The Antrim Reporter.

VOL. XII. NO. 41 — ANTRIM, N. H., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 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

D. W. COOLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office over Jewelry Store of C. O. Kimball
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.
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Gen'l Insurance Agent
—AND—
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CONVEYANCING AND PROBATE BUSINESS A SPECIALTY

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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
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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.

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.
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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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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.
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Antrim, Apr. 24.

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General Job Teaming and Dealer in Wood, Coal and Hay.
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The Town having purchased the Town Histories of the Committee, offer them for sale while they last, at
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WILLIAM TITUS,
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Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Specialties controlled by us. Highest Salary or Commission paid weekly. Steady employment the year round. Outfit free; exclusive territory; experience not necessary; big pay assured workers; special inducement to beginners. Write at once for particulars to
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The surest and safest cure for all forms of headache that has ever been discovered or devised. They
Cure Headaches
—nervous or bilious—because they tone up the nerves and stomach: not by deadening sensibility to pain. They are so harmless and so easy to swallow that a child may take them.
25c. a box of 10 crackers—cure 10 headaches.
EAMES BROS., Manchester, N. H.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE WITH INDIANS.

He Was the Sole Passenger In a Stage That Was Attacked The Driver Was Killed, and the Preacher Attempted to Take His Place A Lucky Tumble.

The Cheyennes and Kiowas were on the warpath in 1867. Stage stations were attacked and burned, telegraph wires were torn down and thrown into wells, and all regular communication on the overland trail was abandoned. It was the duty of Captain Powell to establish the stations, leaving a guard of two or three men at each, and to push on toward Fort Lupton. The country was swarming with Indians, and small parties of white men moved only under great peril. At one point along the river the command met a stage, which presented an amusing sight. On the top sat five men, armed with long guns and revolvers, while from the inside peered a woman and three children. The captain persuaded the party to place itself under his protection, as a coach had been attacked the day before and the driver killed. At the Wisconsin ranch the coach and the dead body of the driver were brought in. The lining had been cut out and the woodwork was riddled with bullets. The savages had torn open the mail sack and distributed the letters over the plains, after tearing them open as if in search of money.

The next day at a spot called Living Springs, 40 miles north of Denver, a long, lank individual walked into camp. The stranger called for the officer in command and was conducted to Captain Powell.

"The man introduced himself as a Methodist minister from Denver," said Colonel Powell. "I asked him how he happened to be so far from home. He replied by saying that he wanted to borrow a gun. 'If a coach comes through,' said he, 'I want to go along and kill some of those red devils that were after me yesterday.' I asked the man to sit down and tell his story. He did so, saying that he was in the coach whose driver was killed the day before. I looked at him in astonishment, but he told his story in such a straightforward way that I believed it. He explained that the day before was quite warm, and after dinner he had pulled off his coat and boots, and being the only passenger in the coach had stretched himself across the seats inside and gone to sleep. His story went as follows:

"'I had not been napping very long when I was awakened by the most infernal yelling I ever heard in my life. I looked out the window and found that 30 or 40 Indians had attacked the coach and were pouring volley after volley into it. The driver had turned the horses, and we were making remarkable speed toward Godfrey's ranch. A shot struck the driver, and he fell off the box dead.

"'Then I thought my only chance of safety lay in reaching the boot and getting hold of the lines. I climbed out of the door, crawled into the seat left vacant and discovered to my dismay that the lines had fallen between the horses and were dragging on the ground.'"

Continuing his narrative, Colonel Powell related the story as it came from the lips of the minister. The Indians continued their frightful shouts, and the terrified horses plunged forward at a pace that threatened to wreck the coach. The minister climbed down to the tongue of the coach and made a wild grab for the lines. At the same moment the coach lunged across a gully in the sand which had been formed by a storm the day before. The minister lost his hold and fell headlong into the washout. The coach passed over him, and a moment later the pursuing Indians dashed by on horseback after the coach and horses.

The minister lay perfectly still for several minutes. Then he peered over the plain to see that the coach had been stopped a short distance away and was being robbed. The minister saw only one means of escape. The Indians would certainly return for his scalp, and his only safety was in a bold dash for the Platte river, several hundred yards away. The river was wide and swift, and he might succeed in crossing to the opposite bank. The project was carried into execution. In his stocking feet the white man made a dash through 300 yards of cactus. Two red devils attempted to head him off, but the thoroughly aroused minister of the gospel far outclassed the natives of the plains as a sprinter. With a prayer upon his lips he plunged into the muddy water and reached a small island in the center of the river.

Looking back to the shore, what was the astonishment of the man to see two strangers, apparently white men, standing and beckoning him to return. The Indians had retired, and the two newcomers were officers of Fort Lupton, who were returning to the fort after a hunting trip along the river. The minister swam to shore and was escorted to a place of safety.

Colonel Powell remained at Fort Lupton for several months until the Indians quieted down and danger had passed away. Then he hauled down the flag and abandoned the post, marching to Denver in order to cross the Platte river, on his way to Fort Laramie. At that time the only bridge on the Platte river between the Missouri river and the mountains was at Sixteenth street in Denver.—Denver News.

Australia's Rich Men.

A large number of the millionaires who constitute the plutocracy of Australia and who practically rule the roost out there are, if not ex-convicts, at any rate the offspring or descendants of individuals who made the trip out in manacles and who left home for their country's good. This is one of the reasons why colonial magnates—no matter how wealthy, generous and respectable—are always looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion.—Chicago Record.

Are an Index to Age.

An acute observer has noticed that all the young women riders on the wheel wear skirts, while the elderly females go in for bloomers. There is one thing certain—let this observation be spread broadcast, and there won't be a bloomer visible anywhere. No woman would ever wear a garb that proclaimed her age. It is agin nature.—Philadelphia Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

SKEPTIC BROWN.

Brown was the sworn foe of superstition. He derided all the good old saws and he jeered at omens. It was his one hobby, this warfare with the believers in signs and portents. There was no mercy in him for the credulous. He laughed at broken mirrors. Nothing pleased him better than to see the new moon over his left shoulder. The ever recurring terror of 13 at a table he had reduced to a mathematical problem to be solved through the law of chances and the statistics of life insurance actuaries. Three mornings in the week he put on his right shoe first. On the other four the left preceded the right. Last, but not least, he had taken lodgings in a rather poor neighborhood because it abounded in white cats, and the likelihood of one of the unlucky animals crossing his path was thereby greatly increased.

These things did not add to his popularity. Most men shunned him. So did some women, though their aversion to him interested no one but themselves, for Brown would have been a misogynist had he been able to cherish two great hatreds simultaneously. Sometimes, though, he longed for more friends of his own sex. He had but two or three, and he could not preach to them always. There was a point at which they rebelled, and when that point was reached Brown felt alone in the world.

So at last, through growing dread of isolation, he came to spare these two or three, which proves that the man of one idea may learn in the school of bitter experience. Even when, out of the goodness of their hearts, they now and then cleared the lists for him to break a lance in his favorite cause he declined the challenge—sometimes. And then the others began to fear for his health.

"Your trouble, Brown, is that you lack an actual test," observed Ferguson, on one of these occasions of combat declined. "You're theoretical. You've never faced a ghost nor heard a supernatural voice. Now, if you only could have something uncanny happen."

Ferguson paused, partly because he thought he had said enough in the way of encouragement, but more because his cigar demanded attention. Randall nodded approval of the curtailed sentiment. The three had been dining together and were lingering over the coffee.

"No, I've escaped so far," Brown answered slowly. "At least—well, nothing has occurred to shake my common sense. Truth is, though, I may be able to tell you something convincing in a few days. Last night I had what some fools would call a warning."

"What?" cried Randall.

"You had?" asked Ferguson incredulously.

"I had a dream," Brown continued. "I don't know where the scene was laid or whether there was any. But I held a bit of newspaper with edges jagged, as if it had been torn from the sheet. On one side was what seemed to be an account of a curious accident to a sound steamer which was run into by a schooner whose jib boom pierced the wall of a stateroom and impaled the occupant. The name of the steamer was missing."

"And the passenger's name?" queried Randall.

"It was not to be found in the part of the article before me."

"Sure it was a sound steamer?" Ferguson asked.

"Yes. Something in the context made that clear. There was no hint of the date. I turned the paper over, but found on the other side nothing but part of a table of stock quotations. Great Eastern common had closed at 20—that's all I remember to have noticed."

"I'd like to see the stuff there even in a dream," said Ferguson feelingly. He ventured into Wall street occasionally.

"No doubt you would," said Randall. "But, Brown, where's the warning? Are you going down east?"

"Yes. I'm due in Boston next Saturday morning. And I always go by boat."

"This time too?"

"Certainly," responded Brown with dignity. "This time of all times."

"Well, I'd stay ashore if I were you," Randall counseled. "As a boy I had my fill of trying to see if things were loaded."

The skeptic smiled a superior smile.

"I have already arranged for the trip," he announced. "This morning I reserved a stateroom on the Yankeeland—she's next Friday's boat. In short, I propose to prove so conclusively the"—

"Precisely," said Ferguson, rising from the table in some haste, "we realize what you expect to prove, old man. I know you think it too good a chance to be wasted; but, just as a friend of yours, I'd get out an injunction to keep you from going—I would indeed—if it were not for that quotation of Great Eastern at 20. In view of such a freak of midnight phantasy I guess I won't have you dragged into court. But you ought to be fined for dreaming such a thing and unduly exciting the imagination of the honest poor, who've put good money into that stock."

Brown's friends bade him good night at the door of the restaurant.

"Well, what do you think?" said Ferguson to Randall, as they walked up town together.

"Oh, if anybody else had had such a dream I'd be worried," said Randall to Ferguson. "But Brown won't be even frightened—more's the pity. By the way, he has loaned me one of his scientific antighost books. I'm going to read it as a personal favor to him—that is, if I can. It's heavy enough, though, to make me doubt my ability to finish it." And he took a tighter grip on the neatly wrapped volume he had tucked under one arm.

To Randall, at work in his office the following Saturday afternoon, appeared Ferguson, who thrust a newspaper into his hand and dropped into a chair beside his desk.

"Look at the stock table!" gasped the caller.

"Um! What of it?" Randall asked.

"Great Eastern at 20."

"So I observe. Insiders have boosted the stuff, that's all."

"Now read an item on the first page third column, about half way down."

"All right," said the other. "Hello!" he added a moment later, "that's odd, isn't it?"

"Odd! It's terrible. Poor Brown!"

"It's odd, very odd," Randall repeated. "So the Yankeeland was in collision, eh? Nothing said about anybody being injured."

"They've suppressed that part," groaned Ferguson. "Poor old Brown! Can't we do something? Let's go to his rooms. They may have had word there."

"Very well," said Randall, rising and putting on his hat. "I'm with you. But if I were you I wouldn't give up hope by any manner of means."

As the pair approached the house in which Brown had lodgings that gentleman opened the door and came down the steps. Ferguson gave a cry of relief at sight of him. Randall laughed softly. "You didn't take the boat then?" he asked.

"No, I was—er—detained," Brown stammered. "I'm going to Forty-second street now to catch a train."

"Have you seen the papers?" Ferguson put in. "Great Eastern run up, and the Yankeeland run down. Notice it?"

"I've read the items," Brown confessed. "Curious coincidence, so to speak, wasn't it? I—I don't know just what to make of it."

"You've been saved in spite of yourself. You ought to be mighty thankful," said Ferguson, a little warmly.

"Oh, I'll be honest with you," responded Brown with an effort. "I wasn't actually detained—that is, I might have caught the boat. But it had occurred to me—I had four days to think things over, you know—that perhaps by staying in town and waiting to see if the Yankeeland met with an accident I'd have just as good a chance to prove the falsity of the omen."

"Do you call it proved false?"

"Um! Hardly, hardly," said Brown. "An unfortunate incident, very unfortunate, I must say. It has almost unsettled my convictions." And he glanced about him nervously.

"You'll be taking a car at the corner," said Randall. "We'll toddle along with you."

The three had advanced hardly 50 feet when Brown dashed from between his companions and ran to the gutter.

"Look out!" he cried. "Don't you see those painters at work overhead? They're on a ladder. Don't walk under it. It's unlucky."

No sooner had this peril been avoided than he dropped to his knees and fell to picking at a crack in the sidewalk.

"Horribly unlucky to pass that," he explained, lifting a pin from the crevice.

"So I've been told," said Randall, with a chuckle. Ferguson lacked words appropriate to the occasion.

They halted at the corner, but Brown pretended not to see the first car which passed. The others saw it very plainly. It was No. 13. They put their friend aboard the next, which proved to have a number above suspicion.

"This affair beats me," said Ferguson soberly. "What ails Brown anyway?"

"Nothing much," replied Randall, "only he's gone from one extreme to the other. He didn't believe anything. Now he believes everything. That's all."

"I don't blame him—after such an escape."

"You think the spirits warned him?"

"Who else?"

"One Brown."

"He warned himself? Impossible!"

"Not at all. His own memory did the business."

"Memory of something to happen in the future! That's nonsense."

"No more nonsense than his newborn fears."

"I give up the conundrum. What's the answer?"

"I can't tell you in a word. You recollect the book he lent me the other night, don't you? Well, he'd been reading it the evening before—at least so he told me—and that was the evening preceding the vision. When I got home, I took off the old newspaper in which the book had been wrapped and fell to skimming—skipping about, you understand. Pretty soon I found a piece of paper stuck between two pages, evidently to mark the place where Brown had stopped. Not being much interested in the book, I began to look over the slip—and what do you suppose it was? The very fragment Brown had seen in his dream!"

"Eh?"

"Yes, sir. The very same. Then I thought of the paper which had been around the book, picked it up from the floor"—

"Go on, man. Go on!" cried Ferguson.

"And found that the small piece just fitted a hole in it. That newspaper was nearly six months old, as it had to be to contain a quotation of Great Eastern at 20. It was clear enough what had happened. Brown, when he tore off the slip to stick in the book, read both sides of it without really knowing what he was doing. Then he must have dreamed about it, and you know as well as I do what resulted."

"But the accident to the steamer—it was a sound steamer"—

"Puget sound. The item was reprinted from a western paper and was duly credited. There has been a curious coincidence, that's a fact, but the warning theory is rather spoiled."

The pair strode on in silence for a time. At last Ferguson turned toward his companion with a question:

"When are you going to tell Brown?"

"Not for some time," said Randall decisively. "Nature has a way of averaging up things. Brown has a lot of believing to do to make up for his unbelief. You wouldn't have me interfering prematurely with the benevolent processes of nature, would you?"—New York Times.

A Matter of Doubt.

Dixon was imperturbable.

It was necessary that he should be so, for Dixon was coachman to a rich and fashionable family, and he knew the requirements of his position.

He sat upon the box as if he were carved stone, but there was behind that impassive countenance an intelligence which was at times almost startling.

He was thus sitting at 11 a. m. of a bright and glorious morning when the fair and gracious daughter of the house tripped lightly down the steps and approached the elegant carriage at the curb.

Dixon recognized her coming by a movement as if to sit straighter on the box, though that were impossible.

The young woman stopped as her dainty foot touched the carriage step.

"Dixon," she said.

"Yes, miss," Dixon responded, looking square to the front.

"Drive me to the nearest place where I can be measured for a bicycle suit."

"Yes, miss. Dressmaker's or tailor's shop?"

For a moment the fair creature's face was a study. Then it filled full of smiles and bubbled over in rippling laughter.

And Dixon's imperturbability was intensified.—New York Sun.

Not Public.

"Here!" cried the war correspondent petulantly. "I believe you are concealing facts from me."

The king of Dahomey led him aside. "The truth is," whispered his majesty, "my amazons have reported several engagements with foreign troops, but I don't believe they care to have them made public just yet. You know how girls are about such things. Yes."

It having been a day of triumph in the gay capital the monarch confined himself to a club soda.—Detroit Tribune.

Duns In Green.

A collecting agency operating in Maine towns is employing a scheme that is said to be a great success in bringing slow paying debtors to time. The first move is made by a young lady of great personal attractiveness, whose business it is to call on the merchants and secure their membership in the agency. After she has thoroughly canvassed a town there come along in a few days a number of men dressed in bright green coats, who get the particulars of old debts and debtors from the members and then proceed to call on their victims. The contract provides that the horribly conspicuous collectors shall make 15 calls a day on each creditor if settlement is not soon made. Many hard cases pay up rather than be haunted by the green coated specter.—Waterbury (Conn.) American.

A Sample.

Sub—Here is a letter from Anxious Subscriber.

Chief—What does he want to know?

Sub—He wants to know how long a man would live if there were no such thing as death.—Spare Moments.

A Case In Point.

Teacher—As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Do you quite understand what that means?

Scholar—Yes, sir. When bicyclists grow up, they'll walk stooping.—Lon.

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, 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 if 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 60 cents for the empty bottles and case. Address Moxie Nerve Food Co., Lowell, Mass., or apply to Goodwin's Cash Store, Antrim.

Old Letters!
The stamps on them are worth at least a trifle, and possibly considerable, if in good condition. Send me what you have, state your price, and I will either return pay or the stamps. If afraid to trust me, send description.
L. M. LIBBEY,
10 Elmwood Street,
West Somerville, Mass.

Shipman Engine! For Sale Cheap! Apply at REPORTER OFFICE, Antrim, N. H.
In good repair; been used easy and with great care; is of about 1 1-2 horse power; and will be sold cheap for cash if applied for soon.

HER LETTER
TELLS A WOMAN'S STORY.
Written for Eyes of Other Women.
[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]
There is inestimable pleasure in doing good to others, and joy in a grateful recognition of the act.
On the old York Road, Huntington Park, Philadelphia, dwells Miss M. Downs, whose portrait we give. She desires that her case may be stated as a means of benefiting others. She says: "*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound has cured me of Kidney trouble, painful menstruations, and headaches. It is truly a wonderful medicine. I cannot describe my feelings before I took it. The pain in my back was dreadful, and during menstruations the agony I suffered nearly drove me wild; and then my head would ache for a week, and now this is all over, thanks to your good remedy. I trust my testimonial will lead others to take it and be cured. They can find it at any drug store. Our druggist says the demand for it is very large, it is helping so many sickly women."

BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF FOR PAIN TRADE MARK
Prepared by the NORWAY MEDICINE Co., Norway, Me.
YOUR MONEY REFUNDED,
If it fails to benefit you when used strictly as directed on the inside wrapper. Try a bottle. Sold by all dealers.
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STOVES and RANGES,
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Consists of a larger Steel ball revolving on 3 smaller ones in a Malleable Iron Socket. Cannot break. Cannot get out of order. Cannot wear out. It is everlasting. Runs easily in any direction. Suited to all kinds of Furniture, Pianos, Organs and Trunks—4 by mail $1.00—Manufacturers and Dealers write for prices.
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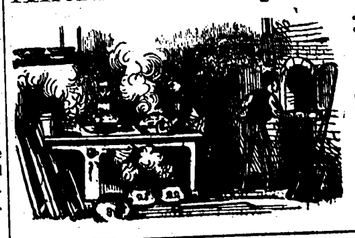
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The Antrim Reporter

Published every Wednesday.

H. WEBSTER ELDREDGE,
Publisher and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1895.

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

The Mora claim has been paid by Spain, amounting to $1,449,000.

The gold is constantly being watched. It has dropped to about $96,000,000.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad has purchased the Valley road property, and it is said the price paid was $3,070,000.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage of Brooklyn has accepted a call to Dr. Sunderland's church at Washington, to be the latter gentleman's associate, in the First Presbyterian church in that city.

On Monday one experienced what might be termed "cool comfort" while reading in the papers of snow a foot deep in Colorado, while here the thermometer stood at 90 the greater part of the day.

A scheme to disqualify Negroes from holding office has been ripening in South Carolina of late. It is quite probable that the frost of purer politics will injure the crop before it ripens sufficient to harvest.

A New York Central train is a record-breaker. It recently run 436 1-2 miles in 407 minutes. This is said to be one of the best road-beds in the Union, and doubtless all other conditions were favorable for making this high rate of speed.

President Dole of Hawaii has liberated from prison Ex-Queen "Lil," and has pardoned 47 political prisoners. A sharp watch, however, is kept over the Ex-Queen, and upon the slightest provocation she will probably be taken into custody again.

Sunday was a hot September day, and for a steady thing was hotter than on any September day for a number of years. Monday was not very cool, although the mercury did not reach within several degrees of the day previous in this place; Tuesday was cool and comfortable.

It has been very gratifying to read the glowing accounts of the National Encampment at Louisville, and to know that the South greeted the North with such generous hospitality. It was not so at one time, but people and circumstances have changed, and without doubt Col. Henry Watterson voiced the sentiment of his people in an editorial in the Courier-Journal:

"We know the Southern people, and we know the Northern people, and we know that there is no material reason for calling the one Southern and the other Northern except for geographical designation. And knowing this, we know that all ignorance that the war is over, though harbored in newspaper offices where general intelligenae is not to be questioned, is simply the product of insularity and provincialism."

Lecture Course.

The several Young People's Societies connected with the churches in town are talking up the advisability of holding a lecture course at the town hall the coming season. Committees from some of the sàcieties have already been appointed, and others doubtless will be, when these will meet and make further arrangements, of which we shall keep the public informed. The idea appears to be to give first-class entertainments, and to secure only that class of talent which will ensure full houses upon each evening during the course.

In Memoriam.

Seldom has this community been so shocked and pained as at the announcement of the sad and sudden death of Mrs. W. R. Call. She died Sabbath evening, Sept. 22, leaving a husband and five children in the deepest sorrow. Mrs. Call was an excellent woman,—of peaceful and kind spirit, faithful, attractive and efficient. She was a "keeper at home," and truly it could be said of her, "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." It could almost be said that she "laid down her life for her family," though with a mother's patient and happy willingness. No language can measure the loss of such a wife and mother. "The light is gone out of the home!"

Mrs. Call was a native of Fairlee, Vt., and was 45 years of age. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Eaton of the Methodist church, on Tuesday, the 24th, and were largely attended. Mr. Call's associates in the handle department of the Goodell Co. factory attended in a body. Kindness and sympathy were manifested on every side,—for all which the sorrowing family are deeply thankful.

Teachers' Institutes Arranged.

Fred Gowing, Superintendent of Public Instruction, has so far perfected arrangements for Teachers' Institutes, to be held as follows: Nashua, High school teachers, Sept. 27 and 28; Bath, Oct. 2; Milan, Oct. 4; Center Harbor, Oct. 7; Henniker, Oct. 9; Marlboro, Oct. 11; Sutton, Oct. 16; Sunapee, Oct. 18; Salem, Oct. 23; Strafford County, place to be determined later, Oct. 25; New Ipswich, Oct. 30; Carroll County, at Ossipee, Nov. 8 and 9. It is probable that the State Teachers' Institute will be held in Concord the first week in November.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Geo. W. Wilson has recently had an ill-turn.

Mrs. John A. Balch has been on the sick list of late.

Miss Edith Baxter is visiting with friends in this vicinity.

Harry Simonds was in town Tuesday on a business trip.

Master Ivan Balch was confined to the house by illness last week.

C. H. Tenney is repairing and reshingling his house at Elm Farm.

Hon. N. C. Jameson of New York was at his home here over Sunday.

Shoats and pigs for sale. Apply to G. E. Hutchinson, Antrim.

Lost.—A Fireman's Badge. Finder will please leave same at Reporter Office.

Mrs. William Gibney spent a portion of last week with her sister in Boston.

Shipman Engine for sale at a bargain. See advertisement in another column.

Christian Workers hold a service on Sunday afternoon next at West Deering.

Frank S. Worthley has secured employment in Boston, and has left for that city.

Rev. B. H. Lane has his daughter, Alice, from Newton Junction, N. H., visiting him.

E. C. Paige was confined to his house several days last week on account of illness.

Mrs. F. G. Putney of Manchester, spent a part of last week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Austin.

Quite a number from this village attended the Town Fair at Hancock Tuesday of this week.

Miss Myrtie Bryer, who has been stopping at Tilton several months, has returned to her home here.

The smoke in this section was quite dense on Tuesday morning, giving evidence of large forest fires.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith, from Tilton, were guests over Sunday of Mrs. Mariett F. Nesmith.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Muzzey have returned to their home here, after a few weeks' stay at Greenfield.

George D. Darrah and Henry L. Beeching left this morning for Brattleboro, Vt., to attend the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Connor and two children, from Henniker, are with her sister, Mrs. William Weston.

H. S. Norwell has a change of advertisement in this issue. He tells of his millinery department. Read it.

C. F. Davis, the clothier, will occupy the house of William Hurlin, recently vacated by Fred Ellsworth.

Have you called at the New Shoe Store in Jameson Block? Read announcement elsewhere.

Will Weston went to Milford Saturday to assist the Methodist people at that place with their Sunday services.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hutchinson, who have been visiting relatives here, have returned to their home in Somerville, Mass.

We want a young man to learn the printers' trade. A grand opportunity for the right person. See advertisement in another column.

Emerson & Son, Milford, have a change of advertisement in this issue. Their bargains may interest you. Read the advertisement.

Mrs. Clarinda Little, who has been visiting relatives and friends in town, returned to her home in Waltham, Mass., Tuesday of this week.

To-day at the Baptist church occurs the semi-annual session of the Hillsboro County Sunday School Convention; afternoon and evening.

Morrison Bros. & Prescott have a new advertisement in this issue. It tells of great bargains and should be read by all intending purchasers of dry goods.

A herd of Holstein cattle from Hon. D. H. Goodell's Maple Grove farm was shipped Monday to Rochester, where they will be exhibited at the Fair in that place.

The household goods of Mr. McKean, who has purchased the St. Surveur farm at the Branch, were carted through this village on Monday of this week. Mr. McKean's horses, five in number, are being cared for at the Antrim House stables.

The Locust Grove Grange Fair, which was postponed from Wednesday last to Saturday, proved to be one of ordinary interest. The crowd was good size, the exhibits up to the average, and everything passed off in a very pleasing manner to the committee in charge.

Lost—A pocketbook, in front of Putney & Little's store, on Saturday evening last. A person passing about this time was seen to stoop and pick up something. The finder of the pocket-book will save further trouble by leaving the same at the Reporter office at once.

The water is so low that it is impossible for the Goodell Co., to run their works every day with power furnished by the aid of the water wheel. Of late the machinery has been run by their electric motors; otherwise they would necessarily have to wait for the filling up of the pond at different times.

L. F. Wyman went to Amherst on Monday afternoon, having received word that Mrs. Wyman was somewhat worse. She has been ill for a week or two, having contracted a severe cold. Mr. Wyman has not yet returned, but the bakery is in charge of Mr. Drake, and baking is being carried on.

Raymond J., youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford, died on Sunday afternoon last, after an illness of about two hours. The disease was cerebral meninginitis. The child was nine months and one week old. The services were held at the house on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. C. E. Eaton officiating. Interment was at Maplewood cemetery.

Billy Burke's Minstrels will be at Town hall, Antrim, tomorrow (Thursday) evening, Sept. 26. This is an all new show, and will appear here only one night. The manager brings with him one of the best companies which has visited this section this season, and they are artists in their chosen line. Don't miss the show. See advertisement in another column.

FIRE IN TOWN.

The Alarm Disturbs the Slumbers of Many of our People.

At about eleven o'clock on Saturday night last the bells of the village rang out the alarm of fire, and it was but a short time before the fire laddies were at their post of duty. The cause of the alarm was a fire at the brick house on corner of Main and West streets, occupied by the families of James Greene and William Renth. The fire department and its workers were promptly on the spot and a stream of water was playing upon the fire which at this time had worked its way through the roof and was under good head-way with a prospect of having a blaze of large proportions. Another stream of water was put into action from a second hydrant, and by some hard work and plenty of water the fire and smoke gradually disappeared, and the boys had the fire completely under their control, but it was some time before they left the place, and a watchman from their number was stationed there for the remainder of the night.

All the village people were out, and we have yet to hear of many who slept through the excitement. Most of our residents had retired for the night, although a few had not, but everybody went to the fire just the same.

Mr. Greene says he was the first to discover the fire, he hearing the crackling of the flames in an adjoining room, while in bed, whereupon he arose and gave the alarm. It would seem that the fire originated in the woodwork around the chimney, but the cause is not stated. The household goods of Mr. Greene were damaged to a great extent, more by water than fire; the goods of Mr. Renth were not damaged at all. There was no insurance on the household goods of either tenant

The house is the property of N. W. C. Jameson, upon which the damage by fire and water at conside able.

Floyd Brothers Co., clothiers, Nashua, have an advertisement in this issue, announcing their bargains during Merchants' week.

Concreters are busy repairing the walks in our village.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured.

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to tender our heart-felt thanks for the many acts of kindness shown us during the sickness and burial of our loved one, to the choir for the beautiful selections rendered, to the thoughtful ones who remembered us with their beautiful bouquets of flowers, and to one and all who in any way assisted us in our sad bereavement. We can only say, may God in His bounteous mercy reward you.

Wm. R. Call and Children.

Auction Sales.

By Scott & Woodbury, Auctioneers.

Will be sold by public auction on the premises in the north-west part of Antrim, the farm known as the Dustin Farm, containing about 200 acres, on Monday, October 7, at 10 o'clock, a. m. See posters for further particulars.

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

Owing to a combination of all the large steamship lines, there has been a big advance in ocean rates. Steerage rates from Liverpool and Queenstown to Boston and New York, have advanced from $15 to $26.50. The cutting of rates which has been in vogue for the past few years is now at an end and old prices will be resumed.

A contemporary says that newspaper subscriptions are infallible tests of men's honesty. They will sooner or later discover the man. If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer in some way—say he has paid what he has not—declare that he has a receipt somewhere—or sent the money and it was lost in the mail—or take the paper and not pay for it on the ground that he did not subscribe—or move off, leaving it come to the office he left.

To House Keepers.

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

Anyone looking for power of not very large volume will do well to call on or write to The Reporter. It is a Shipman (oil) engine, of about 1½ h. p., in good repair, and will be sold for less than half cost price for cash.

Chamberlain, Patten & Co., dry goods dealers of Nashua, who will be remembered as coming to Antrim at different times with an assortment of cloaks, have an advertisement in this issue. They tell of special bargains in their line during Merchants' Week in that city, Oct. 7 to 12, and invite you to their store. Read the advertisement and profit thereby.

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.

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

What Visitors Think of Antrim.

Hon. E. A. Wallace and wife and F. Low and wife of Havana, Ills., visited Antrim the first of July, stopping at Antrim House. Upon their return west, Mrs. Low wrote a letter to her home paper telling of the travels of the party, and that part of the letter referring to our town we gladly publish in our columns:

"We remained in the city of Boston two weeks, then by invitation of the Wallaces we accompanied them to Mr. Wallace's old home and birth place, Antrim, N. H., where we spent a most enjoyable week. My vocabulary was simply exhausted in praise of the beautiful and diversified scenery, pure, bracing climate and the unbounded hospitality of the people. In our drives over the country we would at every turn come unexpectedly upon little villages nestling like gems in their settings of green hill, babling brooks, streams and rivers meandering over their rocky beds and through verdure lined shores. I wondered how Mr. Wallace could ever have become a contented happy citizen of our flat uninteresting Illinois so in contrast to the beautiful hills and valleys of his native state. The answer might be its the contrast, also of that rocky hard unproductive soil to the broad rich acres he now so lovingly cultivates.

We spent the glorious Fourth in Antrim. We were told the celebratisn would begin at 7.30 a. m. If they had said 7.30 the night before it would have been nearer the truth for from that time it was bedlam let loose with the diabolical small boy and his "fire works" every where in evidence. To add to the horrible din and as a preparatory pyrotecnic display the bells rang out the alarm of fire in the small hours of the night. It proved to be no false alarm as many supposed, and the building burned to the ground.

The procession was announced by the playing of the band and the booming of cannon and formed on time and we rushed pell mell from our unfinished breakfast to see the fun. First came the "horribles" as they were called and it was no misnomer. Their aim seemed to be to "take off" the up to date woman and they succeeded. The balloon sleeves and stick out skirts coming in for their full share of caricaturing. Then came "George and Martha" in their "one hos shay," sitting stately and proud with their trunk strapped on behind. This same "shay" by the way, dates back one hundred years or more. There are always plenty of such "old heir looms" in this part of the country to be trouted out as occasion demands.

Then came the reading of the Declaratioa followed by music, a man and dog race, the inevitable greased pole, the one aspirant for the dollar on top being boosted up to get it, and all winding up with a base ball game and fire works in the evening. I think even our versatile "Uncle Jake" himself might have gotton some "pointers" for his next "Spread Eagle Celebration."

Antrim is a small village but they have a large cutlery plant owned by an ex-governor. Some beautiful homes, churches and a town hall or opera house that would do credit to a place six times as large. It's a finely finished brick structure, light and airy, with a commodious stage, electric lights, in fact all the accessories and conveniences that a modern up to date building of that kind should have. Why, O, why, have we not a similar one in Havana. And its streets are as those of all the New England towns we have visited, are immaculately clean. Another feature, if Havana was compelled to imitate would improve the appearance of our town wonderfully. And when our women have a voice in its municipal affairs, or in other words, where there are a few city mothers as well as fathers, I think it will be accomplished."

SPECIAL EXHIBIT!

Commencing

Tuesday, Oct. 1,

We shall exhibit our

Autumn Importations

of

BONNETS,
ROUND HATS,
TOQUES,
TURBANS, Etc.

You are especially invited to inspect this, the finest line ever shown in New Hampshire.

We wish to announce at the same time that the following Nashua Milliners have entered our employ:

M'LLE A. LUCIER,
MISS KATE McBRIDE,
MISS HATTIE COLLINS.

Visit our store during Nashua's Merchants' Week.

H. S. NORWELL

Dry and Fancy Goods,
Cloaks and Millinery,

97-101 Main St., Nashua, N. H.

HOOD'S the Best After Dinner PILLS

Biliousness Is caused by torpidity of the liver. This prevents the digestion of food, which ferments and decomposes in the stomach and causes dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness. Hood's Pills invigorate the liver, cure biliousness, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, etc. 25c; all druggists.

COAL! COAL!

Morris Burnham is prepared to fill all orders for coal.

WANTED!

At once, a young man between the ages of 16 and 20 years, to enter our office to learn the Printers' Trade. A grand opportunity for the right person. Apply at the

REPORTER OFFICE,
Antrim, N. H.

F. E. KITTREDGE, M.D.

MASONIC TEMPLE, NASHUA, N. H.

Diseases of Nose and Throat a Specialty.

Office Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8.30 p.m. Other hours by appointment.

Reference: I. G. Anthoine, M. D., A. S. Wallace, M. D.

Come and See Us

·Merchants' Week.·

October 7 to 12.

BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING.

Suits from $5.00 to $20.00.
Overcoats from $5.00 to $22.00.
Ulsters from $5.00 to $22.00.
Children's Suits and Overcoats, $2.00 to $10.00

Special inducement to out of town customers.
We can "Down them All" for Low Prices on Good Honest Goods. Your own mistake if you don't call. Leave your bundles at our store. Get your coupon for the prizes at our store, we shall have plenty of them.

FLOYD BROS. Co.,

125 Main Street. Sign Big Hat.

NASHUA, N. H.

We would respectfully call your attention to the fact that Antrim has now a shoe store that carries a full line of Ladies' and Gents' Footwear at prices that defy competition. A specialty is made of repairing.

For a few days they will sell samples of their goods at cost.

The store spoken of is the new one which has just opened in Jameson Block, Antrim, and kept by M. J. Durkee.

See this space next week for displayed advertisement.

BOYS' SUITS.

And so are all who Buy Their Clothing at

C. F. Davis' Clothing House,

Town Hall Block, Antrim, N. H.

N. B.—No Trouble to Show Goods.

C. O. KIMBALL,

JEWELER,

ANTRIM, N. H.

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.

BUY YOUR

Drugs,
Medicines, Toilet Articles,
Stationery, &c.,

At Antrim Pharmacy.

OPENING SALE!

DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY,
And CLOAKS.

U Look Around THEN COME TO US! WE ARE IN THE SQUARE

And you will find a Big Stir in our Store over the Bargains which We Here Announce,

Dress Goods

Are a specialty with us. We have the largest line we have ever shown, and among them are the richest fabrics and fashions.

5 pieces double width Serge, all wool, Navy, Brown and Reds. 29c yd.

1 piece Black French Serge, full 50 inches wide, every thread wool. 59c yd.

1 piece 50 inch India Twill, from texture never sold at before less than $1.00, and never will again, 79c yd.

Millinery.

Our Millinery showing is fresh and bright, replete with the newest and latest conceits of the millinery world. If you care to know just how much beauty can be put into a hat or bonnet, come and see us, and you do not have to pay the high prices of regular millinery stores either.

10 doz. Swiss Lawn Handkerchiefs, handsomely embroidered, 10 each.

Housek'ping Goods

At record breaking prices.

24 extra large Marseilles Quilts, no better in town for $1.50, more often you will pay $1.75, $1.12 1-2c each

1 bale wool filled Bed Comforters, 62x74, lined with print, 49c each

500 yds 16 in. Cotton Crash, soft and absorbant, Half price, 2 1-2c yd

2 pieces Turkey Red Damask, 54 inches wide, good quality, 16c yd.

2 pieces Turkey Red Damask, 58 in. wide, warranted fast color, 24c yd

10 doz. Fringed Satin Damask Doylies, 10c each

500 yds best quality Print, in short lengths, 1 to 7 yds. 4c yd

30 doz. Fancy Border Handkerchiefs, 1c each

Jackets and Capes.

Our line of Outside Garments is the largest and most complete we have ever shown, including all the latest novelties to be found in New York and Boston markets. It will pay you to examine our line before buying a garment of any kind We can and will save you dollars.

Morrison Brothers & Prescott,

At the Old Stand. Hillsboro Bridge.

CHAMBERLAIN, PATTEN & Co.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Nashua, - - - N. H.

Special Bargains

FOR

Merchants' Week.

100 prs. Wool Blankets, 11x4, Worth $2.50. $1.87

200 prs. 11x4 Cotton Blankets, Worth 75c. White and Grey. 49c

40 in. Unbleached Cotton, Worth 7c. 5c yd.

1 case 7c quality Prints, at 4c yd.

DRESS GOODS.

38 in. All Wool Serge, Former price 39c yd. All colors. 23c yd.

100 doz. 50c. Corsets, Special price 39c.

Cloak Department.

Especially Low Prices.

Our entire assortment ready for inspection.

50 pcs. All Wool and Silk Novelty Dress Goods, at Former price 50c. 39c yd.

TO THE PUBLIC:

We have just finished a large reception and waiting room. We invite you to make this your headquarters. Come and have your packages taken care of. Come and make yourselves at home.

Yours respectfully,

CHAMBERLAIN, PATTEN & CO.

SPECIAL SALE!

For the Next Ten Days.

Towels 5c. to 25c.
Some are marked down and extra values.

$1.25 Bedspreads, 95c.

20c. Handkerchiefs, 12 1-2c.
New style border.

1 lot Leather Belts reduced from 19c. and 25c. to 5c.

Ladies' $1.25 Sateen Waists, now 95c.

$1.00 Waists in White and Fancy Colors, now 75c.

Men's 50c. Shirts marked down to 39c. Light colors only.

All Summer Wash Goods reduced to cost and less, to close.

All Light Outings reduced in price to close.

A Suit of Clothes for the boy for 39c.

HARRINGTON & KIBBEY.

ANTRIM, N. H.

Putney & Little, -- Antrim

We have some of the handsomest

SOUVENIR CROCKERY

Ever offered for sale in this vicinity.

We have a fresh supply of that wonderful article,

TEXAS FLY OIL

For use to keep Flies from cattle. So much needed at this time of year.

Our supply of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Is complete, and prices are right.

Putney & Little

ANTRIM, N. H.

STATE AND COUNTY.

Items Gleaned From Different Parts of the State.

President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine road says in an interview that work will begin upon the new Manchester station in October. It is proposed to remove the freight depot southward and upon its site to erect a commodious passenger station. Queen city people are enthusiastic over having a respectable building in which passengers may take or leave trains.

The Congregational church of Durham was founded in 1656, and in the 240 years of existence it has had only 14 pastors, as follows: Edward Fletcher, 1655; Joseph Hall, 1682; John Burr, 1684; Huge Adams, 1717; Nichols Gilman, 1736; John Adams, 1778; Curtis Coe, 1780; Federal Burr, 1814; Robert Page, 1828; Alvan Toby, 1831; Henry L. Talbot, 1871; Samuel H. Burnham, 1882; Charles H. Chapin, 1890; Oliver D. Sewell, 1895.

Manchester has a peculiar child criminal who is attracting a good deal of notice. Her name is Mary Charland, and although but 16 years of age she has already stolen two horses and wagons valued at about $500. She is now confined at the jail, here she was visited by Charles Cousene, who may identify her as the person who broke into his hous at Londenderry last week.

It is claimed by old hunters and guides among the northern wildes of the state that old bucks and does know about when the close season ends, and that now they are seldom seen in the opening, where they were numerous all summer. They seem to have a leader around the lakes who gives a signal when he smells "danger from afar." This is a shrill snort, which can be heard a long distauce, especially in the night when parties are out "jacking."

B. F. Leavitt has a record of 43 years of faithful service in the employ of the Abbott-Downing Co., Concord.

"Adra Belle," the speedy gray mare owned by F. H. Foster of Tilton, won the 2.15 trot at Saugus on Thursday, and cut her record to 2:13 1-4.

A diver from the Boston Tow Boat Company is at work at the Amoskeag gatehouse putting in a cofferdam, preparatory to the work of building a new stone pier to replace the one damaged by the freshet of last spring. The diver's operations are watched with a considerable degree of interest by a large crowd.

The $50,000 bonds issued by Coos county were signed and sealed at the clerk's office Sept. 14.

The Manchester Telephone Co, with a capital of $125,000 has been incorporated under the General Laws.

The members of New Hampshire senate of '95 held a reunion at The Weirs on Saturday of last week, taking dinner at the Lakeside House and then making a trip on the lake.

U. S. Marshall, Clark Crupbell took to Portsmouth Warren F. Putnam of Exeter, whose boudsmen had that day surrendered him to U. S. Commissioner John G. Crawford at Manchester. Mr. Putman was placed in the county jail there, where he must remain until his appeal is decided, unless he can find other bondsmen.

Some fifteen years ago when a post hole was being dug near his home in Kittery, Mr. Harrison J. Philbrick found an obituary ring inscribed, "M G., May 17, 1776, act. 42." This ring Mr. Philbrick wore for a number of years, but presented it to Alex. H. Ladd, Esq, on his 80 birthday. Mr. Ladd finds upon investigation that "M. G." was his great grandmother.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Liver Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at Antrim Pharmacy.

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.

Spring Medicine

Is a necessity because the tonic of winter air is gone, and milder weather, increased moisture, accumulated impurities in the blood and debilitated condition of the body, open the way for that tired feeling, nervous troubles, and other ills. The skin, mucous membrane and the various organs strive in vain to relieve the impure current of life. They all welcome

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to assist Nature at this time when she most needs help, to purify the blood, tone and strengthen the laboring organs and build up the nerves.

"I was troubled last spring with nervous prostration and had a bad cough. I could not sleep, and would get up in the morning with a headache. At last I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I have now used six bottles. I can sleep well nights and can walk long distances." MRS. H. M. LOCKWOOD, Meridon, New Hampshire.

Purifies The Blood

"I was completely run down in health. I took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and was better in every way." ANNIE J. HOPE, North Sutton, New Hampshire.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

FOR SALE.

Light Side-Spring Skeleton Wagon. Running parts new. Apply to
LEON HARDY,
Clinton Village, N. H.

The time has passed when the term Optician" applied to those who sold eyeglasses in the same manner as other merchandise. Everyone who undertakes to fit glasses should have the information requisite for that purpose. He should possess the knowledge of Laws of Refraction, Errors and Correction of same, and the construction of Spectacles and Lenses. He should also be thoroughly acquainted with the use of the Ophthalmoscope and other optical instruments in order to detect any abnormal condition of the eye-ball, so that by the seasonable discovery of disease he may assist in the preservation of the patient's sight.

A large percentage of aches and pains in the head are due to Errors of Refraction, such as Myopia, Hypermetropia, Astigmatism, Etc. All these troubles may be corrected by glasses if properly fitted. I have recently returned from Boston, where I have been studying Optics with one of the best Occulists in New England, and am prepared to give as good advice as an Optician can. I have constructed and furnished a dark room in which I shall give Ophthalmoscoptic examination free of charge. I shall prescribe and fit glasses with a guarantee of satisfaction, at moderate prices. A full line of Opera, Field, Magnifying and Reading Glasses.

Frank S. Story, Optician

Story's Jewelry Store,
Hillsboro Bridge, - New Hampshire

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

AYER'S THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL SARSAPARILLA MAKES THE WEAK STRONG

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Good Appetite and refreshing sleep at this season indicate a condition of bodily health. These are given by Hoods Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood and good health follows.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, harmless, effective, do not pain or gripe.

REAL MERIT is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and **ONLY HOOD'S.**

IF

You Knew

that day by day slowly, but surely you are permanently injuring your eye-sight, by neglecting to provide yourself with suitable glasses, wouldn't you hasten to have them examined? *Perhaps* you don't *require* glasses. Perhaps if a pair were carefully adjusted to your sight *now*, it may save you a lifetime of regret. We make no charge for the most careful examination. If your eyes need medical treatment, we won't sell you spectacles, simply to make a sale, and let your headache continue. There will be no charge for telling what your eye trouble is, and for giving you advice, — Honest Advice.

DELMONT E. GORDON,

Graduate Optician, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

Town Hall, - Antrim,

Thursday Evening, Sept. 26,

BILLY BURKE'S

ALL NEW SHOW

BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

The company headed by the funniest man who makes you laugh, BILLY BURKE, will positively appear at each performance.
MR. JOHN H. PATTERSON, The beautiful Tenor.
PRINCE WENTWORTH, The Human Serpent.
THE BURKE CHILDREN,
PROFESSOR PRINCE, The unique Acrobat.
BURKE AND PATTERSON, Irish Comedians, Clog and Jig Dancers.
WILL T. KNIGHT, BEN WATERHOUSE and MARK PEASEE in their refined musical act.
WOOD AND HALLEN, the laughable Song and Dance Comedians are with the company.

To conclude with the laughable comedy of

BILLY TRILBY,

By the entire company.

Street parade every day at Noon.
Free Band Concert in front of hall at 7.15 each evening.
TICKETS, - - 25c. and 35c.
Now on sale at Antrim Pharmacy.

BENNINGTON.

Frank Muzzey, a former res.dent here, has been visiting in town a few days.

There was quite an attenance from this village at the Hancock town fair Tuesday.

The crop of apples in this section will be up to the average yield.

The heat in this section was very appressive on Monday of this week, and workmen at the shops actually suffered from this cause. Tuesday was cooler and all felt better.

Billy Burke's Minstrels will be at Town hall, Bennington, Friday evening of this week, Sept. 27. This is an all new show, and the manager brings with him a corps of some of the finest artists in this line that have ever visited this section. See advertisement in this paper for the show at Antrim Thursday evening.

Fred U. Sargent has returned from his trip to the National Encampment of the G. A. R., at Louisville, Ky.

ANTRIM CENTRE.

The cat show was held on Friday evening; 22 cats having been brought for exhibition. Great difficulty was experienced in awarding the prizes as all the cats had genuine claims for recognition. The first prize was awarded by public vote to Skybo Pike, Esq, exhibited by Clarie K. Pike; second prize, to cat and kittens exhibited by Mrs. C. F. Holt; third prize to S. A. Holt for a China cat, and to Henry K. Loring. Other cats deserving special mention were exhibited by B. C. Butterfield, Mrs. Clara Loveren, Mrs. A. T. Ferguson and Herbert Worthley. The cats soon became accustomed to the surroundings and made a really interesting exhibition. The pie supper was well patronized. A large number of the audience had their fortunes told, and the band played well for the concert.

Mrs. Mary B. Newman has been quite ill.

Cyrus J. Whitney, Jr., has a new cow.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Buchanan of Rockingham, Vt., have been spending a few days in town.

BRADFORD.

George Andrews is filling his silo.

George Wright is back home from his duties at Mount Sunapee station, where he has been in charge through the summer.

J. D. Chase had a horse get hung in the pasture, and one stifle was thrown out of joint.

The hottest day thus far was last Sunday, 104 in the shade.

Quite a job of concreting is being done in the village by Mr. Alpin of Hillsboro. John French has had his driveway concreted, others have walks made.

Miss Marguerite Presby has gone to Franklin to work.

Miss A. H. Eaton is teaching again in Andrews district, No. 7.

Miss Sadie Wells of Scytheville is teaching at the Centre.

Dogs got into the flock of sheep owned by Page Cofrin and killed 11 of them.

The people of the Centre wished to have a public watering trough, the water to be brought from a well belonging to Mrs. Polly West 40 rods of pipe was bought by subscription, and the men near the Centre to the number of 18, dug the ditch on Thursday last.

Wise Sayings From The Western Plowman.

To err is human; to pardon is the province of the governor.

Be as much concerned about making some woman a good husband as in getting a good wife.

Make haste slowly—very slowly if you are going viceward.

If you are struck with a good idea don't arbitrate, but yield at once to the strike.

The love of money may be the root of all evil, but the abuse of it is the trunk and branches.

When vice is used as a multiplicand and idleness as a multiplier, the product may be found in our prisons and jails.

It is interesting to read the Horr-Harvey debate and see how so many words can be used in saying so little.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding La-Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Antrim Pharmacy. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

HANCOCK.

TOWN FAIR —About one month since it was decided that the town of Hancock should have a Fair, and every effort was put forth by all interested to make this a success. It is called the annual fair, and properly too, as similar ones have been held here for many years past, with the exception of last year. The day was set for Tuesday of this week. and the committee, who were greatly assisted by Dame Nature, worked hard and their labors were rewarded in a way in which they had anticipated. The day was just what was wanted— a perfect Fall day—not hot, but just cool enough to make it comfortable for man and beast. The crowd began to gather early, and by afternoon several hundred people were on our streets, and looking over the exhibits, the stock, watching the races, and witnessing the drawing matches

The exhibits of fruit, vegetables, and the like, were quite up to the average, and showed that our farmers and farms were in a prosperous condition. The stock exhibit was good, showing several breeds of oxen, cows, sheep, horses and colts. The display of fancy work showed a fine assortment of ladies' work, and good taste in its making was noticable.

The drawing match by oxen and horses was witnessed by a large number, and quite interesting it proved to be—not all of the cattle were extra good "pullers" by any means, while some took the load along without any ceremony whatever.

The races and contests, which took place on the common, were amusing and caused lots of sport. The slack wire walking by Prof. Moseley was done to perfection, and enjoyed by all who saw it.

A nice feature of the day was the Antrim Brass Band, who furnished excellent music upon the stand erected for their especial use.

As a whole the day was well spent and enjoyed by those present.

The fakirs did a good business apparently; as did those who dispensed lemonade, tonics, peanuts, and the like.

NORTH BRANCH.

Harry Sawyer is home on a short visit. We were glad to see Ephriam among us once more.

Miss Florence Wilson of Brookline, Mass., is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Husk.

Four generations were recently represented at the table of Mrs. A. Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. McKean, the new owners of the St. Sauvuer farm, have arrived from Missouri.

S. S. Sawyer and A. B. Crombie were in Boston last week on business.

FRANCESTOWN.

A horse belonging to parties in Hollis was being driven up into the street Tuesday, 10th inst., when it suddenly dropped in its tracks. It was unhitched and taken to the field back of the hotel where it died in a few minutes. Cause of death, colic.

The house occupied by C. F. Sleeper was newly shingled last week.

The Francestown Improvement Association did not meet Wednesday evening, 11th inst., on account of the severe thunder storm of the afternoon and night

Mark Chandler is at work for T. E. Bixby.

Miss Maidelle Cummings of Somerville, Mass., added beautiful melody to our church music Sunday last by the use of her violin.

Mrs. Fipphen has gone to work at Hotel Mayfield in Greenfield.

GREENFIELD.

G. L. Allen, station agent, has been quite sick of late, but is now more comfortable.

Dr. Hutchinson of Milford has been in town on his annual hunting expedition, and with the assistance of two men, 2 dogs and 2 guns, cooped 11 birds the first day—five partridges and six woodcocks.

Miss Ida S. M. Fletcher is teaching school in Lyndeboro'.

I. R. Burtt is building a carriage shop on the Bennington road near J. L. Hill's.

DEERING.

Mrs. Ellen Brown and Mrs. Isaac Smith are so ill as to require medical attendance.

Mrs. Nancy Collins and Mrs. David Travis visited in Henniker Friday with Mrs. Nancy Stearns.

Frank Senter, wife and two daughters, of Reed's Ferry, were recent guests of his brother, James E. Senter and family.

Neol S Dickey of Boston is visiting relatives and other friends in this, his native town.

Mr. Freligh of Nashua was in town Friday tuning pianos and organs.

Jessie Brown and family visited in Hillsboro Wednesday.

Several families in this vicinity attended the Locust Grove Fair each day.

There was a Pink tea party at Geo. C. Patten's Friday evening; a goodly number present. The proceeds were for the Methodist society.

H. W. Burgett of Boston offers to build and equip the proposed Derry and Chester Electric railroad for $60-000.

H. F. Wheeler of Peterboro has been granted a patent on a magazine-pistol, through C. A. Snow & Co., at Washington, solicitors of American and Foreign patents.

Work Wanted.

Any intelligent man or woman seeking employment and ambitious to make from $40 to $150 monthly, can secure same by addressing Globe Bible Publishing Co., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. No capital required, nor stamp for reply. Young man or woman wishing to earn a few hundred dollars in the next two months preferred.

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

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.

Kimball & Roach.

BOOTS and Shoes,

CLOTHING,

HATS and Caps,

FURNISHINGS,

Store full of goods all the time.

Kimball & Roach's,

Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H.

"GLOW" NIGHT LAMP.

Burns its own gas, leaving no smoke or odor of any kind. During the past week we have been burning 12 in our window proving by actual experiment that 3c worth of kerosene oil will supply light every night for a month.

Price Only 25c.,

Or with Fancy Decoration, 50c. Printed directions with each Lamp. Will be forwarded, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

PARLOR STOVES.

The famous Richmond Heaters, which stand without a peer, are found with us at same price as you pay for second rate stoves elsewhere. We warrant them to be as represented or money refunded.

OIL HEATERS

In great variety. just the thing for temporary heating; can be run at an expense of 1c. an hour.

Emerson & Son,

House Furnishers.

South and Union Sts. Milford.

Boston & Maine Railroad

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PETERBORO AND HILLSBORO' BRANCH, VIA CONCORD.

Arrive. a.m.	p.m.	STATIONS.	Leave. a.m.	p.m
12 05	6 40	Keene	7 00	2 35
11 25	5 57	Peterboro	7 40	3 10
11 10	5 43	Elmwood	8 05	3 35
10 51	5 03	Bennington	8 10	3 40
10 46	4 54	Antrim	8 15	3 5
10 33	4 37	Hillsboro	8 48	3 59
10 17	4 20	W. Henniker	9 02	4 11
10 12	4 16	Henniker	9 07	4 16
9 59	4 04	W. Hopkinton	9 18	4 27
9 53	3 57	Contoocook	9 25	4 35
9 30	3 35	Concord	10 15	5 00
	1 00 lv	Boston ar	12 30 p.m.	7 10 p.m.
a.m.	p.m.			

PETERBORO' AND HILLSBORO' BRANCH, VIA HANCOCK JUNCTION.

Arrive. a.m.	p.m.	STATIONS.	Leave. a.m.	p.m.
11 37	6 07	Hillsboro'	7 30	2 15
11 24	5 52	Antrim	7 45	2 50
11 16	5 48	Bennington	7 49	3 11
11 09	5 43	Elmwood	8 00	3 35
11 05	5 37	Peterboro'	7 40	3 10
9 50	4 20	Nashua	ar. 9 08	4 46
9 14	3 43	Lowell	9 50	5 25
8 30	3 00 lv	Boston	ar. 10 40	6 30

Departure & Arrival of Mails.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

7.30 A. M. For Bennington, Milford, Keene, and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M. For Greenfield, Francestown, Bennington, Hancock, Keene, and all stations north and south of there.
12.00 M. For Bennington and Keene.
2.30 P. M. For Greenfield, Francestown, Bennington, and all points East, South and West.
3.25 p. m. For Hillsboro and Concord.
4.35 p. m. For Bennington, Hancock, Keene, and way stations; also Boston, and all points West and South.

ARRIVAL.

At 8.30, 11.00, 11.45 A. M.; 3.10 and 8.10 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.

Y. 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, Mrs. A. T. Ferguson.
Prayer meeting at 7.30 Sunday 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.

BENNINGTON.

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.

THE MILD POWER CURES
Dr Humphreys' Specifics
are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for nearly half a century by the people with entire success.

NO.	SPECIFICS FOR
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations.
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...
3	Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults....
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic...
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.....
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache....
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo...
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods....
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods.....
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness....
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.
15	Pain in the Back, Side or Joints...
16	Fever and Ague.....
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding.....
18	Ophthalmy, Sore or Weak Eyes.....
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs....
21	Asthma, Oppressed Breathing.....
22	Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing.
23	Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swelling
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness
25	Dropsy, and Scanty Secretions.....
26	Sea Sickness, Sickness from Riding
27	Kidney Diseases, ...
28	Nervous Debility.....
29	Sore Mouth, or Canker.....
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed....
31	Painful Periods.....
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation
33	Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance...
34	Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria...
35	Chronic Congestions & Eruptions...

"77" for HAY FEVER

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for $1.00, (may be assorted), except Nos. 28, 33 and 35, put up in $1.00 size only.
Dr. Humphreys' Manual (Enlarged & Revised), MAILED FREE.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 109 Fulton St., New York.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL "THE PILE OINTMENT."
For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fissure or Fistula, Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.
PRICE, 50 CTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CTS.
Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York

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L. S. BOWMAN & CO., Attorneys at Law, Mem. U. S. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

FINIS.

Love, bearing many burdens through the world,
Came to the place where burdens are laid down.
Smiling she stretched her patient hands for more.
"These things are past," said one, "take now thy crown!"

Love, always humble, even most beautiful,
Drew back, as if such guerdon to deplore,
To whom the rosy angel softly sighed,
"The crown of loving is to love the more."
—C. M. Packard in Youth's Companion.

THE CAR GHOST.

All draped with blue denim—the seaside cottage of my friend, Sara Pyne. She asked me to go there with her when she opened it to have it set in order for the summer. She confessed that she felt a trifle nervous at the idea of entering it alone. And I am always ready for an excursion. So much blue denim rather surprised me, because blue is not complimentary to Sarah's complexion—she always wears some shade of red, by preference. She perceived my wonder; she is very nearsighted, and therefore sees everything, by some sort of sixth sense.

"You do not like my portieres and curtains and table covers," said she. "Neither do I. But I did it to accommodate. And now he rests well in his grave, I hope."

"Whose grave, for pity's sake?"

"Mr. J. Billington Price's."

"And who is he? He doesn't sound interesting."

"Then I will tell you about him," said Sara, taking a seat directly in front of one of those curtains. "Last autumn I was leaving this place for New York, traveling on the fast express train known as the Flying Yankee. Of course I thought of the Flying Dutchman and Wagner's musical setting of the uncanny legend, and how different things are in these days of steam, etc. Then I looked out of the window at the landscape, the horizon that seemed to wheel in a great curve as the train sped. Every now and then I had an impression at the 'tail of the eye' that a man was sitting in a chair three or four numbers in front of me on the opposite side of the car. Each time that I saw this shape I looked at the chair and ascertained that it was unoccupied. But it was an odd trick of vision. I raised my lorgnette, and the chair showed emptier than before. There was nobody in it certainly. But the more I knew that it was vacant the more plainly I saw the man, always with the corner of my eye. It made me nervous.

"When passengers entered the car, I dreaded lest they might take that seat. What would happen if they should? A bag was put in the chair—that made me uncomfortable. The bag was removed at the next station. Then a baby was placed in the seat. It began to laugh as though some one had gently tickled it. There was something odd about that chair—13 was its number. When I looked away from it, the impression was strong upon me that some person sitting there was watching me.

"Really, it would not do to humor such fancies. So I touched the electric button, asked the porter to bring me a table, and taking from my bag a pack of cards proceeded to divert myself with a game of patience. I was puzzling to put a seven of spades. 'Where can it go?' I murmured to myself. A voice behind me prompted, 'Play the four of diamonds on the five, and you can do it.' I started. The only occupants of the car besides me were a bridal couple, a mother with three little children and a typical preacher of one of the strictest sects. Who had spoken? 'Play up the four, madam,' repeated the voice. I looked fearfully over my shoulder. At first I saw a bluish cloud, like cigar smoke, but inodorous. Then the vision cleared, and I saw a young man whom I knew by a subtle intuition to be the occupant, seen and not seen, of chair No. 13. Evidently he was a traveling salesman—and a ghost. Of course a drummer's ghost sounds ridiculous—they're so extremely alive! Or else you would expect a dead drummer to be particularly dead and not 'walk.' This was a most commonplace looking ghost, cordial, pushing, businesslike. At the same time his face had an expression of utter despair and horror which made him still more preposterous. Of course it is not nice to let a stranger speak to one, even on so impersonal a topic as a four of diamonds. But a ghost—there can't be any rule of etiquette about talking with a ghost! My dear, it was dreadful. That forward creature showed me how to play all the cards and then begged me to lay them out again, in order that he might give me some clever points. I was too much amazed and disturbed to speak; I could only place the cards at his suggestion. This I did so as not to appear to be listening to the empty air and be supposed to be a crazy woman. Presently the ghost spoke again and told me his story.

"'Madam,' he said, 'I have been riding back and forth on this car ever since Feb. 22, 189—, seven months and 11 days. All this time I have not exchanged a word with any one. For a drummer that is pretty hard, you may believe. You know the story of the Flying Dutchman? Well, that is very nearly my case. A curse is upon me and will not be removed until some kind soul—But I'm getting ahead of my text. That day there were four of us, traveling for different houses. One of the boys was in wool, one in baking powder, one in boots and shoes and myself in cotton goods. We met on the road, took seats together and fell into talking shop. Those fellows told big lies about their sales, Washington's birthday though it was. The baking powder man raised the amount of the bills of goods which he had sold better than a whole can of his stuff could have done. I admitted the straight truth, that I had not yet been able to make a sale. And then I swore—not in a light minded, chipper style of verbal trimmings, but a great, round, heaven defying oath—that I would sell a case of blue denims on that trip if it took me forever. We became dry with talk, and when the train stopped at Rivermouth we went out to have some beer. It is good there, you know—pardon me, I forgot that I was speaking to a lady. Well, we had to run to get aboard. I missed my footing, fell under the wheels, and the next thing that I knew they were holding an inquest over my remains, while I, disembodied, was sitting on a corner of the undertaker's table, wondering which of the coroner's jury was likely to want a case of blue denims.

"'Then I remembered my wicked oath and understood that I was a soul doomed to wander until I could succeed in selling that bill of goods. I spoke once or twice, offering the denims under value, but nobody noticed me. Verdict: Accidental death, by negligence of deceased. Railroad corporation not to blame. Deceased got out for beer at his own risk. The other drummers took charge of the remains and wrote a beautiful letter to my relatives about my social qualities and my impressive conversation. I wish it had been less impressive that time. I might have lied about my sales, or I might have said that I hoped for better luck. But after that oath there was nothing for it. Back and forth, back and forth, on this road, in chair No. 13, to all eternity. Nobody suspects my presence. They sit on my knees—I'm playing in luck when it is a nice baby, as it was this afternoon! They pile wraps, bags, even railway literature on me. They play cards under my nose—and what duffers some of them are! You, madam, are the first person who has perceived me, and therefore I ventured to speak to you, meaning no offense. I can see that you are sorry for me. Now, if you recall the story of the Flying Dutchman, he was saved by the charity of a good woman. In fact, Senta married him. Now I'm not asking anything of that size. I see that you wear a wedding ring, and no doubt you make some man's happiness. I wasn't a marrying man myself and naturally am not a marrying ghost. And that has nothing to do with the matter anyway. But if you could—I don't suppose you would have any use for them—but if you were disposed to do a turn of good, solid Christian charity—I should be everlastingly grateful, and you may have that case of denims at $72.50. And that quality is quoted today at $80. Does it go, madam?'

"The speech of the poor ghost was not very eloquent, but his eyes had an intense, eager glare which was terrible. Something—pity, fear, I do not know what—compelled me. I decided to do without that white and gold evening cloak. Instead I gave $72.50 to the ghost and took from him a receipt for the sum, signed J. Billington Price. Then he smiled contentedly, thanked me with emotion and returned to chair No. 13. Several times on the journey, although I did not perceive him again, I felt dazed. When the train arrived at New York and I, with the other passengers, dismounted, it seemed to me that a strong hand passed under my elbow, steadying me down the steps. As I walked the length of the station my bag—not heavy at any time—appeared to become weightless. I believe that the parlor car ghost walked beside me carrying the bag, whose handle still remained in my other hand. Indeed once or twice I thought I felt the touch of cold fingers against mine. Since then I have no reason to suppose that the poor ghost is not at rest. I hope he is.

"But I never expected or wished for the blue denims. The next day, however, a dray belonging to a great wholesale house backed up to our door and delivered a case of denims, with a receipted bill for the same. What was I to do? I could not go about selling blue denims. I could not give them away without exciting comment. So I furnished the cottage with them, and you know the effect on my complexion. Pity me, dear! And credit me, frivolous woman as I am, with having saved a soul at the expense of my own vanity. My story is told. What do you think about it?"—Elizabeth Pullen in New York Advertiser.

Fire Apparatus In the American Colonies.

The early settlers in America paid no attention toward protecting themselves against fire, and the different colonies had grown into fair sized communities with several industries well established before any steps were taken in that direction. About the earliest mention of a definite method of fire protection was made at Salem, Mass., in 1644, when each inhabitant was ordered to be supplied with a ladder under penalty of a fine of 5 shillings. These ladders were undoubtedly made in Salem or in the immediate vicinity, and one might readily say that here began an American industry that is now carried on so extensively in many places and under a multitude of different forms. In 1648 four fire wardens were appointed in New York city. These men passed a law to fine every one whose chimney became foul or whose house was burned by his own carelessness. The money so obtained was to be used in the purchase of ladders, hooks and buckets. These were not provided, however, until some years later.

Boston also took steps in this direction, and on the first day of the twelfth month of 1653, or, by the modern method of computation, on Feb. 1, 1654, the following entry is found in the town records:

"The selectmen have power and liberty hereby to agree with Joseph Jynks for Ingins to Carry water in Case of fire if they see Cause soe to doe."—John G. Morse in Popular Science Monthly.

An Ole Bull Statue.

Jacob Fjelde, the Norwegian sculptor of Minneapolis, has been selected to design a statue of Ole Bull, the famous violinist. Norwegians all over the United States are to be asked to subscribe to a fund to meet the expenses of erecting the memorial, which will be of bronze, and will be placed in Minnehaha park, or one of the other parks in the city of Minneapolis.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAYSEED.

He Didn't Talk Much, but When He Did He Frightened the Crook.

It was while Tom Byrnes was superintendent of police that one day a middle aged man walked into a popular Greenwich street restaurant and called for a broiled beefsteak. Men do that every day, but this particular man wore long hair, which was brushed behind his ears, and had a smooth face, save a little tuft of chin whisker. He was dressed in a gray suit and carried a carpet satchel.

There was no question that the man was from the "rooral destrict," for one could almost see the hayseed in his unshorn locks, and his pockets were apparently bulging with corn husks. The stranger had no more than seated himself when a well dressed, smart looking young man entered and took a seat at the same table. He also ordered a steak. In due time they were served. The countryman went to work industriously and was soon enjoying his meal. Not so his vis-a-vis. The young man complained that his meat was tough—tough as sole leather.

"How's yours, stranger?" he asked.

"Mine's all right," was the reply, with a nasal twang.

But try as he would the young fellow couldn't induce the other to talk with him. Finally he said it was a shame to serve such a steak. He declared he believed the cook had wiped the floor with it, it was so full of grit.

The stranger looked up, and fixing a piercing gray eye on the young man quietly but significantly remarked:

"If Byrnes knew you were down here, you would be eating worse steak than that."

The young fellow turned pale and dropped his jaw, also his knife and fork. His appetite seemed to have suddenly left him. He called for his check, paid it and left the restaurant in a hurry.

It was Ike Vail, who was "sent up" afterward for swindling a man with a Confederate $50 bill.

The mysterious strange man was none other than—"but that's another story," as Kipling would remark.—New York Journal.

Unexpected Way Out of It.

"What would you do if you were hounded and boned and dunned and threatened by a creditor, all for a little bill of $2.50?"

"Hang me if I wouldn't pay it."

"Thank you, old man; thank you. I hadn't thought of that."—Chicago Record.

HE JUST STANDS STILL.

That Is His Business, and He Makes Fun For the Crowd.

Any man can have lots of fun in this world if he only knows how to start out for it. No hard work is necessary. This is proved by the fact that the man who probably furnishes more fun for himself and other folks than any single individual on or off the stage doesn't do a single thing but stand still.

Probably every man, woman and child in Chicago has seen standing in front of a big business house at the corner of Clark and Madison streets a tall, well built colored man, wearing a bottle green coachman's livery, white helmet and white gloves. His name is Alphonso Costello. He was formerly a member of the city police force and has been a private detective and a constable. His duty now is really only to attract attention to the house where he is employed and to act as usher to patrons who come in carriages.

Some men would get mighty tired and lonesome with nothing to do but stand in front of a big store all day, but he doesn't. Whenever time hangs heavily on his hands and he feels the need of recreation, he strikes a statuesque position and fixes his eye on the advertisement of a "sure death to cockroaches" sign across the street.

The attitude never fails to attract the attention of passersby. As soon as one person stops to satisfy himself whether "it" is a statue or a real, live man the fun begins. Everybody else stops to look too. The comments of the crowd make no impression on the figure standing before it. Then the more inquisitive—and that doesn't bar the gentler sex—begin poking with parasols or their fingers "to see if the thing will move."

Alphonso catches his breath and another crowd. He repeats the trick maybe 20 times a day, and it always works to his satisfaction and that of the clerks inside.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A TRUE HERO.

Though a Complete Physical Wreck, a Chicago Man Lives For Others.

Eighteen years a physical wreck, laid upon his back, with the principal joints of the body as rigid as iron, and yet with a brain as bright and active and useful as many of the most active men of Chicago, describes the condition of one whom we often see as we pass his office window. He is a lawyer and has quite a good paying business, although to see him you would wonder how he could hold a pen. He is the editor of a paper called The Cripples' Friend, which is bright and cheery. He is the head of a society for the relief of the needy, but especially cripples, by raising funds for them and getting suitable employment and places of usefulness suited to each case. He is also attorney for some society that seeks the enforcement of law and the protection of innocent people from imposition, and he is ready to assist the churches in their work and do good in all directions.

This man is an example of what a Christian can do under difficulties by the grace of God. Many would say that they could do nothing, but depend on others to be fed and cared for as babes. But not so with this man. He not only maintains himself, but makes himself a blessing all around. With no hope of ever rising from his cot, except as lifted by other hands, he patiently works and waits for the coming of his Lord. How many there are who, with strong, healthy bodies, use their powers only to drown their souls in destruction and perdition!—Christian Instructor.

The Motionless Tiger.

Now and then a soldier has been found kneeling on the battlefield as if about to take aim at the enemy, but stone dead. A bullet in the brain had converted him into a statue of himself. Captain Forsyth, in his "Highland of Central India," tells of a similar effect produced by an explosive shell on a tiger.

The captain, while in the howdah of his trained elephant hunting a tiger, saw the beast crouching under a bush on the bank of a ravine. He got a steady shot and fired a three ounce shell at the tiger's broad forehead.

To his surprise, for the distance was but 30 yards, there was no result. Not a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot.

He rode round a quarter of the circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, but looking intently in the same direction. Growing more and more amazed, the captain rode nearer, with his rifle on full cock, but the tiger did not move. Then he caused the elephant to kick the beast. The tiger fell over. He was stone dead. The shell had struck him full in the center of the forehead, burst in his brain and killed him instantly.

Servants Who Will Not Take Tips.

The servants in a well ordered Japanese household are the most deferential beings alive. Every time they bring you a cup of tea or come to remove a dish at dinner or breakfast, they will kneel and bow until their foreheads touch the floor. Nor will any of them accept a fee. The other night, as we left the residence of the Japanese gentleman where we had been taking dinner, one of his servants piloted us through the grounds to the gate, where our carriage was waiting, and I attempted to give him a small coin. When I offered it, he clasped his hands together and made a very low bow, keeping his head down until the carriage started.—Chicago Record.

No Heaven For the Unmarried.

An unmarried man or woman of marriageable age is something that is rarely seen in the Fiji islands. The reason of this is not far to seek. The natives believe that if a person dies while in an unmarried state his or her soul is doomed to wander about through endless ages of eternity in an intermediate region between heaven and hades. At the end of each moon they are allowed to look into heaven, but are never permitted to enter.—St. Louis Republic.

Hadn't Changed His Opinion.

The eminent author and actor had just finished a most lively recital of an adventure that had happened to him during the summer.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"It is great," said the newspaper man.

"I knew you would think so, and if you want to print it"—

"I don't know about printing it, but I still think it is a great story. I thought so last winter when I wrote it."

The rest was silent.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Primitive Gun.

As soon as the forces of the explosive gases developed by the burning of powder became known the old style weapons disappeared, and firearms took their places. The first of the kind was a small gun barrel fastened to a long pole and fired with a slow match. Shot stones, balls of lead, iron bolts and fireballs to set buildings on fire were propelled with this apparatus. Only a short distance could be shot with these primitive guns. The old and clumsy siege machines which threw heavy stones by means of a spring rope were changed into siege guns.—Iron Age.

BREVITIES

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The colossal fortune of the late Duke of Brunswick is likely to lead to endless litigation.

Henri Duncan, founder of the International Red Cross society, is reported to be living in Geneva in the direst poverty.

Ex-Governor Bob Taylor of Tennessee is as fond of his fiddle as ever and entertains his friends with rollicking ditties as of old.

Miss Alice Strauss, daughter of the waltz king, Johann Strauss, has become engaged to the painter, Marquis Feri Boyros.

It is said that the Marquis of Queensberry gives away more in proportion to his means than any other man in the British peerage.

Sam Wilkinson of Washington, Ind., has only five children; a brother in England has 32; a sister has 16 at 37 years of age. His grandmother had 22.

The mother of Mrs. Jack Gardner, the famous Boston society leader, is the second wife of Bierstadt, the artist. Her first husband left her a fortune, which he made in the candy trade.

It is announced in London that William Brown, son of the famous John Brown, for many years highlands attendant of Queen Victoria, has been appointed her personal attendant.

The Rev. William C. Winslow of Boston, vice president of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has received the decoration of the Society of Science and Arts of Great Britain for honorary fellowship.

Rabah, now the head of the sultanate of Bornu, Africa, was at one time a slave. He is a full blooded negro of gigantic stature and is said to be possessed of immense treasures of gold, silver and ivory.

General St. Mars, the successor of Boulanger as a French military jack-a-dandy, has, in order to popularize himself with the army, prescribed a two hours' daily siesta for his troops.

"Devil Anse" Hatfield of Hatfield-McCoy fame, now a very old man, has purchased a farm near Huntington, W. Va., joined the Methodist church and intends to spend the remainder of his days in peace.

The inventor of the duplex system of telegraphy, Joseph B. Stearns of Camden, Me., died recently at the age of 65. One of his hobbies was carved ivories, of which he had the largest collection in the world, it is said

Cigar, cigarette and pipe are alike popular with the Prince of Wales, who is an inveterate smoker. In private he smokes a pipe, and in public puffs cigars, while with his after dinner coffee he inhales cigarette smoke.

W. A. Larned is a slender youth of 23, with a face as black as a negro's from exposure to the fierce sun that beats upon the tennis court. He lives in Summit, N. J., and is the son of W. Z. Larned, who is noted as much for his facial resemblance to Jay Gould as for his great wealth.

THE FASHION PLATE.

Winter challies are to be revived for house gowns.

A traveling gown designed for the early autumn is of light gray corduroy.

A novelty is a black mohair cord, running through a colored wool crepon.

Blue in every shade except cornflower still holds sway. That is entirely out of date.

Plain black basques are worn with fancy skirts, which is an old time fashion revived.

Some dressmakers are lining mohair skirts with mohair, thus attaining a handsome finish and lots of stiffness.

Numbers of little narrow ruffles set over the tops of sleeves and over the shoulders of thin dresses are pretty and becoming.

Undoubtedly the dressmakers will display trimmed skirts next season. Whether they will be accepted or not time alone can tell.

There is another new wool that the dressmakers are using now for handsome traveling gowns. It is a very light, thin stuff, of loosely woven mohair,

A dark blue crepon is woven to show checkerboard squares, and a novelty in plain colors has thin disks in it and should be made up over a colored foundation.

Fashion still clings to the wide neck ruchings so much worn of late. They are made, however, so as not to fit too closely around the neck, and are consequently cooler than would be supposed.

The end of the round waist is at hand, and the days of the blouse are numbered—at least, so say the leading designers of women's gowns. This was sure to come with the revival of the modes of Marie Antoinette.

WORDS TO THE WISE.

Marshall Field, it is reported, "made $7,000,000 in the dry goods trade last year." And yet it was "a dull year." Marshall Field is a wide awake advertiser in the best newspapers.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ten years ago the majority of people looked on all advertising as dishonest. Now the majority of people look upon the majority of advertising as strictly honest business news. This is an advance.—Exchange.

On the board fences in the vicinity of nearly every country town may be read in half obliterated letters of paint the names of the business firms of that community, now passed away, who thought they knew a better way to advertise than in the newspapers.—Exchange.

Defense of a Purse Thief.

A delightful defense was tendered recently to a charge of stealing a purse from a lady's pocket. "The prisoner pleaded that he was tempted by the purse protruding," which justified him, he seemed to think, in intruding.—Westminster Gazette.

Poultry and Eggs.

The poultry and egg crop of the United States is estimated to be worth $250,000,000 annually. Startling as these figures may appear, it seems still more remarkable that, besides the above, we import between 60,000,000 and 100,000,000 dozen eggs each year.

Unhappiness.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Emile Zola.

Without a theory it is impossible to know what we say when we speak and what we do when we act.—Boyer-Collard.

In 1775 hailstones said to weigh 20 ounces fell at Murcia, in Spain.

THE SOUL.

Body, mind and soul—
These are the earthly trinity.
Two parts of it are finite;
The other part is infinite.
The body and the mind
Stop in the grave.
The soul goes onward,
Not as man shaped it,
To fit the human body
And the mortal mind,
But as God made it,
So it goes to him
Unchanged.
—W. J. Lampton in New York Sun.

A VERY DANIEL INDEED.

If You Haven't the Money, You Can't Pay, Decided the Policeman.

A policeman accomplished a delicate piece of diplomacy the other afternoon at Cathedral parkway and Columbus avenue. Excavations are in progress there for a new building, and a gang of Italian laborers are doing the work under the eye of a boss of their own nationality. As the writer approached the spot a young Italian laborer was angrily exchanging words with the foreman. He carried his coat on one arm and over the opposite shoulder was slung his shovel, which he removed and shook in the intensity of his gesticulation. Suddenly he saw a policeman near by, and he made a dash for the bluecoat and asked for his assistance.

The officer came along with the Italian, and the two joined the foreman. The policeman, who was an Irishman some 40 years old, wore a magisterial air, looked patronizingly and kindly upon the two Italians, who spoke good English, and then he listened gravely to their tale of woe. The boss had discharged the young fellow on the spot, alleging that he did not do his work satisfactorily. The young man wanted his wages up to date. The policeman thought that this was only fair and so told the foreman.

"But I haven't the contractor's money," exclaimed the foreman. "Let him go to the office. His time is there, and he'll get his money."

The policeman looked as wise as an owl, and then turning to the young Italian he thus delivered judgment: "The best thing you can do is to go to the office and get your money. If he (pointing to the foreman) can discharge you on the spot, you ought to get your money on the spot. But, you see, the foreman hain't got it."

The policeman gave his thumb a jerk toward the street, the young Italian took the hint and with a sorrowful but resigned air started on his mission to the office.

"I think my view of the justice of the situation was right," said the officer a moment later, "but how could the fellow get his money from a man who didn't have it? Anyhow, I saved a rumpus." So he did.—New York Tribune.

The Sight of Birds.

Birds are commonly credited with an extraordinary range of vision. Circumstances lend aid to the development of the mental factors in their case. The usual distance at which terrestrial species use their eyes is limited by the ground horizon. But in the case of the soaring birds, such as vultures and eagles, the horizon, the natural limit of sight, is enormously extended.

Macgillivray early noted that though birds of prey have orbits of great size—the eyeball of the common buzzard being 1⅛ inches in diameter—they do not, as a rule, soar when seeking their prey.

The eagle when hunting flies low, just as do the sparrow hawk and the henharrier. Yet the vultures and condors, birds which admittedly do soar when seeking food, have been proved to find carrion by sight. A carcass was covered with canvas and some offal placed upon it. The vultures saw this, descended and ate it and then sat on the covered portion within a few inches of a putrid carcass. When a hole was made in the covering, they saw and attacked the food below. But the rapid congregation of vultures from a distance to a carcass is probably due to their watching their neighbors, each of which is surveying a limited area. Charles Darwin pointed out that in a level country the height of sky commonly noticed by a mounted man is not more than 15 degrees above the horizon, and a vulture on the wing at the height of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet would probably be two miles distant and invisible. Those which descend rapidly and appear to have come from beyond the range of human sight were perhaps hovering vertically over the hunter when he killed his game.—London Spectator.

COUNT ITO'S HEROIC WIFE.

Dragged by the Hair, She Would Not Betray Her Lover.

Of Count Ito, the distinguished Japanese statesman, Sir Edwin Arnold gives this interesting incident: "I sat at table with the ex-premier and his wife and children. The countess, quiet, gentle, motherly and wearing spectacles, carving the tai and the kamo with such matronly serenity, had yet a history of romance and devotion which could make the wildest fictionist's fortune.

"Long ago in those dark and bloody days when the minister was her lover and a fugitive from his enemies there came a time when they had tracked him to her house and had chosen a band of Soshis to assassinate him. The noise of their clogs and the rattling of their scabbards were heard, and the count, trapped like a stag in his mountain pleasance, drew his Bizen blade and prepared to die as a Japanese lord should amid a circle of dead foes. But while he murmured 'Saganore!' and knitted his fingers around the shark skin hilt of his sword that brave lady whose guest I was whispered: 'Do not die. There is hope still.' Upon which she removed the hibachi, or firebox, over which they were sitting, and lifting up the matting and planks beneath induced her lover to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese homes. The murderers broke into the room; a ferocious band, just as the firebox had been replaced, and the countess had assumed a position of nonchalance.

"They demanded their victim, and when she protested against their intrusion and bade them search if they wanted Ito, the wretches dragged her around the apartment by her long, beautiful black hair, now touched with silver, and grievously maltreated her, but could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to this, Count Ito, the hero of many another strange adventure, escaped from the chief peril of his career and has lived to give his country a new constitution and to be one of the foremost and best respected statesmen of modern Japan."

The Imperishable Fool.

It is a curious fact that the supply of foolish people never gives out, although they are dying of their folly every day.

The Real Trouble.

Auntie—Johnnie, you must never be afraid to tell the truth.

Johnnie—No, auntie, I ain't. It's to tell a lie without being afraid that bothers me.—Life.

Postponed.

Rollins—Why don't you buy a wheel and stop borrowing?

Bangem—I can't ride well enough yet.—Life.

Life Saving Sleeves.

A new use has been found for balloon sleeves through the ingenuity of an enterprising inventor, which promises great results.

The "bustle" inside the sleeves has up to date been adopted somewhat warily, as hardly filling a long felt want. But now a silk life preserver is to take its place, which can be inflated at will and enables the wearer to float in perfect ease on the water.

Sailing parties made up largely of ladies will leave the man at the helm very much at ease, with each female member of the company transformed into an animated life preserver, for if one moves carelessly on deck and gets blown overboard there is no danger of a tragedy. The balloons will also add no little to the sail area in fair winds.

The life saving sleeve will doubtless prove a big thing and all that it is puffed up to be.—Boston Globe.

A Protest.

"What! Only 18 pence for working till I'm black in the face!"—Judy.

Romance In Real Life.

"William," said the millionare merchant, "are you carrying any life insurance?"

"Yes, sir," answered his hardworking clerk. "My life is insured for $5,000."

"Isn't it pretty hard for you to keep the premiums or assessments or whatever you call them paid up?"

"Sometimes it is. I have to be very economical."

"Has your family any property or other expectations aside from that $5,000 in case of your death?"

"No, sir."

"Well, here's my check for $5,000, my boy. You may make over the policy to me, pay me the premiums as they come due, and I'll see, or my heirs will, that the policy doesn't lapse. Your family won't have to wait till you're dead to enter on the enjoyment of that money. That will do, young man. I don't want any thanks or any remonstrances. I can do as I please with my own money, I reckon, sir. Get to your work again."

(Accompanying this little story was a private note from the author, who said he had sent it to 17 other papers, one after another, and it had been rejected by all of them on account of its extreme improbability.)—Chicago Tribune.

The Best He Could Do.

On a New England farm, not long ago, it was necessary to count a flock of geese, and Pompey, a colored boy, was stationed at a little gate through which the geese were to be driven and was told to count them as they passed.

"One, two," began Pompey loudly, "t'ree! Dar goes anudder! Dar goes anudder! Dar goes anudder!"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the farmer, hurrying up to the excited darky.

"Why," said the innocent boy, "I caynt count no furder dan t'ree in numbers, mussa, so I hab to do it dat way."—Youth's Companion.

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