1188 miles of the former material were used in 1891, at a cost of nearly $30,000.

Recently the police force of certain parts of London were provided with electric lamps in place of the usual "bull's-eye" lanterns, and the change was much commended.

Professor C. A. Young announces that the fifth satellite of Jupiter has been seen by his assistant, Mr. Reed, with the twenty-three inch equatorial, at Princeton, N. J.

Cresoted wood has been found to have such excellent lasting qualities that its economical properties have suggested its use for permanent haulage, roads, shaftways, etc., in collieries.

Fish, flies and caterpillars, though frozen solid, retain life because their construction admits of frost expansion without disruption; a freezing temperature only results to them in torpor.

It has been found by J. Wiesner that, while gas-light only slightly yellows and weakens wood-paper, the influence of the electric light is still less, and he pronounces the latter the best illuminant for libraries.

A recent scientific expedition shows the existence of terraces in Palestine, showing that at one time the Dead Sea had risen to the level of the Mediterranean, the Jordan in the glacial period forming a lake 200 miles long.

Two Italian physiologists have found that innoculations for securing immunity from infectious disease have no effect if the spleen has been removed, no other organ being able to carry on the particular function upon which immunity depends.

A Genoese electrician has adopted electric heating to conservatories. The current is sent into receivers of special composition, which become heated without, however, exceeding a certain temperature. The advantages claimed are the absence of all unwholesome gases or vapor that might injure the plants, the perfect safety as regards heat, and the cleanliness of the system.

### Uses of a Monster Search Light.

A. C. Shaw gives some interesting details concerning the operation of the Mount Washington search light. Thousands of copies of the code by which the transmission of signals to different points is effected, have been distributed in the country around Mount Washington, and the flashing of the light at night affords entertainment to the whole country side, especially to visitors at the hotels, who gather in knots in the piazzas, and discuss the all-absorbing topic of "search light" and endeavor to read the messages signalled from the mountain. Mr. Shaw was at Maplewood, twenty miles from the top of the mountain by air line, when the projector was turned on to the hotel for about twenty minutes one clear night. The light, even at that distance, was too bright to be looked upon comfortably, and by it the time on a watch could be distinctly told and the type of an ordinary headline could be read with ease. On white surfaces, such as the front of the hotel, a curious shimmering effect was produced. Small, dark patches seemed to float constantly over the surface, caused possibly by the magnifying of minute particles of vapor in the atmosphere, or by some other phenomena not yet explained. The signaling is accomplished by a metal damper in the inside of the projector, which can be lowered between the arc and the lens by a lever extending to the outside and by means of which flashes of short or long duration can be made. While possessing the great advantage of affording a means of transmitting intelligence over a wide tract of country this search light will be deprived of much of its usefulness under special conditions unless it can be utilized in connection with a secret code, and such a method of communication will doubtless be made to supplement that already in operation.—Chicago News-Record.

### Effect of Cold and Heat on Food.

The necessity of cooking food to develop or create a palatable taste is important. The flesh of fowl is soft enough to masticate, but only a person on the verge of starvation could eat it before heat has changed its taste, and thus made it one of the most savory and acceptable of meats.

Coffee also well illustrates this point. When coffee is green, that is unbrowned, it is acrid in taste, very tough, even horny in consistency, and a decoction made from it is altogether unpleasant. But when, for a certain time, it is subjected to a degree of heat it loses its toughness, becomes brittle, changes color and there is developed in it a most agreeable flavor. This flavoring property is an actual product of the heat which causes chemical changes in an essential oil contained in the bean. Heat not only develops but creates flavors, changing the odor and taste as well as the digestibility of foods.

Some foods are better for being cold. Sweet dishes as a rule are improved by a low temperature. The flavor of butter is very different and very much finer when cold than when warm; it is absolutely necessary to keep it cool in order to preserve the flavor.—Atlanta Constitution.

### THE MODERN KNIGHT.

His shield was bright, that Knight of old,
His sword was keen, his courage high;
In shining steel on charger bold,
He bravely rode to win or die.
In battle fierce he sought his fame,
Or in the tourney sword to sword;
Discourtesy his greatest shame—
His lady's smile his best reward.

He bears no shield, our modern Knight,
No glittering sword or lance he wields,
Yet well he knows the keen delight
That courage finds in warring fields.
To bear the ball beyond the goal,
To check the rush, to tackle true,
Inflames as much the striving soul
As joust or combat used to do.

And who shall say that courage high
Has not its place in modern life,
When thronging thousands testify
The manly love for manly strife?
Our Knights that nobly play their parts
Know the stern joys that warriors feel,
And canvas jackets cover hearts
As brave as ever beat in steel!

—Outing.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A soft answer will kill where a club would fail.—Ram's Horn.

There are men who tire themselves almost to death looking for an easy place.—Ram's Horn.

It isn't the "flighty" poet who is responsible for all the fugitive verses.—Boston Courier.

The humorists of this country seem to have made a butt of the goat.—Philadelphia Record.

Broom—"So you are on your wedding tour, eh?" Groom (sadly)—"No; a lecture tour!"—Truth.

In his moments of abstraction even the pickpocket thinks time is money.—Philadelphia Times.

The trouble is that you never know when you've got enough until you've got too much.—Puck.

People who are always looking for trouble generally run when it looks for them.—Milwaukee Journal.

A man who lives fast cannot expect that enjoyment will keep up with him.—Binghamton Republican.

Coasting is very excellent sport, but, like some other amusements, it has its drawbacks.—Somerville Journal.

Gay—"The Widow Weed wears very heavy mourning." Day—"Yes; but she doesn't feel as black as she is dressed."—Puck.

All sorts of vexations attend the parlor matrimonial match. Even the lamp is frequently put out over it.—Binghamton Leader.

There are some men who can't take home a beefsteak without believing they are taking their wife a present.—Atchison Globe.

More people with patent leather shoes on borrow money they never pay back than men who wear shoes that are patched.—Atchison Globe.

The next thing a long-suffering public learns will be the fact that gas companies are putting pneumatic tires on their gas meters.—Ohio State Journal.

Man goes to law to get his right,
(Of common sense bereft,)
Ignoring that in such a fight,
All others have got left.
—Boston Transcript.

"What coat of arms is that on the panel of your carriage?" "Give it up. Had to have it stuck on before we could engage a footman."—New York Herald.

Men are a good deal better collectively than they are individually. Many a man will do that privately which he will denounce in a crowd.—Atchison Globe.

As a rule, a man who has a mustache he can twist, or whiskers he can stroke, is three times as long making up his mind as one who hasn't.—Atchison Globe.

Appearances Not Deceptive: Priscilla—"When Charlie proposed to me the poor fellow did look so silly." Prunella—"Well, no wonder."—New York Herald.

There's plenty of room at the top, but you shouldn't tell an ambitious artist so just as he is on the point of sending his picture to the exhibition.—Somerville Journal.

Mr. New—"On the stage they always have such dolt, woodeny actors to represent dukes and kings." Mr. Know—"Yes; that's so to have them true to life."—Puck.

Admiring Neighbor—"Do you think the pretty pet is going to be like his father." Fond Mother—"I shouldn't be at all surprised. He keeps me up every night, as it is, and is fractious in the morning."

Mr. Bronson—"Did you have an interesting subject presented for your consideration this morning at church. Mr. Bronson—"Very. But I couldn't make out whether the lace trimmings were real or imitation."

New York Drummer—"How do you account for the gradual decrease in time between New York and Chicago?" Chicaga Drummer (disdainfully)—"Chicago, sir, is rapidly growing in an easterly direction."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Professor (to class in surgery)—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright Student—"Limp, too."—Chicago News Record.

Charles James Fox, when canvassing Westminster, applied to a shopkeeper for his vote and interest. The man produced a halter, with which, he said, he was ready to oblige him. "Thank you," replied Fox, "for your kind offer, but I should be sorry to deprive you of so valuable a family relic."—Argonaut.

### Salt Baths at Home.

It may, perhaps, not be known to everyone that a real salt bath can be taken as well at home as at the sea shore, minus the exhilaration of wind and wave. A cup of rock salt dissolved in water and added to the bath is a most refreshing tonic to the exhausted body. But don't go out of doors after taking it. The best time to indulge in the luxuries of a salt bath is just at bedtime. Try this home-made ocean bath, and note its effects.—Detroit Free Press.

# The Antrim Reporter.

Published every Wednesday.

H. WEBSTER ELDREDGE, Publisher and Proprietor.

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

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

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23, 1892.


### Thanksgiving.

The season of Thanksgiving will be celebrated on the morrow, when not only New England, but the entire nation will pause to heed the admonition of the fathers when they, in the early history of our country considered it as among their highest duties to pay religious homage for the many benefits that had come to them during the twelve months that had passed. Had they lived in the golden days of the 19th century, with peace, plenty, and prosperity beaming on every hand, and never have known or experienced the bitter hardships and privations incident to those early days, they might not have been as zealous in the observance of this, the feast day of all the year. But we who have followed in their footsteps, in this direction, and the consequent happy and social family reunions that will take place, are profoundly thankful for the wisdom and intelligence that prompted the observance of this thoroughly Puritanic institution. But not all will meet in thanksgiving without a recognition of the absence of some dear one who has passed beyond the vail since the last gathering around the festal board. The President of the Republic in his proclamation addresses himself very thoughtfully and kindly to such when he says that, "God has given his grace to the sorrowing." The REPORTER desires that to every family in Antrim, there shall come a full and unrestricted measure of enjoyment and happy greeting, with the sincere hope that "father time" may deal gently with his children and that they may be the recipients of every good thing that can come to an enterprising, prosperous, and happy community.

The legislature will be invoked to arrest the destruction of the forests about the White Mountains. The influence of eminent men in the state will be their judicious words on this subject. The forests of New Hampshire, in a certain sense belong to the nation and are today the retreat of thousands of people who come to our domain for recreation and pleasure in summer. The White Mountains are the only retreat this side of the "Rockies." The people should decide this question for more reasons that one, and now is the time to do it.

It is said that it has been suggested by some of the republican leaders that it may seem necessary to be looking about for new issues to adopt into their platforms in the future. The inquiry seems to be, what are they to comprise? Will they consider such questions as temperance, woman-suffrage, emigration, labor, finance, etc. There is ample opportunity to better the condition of humanity and the nation at large by adoption of any or all combined. Will they do it?

Hon. Geo. G. Vest, democratic senator from Kansas expresses himself on the situation as follows: "There is no danger from the the recent victory. We do not propose to smash the business interests of the country, as the blacksmith would destroy a fine watch. We will proceed cautiously, deliberately, but firmly, to adjust the tariff taxes. Free trade pure and simple is impossible, for we must raise a large amount of money necessary to carry on the government by import duties."

Capt. S. S. Piper, post-master at Manchester, was in Antrim on Friday last on a tour of inspection of the local post-office It is not too much to anticipate that in all probability he found matters and things all "O. K." as he did last year when on a similar visit, which report ranked the office as first in the county, outside of the cities. These official visits are made "as a labor of love," no compensation being allowed by the department who requires the service, but the reports are official just the same.

We are a trifle modest in publishing notices similar to the one below, but think perhaps, coming from such a source, we shall be pardoned for giving it a place in these columns. It is taken from the Tolland County *Leader*, Rockville, Ct.

"We are in receipt of a copy of the *Antrim Reporter*, published at Antrim, N. H., in which it is announced that H. Webster Eldredge has just purchased that newspaper and job printing plant, and is introducing himself to the people of that place. Mr. Eldredge was [illegible] of the [illegible] mechanical department for some time, and we are pleased to notice his enterprise. He is sure to be called upon in every particular. The Antrim people should [illegible] and shake hands with [illegible]. Since leaving [illegible] considerable [illegible] of [illegible]

### Thanksgiving Concert and Ball.

The opening event of the season in the line of pleasure will be the Thanksgiving concert and ball tomorrow night. The concert will attract many who are fond of orchestral music, for the Wahnetah Orchestra pride themselves that they have the artists who are not found wanting in their calling. This occasion also addresses itself forcibly to the citizens of this and adjoining towns who delight to "trip the light fantastic," under the efficient management of Scott Emery and his corps of assistants, W. W. Crosby, J. I. Patterson, Chas. Boutelle and Geo. W. Wilson. It will be remembered that the hall is a new one, quite commodious in all its appointments. If this undertaking of the Young Men's Club is a success, it is probable that other entertainments of a similar nature will take place during the winter, and the best of music will be engaged for such occasions. Supper at the Antrim House, and this is a guarantee that it will be a good one.

### Young Peoples' Lecture Course.

It will be well to remember that the second entertainment in the Young People's Course will take place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 7th. On that date the Arlington Trio of Boston will give one of their best entertainments which cannot fail to please our music loving people. Of Miss Fay Davis, the reader artist of the evening, the Boston *Globe* says:

"Then ex-Governor Long introduced Miss Fay Davis of Houlton, Me., a talented young lady reader, whose winsome appearance and really gifted elocutionary powers have won for her a cordial reception wherever she has appeared. Miss Davis undertook a delicate and unique task. She read selections from Maine authors in the presence of the authors themselves. But she was equal to her task. From the moment her graceful, girlish figure rose in the centre of the parlor, and her sweet expressive face was turned to the audience, she stood in the enthusiastic good graces of the club and its guests. She first rendered Gov. Long's "Mountains of Maine" which awoke much applause. The remainder of her program was: A humorous piece, "Under the Umbrella," of anonymous authorship, "Unter den Linden" by Emma H. Nason; "Mrs. Poyser on Women," "Wrecked," and "Where is God," by Rev. Minot J. Savage; "The Faithful Sons," anonymous; "Sandalphon" and "Beware," by Longfellow."

Miss Davis scored a decided hit and deserved all the praise she received.—*Laconia Advocate, New Hampshire.*

Good seats are still to be had. Single tickets at the door.

### Sunday Services at the Churches.

METHODIST.

We are told that owing to considerable sickness in our village, caused by measles, colds, etc., not so large a congregation as usual gathered at the Methodist church on Sunday last, to listen to one of Rev. M. T. Cilley's interesting discourses. The text was from Romans, XIV: XII, as follows: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

BAPTIST.

Rev. S. G. Hastings at the Baptist church delivered a thoughtful discourse, taking his text from Mark, 11th chapter, 22nd verse, as follows: "And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God." A good congregation was in attendance.

### Broke Through and Stole.

On Friday night of last week the store of John A. Balch on Main street was entered and quite a number pairs of shoes were taken out the boxes and carried away, besides cigars and some other articles. The raid of course was not complete until an attack was made upon the money drawer by these midnight marauders, and this was accomplished by prying it away from the counter and leaving it upon the floor. Fortunately it contained little that would increase their finances. They gained an entrance to the store by first cutting a hole through the panel of the back door, and reaching through, easily turned the key on the inside of the door. The only equivalent left for ill-gotten booty was a jack-knife, and the amount carried away is estimated by Mr. Balch to amount to about fifteen dollars. Opinions differ somewhat as to where the parties reside who are concerned in this criminal business, but from this and other offences of a like nature that have been committed in this vicinity, it is thought that the perpetrators do not live far away.

Messrs. Gustin of Keene, who have been putting in the pipe and hydrants for fire protection below the Goodell cutlery mill, returned to town on Monday and finished the entire work by setting in place the last hydrant located opposite the Goodell saw mill. This is a very valuable and effective auxiliary to their other well established appliances for the extinguishment of fires, although it is hoped that no such emergency may arise, as we have no portion of the village industries or property to sacrifice in that direction. At the trial of the system which took place on Monday afternoon, everything proved very satisfactory, good streams being attained from the hydrants, and covering a large amount of property.

[illegible] of Antrim con- [illegible] date of [illegible]


# SHOES!

—A NO. 1,—

**Men's Oil Grain Shoe, 1.50**

IN LACE AND CONGRESS.

## A Genuine Seal Shoe

**for $3.50. It's a beauty.**

**A GENUINE CALF**

## High Cut Grain Leather Shoe,

**for 3.75.**

**J. A. BALCH, - - - - Antrim.**


The new church is being covered outside with clap-boards and shingles. The frame-work of the steeple has been placed in position. The entire work of construction of the edefice under the management of Mr. Driscol is progressing as rapidly as could be expected. Messrs. Forsaith & Hunt have set the furnaces, three in number, which were manufactured by Smith & Anthony of Boston, and considered the best in the market. One is located under the vestbule in the southeast corner of the basement, one in the northeast corner, and the third will be placed under the vestry.

Eminent astronomers have been telling us lately of the approach to the earth of a comet of great magnitude. It is traveling through space at the rate of many thousand miles a second and its course is seemingly directed towards our planet. The astronomers assure us that its nearest approach will occur on the morning of the 28th inst. It is now readily discerned by the naked eye in the early morn, and will continue to grow brighter for the next few days when it will appear many times greater than the moon.

The high school, after a successful and profitable term of eleven weeks, closed last week. It is thought by the committee that good progress has been made during that time. It was regretted, however, that sickness prevented so many of the pupils from attending the last week. There will be a vacation of two weeks, and at that time it is probable that all the schools in town will again be in session.

The genial clerk of the Antrim House, Mr. Leander Patterson, was obliged to yield to the force of circumstances and the measles on Friday last. About all the consolation our friend can take is that he has the sympathy of his fellow creatures who have served out their "speckled days" in seclusion, and the cold fact that in all probability he will not be called upon to forego the affliction again.

Mr. Geo. M. Barron returned to Antrim this week to remain a few days for the purpose of closing up his business affairs here. His Antrim friends will be glad to learn that little Mabel, who has been very critically ill is pronounced as out of danger, providing no new phase of the disease presents itself. Mr. Barron will probably return home on Friday.

We have for sale at this office, a nicely bound book, profusely illustrated entitled, "Life and Public Services of Grover Cleveland." It should find a ready sale.

### Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Harrington & Kibbey's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Many experiments and costly ones have been made to try to find a substitute for Linseed Oil in the manufacture of paint, but to-day pure linseed oil is the very life of a good paint. You cannot find a painter who will say "no" to this statement, or an honest painter who will tell you that it is more economical for you to buy a paint (because it's cheap) that does not contain its full proportion of Linseed Oil.

Linseed oil is a thing that makes paint cost, and a pure linseed oil paint has almost a fixed value. A paint is cheapened at the expense of the oil, generally by using water.

The Chilton Paints contain the full proportion of the purest and best linseed oil; this was their introduciion to the public; their acquaintance with the public, which has ripened into friendship, is due to their merit.

Sold by [illegible] Kimball.

For the first time in 36 years, after the 4th of March, the U. S. Senate will be in control of the Democrats.

Miss Ella L. Knowles, formerly of Manchester but recently of Helena, Mon., has just been elected to the office of Attorney General of the State of Montana.

Subscriptions taken at this office for the Boston dailies.

Old Farmers' Almanacs for 1893 for sale at the Reporter office.

A lecture and stereoptican' exhibition will take place in the high-school house hall this Wednesday evening. The proceeds are to be applied for the purchase of clocks for the school.

In justice to Mr. Peavey of Greenfield, democratic candidate in the 8th senatorial district, it should be said that more recent election returns give him a good majority over his opponent Mr. Burnham. It was reported adversely last week.

The regular week-night meeting at the Baptist church will occur this week on Friday evening The Thursday evening meeting at the Methodist will this week be omitted.

In consequence of the recent heavy rains, the low lands and meadows have been flooded with water to a considerable depth.

The scholars of the high and grammar schools, attended by their respective teachers, held a candy-pull at the school building one evening last week. It is said that the candy was excellent, and that the occasion was a great success.

Rev. W. R. Cochran has moved into his residence on Concord street, recently purchased of Dr. Antboine.

The Mechanics Military Band went to Bennington on Thursday night last, on the occasion of the celebration of the recent national victory by the democrats of that town.

Geo. A. Cochran, selectman, is confined to his home by sickness.

It is probable that the tables on thanksgiving day in New Hampshire, very many of them will be supplied with turkeys that were raised in the western states.

The following letters remain uncalled for at the Antrim post-office under date of Nov. 21st: L. A. Gould, Joseph Lrvesque.

J. W. Merrill is busy making a nice case for C. O. Kimball, to be used in his new store to display his silver-plated ware. Mr. Merrill is a fine workman, and whatever leaves his hands is first-class.

Notice the new advertisement of Morrison Bros., Hillsboro Bridge, for great reduction in silk plush sacks and ackets.

Chas. R. Jameson has something new to say in his ad. in another column. Read it.

Booming of cannon was distinctly heard in Antrim and vicinity Thursday night in honor of the election of Mr. Cleveland as President of the United States.

In accordance with the Governor's proclamation and the usual custom, Thanksgiving services will be held in this place at the Methodist church tomorrow (Thursday) at 11 o'clock, with preaching by Rev. Mr. Hastings.

The Reporter office will be closed tomorrow, Thanksgiving, excepting the hours from 10.30 A. M. to 12.30 P. M., at which time the regular daily papers will be on sale.

The question often arises, which of the two systems of house-heating is the most expensive—steam or hot water? It appears that the first cost of hot water is about 20 per cent greater than steam, but requires less attention to run, not as liable to get out of order, less complicated and just as effective.

**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.

**FOR SALE.**

House Lots on West street.

## FARMS! FARMS!

All persons wishing to dispose of their Farms the coming Summer, are invited to put them in our hands this Fall, thereby securing extra and early advertising.

**FOR SALE.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Jap. Wolf Coat, | $8.50. |
| 1 Good Overcoat, | $2.75. |
| 1 Small Marble Center Table, | $2.50. |
| 1 Box Ash Sifter, nearly new, | $3.00. |

4 Blk. Walnut Chairs,
1 Blk. Walnut Hat Tree,
1 Hair Mattress,
1 Refrigerator,
1 Good sized Traveling Bag,
1 Cot Bed,
Iron for Arch,
Street Lamp,
Coach Lamp.


**The Reporter to January 1, 1894, for the sum of $1.00.**

We are making an earnest effort to increase our subscription list, and to that end we make the following offer: Any person, who is not a subscriber to the REPORTER, by sending $1.00 to this office can have the paper sent to their address from the time they subscribe to Jan. 1st, 1894. An old subscriber in arrears, by paying his subscription to date, and $1.00, besides, can also have the paper sent to him for the same length of time.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Cotnributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Ball are expecting to spend a few days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Whittum in Somerville, Mass.

Some remarkable cures of deafness are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Never fails to cure ear-ache.

One of the finest days that ever dawned was last Thursday. The sun was bright, the air balmy as a summer's day, but it was only for a day, for on Friday the clouds gathered, the rain poured in torrents, and the wind blew almost a gale. Contrasts are in order this year.

### Clinton Village.

Benny Cochrane had the misfortune to cut his foot with an axe while chopping, last Friday. The cut is not a severe one.

While Wm. H. Darrah of Bennington was unloading apples at C. F. Holt's mill on Friday last, the horses were frightened by the blowing of the steam whistle, and started at a lively pace towards Clinton; reaching Clark B. Cochrane's store they struck Mr. Temple's meat cart, without much damage. Still pursuing their wild career they overtook Mrs. Arthur L. Smith at the sand bank, opposite Deacon Paige's shop, throwing Mrs. Smith from the carriage, and completely demolishing the carriage body. Mrs. Smith escaped with slight injuries. The horses were captured without further damage.

Carrie Brownell has been quite ill with measles and pneumonia, but is now on the gain. Her father, Oscar W. Brownell, and Katie, are entertaining the measles.

BENNINGTON.

The Democrats of this town held a grand jollification last Friday evening over the results of the recent election. Owing to the pouring rain there was some uncertainty and delay about starting the festivities of the evening, but as the clouds rolled away they decided to proceed with the celebration. A procession headed by Mechanics Band of Antrim, and carrying torches, marched through the main streets of the village, while the *big gun* was sending forth its startling notes from the vicinity of the band stand. There was a supper served in Engine Hall for all who were hungry, and a general good time, consisting of dancing, etc., at the Town Hall, which lasted till the small hours of the next morning. Those who ought to be judges pronounced the affair a success. The illuminations were very fine and did credit to the occasion.

PETER PERIQUE.

Our schools are in session. Miss Jennie Nesmith of Antrim has charge of the grammar, and Miss Sadie Ricker, the primary department.

H. St. Clair Stevens has removed to Northwood.

Geo. A. Knight is at work in Charlestown.


**GIRLS WANTED.**

Three or four girls wanted at once in our packing room.

GOODELL CO.

**F. G. Warner, M. D.,**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

(Successor to Dr. Antholne.)

OFFICE JAMESON BLOCK, ANTRIM, N. H.

OFFICE HOURS: 7 to 9 A. M. / 1 to 2.30 P. M. / 7 to 9 P. M.

**COAL! COAL!**

Morris Burnham is prepared to fill all orders for coal.

**A NEW BUSINESS**

—FOR—

**Men, Women and Boys,**

Is just being developed, which can be carried on at home and will prove very profitable. Honesty is the only capital required. Full particulars and a free sample will be sent you on receipt of two 2-cent stamps. No postal cards answered. Address

GEO. E. KALB & CO.,
n22 Rushville, Ohio.

**LOST.**

A Black Hound having four white feet, and white breast. Answers to name of Ben. When last seen had on a collar lined with blue, not marked. Any one finding, and taking care of same will receive reward by notifying

C. H. MERRILL,
South Stoddard, N. H.

Burdock Blood Bitters — CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE.

**Restores Lost Health**

Miss Lottie Carson of Saranac, Mich., writes:—I have been troubled with a terrible headache for about two years and could not get anything to help me, but at last a friend advised me to take your Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after taking two bottles I have not had the headache since."

A BLIND

MAN

CAN SEE THE VIRTUES

of OLD HONESTY

CHEWING TOBACCO

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.

[illegible]



## Special Mid-Season Sale

—OF—

# CARPETS and WALL PAPERS

If you are intending to purchase a Carpet, Wall Papers or Curtains, this is an opportunity to save money, as you will see by the following extraordinary Bargains, which are but representative of multitudes of others:

**First.**—Lot of Extra Styles, Heavy Ingrain Carpets, never Sold less than 50c. For this sale

**only 38 cts.**

You cannot buy this quality in the city or elsewhere less than 50 cts.

**Second.**—A lot of choice styles Heavy Ingrain same quality as is sold elsewhere at 60 cts.

**For this Sale only 47 cts**

**Third.**—A lot of the Heaviest Extra-Super Carpets Made, not strictly all wool, although sold as such in most stores, it being almost impossible to detect anything but wool, and they will equal the wear of any Carpet made. Regular price everywhere, 65 cts.

**Our price for this Sale only 56 cts.**

**The Fourth and Greatest Bargain of All.**

For 10 Days we shall give you your choice from our extensive line of Best Extra Super all Wool Carpets, Cut, Made and Lined at

**Only 75 cts. per yd.**

This being the regular price almost everywhere WITHOUT making or lining, you cannot fail to appreciate this offer. But don't delay as it is made for 10 days only.

**The Fifth Bargain.**—Tapestry Brussels Regular 90 ct. quality, choice selections of patterns

**Only 75 cents.**

**500 yds.** Short Lengths of Best Tapestry Brussels from three to twenty yds., 90 ct. quality,

**Only 50 cts. a yd.**

These are just the thing for Lounge Coverings, Rugs etc. We make this sale once a year to clean up stock, and they never last but a few days. We could sell them all in one lot to upholsterers but we prefer to give our Customers the benefit of such a bargain.

## WALL PAPERS.

It is almost unnecessary to call your attention to this dept. for you are doubtless aware that our reputation for LOW PRICES and CHOICE STYLES is such throughout the County, at least, that no one thinks of Wall Papers without thinking of the Great Values and Magnificent Assortment we ALWAYS GIVE our trade.

The heavy Fall Trade has left us many broken lots. THEY ARE TO GO as follows:

**About 500 Rolls in Lots, of from 3 to 6 Rolls of a Style, Best Papers**

WORTH FROM 10 TO 15 CTS. PER ROLL,

**At only 3 cts. a Roll.**

500 Rolls Heavy Gilt Papers worth 25 and 38 cts., lots 3 to 8 Rolls, at only

**6 CENTS A ROLL.**

## H. H. BARBER,

**MILFORD, N. H.**



# H. & K.

## THANKSGIVING

Is coming and we take pleasure in calling your attention to

— OUR —

## Full Line of Goods,

—CONSISTING OF—

Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees, Spaulding & Son's Cranberries, Onions, Sweet Potatoes, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Dates, Citron, Currants, Pickles, Mug Mustard, etc., etc.

All Oyster Cans left at the Store before Saturday noon of each week will be delivered in the afternoon.

**Call and See Us.**

**HARRINGTON : & : KIBBEY,**

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

# 16 SIXTEEN 16

## Silk Plush Garments

To be sold regardless of cost, and in many instances we shall make the price one half the actual value.

### Note The Reductions!

**$36.00 Silk Plush Sacques** Reduced to $24.98.

**$28.50 Silk Plush Sacques,** Reduced to $19.98.

**$25.00 Silk Plush Sacques,** Reduced to $16.49.

**$22.50 Silk Plush Sacques,** Reduced to $14.98.

**$25.00 Silk Plush Jackets,** Reduced to $16.50.

**$18.00 Silk Plush Jackets,** Reduced to $12.50.

**$15.00 Silk Plush Jackets,** Reduced to $9.98.

**$13.00 Silk Plush Jackets,** Reduced to $6.98.

### CLOTH JACKETS!

One Lot of Black Reefer Jackets, bound or stitched edge, 32 inches long, regular price $5.00,

**REDUCED TO $2.98.**

One Lot of Black Reefers, box cut, bound edge, half satin lined, large pearl buttons, regular price, $7.50,

**REDUCED TO $5.75.**

You will find above Bargains at

## Morrison Brothers.

HILLSBOROUGH BRIDGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

☞ **N. B.---DON'T DELAY!**

NEW GOODS AT

# PUTNEY & LITTLE'S

Consisting of Ready Made Clothing in

## Men's Boys' and Children's

## ——SUITS.——

**Men's Winter Suits** from $10 up.

**Good Boys' Suits** from $6 up.

**Children's Suits** from $2.50 up.

Good line of **OVERCOATS** in all sizes, and prices as low as can be bought, quality considered.

**HATS and Caps in the Fall Styles.**

Ladies please look at our **SIDE LACE BOOTS.**

A good line of Horse Goods, consisting of

**Light and Heavy Harnesses, Light and Heavy Blankets, Halters, Surcingles, Whip Sockets, Bits, Rosettes, Combs, Brow Bands, Sweat Pads, Etc.**

**Mattresses in Excelsior, Cotton, Soft Top and Wool.**

## Chamber Sets, Extension Tables,

**And Chairs of all Kinds.**

**CROCKERY**—in White, Granite, Aberdeen, etc.

Don't forget to try our **CHEESE**, which is all wool and a yard wide.

[illegible] Tea, 50 cents per pound.

[illegible] Basket fried, that are good value for [illegible]

[illegible] in the market.

[illegible] prices.

[illegible] of the same.

[illegible] N. H.

# How about Home!

Do you need anything new in the line of

## Furniture and Carpets,

**DRAPERIES, BEDDING,**

## Wall Papers, Mattings, Oil Cloths.

We have a fine assortment at very low prices, either for cash, or by easy partial payments.

**BED ROOM FURNITURE.** Especially elegant and attractive is our large assortment of Chamber Suites. More than 20 different patterns in antiques, and XVI Century Oak, Ash, etc., at Extremely Low Prices.

**Upholstery.** Parlor Suites at Special prices, upholstered in Plush or Silk, Tapestry, Divans, Sofas, Easy Chairs, etc.

**DINING ROOM.** Fine newly designed Side Boards in Oak, Extension Tables, Dining Chairs, etc., very low.

**Folding Beds.** The simplest, strongest, and cheapest articles of the kind in the market.

**SOFA BEDS.** We are the sole agents for the celebrated Laconia Soft Center Sofa Bed, the finest and Best in the world.

**Come in and learn our Prices and Terms.**

## The very Best Values North of Boston.

## C. M. FREEMAN & CO.,

**Reliable House Furnishers,**

**Hillsboro' Bridge, New Hampshire.**

**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.

**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.

*A FREE TRIP TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, and countless other attractive premiums, from a doll to a watch, bicycle, organ or rifle, are offered for a little pleasant work near home, by the publishers of WIDE AWAKE. For full particulars, free, address W. F. Kellogg, Box 188, Boston, Mass.*

**Hancock.**

John Newell is making quite extensive repairs upon his grist mill and will not be able to do any grinding before next week.

Several Grangers went to Concord last week to attend the National Grange.

Addison C. Ware was drawn juryman to attend the Court at Nashua last week.

A part of the schools in town finished last week, the rest will finish Wednesday of this week.

Duputy White of Harrisville will visit the John Hancock Grange Thursday of this week.

Charles E. L. Hayward shipped two car-loads of apples to Ohio last week.

There was a dance at Eaton's hotel last Friday evening. 30 couples took supper. There would have been a much larger company if it had not been for the driving storm. Cavender's orchestra furnished music.

Fatal neglect is little short of suicide. The consequences of a neglected cough are too well known to need repeating. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures a cough promptly. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

**Deering.**

Mary Crosby is at home from her school in Keene for a short vacation.

C. N. Ellsworth and daughter, Edith, visited in Concord last week.

Geo. S. Patch, from Burlington, Vt., is spending a week with his father.

Mrs. Cram of Weare is at work in the family of Frank Crosby.

Ira Parker and wife were in Weare Sunday.

Cleaves Ellsworth returned to his work in Antrim the first of the week.

Bad colds are quite prevalent.

Robert Goodale of Wilton is moving on to the farm known as the "Almon Putney place."

Charles Forsaith was in Goffstown last Friday.

**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.

WANTED Wide-awake workers everywhere for "SHEPP'S PHOTOGRAPHS of the WORLD." The greatest book on earth; costing $100,000; retail at 3.25, cash or installments; mammoth illustrated circulars and terms free; daily out-put over 1500 volumes. Agents wild with success. Mr. Thos. L. Martin, Centerville, Tex., cleared $711 in 9 days; Miss Rose Adams, Wooster, O., $23 in 40 minutes; Rev. J. Howard Madison Lyons, N. Y., $101 in 7 hours; a bonanza; magnificent outfit only $1. Books on credit. Freight paid. Ad. GLOBE BIBLE PUBLISHING CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. or 358 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**THIS PAPER** may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

Mr. GEO. F. HEALY, Waterville, Maine, SAYS:

If you are ever distressed after eating, use

**GRODER'S SYRUP.**

Mr. Healy has been Street Commissioner, and now has charge of the Sewer Department; is a respected and reliable citizen.

GENTLEMEN:—For two years I had suffered with Dyspepsia, which caused me an awful distress after my meals. I was restless nights, occasionally would have **Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, and Burning Sensation** at the pit of my stomach. **Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup** has entirely cured me after everything else had failed. Its relaxative qualities are unequaled, and I heartily recommend it to any one troubled as I was.

Yours respectfully,
GEO. F. HEALY,
Waterville, Maine.

**TO PROVE OUR FAITH IN THE MEDICINE,**

On and after October 1, 1891, we give every person selling our medicine the privilege of selling six bottles for $5.00, and guarantee that in case it does you no good you can receive your money back. Read guaranty with every bottle. We claim to cure Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaint, Neuralgia, Distress after eating, Palpitation of the Heart, Colic, Nervousness, Loss of Sleep, Dizziness, Irregularity of the Appetite, Pleurisy Pains, Bloat, Wind on the Stomach, Hacking Cough, and Consumption. And why will it cure? Because it is Relaxing, Purifying, Soothing, and Healing. It is compounded from the purest roots and herbs, free from Alcohol or Morphine. It is harmless to the smallest child; children like it, and it is far superior to Castor Oil and all other preparations.

Call for Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup. None genuine unless bearing our Trademark, the Beaver.

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE COMPANY,
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

OUR ANNUAL

# GIGANTIC SALE

—OF—

## Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots AND Shoes.

## TRUNKS, Bags and FURNISHING GOODS,

COMMENCING

## Saturday, Oct. 15, 1892.

We have the largest and best selected stock we ever had. In fact our store is not large enough to hold it, consequently we want you to take some of the goods home as you have done for the past five years, at prices always below the nearest competitors. The first selection is always the best as the sizes are not broken. You have never found fault with our way of doing business. You cannot now. First of all we shall describe to you a few of the best goods, as the best goods go first.

## Double Breasted Sack Suits are the selling Styles this Season.

4 Double Breasted Sack, fancy dark blue Worsted, sizes 33 to 38, Price $18. A very nobby suit.

Men's Sacks and Cutaways, wide wale Worsted, $17. Sold in the Cities for $20.

Men's Riverside Worsteds, fast colors, black and blue, $13 The best value in New England. Sold Everywhere at $15.

4 Lines of Men's double breasted sack Suits in Brown, Gray and Fancy Mixed cloths, all bargains at $12 per suit.

6 Lines of suits at $10, all wool, all sizes, single & double breas'd.

6 Styles of Black Cheviots. They are the most popular goods we sell, always giving satisfaction. Prices, $10, $13 and $15.

## BOYS' LONG PANT SUITS.

36 Suits at $7, all wool, ages 13 to 18 years. 24 Suits at $8, all wool, ages 13 to 18 years. 36 Suits at $9.50, fine patterns, ages 13 to 18 years.

**Read This Column right down through and You will Find Something to Your Advantage.**

40 Child's Knee Pant Suits, ages 4 to 11 years, at $3 per suit. 60 Child's Suits, all $4.50 per suit. 36 Child's Brown Double Breasted Suits $5, ages 6 to 14 years. 24 Suits, Toss and Tug Duplex Knees, extra heavy, at $5.50.

—A WORD HERE FOR—

# EXTRA BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!

If you wish to save your money, come and see us. **144 pairs Men's All Wool Pants,** all sizes, at **$1.50.** Cheap at $2. The DICKEY GOODS have advanced this year, but we are enabled to sell those extra heavy pants in six patterns, at the same old price, $2. We shall sell

**100 Child's and Boys' Overcoats at Your Own Price.**

From $2 to $5. Goods worth from $3 to $8 per coat. If you want a coat for your boy we can sell it to you.

We carry in stock

## The Genuine Macintosh Rubber Coats,

In Black and Mixtures. Very superior to a rubber coat. Prices $10 to $15. Rubber Coats $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4 and $4.50. This is the only store in New England where Oil Coats are sold at $1.35. Plenty of them. Boys' Rubber Coats $2 each. Ladies' Fine Silver and Bone Handle Umbrellas, $1.75, $2 and $2.25. All new styles. Fast color Umbrellas $1. All sizes, 28 to 36 inches.

UNDERWEAR! UNDERWEAR!

2 Solid Cases of that Cotton and Wool Double Front and Back Underwear at 50 cents each. 25 dozen of old gold underwear at 75 cents each. A great trade. 30 dozen of the celebrated Camel's Hair Underwear at $1 each. 100 dozen of the best Camel's hair, double Front and Back, sold everywhere at $1.50, our price $1.25. You cannot afford to pass us this fall on these goods. Children's at 50 and 75 cents each.

**40 Dozen Men's Long Overshirts, very Heavy, at 50 cents each, 14 to 17 in size**

30 dozen Outside Shirts at 75 cents each. 24 dozen Outside Shirts at $1 each, and the best Switz Conde Outside Shirts $1.25 and $1.50 each. Boys' at 50 and 75 cents each.

**MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS, LAUNDERED, 60 CENTS EACH.**

**STOCKINGS!** **STOCKINGS!**

We lead the country by selling 2 pairs for 25 cents, of heavy Cotton hose. You have worn them, you will again. 50 dozen Camel's Hair Socks at 25 cts. 60 dozen best black Shaw Knit Stockings at 45 cents. Sold everywhere at 50 cents.

## Hats and Caps! Hats and Caps!

We sell Stiff Hats at 25 and 50 cents cheaper than anyone else, lots of people have found it out. A few others have yet to save money on buying a hat. To those we will say that you may buy of us $2.50 hats for $2 and $2.25. We carry in stock the Lamson and Hubbard Hats at $2.25. Stiff hats at $1.25 and $1.50. Also lots of new style Caps and Turbans for Misses and Children at 50 cent, each. Railroad and Shop Caps, 50 cents each.

## ——BOOTS AND SHOES——

Everyone knows that we sell Boots and Shoes at rock bottom prices, and stand behind what we say. Men's Grain Congress and Lace, $1.50 and $2 Men's Kangaroo Congress, $2 $2.50 and $3. Men's Calf Congress and Lace, $2. Men's Fine Congress and Lace, $1.25 and $1.50. Men's Grain Boots, $2.50 and $3.00. Boys' Calf Congress and Lace, $1.45. Boys' Grain Boots, $2 and $2.50. A full line of Waverly School Shoes always on our shelves. Ladies' Tip Lace, $1.50, $2, $2.40 and 2.75. Ladies' best Dongola Button. $1.50, $2, $2.40 and $2.75. Ladies' Fine Tip Button, $2.75 and $3. We sell a large line of North Weare Kid Boots. They are softer, lighter and better wearing than ever before. Try a pair, you won't regret it.

**RUBBER GOODS** have not worn any too well for a few years, and we set about trying to find the best goods to wear in the market. The result is that we have secured for this fall and winter the nearest line of Rubbers to Pure Gum we could find. When in need of a pair of Rubbers, try a pair of this special make, called the K and R brand. They cost a little more than the best rubbers heretofore, but you will soon perceive the difference. We almost forgot our

## Gloves and Mittens.

We have received from Gloversville everything in the shape of Gloves, 50 cents to $2. It is your own fault if you don't come in and see our goods. Don't blame us if you neglect it.

# KIMBALL & ROACH,

## HILLSBORO' BRIDGE. BOSTON STORE.

## WHAT SWALLOWED JONAH?

**Perhaps It Was a White Shark Instead of a Whale.**

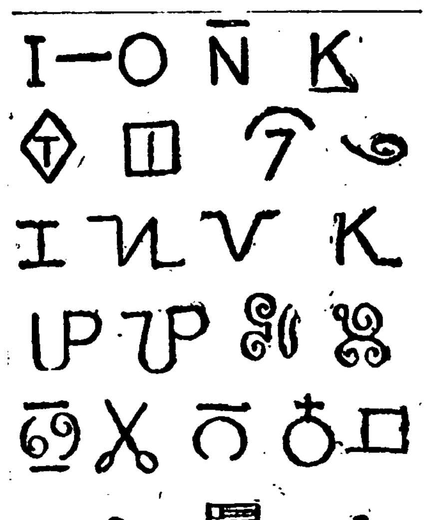
There is no argument valid upon a premise of inherent impossibility. It used to be concluded beyond question that there were no black swans, because it is impossible to conceive a black swan. But one harmless and unconscious black swan from the antipodes put all the ingenious thinkers to rout. Hume argued from his conception of a true induction that the major premise must include all possible cases. This he thought conclusive against a great deal of popular belief. But what test have we of the possible? It is harder to believe that we have explored and classified the whole field of knowledge, than that a ravenous fish—with no higher and no lower thought in its meager brain than a plentiful dinner—should have swallowed and then disgorged a man. Besides, we are not without evidence that such piscine conduct is at least possible. Jonah was sailing in the Mediterranean—right along its whole length—from Joppa, in Palestine, to Tarshish, in Spain; and it is in this very sea that even at the present day a huge fish, the white shark, is found. And not only this, but the bones of a much larger species now extinct. For the word used in the Bible is a general term for a large fish, and it includes in various writers sharks, tunnies, whales, dolphins, and seals. This white shark attains such a size that it has been known to weigh four tons and a half. One that was exhibited last century over Europe weighed nearly two tons, and very nearly re-enacted the part of Jonah's fish. A British war vessel was sailing in the Mediterranean when a man fell overboard. A huge shark instantly rose and the unlucky seaman disappeared within its mouth. The captain fired a gun at it from the deck, and as the shot struck upon its back it cast the man out again and he was rescued by his companions. They forthwith harpooned the fish, dried him, and presented him to his intended victim.

In the beginning of this century a shark was taken at Surinam, and in it was discovered the body of a woman excepting the head. Instances are recorded upon good authority of specimens being found in the same sea; one with a sea calf in its stomach as big as an ox, another with a whole horse, and another with two tunnies and a man. That a man could live there for a considerable time seems by no means impossible.

## CATTLE BRANDS.

**Queer Hieroglyphics Which Adorn the Stock on the Western Prairies.**

The prairies have a series of trademarks as general and valuable as those that decorate queensware, pottery, and editions de luxe. The emblems are conceived with much care,

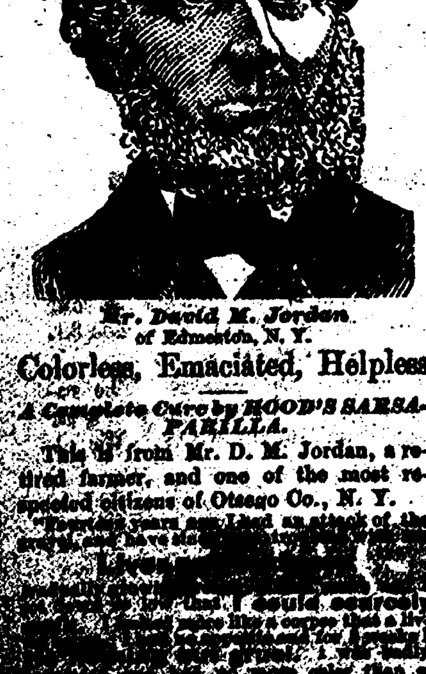


SOME SAMPLE BRANDS.

and a violation of the rights they involve means death to the depredator. They do not appear on paper, nor are they modeled in earthenware or metal. They are traced in living flesh by red-hot irons, and are read by cowboys and ranch owners, from the uplands of Wyoming to the river valleys of Texas. Yet few east of the Missouri River have ever seen a sample of the designs or realize the completeness of their system.

The identification of cattle upon the great Western plains, where tens of thousands of long-horned beasts roam throughout the year, unfenced and unherded, would present a serious aspect were it not for branding. Only by that means is it possible, in a country where stock-raising is carried on so extensively that fencing the ranges is almost out of the question, for owners to keep any knowledge of their possessions. No more rigid system of identification exists anywhere, and the owner of a steer is almost as certain of his property when the animal has strayed a hundred miles away as if the home-ranch corral inclosed him. It is not uncommon for a Western Kansas cattleman to receive notice from a friend in Nebraska or Wyoming, saying that one of his cattle has strayed from home, and is in his vicinity, the friend having looked up the animal's brand in the herd book.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.

Mr. David M. Jordan of Edmeston, N. Y.

**Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless**

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

[illegible]


## THANKSGIVING.

With quickened heart and with bended head
Bless the bounty that never ends,
The great, sweet gifts of life it sends,
Hope to the living and rest to the dead,
For the boundless wealth of good it spends
Be thanksgiving sung and said,
And most for the blessing of home and friends.

The pale years wane and falter,
And melt away like snow,
But on its holy altar
Love's fires unchanging glow;
To dear, familiar places,
Lured by its gentle light,
Come back the dear, dead faces
Out of the awful night.

Beside it, on Thanksgiving,
The kindly feast is spread,
And old, lost hopes are living,
And old, fond words are said;
Said by the long-stilled voices,
Heard by the heart alone,
And memory rejoices
In the sweet undertone.

Though years the head may whiten,
The heart shall not grow gray;
Young thoughts that thrill and brighten
Possess the smiling day.
To all our best and dearest
A loving cup we fill,
To friends that are the nearest
To love Time cannot kill.

The hearth's alight, and the feast is spread,
Blest be the love that never ends,
For the hope of the living, the rest of the dead,
Be thanksgiving sung and said,
And most for the gift of home and friends.

—New York Sun.

## A Thanksgiving Surprise.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

IT was the close of a brief autumn day; the last level beams of the saffron-tinted sunset were peeping through the plate-glass casements of the great Eighth avenue store, and Kitty Kasson, tortured with a splitting headache and wearied with the incessant buzz of questioning voices, pressed both hands over her forehead and asked herself:

"Will six o'clock never come? Will these people never go?"

The floor superintendent came up.

"Miss Kasson," said he sharply, "what ails you to-day? I have heard more than one complaint. Is it simple inattention? or don't you care whether you retain your position here or not?"

Kitty looked piteously up.

"My head aches so!" said she. "But I didn't known. What can I do, please?"

"Here's a lady asking for mode-colored gloves, and you've taken out the box of blacks," said Mr. Irwin, impatiently. "Really this won't do!"

Kitty murmured a word or two of apology, substituted the mode-colors for the blacks, and set herself to be as attentive as possible.

Headache or no headache, it behooved her to give satisfaction. She had not only herself to support, but the ailing mother, whose board she paid at a cousin's farmhouse in the Connecticut Valley. To her every dollar meant its full worth, and when she saw girl customers of her own age scattering the contents of their purses with reckless disregard, she could but wonder.

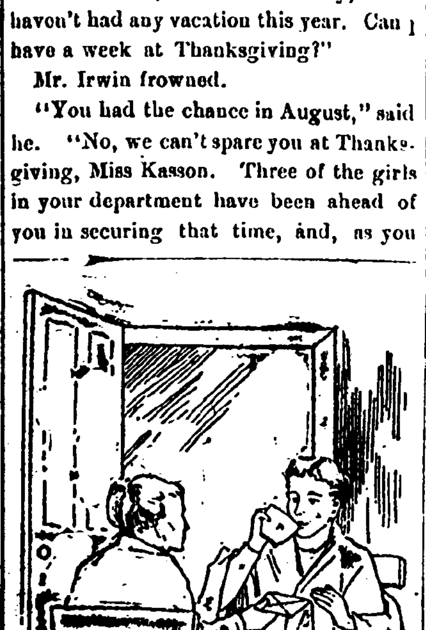
But when the crowd of shoppers had ebbed and flowed itself away, and the much-betumbled and becrumpled stock was replaced in boxes and on shelves, and the girls were departing, Kitty came to Mr. Irwin's desk.

"Well?" he said impatiently, biting the handle of his pen, as he glanced up from the big book before him.

"Mr. Irwin," faltered Kitty, "I haven't had any vacation this year. Can I have a week at Thanksgiving?"

Mr. Irwin frowned.

"You had the chance in August," said he. "No, we can't spare you at Thanksgiving, Miss Kasson. Three of the girls in your department have been ahead of you in securing that time, and, as you



"OH, HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU."

must know, we are extra busy at this time of year."

"I couldn't go in August," said Kitty.

She did not like to tell the superintendent that she had lent her salary for the month of August to poor Mary Sinclair, to pay for a sea-coast trip for her consumptive sister, that the sister had died at Ocean Beach, and that Mary Sinclair had never been able to repay the indebtedness.

"How true it is that 'it is the poor who are good to the poor!'

"Couldn't I possibly—"

"No, you couldn't!" said Mr. Irwin, and turned to his big books as if the case were closed.

Kittie Kasson went quietly home to the solitary hall bedroom that she shared with [illegible] stitcher in a [illegible] kept her awake half the night.

They made themselves a cup of fabulously weak tea, and nibbled at bread [illegible] Miss Skerrett had cooked over a neighbor's stove, to give some relish to it.

They sat with shawls around them, and left the door into the hall open, in hopes that some current of warmth from the down stairs rooms might set their way.

"Oh, here's a letter for you, which I'd nearly forgotten!" said Miss Skerrett. "It got slipped under the bread plate."

Kitty opened it and read it eagerly. Then her head dropped on her hands; she burst into tears.

"No bad news, I hope!" said Miss Skerrett, who was mending the worsted gloves which had so often been mended before.

"No," said Kitty. "Nothing but what I might have expected. The old home is sold—to somebody from the West!"

"But it hasn't been really yours for a long while, has it?" said Miss Skerrett.

"Well, no!" Kitty admitted. "But as long as Squire Taft owned it, there was some chance of our buying it back. When I first came to New York, you know, Sarah, I was sure I could sell the novel I had written, and rebuild the family fortunes. I fancied it was only a matter of a year or two. Now I know what nonsense it was. No matter. I'm young, and tolerably strong. But it'll come hard on mother—poor mother!—who has kept hoping all her lifetime for things that never came. I've got to write to her, now, that I can't be at home for Thanksgiving. They won't spare me!"

Miss Skerrett shrugged her thin shoulders.

"Well," said she, "what you haven't got you can't miss. I never had a Thanksgiving!"

Kitty did not not answer. She was thinking of the red November sun, the aromatic scent of dead leaves, the sound of church bells chiming across the frosty fields, the smell of burning beech logs on the old stone hearth.

And all that night long, when poor Miss Skerrett slept and coughed by turns, Kitty Kasson lay awake and thought about Thanksgiving.

"STOP!" CRIED KITTY.

She was unusually quiet and dejected the next day.

Mr. Irwin frowned a little.

"We want our girls to be spry and smiling," said he. "The customers don't like to see a death's-head-and-bones behind the counter!"

So Kitty tried to look cheerful, while all the time she was asking herself:

"How could Abiram Taft break his promise to me? How could he let his father sell the old home, when he told me I should have the refusal of it? Of course, I couldn't buy it; but the blow wouldn't have come so sudden if I had known beforehand."

Miss Skerrett was full of a new plan when Kitty came home that night.

"Kitty," said she, "you felt bad about losing your Thanksgiving. Let's have a little one of our own. A chicken won't cost much—poultry is always cheap if you wait until the night before Thanksgiving. And Mrs. Daley will let us cook it in her oven, and we could have a few roast chestnuts and two red apples, and a cranberry tart from the baker's. It won't cost so much if we join together."

"But it wouldn't be a real Thanksgiving," said Kitty, shaking her head, with a sad smile.

Just then the letter carrier's whistle sounded in the hall below.

Down flew Kitty, and returned with another letter, directed this time in Mrs. Copley's stiff handwriting.

Kitty turned pale.

"Open it, Sarah," said she. "I can't. Either mother's sick or—or she's dead!"

"Neither one nor the other," said Sarah Skerrett, who had made haste to break the seal. "Shall I read it to you?"

"DEAR KITTY. Come to Thanksgiving this year, and bring your friend Miss Skerrett. Do not fail. It is to be a surprise to your mother. So no more at present. "From your cousin,

DEBORAH COPLEY."

Kitty grew red and white.

"Oh, but I can't!" she.

"Oh! but you must!" said Miss Skerrett.

"What will Mr. Irwin say?"

"What he pleases. Oh, Kitty, we are such slaves all our life long, do let us have one free moment, and risk the consequences!"

The dimples came into Kitty's cheek.

"We will!" said she.

It was a stormy sunset that brooded, in its red magnificence, over the valley that night; but Thanksgiving is one of the few things that stormy weather cannot spoil; and as Kitty and Miss Skerrett stepped of the train, a gust of sweet scented air came up from the pine glens, the leaves rustled under foot, and the red barns in the distance seemed as if it were but yesterday that she had left them.

Mrs. Copley was at the station, rubicund and short-breathed as ever.

"There's a waggin' back o' the freight-house," said she. "Wait a spell, girls, till the train's gone by. The hoss, he's skeery of the cars."

"But what do we want of a wagon?" said Kitty. "It isn't a quarter of a mile to your house, Cousin Deb."

"We ain't a-going there!" said Mrs. Copley. "Your ma, she's moved."

"Moved! Oh, Deb, I know I haven't been able to be very regular in the payments of late," said Kitty, a sudden suffocation coming into her throat, "but surely—surely you haven't let them take her to the town house?"

"Wal, I guess not!" said Mrs. Copley. "Get into the waggin. You'll see!"

Abiram Taft was driving. Kitty viewed him sternly, scarcely returning his nod.

"You are not vexed with me, Kitty?" said he.

"You have broken your word," said she in a low voice, while Mrs. Copley pointed out the various places of interest to Sarah Skerrett. "You did it out of spite, because—because I wouldn't marry you.

MRS. COPLEY PREPARING THE TURKEY.

"I may be a pretty mean man, Kitty," said he, "but I ain't as mean as all that. Get up, Bonny!" with a lash across the old red horse's fat back.

And they drove along in silence until—

"Stop!" cried Kitty. "Here's the old home. Stop, Abiram, and let me have one look at it. And there are lights in the window! Look, Sarah—there's the window where I used to peep out winter nights and watch for Santa Claus's coming. There's the big flat stone where we used to play jack-straws, and the apple tree, where the red gillsflowers grew. And, oh, Sarah! am I dreaming? There's mother coming out to the gate to meet me, just as she always did. Drive on, Abiram! I—I think my brain must be going."

"I guess we won't drive on," said Abiram Taft, alighting and deliberately tying the sorrel horse to the post. "Your brain's all right, kitty. It is your mother; and you be comin' home again, just like you always did. The house's your mother's, Kitty; I deeded it to her, I bought it of father with the profits I made in that Western ranch affair. I never felt quite satisfied about that foreclosure business, and this is what I call restitution money."

"But," cried Kitty, "the old furniture—the dear, tall clock and the high-topped chairs—."

"I managed all that," said Abiram, simply. "I sort o' planned to have it all dovetailed in by Thanksgiving Day. You see, Kitty, I know right well you don't love me; but, for all that, no one can stop me from loving you and working to make you happy. I couldn't nohow stand the idea of your bein' shut up in that big city store like a bird in a cage. Go in, Kitty. Don't you see your mother waitin' for you?"

"But—but you'll come and spend Thanksgiving Day with us to-morrow, Abiram?" faltered Kitty, still lingering out under the lilac bushes, although her hand was tightly clasped in her mother's.

"Do you want me to, Kitty?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then I'll come!"

Back to the old hearth ran Kitty. The familiar cricket still chirped between its stones; the kettle sang the same sleepy tune over the fire.

"Oh, mother, mother," she gasped, "how happy I am! Oh, how can we ever pay Abiram Taft back?"

The little, black-robed widow smiled as she took a pan of hot biscuit out of the oven and set the steaming teapot farther back on the stove.

"There's only one way, daughter, that I know of," said she. "You've sneered at honest Abiram and laughed at him all these years, but now—"

"Now," said Sarah Skerrett, turning Kitty around so that she could look full into her eyes—"now she loves him. I can see it in her eyes. Ah, Mrs. Kasson, time has taught her more lessons than one!"

And Mrs. Copley, singeing the pin feathers off a fat young turkey in the back kitchen, mused to herself.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if that tangle came straight arter all. Me an' Copley got engaged on Thanksgiving Day. It always was a lucky time."

### No Respect for Age.

"Is there any portion of the fowl you prefer, Major?" asks the sutler's wife, blandly.

"The left wing, if you please."

"The left wing?"

"Yes, retorted the Major, gazing dubiously at the platter. "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action first!"

### Profitable for Him.

"Have we any special reason to give thanks?" asked Mrs. Boneset, as her husband packed his surgical case on Thanksgiving Day.

"We have," replied the doctor, putting in an extra roll of plaster; "we should be thankful for the invention of foot ball."

### Premature Rejoicing.

"Hooray!" screamed the young turkey; Thanksgiving Day is gone, and I'm still here."

"Shut up!" said the old gobbler; "you evidently have never heard of Christmas."

### No Neck in His.

The Minister—"Well, my little man, what are you thankful for to-day?"

Bobby—"That the Thanksgivin' dinner's most ready."

Somebody has said that if Pasteur were paid a royalty on all the money he has saved to the commercial world he would be the richest man on earth.

### Five Grains of Corn.

The pleasant custom of beginning a Thanksgiving feast by laying five kernels of corn upon the plate of each person at the table, in commemoration of the time when the Pilgrim founders of New England had but five grains of corn each day to eat, serves, so far as it is observed, a double purpose.

It must, in the first place, render the mere physical enjoyment of a festival keener to perceive the plain contrast between the fare of those hard days of the past and the plenty of the present. A little nibble at the hard kernels of corn, with a momentary attempt to fancy that this is all one is to have, gives an added zest to roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies and things of that sort.

But the custom may also bring to mind the real meaning of the Thanksgiving festival.

It expresses the conviction that affliction, adversity, privation are merely trials of our character, as a nation and as individuals. Sometimes it happens that a Thanksgiving seems almost inappropriate. There has been great personal loss, or some public calamity; a pestilence may have carried off thousands, or the times have been hard for the people.

But these things are the five grains of corn upon the plate; all may be sure that the account will be much more than righted; that our debt will be much greater than all our thanks can pay, our table more beautifully spread than we deserve.—Youth's Companion.

### Thanksgiving Preparations.

A good dinner is one of the things we generally have reason to be thankful for, and although Thanksgiving Day means a deal of work for the ordinary housekeeper, she is happy with it all if she is making others happy. If she has planned so that the greater share of the work can be done the day before Thanksgiving, she as well as her company will be saved from much uneasiness. Mince pies may be baked a week before and are really better for having stood a few days. Pumpkin pies are just as good if baked the day before they are needed. Chicken pie may also be baked the day before and warmed over for dinner. There are many little things that, taken separately, do not consume much time but altogether repay one for attending to them the day or evening before. Fruit may be all prepared ready to be put on the table and set in a handy place. Vegetables may be washed and put in a cool place over night. Dishes that are only used for company occasions should be all ready and in a convenient place. An extra table in the kitchen at such times is a great help. I generally bring my handy cutting table into use. I used to think it quite an art to be able to wait upon a table gracefully, but I found that one great secret of success was to have plenty of room and go about the work quietly —Mrs. Clay.

### Thanksgiving Fruit Pudding.

A Thanksgiving fruit pudding is an excellent dessert. Beat to a cream three-quarters of a cup of butter; add to it a cup of molasses, the strained yolks of four eggs, and two cups of scalded milk, in which two teaspoonfuls of soda should be dissolved. Add now four cups of pastry flour (it requires more if bread flour is used, and the pudding will not be as moist in that case.) It should be about the consistency of pound cake. Add now an even teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of cloves, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in shreds, two pounds of raisins, and, last of all, the whites of four eggs; beat it well. Pour the pudding into a greased pudding mould. It cooks better and looks better when served if put in a fluted pyramid mould. Put it in a pot of boiling water or in a steamer over boiling water, and let it cook steadily for six hours. Serve it with any nice sauce.

The American people will expend over $11,000,000 for Chinese tea in 1891–92. Of this vast sum the planters will receive $3,000,000, the tradesmen and home dealers $2,500,000, and foreigners, with no interest in America or China, the handsome balance of $5,500,000. Why cannot we have some of it, asks the Chicago Herald? There is the same field here to-day as in the time of Low, Grinnell, Howland and Train, when we were the owners of the China trade. Why do not our business men take advantage of the opportunity?

One thing is very noticeable in the pictures of public men, generals and statesmen during the Civil War, says the Boston Transcript, and that is that they wore their hair in a fashion that seems to have passed away as completely as perukes. The present close-clipped way of wearing the hair is one of the results of the war. It came from civilian imitation of military manners.

### A Cloud on the Horizon.

## CURIOUS CLUBS.

### Strange Organizations in Europe and This Country.

### A Club Which Combats the "Thirteen" Superstition.

In Shakespeare's time, says the Boston Home Journal, clubs were common in London, but they were little more than bacchanalian meetings, and had no more resemblance to the clubs of today than the speech or costume of that period has to ours. But London, both past and present, furnishes some instances of most remarkable clubs, with curious customs and peculiar objects.

The Red-Haired Club of Dublin was a society which barred out all whose hirsute covering was not of the most pronounced auburn. In order that no man could gain admission by false pretenses, it was required at the initiation of each member that the applicant wash his hair and whiskers in hot soda and water. This effectually took out any "dye" that might have been used.

The Funeral Club of Paris was a ghastly organization. Its object was to attend in a body all public funerals, and private ones where it was allowed. Its meetings were always held in cemeteries, and members invariably dressed in somber black with crepe sashes on their hats. The only music they had was a hand-organ, and this played nothing but the dead march in "Saul." No smile was ever seen upon the face of a member in public. All kinds of gaieties, theatres, dances and parties, the members were strictly forbidden to participate in at any time; indeed, it is difficult to imagine what on earth the men composing the Funeral Club had to live for anyhow.

The Liars' Club still exists in London, and flourishes in an inn situated in one of the dingy courts of Fleet street. The initiation fee is five shillings, half of which is remitted should the new member be able to outlie any member present. The tallest stories are told in this tavern at every weekly meeting, and the best exaggerator carries off the honors of the evening. But if a man is known to lie outside the precincts of the club rooms he is liable to expulsion.

The Thirteen Club in America has not been a success, taking into consideration its fundamental principle—to combat all modern superstitions, especially that one which teaches us that the number "13" is fatal and always unlucky. The club always sit down with thirteen at table, always on Friday, the supposed unluckiest day of the week, knives are crossed, salt is spilled and everything is done to tempt ill-luck, but it does not come. On the other hand, neither does the popular belief that "13" is unlucky disappear.

There was, and probably still is, in Heidelberg, in connection with the famous university there, a Beer Club, to which access could only be gained by one's tested capacity for drinking large quantities of beer. No person was eligible for membership who could not drink a gallon of beer at one sitting, and if any member, at any time after election, failed to imbibe the stipulated quantity at a meeting, he was no longer considered "beer honorable," and was both fined and suspended.

Berlin has its Giants' Club, every member of which is over six feet in height; Vienna, its Lazy Club, no member of which does anything for a living, and London possesses a Baldheaded Club, where bright and shining craniums alone are seen.

### How They Changed Their Shirts.

The true soldier obeys orders faithfully, no matter at what sacrifice. A company of a British regiment was once sent on some duty in time of peace to a remote village in Ireland and left there for several weeks, quite separated from its usual base of supplies.

During this period some general orders, applicable more especially to men in barracks were sent to the commander of the company. One clause of those orders was as follows:

"All men in the command shall change their shirts at least twice a week."

The captain gave orders to the orderly sergeant to see this command put into execution.

"But, captain," said the sergeant, "there's only a shirt apiece to every man in the company. How can they —"

"Silence!" exclaimed the captain, "orders are orders, sergeant. Let the men change their shirts with one another."

So the sergeant saw to it that as long as the company remained in the place on every Sunday and Wednesday mornings the soldiers swapped shirts with another.—[Youth's Companion.

### The Largest Known Flower.

The "bo-o," the largest flower known to botanists, is found only on the island of Mindina, the most southern of the Phillippine group. Its scientific name is somewhat longer than its native name, the botanist recognizing it as Rafflesia Schadenbergia. It was first discovered in January, 1889, by an exploring expedition headed by Dr. Alexander Schadenbery. Single flowers of the "bo-o" weigh from 18 to 20 pounds.

### Every Day is Sunday.

The Greeks observe Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Hebrews Saturday and the Christians Sunday. Thus there is a perpetual Sabbath being celebrated on earth.—[Baltimore American.

### Helpful Ailments.

In England gout is a very prevalent and painful disease. In this country it is less common. Our climate inclines us to excessive mental activity. As a result of this the brain appropriates nervous force at the expense of the digestive system, and so disposes us to dyspepsia; but dyspepsia compels its victims, in spite of themselves, to indulge somewhat sparingly in rich food, in the too free eating of which gout originates.

Of the two diseases, dyspepsia is to be preferred. It seldom interferes with the day's work, and, except in very obstinate cases, is almost certain to be relieved by proper diet and exercise.

Sick headache may often be counted in the class of helpful ailments, though it is a "bitter pill." There are two forms of it; one has its primary source in the brain, the other in the stomach. In both cases there is commonly some hereditary tendency to the disease, but the exciting cause is overwork; of the brain in one case, of the stomach in the other.

The headaches necessitate occasional rest, while the dread of them acts as a constant check upon the tendencies which might otherwise result in great harm. Indeed, attention to diet, with a little letting down of the average cerebral activity, professional, business or domestic, will generally insure a comparative immunity from attack.

Acute rheumatism often gives rise to permanent heart trouble. Chronic rheumatism, on the contrary, may be healthful in cases of heart disease. For instance, enlargement of the heart tends to increase until it reaches the dangerous limit. The patient's safety depends largely on his training himself to such habits as reduce strain on the heart, and rheumatic joints in the lower limbs are an admirable aid in this respect. The former rapid movements cease. A fatal running to meet the cars or the ferryboat is out of the question. The rheumatism is an uncomfortable companion, no doubt, but it may help to a long life—a decade or more, perhaps, beyond the three score and ten. —Hall's Journal of Health.

### Two Ways of Preventing Moths.

Moths are a pest of houses; eternal vigilance is the price of safety from them, and sometimes that is not enough. Two women recently discussing moth preventives or protectors, found safety in different methods. One packed her winter clothing, after thoroughly airing and looking over, in clean barrels, whose crevices, if any, she carefully pasted over with newspapers; when the barrel was filled a newspaper was securely pasted over the top, and the parcel was moth proof.

The second used old trunks, with any broken places carefully protected with newspapers, and sprinkled naphtha over each garment as it was laid in, finishing with a layer of newspaper at the top well doused with the naphtha. Each had "never had a thing eaten by the moths." The naphtha advocate urged caution in its use. No match or light must be brought near while the process is going on nor until the place has been well aired.—New York Times.

### A Representative German Woman.

The Empress of Germany is one of the youngest-looking women of her age in Germany. Her color is excellent, and her cheeks are as rosy as those of a peasant girl. Although not strictly beautiful, she is a large, fine-looking woman, with an expressive face, large blue eyes, a straight nose, and an extremely winsome smile. In the ordinary sense of the term, she does not look aristocratic or majestic, but she is an ideal example of the German woman and mother. Her majesty is now about 33 years old. She was a princess of Schleswig-Holstein, and is a niece of that princess who married Prof. Esmarch, of the University of Kiel. The Professor was not ennobled until a few years ago, so that the German Empress was the niece of a man bearing no title whatever. The Professor and his wife spent some time in this country a few years ago. He was once considered one of the handsomest men in Germany.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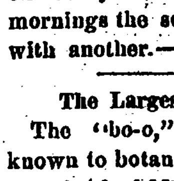

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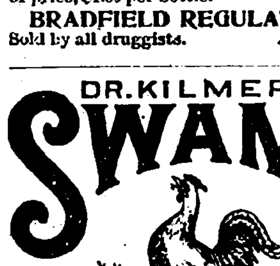

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