The Antrim Reporter.

VOL. XII. NO. 24 | ANTRIM, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1895 | Single Copies, 3 CENTS

ANTRIM GRANGE,
No. 98, P. of H.

Regular meetings, first and third Wednesdays of each month. In Granee Hall, Center

Look
At Our
PRICES
For the
Next Ten Days.

Best Tomatoes, 3 lbs. to the can,	3 Cans for 25c.
Falcon Corn, best in the world.	3 Cans for 25c
Choice Peas,	10c a Can
Maine Apples, gallon cans,	25c "
Peaches, nice ones,	15c "
Apricots, "	18c "
Luncheon Beef,	20c "
Corned Beef,	20c "

All kinks of Fish on hand at all times.

Headquarters for Fruits and Produce.

Yours for Business,

Pickard & Ellsworth
ANTRIM, N. H.

C O KIMBALL,
JEWELER,
And Dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc., Etc.
Main Street, - - Antrim.

D. P. BRYER,
Horse Shoer
and Jobber.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention, and be executed in first class manner.
ANTRIM, N. H.

E. W. BAKER,
ANTRIM, N. H.,
Gen'l Insurance Agent
—AND—
Notary Public.
CONVEYANCING AND PROBATE BUSINESS A SPECIALTY

The Oldest And the Best

"In the Fall of '93, my son, R. B. ROUZIE, had a huge carbuncle on his neck. The doctor lanced it, but gave him no permanent benefit.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

was then resorted to, and the result was all we could have wished for. The carbuncle healed quickly, and his health is now perfect."
—H. S. ROUZIE, Champlain, Va.

The Only Sarsaparilla At World's Fair.

JOHN G. ABBOTT ESTATE,
Furnishing Undertaker,
CLINTON VILLAGE, ANTRIM, N.H.
Oscar W. Brownell,
Embalmer and Funeral Director.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
Connected with Antrim and Bennington Telephone Line; also Western Union Telegraph.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.
I would respectfully inform the public that I have returned to Antrim and opened a Harness Shop in Jameson Block, in the room formerly used as the post-office, where I shall do
Harness Making and Carriage Trimming.
Repairing and Upholstering a Specialty.
Blankets & Surcingles in stock.
B. F. UPTON, Agt.,
ANTRIM, N. H.

J. L FLEMING,
BLACKSMITH
Horse Shoeing,
— AND —
General Jobbing.
Bennington. N. H.

THE PATRIOTS' GRAVES.

BY NEIL MACDONALD.

WE STREW fresh flowers upon your graves,
Where mourners yet their vigils keep,
Though o'er the mounds the star flag waves
For which you fought who lowly sleep.

When still the arms that you entwined,
And those bereaved have joined your throng,
Yet in a nation's heart enshrined
Your deeds shall garnish tale and song.

Green still your graves as years march on.
The patriot's fame knows not decline.
On heads that fell at Marathon
The amaranthine wreaths still twine.

Sleep, while our country's grateful tears
Bedew your quiet place of rest,
Henceforth through all the coming years
To freedom and to country blest.

Dead now the rancor once so rife,
And south to north is as a brother,
And gallant deeds that marked the strife
They prize in common with each other.

Those who for freedom and the flag
Laid down their lives without repining,
Enshrined with those who did not lag
When star of southland was declining.

Who would not dare to share your fate—
The soldier's death, the patriot's grave—
Is worthy of a freeman's hate
And only fit to be a slave.

COLONEL AND MAJOR.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

The colonel and the major sat on the hotel piazza playing cribbage.

The soft, balmy spring breeze now and then bore to their hearing the blatant fanfare of trumpets or the roll of drums. Everywhere their eyes were saluted by the fluttering folds of the stars and stripes. Occasionally they stopped in their game to look at pretty little girls walking by, dressed in white, their tiny arms filled with wreaths and bouquets, or at the wagons rolling in from the country laden with men and women, hastening to attend the services which were to be held in the quiet village graveyard on the hill yonder, where many dead heroes slept.

It was an ideal Memorial day. The sky was clear as crystal and blue as sapphires. Here and there it was lovingly kissed by soft, fleecy clouds. Birds were pouring forth showers of melody from the trees, gay in their young spring livery

The little town at the foot of the mountains, lying purple in the soft, swimming sunlight, had taken on an air of almost joyous festivity. The cheerful voices, the flowers, the white dresses, the flags and bunting conspired to render the scene one more like a fete than a remembrance. Only the solemn roll of the drums at a distance reminded the two old warriors looking on at the pageant what the day meant.

The colonel rose and walked to the end of the piazza and leaning against one of the pillars stood there in thoughtful silence. The colonel limped a little when he walked. He had carried a bullet in his thigh since Gettysburg.

The major, turning in his chair, regarded his friend. The light, striking his fine old face, showed the ragged scar of a saber cut he got at Fredericksburg. The two maimed old fellows had not known each other long. Both had drifted to this little mountain resort to drink the waters, famous for their medicinal properties. They had met in the hotel, struck up a friendship, walked, talked and played cribbage together. Though both had fought in the civil war, they tacitly tabooed the subject, for the colonel had fought like a devil on the northern side, and the major had fought like a tiger on the side of the lost cause.

But now the chords of memory were strangely stirred. Up through the dark fir trees guarding the cemetery there

"I AM NOT A REBEL, SIR!"

suddenly rolled the strain of an old army song, stirring in its measure, pathetic in its melody:

"Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys;
To die were far more sweet,
With freedom's banner o'er me, boys,
To be my winding sheet."

The colonel gently beat time on the railing with his long, lean hand. His eyes grew retrospective. "How it all comes back!" he murmured half aloud. "I can see the watchfires, the long rows of tents glistening in the moonlight, the squadrons wheeling down the hill, the artillery massing in the valley, the signal rockets piercing the sky. I can hear the buglo"—

He broke off suddenly. The major had risen and was facing him, his dark eyes blazing, his face white and drawn.

"Don't bring it up, colonel," he said hoarsely. "I can't tell you how it makes me feel. Do you suppose that I, too, do not go back to those days, to all I suffered then and since? I have repressed my emotions for years. But the volcano is here," touching his breast. "I do not wish it to break forth."

"It's a great idea," replied the colonel testily, "if I cannot speak of a night scene in the late war without your fetching me up so roundly. I did not dream you had so bad a temper, sir."

"My temper is as even as yours, sir," retorted the major, "but can't you see it is hard enough for me to witness these scenes today without having the whole ghastly panorama again unfolded before me by your thoughtlessness, sir?"

The colonel lost his head. "Damme," he cried, "you rebels never like to hear anything for your good!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the major with ominous calmness, "did you apply that term to me?"

"I did."

"I am not a rebel, sir," choked the major. "I fought for a hopeless—a sublime—cause. But now I support the same flag you fought under. Remember that! After this, of course, we will not have the honor of each other's acquaintance," and with a haughty bow the major walked into the hotel.

The colonel thumped his cane on the floor of the piazza. His face flushed.

"Devilish hot headed southerner," he said, "and yet a charming fellow. What a companion he has been to me! What a game of cribbage he played! And now to go and spoil everything. Dear, dear; it's too bad. How I shall miss him!"

As the colonel ruefully contemplated the future a boy approached him with his mail. Eagerly seizing his letters he sat down to read them and to forget the unpleasant episode as quickly as possible.

One of his letters was from an old army friend, a man with whom he had kept up an acquaintance born in fire and smoke. A sentence in the letter ran as follows: "Curious thing you should be in Hazle Wells on Memorial day. That was Dennison's wife's home, and I am sure he is buried in the cemetery there. You must throw a flower on his grave for me."

The colonel dropped the letter in amazement. Dennison! Out of the past there rose a beautiful figure, with fearless eyes, resolute lips, soft, fair hair, gay, good humored, smiling face and reckless, audacious air. What a rare fellow he was! Dennison, who feared neither man nor devil, who led wherever hope was most forlorn, who was always where the fight was hottest, who fell at last, a jest on his lips, struck to the heart by a southern bullet. A southerner, too, by birth and education, but who broke away from tradition and environment and drew his sword in defense of his country's flag.

"I remember, now, his wife was a northern girl. Dennison used to talk of his home up in the Alleghanies. And it was here? And his grave is over there?" The colonel strained his eyes toward the graveyard. "Just as soon as the crowd gets away I will go over and find it and put a few flowers on it. Brave boy, brave fellow. I am so glad Tom wrote me."

Meantime the major had passed through a whirlwind of passion and sorrow alone in his room. What right had this insolent, triumphant northerner to stir him so? Why disturb those depths in his bruised, aching old heart? Over and over the southerner lived the past, with its dreams of glory, its futile struggles, its cruel disappointments. Again he saw the idol of his boyish dreams, as, vanquished, beaten, but still heroic, he handed his conquered sword to the victor. Again he saw his home destroyed, himself poor, forced to accept a menial position, drifting about, a battered old wreck on the sea of life, until he had fallen in with this man, whom he had honestly liked and who had needlessly hurt him and opened the old wounds afresh.

A knock at the door, and the major's mail was handed him. As he looked it over he saw a letter, directed in the well known writing of his lawyer in Atlanta. He broke it open and read it hurriedly. Then he sank back in his chair, and from his closed eyes large tears slowly dropped down over his scarred face.

The sentence which had so profoundly moved him was this: "She has left her fortune to you, as her husband, your brother, loved you so. His grave is in the cemetery of the very town where you are now stopping."

* * * * * * *

The afternoon sun poured a flood of dazzling light across the marble headstones, whose solemn rigidity was softened by garlands of flowers. The crowd had gone. Here and there a stray visitor yet wandered, reading the names cut on the white stones. The solemn, purple mountains were rose flushed by the sunset. Up from the village came at intervals the muffled sound of the martial music, now rising and swelling, now softly dying away.

The colonel slowly and laboriously picked his way among the graves, stopping now and then to read a name or date. At last he came to a well kept inclosure, and parting the climbing rose vines passed in. Yes, here was what he sought. A smooth white slab told the world that "Here lies Captain Charles Dennison, 49th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers," with the added verse:

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with ceaseless round
The bivouac of the dead.

The poor old colonel was so overcome at beholding, after so many years, the tomb of his favorite officer that, showering the grave with the costliest flowers he had been able to procure, he bent his head upon his hands and sobbed aloud.

THE COLONEL SOBBED ALOUD.

A sound near him made him raise his head.

On the other side of the grave stood the major.

The two men looked steadfastly at each other for a moment.

"Colonel," the major was first to speak, "what was Captain Charles Dennison to you?"

"A beloved officer, sir," said the colonel, struggling to choke back his emotions. "I loved him like a son, sir. I only learned this morning that he was buried here"— He broke off, unable further to proceed.

"And are these your flowers?" asked the major.

The colonel only bowed his head.

"I thank you, sir," said the major in his most stately and winning manner, "for this kindly tribute to one of my family"—

"Your family?" gasped the colonel.

"Yes, Captain Charles Dennison was my youngest brother, sir."

The colonel recoiled as if he had been struck. But in an instant, recovering himself, he courteously doffed his hat, and extending his long hand over the grave said simply, "Will you forgive me, major?"

And as the sun dipped down behind the mountains it sent its last rays across two battered, maimed old heroes going away arm in arm from the grave of Captain Charles Dennison.

And the north and the south once more were reunited.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

The Duty of the Living.

Our duty would be very incompletely done if we contented ourselves by merely chanting hosannahs to those who in the past have given their lives to aid in achieving these grand results unless we can catch some inspiration to further duty from the contemplation of their sublime self sacrifice. It becomes us, the living, to address ourselves with renewed energy and enlarged faithfulness to the preservation and perpetuation of these grand results.—Clinton Lloyd.

Remembrances of Roses.

When slowly falls the curtain of the night
And none is here except the silent dead;
When pales the western sky in dying light
And ashen grayness comes in crimson's stead,
Then will we know each buried hero tranquilly reposes
Midst memories of music and remembrances of roses.

—E. M. Taber.

A Sentiment by Garfield.

If silence be ever goldon, it must be here beside the graves of these 13,000 soldiers, whose lives were more significant than speech and whose death was a poem the music of which was never sung.—Speech at Arlington.

The Nation Mourns Its Patriots.

When a king is dethroned, the people rejoice, but when a patriot dies a nation mourns.—G. W. Atkinson.

Rest On.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead.
Dear was the blood you gave.
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.

MORE GOOD NEWS

For All Women Who Are Sick.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

"I am happy to say your Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruations and backache.

"My suffering every month was dreadful. The doctor gave me morphine to ease the pain, but nothing to cure me; and I was obliged to spend two or three days in bed. Now I have no pain at all.

"I can work harder, and be on my feet longer, than I have for years. I cannot praise your medicine enough. I am glad to tell every one that I was cured by *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound." —MRS. NEWTON COBB, Manchester, Ohio. All druggists sell it.

D. W. COOLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office over Jewelry Store of C. O. Kimball
ANTRIM, N. H.

J. E. PERKINS,
General Job Teaming and Dealer in Wood, Coal and Hay.
Orders left with E. J. Tambling.
ANTRIM, N. H.

DR. C. W. COOLIDGE,
Dental Surgeon,
No. 3 So. Main St., CONCORD, N. H.
Dr. Coolidge will be at his Concord office from the 1st to 15th of every month. A specialty will be made of Painless Filling, and Extracting. Parties at a distance had best write, and make engagements for operations requiring much time.

DR. S. O. BOWERS,
DENTIST!
Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.
All operations carefully performed. First-class work and moderate fees our motto.

GREAT SACRIFICE SALE OF
House Furnishings. Furniture. Carpets. Crockery. Stoves and Ranges.

Our building is to be entirely removed July 1 to make room for what will be perhaps the finest Furnishing Store in New Hampshire, but meanwhile our entire stock of goods must be disposed of. Nearly all these goods were purchased for this season's sale, and our immense business the past two months shows that they are right in every way, and well worth our regular prices, which in many instances are below the so-called bargains offered elsewhere, with the advantage of being in every case reliable, when in addition to this you get such reductions as we now make, it will not take arguments to show your advantage.

CHAMBER FURNITURE.

Is manufactured in Milford and delivered to us direct from the factory in the white. We finish and trim ourselves, which allows us to own it at even less than the jobbers pay who sell it to other dealers. Saving the jobber's profit, we always give it to our customers. More in addition we shall give them also all our margin, and in many instances much more

All our $50.00 Sets at $37.50, together with all Sets over $50.00.
All sets from $40.00 to $50.00 at $32.00. Full line of Quartered Oak and Birch.
Black Walnut Sets with Marble Tops, solid Walnut Chairs. $50.00 Sets at $28.00. $45.00 Sets at $24.50.
Large lot of Solid Oak Sets, 24x30 German Bevel Plate Glass, at $24.50.
Lot of $20.00 Sets $16.00.
Lot of $16 00 Sets at $13.00.

Above prices all include Chairs.

Lot os $5.00 Beds at $3.50.
Cheap Beds at $1.85 and $2.75.

CHIFFONIERS.

Made in Milford. All our stock in Quartered Oak will be sold at the prices of inferior goods made in Ash or Elm.

ROCKERS.

We show more than 150 Rockers, no two alike, all must go.

Carpet Rockers at $1.99.
Oak Rockers, Plush Seat and Back, with Arm, $3.40.
Our $7.00 Fancy Rocker at $5.75.
Polished Oak and Leather Rockers at a discount of 15 per cent.
Reed and Rattan Rockers at a discount of from 15 to 33 1-3 per cent. from manufacturer's prices.
Fancy Oak Chairs with Silk Plush Cushion at back and Seat, at $4.10.

LOUNGES.

Sold by us are mostly of our own make, frame and all. Many of them are covered with remnants from our Carpet Department; this gives us always the inside track.

We have in stock a large assortment of medium and high cost Bed Lounges for
$30.00 Bed Lounge at $26.50.
$25 00 " " " $20.50.
$15.00 " " " $12.25.
Common Lounges, while they last, for $4.00 each.
1 lot of 5 Patterns, our $11.50 Lounge, at $9.00.

FOLDING BEDS

Require a good deal of room; we therefore put prices on our stock that cannot fail to move them.
Mantle Beds, complete, with Drapery and Mattress, $9.75.
Oak Chiffonier Beds with Mattress, at $14.50.

BABY CARRIAGES.

Large stock of the very best patterns, all fresh from the factory.
Our $20.00 Carriages at $15.50. Silk Plush Carriages at $6.50.

CARPETS.

We have had an immense business in this department during the past Spring. Every pattern purchased by us for this season has proven a seller Our mail orders have been more than double that of any previous year. We have had a generous patronage from Antrim and vicinity, but are prepared to prove to others that we can save them money on these goods at our regular price, but during this sale we shall lay all Carpets FREE in addition to making and lining free, which we have done through the season.

If you prefer to make or lay the Carpet yourself, we will make allowance for the same on the bill.

Straw Mattings, Lineleums, Oil Cloths.

Are all included in this Carpet offer.

Send to us for samples, which will be furnished free of expense to you, stating somewhere near what grade of Carpet you desire.

We shall be obliged to ask you to return samples promptly during this sale.

350 of our regular 50c. Window Shades to be closed out at 35c.

Dining Furniture.

We are showing an elegant line of Sideboards and Tables, all of 1895 pattern. It hurts us to sell them at prices named below, but they must go.

Our $25.00 Polished Quartered Oak Table at $18.50.
" $20.00 " " " " $14.50.
" $10.00 " Solid Oak Table at $8.25.
Common Extension Tables, 8-ft., at $3.75.
Our $35.00 Sideboards all at $27.50.
" $2.50 Leather Seat Chairs at $1.90.
" $2.00 Polished Oak " $1.62.
" $1.75 Solid Oak " $1.42.
" $1.00 Chairs, 4 patterns, at 77 1-2c.

CENTER TABLES.

We have a full line of elegant Parlor Tables of the most handsome Quartered Oak we have ever seen. It is a sham to cut our already low prices, but the Tables must go.

Our entire stock of Tables from $8.00 to $9.50 will be closed out at $6.75 each. Our $6.50 to $8.00 Tables at $5 each.

Large line will be offered at $2.00 each.

HALL STANDS.

Elegant Patterns, every one purchased this year, and every one a seller.
$15.00 Hall Stand at $12.25.
$17.50 " " $14.25.
1 lot China Closets with Glass Ends, Shelves adjustable, and grooved French Bevel Plate Mirrors, $20.00, at $15.50.
Large Oak Bookcase, with Glass Doors, $16.50, at $14.25.
1 Lot Wardrobes, sold everywhere at $10.00. to close at $7.50.
Pictures and Mirrors at a discount of 25 per cent. from the regular price.

During this sale we shall pay freight on orders of $10.00 and more only, and terms as given must be cash or we will make a price slightly higher and allow easy terms of payment. We show only a very few of our bargains here, and do not enter into description, our object being to secure a call from you, personal inspection will convince you that the half is not told. Such an opportunity has never been given the people of Hillsboro County to buy reliable House Furnishings at such ridiculous prices, allows us to suggest that the best bargains will be taken up first, and also that you give us a call if possible instead of writing, as goods might be all sold out during correspondence. Thanking the people of Antrim and vicinity for the generous patronage afforded us this spring, we feel sure this sale will make us many new customers.

Emerson & Son, - House Furnishers, - Milford, N. H.

The Antrim Reporter

Published every Wednesday.

H. WEBSTER ELDREDGE,
Publisher and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1895.

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

There is said to be unusually large numbers of immigrants arriving in New York.

The recent miners' strike in the Pittsburg district has ended in their defeat.

Coney Island, the great summer resort, has been fire-swept; loss over $300,000.

Cernegie is one of the men who has recently raised wages, he having advanced the wages of his 15,000 workmen 10 per cent.

A newspaper rightly states: The people who find nothing interesting to read in the newspapers are the people who don't read them.

Nicaragua pays the indenmity to Great Britain, which is said to have been the excessive sum of $75,000, and it is hoped that John Bull is satisfied.

Fred A. Stockwell, an ex-patrolman at Manchester, shot and killed Sergeant McAllister in the watch room of the police station, in that city, on Wednesday night last. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of premeditated murder.

Thomas Byrnes, Superintendent of Police of New York City and the detective of great fame, has been put upon the retired list at his own request, and will receive a pension of $3000 a year. Chief Byrnes has been in active police service for about thirty-two years, and has arisen from the lowest to the highest rundle of the ladder of his profession.

Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State, died at his home in Washingtog, D. C., on Monday evening of this week, of acute pleurisy, at the age of sixty-three years. His sickness was of about four weeks duration. In 1869 President Grant made him United State Judge in Indiana. President Arthur made him Postmaster-General in 1882, and he succeeded Secretary Folger in the Treasury Department in 1884. In October of that year he was appointed United States Judge for the Seventh Judicial Circuit. President Cleveland chose him as Secretary of State in 1893. Mr. Gresham was before the Republican National Convention of 1888 as a candidate for nomination for the Presidency. He left that party prior to campaign of 1892 because he did not agree with the position it took in reference to the tariff.

The Income Tax.

The income tax law has been pronounced a dead letter by the Supreme Court, the Chief Justices giving down their statements to that effect. It is to be regretted that so much expense had been incurred in the preparation for its collection, but nevertheless a valued lesson has been learned.

The Milford Cabinet says the Supreme Court, the highest judicial tribunal in the land, has rendered a final blow to the fiscal policy of the present Democratic Administration, by declaring the income tax unconstitutional in toto. This, of course, involves a terrible humiliation to the president, who is in a large measure responsible for this inquisitoral and objectionable method of keeping the United States out of actual bankruptcy. And what must be the result, an exchange says:

"Unless something is done the present national deficit will go on swelling, while the gold reserve shrinks, and another issue of bonds becomes necessary to meet the current expenses of the Government. There is only one method of avoiding it. That is by the President's yielding to the House, which has the constitutional right of initiating revenue measures, and permitting the House to advance the tariff rates on foreign manufactures. That is the natural method, the feasible method, the least burdensome. Of course it would involve the complete abandonment of 'tariff reform, and a return substantially to 'McKinley protection,' but under McKinley protection there was no deficit, and no income tax was needed either."

There are those who seem very much pleased with the result. Here is what Senator David B. Hill says: "Of course, I do not conceal my gratification at the decision. It is a victory of law over socialism. It is a triumph of decent and intelligent men over demagogues and adventurers. It is a vindication of the constitution as the best lawyers of the country understood it. It is a defeat for political blatherskites, who were clamoring, without reason or justice, for new schemes of taxation."

By perusing the big advertisement of Emerson & Son, many bargains will be noticed, which will surely interest those in need of these goods. This enterprising firm are anxious to reduce stock as they begin work on a new brick block 65 by 70 feet and three stories high July 1, which is planned to be a model furnishing store, and will stand on the lot where is now located their present quarters. The Messrs Emerson inform us that they have built up a substantial trade in this and adjoining towns having established their reliability, and people have become to know that when they advertise bargains it is bargains they have.

Notice to Our Subscribers and Patrons.

In the course of a week or two our representative, Mr. W. H. Brown, will call upon our subscribers and patrons in adjoining towns. We hope he will meet with a cordial welcome, and trust he will be favored with your patronage.

Thanking you for past favors, we remain,

Yours Respectfully,
H. W. Eldredge,
Editor and Publisher Reporter.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Boiled Cider at Goodwin's.

Best Cider Vinegar at Goodwin's.

Reporter office will be closed tomorrow—Memorial Day.

Dr. Cooley will be in Marlboro next week.

Four lbs. good Raisins for 25 cents at Goodwin's.

The fence in front of the Methodist church was removed last week.

You can always find the best Cheese at Goodwin's.

Hon. and Mrs. D. H. Goodell spent two days in Manchester last week.

The rain of Saturday night was much needed and did good service.

At Goodwin's is the place to buy Flour.

George D. Dresser was laid by last week on account of sickness.

The telephone poles are being put into position along our streets.

Four lbs. good Rice for 25 cents at Goodwin's.

Bartlett Brooks' new span of horses make a good looking team.

New presents with either a pound of Tea or Coffee at Goodwin's.

Richard W. Stewart will re-paint his house. G. N. Hulett has the contract.

Oscar G. Nims of Keene was a guest at N. W. C. Jameson's over Sunday.

Misses Alice Bevis and Lena Emery were employed at the Reporter office last week.

A somewhat dangerous place exists by the street nearly in front of the school house.

From Sunday morning to Tuesday morning rain fell to the amount of three-fourths of inch.

Fred Miner, a former employe at Maple Grove Farm, is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Lena Dodge of Boston visited her father, G. F. Dodge, and other relatives in town last week.

Wanted—$500, $800, $1000 on real estate. Inquire of
C. R. Jameson.

Mrs. Dalmer E. Newhall has returned to her home here, after several months' absence in Lowell.

D. P. Bryer has been putting in water into his residence, and grading around the same. It looks well.

Mrs. Albert E. White, of East Boston, is visiting her father, E. Z. Hastings, and other relatives, in town.

A new two-horse Buckeye Mower, to sell or exchange for No 1 Hay.
Harrington & Kibbey.

Miss Anna Colby has returned from her visit among relatives in Nashua, Lowell and Hudson, Mass., of several weeks.

Irving Lowell and wife and daughter, from Mt Vernon, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tenney, at Elm Farm.

E. C. Brown, late junior partner in the Clinton Wagon Co., has accepted a situation in Boston and gone to that city.

Mrs. E. M. Gray, Melrose, Mass., who has been visiting in the family of Charles Pratt, returned to her home Saturday last.

Master Don, youngest son of Mr and Mrs. S. R. Robinson, is out again, after being confined to the house by illness.

To-morrow, Memorial Day, Antrim ball team will cross bats with some team if it is possible to get one to come here for this day.

Fred H. Colby, son of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Colby of this town, has removed with his family from Hudson, Mass., to Lowell.

W. E. Downes has commenced the erection of a two-story residence, on a lot near C. F. Downes' house. The foundation is already in position.

George McDuffee and his corps of assistants have arrived in town and are now at work on the brick work of the new building for Goodell Co.

Work at Maplewood Cemetery was done last week by the trustees and others, removing the wall and laying out the lots in the new extension.

The Christian Workers will hold a service at North Branch on Sunday afternoon next. It is hoped that a goodly number from this village will also attend.

Forsaith & Hunt have a new advertisement in this issue. They have a good stock of oil and gasoline stoves, and their usual line of drain pipe, pumps, etc. Read their adv.

Henry Simonds has the agency for the McCormick Harvesting Machinery, as will be seen by advertisement in another column. He also has for sale other machinery.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Towne and daughter, Winnefred, of Marlow, and Mrs. Dr. Perry of Rutland, Vt., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tenney one day last week.

There will be held at Town hall on this Wednesday evening a Concert and Promenade, for the benefit of the Antrim Base Ball Association, to purchase new uniforms for the boys.

The many friends of Mrs. Norman Morse are pleased to know that she is constantly improving in health, and that she is able to be out upon our streets again, after her long and severe illness.

Ladies clean your Kid Gloves with Josephine Glove Cleaner, for sale only by Putney & Little, headquarters for dry goods, groceries, carpets, boots and shoes. You will find each department complete.

On and after this date all orders for all kinds Repairing of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which will be left at Harrington & Kibbey's, will be promptly attended to by J. C. Richardson, and returned to the above store.

Miss Josephine Bailey, of Claremont, is visiting her sisters, Mrs. N. J. Morse and Mrs. E. C. Goodwin.

F. G. Warner, M. D., assisted by E. F. McQuesten, M. D., of Nashua, performed a very successful opperation on Mrs. George Miner Monday afternoon. The chances for her recovery now are very hopeful.

It is not very agreeable, to say the least, for our citizens on entering either the stores or post-office in the new town building, in a rain storm, to have the water drip upon them, when an eaves-gutter would remedy the difficulty.

Both the Concord and Antrim nines who crossed bats here last Saturday, deserve much praise for conducting themselves in so gentlemanly a manner. The absence of swearing and rough language, so common on the ball ground, was noted and commented on by some of the better class of citizens who were present.

The West End Dramatic Club, who presented the famous Irish drama, "Shamrock and Rose," at Bennington in a very pleasing manner, a few weeks since, will repeat the same play at Town hall, in this place, on Wednesday evening, June 5. To conclude with a farce, "Pete and the Pedler." Music will be furnished by Appleton's orchester. Tickets, 25 cents, and on sale at Antrim Pharmacy, Monday next.

To House Keepers.

Something new for that tired feeling. Buy your Bread and Pastry at the Antrim Bakery, and take a rest. Try it!

Memorial Sunday.

As the Sunday preceding Memorial Day is set apart for a service in the interest of the G. A. R., it was observed on Sunday last by a service at the Town hall with an address by Rev. B. H. Lane of the Baptist church, who is a veteran of the late civil war. He took his text from the words of Solomon in the book of Proverbs, and from them delivered a very able and interesting discourse. Mr. Lane is a clear and comprehensive speaker and one to whom it is easy to listen. The exercises opened with singing, scripture reading and prayer.

The speaker addressed his remarks to his comrades; told of the bravery, courage and faithfulness of the boys in blue; and of their loyalty to the stars and stripes. He recited many instances of true loyalty and greatness which came under his notice during those trying times; spoke of the remarkably short time in which a small army sprang into existence when the first shot was fired upon our flag, and with what speed additions were made to this army. He held the close attention of his audience for about one-half hour, and closed as he began, with the words of the text.

The members of Ephraim Weston Post and Sons of Veterans attended in a body, and the audience numbered about four hundred. Several were present from adjoining towns

To the Public.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to those who so generously contributed to the support of our Association and we hope by our ball playing, and gentlemanly conduct, to repay the public for the interest they have taken in our organization.

Antrim Base Ball Asso'n.
Per J. J. O'Brien, Sec.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. A pleasant laxative. All Druggists.

Union Temperance Meeting.

Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D., of Tilton, conducted an address on temperance and prohibition at the Baptist church on Sunday evening last, to a good sized audience. At the commencement of the service a short season was spent in singing, at the close of which Mr. Knowles, who will be remembered as being the Prohibition candidate for Governor on the State ticket last year, opened his arguments upon which he dwelt for about one-half hour.

He treated the subject in a pleasing manner and spoke of alcohol from a scientific standpoint, its effects upon the human system, and the uses and abuses to which men put this poison, and rehearsed to some extent the benefits to the towns derived from a no-licence movement, and where open saloons are not allowed to exist. Said that prohibition would prohibit when the right men were put where it was their business to enforce the law. Mr. Knowles' arguments were impressive, his stories and illustrations to the point, and taken as a whole the audience was quiet and felt well pleased with the speaker's efforts.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

COAL! COAL!

Morris Burnham is prepared to fill all orders for coal.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

Easy

HOOD'S PILLS Cure LIVER ILLS

To buy, easy to take and easy in effect, are characteristics peculiar to Hood's Pills. They are small, tasteless, and purely vegetable. They act gently but thoroughly and satisfactorily. They do not irritate or inflame the intestines, but leave them in natural, healthy condition. 25 cents.

BONDS.

United States, State, County, Town and School Bonds, paying from 4 to 6 per cent. interest for sale. Cash paid for defaulted Western Mortgages.

C. W. KELSEA,
Antrim, N. H.

- - 1895 - -
MILLINERY!

Having received and placed upon my counters my stock of new Spring goods (direct from Boston and New York), I am now prepared to show

YOU

**MILLINERY,
NOVELTIES,
WRAPPERS,
Shirt Waists, Etc.**

Lady Somerset and Jackson Waists

As these goods were chosen with extreme care, I know you

Will be Pleased With

them, and the prices are as low as can be found anywhere else in the state.

MRS. H. H. WHITTLE,
Antrim, N. H.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Morgan Spading Harrow.
1 Road Wagon.

D. H. Goodell.

Base Ball.

As was previously announced, the Concord team of ball players came to this town on Saturday last, and when they returned to the capital city, they did not have the honor of saying, "We were victors; we won the game." Far from it, the Antrim boys played good ball and kept the game at home. Had the Concords won the game it is probable nothing would have been said that the players did not consider themselves the Concord team; but before the game took place such items as this one were circulated through the state papers: "The strong Concord ball team goes to Antrim tomorrow, where they will play with the local nine. Several admirers will accompany them."

There were many admisers of each club on the ground, for it is seldom if ever a more gentlemanly and quiet crowd of ball players assemble for a warm game, in which the opposing clubs seem so well matched. The Antrim boys took the lead from the start, and their playing as well as that of the Concords was better than has been seen in this town for several years. The following is the official score, with the number of errors, etc., made during the game:

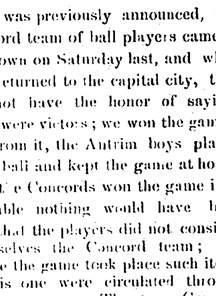
ANTRIM.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harrigan, 3b	3	2	1	2	1	0	2
Eaton, 1b	5	0	0	0	9	0	2
Muzzey, 2b	4	2	1	1	3	3	0
Finn, c	4	0	1	1	9	2	0
Ross, lf	5	0	1	1	1	0	0
Holleran, ss	4	2	2	2	1	2	0
Call, p	5	1	0	0	1	0	0
Corless, cf	5	2	2	3	1	0	0
Ashford, rf	5	2	2	4	1	0	0
Totals,	40	11	10	14	27	7	4

CONCORD.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pronse, 2b	5	1	2	2	4	1	0
Sullivan, 3b	5	1	1	1	3	0	2
Dow, c	4	0	3	3	6	2	1
Putney, cf	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Ryan, lf	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Quinn, p	4	1	2	3	2	4	1
McGuire, 1b	4	1	1	1	10	2	1
Hodge, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, ss	4	2	1	1	0	2	1
Totals,	38	6	10	11	27	12	6

Two base hits—Harrigan, Corless, Quinn. Three-base hit Ashford Sacrifice hits—Eaton 2, Call, McGuire. Stolen bases—Muzzey, Holleran, Corless, Sullivan. First base on balls—by Quinn, Harrigan 2, Finn, Holleran, Muzzey. Hit by pitched ball—Eaton. Struck out—by Call, Pronse, Sullivan, Ryan, Quinn 2, McGuire, Hodge, Smith; by Quinn, Eaton, Finn 2, Call 2. Umpires—Dee and Emery; O'Brien for Antrim one inning. Time, 2 hrs.



FINEST GROWN

A Heroic Climax.

"False!"

As the word fell upon her ear the young woman raised her head and turned a pair of flashing eyes upon the man upon whose breast her head had just been resting.

Indignantly she started to deny the accusation, but he would not listen.

"False, and"—

She saw that he knew all, and looked at him appealingly, but he continued:

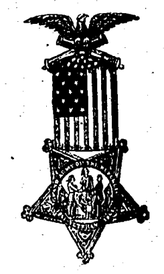
"Any attempted explanation would be useless."

Rising silently, she took from his outstretched hand the bang that by this time he had disengaged from the button of his vest and left the room to rearrange it, while he adjusted his necktie and patiently awaited her return.—Boston Post.

MEMORIAL DAY,

ANTRIM, N. H.,

THURSDAY, MAY 30th, 1895.



"On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground, Their Silent Tents are Spread."

PROGRAMME.

Memorial Day will be observed in Antrim, as follows: The Antrim Brass Band and Ephraim Weston Post, 87, G. A. R., leave Post hall in carriages at 8.30 o'clock, a. m., arriving at the North Branch chapel at 9.30, where the column will be formed under the direction of E. C. Paige, Marshal of the Day, in the following order: Antrim Brass Band, M. E. Nay, leader; Ephraim Weston Post, 87, G. A. R., Squires Forsaith, commander; schools and citizens in column of twos; carriages in rear of column. March to North Branch Cemetery and decorate the soldiers' graves. Return to Antrim Centre and perform the usual service in that cemetery; return to South Antrim for dinner.

Soldiers' graves in Meeting House Hill and the East cemeteries will be decorated by special details from the Post.

Afternoon Services at South Antrim.

The column will form at 1.15 p. m., in front of Grand Army hall, for a short parade on Main street. Services commence at 2 o'clock in the Town hall, as follows:

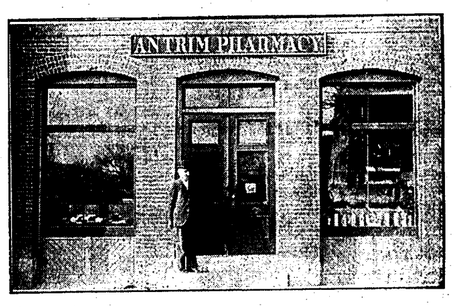
Music by the Band.
Remarks by President of the Day, S. R. Robinson.
Reading of General Orders, by Adjt. L. Emery.
Prayer by Rev. W. K. Cochrane, D.D.
Singing by Male Quartet.
Oration by Rev. Geo. W. Ruland, of Dublin, N. H.
Singing, Miss Gertrude Jameson.

At the close of the services in the hall, the column will form with the right resting opposite Presbyterian church, in order as follows: Antrim Brass Band; Ephraim Weston Post, 87, G. A. R.; schools and citizens in column of twos; carriages containing the Orator of the Day, clergymen, and disabled soldiers; citizens in carriages will please join the procession in rear of the above. March via Main, Elm and Concord streets to Maplewood cemetery, at which the exercises will be: Prayer by Rev. C. E. Eaton; Dirge by the Band; decoration of soldiers' graves at the sound of the bugle. Column will reform and march via Concord street to Soldiers' Monument, where G. A. R. exercises will be performed. Return to G. A. R. hall, where the procession will be dismissed.

All war veterans cordially invited to fall in with the Post.

Contributions of flowers, evergreen, etc., are solicited, and may be left at G. A. R. hall, Wednesday, May 29, or on the morning of May 30.

By order of
Committee of Arrangements.
Antrim, May 22, 1895.



Camphor, Moth Balls, Death to Lice, Hellebore for Currant Bushes, at

The Antrim Pharmacy

C. O. KIMBALL,
JEWELER,

ANTRIM, N. H.

Brown & Currier

AT

Antrim Pharmacy,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.

COFFEE!!

We guarantee the Suiting Qualities of Martin L. Hall's

Perfection Java Coffee

to be Superior to those of any other Coffee.

☞It is on that Guarantee we ask for your trade.

Goodwin's Cash Store.

Great Spring Bargains!

Will be Sprung This Week!

....AT....

Morrison Bros. & Prescott's.

COME IN AND CONVINCE YOURSELVES

We quote a few prices that will astonish you. We have touched the button and sprung the figures down to the lowest possible point for fine quality goods.

Lace Hats
Worth $5.00
For $3.47.

This is just for a starter on millinery. Everything else in this department is marked down with the same disregard of profit.

ONE LOT
Shirt Waists
Worth from $1.00 to $1.25
For 79c.

These are especially good recent new up to date styles, and even at old prices were bargains.

ONE LOT
Silk Capes
Worth from $6.50 to $7.00
For $5.12.

These are not cheap capes but good, stylish, well made garments, on which we make this price to close.

DO NOT WAIT until next week, but come at once as many of these lots will be closed out quickly.

ONE LOT
Parasols
Worth 87c.
For 69c.

This is a fast black parasol with a fancy stick in natural wood and Paragon frame.

ONE LOT
Print Wrappers
Worth $1.37
For 98c.

These are not last seasons styles, but a new 1895 wrapper made from best print. A bargain that can not be duplicated

Standard Patterns

The Fashion Publication of the Standard Fashion Company exceed 1½ millions per month. We are agents for this vicinity and receive yearly subscription either the Delineator or Magazine. Standard Patterns are stylish, save material and require no tedious fitting. Send us your name and address on a postal card and we will mail you post paid each month an eight page illustrated Fashion Sheet containing all the latest styles.

☞Agents for Lewando's French Dye House.

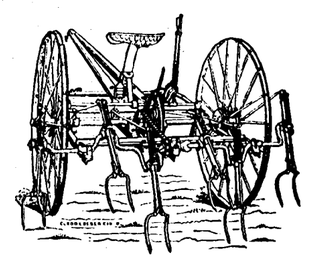
Morrison Brothers & Prescott,

At the Old Stand. Hillsboro Bridge.

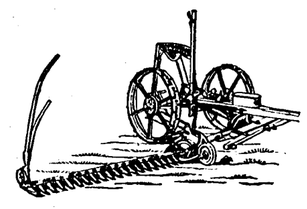
ATTENTION, FARMERS!!

If You Want the Best

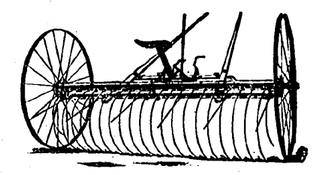
Buy the Osborne Hay Tedder,



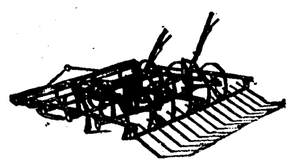
Buy the Osborne Mowing Machine,



Buy the Osborne Hay Rake,



Buy the Osborne Harrow,



CHARLES R. JAMESON,

Agent for Antrim, Stoddard, Hillsboro and Windsor.

ALL
READY!

With as Fine a Line of

MERCHANDISE!

As Can be Found in this Section

We Invite Inspection.

Will Compare Prices.

Call In. Call in.

HARRINGTON & KIBBEY.

ANTRIM, N. H.

Putney & Little, -- Antrim

BOWKER'S
PHOSPHATE
and
STOCKBRIDGE'S
MANURES,
for
Potatoes, Corn,
Top Dressing,
Seeding Down,
Strawberries.

Putney & Little

ANTRIM, N. H.

BENNINGTON.

The Engine Company held their annual ball at town hall on Thursday evening, May 16. The occasion was a success socially and financially.

Charles Bailey cut one of his fingers quite badly last week with a circular saw at Kimballs shop.

The Congregational church is candidating for a pastor.

It is said that the Catholics of this and adjoining towns will build a church here this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Gifford of Charlestown accompanied Mrs. John Ireland to her home here last week. Mrs. Gifford will remain with Mrs. Ireland for a time.

Bennington's tax rate this year is $1.51 on $100.

Philip H. Choen, of Manchester, was the guest of Harry Knight the first of the week.

Mrs. A. W. Gray, of Boston, has been visiting friends in town.

Thankfully received—the rain the first of the week.

John R. Palmer was out of town on business last week.

Dr. Hildreth was away the first of the week on business.

Harry A. Knight was the recipient, on Saturday last, of a beautiful quartered oak roll top desk. It came from Manchester, and was presented by his friends in that city.

Winnifred Stevens was summoned to his home in East Sullivan on Tuesday by the death of his mother.

James Merrill of Antrim has been hired to complete the work upon the new band stand, and will begin the first of next week.

Memorial Day will be observed here in the usual manner. The exercises of the day will commence at 9 a. m., at the hall, immediately after which the veterans and others, headed by the band, will proceed to the two cemeteries, where the usual ceremony of decorating the graves will be gone through with.

C. E. Eaton has been on the sick list of late with a severe cold.

The carpenters have commenced work on the house of W. H. McCoy's.

A pair of work horses belonging to Cal Brown, while left standing for a moment, near Eugene Holt's, Tuesday forenoon, started for home without a driver. The only damage done was that to a carriage owned by W. E. Downes, which had just been placed on a jack to be cleaned in the carriage way at Mr. Brown's. The damage to the carriage was slight.

Work on the new dam at the electric light station is being rapidly pushed forward, two gangs of workmen arriving on Tuesday, one from Berlin Falls and one from Antrim. It will be found necessary to shut the lights off one or two nights next week.

NORTH BRANCH.

Messrs Steel and Perry of Fall River Bobbin Co., were here last week.

The woods is full of Charles Woods, we now have three by that name here.

The North Braanch nine played the Stoddards on Saturday, 19 to 17 in favor of North Branch, and that with Mr. Winn, their catcher loaned to the Antrim club that day.

Thirty or more friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy Brown visited them last Friday evening and were regaled with dancing, music, ice cream, cake, and oranges, together with a royal good time.

Rev. A. T. Ferguson delivered a very interesting sermon at the Chapel Sunday afternoon.

EAST WEARE.

Mrs. Emily Breed died May 18th, of heart faiure.

A. A. Symonns of Milford visited friends in Weare Wednesday.

Mrs. John Holt has been confined to the house for several weeks, but is slowly recovering.

Elmer B. Bowie of Concord visited his parents Sunday, making the trip on his new bicycle.

A. H. Marshall, wife and child, have just returned from a visit in Massachuetts.

As Jennie Felch was driving to East Weare Monday night, her horse suddenly reared and fell, dying in a few seconds.

The farm buildings of Hiram Felch consisting of a large two story house and L, a barn 40 by 120 feet an annex used as a slaughter house were burned Monday night, May 20, with nearly all their contents, some thirty head of cattle were saved, five hogs, some hens, fifteen tons hay, mowing machines, horse rakes, phosphate, grain, etc., were destroyed. The fire started over the kitchen in an attic, when the fire broke out there was no one in the house. Miss Symonds a sister of Mrs. Felch came home and found the house on fire, and in saving some clothing etc., got badly burned, she is under the care of Dr. Eaton. The family, with the exception of Mrs. Felch, who is in Milford, are stopping with A. E. Felch.

H. M. Felch, daughter and granddaughter spent Sunday in Milford.

DEERING.

J. W. Brown and wife recently visited her father, H. Collins, in West Springfield. Mr. Collins has been an invalid a long time; was more comfortable when Mrs. Brown was there.

Harry Blood has closed his labors with C. Brown and gone home to Peterboro', where he has a job in a shop.

John Forsaith is working for Charles Brown.

Fred Cole is visiting in town.

Edith Hudson has been quite sick the past week but was more comfortable Saturday.

Mrs. Ina Hudson was at her father's, R. Clements, a few days last week, called there by the illness of her daughter.

Clifton W. Eaton shot a henhawk near her nest that measured 4 feet and 2 inches from tip to tip. He also secured her eggs, four in number. A good job.

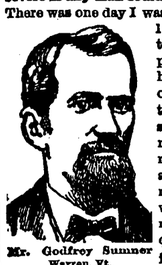
Mrs. Charles Brown has had several double yolked hen's eggs; and a few days ago two large eggs when broken were found to have a perfect egg enclosed in a skin within the larger egg.

The Grip in Worst Form

Barely Escaped Death—Thin, Weak, Discouraged

"I Hold Up Both Hands For Hood's"—Perfect Health.

"Three years ago I had the grip about as severe as any man could have it and live. There was one day I was not expected to live throughout the day. I employed a doctor but he did not do a bit of good but I lived through it and got so I could stand on my feet but was nothing but skin and bones. I had no appetite and what I did eat did me no good, frequently distressing me very much.



Mr. Godfrey Sumner Warren, Vt.

I heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and as I was clear down and discouraged, I was willing to try anything. The first bottle help me greatly and the second entirely cured me. Last spring I had the grip again and nothing would help me until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was running down fast but the medicine checked it and I am now quite well, in fact enjoying the

The Best Health For Years.

I hold up both hands for Hood Sarsaparilla and my wife also thinks highly of the medicine. I gladly recommend it to any-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

body that is not feeling well and hope you will publish this letter for the good it may be the means of bringing to others." GODFREY SUMNER, Warren, Vermont.

"I am knowing to the truth of the above." C. A. FORD, Merchant, Warren, Vermont.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

Lord Douglass

For 1895,

Will be allowed to serve a limited number of approved mares at the very low price of TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, to insure with foal, payable when the mare foals.

Write for circular.

G. H. CLEAVES, Antrim, N. H.

PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Editor of the Reporter:—

One of the objects of the Improvement Society is to create a spirit of improvement in the minds of the people, and it certainly looks as though the object was being realized. It can be plainly seen throughout the village. New lawns have been graded and seeded down. The older ones have been trimmed about the edges, the driveways graded, and all are kept mowed in nice shape. Several fences have been removed, and we trust there are more to follow. Circumstances have interfered to delay some changes already begun, but the "unsightly" place referred to in last weeks REPORTER will doubtless be properly graded very soon.

In regard to the fence around the Soldiers Monument, we can see no reason for retaining it there any longer. It is the only fence left in the vicinity, and it hides much of the beauty of the park. The ground is well hardened down, and not easily injured by walking on it.

We notice the Road agent has graded Concord St., along side of the park, which leaves the grounds from eight to ten inches higher than the street. The same thing needs to be done on the Main St., side, and that will leave the grass well protected from teams. Beside all this, our Police force is in full sympathy with the spirit of improvement and would do their duty and keep the teams off the grounds. Let the fence come down. These improvements are not all confined to this village. We have seen lawns around farm houses, which are kept in elegant shape, in which the owners take a great deal of pride, and have reason to do so, but they don't have the advantages which we in the village enjoy in having Campbell pond water to keep our lawns wet.

We notice Mr. C. O. Kimball has been making some much needed changes in the rear of his residence along the shore of the pond. It not only improves his grounds, but if carried out as he intends, and the same thing was done by all whose land lies along the shore of the pond it would not only give us a very pretty sheet of water, but would do away with much of the disagreable smell which annoys the village when the pond is drawn down.

We see many things to lead us to believe the efforts of the Society are bearing fruit. Let the good work go on.

C.

The Orchid Fad.

The quaint, brilliant, and almost uncanny orchid is the flower of the hour for weddings and other notable functions, and is achieving the popularity which its enthusiastic admirers have long predicted for it. Everything about orchids is fascinating, and much curious and interesting information is given in a charming paper in the June number of Demorest's Magazine, "Some White House Orchids;" and it is beautifully illustrated by over a score of reproductions from photographs taken, by special permission of Mrs. Cleveland, in the White House conservatories, which depict some of the gems of the noted collection. Another interesting and handsomely illustrated article is "The Indians of the Empire State;" and some of the peculiarities of that curiosity of the animal kingdom the burro are exploited in an article entitled "How a Burro Discovered Creede," which is embellished with a number of portraits of the peculiar little beast. "Should International Marriages be Denounced?" is the interesting question discussed in a symposium of society women, lawyers, clergymen, and authors, and some very unique opinions are given. The story matter is bright and suggestive; Household has a paper on marketing, with illustrations of the different cuts of beef. Only $2 a year; 15 East 14th St., New York.

THE
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Of New York.
OLDEST! LARGEST! STRONGEST!

You should at once learn the advantages as an investment of the
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N. H. Fire Insurance Co.; Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.,
All kinds of property insured against fire and lightning at lowest rates.

E. W. BAKER, Agent, - Antrim, N. H.

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To know that either she or her husband can have their eyes properly fitted to glasses, so that the print will look clear and distinct, by calling at the store of

DELMONT E. GORDON,

School Street, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

No charge for examination.

One of the prettiest and best ideas yet for the better promotion of the development of the Summer resort industry of New England, is the *New England Tourist*, the official monthly journal of the New England Summer Resort Association, published by Thos. J. Walker. It is in magazine form, 16 pages, and is illustrated with handsome half-tone engravings of a portion of New England's beautiful scenery, with much valuable information in descriptive articles and otherwise.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Antrim Pharmacy. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Answer This

The largest subscription house in country wants a first class representative for this community for strictly special work. Short hours; good pay. Minister, teacher, or wide-awake man or woman given preference. Address stating age and former employment, Globe Bible Publishing Company, 723 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Antrim Pharmacy.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

After the Grip, diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, etc., Hood's Sarsaparilla is of wonderful benefit in imparting the strength and vigor so much desired.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and effectively.

NOT WHAT WE SAY, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla Does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember **HOOD'S CURES.**

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 at the Antrim Pharmacy.

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THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL SARSAPARILLA
MAKES THE WEAK STRONG

AYER'S
THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL SARSAPARILLA
CURES OTHERS, WILL CURE YOU

A Remarkable Business.

So large is the demand for Moxie, after eight years there is not room enough in the new twelve acre union station in Boston to make it, if it should be used as a factory. There are now twenty factories in the United States, all in charge of the Lowell office. The company had over thirty bushels of testimonials sent to them voluntarily last year. Scores of helpless people from malnutrition of the brain and nerves; many people who became insane from overwork; thousands of cases of nervous exhaustion, and as many of weakly convalescents were recovered after medicine had failed. Thousands of people write from all over the United States to congratulate the company, and state that while using it they can do double the work they ought to and not break down. The well take it steadily.

What are its possibilities in the future if eight years will win its present conditions? There is no surprise that the stock of the company is not for sale. There are two reasons for its popularity, *i. e.*, its harmless, luscious, useful character, and its value compared with the price—16 cents per bottle it bought by the case of twelve bottles and the empties are returned. Signature of A. Thompson, M. D., on a label over the cork on the genuine. Will send a case to remote sections of the country, freight free, for $3.00 per case, and pay back 50 cents for the empty bottles and case. Address Moxie Nerve Food Co., Lowell, Mass., or apply to Goodwin's Cash Store, Antrim.

Forsaith & Hunt,

ANTRIM, N. H.

Are Ready for the Summer Trade with a Fine Assortment of

Oil & Gasoline Stoves

REFRIGERATORS,
ICE CHESTS,
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
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HOSE REELS, SPRINKLERS
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BARB WIRE,
PLOWS, CULTIVATORS,
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Constantly on hand an Assortment of
STOVES and RANGES,
TIN, GLASS & WOODEN WARE
WOOD, COPPER, and IRON PUMPS,
DRAIN PIPE and CHIMNEY FLUE LINING.

Give Us a Call.

Forsaith & Hunt.

HISTORY
OF
Hancock, N. H.

The Town having purchased the Town Histories of the Committee, offer them for sale while they last, at

$2.50 per Copy.

WILLIAM TITUS,
Agent for the Town.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

Having built a very large ice house at Bennington, am prepared to deliver ice in any quantity. Will commence about May 1st.

Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays in Antrim.
Tuesdays and Fridays in Bennington.

Thanking my patrons for past favors I will try to please by honest weight and fair dealings.

Ice kept at the barn. All orders promptly filled.

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Depot Street,
Box 181. Antrim, N. H.

TEAMING,
Jobbing and Grading.

I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to do Teaming of all kind; and Grading, in a satisfactory manner, having all the necessary tools for this special business.

A share of your patronage is solicited.

GEORGE S. WHEELER.
Antrim, Apr. 24.

OUR
Spring Clothing
HAS ARRIVED!

But is not yet marked, but by the last of the week we shall be able to show you a Larger Line of Fine New Clothing than ever before. Our system of cleaning the counters of all odds and ends has stood us in good stead this year, so that we can show you

ALL NEW GOODS!.....

Bear in mind that **Prices are Much Lower** and dealers carrying over last year's goods cannot compete with the new goods and live.

This spring we give you Good Tastes in All Departments, especially

BOOTS AND SHOES!

200 pairs Ladies' Kid Boots, **89c.,** size 2 1-2 to 7.

150 pairs Ladies' Kid Tip Button and Lace, **$1.45,** 2 1-2 to 7. Regular $2.00 boots.

We have had made for us the best $2.00 Ladies' Kid Button and Lace in the world and they wear like iron. All sizes. Same boot used to be sold for $2.50.

In Ladies' Fine Boots we carry a large line of the Rumsey Bros. best goods. Also a full line of North Weare shoes.

The Waverly School School have more than sustained their reputation for wear. If you buy a pair of these for your child you are sure to get your money's worth. We have them in tan and black.

144 pairs Ladies' Kid Oxford Ties at **99c,** same last year, $1.20.

Everything is Lower This Year!

Woonsocket, Candee, Wales, Goodyear Gold Seal, Colchester Spading Boots. Boys' and Men's Colchester Spading Boots are warranted.

Men's and Boys' Lawn Tennis, black and brown, **50c.**

FURNISHING GOODS!

5 different styles of Men's Sweaters, 25 and 50c. See the Wide Collar and Lace Front, 50c.

100 Men's Fancy Laundried Shirts, 50c. each sizes 12½ to 17.

Boys' Shirts, 25 and 45c.

We sell the Best Men's Black Shirts you can find, at 45c.

Boys' Black Stockings. 2 pairs for 25 cents. Don't pay more for these goods.

1000 pairs Men's Cotton Stockings. 3 pairs for 25 cents.

A great trade.

Lamson & Hubbard, and Harrington Hats!

Also Our Own Brand, the **"KIM-RO."** A Good, Stylish Stiff Hat, $1.50.

We forgot to mention before that we had 6 styles of MEN'S SHOES, Congress and Lace, $1 40 per pair. They Beat the World. Ask to see them.

CHILDREN'S SUITS!

We find a few BOYS' ODD SUITS, ages 16, 17, 18. Long Pants, all wool, $3.00 each, formerly $6, 7 and 8.

50 styles of CHILDREN'S CAPS, all at our very low prices, 45 and 50c.

We shall show you this week the Prettiest Suits for Children in the town. We take especial pains in pleasing with Children's Suits, Waists, Shirts, Sweaters and Caps.

More Bargains Next Week!

And don't forget the Dongola Shoes.

Well! Well! It is strange that we forget to tell you of our Special Grain Shoes for Farmers. The best one you ever saw and only costs $1.20. Come in and see them.

☞Look this List Over Carefully, as it contains many wonders.

Kimball & Roach's,
Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.

Great Clearance
SALE!

House Furnishings, Furniture, Carpets, Ranges, Stoves, Crockery, Lamps, Window Shades, Draperies, Tin Ware,

As our Store is to be Removed to Make Room for a New and Larger One.

See Front Page.

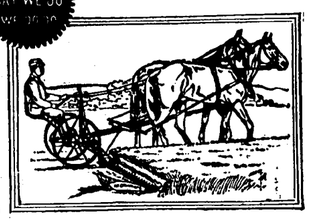
Emerson & Son, Milford.
House Furnishers.

Are You Ready For the Harvest? 1895.

There's only one way to get ready so that you can *be sure that you are ready* —and I am ready to get you ready with the World-Beating.

LIGHT-RUNNING
McCORMICK
STEEL
BINDERS AND
MOWERS.

BEST IN THE . . .
WORLD



Because
Most Durably Built,
Lightest in Draft,
Greatest in Capacity,
Simplest in Construction.

All Competition Staid Away from the McCormick in the
World's Fair Tests

I might to-day be selling a line of so-called "cheap" machines at a price which would still be high, but prefer to sell the *high-value* McCormick at a price which experience will most assuredly prove is *low*. Glad to show my friends these machines at any time. Come in and see them.

Henry Simonds, Agent, Antrim.

Also For Sale, D. M. Osborne's Rake, Mowing Machine and Harrows.

Boston & Maine Railroad

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PETERBORO AND HILLSBORO' BRANCH, VIA CONCORD.

Arrive. a.m.	Arrive. p.m.	STATIONS.	Leave. a.m.	Leave. p.m.
11 00	6 50	Keene	7 00	2 25
11 27	6 05	Peterboro	7 40	3 05
11 42	5 50	Hancock Junct	8 05	3 30
11 59	5 17	Bennington	8 10	3 35
12 08	5 14	Antrim	8 15	3 40
12 23	4 58	Hillsboro	8 48	3 58
12 17	4 43	W. Henniker	9 02	4 11
12 13	4 38	Henniker	9 07	4 16
12 09	4 27	W. Hopkinton	9 18	4 27
12 03	4 18	Contoocook	9 25	4 34
12 30	3 40	Concord	10 05	5 03
	1 00 lv	Boston	ar 12 45	7 15
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 39	6 15	Hillsboro'	7 50	2 10
11 23	6 00	Antrim	7 45	2 45
11 18	5 56	Bennington	7 49	3 08
11 11	5 50	Hancock Junc.	8 06	3 25
11 27	6 05	Peterboro'	7 40	3 05
9 50	4 20	Nashua	ar. 9 08	4 40
9 14	3 43	Lowell	9 50	5 21
8 30	3 00 lv.	Boston	ar. 10 40	6 15

Departure & Arrival of Mails.

DEPARTURE.

7.30 A. M. For Boston; also Milford, Keene, and intervening points.
8.00 A. M. For Concord, way stations, and the North; also Peterboro and south of there.
12.00 M. For North Branch.
3.30 P. M. For Greenfield, Francestown, Boston, and all points East and South.
5.25 p. m. For Hillsboro and Concord.
6.00 p. m. For Bennington, Hancock, Keene, and way stations; also Boston, and all points West and South.

ARRIVAL.

At 8.30, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 5.30 and 6.30 P. M.

Postoffice will open at 6.45 A. M., and close at 8.00 P. M., except Tuesday evening, when it will close at 6.45.

ANSON SWETT, Postmaster.

Church and Lodge Directory.

BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday Services — Preaching 10.45 a.m., Sunday school 12.15, prayer and praise service 6.30.
Prayer service Thursday evening at 7.30
Rev. B. H. Lane, pastor, Concord St.

Y. P. S. OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
President, Harry H. Little.
Prayer meeting at 7.30 on Tuesday evening.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Sunday Services — Preaching 10.45 a.m., Sunday school 12.15, prayer and praise service at 6.30 p. m.
Prayer service at 7.30 Thursday evening.
Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D.D., pastor, Concord street.

V. P. S. of CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
President, Hayward Cochrane.
Prayer service at 7.30 Tuesday evening

METHODIST CHURCH
Sunday services: Preaching at 10.45 a. m., Sunday school at 12.15 p. m. Prayer and praise service at 6.30 p. m.
Class meeting at 7.30 Thursday evenings.
Rev. C. E. Eaton, pastor; residence, Main street.

EPWORTH LEAGUE
President, George H. Perkins.
Prayer service at 7.30 Tuesday evening.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, (at the Center.)
Sunday services: Preaching at 10.45 a. m., Sunday school at 12.15 p. m., prayer and praise service at 7.30 p. m.
Prayer service at 7 30 Thursday evening.
Rev. A. T. Ferguson, Pastor, Main street.

Y. P. S. OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
President, Arthur Smith.
Prayer meeting at 7.30 Tuesday evening.

Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F.
Regular meetings, Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

HAND IN HAND LODGE, No. 29, D. OF R.
Regular meetings, second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

EPHRAIM WESTON POST, G. A. R.
Regular meetings, Second and Fourth Friday evenings of each month, at G. A. R. Hall, Jameson Block.

ANTRIM BRASS BAND
Morris E. Nay, leader; meets Monday evening at G. A. R. Hall.

ANTRIM COMMANDERY, No. 541, U. O. G. C.
Meets first Friday evening in each month.

ANTRIM GRANGE, No. 98, P. OF H.
Meetings, first and third Wednesdays in each month.

FRANK W. BUTLER CAMP, S. OF V.
Regular meetings, first and third Wednesdays, at Engine Hall.

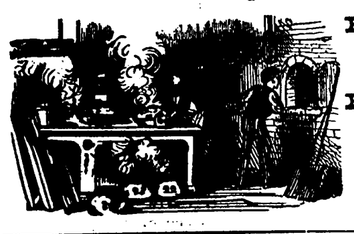
BENNINGTON GRANGE, No. 207
Meetings, second and fourth Wednesdays in each month, at Town Hall.

Y. P. S. OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
Meetings, Tuesday evening at 7.30, at vestry.

MERRIMACK ENGINE CO., No. 1
Meetings, first Saturday evening each month at Engine Hall.

BENNINGTON.

Antrim Bakery. L. F. Wyman.



Bread,
Cake,
Fancy Busouits
AND
Crackers.

The NATION'S PRIDE.

The Standard Rotary Shuttle
SEWING MACHINE.

It has run the world around, it has captured the Highest Awards at the World's Columbian Exposition, Where it took

Two Medals and Five Diplomas.

The "Paragon" Sewing Machine,
$19.50.

The best low priced Machine on earth. Call and see for yourself and get price.

The Columbia Bicycle, 21 1-2 lbs., $100
" Hartford " 27 and 24 lbs., $60 and $80

Also second-hand Bicycles of all makes. Call and get prices.

J. A. BALCH, Antrim.

Have you seen those

OAK TABLES for Only $1.25,

size of top 20x20 inches, with bottom shelf.
A big seller. If you want one we have it.

If you wish for anything in the line of

... FURNITURE ! ...

We Can Save You Money.
We are also Head-quarters for

Artists' Materials

of every description, including Drawing Materials, Canvass, Stretchers, Impression Paper, etc.

C. M. Freeman & Co.,
Depot Street. Hillsboro Bridge.

FROM THE FRONT.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

It was a two story frame house, painted white and with green blinds, and it stood a little way back from the road that wound through a narrow valley between low hills of second growth timber. In front of the house was a big, heavily fruited cherry tree. A boy was perched upon a ladder among the branches, filling a tin pail with the ruby fruit, his fingers flying as if he were competing with the birds, who seemed to think they had a mortgage on all the cherries in the neighborhood. But his haste had another cause. His mother had but a moment before told him that when he had filled the pail three times he might go to the postoffice, a mile farther down the valley, and inquire for the mail.

The boy knew his mother to be quite as anxious as he that the trip should be made to the postoffice. For more than a week his daily visit after the mail had been fruitless, and he was certain she was worrying, in spite of her usual air of cheerfulness, for the head of the little family was at the front, wearing a blue uniform, and vague rumors were afloat of a bloody battle in Pennsylvania.

Singularly enough, the mail had lately failed to bring newspapers, as well as letters, and it had not been possible to borrow from the neighbors as usual. The boy and his mother had not talked much on the matter; but, whatever his mother thought, he suspected bad news in the papers—news that would explain why there were no letters. He was impatient to go to the postoffice, but he dreaded the visit, too, and this made him climb down the ladder slowly when at last the pail was filled for the third time.

As his feet touched the earth he heard the rattle of wheels, and looking around he saw Deacon Nelson's big bay horse and decent black democrat wagon, driven by the deacon himself, draw near. The deacon's countenance, which was generally smiling and jolly, was very solemn now, and the face of the deacon's wife, who sat on the back seat under a

DRIVEN BY THE DEACON HIMSELF.

jingham parasol, was tear stained. As the deacon slowly got out of the wagon and tethered the horse he asked, with a fine show of cheerfulness:

"Has your mother heard from the older in a day or two, John? No? Well, Marthy and me was just driving by, and we thought we'd make a little visit, you see, just to ask how your corn crop was getting on, you know." Then, to his wife in an undertone, he said: "Now, be careful, Marthy. It's all right; it's all right. It must be all right, I tell you."

The deacon was one of the chief pillars in the church of which the boy's father, before going to the front, had been pastor, and, like all in that neighborhood and similar neighborhoods, the deacon always spoke of his minister as "the older." This minister had been outspoken in his patriotism during the first year of the war. During the second he had induced many of the neighborhood's [illegible] men to enlist. Early in the third he had himself marched away as their captain, with the young men from his own congregation who had offered themselves to their country. If the boy was doubtful about his father's safety before the deacon spoke, he was not afterward. It seemed to his young mind as if the deacon has said between his audible words:

"The older is killed, boy! Do you hear? Killed!"

John hurried into the house with his pail of cherries, kissed his mother and started on a run for the postoffice. It was a hot day, but he did not mind the heat. It is doubtful if he knew it was hot. He thought only of the bare possibility that he might get a letter addressed to his mother or himself in his father's dear handwriting, and he ran till nature was exhausted and he had to stop and rest under the shadow of a big buttonball tree by the side of the road. When he had regained his breath, he started on again, but this time at a more moderate pace, and as he approached the little general store where the postoffice was kept his footsteps lagged. He was afraid he would receive the same answer that he had for days.

"Nothing today, sonny. Tell your mother the papers missed this week. No, there is no letter. I swan, I wish there was."

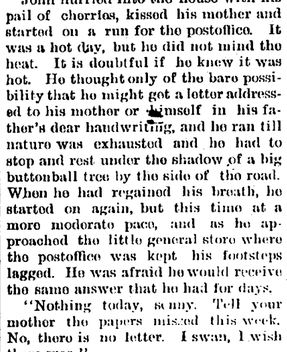
That was just the answer the boy did receive when at last he crept into the store between rows of two tined hayforks and wooden hand rakes, but there was this addition by the kindly old postmaster to the dreaded words that told the story of no mail:

"Tell your mother that we may get another mail today, and if we do we'll send anything that comes for you right up."

There was no regular service to the little postoffice, for no railroad ran through the narrow valley, but the mail was brought from the county seat, 11 miles distant, at intervals by any one who went that way.

During the boy's weary homeward tramp through the dust and under the burning rays of the sun he thought only of how he should tell his mother there was still no mail.

When he reached home, he found a half dozen white haired farmers, all clad in Sunday black, standing about the yard under the shade of the trees. There were no young or middle aged men there, for all such in that neighborhood had gone to the war with their beloved



"NO, THERE IS NO LETTER."

preacher. As the boy entered the yard one of the men hastily stuck a newspaper, from which he had been reading to the others, into his pocket.

In the little parlor of the white house there were several women younger than Deacon Nelson's wife. Their husbands were soldiers, too, and at the front with the preacher. The boy's mother was sitting in the center of a circle of kneeling women, her eyes set and tearless, but there was a sound of subdued sobbing from some of the others. The deacon was just beginning a prayer.

"Dear Lord, our heavenly Father," quavered the deacon in tender and reverent tones. Then he stopped. What was that?

The boy's ear was not the only one that caught the sound of fife and drum, the fife playing merrily, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys, Rally Once Again"—you know how it sounds, reader—while the drumsticks were beating out the time in lively measure.

A moment more, and the rattle of a wagon coming down a stony slope in the road was heard. Then there was a cheer, and the fife and drum changed to "Yankee Doodle." Presently the wagon, in which sat the postmaster himself, the blacksmith, the cooper and the boys who were playing the fife and drum drove noisily up. The old postmaster almost fell out of the wagon and stumbled up the path to the door. He was quite breathless, but he held aloft in his hand a big yellow envelope.

"It's from the older, brethren! It's from the older!" he gasped. "I know his handwriting, and the postmark is since the battle. Open it, ma'am," he said to the boy's mother, "and read it out."

Everybody gathered around her as she took the missive, but it wasn't opened just yet, for she fainted before she could cut the envelope. It was not long. It said:

"Dear Wife and Son John—I have been hurt a little and lay on the field all night, but it is not serious, and I shall not even have to go to the hospital. So do not be worried. We have won a great victory, and our God will keep me safely to the end and bring us all together again."

"Let us sing the Doxology, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'" said Deacon Nelson, while his eyes streamed. Then they all sang with the spirit and the understanding also. When the singing was over, the newspaper that had been hidden from the boy was brought out. It told of the battle of Gettysburg, and the name of the older was in the list of the missing.

The older did live to come home again, and on every Decoration day since the establishment of that beautiful holiday he has made a talk over the soldiers' graves in the little cemetery back of the church in the valley, of which he is still pastor. I. D. MARSHALL.

BACTERIA OF PHOSPHORESCENCE.

How the Meat In a Butcher's Shop May Become Luminous.

That the flesh of certain animals, especially marine fishes, could often exhibit the phenomenon of spontaneous light was noticed as long ago as the days of Aristotle, but it is only within the present generation that the true cause has been made known. In 1676 a Dr. Beale of Yeavil, in Staffordshire, published in The Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society a curious instance of the kind and mentioned as a possible explanation that the stars were exceedingly bright that night and the weather warm and gentle. A woman of that town had bought a neck of veal, which seemed perfectly good in every respect. On the following evening about 9 o'clock the neck of veal "shined so brightly that it did put the woman into great affrightment." She roused her husband, and he, seeing whence the light proceeded, endeavored to extinguish it by beating the veal and eventually plunging it below water, but in vain. At last he found he could extinguish the light by wiping the meat with a cloth. The next day the joint was cooked, and certain neighbors who had seen it giving light were invited to partake of it. All esteemed it as good as any they had eaten. Many similar cases of meat becoming phosphorescent are on record. In 1492 it was a frequent occurrence at Padua, and during the early years of last century it became so prevalent in New Orleans that several butchers were almost ruined, since their customers considered such meat unfit for food, and much of it was thrown into the river. Coming to the present day, Nuesch describes how the whole of the meat in a butcher's shop became luminous in one night.

The first recorded experiments to determine the cause of such cases were made by Dr. Hulme in 1800, and from his results he was led to conclude: 1. That putrefaction was not the cause, for as decay advanced the light gradually decreased; moreover, in the case of phosphorescent meat there was no offensive smell. 2. That spontaneous light was a constitutional principle of some bodies, incorporated with their whole substance just as any other principle, and that it was probably the first principle that escaped after the death of marine fishes. This plausible solution has since been displaced by the discovery that bacteria were invariably present in phosphorescent sea water and on phosphorescent meat, and that directly or indirectly the light was due to their agency.

With regard to the conditions under which these various micro organisms can produce light it has been found that temperature has a good deal of influence. According to Ludwig, a piece of meat remained luminous as low as 14 degrees below zero. Heated gently in a tube over a water bath, it was still phosphorescent at 30 degrees, but at 40 degrees ceased to emit light. Bacterium phosphorescens does best between 15 and 25 degrees, but Tilanus and Forster proved that it could live below zero. When kept at 35 degrees for a few minutes, its luminosity disappeared, but on cooling returned.

If, however, it was kept at that temperature for 15 minutes, its power of producing light was permanently lost. As to the manner in which the bacteria produce the light, there is still much research needed. As Hulme found in 1800—and his observation as since been repeatedly confirmed—putrefaction does not assist phosphorescence. The light producing bacteria are unable to do their work in a substance on which the putrefactive organisms are growing, and as soon as decay is fairly advanced the light altogether ceases.

The presence of oxygen appears to be an essential, for the colonies will only give light on the surface of the culture medium, where they can have free contact with the atmospheric oxygen. This gas, however, is not essential for the life of the bacteria. They will grow in an atmosphere of hydrogen or carbonic acid gas, but under such conditions will not produce light. Apparently it is not necessary for the colonies to be grown in the light of the sun, for cultivations made in complete darkness have been found to emit light as readily as those grown in daylight. When it has been decided whether the bacteria are in themselves phosphorescent, or whether they are so only by virtue of their products, there will still remain the further problem of the nature of the phosphorescence itself.—Knowledge.

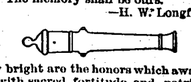
OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

Beautiful Tributes and Great Thoughts by Poet and Sage.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest,
On this field of the grounded arms,
Where foes no more molest
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

* * * * * * *

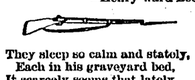
Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers.
Yours has the suffering been;
The memory shall be ours.
—H. W. Longfellow.



How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that died for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be ere long in every village and in every neighborhood a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements decay them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder that we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your households bright. Now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free and given to all. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by and by be confessed, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.
—Henry Ward Beecher.



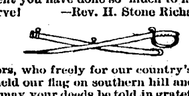
They sleep so calm and stately,
Each in his graveyard bed,
It scarcely seems that lately
They trod the fields blood red
With fearless tread.

They marched and never halted.
They scaled the parapet.
The triple lines assaulted
And paid without regret
The final debt.

The debt of slow accruing
A guilty nation made;
The debt of evil doing,
Of justice long delayed—
'Twas this they paid.
—Theodore P. Cook.

Oh, brothers, the days grow longer, and the nights like a glory shine,
And the love of our souls is stronger than the heat and the fire of wine.
We were foes when the guns were frowning from the walls that were grim and steep.
Now the grass and the blossoms are crowning the graves where our heroes sleep,
And the years with purpose are pregnant, though our swords are red with rust,
And right in the world is regnant, and wrong lies prone in the dust.
—Thomas S. Collier.

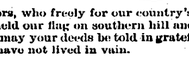
O my country, my country! Heart of my heart and life of my life! O ye dead who died in our defense, whose eagle eye grew dim in the smoke of battle, and whose brave hearts stopped beating at the cannon's mouth! The sons and daughters of America will not forget thee! You, my comrades, have two immortalities. One you will take with you beyond the stars. The other will live forever in the deeds you have done, in the glorious flag and government you have done so much to honor and preserve! —Rev. H. Stone Richardson.



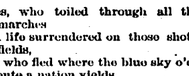
Soldiers, who freely for our country's glory
Upheld our flag on southern hill and plain,
Long may your deeds be told in grateful story.
Ye have not lived in vain.

Brothers, who fought for more than empty honor
That all our land united might be free,
May shine forevermore upon our banner
Each star for liberty.

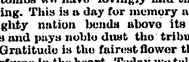
Heroes, who toiled through all the dusty marches
And life surrendered on those shot plowed fields,
To ye who fled where the blue sky o'erarches
Tribute a nation yields.
—William H. Randall.



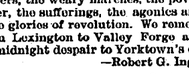
This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring. This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves and pays noble dust the tribute of its love. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart. Today we tell the history of our country's life, recount the lofty deeds of vanished years, the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men, of men who made our nation great and free. Today we remember the defeats, the victories, the disasters, the weary marches, the poverty, the hunger, the sufferings, the agonies and above all the glories of revolution. We remember all —from Lexington to Valley Forge and from that midnight despair to Yorktown's cloudless day. —Robert G. Ingersoll.



Yield not to grief the tribute of a tear,
But 'neath the forefront of a spacious sky
Smile all exultant, as they smiled at fear
Who dared to do where doing meant to die.
So best may comrades prove remembrance dear,
So best be hallowed earth where soldiers lie.
—Francis Howard Williams.



Bring flowers to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs and of roses white and red
The dwellings of our dead, our glorious dead.
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime
And wild war music bring anew the time
When they who sleep beneath
Were full of vigorous breath
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
Holding in strong right hand
The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the north.
—Henry Peterson.



Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea.
Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed.
Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free,
Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,
Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed,
Wave the starred banner from seacoast to sea.
Grateful the living and honored the dead.
—Samuel F. Smith.

Pencil Wood.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the old world. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.—Paper Makers' Monthly Journal.

The Lean Admiral.

Admiral Ito, who is in command of the victorious Japanese fleet, is, like most of his compatriots, a man of very small stature, with a thoughtful and sympathetic face, narrow forehead, deeply wrinkled by study, and a distinguished and aristocratic bearing. His chief physical characteristic is extreme thinness, which has earned for him among his devout sailors the nickname of "The Lean Admiral."

HOW HE GETS HIS CUE

HE DOESN'T HEAR THEM, BUT "PICKS THEM UP" PROMPTLY.

A New York Actor's Way of Overcoming a Physical Defect—He Studies the Faces of the Other Players and Counts So as to Tell When to Speak.

Perhaps the most important detail for an actor to master in stage technicalities is the trick of picking up his cue quickly.

Every stage manager knows how important it is that that should be done. The slightest hesitancy in a quick conversation between the lines spoken by different people will surely spoil the scene.

The regulation way for actors and actresses to learn their parts is to also learn the cue, as well as their own lines. Perhaps it is well to tell the uninitiated that the cue consists of the last few words or the last sentence spoken by the other actor. Every part not only contains what the actor is to speak, but also the cue. Most stagefolk will tell you that it is more difficult to learn the cues than it is the lines, as they often convey no meaning to the mind.

Everybody in New York who goes to the theaters knows or has seen Joe Holland, as he is familiarly called. No one would suspect, to see Mr. Holland's rendition of the parts he plays, that he does not hear the cues.

However, that is a fact. Mr. Holland inherited deafness. His father was deaf, and his brother, Mr. George Holland, the Philadelphia manager, is also slightly affected that way.

It would seem to the average thinker that Mr. Holland would have found his infirmity a serious handicap in the dramatic profession. On the contrary, so cleverly has he managed it that it has been almost an advantage to him. Trivial noises do not disturb him, and in consequence he is able to give his whole mind, unaffected by any interruptions, to the work in hand.

Of course Mr. Holland is not absolutely "stone deaf," as the saying goes. He is what is generally termed "hard of hearing."

Now as to how he picks up his cues when he doesn't hear them.

He studies not only his own part, but also the entire lines spoken by other people when he is on the stage. He commits these to memory perfectly. So well does he learn them that he knows just how long it takes for them to be spoken. When he is facing the actor of whom he is to get his cue, of course he can readily tell when his turn comes by the movement of the other's lips or the expression of the face. He says, though, that the expression of the face is what he relies on most. He pays very little attention to the lips, because most people have a habit of moving the lips involuntarily even when they are not speaking, a trick that would easily lead him astray. The expression of the face, however, is a sure cue. It never fails him and always is the same.

His main reliance, however, is on a system of counting. He knows just how long it will take for each speech to be said. He times that speech by a certain number of counts. When he has counted the right number of times for the speech, he knows that it is his turn to speak. This is absolutely necessary when his back is turned toward the other actor.

As, for instance, Mr. Holland comes on the stage, his line is:

"Well; I've returned."

He then turns around to lay down his hat, and the other person says:

"But you were very late in getting back."

As soon as Mr. Holland turns he begins to count. When he has reached eight, he says in a nonchalant way, no matter what is happening:

"Well, aren't you glad to see me back?"

Long experience has shown him that in this way he picks up his cue just as promptly and perhaps more so than though he had heard it.

Mr. Holland's adroitness in this line has been the wonder of New York managers. Probably no one else knows of it, for, as is natural, Mr. Holland is a trifle sensitive on the subject.

The only drawback that he ever finds to his system arises from other faults than his own. He has never yet been caught napping except when some stage hand made a blunder or some unforseen accident occurred. This would only happen when some noise was to be made, as the ringing of a bell or the firing of a gun. In such cases Mr. Holland supposes, of course, that the property man or the stage hand is doing his duty. If, however, the property man or the stage hand does not do his duty promptly, Mr. Holland is left in an embarrassing situation.

Suppose, for instance, that in the business of a piece a bell is to be rung. It doesn't ring when it should. However, that's none of Mr. Holland's business. He naturally supposes that it has rung, and so he calmly says:

"Ah, there goes the bell. Go to the door, Mary!" And just after he has said it the bell rings.

Or if some one is to fire a pistol and Mr. Holland is supposed to be listening for the report with rapt attention, and when it should go off says, "At last he has fired," and no one has fired as far as the audience can discover—well, in such cases the stage manager swears and somebody gets fined.—New York Herald.

A Fitting Title.

"My dear," said Mr. Nubbs to Mrs. Nubbs, "what name did I understand you to call the new hired girl?"

"Japan," replied Mrs. Nubbs sweetly.

"And, pray, why such an odd name, my dear?"

"Because she is so hard on China, love." And the domestic entente cordiale remained serene.—Detroit Free Press.

The glove is first mentioned as a common article of dress in 1016.

Poor Zaggles.

Jinks—For a professional humorist Mr. Zaggles looks remarkably sad eyed and melancholy.

Binks—Yes. You see every one who has children insists upon telling him all the smart little things they say in the hope he will put them in the papers.—Life.

An Advised Silence.

He—Darling, my salary has been raised $500 a year, but you mustn't tell your father.

She—Why not?

He—He might get the idea that I could support you.—Brooklyn Life.

Apprehensive.

"Thieves," read the head of the family "are going about appropriating everything loose."

"Heavens! My bloomers!" was Maud Edith's unguarded exclamation.—Indianapolis Journal.

The New Art.

Paynter—What was the reason that the committee of judges refused to exhibit Pallet's new picture in the salon?

Krayon—Why, everybody who saw the picture could tell at a glance what its subject was.—Chicago Record.

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