



GENERAL
MICROFILM
COMPANY

100 INMAN STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS 02139

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SPENCER SUN

1876 THRU 1878

JANUARY 7, 1876

THRU

DECEMBER 27, 1878

17:1

OUR NEIGHBORS.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW RAILROAD.—Our citizens could not have had a better day for the opening of the new enterprise than last Saturday. This day was a warm and pleasant one, and the day in May, and then it was the first day of the new year, a day in the memory of all our citizens as a beginning of a new era in the history of the town. Our town has had its periodical attacks of the railroad fever, and when in '73 the Worcester County Railroad project was formed, North Brookfield joined with a willing hand; when this fell through the town resolved to have its own. After several town meetings it was voted on January 20, 1875, to take \$200,000 worth of stock, and other parties subscribing \$10,000 the corporation was organized.

A. H. Batcher of Boston was the first president, but he has since resigned, and the office is held by B. M. Nye. The other officers are: Treasurer, Chas. Adams, Jr.; Secretary, T. O. Bates; Directors, A. H. Batcher, Geo. Nye, Chas. Adams, Jr., Allen Batcher, T. O. Bates, W. H. Munroe, Liberty Stone, John H. Warren, Tyler, George O. Lincoln, John B. Dewing, Curtis Stoddard and Freeman Walker.

The contract for building the road was awarded to Geo. W. Cram for \$61,000, who has performed his agreement to the satisfaction of the directors of the road. The average grade of the road is sixty feet to the mile, while the highest grade is 116 feet. The road is a two-story brick building, laid with fish joints, and the road is well ballasted and in excellent working condition. Mr. R. F. Hawkins of Springfield has put in substantial turn-outs at each terminus.

The depot is a two-story brick building, 60 by 80 feet. The lower story is devoted to offices connected with the road, and the upper story will be used for a town library and is finished in white and black walnut. Adjoining this building is the freight depot, 30 by 30 feet; a few rods from this is the engine house and car house, which is not fully completed as yet. From the passenger station a branch runs to the shop of A. H. Batcher; this will be operated by horse power.

The Boston and Albany road have leased the road for a term of years, and is to use its own rolling stock. The terms of the lease are not definitely settled.

Business was generally suspended on Saturday, in every one anxious to have a free ride and participate in the ceremonies, and a large number of people from adjoining towns were on hand, anxious to improve the opportunity of being "dead heads." Altogether affairs were lively in this quiet and placid town.

The first train, consisting of the engine "Delaware," E. L. Tarbell, engineer, and C. Dodge, fireman, with a baggage and three passenger cars, the whole in charge of Conductor Charles Howes, for the first freight train east from Springfield, left North Brookfield at 7:15 in the morning with about forty passengers.

On the arrival of the noon train, Vice-President Hon. D. Waldo Lincoln, Vice-President of the B. & A. R. R., Hon. Moses Kimball, one of the directors, and other invited guests, a procession was formed with Chas. Dunham, chief-conductor of the road, in the lead, followed by Hon. D. Waldo Lincoln, A. Batcher and L. D. McLean, and headed by the Spencer Cornet Band marched to the Batcher house, where, after the arrival of the guests from the west, the company partook of an excellent dinner provided by the new landlord, Mr. H. L. Warren.

After dinner the procession was re-formed and marched to the Town Hall, where the people listened to addresses from the officers of the road and invited guests.

Hon. Charles Adams, Jr., president, and on the platform were Hon. D. Waldo Lincoln and Hon. Moses Kimball of the Boston and Albany road, Hon. Clark Johnson, Mayor of Worcester, Hon. A. H. Batcher of Boston, George W. Johnson, Esq., of Brookfield, Dr. O. Martin of Worcester, Rev. G. H. Delebecque, Rev. Daniel Cronin and George Chapman, Hon. Freeman Walker, Dr. Warren, Tyler and Allen Batcher of North Brookfield. Addresses of congratulation were made by Hon. D. W. Lincoln, Vice-President of the Boston and Albany Railroad, Hon. Moses Kimball, Hon. B. M. Nye, Geo. W. Cram, the contractor, Mr. John Gilman, the railroad agitator, and D. H. P. Wakefield.

The Secretary of the Board of Directors, Mr. F. C. Gilman, presented a statistical statement of the estimated and real cost of the road. The land damages were \$18,813.03; engineering, \$3,483.44; construction account, \$79,930.04; incidentals, \$553.45; total cost, \$93,846.00. Capital stock, \$100,000; made of stock, wood and window, \$705; donations for depot, \$1,500; total stock value, \$102,251.00. The treasury of \$2,259.

W. H. Whiting is to be depot master, and Isaac Bryant baggage master. Great praise is due the officers of the road for the interest they have shown in the successful completion of the road, especially so to the President and Secretary. By the completion of the road, North Brookfield becomes a center of the rail-hub town. New, Braintree, Worcester, and other points are within three miles; a new stage line will be established to Oakham, and altogether the prospects are very flattering.

It is unfortunate for the residents on North Main street that none of our fathers live on that street, for if they did we think they would repair that shabby hole between Messrs. Whiting's and Edmon's. Let us have patience, large holes move slow.

The railroad did a good business on Monday: 159 tickets were sold and \$80 received.

Mr. John Goddell received a bad cut on his hand last Tuesday from a piece of glass. He accidentally put his hand through a window.

Mr. Gilmore gave us great encouragement in his speech, saying many other things that we should get better preaching. Take courage, brothers.

We are glad to notice that Captain Cook has been added to the list of clerks in the big shop.

How is it that some of our clergy get no time to do pastoral work among the people under their charge. They claim to be shepherds. Now what true shepherd takes a goat care of part of his flock and leaves the rest to slip for themselves? When we are preaching making forty calls on one member of his flock and not one on another, we ask ourselves what kind of a shepherd is that? Formerly the pastors took care of their flock, but now they are parish once or twice a year and preach two good sermons on the Sabbath. A screw is loose somewhere.

Miss Helen Potter will deliver her famous lecture on "Personations of Character of Celebrities," Monday evening, January 10. She ought to have a good house.

Mr. L. Stone is progressing with his new book near the depot Mr. Ward of Brookfield is doing the work.

The suggestion of Mr. Cram to change the name of our town to that of Batcher has a good one, and the town should take some action in the matter. It is very inconvenient for strangers doing business here, as there are four villages by the name of Brookfield. Who will move on this suggestion?

It is a pleasure to notice that the street crossing in front of the hotel is kept in a passable condition, late in the great example of pedicars. A good example is thus shown by Mr. Warner.

Mr. F. B. Doane has purchased a track horse for the purpose of moving freight cars from the depot to the big shop.

A large number were present at the auction sale of the late Amos Walker, last Wednesday, and the stock sold well.

Deacon L. S. Thurston of this place has recently cut on his farm, in the western part of the town, a black walnut tree measuring over two and one-half feet at the butt. The tree was set out by one Colonel Bond, a former owner of the place, he bringing it from the state of Ohio many years ago. The timber is very clear and sound and will make excellent lumber.

WEST BROOKFIELD.

Anson Giffin has a hen that has laid for the last three days three eggs a day.

Report says Mr. Lewis Gleason will commence in a few weeks running a six horse stage from West Brookfield to North Brookfield to connect with the express trains east and west.

The friends of Mr. Knowlton, engineer at the mill factory, are determined to get him "stirred up." Since the party was there on Christmas Eve and loaded down the Christmas tree with goodies, his friends, who like to show their spunk, rushed upon him and upon New Year's eve took him and his wife by surprise, and left them a beautiful easy chair; also many fancy and ornamental articles as tokens of their appreciation and good will.

—Last Tuesday night the barn of Windsor Smith, containing about forty tons of the very best of hay, was burned to the ground. It was one of his barns he kept for the storage of hay, and the loss was a heavy one. It was not the least doubt, but when it was the work of an incendiary. It was insured in part but for how much is not ascertained.

—Take business as a whole, we feel in good spirits and everything looks encouraging. I visited the new business of Mr. Senate Johnson a few days since and saw some of the best finished ax handles I have ever seen; they are all shinned out, and the reputation of his business was never much better. His orders are driving him thick and fast.

—Our ladies are not forgetting their opportunity. One old bachelor had the question "popped" last Sunday evening by a lady aged about 50 years, with about one thousand cash and a hundred fifty gentlemen's socks on hand for his own knitting, and had bread of her own quilting, and raised the past season on a little patch of ground, one bushel of onions and one bushel of butter. Her husband is to have till next Sunday evening to give his answer. He is a timid, foolish old "back" that he did not "strike when the iron was hot." Your correspondent may "step in."

—One of the most elegant affairs that ever took place in West Brookfield was the wedding at the house of Mr. Addison Bates, on Thursday of this week. The happy parties were united "for better or worse," were Mr. Geo. B. Phelps, of Waterbury, N. Y. (one of the well known railroad contractors of that name), and Mrs. J. H. Ring, of late a resident of this place. The room was richly decorated with evergreens and flowers and the guests were in full dress. The wedding breakfast was elegantly served and "all went merrily as a marriage bell." The newly married pair left for their home in a stage, and were accompanied by their friends. The festivities were continued for some hours after their departure.

—At the church meeting last Saturday afternoon the following business was transacted: Deacon E. S. Pomeroy was chosen a deacon for four years; Sabbath School Officers, W. H. Bates, Superintendent; Deacon G. W. Bates, Assistant Superintendent; Frank F. Bates, Secretary and Treasurer; Arthur F. Bates, Librarian; Church Committee, Deacon S. M. White, Deacon J. C. Gleason, Carlis Gilman, and a committee to see that the rules were followed to have two services and two sermons in a day, and to have but one, with the Sabbath school, and the other service in the evening. This was passed by an almost unanimous vote. It is a great improvement on the old way of conducting the exercises on the Sabbath.

EAST BROOKFIELD.

J. M. Howe, while excavating on Fort Hill, near the depot, unearthed about one foot below the surface the trunk of a cannon, made in Carron, Scotland, numbered 364, and dated 1777. The question is, how came it there.

OAKHAM.

A black snake over four feet long was killed on the day before Christmas. It evidently thought that spring had come.

At the annual re-organizing of the Sabbath School, Deacon James Packard was selected Superintendent for the seventeenth time.

The Baptist Church in Coldbrook Springs is being renovated and thoroughly repaired and painted inside and out. It will have new pulpit furniture, and will be warmed by furnaces. The society is prospering under the supervision of their pastor, Rev. J. W. Merrill, who is greatly interested in the welfare of the church and society. He has been instrumental by earnest labor of securing all the funds needed to defray the expense of making the repairs, and they hope to re-dedicate their church some time this month, free from debt.

The Soldier's Union held their annual re-union at Memorial Hall last Friday evening. The company was called to order by the president, Dr. J. C. Shannon. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Mortimer. Professor Wright, the secretary then gave a detailed account of the doings of the Union for the past year. Major John B. Fairbank gave an eloquent oration, detailing the action of the "boys in blue," and paying a glowing tribute to the fallen comrades left behind. The exercises were interspersed by the fine reading of appropriate selections by Miss Abbie Jones. After the literary feast was finished the company repaired to the old hall for the annual supper. After supper the rest of the year was filled up with the old-fashioned games, participated in by both old and young. The clock struck twelve, and the year was dead and the new year born. Crawford's C. C. Band furnished excellent music in usual for the occasion.

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OUR STORY TELLER.

The story of the life of a woman, from her childhood to her old age, is told in a series of chapters. The first chapter is titled "The Girl of the Year" and the last is titled "The Old Woman of the Year". The story is told in a simple, straightforward manner, with no fancy language or elaborate descriptions. The author is a woman, and the story is told from a woman's point of view. The story is a true story, and it is a story that every woman can relate to. The story is a story of a woman's life, and it is a story that every woman can relate to.

Found Wagon.

While Mr. Lester was looking for a new house, he found a wagon. The wagon was a small, two-wheeled wagon, and it was in good condition. Mr. Lester was very happy to find the wagon, and he decided to buy it. The wagon was a very useful wagon, and it was a very good wagon. Mr. Lester was very happy to find the wagon, and he decided to buy it. The wagon was a very useful wagon, and it was a very good wagon. Mr. Lester was very happy to find the wagon, and he decided to buy it. The wagon was a very useful wagon, and it was a very good wagon.

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MAN'S HINTS UPON PERSONAL DO-

case is the gainer—and thus the loser. If the want of cooking is to be retained as sauce, as in the excellent German "Braten," the plunge in hot

The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are :

Black Mountains in the sixth or seventh century. With these data, and with that national myth of a submerged city in their brains, they have fash-

three; soldiers, thirty-two; lawyers,
twenty-nine; professors, twenty-seven;
doctors, twenty-four.

WEATHERBEE.

THE HOME ESTABLISHMENT

in Worcester County.
the Goods.

ASHALL

tem do it work
HILD BUT SLE
white presen
They will red
and as eagle to
Either of the
where only up
out. 1766

...nearly every month. VARY are
...at least not be used by women
...they will bring on a miscarriage
...the best appetite, better health
...the body. Price 50 per box.
...of - bought by express and
...receipt of price. Advice per
...take your p
...You must p
...your cat r
...again, I see.
...I hope you
...dearest. Oh,
...!"

It's out of your body? Actively have that hair of it away. You're smoking. Have you got nice rooms? Haven't been drinking, dear me, how muddy it

Che
Fancy and
AN EXTRA
Physicians Prescribe
and will give you
10 Mechanic

TOOLS

[illegible]

[Faint, illegible handwritten notes]

THE MARIUM OF SICILY.

SHODDY.

FARM BANKS

accompanied the Grand Duke Alexander in his recent visit to Siberia, publishes a paper in the Sibir, in which he expresses the opinion that deport-

told a more touching story than the following: A dog was harrowed off his

latter, the steamers, as a rule, secure

the steamer after it.

It is thought by many, that should

that night, the dog went a distance of

behind the screens one sees strung

heated air or burned oil, and is smooth and silent in its action. The smaller

his pressure, the air is forced in thin sheets between the leaves of the regenerator, or connecting box between the cylinders. It then enters the hot cylinder, and, under the influence of

Chinese bronzes show that the material is formed of a certain propor-

blows of enormous hammers, and can be reduced without the slightest diffi-

I had a chance to visit the sewers. I

a narrow street. The masonry is
the excellent leather of the Glean
luxuriant at home. Large iron pipes
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OVERCOATS:

LOWER PRICES

Intelligence Oversight

CLOTHIERS
100 MAINE ST. BOSTON, MASS.
WOLF & SON, MASS.

RAMPU

RENT RECEIPTS, 1891

WEEKLY

THE HOME ESTABLISHMENT

A Choice

personal attention to the sale of life insurance.

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OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

Selection of Foreign and Domestic

Book giving full information
Address _____

Improved appetite, and after taking
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KNIGHTS
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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

STYLES AND PRICES

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—During the month of March

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SEASONS OF THE HEARTS.

There comes a spring time of the heart,
As there is of the year,
When all the warm emotions start
And nothing holds it there;
The heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;
The heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;

When the garden blooms and the heart
Is there in the year,
When the heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;
When the heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;
When the heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;

There comes a winter of the heart,
As there is of the year,
When all the cold emotions start
And nothing holds it there;
The heart beats slow and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;
The heart beats slow and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;

When the heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;
When the heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;
When the heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;
When the heart beats fast and throbs and throbs
And nothing holds it there;

OUR STORY TELLER.

How it Happened.

BY ARTHUR W. HAMILTON.

It was drawing to the close of an
exceedingly warm and sultry day in
August. At least, so thought Lillian
Stuart as she stepped upon the broad
veranda in front of her father's elegant
mansion, just as the sun was sinking
behind the western hills. Sealing her
face in a revolting grin and snatching
off her dusty hat, she began vigorously
fanning her flushed cheeks.

A pretty picture she made as she sat thus.
The last rays of the afternoon sun fell
upon her golden tresses, which seemed
but the reflection of their own bright
ness, while her eyes of heavenly blue
shone with an almost insupportable
lustre. She was a trifle above the
medium height, slender and graceful.

Her features, though ordinary, were
lighted up with an expression of
pleasure, while the rosy lips and gleam
that played in and out at the corners
of her parted lips, and the merry twinkle
that occasionally shot through her
eyes, suggested a hearty appreciation
and love of fun back of the exterior of
quiet dignity.

After admiring the sunset for some
moments, she drew from beneath the
cushion a copy of David Copperfield,
which she opened and commenced
reading. She was just in the act of
helping Miss Trotwood drive off the
first donkey, when she heard the gar-
den gate shut with a bang and a light
elastic step bounding up the walk.

Looking up she beheld her brother Edgar,
or Ned as most people more fam-
iliarly called him, standing before her
with his hat full of books in one hand
and a few strings of fish in the other.

"Say, sis, aren't those fine?" said
he, triumphantly holding them up
for her inspection.

"Superb, grand, extraordinary,
superb!"

"Oh stop, Lill, take breath," said
he laughing.

Entering the house, he went directly
to the kitchen, where he was soon busi-
ly engaged in dressing his fish. Mean-
while Lillian resumed her book, anx-
ious to learn how Miss Betsy came in
with the obstinate donkeys. Indeed,
she was so unusually interested that
she failed to hear her brother's step,
as, having finished his fish, he returned
to the veranda in search of her, until
she was somewhat painfully reminded
of his presence by a prolonged pull at
her curls.

"I declare, Edgar Harding Stuart,
you are too provoking to hear!" said
she impulsively springing from her
chair as if to catch him. But compre-
hending his danger, he immediately
took refuge in a hammock that swung
from a neighboring tree.

Lillian, now feeling at ease in regard
to further trouble as to her alleged to-
menter was concerned, resumed her
book in silence. Nothing further was
said by either party for some minutes.
The silence was at length broken by a
long drawn sigh from the occupant of
the hammock which, faint as it was,
reached his sister's quick ear. Quick-
ly throwing aside her book, she asked
pleasurably:

"What is the matter, Neddie?"

"Why, you see, 'Old Gravy' has been
crueller than sin all day. Why, just
think Lill, he got so angry in the
middle of the afternoon, because I didn't
disagree with him one word correctly, that
he kept me after school and gave me a
furious talking to, telling me to go to
hell, and saying I was a downright mean
downright mean in this style."

"My dear Lill, he was tired and
feathered, with a good cooing
thrown in."

"Why Neddie, just think how grieved
poor dead mama would be to hear
you talk so," replied his sister,
coming to his side as she spoke.

"I know it is rough, but really I
don't see why he should act so, unless
you've had a hand in it; given him
the mitten for instance, eh, sis?"

Lillian was debarred from a reply to
this unceremonious question by the ap-
pearance of Mrs. Green, the house-
keeper, a short, thick-set, plain look-
ing woman of fifty, though from her
personal appearance she might easily
have been taken for half that age, who
summoned them to the supper room.
Their father having first business in
the city, had taken an early train thither.
Owing to his absence, the duty of
performing the honors of the table
rested upon Edgar, which, we must do
him the justice to say, he successfully
accomplished with true gentlemanly
grace, not to mention occasional drops
of fish gravy which accidentally found
their way down upon the snowy cloth.

"At once set about taking tentative mea-
sures in the matter, and soon the in-
stinctive ceased for a time, although
neither could by any means say a
word long for each other's society
and affection, which instead of dim-
inishing with the years, grew
stronger, until now, after nearly three
years, an inseparable affection exists
between them. With this fact I
will bring my explanation to a close,
and return to Lillian once more, who
after weeping until she could weep no
more, arose and bathing her swollen
eyes and flushed cheeks, and pushing
back an occasional stray curl, returned
to the supper room. Mrs. Green and
Edgar were still there, the former busi-
ly clearing away the tea things, while
the latter lay stretched at full length
upon the sofa, eagerly perusing a vol-
ume of "The Arabian Nights," which
he instantly laid aside as his sister re-
appeared. Rising and stepping for-
ward he met her midway and offering
an arm with good gravity, led her to
the sofa, and seating himself drew his
sister gently down by his side, and after
a short pause spoke in a deep sonan-
tural tone:

"I beg a thousand pardons my dear-
ly beloved sis, for the gross and un-
heard-of outrage which I have this eve-
ning inflicted upon you; in part com-
pensation for that, provided it meets
your highest approbation, I propose to
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"Yes, yes; but I suggest, you
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there feeling it off, to me, verbatim."

"No, Lill, I won't. Now tell me
how we shall go? With Edgar or the
Shoo Fly? Take your choice, sis."

"The Shoo Fly then, please," she
replied without a moment's hesitation.

"All right; she shall be at the pier
in a jiffy," said Lillian, who was
with these words Edgar hurriedly
left the room. Lillian quickly threw on
wrappings and hastened to join her
brother. She was, therefore, not a lit-
tle surprised upon reaching the pier to
find neither Edgar nor the Shoo Fly in
sight. Three minutes, five minutes
rolled by and still they did not appear.

Lillian grew impatient, and began to
think seriously of returning to the
house and declining the invitation,
when the sound of distant oars struck
her ear, and peering around a bend in
the river she beheld the Shoo Fly buzz-
ing towards the landing. In a mo-
ment more he drew up to the steps, and
Edgar spring out assisted his sister to
a seat in the boat and pushed off.

"Why did it take you so long,
Ned?" asked Lillian as soon as they
were well under way.

"Why, when I went down to the
boat, I found two great, burly
fellows making off with the boat, and
I gave them a piece of my mind that
I don't think they will digest in a hurry."

After this remark the conversation
ceased until the boat reached the oppo-
site bank and was securely fastened to
a stake put there for that purpose.

"Where is this famous entertain-
ment?" said Lillian, glancing right and
left as she spoke.

"Just over in Deacon Jennings's forty
acre lot; don't you see?" pointing to
a dense smoke a short distance to the
left.

In a few moments more they were in
the midst of a merry group of young
people, talking and laughing, and
laughing, while enjoying the most
perfect enjoyment. A huge bonfire
crackled in their midst, and on either
side were large piles of corn ready for
the roasting. While some were busy
removing the husks, others were seated
on the ground before the glowing coals
with an ear carefully pointed on the end
of a pointed stick.

"Hello, Pomp," cried Edgar, ad-
dressing a half-grown mulatto boy em-
ployed by the Deacon as chor-boy, "how
are you?"

"First-rate, Pomp; but hungry as a
bear. Where's your corn?"

"Heh! Massa; dey done gone and
deboured it as fast as prebaked."

A few days ago a Norwich man
bought a chest of tea in Providence,
and on opening found a stone in weigh-
ing nearly 11 pounds. He remarked
that the weights of Providence are very
mysterious.

Pomp had scarcely finished nar-
rating this astounding fact when a deep
groan from among the crowd cried
out loudly:

"Here, Pomp, you blackascal,
throw me over another ear."

Pomp scooped, and vomiting one
from the depths, heaved it with all his
strength toward the speaker; but un-
fortunately, he missed his aim, and it
stayed at its landing in the crowd, out-
stretching to receive it, it glared and
bit Lillian, who was standing at a little
distance away, talking with an old
schoolfellow, creating an ugly huiaie
just below the temple.

"How! Golly! gets like I done
gone and killed her shore," exclaimed
the mulatto, instantly comprehending
the serious condition of affairs. Rush-
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to a somewhat rudely constructed seat
in the rear of the crowd. This done,
he hastily procured a drinking cup
which he had the good fortune to have
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house and declining the invitation,
when the sound of distant oars struck
her ear, and peering around a bend in
the river she beheld the Shoo Fly buzz-
ing towards the landing. In a mo-
ment more he drew up to the steps, and
Edgar spring out assisted his sister to
a seat in the boat and pushed off.

"Why did it take you so long,
Ned?" asked Lillian as soon as they
were well under way.

"Why, when I went down to the
boat, I found two great, burly
fellows making off with the boat, and
I gave them a piece of my mind that
I don't think they will digest in a hurry."

After this remark the conversation
ceased until the boat reached the oppo-
site bank and was securely fastened to
a stake put there for that purpose.

"Where is this famous entertain-
ment?" said Lillian, glancing right and
left as she spoke.

"Just over in Deacon Jennings's forty
acre lot; don't you see?" pointing to
a dense smoke a short distance to the
left.

In a few moments more they were in
the midst of a merry group of young
people, talking and laughing, and
laughing, while enjoying the most
perfect enjoyment. A huge bonfire
crackled in their midst, and on either
side were large piles of corn ready for
the roasting. While some were busy
removing the husks, others were seated
on the ground before the glowing coals
with an ear carefully pointed on the end
of a pointed stick.

"Hello, Pomp," cried Edgar, ad-
dressing a half-grown mulatto boy em-
ployed by the Deacon as chor-boy, "how
are you?"

"First-rate, Pomp; but hungry as a
bear. Where's your corn?"

"Heh! Massa; dey done gone and
deboured it as fast as prebaked."

A few days ago a Norwich man
bought a chest of tea in Providence,
and on opening found a stone in weigh-
ing nearly 11 pounds. He remarked
that the weights of Providence are very
mysterious.

Pomp had scarcely finished nar-
rating this astounding fact when a deep
groan from among the crowd cried
out loudly:

"Here, Pomp, you blackascal,
throw me over another ear."

Pomp scooped, and vomiting one
from the depths, heaved it with all his
strength toward the speaker; but un-
fortunately, he missed his aim, and it
stayed at its landing in the crowd, out-
stretching to receive it, it glared and
bit Lillian, who was standing at a little
distance away, talking with an old
schoolfellow, creating an ugly huiaie
just below the temple.

"How! Golly! gets like I done
gone and killed her shore," exclaimed
the mulatto, instantly comprehending
the serious condition of affairs. Rush-
ing forward Edgar assisted his sister
to a somewhat rudely constructed seat
in the rear of the crowd. This done,
he hastily procured a drinking cup
which he had the good fortune to have
about his person, and beckoning to
Pomp, who, in a half lying, half sitting
position, was gazing fixedly upon the
sister gently down by his side, and after
a short pause spoke in a deep sonan-
tural tone:

"I beg a thousand pardons my dear-
ly beloved sis, for the gross and un-
heard-of outrage which I have this eve-
ning inflicted upon you; in part com-
pensation for that, provided it meets
your highest approbation, I propose to
invite you to accompany me to an en-
tertainment, viz: a corn roast, to be
given by the eldest son of the Rev.
James Allen of Rockport, Bristol coun-
ty, Mass. Now may I have the high
indispensable pleasure of convey-
ing you there?"

"Yes, yes; but I suggest, you
publish a dictionary on your own ac-
count at some future date, and not sit
there feeling it off, to me, verbatim."

"No, Lill, I won't. Now tell me
how we shall go? With Edgar or the
Shoo Fly? Take your choice, sis."

"The Shoo Fly then, please," she
replied without a moment's hesitation.

"All right; she shall be at the pier
in a jiffy," said Lillian, who was
with these words Edgar hurriedly
left the room. Lillian quickly threw on
wrappings and hastened to join her
brother. She was, therefore, not a lit-
tle surprised upon reaching the pier to
find neither Edgar nor the Shoo Fly in
sight. Three minutes, five minutes
rolled by and still they did not appear.

Lillian grew impatient, and began to
think seriously of returning to the
house and declining the invitation,<

OUR NEIGHBORS.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.

Of a company of 40 called from the Brookfields by Gov. Strong to enlist in the war of 1812, but three survive, Parker Johnson, Ansel Harwood and Joseph Moore, all natives of North Brookfield.

It is expected that the warrant for the March town-meeting will contain a clause to change the name of the town.

The Union Congregational society will soon reopen their place of worship. The requisite means having been pledged for the expense of running the same. It is calculated to be a free church to which the poor may repair and have the gospel preached to them.

Those young men who disturb the Sabbath evening meetings must remember that they are liable to be invited to take lodgings under the Town house where they lodged the other night but he did not like his quarters.

Workmen are engaged in digging the reservoir which is to furnish water for the tanks at the depot.

The famous trotting mare Lady Washington, formerly owned by O. L. Rice of this place has been sold by him to parties in Rhode Island and she is expected to bear off the palm on the Narragansett park next summer.

Mr. Chas. A. Bush will sell his coaches, horses etc. at public auction on Feb. 1, commencing at 10 a. m.

Herbert Cummings commenced running a stage from Oakham to this village last Monday. A many miles of cold staging are thus saved to the people of Oakham by coming on this route instead of going to Worcester. It is expected he will carry the mails soon. He arrives in season to take the 8-20 passenger train east, and leaves after the 6 p. m. train.

Twenty-two hundred passengers and eighty-eight car loads of freight was the total amount of business done by the North Brookfield Railroad for the first fifteen days after it was opened. The point of difference in the lease between this road and the Boston and Albany Railroad, it is thought, will be conceded by the latter road. The people seem to demand it, and the amount of business already secured, with a prospect of a further increase in freight, would seem to warrant the concession.

WEST BROOKFIELD.

People will see by this list of trains that stop at West Brookfield that we are not out of the world, as represented by our North Brookfield friends. We hope they will let us live through the centennial year, if we live in the woods: Going east—Express, 3.04; Express, 7.30; Accommodation, 8.28, A. M.; Accommodation, 12.40; Express, 2.38; Accommodation, 5.09; Express, 8.43, P. M.; Sunday Express, 1.30; Sunday Express, 7.30, A. M.; Going west—Accommodation, 7.47; Accommodation, 10.05; Express to N. Y. and Albany, 10.43, A. M., and 5.23 P. M.; Accommodation, 5.50; Express, 7.28; Express, 11.31; Sunday Express to Albany, 7.23; do. to N. Y., 11.04, P. M.

January 18th, 1876, Mr. Gilbert Lincoln plowed and harrowed on Long Hill all day. Something to be remembered.

At a pop corn party in our village Wednesday eve, where fun reigned, forfeits paid, shy glances given, and at least two questions were popped by the fair ones; a very proper occasion, I think, for pop corn and love have a very strong resemblance in these days of romance and fictions and flirtation; pop corn love will soon evaporate when it becomes cold.

There were 14 marriages, 23 births and 33 deaths during the past year.

I recently read a copy of a deed given on the 13th day of May, in the eighth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, George II, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the Faith, Anno Domini, 1735. This deed covered land in Warren, which was part of land then called Brookfield, and part Kingsford, now Palmer. The deed was recorded in Springfield, February 26, 1735, before Wm. Punccheon, Justice of the Peace.

CONTRADICTORY.—I have been requested to ask how about the manufacturer who was looking around for a suitable place to start business; how he found that freight from East Brookfield to the North cost \$1.20 per ton by railroad and only \$1 by horse power, and could be brought from West Brookfield 25 and 50 cents cheaper per ton than via the \$90,000 railroad? It seems that brake don't work to perfection yet. They do say that the hotel at North Brookfield is filled with manufacturers seeking sites to establish themselves, so that they may enjoy the advantages of that new brake which Crum invented.

Last week I began to take notes of the business outlook in our village. I commenced on Central street and left off at Perry & Blair's boot shop; next comes the block occupied by Silas Penniman as a store and express office

and Mr. Smith, the watch and clock repairer, on the first floor, and in the second story Thomas Morey has his printing office, and Miss Chapin, millinery and dress making rooms. In the basement is a barber's shop, and Schenckhorn does the casting of stereotype plates. As the printing office is in this block, my visit here was long and pleasant, for a printing office was my school and home for forty years, and when my father died there was but one older printer in the state. He died at the age of 81. He learned his trade of Isiah Thomas at Worcester, in 1780. In 1797 he published a paper in this town. In the year of 1814 he published 1,200 octavo Bibles. In 1851 his office passed into the hands of the Messrs. Cook. At the present time Thomas Morey is doing some printing and stereotyping, but not on a large scale. This is the business street of the town. In the manufacturing of boots on this street there are the following firms: L. Fullam, Dane & Duncan, Henry, Allen & Makepeace, Perry & Blair and another large shop just about being finished, by Mr. Wood. There are also the corset shop, Penniman's, Howard's and others.

STURBRIDGE.

J. H. Westgate has exchanged his farm known at the "Phillips place," in the northern part of Sturbridge, for real estate in Malden, whither he will remove at an early date.

Starbridge is repairing the house and building a new barn on her pauper farm at an expense of \$1500.

The weekly lyceums at Sturbridge are very interesting and well attended, the Town hall being crowded at each meeting.

A letter on school matters will be found on the inside

WARREN.

Warren's musical talent seems to be largely drawn upon by the Worcester choir. Miss Jennie Patrick has been engaged as soprano at the Unitarian Church, and Mrs. L. Blair, also of this town, in the same capacity at the Universalist.

The firemen realized \$300 from their fair, on last Thursday evening, and their oyster supper Saturday evening. Several nice presents were received from Springfield and Ware for their fancy table.

C. B. Elwell has purchased from his father, Noah Elwell, the house now occupied by the former; also the lot adjoining.

The Congregational Society held a "pound party" on Thursday evening.

Margaret Lynch was shot in the head by her brother, who was playing with a revolver. The ball struck her forehead and glanced, putting out her eye.

LEICESTER.

The ladies of this place have in preparation a Centennial tea party for the purpose of raising money to contribute to the National exhibition at Philadelphia.

The Social Union held its seventh entertainment at the Town Hall, last Friday evening, commencing with a piano duet by Misses Munroe and Coolidge, which was finely executed, and would have been very pleasing had the piano used been in good condition. Miss White sang two songs: "Flee as a bird to thy mountain," and "Poping Corn," (by request) both of which were sung in her usual pleasing manner. The Glee Club sang "One hundred years ago," and "One Hundred years to come," both of which were well received. Mr. Frank Dwight Denny gave selections in reading, most of which were very good, though some of the pieces selected were repetitions of his efforts last winter.

OXFORD.

Mr. George Hodges of this town is elected director in the Cotton and Woolen Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance Company of New England.

The North Oxford Baptist church gave a literary entertainment, last Friday night, which gave them a net receipt of \$116.

EAST BROOKFIELD.

John M. Howe has a White Leghorn hen, which laid recently an egg measuring 6 1/2 by 8 inches, and weighing 4 ounces. Beat East Brookfield if you can!

A letter from Norwich, Conn., to the Hartford Times contains the following story as told by George W. Fuller, a submarine diver, who is now in the former city: "While performing some work for 'Uncle Sam' in one of the Southern ports where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden-truck to load their boats and row them around to the wharf it happened that one day a burly negro loaded his boat with watermelons, and had just reached the deck where the

usual number of loungers stood waiting the operations of the zealously endeavoring negro to sell his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggles and ugly head before the astonished occupants of the boat, and seizing one of the largest of the melons, sunk immediately. The darkey, with a yell and a bound, reached the deck, and neither stopped nor turned until he reached home with the tidings that 'de debble had' floated de melons and was taken 'um down'."

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

The ancient practice of marriage by capture, which has left some traces even in our customs and sports—notably in that popular game of kias-in-the-ring, a mimic representation of the great game of marriage—finds many illustrations in Mongol life. Rubruquis, who visited the hordes of Tartary, and was entertained in the tent of the immediate successors of Yenghis Khan, describes a Mongol marriage thus:—

Therefore, when any man hath bargained with another for a maid, the father of a damsel makes him a feast; in the meantime she flies away to some of her kinsfolk to hide herself. Then the father says to the bridegroom, "My daughter is yours; take her wheresoever you can find her." Then he and his friends seek her till they find her, and having found her, he takes her by force and carries her to his own house.

This simple form of marriage contract is still preserved among the Koraks and Tchutchus, tribes of northeastern Siberia. There the damsel is pursued by her admirer, and hides herself among the poles, or cabins made of skins, which form the internal compartments of their dwellings. The womankind assist her in her pretended evasion, and not till the bridegroom has caught his bride, and left the impression of his finger-nail upon her tender skin is the betrothal completed.

The analogous customs in ancient Roman marriages here strike one with the myth of the rape of the Sabinas; but we need not go so far away. The customs of a Welsh wedding, up to a very recent date, included a mimic pursuit of the bride by the bridegroom, both on horseback; and even in our English manner, when the bridegroom invariably goes to seek his bride on the wedding morn. But the value of womanhood in a pastoral life, where there is so much for her to do in the way of milking, cheese, and butter making, and so on, brings a further element into the relationship. A price must be paid for the future companion, and the wedding portion enters largely into the question.

A more modern Mongol wedding is described by Hue, that most amusing of Jesuit fathers. The religious ceremonies are those of Buddhism. The marriage is arranged by the parents, who settle the dowry; that is to be paid to the father of the bride by means of mediators. When the contract has been concluded, the father of the bridegroom, accompanied by his nearest relatives, carries the news to the family of the bride. They prostrate themselves before the domestic altar, and offer up a boiled sheep's head, milk, and a saash of white silk. During the repast all the relations of the bride receive a piece of money, which they deposit in a vase filled with wine made of fermented milk. (We have, or had, a similar custom of hiding a ring or money in the wedding cake.) The father of the bride drinks the milk and keeps the money. The lama, or priest, fix an auspicious day, when the bridegroom sends a deputation to escort the bride. There is a feigned opposition to the departure of the bride, who is placed on a horse, and led three times (note the three mystic circles) round the paternal house, and then taken at full gallop to the tent prepared for the purpose near the dwelling of her father-in-law. All the Tartars of the neighborhood repair to the wedding-feast and offer their presents, which consist of beasts and eatables. These go to the father of the bridegroom, and often recoup him the sum he has paid for the son's bride. Rather a shame, one would think, of that selfish papa, did we not reflect that he will have to support his son and daughter, or at all events set them up with sheep and cattle from his flocks and herds.

REMARKABLE PEOPLE IN CHINA.

There is in China a remarkable people known as "the nameless sect." They profess "an old religion," which prevails more or less all over China, but especially in the province of Shanghai. Disliked and persecuted by the civil authorities, they have for a long time endeavored to keep their beliefs and practices secret. Their religion is said to have come from the West, whence they also expect a deliverer. They do not worship idols. At the close of their religious services they have a meal, of which bread and wine form the greater part. It is thought that they may be the remnant of the native churches planted centuries ago in China by Nestorian missionaries, who are said to have preached the Gospel for nearly a thousand years through Southern and Middle Asia, with marvellous energy and success, and to have exerted a powerful influence in China for upward of six hundred years, from the seventh to the thirteenth century.

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, SCURF AND SKIN.
The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft, and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. The effects of all medicines which operate on the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles may clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or violent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by dealers in medicines.

REMEMBER THIS.
Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Coughs, Colds, and fatal results of predisposition to Consumption and other Throat and Lung Disease. Boscawen's German Syrup has been used in this neighborhood for the past two or three years without a single failure to cure. If you have not used this medicine yourself, go to your Druggist L. F. Sumner, Spencer, C. B. Carpenter, Brookfield, G. R. Hamant, North Brookfield, S. M. Penniman, West Brookfield, and ask him of its wonderful success among his customers. Two doses will relieve the worst case. If you have no faith in any medicine, just buy a Sample Bottle of Boscawen's German Syrup for 10 cents and try it. Regular size Bottle, 75 cents. Don't neglect a cough to save 75 cents.

Cross and sickly children can be made healthy and strong by regulating their stomachs and bowels with Castoria. It is more effective than Castor Oil and is as pleasant to take as honey. For Wind Colic, Sour Stomach, Worms and Costiveness there is nothing in existence equal to Castoria.

Why will you suffer from Rheumatism, Sprains, Siff Joints, Swellings, Burns, Scalds or Weak Back, when the Centaur Liniment affords certain relief. Many articles soothe pain to a certain extent, but the Centaur Liniment CURES. The White Liniment is for the human family, the Yellow Liniment is for horses and animals.

PLYLE'S DYEING SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PLYLE. None genuine without. 34-y

Undoubted Bargains
IN
DRY GOODS,
For the next twenty days at
at A. Y. Thompson & Co's
WORCESTER.

10 pieces Double width Plaids.....20
5 " Double width all wool Plaids.....20
5 " Knickerbocker goods.....20
10 " Navy Blue Serges.....20
10 " White Striped goods.....20
THE BEST BLACK RILE FOR THE MONEY
EVER SHOWN

A large stock of
DRESS GOODS
Marked to low figures
Cloaks At Your Own Price.
Show down very cheap. Prints, clothing.

Blankets UNDER PRICE
500 pairs Children's hosiery at half price. Ladies and gents underwear at very low price.

CALL AND EXAMINE.
and you will be well paid.

A. Y. Thompson & Co
304 Main street, Worcester
P. S. Ten pairs Lyons Silk Poplins at 65 1/2 former price 1.10. 14 1/2

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

BY AUTHORITY of the Probate Court for this county, the undersigned, as he is Administrator of the estate of Charles Fales, late of said county, deceased, will sell at public auction, at the homestead of said Fales, on the premises, in the village of Brookfield, situated and bounded as follows, to-wit: All that certain real estate of about six acres, situated in said Brookfield, on the west side of the road leading from said village to the Meeting House to the Boston and Albany depot, with the homestead house of eleven rooms and wood house and barn connected, a boot shop and a two tenement dwelling house thereon; the land consists of mowing and pasture land, and there is upon it an orchard of apple and pear trees. The above real estate will be sold in lots.

Brookfield, Mass., Jan. 28th, 1876.
CHARLES A. FALLES, Administrator.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
SEVER, Worcester, ss.—Probate Court. To all persons interested in the estate of Caleb M. Morse, late of Spencer, said county, an insane person.—You are cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said county, on the third Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the final account rendered by Erastus Jones, the guardian of his administration of said estate, and now on file at this office, should not be allowed. And said account is ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, two weeks successively, in the SPENCER SUN, a newspaper printed at Spencer, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and to send, or cause to be sent, a written or printed copy of this notice, properly mailed, postage prepaid, to each of the heirs, devisees, or legatees, or legatees of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days at least before said court.

Witness, HENRY CHAPIN, Esquire, Judge of said court, this twenty-fifth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.
CHAS. E. STEVENS, Register.

GREAT RED TICKET

SALE
AT THE
CRYSTAL PALACE!

Still Continues.

GREAT PANIC

IN

DRY GOODS.

Our Whole Stock

TO BE SOLD.

To convince you that we are almost giving goods we will give you a few of our prices:

FELT SKIRTS

We have reduced our whole stock of Felt Skirts to the low price of

\$1.25, for the Choice.

Goods that we have sold for \$2.25, and \$2.00, and cheap at that

Great Red Ticket Sale

One Lot of Alpaca Braid

For 25c per piece 36 yds

Madame Foy's Skirt Supporters.

For 86 cents

These goods cost everywhere \$1.25.

Great Red Ticket Sale.

One Lot of Gents Shaker Socks.

Only 10c per pair.

Whole Stock of Buttons

Marked at 10c per doz. for the choice.

ONE LOT OF

Loom Damask

(Very wide) Only 30c per yard

One Lot of Turkey Red.

(War anted fast color) Only 7c per yard.

ONE LOT OF

Honey Comb Towels

(33 inches long) Only 12 1/2c

ONE CASE ALL

SIREN TOWELS

(27 inches long) 8 for 25c.

C. A. POTTER & Co.

WORCESTER, Mass.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLE

Just Received

H. H. DAYTON

WORCESTER.

Ladies' and Children's Plain and Fancy Hosiery.

In Wool, Fleece and Merino Goods.

GENT'S WOOL & MERINO HOSE.

Ladies' Merino Underwear.

A splendid line of Hamburg and Lace and Inserting, Cotton Trimmings, Initial and embroidered Handkerchiefs, French and American Corsets, and Skirt Supporters, Fitted, Lined, Woolen Gloves, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, full line of Fancy Yarns. Please call at

H. H. DAYTON

280 Main Street Worcester

Opposite Bay State House.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

CUSTOM CLOTHING

in the State, is at

Mecorney & Son

P. O. BLOCK,

WORCESTER, MASS.

You can rely upon having the best Garments at fair price, and being just what they are required.

We cut more and better SHIRT PATTERNS than any concern in the State.

We need say no more. Call and get the price.

P. O. BLOCK, WORCESTER.

W. MECORNEY & SON

HOUSE LOT AT AUCTION.

By license of Probate Court I will sell at public auction on Saturday the 11 day of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., in office of Luther Hill, in Spencer, a house in Grand Street, in Spencer, bounded and described as in a deed from William T. Wyburd, to O'Brien, dated March 9, 1871, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds at Worcester, Book 1, page 101.

Spencer, January 21st, 1876.

JOHN M. LYNDS, Administrator.

Wanted.

Will pay one dollar for an old fashioned spelling book, one that has in it (what is now styled "Key Sheet.") Apply at this office, 13-37.

CALL ON

BUSH & COMPANY

56 Front St., Worcester, Mass.

FOR TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES AND SUSPENSORY BANDAGES.

We have the latest style of

Elastic Trusses

Both single and double, with Ricketts' patent Lathen Pads, as may be wanted. Our stock large, embracing all styles and shapes, and prices as low as can be had. We have direct from the manufacturers at lowest prices, and warrant every Truss or Supporter to sell to fit, or no sale. Please remember the place to buy at lowest prices is at

56 Front Street.

(KELLEY'S BLOCK.)

BUSH & COMPANY

Jobbers and Retail Dealers in every kind of

DRUGS,

CHEMICALS AND FANCY GOODS

AND PATENT MEDICINES.

NOTICE

E. D. KENELY

WOULD inform the citizens of

Spencer and vicinity

that he has enlarged his place of business by

adding a new wing and has a large stock of

finest first-class workmen

prepared to build wagons, both

light and heavy, in a satisfactory

very manner.

New and Second-hand Wagons

of all descriptions, on hand for sale. I will

continue to do both horse and oxen and cow

secure a liberal patronage.

E. D. KENELY,

CHESTNUT ST., SPENCER, MASS., 417

Apple Timber Wanted.

ANY ONE having good, sound timber can

the highest price paid, by addressing

WM. LAWRENCE,

Paxton, Mass.

Commissioners' Notice

ESTATE of Charles Fales, late of Brookfield

in the county of Worcester, deceased, (deceased)

sealed last will. The subscribers have been

appointed by the Probate Court of said

Fales, and hereby give notice that six

from the eighteenth day of January, A. D.

It is a fact that a paper regularly published for a long time, and which has a reputation for its accuracy and its interest to the community, is entitled to a certain respect and consideration from the public. It is a fact that a paper which has been published for a long time, and which has a reputation for its accuracy and its interest to the community, is entitled to a certain respect and consideration from the public.

The work of the paper is to inform the public of the news of the day, and to give them a fair and accurate account of the events of the world. It is a fact that a paper which has been published for a long time, and which has a reputation for its accuracy and its interest to the community, is entitled to a certain respect and consideration from the public.

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A shaft of coal one hundred feet in length will be one of Tennessee's contributions to the Centennial. A bar of gold from the Oxford mines would be a proper thing for this patriotic country.

Secretary Fish is said to spend \$10,000 a year above his salary. On the door of his carriage, on his silver and on daily note paper are his family crest—a dolphin and a sea griffin—with the "Deus Dabit" or "God will give" motto.

Inquiry from the Senate has brought response from the Secretary of the Interior. The 45 of the Indian Agents now on duty in the Department have kept the book of financial expenditures and the record of contracts as required by law.

But neither Secretary Chandler nor the Commissioner of Indian Affairs makes any explanation in regard to those who have failed to obey the law.

The work of Moody and Sankey has been completed in Philadelphia, at least so far as they personally are concerned. Their meetings have been largely attended by all classes, and a large number of conversions are reported.

Will this interest be kept up? Will these conversions be permanent? Their work in Brooklyn has been followed with any results out of the ordinary course of things, but ministerial troubles are increasing.

The bill to repeal the Greyn law, about which so much has been said in connection with state and church, and out of which the Populists have been endeavoring to make political capital, has passed the legislature of Ohio and awaits the action of the Governor.

The law is similar to one passed by the legislature of the state, and it speaks in favorable terms of the Catholic religion.

This bill is introduced in the Ohio legislature by the Catholic religion. The bill is similar to one passed by the legislature of the state, and it speaks in favorable terms of the Catholic religion.

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reduction of the army, which shows that too much economy in this direction was given as a result of the war.

The "Ruben Dale" is continued. There are also other stories and some good poetry.

Since the general reduction in prices by the manufacturers of boots and shoes throughout the state, there has been an attempt to revive the organization of St. Crispin, which is proving very successful.

The movement first originated in Lynn and the society is being revived in all parts of the state.

The Boston Herald of January 31 published an interview with B. B. Scully, a prominent leader in the movement, in which he stated that the purpose of the society is to cause the wages of the shoe workers to be raised.

On the first of the first Mr. Scully says: "A few years ago places in this Commonwealth surpassed Lynn in local prosperity. Her manufacturers were doing a lucrative business; her mechanics liberally compensated, and the city was a city of thrift and prosperity.

During the past four years Lynn has witnessed a decline from its former prosperity. Within this period the wages of the operatives have been reduced 30 to 40 per cent., and as the cost of the various necessities of life has not declined in proportion, the condition of the operatives has been steadily growing worse until we find that a large proportion of those who formerly lived comfortably upon their own earnings have of late asked and received assistance from the city."

The workmen must look to themselves. It was vain for them to look to the manufacturer for assistance, for he was over so much disposed to advance wages, he is unable to do so without the entire body of workers standing by him when he attempts such a movement.

Hence the necessity of an organization of Crispin. The workmen of the city having fully comprehended the matter, have devoted their best efforts towards building up the order, and although it is hardly two months since the movement started it now numbers in this city nearly 2,500 members.

They do not confine their efforts to Lynn alone; they are pushing the work throughout the state, and giving the brethren all over the United States and Canada every encouragement in their power to build up their order.

New leaders are springing up every day all over the land, so that it is confidently expected that within a year the order will be stronger than ever before.

Should such be the case the membership will foot up nearly 100,000. The old order numbered at one time 53,000. It was said by the order that the aim and purpose of the organization is to give the workers of the shoe industry a fair and equitable share of the profits of the industry.

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especially favorable to the western states, which the party wishes to favor as much as possible. Mr. Morrison favors an income tax of five per cent. on all incomes over \$5,000, and this measure should pass.

Since the conviction of the murder of Joseph Langmaid of Pembroke, N. H., St. Albans people have been investigating anew and more thoroughly his suspected connection with the murder of Martinelli. Ball of that place a year ago last July, Langmaid was arrested on suspicion at that time, but some of his fellow Canadians swore to an alibi, and he was released; this testimony is now proved to have been false, and there is little doubt he murdered the young lady.

The Legislature has three state directors of the Boston and Albany railroad to select this session, and Sen. Henry Fuller of Westfield is prominently mentioned as one of the places, as well as ex-Gov. Talbot and Claiborne.

1876 STONE BROS. 308 HAVE MARKED DOWN!

THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF Fancy Dry Goods

And will make this SPECIAL SALE on March 1st previous to taking stock. Parties wishing to buy large quantities of goods will find it to their advantage to make selections at our stock in connection with the sale.

Gen's Woolen Socks, Merino and Co's Knit Hose, Ladies' Fancy Striped, Merino, Flannel and Woolen Hosiery, Misses' and Children's in every style and grade, Gen's Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Underwear and Pants, Misses' and Children's Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Knit Socks, Hosiery, Leggings, Mittens, Socks and Tip tops, Zephyr Wristed, all colors, 12 1/2 cents per pair. Royal Knit Patterns from 75 cts. to \$2.25. Brackets, Lamp Screens, Ottoman and Slipper Patterns cheap. Perfumed Card Board 15 cts. per sheet. Silver Perforated 40 1/2 cts. One-half yard White Java Canvas 25 cts. per yard, three-quarter yard wide, 45 cts. one yard wide, 62 cts. All Woolen material marked down cheap to clear. Hosiery, Leggings, Collars, Cuffs, and Socks, Silk Ties, Silk Neck Handkerchiefs, Gen's and Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, Bedding, Gimpes, Laces and Fringes, Buttons, Etc., Etc., Etc., all at low prices.

Call and Get Bargains.

STONE BROTHERS

308 Main Street, WORCESTER, MASS.

P. S.—We Can Beat any house in the city on prices at our

BOOT AND SHOE STORE

367 Main St., NEAR FOSTER STREET.

W. A. & J. F. STONE, WORCESTER, MASS.

J. H. Clark & Co.

have had a very successful sale of

BLANKETS

100 Pairs at \$3.50, AND 100 Pairs at \$5.00.

White Blankets

For \$2.25 a pair

50 pairs Large Heavy

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White Blankets

Selling at the Old Prices.

Regardless of the Recent rise in Rubber Boots and shoes

BOSTON Shoe Store

14 FRONT STREET, WORCESTER.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

National Convention of the United States Colored men.

June 1, May 17, 1915, Indianapolis, June 14, Republican, Cincinnati.

A woman suffrage people have proposed, addressed to the "political" class, which is to be held in Indianapolis, Philadelphia, at noon, on the morning of July 1st.

A good deal of dissatisfaction is being expressed by the army and navy at the appointment of Gen. Horace B. Sargent, the commander for Massachusetts, of Charles W. Thompson of Boston to assistant secretary of the navy.

General, and strong efforts are made to have the appointment revoked. Other prominent candidates for the position were Lieut. Prior of Cambridge and Capt. Adams of Lynn.

News Known to Fall.

Monks' Strife at San. Wild Oats.

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Monks' Strife at San. Wild Oats.

find it hard to realize that
a real live Yankee city.

lock of hair and the per-
it belonged. In various
world the sorcerer gets

ROCHESTER. **Merrifield.**

PERKINS & CO.
New York.

Good prices paid for Eagles, Owls, also for good specimens of Colored birds.

Wrens and
of Highly
5-3m | ops or corn, need some more
food.

BROWNS NO. 370 Main
 Lincoln House Block, WOBURN

STANLEY, MARVIN
34-5m
MARVIN STANLEY
Gen. Pass. Ag't Chicago, Gen. Dep't. Chi.
4015-17

OUR NEIGHBORS.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD.

—Last Friday in the Criminal Court at Worcester, Levi H. Henshaw was convicted of keeping liquor with intent to sell without a license.

—Mr. Nathan Thompson preached in the First Church last Sabbath. There was much satisfaction expressed with the sermon, as he dwelt upon the teaching of God through nature.

—There will be a leap year party in the Town Hall, February 22. Supper will be served at the Brookfield House.

—We understand that the recent change in the Arion Quartette Club arose from some criticism made by a member on Mr. Fay.

—E. & A. Battellier & Co. have increased the working hours of their employees from 8 1/2 to 9 1/2. The principal goods made at present are brogans and show shoes.

—Emerson Dana a respected citizen of this town died suddenly, Tuesday noon. He had been sick with a cold, and was at the dinner table when he complained of feeling tired, but he ate his dinner as usual, then moved back from the table and immediately expired. He was about 47 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children.

—This town may not be able to boast of the great pork barrel, yet we think we have the smallest type of one. It is a hog named "Phylloxera" that one of our citizens was in want of a house servant and not being able to procure one in this vicinity he applied through a Boston intelligence house for one.

In due time this person would send a girl would arrive on a certain train. The upper ten met her at the depot and after perusing at her, he blandly told her that she was not up to the ideal of a housemaid, which he had in mind. He then asked her to go to her father's house, which he did. She returned to Boston without any food.

—North Brookfield frankly confessed to the West Brookfield correspondent that she feels a little proud of her railroad when it brings five car loads of leather to her shops in one train, and has in all 19 car loads of freight billed over the road the same day. We glory not only in what it does for the comfort and convenience of our own citizens but what it does for others.

A few weeks since, in consequence of the burning of a small bridge on the branch road which runs through West Brookfield, communication was cut off between Palmer and Worcester. The through train was to come off that day, and the witnesses were in East Brookfield when the train was stopped. The train came through Worcester, so that the courts could proceed. If instead of its being in the night of imagination, our venerable citizens could see an easy carriage to our town and the train over our road and return in one of our pullman cars, he would be refreshed and rejuvenated by the journey.

—Since last I wrote a heavy shadow has fallen on my heart. Mrs. and Mrs. Lyman Barnes, the family where the removal of a boy, one of the youngest 2. They died of diphtheria, and were laid to rest. Little Frank was as always called, was an unconscious child, and his parents, lovingly in disposition, and a great favorite with all, for most, some knew him, and to me he was my own companion. Seldom being absent from home, little Frank was always asking me to tell him a story, and show him his puzzle and games. I loved him and took a paternal solicitude in all his childish sports, and in hearing him recite the little verses he had learned at school, which his father and mother had taught him at home, and the baby feet of little Freddie would follow me around, and his little hands would clasp my arm and his eyes make a most appealing face to take him up. The two lovely children were laid side by side in the same coffin, covered with fragrant flowers, their little hands clasped sweet responses, fit emblems of the young lives which are to come to perfect blossom in the garden of the Lord. And so we laid them away, and I know that, though the home is desolate with them, they are walking today where living waters flow and flowers bloom eternal.

—Fold them, Oh Father, in Thine arms, And let them rest in peace. As messengers of love between Our human hearts and Thine.

Rev. Mr. Rich, of the Catholic Church, Brookfield, officiated at the funeral, which was Monday—a very stormy day—on a very fine day, full of sympathizing friends, and a most affecting and appropriate funeral sermon I never heard—not a dry eye was to be seen in the house—also were many subscribers.

—At the commencement of the present term, instruction in German was commenced in the school here as an experiment, and every one

is satisfied that it has been successful. The scholars have taken more interest in their school duties than formerly. The scholars will give a public entertainment in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, February 21, in order to raise money to pay the cost of the organ. A good thing is expected.

—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Howe, invaded their residence in East Brookfield, Tuesday night, in a very pleasant manner, reminding them of the tenth anniversary of their marriage, and leaving as tokens of their friendship some forty dollars worth of silver, crockery and glassware.

—Mr. Charles S. Clark has sold his farm to parties in Worcester. Price, \$2,200.

—Edward Hunt has bought the real estate formerly owned by Samuel Crawford.

—The friends and neighbors, to the number of twenty-five or more, gave J. C. Sturges and family a most complete surprise, last Wednesday evening. As your correspondent was not present cannot give you full particulars, but presume from the company that went that they must have had a very lively time.

—Why is it that the first thing a person does when he or she accidentally looks down to see if there is any one in sight, and if not, to say something to themselves?

LEICESTER.

—The ladies of the town are making extensive arrangements for their grand Centennial tea party, which is to come off on Tuesday afternoon and evening, February 22. A large collection of choice relics are being gathered for exhibition, among them are many quite valuable. The hall is to be elaborately decorated with flags and bunting, and a large amount of extra light added on this occasion. The proceeds extend an invitation to all former residents of Leicester to come and take tea with "the old folks at home." A portion of the proceeds will be given in aid of the Centennial National Exhibition at Philadelphia.

—The Social Union held an entertainment at the Town Hall, Friday evening, which was fully attended and gave great satisfaction. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music, an interesting dialogue, with excellent readings. The "Leicester Moon," a very original and humorous play, was given by a number of the Union, concluding with the laughable pantomime of "George Washington and his Little Hawks," which was performed with much taste.

—The Amateur Dramatic Club have been requested to repeat the play of "Neighbor Jack," as soon as they can make it convenient. This has given the very best satisfaction, and a great many are desirous of seeing it again. We learn that it is to be repeated on Saturday night, during the month of March. We gratify for them a full house.

—There is to be a series of religious meetings held at the First Congregational Church the present week commencing Friday afternoon and continuing until Sabbath evening following. Quite a number of helpers are expected from abroad.

—Theodore Baker of this place, who has the contract for building the large stable for Dr. S. S. Sloan at New Worcester, has the building well under way, and it will be completed in season for the spring trade in horse flesh.

PAXTON.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pennington were recently surprised by the ladies of their friends and neighbors. Nearly one hundred were present and the occasion was a very enjoyable one to all.

—The party having partaken of a bountiful collation provided by the ladies of the company, Rev. Mr. Fairbanks presided in behalf of the company and read something of "Log Cabin," which on the upper Wolf, is very considerable from the first breaking up of the ice.

SOUTHBRIDGE.

—The scholars in the public schools are to give a concert in the Dresser Hall, Friday evening, under the direction of Mrs. Carpenter, and Miss Ella Reed.

—All the primary and intermediate schools will close this week. The next week, the high school will close. Most of the children will be retained. The new school house on Elm Street will be commenced as soon as the condition of the ground will admit.

—Rev. Dr. Haskell preached an able sermon at the Methodist Church Sunday morning to a large audience.

—The "Hay Makers" under the direction of Mr. Broad are now having two rehearsals a week. They hope to be able to give the concert contemplated during the two first weeks in March. About fifty are connected with the school.

—About five years ago Mr. Luther Train lost a gold watch. Last Friday it was placed in the hands of an attorney, with instructions that he return it and answer no questions.

STURBRIDGE.

—The late transfer of property by Mr. Jabez Westgate places his farm in the possession of those not relatives of his, who owned it 200 years ago for the first time. Mr. Westgate is obliged to give up farming on account of ill health.

—A few in this town are losers by the failure of the N. Brookfield box manufactory. A load of lumber was delivered there by one of David Wright's teamsters after the shop was closed and the lumber gone.

—The public schools close their winter term on the 18th.

WARREN.

—The Young Men's Christian Association held a State Convention here beginning at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and continuing through Wednesday and Thursday.

—During the past week the Boston Milk Company filled their ice houses with about 1000 tons of ice 11 inches thick.

WATERBURY.

—On Saturday the Knowles Pump Works supplied one of their largest pumps to the Chicago Water Works. It will send another of like capacity to the same place next week.

—Edward Bigelow and James O'Neill have purchased lots on Maple street and are erecting dwellings there. West Warren having greatly increased its number of voters proposes to have its share in the town officers at the coming March election.

—Deacon Timothy Beaman who recently died here, was for thirty three years a resident of Endicott, where for thirty years he was a deacon of the Congregational Church. He served several terms on the Endicott board of selectmen and was a member of the legislature in 1864.

—The official board of the Methodist Church for the ensuing year is: E. F. Strickland, H. Walker, L. G. Bennett, C. E. Barry, H. Green, B. Gay. Conference Delegate E. F. Strickland.

CHARLTON.

—The recent rain is very acceptable to the mill owners in Charlton City, as it supplies them with water for the present. Mr. J. A. Smith is the owner.

—The ladies connected with the M. E. Society will hold a fair and festival in their church on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb 23 and 24, to meet the deficiency in current expenses. An old folks' concert will be the entertainment for the evening, and speaking, singing, and a supper, mystery, and a variety of other amusements will be given.

—While visiting some relatives in Winchendon, Mass., last season, I took a trip some fifty miles or more to the Wolf River to see and learn something of "Log Cabin," which on the upper Wolf, is very considerable from the first breaking up of the ice.

While entering into conversation more or less with the lumbermen, I became acquainted with an old and experienced trapper, in whom I became much interested, and before leaving the lumber camp he made all arrangements to accompany him on his next expedition.

Now, Hiram is an old and experienced trapper, and after getting the necessary permits from the State Game Warden, he is off on his expedition. He is a small town on the Wolf River, not far from where it was visiting, and every fall he has in company with one or more companions, gone on a trapping expedition. Formerly, Central Michigan and parts of Minnesota, but he says these seasons are completely trapped out, and the trappers have been driven to the north.

Articles will not bring as much, but they are more plentiful and easier to handle, and the winter is a delightful one for the trapper. Each winter's expedition nets him from \$200 to \$500.

Well, as I said, I had made all arrangements to accompany him—old for what I should make, but my opportunity was taken, and the long canoe voyage, for it must be remembered that

our destination was Horn Lake, Minnesota, by the river route about 1,500 miles. Our outfit was such a thing made of three-eighths bar iron, 14 1/2 feet long, 11 inches wide, 11 inches thick, and with a seven foot white cedar oak, our outfit was light and built especially for the business by Hiram himself. We had two pair of woolen blankets, one heavy quilted spread, small mess chest in which were all the little stores needed around camp, tin boiler, frying pan and an "Arkansas skillet," or "Dutch oven" as they are sometimes called, which we could cook the nicest dish of bread, fry a piece of stewed turkey or anything needed. Our arms consisted of one Winchester rifle, one \$180 "Dodge" double-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun, which, with about twenty No. 2 and thirty No. 1 Newhouse steel traps each, completed the principal part of our outfit.

As we had a long trip before us we started from Hiram about the middle of September. Our first and only land pull was up the Fox River, 125 miles, to the canal connecting with the Wisconsin River at Portage City. While going up the Fox and through Buffalo and Monticello lakes we had abundant food of green and blue-winged teal, mallard and a chance partridge or snipe. The canal not being in use at present we were obliged to make a two miles long and wide road through the Wisconsin, and then we glided out 150 miles to the Mississippi, which we made in three days, always allowing ourselves time to stop and cook. It was a matter of boiled potatoes, fried bread, tea or coffee and sometimes warm milk. As our deer was frequently patient self-feeding, we only had to mix it with cold water and were always sure to have good, light bread.

After several interruptions by ground-time, Sprains, Stiff joints, Swellings, Burns, Scauld or Wound Blisters, when the Centaur articles seemed to a certain extent. The white Liniment is for the human family, the Yellow Liniment for horses and animals.

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MISCELLANY.

THE MARRIAGE OF GREAT MEN.

Byron married Miss Milbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm-girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field. He was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her by, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital yoke was sacredly observed, and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but could hardly say the same of the bard himself. Like most of the great men, he showed too little discrimination in selecting his affections on the other sex.

Washington married a woman with two children. Though to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married folks should live—in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. His father objected on account of Adams being a lawyer. He had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was at the bottom of his life, and in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily together until the day of death, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great of Russia married a peasant. She made an excellent wife and a good mother.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was much attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children fortunately were neither dissipated nor idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great States Rights advocate.

GIANTIC ROSES.

California has very justly boasted of her gigantic trees, her lofty mountains, her gorgeous Yosemite Valley, her towering water-falls and her vast gardens, fields, orchards, vineyards, gardens, etc., and we can now boast of her giant rose vines. Some time ago when at San Jose we paid a visit to the fine garden of Jackson Lewis, the well known citizen and vine-grower of that place, who is also an amateur florist of excellent taste and ability, who has a fine residence and makes it a point to have the choicest roses in his grounds, and to see them cut and dried for tea. Mr. Lewis has a neat conservatory also, with many rare and curious plants in fine growth. We found at these, in the ground, immense climbing roses of many years' growth, and at that time in full bloom, counting by the thousands; we noted a General LaRue rose, which was a General LaRue rose in circumference at the base; at four feet from the fork of many branches, these branches measured over five inches in circumference and were nine in number, thus covering a space of 1003 square feet.

PROCESS OF GLIDING.

Since in a late leaf-gold, add a little honey, stir the two substances carefully together with a glass stirrer, the lower end of which is very flat. Throw the resulting paste into glass of water mixed with a little alcohol; wash it all the way to settle. Decant the liquid and wash the deposit several times with the same operation until the result is a fine, pure, and brilliant powder of gold. This powder, mixed with common salt and powdered cream of tartar, and stirred up in water, serves for gliding. As another method of gliding, Boiteau gives the following: Dissolve in warm water one grain of the gold, previously rolled over very thin, in a porcelain capsule heated on the sand-bath and concentrated. Still it is a factor of exorbitant cost. Add a pint of distilled water, but in which has been dissolved four grains of white cyanide of potassium. Stir with a glass rod, and filter the liquid through unsized paper. To rid this liquid, it is heated a little above lukewarmness, and the articles to be gilt are immersed in it and supported upon a piece of very clean cane.

GRAPE CURE.

A European letter says—There are many of the Continent numerous establishments devoted to the application of the "Grape Cure." The cure is very simple. It consists in eating a great quantity of grapes, the skin-thinned, washed, white wine being best for the purpose. The patient takes but little ordinary food, and is required to eat three or four pounds of the fruit a day; at first, the quantity being gradually increased to eight, ten, and even

twelve pounds or grapes. This is it possible, to be eaten in the open air in the vineyard whence the supply is derived. It is an arrangement which, no doubt greatly conduces to the efficacy of the cure. It is frequently undertaken in their private practice by French physicians, who possess the material for it in the vineyard of Chasselas, of which such quantities are now selling in Paris.

THREE ALL NIGHT.

At Avoca, Steuben county, N. Y., there dwells two mighty hunters and anglers, named Frank Barker and Ike Haskins. Together or single they are mighty with the gun or rod, either can kill his squirrel at long range, or whip a trout stream to perfection. Each is good at the "long bow," as well, and aside from true trout and doughty deeds, can spin a marriage yarn of wood, and the other, who, they give and take, and it is a treat to hear Barker's hal ha! when the "hub" of a good story has been reached. But there is one thing in which both were involved, that they both relish hearing. In fact, it is a sore subject with them.

Shortly before the trout season closed—neither would take a fish or shoot a bird out of season for the world—they concluded to have a good sport, and accordingly started early to fish Spring Brook. They intended doing it thoroughly, and by nightfall they had as fine a lot of speckled beauties as could be wished. When the sun went down they were miles from home, and concluded, therefore, to take a cut across lots and save time. They traveled homeward congratulating themselves on their good luck. But the darkness came on apace, and they soon found that they would have been wise had they followed the stream to the road which led to the village.

It had grown quite dark as the entered a deserted orchard. As they walked the fence something big and black arose in a fence corner. The same idea seized both their minds. It was the bear which had been reared by his parents, and he was now trying to prey on the victims of their lives, the animal closely pursued. Finding that it gained on them, Frank went on to take to a tree. They had dropped rods and fish-baskets as they ran, and were hatless. Coming under a tree whose branches could be reached, they both sought refuge. The darkness was so great that they could not see the bear, but they could hear his heavy tread as he came on. He was already crowded with hunters, who were either agitated on the bare stones with their feet, dangle toward the water, or standing close to the trees. The bear came on. It would have taken a good deal to attract the bear, but the little quills that went gently floating down stream, and which they systematically pulled out of the water as soon as they got to the end of their fishing line, were in his sight. He came higher up. Chief was powerless to arouse them. It was in vain a wailing cry in a blue blouse, passing that way, would ask if they had seen "the whale," and inquiries as to whether the fish had (as reported) been treated with equal contempt. Certain "knowing anglers had taken up their positions on the bridges, from which they angled a height of twenty or thirty feet from the water. On the west bank there were a number of stationary punts, each containing three anglers, while others, propelled by long poles, moved sluggishly up and down the Seine. The latter belonged to the fishing party, and were being navigated by professional fishermen engaged in casting nets, a privilege which they enjoy at a cost of two or three hundred francs a year. It was amusing to notice with what sang froid and perseverance the anglers continued to angle, while the bear was being cast about by them. They dashed with gentle caterpillars, flies, paste, and various kinds of worms, but I do not believe they caught much. It was rare to see more than half-a-dozen small fish captured with a net at one throw; the largest one that I saw pulled out of the water with a line could not have measured more than four inches. To catch a fish as long as one's hand would be quite an event. In so far as our party was concerned we angled all day, at a spot reported "hot" and hooked about a dozen small specimens. I constantly hear of anglers catching eighty and ninety fish in the Seine in the course of one day. I might as well say that I have never yet been able to discover these fortunate beings. At the opening of the angling season there must have been several thousand people fishing in the Seine, and during the whole time they are constantly swarmed with anglers, *pocheurs a la ligne*. These crowds of individuals, who belong to almost every class of society and to nearly every age, are one and all as serious as judges. They regard taken with suspicion, and treat them with contempt. The cause of this, doubtless the immense amount of chat that they are compelled to listen to in the company of the *Chaff*, however, is as unaccountable of driving them away as hail and rain. Land and water.

A WARNING TO MEDDLERS.

That insignificant, nonentity, the bridegroom, is, of course, not to be touched. Whatever during the wedding ceremony. Nobody looks at him, nobody thinks of him. There are no tears for his immolation, no smiling-bow

HEBARD'S DAILY EXPRESS.

Look Out for the Engine!

The Railroad is daily making, but it is not to RUN MY EXPRESS AS USUAL, and hope by strict attention to business to make a name for itself.

LEAVE
North Brookfield..... 8:00
East Brookfield..... 8:15
Leicester..... 8:30
Leicester..... 8:45
Arrive in Worcester..... 9:30

LEAVE
Worcester..... 3:30
Leicester..... 4:15
Leicester..... 4:45
Leicester..... 5:30
Arrive in North Brookfield..... 7:30

OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END. Twenty thousand new volumes were copyrighted last year.

A recent visitor to the Diurnal swamp describes it, in *Forest and Stream*, as having lost none of the characteristics which gave it its name. Bears are not so plenty there as when the region was rarely penetrated by man, yet they still afford sport for hunters. Game Drummond, once believed by the ignorant to be bottomless, is now not in any place more than fifteen feet deep. Its water, impregnated with the juices of juniper and gum leaves, is of the color of port wine, and is a remedy by consumption.

Instead of advising everybody to battle against the tendency to put themselves into costly clothing, Ralph Waldo Emerson tells the man whose nerves are not firm to go to the tailor and dress irreproachably. This is the philosopher's quiet way of admitting that man is a failure, or at least more of a woman than a man.

The number of hogs slaughtered at Chicago to date is 163,000 head less than last season.

ANGLING IN PARIS.

About 3:30 I sallied forth to join my friends, and we set out together for the Seine. The sight in the streets of Paris bordered with willow trees, and the river was most curious. From time to time the doors of the quaint old houses swung inward on their hinges, and the anglers armed with rods, ladders, and little tin cans stepped into the streets. The banks of the Seine were already crowded with anglers, who were either agitated on the bare stones with their feet, dangle toward the water, or standing close to the trees. The bear came on. It would have taken a good deal to attract the bear, but the little quills that went gently floating down stream, and which they systematically pulled out of the water as soon as they got to the end of their fishing line, were in his sight. He came higher up. Chief was powerless to arouse them. It was in vain a wailing cry in a blue blouse, passing that way, would ask if they had seen "the whale," and inquiries as to whether the fish had (as reported) been treated with equal contempt. Certain "knowing anglers had taken up their positions on the bridges, from which they angled a height of twenty or thirty feet from the water. On the west bank there were a number of stationary punts, each containing three anglers, while others, propelled by long poles, moved sluggishly up and down the Seine. The latter belonged to the fishing party, and were being navigated by professional fishermen engaged in casting nets, a privilege which they enjoy at a cost of two or three hundred francs a year. It was amusing to notice with what sang froid and perseverance the anglers continued to angle, while the bear was being cast about by them. They dashed with gentle caterpillars, flies, paste, and various kinds of worms, but I do not believe they caught much. It was rare to see more than half-a-dozen small fish captured with a net at one throw; the largest one that I saw pulled out of the water with a line could not have measured more than four inches. To catch a fish as long as one's hand would be quite an event. In so far as our party was concerned we angled all day, at a spot reported "hot" and hooked about a dozen small specimens. I constantly hear of anglers catching eighty and ninety fish in the Seine in the course of one day. I might as well say that I have never yet been able to discover these fortunate beings. At the opening of the angling season there must have been several thousand people fishing in the Seine, and during the whole time they are constantly swarmed with anglers, *pocheurs a la ligne*. These crowds of individuals, who belong to almost every class of society and to nearly every age, are one and all as serious as judges. They regard taken with suspicion, and treat them with contempt. The cause of this, doubtless the immense amount of chat that they are compelled to listen to in the company of the *Chaff*, however, is as unaccountable of driving them away as hail and rain. Land and water.

Price per bottle, 1/2. A pamphlet of 10 pages, giving a treatise on Catarrh, with illustrations, and a list of names, by addressing the proprietor, J. B. Leland & Co., Worcester, Mass., will be sent free.

Carriages! Carriages!
I would respectfully inform the public that I have on hand
New and Second-Hand
Carriages & Wagons
of all descriptions, which I am prepared to sell as low as any firm in Worcester County.
PAINTING,
TRIMMING,
WOOD &
IRON WORK,
DONE BY
First-class Workmen.
AT SHORT NOTICE AND AT
Reasonable Prices
Thanking for past favors and hoping by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.
Respectfully,
Geo. Stearns,
North Brookfield, Mass., 24-25

L. F. SUMNER,
DRUGGIST
AND
APOTHECARY
SPENCER, MASS.

Prescription carefully prepared.
SPECIAL ON SUNDAYS from 10 to 12:30 A. M. and from 12 to 2 P. M.

SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
No. 55 Washington St., Boston.

At present in this institution, numerous persons are interested in the fact that the institution has been organized for the purpose of saving money, and is now open for the reception of deposits.

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CALL ON BUSH & COMPANY

Annual Closing
Winter Clothing
ENTIRE STOCK
MARKED DOWN

For sale at this office an Empire Sewing Machine made at the Remington works. This is a superior machine and will be sold at a bargain; or we will give it as a premium to the person who will get ONE HUNDRED SUBSCRIBERS TO THIS PAPER. This is a rare chance to get a good machine.

ELASTIC TRUSSES.
Both single and double, with Nickel-plated band and the depression in nearly all cases, manufactured not giving a very bad effect, and the most perfect of its kind, and closing also earlier than usual.

56 Front Street,
(KELLEY'S BLOCK.)
BUSH & COMPANY,
Jobbers and Retail Dealers in every kind of
DRUGS,
CHEMICALS AND
FANCY GOODS
AND PATENT MEDICINES.

USE
HARRISON BROS. & CO.'S
"Town and Country"
READY MIXED
PAINTS!
We offer today your choice in
150 Overcoats
For \$15.00, Each.
Former Price from \$15 to \$20.
Your choice in
100 Overcoats
For \$10.00, Each.
Former Price from \$10 to \$12.
Your choice in
200 Overcoats
For \$5.00, Each.
Former Price from \$5 to \$6.
Your choice in
250 Frocks and Suits
For \$5.00, Each.
Former Price from \$5 to \$6.
Your choice in
160 Pairs in Job Lot
We now call your attention to some of the bargains we have ever offered.

NEW ORGANS!
New Styles
Elegant Design,
MANUFACTURED BY
S. R. LELAND & CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

Every Organ supplied with
The Tremolo,
Grand Organ Stop,
Grand Expression Knee Swell
Our CASES are of elegant design, giving right given a better quality of tone, besides very low as any firm in Worcester County.
Agents Wanted in Every Town
WE SELL ON INSTALLMENTS.

Now is the Time!
TO BUY A
PIANO!
Or Cabinet Organ.
We will sell for the
Next Thirty Days
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WHOLESALE PRICES!
Musical Merchandise
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Pianos and Organs
TO RENT.
Heat deducted if purchased. Don't forget the
Next Thirty Days
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HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

CRAM CAKE.—One and a half half sugar, one and a half cupfuls of one-half cupful butter, one-half of corn starch, one-half cupful milk, whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor to taste.

STARCH CAKE.—One and a half half sugar; one and a half cupful of one-half cupful butter, one-half of corn starch, one-half cupful milk, yolks of six eggs. Flavor to taste. One teaspoonful baking powder.

LEAGUE CAKE.—One teaspoonful of two eggs; half a cupful of butter; a teaspoonful of cream tartar; half a teaspoonful of soda; one cupful of water and two of flour. Flavor lemon. The above quantity will make a loaf for a long time.

SARAH FARMER PUDDING.—Take ounces of tapioca and boil it in a pint of water until it begins to swell, then add half a pint of milk by degrees, and boil until the tapioca becomes very thick; add a well beaten sugar and flavoring to taste, and the three quarters of an hour. This variation of tapioca is superior to other, is nourishing and suitable delicate children.

HICKEN PIE.—Cut up a chicken until tender, take out the meat from the gravy to a plait, add a pint of milk and one half pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour to a pint; bring the gravy to a boil; a tin pan with a crust made by one-fourth as much flour to make pie paste; line the tin pan, put in meat, pour over it the gravy, put a top crust, leave a vent, and bake an hour and a half.

MOCK CREAM.—Boil one pint and a half of milk, sweeten and flavor to taste. Beat three eggs very light; to them three heaping teaspoonfuls of flour, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix this into the boiling milk. Spread when cold, between two layers of cake made for Washington pie, and have a nice cream cake.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.—Phenol, a German insecticide of passenger, is a substance that single stem of hemp, in the leaves and blossoms, mixed in the stuffing of a car seat will protect it from moths for years, and first imp for the purpose should be gathered just when in blossom, dried rapidly in the shade, and kept in covered wooden vessels in a dry place.

To one quart of bran flour rub in a teaspoonful of salt, and very thoroughly to teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar be later should be stirred in at least ten minutes, that it may be well incorporated; then add two teaspoonfuls of molasses, and mix in sufficient new milk to make a stiff batter. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, stir in thoroughly and quickly, pour into a well-greased round tin, and bake slowly in a hot oven for one hour and three quarters, and is relished by those who can not eat "Graham Bread" prepared in other ways.

With all its Leathome Attendants
Cured by Four Bottles
OF THE
Constitutional Catarrh Remedy
ADAMS' MEDICINE CO. BOSTON, MASS., 101 N. 1ST ST.

MESSRS. LELAND & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
510 MAIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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WORLD
RENOWNED
WILSON
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GRAND PRIZE
MEDAL
1875

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THE YEARS!
It can not get out of order.
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Machines in the magnitude of
One section in achievement of
Mass Coach. Small 274-274888
dit the Times,
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AGENTS WANTED.
ING MACHINE CO.
LL. NEW YORK, N. Y.,
ST. LOUIS, MO. Small 274-274888

THE ORGANO CO.
HE WORLD.



I BUY IT?

Reasons

USE

It combines the following essential qualities: **maximum reliability, minimum effort, no waste, no error, yet produces it in any other way than the conventional manner.** It has been invented that cannot be disarranged or so great that it requires but little adjustment in the market.

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which will be mailed post paid, apply

THE ORGAN CO.

MASS.

ss, Eng. 85

**SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
THE BROOKFIELD NEWS**

WILL BE RECEIVED AT

**PERPENTER'S APOTHECARY STORE,
TOWN HALL BUILDING.**

BROOKFIELD. - MASS.

NOTICE.

HOME AGAIN
IN MY
Old Quarters'
With Clark, Sawyer and Co.,
100 Main St., opp. Court H.
Have a clean and superior stock of
WATCHES
AND STANDARD JEWEL-
RY
Persons to visit to see our old place, 100 Main St., will find a reliable, good and reasonable place to buy and see our old place.
WATCHWORK
repairs, and we keep our customers in the best of the old and customers to give and to give.

W. G. BLANK,
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER.

THE SPENCER SUN

IT SHINES FOR ALL.

VOL. IV.

SPENCER, MASS., FRIDAY MARCH 3, 1876.

NO. 19.

The Spencer Sun,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

OFFICE, UNION BLOCK, MAIN ST.,

Spencer, Mass.

CURTIS & PICKUP,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Terms, \$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Advertising Rates.

Time.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
Week.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

Special notice column, fifty per cent, additional. Notices, (solid), fifteen cents per line. Advertisers will find this paper a valuable aid in extending their business throughout western Worcester county. Local items of news gladly welcomed from any reliable source. Correspondents must send their names with communications, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee to us. We cannot return rejected manuscripts unless stamps be sent for that purpose.

Business Cards.

SPENCER SAVINGS BANK.

Deposits received and put on interest the first day of every month. Dividends of interest are declared January and July.

WILLIAM UPHAM, President.

ERASTUS JONES, Treasurer.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.

H. ROWLEY, Importer of Fashions, Sum-

mer street, dealer in Cloths, Trimmings and

tailors, first-class work and good value warranted.

D. H. BARTLETT, Dentist, Adams' Block,

operates with care and skill upon the natural

teeth, and inserts artificial ones that are life-like

and beautiful, in the most approved manner, and

at reasonable prices.

M. ALLEN, Dealer in Davis Sewing Machines,

U. S. Sewing Machine Co., Boston, Mass.,

Block, North Brookfield. The cheapest and best.

H. KELLEY, Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery,

Agricultural Implements, Tools, Paints, Oils,

and all kinds of goods, 100 Union

St., Worcester, Mass.

Worcester.

Attorneys.

C. A. GULLING, Counselors at Law,

100 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

W. T. MARLOW,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHIEF.

No. 2 Post Office Block, Worcester, Mass.

C. E. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

No. 2 Post Office Block, Worcester, Mass.

Schellers.

O. A. STURGEON, Watchmaker and Jeweler,

100 Main St., Worcester, Mass. In store

with J. M. Blackwell, Optician.

Architects and Engineers.

FRANK W. OBERINGTON, Architect.

100 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Opposite Old South

Church, Worcester, Mass.

Dentists.

J. BROWNE WALKER, Dentist. Removed to

100 Main St., Worcester, Mass., over White &

Conant's Hardware Store.

D. S. COOK & SONS, Dentists. Pure Laugh-

ing Gas and Ether used in extracting. 87

Building, 4th Main Street, Worcester, S. W. Cook,

W. H. Smith, 8-17

Manufacturers.

ISAAC D. MATHEWS, Manufacturer of all

varieties of Machine and Mechanical Tools,

Patent, Machine and Machine Jobbing, 100 Union

St., Worcester, Mass.

Agents.

JAMES G. ARNOLD, Solicitor of Pat-

ents, Counsellor and Expert in Patent

Cases. P. O. Address, 7 Harvard St. Office

W. O. BEMIS

ARTIST.

"Old Shingled Cottage,"

SPENCER, - - - MASS.

Painting in Oil—Landscapes, Sea views, and

cattle. Portraits, Life Size, copied from

PHOTOGRAPHS.

E. W. BOWE.

Dentist.

COMINS & AMES BLOCK,

(Over Store.)

NATURAL TEETH filled in the best manner.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted; a perfect fit in

every case or no charge.

All are invited to call and examine specimens of

work and prices.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas will be admin-

istered for extracting without pain when desired.

Office open at all hours day and evening.

9-13

H. L. CLEMENCE,

AUCTIONEER.

Sale of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Orders left at my office.

NO. 22 PEARL ST. WORCESTER.

Or Look Box 910, will receive prompt attention.

13-3m

A. W. CURTIS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

UNION BLOCK, SPENCER, MASS.

O. S. CHAPMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in Comins & Ames' Block.

Opposite Massasoit Hotel, Main St., Spencer.

ROOMS AT MASSASOIT HOTEL.

Office hours from 9 A. M., 12 to 2, and 6 to

8 P. M.

C. L. KINGSBURY, M. D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Office and Rooms

UNDER MASSASOIT HOTEL,

Pleasant Street,

Spencer, Mass.

Office hours—7 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 2, and 6 to 8

to 9 P. M. All other hours when not profes-

sionally absent.

DINING ROOMS,

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

IN

Howes' Block.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Regular boarders wanted; also,

rooms in private houses.

WM. JEROME.

C. P. BARTON,

Surgeon-Dentist.

Office - - - Marsh's Building

MAIN STREET.

SPENCER, MASS.

G. BRADFORD,

Carriage, Sign and Ornamental

PAINTER.

JOE GODDARD'S BUILDING,

Chestnut Street, - - - Spencer.

Where he will be pleased to see all his old

patrons and as many new ones as may favor him with

their patronage.

13-3m

F. W. Bemis & Co

DEALERS IN

Provisions, Poultry.

RAILROAD STAGE LINE.

Stages leave Erie, for trains going East, at 9:25 A.M.

10:25, 5 P.M. For trains going West, at 7:25 A.M. 8 P.M.

WORCESTER AND SPRINGFIELD DIVISION

Leave Worcester for Albany and Way Stations

(accommodation) at 6:45 A.M.

For Springfield and Way Stations, 6:45, 9 A.M.,

and 4:45, P.M.

For Albany (express) 9:55, for New York and

Albany (exp.) 10:25 A.M. and 4:30 and 10:35 P.M.

New York Sunday mail leaves at 10:05 P.M.

Sleeping cars will leave Springfield for Rochester

daily, connecting with 4:30 P.M. train.

Leave Springfield for Worcester at 2:15, 7:15, 11:30

A.M. 1:35 P.M. 3:05 P.M. 4:10 P.M. 12:25 A.M.

(Monday)

RAILROAD CONNECTIONS.—At Albany with the

New York Central, Troy and Greenbush and

Hudson River Railroads. At Chatham with the

Hudson and Boston and Litchfield Springs

Railroads. At State Line with the Housatonic

Railroad. At Pittsfield with the Pittsfield and

North Adams and Housatonic railroads. At West

field with the New Haven and Northampton Rail

road. At Springfield with the Hartford, New He-

aven and Springfield, and Connecticut River Rail-

roads. At Palmer with the New London Northern

railroad. At Worcester Junction with the Prov-

 idence Worcester, Worcester and Nashua, and || Norwich and Worcester Railroads. At South- |
| Framingham with the Boston Clinton and Vitch- |
| burg, Milford and South Framingham and Lowell |
| Railroads. |
| C. O. BOWEN, |
| Sup't April 1, 4 |

BATCHELLER HOUSE,

North Brookfield, - - - Mass.

H. L. WARNER, Proprietor.

Free Coach to and from the Depot.

13-1y

THE Best Advertising medium for the Brook-

field is THE Brookfield News.

HOME NEWS.

Landlord Bergen has been sick for some

time.

The thirty-second storm made very good

sleighing.

The sleigh ride to Southbridge was the

rage on Thursday.

It costs but \$2.91 1-2 cents per week for

board at the Poor House. Let's go.

It is the duty of every voter to be pres-

ent at the town meeting.

Rev. Mr. Atkins has moved into Lewis

Prosty's house on High street.

The personal property of Captain Daniel

Green will be sold next Thursday, at 1

P. M.

Two of the School Committee of North

Brookfield visited the High School, Wed-

nesday.

A harness shop is to be located in the

house recently purchased by Mr. Butler of

the Methodist Church.

The store of Comins & Ames is nearly

completed, and it will be occupied in sea-

son for the spring trade.

Rev. Mr. Stevens of East Brookfield

preached at the Congregational Church

Sunday, in exchange with Rev. Mr.

Shore.

Vote according to your own convictions

and not at the dictation of others, is the

rule for the Centennial year, and forever

hereafter.

Elias Hall has some remarkable bargains

in real estate. His success and perfect

honesty in this line of business is unques-

tioned.

A large lemon squeezer has been on ex-

hibition for some time in the store of one of

our Democratic citizens. Voters will act

accordingly.

John Gilman has been appointed eastern

land agent of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The services in the Town Hall Sunday

were largely attended.

There are many remedies advertised for

the cure of spring complaints, but there is

none superior to the liver pills of Bush &

Co., Worcester.

Mr. Wm. G. Muzzy offers his cottage on

Prospect street, for sale. The location is

pleasant and the house thoroughly built.

It cost \$2,036.14 to run the High School

the past year, and \$8,540.25 the district.

Ten thousand dollars ought to furnish good

schools, if there is any virtue in money.

Tuesday the boys at the High School put

a broom on the floor of the entry to see

how many young ladies would pick it up.

Only two did so.

Tuesday evening the Sunday school class

of Mr. Albert Warren, presented him with

a Bible. The presentation speech was

made by Arthur Bemis, and a pleasant

time was had.

The Temple of Honor will have an open

meeting next Wednesday evening in

Marsh's Block. There will be music and

reading, commencing at 7 o'clock. The

public are invited.

Mr. Ward's work on the Bank Block is

nearly completed. It will be some time,

however, before the bank is moved to its

new quarters, as the safe is not yet put in.

The stores are not rented. The Y. M. C.

A. and G. A. R. will have rooms in the

building.

The voters of the watch district are not-

ified to meet at the Town Hall, on March

6th, at 2 P. M., to elect officer, raise money,

etc. Rather an expensive concern, this,

and ought to be abolished, and the money,

which would be used for its support, be

applied to the purchase of additional fire

apparatus.

CHEERY TRAMP.—A gentleman hearing

a noise in his kitchen one night this week,

investigated the cause and found that a

tramp had taken possession and was warm-

ing himself by the fire. He had already

used up three baskets of wood, and was

perfectly at home.

The trustees of the Museum have been

presented a copy of the painting of Elias

Howe's birth place which was recently

presented by Mr. Wm. O. Bemis, the artist,

NORTH BROOKFIELD.
—Town meeting next Monday. Let every voter look to his interests.
J. W. Ayers has moved to the Hub. We are sorry to lose him.
E. Denny & Co are to sell their stock of Dry Goods at auction.
The annual parish meeting of the First Church will be held on Monday the 13th.
—Mr. W. W. Russell intends to fix the car house this week in spite of the winter weather. His work speaks for itself.
That farmer who drove his team to the old site of the hay scales evidently does not take the "Sun," if he had he would have known better.

The warrant for the town meeting contains seventeen articles, one of which call for more consideration for the high school, and a new look-up.
—The Sovereigns of Industry have moved their store into the recently occupied by F. P. Stoddard, and the south end of Adams Block. They have an excellent stock of groceries, at lowest prices.

A collection of the creeds and manuals of the Congregational churches of the county is being made by Rev. G. C. Devotion for the Appleton place. Mr. Devotion, already has the largest collection known, and is making constant additions. He is also gathering pamphlets, publications of sermons, especially election sermons, and has obtained some that are quite rare and valuable.

—As some unknown writer in your paper gave his pork-barrel an airing you will of course find the man who wanted a competent housekeeper tell his own story, which runs thusly. His wife being sick and unable to care for her household affairs, he applied by letter to a Boston Agency stating fully and implicitly that he wanted an American or Nova Scotia woman capable of taking the entire charge of the housework. Being notified that a woman would arrive on a certain train, he was at the Depot and to his astonishment met a woman just over from the Green Isle: shilly and shally, from the agency in which it was stated that they were disappointed in the one they had intended to send, but hoped this one would answer his purpose. A few moments conversation convinced him that he did not want her, and he told her so, but invited her to go home with him and spend the night, but her reply was it was not going to keep her far below return at once. He paid her fare both ways and the agent's fees and he fills to see even the shadow of a pork-barrel on his side of the case. Could not this writer shut up something good to say about somebody, or couldn't he live on that kind of mankind?

WEST BROOKFIELD.
THE CENTENNIAL TEA PARTY
The Centennial tea party held in the Town Hall February 29th to procure funds for repairing the church vestry was a complete success, and the guests who failed to attend lost the "Crack" fair of the season. The costumes were varied and elegant and the party was well carried out. Friend Griffith and Miss Ella Page represented Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia. O. Leavitt appeared as George Washington and Mrs. M. Penniman as Lady Washington. Dea. Chas. Jackson with the fine and the Cummins with the drum furnished the centennial music. There was singing by the ancient choir led by Mr. Eaton. A solo by Miss Ada Hastings one of the beautiful "Old Lady" songs was applauded. Thirteen tables represented the thirteen original States and attended by waiters attired in old costume were patronized by the hungry, who made way with thirty pound turkey contributed by Mr. C. L. Olmstead. The antiquarian room had many articles; There were specimens of china and earthenware of the 16th and 17th centuries also hand spun, wove and stamped calicoes; the property of families whose history is identified with that of the town. There were Indian relics dug up on the plain, and old books and pictures without number. An encampment of Gypsies occupied one corner and told fortunes of an extravagant character. The burglar from Northampton burgled the safe in the highest style of the art. Artemas Ward held an exhibition of wax figures which will add to his world wide reputation. Mr. Jackson who played the life is eighty five years old. Mr. Cummings is over seventy. The costumes of Mr. and Mrs. Olmstead were especially elegant.

—Messrs. Shaw & Allen have just killed a pair of oxen fatted by Chas. Fairbanks of N. B. which dressed 2517 lbs. one weighed 1212 with 86 lbs of tallow, the other 1805 with 120 lbs of tallow. E. P. N.

OAKHAM.
—The pet anteater belonging to Mr. Frank Brock committed suicide a few days ago by standing to death with the rope she was fastened with.
—Town Meeting called next Monday. It is surprising by some that there will be a change in town officers the ensuing year.
—The friends and neighbors of Dea. James Packard to the number of sixty or more gave him a surprise last Friday evening by entering his house without an invitation and making them feel quite at home. The Deacon was at a loss what to make of the demonstration until he happened to think it was his birthday. Crawford's Corner land was called upon to do "escort duty" on the occasion. After a "social" of an hour or two the Rev. Mr. Morton told the Deacon what they were there for and in the course of his remarks managed to greet him with an envelope which from its looks might have contained quite a sum of money how much your correspondent knows not. Dea. Packard has for a long time been superintendent and "man of all work" in the Sabbath school, and it has fulfilled both other and duties he has fulfilled with all the satisfaction of all concerned, that this visit was made. During the evening a beautiful collection was passed among the company, to which all did ample justice.
—The surprise party ever is raging fearfully here this winter. Who the enemy will be it is almost impossible to tell.
—The old stage line from this place over the hills to Worcester is dead, but we have another that by the way of North Brookfield, that is far ahead of the old way in giving us a quicker and easier route to the Heart of the Commonwealth. M. M.

CHARLTON.
Mr. John H. Hiscox a blacksmith in Charlton has sold a part of his business to his brother George Hiscox formerly of Easting. Mr. J. Hiscox's new partner comes with a reputation of being one of the best horse men in the state. Those who employed him since he began work here speak very highly of his work. The owners of horses in this section appreciate a first class shoer.
The people of Charlton City had a very good time at their festival last week.

PAXTON.
—Monday evening there was a very pleasant gathering at the residence of Rev. Mr. Fairbanks. Noisy weather, the driving snow storm which prevailed, over 100 were present. A beautiful supper was provided by the ladies and the evening passed pleasantly with music and social conversation. After refreshments, Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. H. H. Pike, in a very appropriate and pleasant speech, presented to Mr. Fairbanks, in behalf of the donors, Messrs. Lydard Bill and John C. Bigelow, of this city, Mr. Fairbanks graciously responded, thanking the people for the kind interest manifested by their coming out in such large numbers in spite of the inclemency of the weather. Mrs. William B. Rogers then presented a purse of \$50, a gift from Mr. Fairbanks in behalf of his wife. Mr. S. Healy was called for, and accordingly made a few remarks after his usual happy manner. These interesting exercises were brought to a close by singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and a brief prayer by the pastor. The occasion was an enjoyable and one long to be remembered, and the hope was expressed that a similar gathering might take place in the future. The universal ally beloved and respected pastor, Mr. Fairbanks, annually for years to come.

LEICESTER.
The ball which came off last evening was an eminent success. Friends from Worcester, Spencer, and Paxton were present, and participated in the fun, which was carried on in true leap year style. The ladies choosing partners and doing the gallantry to the satisfaction of all present. The receipts which will approximate \$300 are to be given to Leicester Steam fire engine Co No 1 an organization which richly deserves its good fortune.
Mrs. Waldo Lamb, a widow lady, who has been blind for some years, fell from a horse and sustained a severe injury, by falling from her chair; her hip was broken. She was attended by Dr. Sweet of Worcester.
The many friends of John E. Russell, who died last week, from his long illness, are to be found in the city and under the daily care of his physician, but is no longer considered dangerously ill.
NEW BRAINTREE.
At the annual meeting of the New Braintree Cheese Manufacturing Company the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Directors, Benj. F. Hambleton, Edwin Holt, Alfred Bowden, Geo. K. Tuttle and Chas. S. Tidd; Treasurer, Geo. K. Tuttle. The whole number of pounds of milk received for the season was 1,634,206 number of cows 126, and the number of pounds of cheese made, 162,778; average pounds of milk to each cow, so that every pasturized sheep every

pound of curd cheese, 10.04; total expense per hundred weight in the manufacture of cheese, \$14.42; cost of freight and marketing 70 per cent, cost of cheese, 10.04; interest on capital, 1.00; and all other expenses, 73 per cent. As the company charge three cents a pound for interest on a net profit of one-quarter of a cent a pound. This has been appropriated towards the liquidation of the debt. The net price paid for help has been \$100 per month, the interest \$2.00 per day. The amount of help, two men through the season, one woman three months. The largest amount paid to any one man for milk during the entire season is \$123.04 the lowest \$2.50. The highest number of pounds received, from one dairy in one day was \$33, the lowest \$8. The number of cows represented at the factory, 458. The best not obtained is imported, being stronger and of better flavor than the average domestic product and the 3 cents cheaper.

STARCH.
According to the census of 1870, about six million dollars of starch was manufactured in the United States. About one-twelfth, or half a million, was in New Hampshire. Coos County takes the lead of all other counties in the State in the manufacture of this article. The farmers in the North-west part of this state, in the Connecticut Valley, are becoming rich by raising potatoes for the factories. They get forty cents a bushel for them at the factories. The variety they raise is the California potato. Of these they produce from 400 to 600 bushels to the acre. One man this year has raised nearly thousand bushels, and has raised nearly a million. The variety they raise is the California potato. Of these they produce from 400 to 600 bushels to the acre. One man this year has raised nearly thousand bushels, and has raised nearly a million.

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other, the result being, as nearly as possible, an absolute solution. In spite of this happy issue the reporting architects would not recommend similar experiments in the future.

INFLUENCE OF SEASON ON THE SKIN.
Donohoe calls attention to the fact that the obvious difference between the fur of animals in summer and in winter, is associated with an equally striking difference in the texture of thickness of their skin. Thus, for example, the average weight of an ox hide in winter is seventy pounds, in summer fifty-five pounds; the hair in winter weighs about two pounds, in summer one pound, leaving about fourteen pounds to be accounted for by the proper substance of the skin.
These differences are quite as decided in feral animals as in adults. Calves born in winter have a longer and thicker coat than those born in summer; moreover, there is a difference of more than a pound in the average weight of their skin after the hair has been removed. Similar facts may be observed in the case of goats and lambs. That these differences are not to be ascribed to any corresponding change in the diet and regimen of the parent animals is proved by the fact that the young of animals kept under cover and on the same food all the year round.
Where is the man who could have one purchased Manhattan Island for a dollar.
The little New York boy overtook the horse and when he was a tear away and said he had three mothers to support.

Director Underman of the United States mint of the opinion that the production of gold and silver after May 1 will reach \$7,000,000 per month, of which half will be in gold.
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CURES CANCER SORES IN THE MOUTH.
BUSH'S LIVER PILLS
CURES DIZZINESS.

SELECTED POETRY

A PRIZE FOR HONESTY.

BY W. O. BROWN.

Who'll offer prizes for a honest man?
The noblest work of God.
Though toiling with the plow and spade,
Or bearing the heavy load;
Or find him living in palace grand,
Endowed with learning wise—
If he's in truth an honest man
Who'll offer him a prize?

The man that bows his head to pray
Humbly with downcast eyes,
The world has never turned away
Without a golden prize.
What though he chide his neighbor dry,
Skill'd in cunning lies,
The people say he's the better man,
With all his dark disguise.

A humble palace for a home,
In silk and satin dressed,
May be the portion of a wretch
One moment never blessed;
And Satan hath a welcome there,
But never knew a plan
Whereby he could enter in,
Where dwells the honest man.

Mockers the world, to better grow,
Good deeds should ne'er dispise;
The world ne'er offered an honest man
The semblance of a prize.
Diogenes put out your light,
And heed this easy plan.
Offer a gift for faith and right,
And find your honest man.

[Original]

THE WHITE HOUSE.

Or a Week in Washington.

BY EXETER.

Having just returned from a brief
visit to our National Capitol, I have
thought it best to give a condensed
description of what I saw and heard there.
I have several reasons for doing so—
one, and the most important one, is to
keep all interviewers from my front
steps. The nuisance had become per-
fectly intolerable, so much so that I
had a notice hung on my door knob
with the words "Not at Home" printed
in large letters.

This notice seemed to take amaz-
ing—every interviewer that called took
one. The last one went this morning
—a reporter took it. He mounted my
front steps with the air of a Fourth
ward politician and commenced knock-
ing my new black walnut door with
wrenching the bell pull in such a man-
ner that my mother-in-law fainted three
times in succession. I grieved at the
interruption of each faint.

After the knave had mobbed about
my front yard for about nineteen min-
utes, he put the "Not at Home" in his
pocket, kicked over a very rare plant,
entitled the mesembryanthemum, and
started off down street, whistling "I
Want to be an Angel."

I at once sat down and composed
the following notice to have inserted in
the morning paper:

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A full
grown bull dog—a regular man eat-
er; one that can scent a boot agent or an
interviewer and all other traps. Address
P. O. Box 151.

Then I wrote another notice and
posted on my front gate, which read as
follows:

This house is furnished with a mod-
ern invention known as the Spring Gun.
Also, a bull dog, the largest and most sav-
age of its species, resides in these grounds.
This had the desired effect. I never
knew what happiness was before, and
when I want a good hearty laugh I set
at the front window and watch people
real fat notice. Travel on my side
of the street is nearly suspended, and
I haven't any spring gun or bull dog
either. I wish to remark here (in pa-
rentesis) that I shall be able to fur-
nish my autograph at reduced rates un-
til further notice. I have a private
secretary that can sign more ink than
any other man I know of, and can
build my autograph in seven different
languages. A good variety constantly
on hand.

But I have digressed somewhat from
the subject I was to expatiate on.
As the spring gun was skulking be-
hind the western hills and capping the
dome of the Capitol, also the Washing-
ton monument, (which is not falsified
yet,) with her golden rays, we thundered
into the B. and O. Railway station,
having made the journey in safety.
As I was about leaving the depot a
horrid spectacle met my astonished
gaze. There were, I should say,
"nifty and nine" brigades or more
commonly called hackmen.

They were reciting from memory, in
a high key, all the names of hotels on
this continent and in Europe.
My carriage began to fall me. I
dared not proceed; but there was no
other alternative. So, with a firm
grasp on my carpet bag, I approached
the edge of the mad'ning crowd. Then
began a struggle. I was pulled and
mauled for the space of about ten min-
utes, when I concluded I would take a
hack for Willard's—or the man that
had hold of me concluded I would—for
I was forced into his carriage, minus
one sleeve and only half of my carpet
bag left. As I alighted in front of the
hotel I asked him what he intended to
pay for making such a wreck of me.

"Pay!" said he, pulling up his coat
sleeve. "What do you mean? I'm in
a villainous hurry, so hand over."
"How much?" I asked.
"Three seventy-five," was the reply.
"Now, see here, don't you call that
rather steep? Still I don't find any
fault with your price, but how about
my coat and carpet bag?"

"That's all right; just you make out
your bill and I will call and get it."
That settled the matter; I felt re-
lieved. As I entered the hotel no one
took any notice of me in the way of
waiting on me. Soon I saw a man be-
hind a desk with a quill behind his ear.
When I approached him in a sort of a
one-sided way and asked, "Are you
folks all at home?" he didn't take any
notice of me more than if I hadn't
spoken. "Young man," I said, "can
you give a weary traveller supper and
lodging?"

He didn't say whether he could or
not, but gave me a pen, and pointing to
a big book said, "Sign."
I signed. A change came over him;
he was all smiles. He pushed his
thumb against the side of the house,
four colored waiters made their appear-
ance, and by the clerk's orders showed
me to No. 8, up two flights.

In my room I began reckoning up my
loss. I had almost decided on wait-
ing one side of my carpet bag would cost
me, when I heard a rap at the door. On
opening I found an autograph seeker
—my name had been seen on the reg-
ister and the news had spread. Others
began coming; the carousal was kept
up until a very late hour. Wine flowed
freely as we drank each other's health.
I retired to rest that night with a ta-
ble completely covered with invitations
from men who to-day hold the Ameri-
can Republic in their iron grasp. Also
pleading notes from disappointed polit-
ical bummers, asking me to aid them
in their endeavors to attain again what
they had lost. But the only consol-
ation I could give them was that if they
had only kept within their sphere they
might have been useful men, but as it
was the country had lost some good
farmers and mechanics. For this ex-
pression of my sympathy they went out
on the curb-stone and scattered my
autographs to the winds. Some peo-
ple don't know when they are used
well.

The next morning dawned bright and
clear, just the kind of a morning I had
wished for; this was the day I was to
call at the White House.
I Strudled about the grounds till
about half-past nine in the morning,
when I wended my way toward the
White House. Mounting the front
steps, I gave the bell an artistic ring,
which was answered by a small colored
boy.

"Are any of your folks at home?" I
inquired.

"I ain't got any folks; walk in sir."
"Ain't got any folks? What do
you mean by saying you ain't got no
folks?"

"O, sir, mine is a sad story; my
father held office, was caught taking
bribe, was discharged—impeached—
and died of broken heart."

"What office did your father hold,
my little man?"

"He was at the head of the saliva
department, sir."

"Saliva department; and what do
you mean by saying you ain't got no
folks?"

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father held office, was caught taking
bribe, was discharged—impeached—
and died of broken heart."

he did not make his appearance. As
he was a married man I thought he
might be out in the shed sawing wood
to get dinner with.

As I had just finished counting the
last row of windows in the treasury
building, which stands opposite the
door opened and my beloved Ulysses
stood before me.

My joy knew no bounds. I made a
rush for him; I wanted to fall on his
neck; I wanted to embrace him. But
he stood immovable, with both hands
yanked in his pants pockets and a coun-
tenance devoid of the least particle of
recognition whatever. There must be
some mistake I thought.

"You don't seem to remember me,"
I said.

"Don't know as I do," said he.

"Is it possible you can't remember
Prof. H. N. Chaburn?"

"What, old Had. Chaburn? You
don't pretend to let on that you are
old Had. Chaburn?"

"I am he, so please Your Grace."

"I am glad to see you, old friend.
How are all the folks? I suppose you
follow your old business still, as stroll-
ing clock cleaner?"

"Clock cleaner! How absurd! It is
evident you don't keep posted. I
am now a professor and am travelling
for information; also am special cor-
respondent to the SPENCER SUN and
BROOKFIELD NEWS. I am trying to
build up the papers, and this inter-
view will give them the largest cir-
culation they have ever had. But now to
business. It is thought by people of
our town that you have become tired
of living here and that you are anxious
to move out."

"You are mistaken; such is not the
case at all. I am perfectly happy here,
but the fact is there is another man who
wants to move in here, and as the land-
lord seems anxious to have him, I have
about made up my mind to move. The
house ain't large enough for two fami-
lies."

"Where do you intend to go after
leaving this place?"

"Don't know, but perhaps I shall
buy a small farm and go to farming."

"I understand you have a very large
family who are dependent on you for
support."

"Yes my family is large and expen-
sive, but I suppose the man that moves
in here will hire some of them, the rest
I must shift for themselves. I have taken
care of them for the last eight years."

"I see you have some bad boys in
your family."

"Very true; there are always some
black sheep among so many, but I al-
ways tried to set them a good exam-
ple."

Here he pulled out his watch and
bid me good morning as he had
business at the Capitol. I left soon
after and got back to the hotel just
in time for dinner, and much pleased
with my visit. I attended several ex-
ceptions during the week, also visited
Senate, House etc., being received at
each place with marked attention.

I was called upon to make speeches
which were afterwards copied in all
the principal papers of the country.
When I returned home I was met at
the station by an imposing body of
men who escorted me through the prin-
cipal streets at the head of a large pro-
cession of men women and children, or
in other words I was arrested as soon
as I landed and was taken to the lock-
up. My wretched woman had me ar-
rested for debt.

I was intending to give a more ex-
tended description of my visit but I
have used up all the paper in town and
shall have to wait until our stationer
sends for more.

THE ART OF LIVING.

A PHYSICIAN'S HINTS UPON PERSONAL DO-
MESTIC AND POLITICAL HYGIENE.

Eighteenth Epoch.

Says the "Post at the Breakfast Ta-
ble" "I don't suppose that the thoughts
of my mind were so fully occupied with
what came up in the minds of other
folks."

"But I do know this: I
have struck a good many chords, first
and last in the consciousness of other
people. I confess to a twister feeling
for my little bit of thoughts. When
they have been welcomed and praised
it has pleased me, and if at any time

they have been rudely handled and
spitefully treated, it has cost me a little
worry."

And that shall be the substance of
my little valedictory to you, good read-
er, who have taken me kindly to your
breasts during the long winter even-
ings.

The winter has passed—and the
spring walls at the door where he
makes his exit. The birds are get-
ting ready to set up house-keeping—
and so must we. We talk much of the
Hygiene of the Home.

Let us now go
to it in fancy. Doubtless Diogenes
in his tub had his poetic fancies about
home and like the little Marchioness
with her orange-peel and water, if he
"made believe very hard, it was fine."

Hawthorne said in his diary. "No
fountain is so small but heaven may
be imagined in its bosom," and so I be-
lieve no roof is too humble to cover a
home, provided the two grand requis-
ites be present—namely—a nest and
mated pair.

Boarding houses and hotels are nec-
essary provisions for single birds—but
every pair gets a nest. A married
woman, boarding, reminds me of the
cuckoo—the only bird which lays its
eggs in another's nest. She goes shop-
ping and gossiping, and her husband
goes to the crib-house. He can't sing
on his own bow—so he doesn't sing
at all. He smokes. Alas for such un-
natural birds!

"They come not into the province of
Hygiene. They are pathological mon-
strosities. Something was wrong in
their education. We can only pity
them and leave them to the doctors."

The pair which is to populate the
hygiene nest of which I have written
in the preceding papers, has been
blessed with natural parents, whose in-
structions have enabled them to mate
wisely and well.

They are not rushing madly into
Matrimony, dazzled by the glare of
parlor gas, like beetles, who get singed
wings for their folly. They have stud-
ied Matrimony as the most serious
and hazardous undertaking of life.

John had seen Jane in the kitchen, and
that, in the morning, when she didn't
expect him. And Jane had seen
John with his mother and sisters, when
he didn't know it, and wasn't in his
showroom. John has seen Jane go to
market with a basket, dressed in a
clean calico gown, which was too good
for a street-broom, and she didn't
dodge the corners as if she was sheep
stealing, or robbing her roasts. He has
taken long walks with her through
the field and wood; has heard her talk
with flowers and birds as if she knew
something besides fashion plates, and
has noted that she didn't go home
groaning with the back ache, but that
her cheeks had roses brighter than
those of the garden, and that she could
spread a lunch table after a walk with
all the grace of a Hebe, and with food
of her own cooking; ay, food fit for a
king.

And John and Jane are going to get
wedded. Let us hear what they say
about it, good reader.

"What do we want, my wife and I?
Let fancy sweep awhile,
Dream of the bliss of fairy land,
Grow rich in Fortune's smile."

What do we want, my wife and I?
We'll gaze in the fire and see;
Trucking bliss in smoke and flame,
In glowing clouds a chance for fame,
Thus happy will we be.

We want a house above our heads
When the cold winds are about;
Flowers of course, and trees for shade
When summer draws us out;
Not ground; oh not for you and I,
Dear wife, would we not agree,
A gilded home on earth to make,
To sell ourselves for fashion's sake,
And live in misery.

Enough to eat, enough to wear,
But not enough to waste;
We know the largest pleasure flows
From unperceived tasks;
Enough when'er a friend drops in
And fills a vacant chair;
Enough we want—oh that is sure,
To give a little to the poor,
Who tell the windy air.

We want some books, my wife and I,
And they must be select;
We are not stiff-necked volumes very
We hardly can expect,
A volume from the shelf and read
The poets, by our cheerful fire,
And drawing to each other higher,
Our hearts in raptures fire.

A little music now and then,
In Heaven the angels sing;
And here the birds, we want that they
Should come on noiseless wing;
Build their love-nest in every tree,
And sing to us in golden day,
And sing to us in golden day,
To night's embrace again.

A host of friends, not those who come
As fortune sweeps along,
And disappear when fortune fades,
Like the echo of a song;
But friends in sunshine or in shade,
Dear friends who come with humble feet
And bring in every open face,
A love which lends a nameless grace,
Our own best love to greet.

What do we want, my wife and I?
How trippingly time flies!
Clasped in each other's sweet embrace,
We find with glad surprise,
That we have more than ever we thought;
That all we need in earth and flame
Is truly ours! We have them all;
They come at slightest beck or call—
But one—and that is fun!

And that we want not, do we dear?
Come and sit upon my knee,
And let me look into the eyes
Where all my fame should be;
I want no more, they tell me all—
The love that fills both earth and sky,
And yet that finds the Greatest bliss
In the sweet rapture of a kiss.

We have—only wife and I!
—MARY J. STEDLEY, M. D.

THE SPENCER

STEAM

JOB PRINT

ESTABLISH

FURNISHES

ABSTRACTS,

ADVERTISING BLOT

AGREEMENTS,

BADGES,

CALL CARDS,

CALENDERS,

CARDS,

CASH TICKETS,

CIRCULARS,

CONSTITUTIONS,

CONTRACTS,

DIRECTORIES,

ELECTION TICKETS,

ENVELOPES,

HAND BILLS,

INSURANCE

LABELS,

NOTICES,

ORDERS,

ORDERS OF PA

PACKING

PASSES,

POCKET CHECK-BOOKS,

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POWERS OF ATTORNEY,

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TIME TAB

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" ENCLOSURES

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DAILY STATE

WEEKLY "

MONTHLY "

OUR WORK

FIRST-CL

Promptly Ex

At the Lowest

ESTER ACADEMY.

MASS.

Commercial and English.

The Spring Term opens

MASS.

Classes formed in

OUR STORY TELLER.

(Original.)
FISHING.
BY FANTON.

Q—One evening while seated in Quahog's library listening to his droll stories and witty sayings, he told me of his first experience at fishing through the ice.

"I had," he said, "for a long time entertained an ardent desire and longing for a day's sport at winter fishing. 'Being ignorant of all the laws and signs pertaining to fishing, I was in a dilemma to know what to do, for I had been told that to be at all successful one must strictly observe all the signs. But a happy thought struck me. I had a friend—a tall, very tall friend—a fellow who didn't seem to have anything in particular to do, but was always on hand for a good time.

"I had often intimated to this fellow that paper hanging was his proper sphere, for then he would need no step ladder. To him, however, I divulged my plan, at which he became enthusiastic. He said he never expected to see such an honor. He would from that time forth note all the changes and report to me at a proper time.

"So one evening end of three days snow storm he called at my house and said everything was favorable for a good catch—in fact he had never seen anything like it.

"Promptly the next morning at four o'clock all things were in readiness to start, and by daylight we were on the pond in three feet of snow.

"Now, I thought, for a day's sport. I asked my friend what I should do first.

"He said as setting the hooks was a tedious and difficult task he would assist me in cutting the first hole, then I might go ahead and cut the others and he would follow after setting the hooks.

"I noticed he did follow after and never seemed to get to the hole till I had commenced on another. He must have had good judgment. This went on till noon, when I felt hungry and could do justice to a good lunch. I was hungry! But imagine my surprise to find the lunch all gone. I began to get hungrier than ever.

"I called my friend's attention to the fact, and asked him to explain. He said he had used it for bait. I didn't dispute him, yet I heaved a heavy sigh, for he was my peer.

"We spent the afternoon tramping from one hook to the other, discussing between ourselves the best way to cook fish, when he would remark every few minutes what rare sport fishing was. Perhaps it was, but I hadn't seen the fun yet.

"The following is the condition in which I found myself upon reaching home that night: I was minus one new top cutter, a good shovel, half a dozen times, had four frozen fingers, a villainous cold and no fish. It will take at the least calculation four boxes of Indian salve to make me as whole as I was when I started.

"Now every time I step into the street the boys scream out, 'I say, Quahog, how are the fishing signs?' I shall always think my friend imposed upon me."

A LEAP YEAR STORY.
There is a young gentleman in this town who is looked upon as a sort of woman-hater, and who, it was believed until recently, would not marry the handsomest and best woman on earth if every hair in her head was a Koror diamond. On account of leap year some young ladies concluded to put up a job on this young man and propose marriage to him, while the others watched the fun through holes in a partition.

The gentleman was invited to call at the house of the young lady who was to do this proposing, and on the designated evening he was there, seated in the parlor, while the accessories to the plot were stationed at their eyerholes. After some desultory conversation about the weather and the club party, the young lady suddenly dropped on her knees before the gentleman and

in endearing terms declared her passion. "Darling," she said, "I long have loved thee, but the truest conventionalities of society have forced me to conceal my passion. Leap year, which gives to oppressed women one blessed privilege, is now here, and I take advantage of it to tell thee I adore thee. Look not thus coldly on me, dearest; spare me not from your presence. See me on my benched knees imploring that you will not say me nay. Grant me but one kiss from those ruby lips; fold me to thine arms and say that thou wilt be mine; mine, only mine, forever and for aye."

Contrary to expectation, the gentleman displayed not the least astonishment during the foregoing recital, and when it had concluded he went over to the stove, and folded his hands under his coat-tails, thus replied:

"I'm told your dad owns a hundred shares of North Carson, and that you've got two brindle bull-dogs in your own right and without innumerable; likewise I am informed that you are a good hand making slapsacks and biscuit; that you don't chew gum, which, by the way, is a powerful expensive these hard times. In view of these facts I consent, and leave it to you to name the day."

Horried, the lady tried to explain that it was all a joke, but the gentleman would not accept any such explanation, and threatens a breach of promise suit unless she fulfill her promise, in which event he will summons the peepers as witnesses.

Moving the Rock.
The good people of the town of E— were talking of moving their meeting house to a more agreeable locality. Among the advocates of the movement were more earnest than old Deacon A., who, by the way, had an uncontrollable habit of sleeping in church. No matter how interesting the discourse the old deacon was sure to drop off about a certain time. On the Sabbath preceding the moving of the house, the pastor preached an interesting sermon on "The Rock of Ages." Growing eloquently in his remarks, the minister finally added, with great emphasis:

"Who can move it?" The deacon, having been asleep as usual, woke up just in time to catch the query; and, thinking the pastor referred to the meeting-house, rose up in his seat and exclaimed:

"I'll bring over my yoke of steers, and they'll jerk it along the whole distance, if you'll keep plenty of hard wood rolling under it."

The deacon never slept in meeting after that.

In a Bad Fix.
A citizen who was driving along the Jackson road, the other day, says the Vicksburg Herald, saw a man up a tree near the roadside, and halting, he inquired: "What are you doing up there?" The man made no reply, and the citizen continued: "What's the cause of your being up there?" At that moment a woman rose up from the fence corner, rested a club on the fence, and remarked: "I'm the cause, stranger, and if you'll wait till he comes down you'll see the worst field of carnage around here that ever laid out doors!"

The citizen drove on and she turned to the man up the tree and continued: "Polhemus, I can't climb, and you know it; but if you'll drop down here for two minutes, I'll give you a quit-claim deed of the farm!"

"BIG BEN," WESTMINSTER.
A visit to the great clock at Westminster, with its famous hour bell, called "Big Ben," must interest any visitor not already familiar with the wonders of London. To reach this marvelous clock it is necessary to ascend nearly four hundred steps; but the trouble is amply repaid by the sight of some of the finest views that can be had of the city and suburbs.

The face of the great time-piece is twenty-two feet and six inches in diameter, and about seventy-two feet in circumference. The minute hand, a little over eleven feet in length, weighs only twenty-eight pounds, being hollow, and is made of copper. The figures measure two feet from end to end, and the minute dots are exactly one foot apart. The working portion of the clock occupy

little space compared to that required by the driving power. The former can be wound up in ten minutes, while the latter takes five hours (twice a week). The weights of the first are one and a half hundred-weight, while those of the striking power equal one and a half tons. Were they allowed to run down, they would have a reach of one hundred and seventy-five feet. The pendulum itself weighs seven hundred pounds, and is fifteen feet in length. Reporting twice a day, Greenwich, the clock is kept so correct that it has only varied the fraction of a second in eighty consecutive days. The weight of the bells varies, but that of Big Ben is thirteen and a half tons. From old usage, bells are infinitely connected with the services of the Christian church, so much so that, apparently from a spirit of opposition, the Mohammedans reject the use of bells, and substitute for them the cry of the Imam from the top of the mosque. Associated in various ways with the ancient ritual of the church, bells have been invested with a sort of sacred character. They were at one time found with religious ceremonies, as described in Schiller's famous "Song of the Bell," and consecrated by a complete baptismal service—received names, had sponsors, were sprinkled with water, anointed, and finally covered with the white garment or chism, like infants. This usage is very ancient, and is still practiced in Roman Catholic countries.—Harper's Weekly.

THE FIRST STEP.
Forty years ago, in one of the academies near Boston, a number of girls went along with a set of their school friends in the entire preparation for Harvard University. The girls knew mathematics and Greek as well as the boys did, and formed a plan for going to the University with them. We cannot say whether the plan grew out of a keen zest for knowledge or out of an unwillingness to break off the very pleasant companionship; probably from both. The girls did not think there could be much objection to admitting them to the university; they thought the reason there were no girls at the universities was that none had wanted to go, or had been fitted to go. They proposed to live at home, so there would be no difficulty on the score of college residence. However, as their request was new, it occurred to them that a little diplomacy might be required in presenting it, so they deputed the most prudent of the party to do the talking, and imposed strict silence upon the youngest and most impulsive one, from whom we have the story.

The girls called upon old President Quincy, told him what they had done in their studies, that they had passed the examinations with the boys, and wished to be admitted to the university. President Quincy listened to their story, and evinced so much admiration for their work and aim, that they at first felt sure of success. But he talked slow in coming to the point. He talked of the newness and difficulty of the scheme, and proposed other opportunities of study for them, till at length this youngest one, forgetting in her impatience her promise to keep silent, said: "Well, President Quincy, you feel sure the trustees will let us come, don't you?" "Oh, by no means," was the reply, "this is a place only for men." The girl of sixteen burst into tears and exclaimed with vehemence: "I wish I could annihilate the women, and let the men have everything to themselves."

This, so far as we know, was the first effort made by women to get into an American university, but the incident was too trifling to make any impression, and we narrate it only as marking the beginning of the demand for university advantages for women.

An American officer having told the Khedive of Egypt that the general in the army of the Khedive immediately issued an order making the ability to read and write an absolute condition of promotion in the military service, as well as of furthmore and other privileges, and in a few weeks the entire army was turned into school, and at the end of a year there were but forty-five men in the whole service who could not read or write.

Give a boy a market basket of groceries to carry home, and he will swing it across his spine, bend half-way to the ground and groan with agony; but give him that weight in base ball bat, and he will skip along as merry as a point bug in a ten acre lot.

TAKE TIME TO REST.—Most men and women keep in the traces, and keep pulling the year round. All the more, therefore, is it their duty to take things easier, as the hot weather comes on. Take longer rests at noon. Put on less steam when you are at work. Snatch a Sabbath now and then from the middle of the week. You can't? You can. People find time to be sick and to die. They can just as easily find time to rest and keep well. Everything does not depend on finishing that dress or fencing that field; on "putting up" so much fruit or catching so many customers. Better that the children should wear old clothes than that their mother should be laid aside by fever. Better that the corn crop be a little lighter than that there be no one to harvest it. Put up the store shelves earlier at night; prepare plain meals in the kitchen. Take a noon day nap yourself, and give your employees a chance to go dishing on an afternoon now and then. That only in duty which the Lord lays upon us and he is not so hard a master as we sometimes suppose.

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings; and as a consequence it is said that every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write.

"No ballot, no babies," was the significant ultimatum presented on a transparency at a recent woman's rights meeting out West.

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ELM STREET, SPENCER.
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Selling at Cost!
P. SIBLEY,
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Valuable Fowls
FOR SALE.
I have for sale a fine lot of fowls consisting of Plymouth Rocks, Red and also White Leghorns and Black Queens, all of the best quality, at \$1.00 apiece or a dollar apiece to take the lot.

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311 Main Street, WORCESTER.
In Central Exchange (Old Post Office).
Large stock of drugs on the FIRST FLOOR. Prescriptions prepared in season by a chemist. Also a fine stock of stationery, etc., at low prices. The public are invited to call.

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THIS HOTEL, under new management, is now Permanent and Transient Boarders. The terms have been reduced to suit the times. Special attention paid to the comfort and convenience of the guests. The large parlors, splendidly furnished, and the beautiful dining room, are admirably adapted to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. W. H. HENSON, Proprietor.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BLUE BIRDS.

BY W. O. BEMIS.

The trees are bare, the hills are gray,
The snow still lingers by the way,
I hear the blue birds sing to-day
While passing rain drops fall.
Fast upon the withered leaves,
Gathered "neath my cottage eaves,
Oh, little blue birds don't you see
The sky looks angry flecked with clouds,
Which seem to threaten the apple tree,
Which the gold beaming sun maketh glow,
Don't you feel the black winds blow,
From the northern hills of snow?

But yesterday the sun shone bright,
The hills looked purple, red, and warm,
We all enjoyed the summer light,
Dreading then no driving storm.
Oh, little blue birds fly away,
And come again some summer day.
But we must wait who cannot fly,
Longing for the summer time.

Respectfully inscribed to W. O. Bemis.

BY G. EMMETT MARSHALL.

Diogenes, historians say,
By aid of candle light,
Searched in the streets of Rome one day,
An honest man to sight.
No wonder that his project failed,
And searchers came to naught,
That neither sun or aid prevailed,
To show the man he sought.

We find it might have saved the eyes,
Of that old dog.

Had he have offered premium prize,
For our enlightened age.

A good idea, my thoughtful friend,
And now as I reflect,
My indignity I'll tend,
The premium to select.

Old fashioned skeptics quench your
Wicks,
And yield to modern plan.

A chrome picture 438,
Awaits the honest man.

MISCELLANY.

A LOST RACE.

Several years ago considerable ex-

cellent was created in Fairmount,

West Virginia, by traces of an old

madame road extending along the

right bank of the Monongahela, oppo-

site that place. Recently, the govern-

ment engineering party engaged in the

survey of the upper Monongahela River,

with the view of slack-watering that

stream from Morgantown to Fairmount,

examined this old road, and from the

members of the party we learn that

there can be no doubt, but that this

road furnishes another trace of the lost

race that once dominated the continent

long before the Indians came into pos-

session.

There are traces of the road for

nearly eleven miles along the narrow

strip of bottom land between the hills

and the river, though at many points

the river, having shifted its channel

and cut into the hills, has entirely ob-

literated every evidence of it. Gen-

erally the road is covered by from two

to five feet of alluvium, either de-

posited through the course of ages by

the river floods, or else by the slow wash-

ing of the hills skirting it. Its width

is said to be fifteen feet.

The most curious feature about the

road is that the stone of which it is

formed appears to have been burnt.

Whenever the road shows itself in the

cutting banks, it is marked by the black

substratum of ashes. In depth the

broken stone varies from six inches to

eighteen inches, of irregular fragments.

The material employed appears to have

been largely composed of bowlders of

red sandstone, and the conjecture is

that they were broken after being made

hot with water being thrown upon

them. There being few (if any) bowld-

ers in the river or adjacent country,

the query arises, where could the ma-

terial have been obtained to make this

road?

At the crossings of the streams there

are no traces of bridge abutments or

piers, which leads to the conclusion

that the streams were crossed on wood

on bridges. At many points the road

is covered with trees over 100 years

old, which makes it certain that it was

constructed long before the advent of

the white man; and that there are

other circumstances surrounding the

case which lead inevitably to the con-

clusion that it was made in those early

ages when a semi-civilized people in-

habited North America. No one ac-

quainted with the habits of the Ameri-

can Indians would give them credit

for constructing such a work of art as

this.

ONLY A TRIFLE.

Trifles have before now influenced

the fate of nations. The apocryphal

story of Newton and the fall of the ap-

ple may well be accepted as a typical

illustration of the singular power of

trifles to direct our minds and start us

on the high road to purposes of which

we have heretofore not even so much as

dreamed. Sir Walter Scott owed to

Southery that nothing but his lameness

had prevented him from entering the

army. He had sprained his foot when

a child while running round the river.

This was a trifle at the time—an in-

significant accident; but its consequences

were far from trifling to the world.

Byron's club foot is held by many writ-

ers to have had a great deal to do with

his genius. A trifle—not indeed to the

sufferer, whose perception could not

stretch beyond the limits of the living

hour, but a trifle viewed from the dis-

tance at which we survey his life—pre-

served God himself to that intellectual

work he was born to beauty and illu-

mination. "They found him," says Mr.

Foster, "not qualified to be a surgeon's

mate and left him to learn the world

and abridge the sufferings of all the

world." To the reading aloud of an

ode by Malherbe the French owe the

works of La Fontaine. On reading

that ode, "If, too, am a poet," he ex-

claimed, and the inspiration that made

his real life dated from that moment.

"The Beggar's Opera" owes its exis-

tence to a casual remark of Swift, who

thought that a Newgate pastoral might

make a pretty odd thing; and the origi-

nal of the English lyric drama may be

assigned to a trifle. A gentleman took

a lock of Miss Arabella Fether's hair.

This was a trifle. The insult, as it

was deemed, estranged two families.

Pope was asked to write a poem in or-

der to make a jest of the quarrel, and

laugh the angry families into friend-

ship. The fruit of the trifle was in his

young, decided to go upon the stage,

and would have done so had he not

sicken with a bad cold on the very

day of his first rehearsal. He therefore

postponed his "appearance" until the

next season. Soon afterwards he made

a literary hit, and then abandoned the

idea of going on the stage. Thus the

trifle of a bad cold rescued from the

stage, for English literature, one of its

greatest, most honest, most single-

hearted, most precious cultivators.

LIVING.

It is remarkable, but nevertheless

true, that, as a rule, flirts, both male

and female, do not marry quickly.

The chances are that a girl who be-

comes engaged at eighteen, and dis-

engaged, as it is the custom for flirts to

do, ultimately settles down into a con-

firmed old maid. If she does wed, as

a general rule, she develops into a vir-

gulent wasp, makes her husband miser-

able, and brings up their children badly.

It is not very difficult to find reasons

why flirts do not marry. Sensible

men admire in a woman something be-

sides a pretty face and engaging man-

ners. They love intellect and heart

qualifications, which the flirt does not

possess. The true woman allows her

affections fall play, and is not ashamed

of them. She will not lead a man to

believe she cares for him when she

does not such a thing; she will not sit

with him just for the sake of flirting.

She has a true conception of what is

right, and possesses a great deal more

common sense. She has derived her

education from something else than

three-volume novels and the society of

the empty-pated. She can be thorough-

ly merry without being idiotic. She

may attract less attention in a draw-

ing-room than a flirt does, because she

is less noisy and obtrusive; but for all

that she will get married sooner, and

make her husband a better and truer

wife. A true woman does not care

for the spoony young man. She dis-

likes his foolishness, the vivid compli-

ments he pays her, and his effeminacy.

He quickly finds this out and leaves

her in peace. Thus if he ultimately

gets married, it is to the flirt, and the

happy pair live the jolliest cat-and-dog

life imaginable.

SUNNY ROOMS MAKE SUNNY LIVES.

Light is one of the most active agents

in enlivening and beautifying a

house. We call upon the value of sun-

light as a health giving agent in the

physical system; and it is not less so

to our moral and spiritual nature.

We absorb light and it nourishes us

with strange power. We are more ac-

tive under its influence—can think bet-

ter and work more vigorously.

Let us take the airiest, choicest and

sunniest room in the house for our liv-

ing room—the workshop where brain

and body are built up and renewed.

And let us there have a bay window,

through which the good twin angels of

nature—sunlight and pure air—can

freely enter.

This window should be the poem of

the house. It shall give freedom and

scope for the eye and mind. We shall

have no pictures on our walls that can

compare with the living and everlast-

ing pictures which God shall paint for

us through our ample windows. Roy

dawn, golden-beamed sunsets, the ten-

d green and the changing tints of

spring, the glow of summer, the pomp

of autumn, the white of winter, storm

and sunshine, glimmer and gloom—all

these we can have and enjoy while we

sit in our sheltered room as the chang-

ing year rolls on.

Dark rooms bring depression of

spirits, imparting a sense of confine-

ment, of isolation, of powerlessness,

which chilling to energy and vigor;

but in light is good cheer.

Even in a gloomy house, where walls

and furniture are dingy and brown, you

have but to take down the heavy cur-

tains, open wide the windows, hang

brackets on either side, set flower pots

on the brackets, and let the warm sun

stream freely in, to bring health to our

bodies and joy to our souls.

PROPHETIC.

About four years ago Charles Sum-

ner said in the U. S. Senate:

"See, for one moment, how perni-

cious to me the Presidential example

first in place, his personal influence is

far-reaching beyond that of any other

citizen. What he does, others will do.

What he fails to do, others will fail to

do. His standard of conduct will be

accepted, at least by his political op-

ponents. His measure of industry and

his sense of duty will be the pattern of

the country. If he appoints relations

to office and pays gifts by official pat-

ronage, making his Presidency a great

gift enterprise; may not every office-

holder do likewise, each in his sphere

so that nepotism and gift-taking, offi-

cially compensated, will be general, and

gift enterprises be multiplied indefi-

nitely in the public service? If he treat

his trust as a plaything and a perquisite,

why may not every office-holder do

the same? If he fraternizes with

jobbers and Hessians, where is the

limit to the demoralization that must

ensue? Necessarily the public service

takes its character from its elected

chief, and the whole country reflects

the President. His example is a law.

But a bad example must be corrected

as a bad law.

A number of people will read that

extract to-day and confess its truth,

who read it with indignation when

it was uttered, and denounced the

OUR NEIGHBORS.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.

Mr. F. Gilbert is making extensive improvements on his residence on School st.

Business is improving at the tenancy of J. H. Rogers, under the supervision of Mr. Thompson.

Moving was the order of the day on April 1st.

Mr. J. Quigley has purchased a house of J. Duncan on No. Common st.

There was an accident on the railroad last week, but no bones were broken. It is hoped that boys will keep their heads and arms within the car while riding.

The high school began this week. C. M. Clay as principal and Miss E. M. Eason as assistant. The schools in Districts 1, 2 and 3 will begin on 17th, and the rest on the 24th.

The following were elected officers of the Public Club for the ensuing quarter:—O. E. Leach, Pres; F. J. Damon, Vice President; F. H. Gates, Sec; C. H. Rice, Treas. Ex. Com; C. D. Stowe, O. H. Tucker, E. L. Pierce.

The entertainment, which was to have taken place on Monday evening in the Cong. vestry has been postponed until next Monday evening. The entertainment consists in a description of the natives of Southern Africa, the language, manners, dress etc. It is highly spoken of and the proceeds will be used to defray the educational expenses of two young men who are studying to become missionaries.

The dramatic club will present the centennial drama entitled "One Hundred Years Ago," or "Our Boys of '76" to conclude with the laughable farce "Old Gossamer" in the Town Hall April 18. The dramatic club has been good and they intend to do something extra this time.

WEST BROOKFIELD.

Now it came to pass in the last days of the third month, even the month of storms and terrible freshets, that the ladies of the "Corset" club said one to another, "Verily, if this state of things remains longer, we shall be left alone to the tender mercies of an unfeeling world. Therefore let us arise in our might, and take to ourselves partners of the kind of creature that we may be provided for in our old age. And they said among themselves, let us get up a Leap year party, that we may secure our object. But the question arose, where shall we congregate, as we are strangers in a strange land. It came to pass that when their words came to the ears of George whose surname is Bliss, that he said, Verily, the doors of my house shall be open from twilight till early dawn. Then Julia, whose duty it was to superintend the operations, and report the doings of the day, said unto Arthur the Sub-Scribe, go to now and prepare letters missive to all the fair maids and matrons in our midst, saying he presents on the 27th day of the third month. And it came to pass, as the time appointed arrived, there was a great gathering in our streets; the patriarchs of 50 years with the maid of 16, and the fair matron with the beardless boy. And so it was, that the house was filled, to the number of five score. And they said among themselves, go to now, let us eat, drink, and be merry. And the musicians did play upon degrees, they sang songs, and they sang Psalm, hymns, and sacred songs. And it came to pass, that after they had eaten and drunken to their fill, and had social converse one with another, even until the day waxed, and the small hours of the morning were at hand, that they said one to another, come let us go to our homes, that we may be in time for the summons of Page the engineer. And they departed for their homes reiterating the benediction—FAX VOBISCU.

—On March 29th, Mr. Geo. A. Ware left his wallet containing \$700 in his desk, during the day the clerk noticed a boy at the desk and soon after the boy was missed. Constable Nash was called upon and the investigations resulted in the arrest of three boys T. Carey Jr., Austin W. Pratt and Pat. Carey. They were brought before Justice Thayer and after some talk they confessed to the taking of the money excepting Patrick's who denied all knowledge of it. He was discharged and Pratt was sent to Mueson and T. Carey Jr. to Westboro. All of the money was recovered except a trifling containing \$150. It appears that several days before this the boys had broken the lock to the drawer and it had not been noticed. The Carey boy has served out his sentence in Westboro.

—Our annual town meeting was held last Monday. The town business was transacted, the usual inventory, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Lyman H. Chamberlain, moderator; E. H. Blair, clerk and treasurer; Benjamin S. Aiken, Jr., Makepeace and William H. Allen Jr.,

selectmen; Horace G. Lawson, Chas. E. Smith and Warren Blair, assessors; B. S. Aiken, school committee for three years; E. Warner Combs, G. W. Stone, Horace W. Bush, August Gilbert and George S. Cummings, constables. Appropriations were made as follows: Schools, \$3000; support of poor, \$900; bridges, \$200; reduction of town debt, \$200; interest, \$1000; support of highways, \$1200; town library, \$500; street lamps, \$500. The town also voted to adopt the several articles in the statutes, providing for the maintenance of sidewalks, and the matter, Lemuel Fuller proposed that if the town would appropriate the sum of \$500 he would give his check for \$300 in addition, and it was voted to raise \$500 for sidewalks was placed in the hands of L. Fullam, C. L. Olmstead and E. B. Lynde. Fifty dollars were voted for repairs on the park and \$150 for repairs on the engine house making a total appropriation of \$4600, against \$11,075 for last year. The care of roads and bridges was placed in the hands of the selectmen, with instructions not to pay more than 15 cents per hour for labor. The town instructed their selectmen to grant any license for the sale of liquor during the year. The town voted to give the dog fund to the town library. A communication from J. Henry Stickney, the donors giving the town \$100 for the purpose of keeping the common in repair was read.

—Mr. Chas. F. Smith, watch maker who has carried on this business for the last two years in Penniman's store has gone to Vineland, N. Jersey, and has gone into business at that place. He was a good workman, and we did not like to have him leave our town.

—The closing assembly of the select parties at the town hall, will take place last day the 13th of April. This will be a complimentary party to the ladies who invited the gents, to their last year's dance. (The most enjoyable of all their assemblies.) Gents, (old and young) are invited to your last opportunity, the ladies will expect you to do your duty; they have done nobly, respond to the call and will be the star of the whole scene. The most handsome of the Wick-ahouse, S. W. Bur, provides the supper, a sure guarantee that it will be excellent, and will suit the most fastidious.

—Shepherd's Jubilee Singers, a genuine slave hand in jubilee songs, will sing at the town hall in this place Saturday evening, April 8th. They sing solemn, sacred songs, old and new, and they intend to do something extra this time.

—The Academy opened on the 28th ult. The school was in session on Friday, teachers and scholars visiting the ruins made by the flood. New classes have been formed in Greek, Botany, etc.

—The village of Greenville in Leicester has the distinction of having the most substantial of the town with in its limits. This is the venerable Ebenezer Dunbar, who last Friday entered upon his one hundredth year, and yet is in possession of his faculties bodily and mental, to so wonderful a degree that he can still perform the work which would hardly suppose him to be more than 75. His grandfather, John Dunbar, who died in 1802, lived to be 92, and his father Abner Dunbar, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died at the age of 92. His son, Capt. Seth Washburn's company of militia men who marched from Leicester on the alarm from Lexington and Concord April 19th, 1775, lived to be 85. Greenville has also the oldest Baptist church in the county, and the oldest, but two in the state. There are two "historic homes" here which must be 150 years old. One of them, located opposite the meeting house, for many years was originally the residence of Capt. Samuel Green, was formerly owned and occupied by Daniel F. Draper. The other old reliable mark of the past here, now called the "Arcade" located just west of A. W. Clark's mill, was originally the residence of Capt. Green's son Rev. Thos. Green, M. D., the founder of the old Baptist church, and he is to be remembered for nearly forty years until his death in 1773, also a distinguished physician and father of the first Dr. John Green of Worcester, and ancestor of the numerous Green family in this section of the State.

—The town voted to recover damages from the recent flood to the roads from the city of Worcester, and they intend to oppose the construction of an other dam there.

—Saml. White, A. H. Brigham, J. Woodcock, D. E. Merriam, Chetley Hatel are the signers of the address in favor of reform.

—On account of the storm last Wednesday, Moses C. Trask's sale was ad-

judged to next Wednesday at 2 a. m. J. N. Vaughn's great sale will take place next Tuesday at 2 a. m. It was adjourned on account of the storm.

OXFORD.

Town Meeting—Selectmen, Jos. B. Campbell, W. F. Pease, John D. Hudson; Assessors, Jonathan P. Dana, Moses H. Buffum, Dana L. Ballard; Overseers of Poor, M. W. Robinson, Cyrus Truesdell, Ira Merriam; Treasurer and Collector, James B. Campbell; School Committee, J. P. Dana, three years, Oliver Ayer, one year, Constables, B. F. White, O. W. Chaffee, H. G. O. Taft; Auditor, George F. Daniels; Library Committee, Geo. F. Daniels, Henry F. Brady, Jr. The above is a Republican and temperance ticket, and was elected by an average majority of 100.

—Rev. Father Clinique, a converted Catholic priest, gave three lectures in the Methodist Church last week to full houses.

—Mr. Emory Sanford is in quite a feeble state of health, so much so as to confine him to his room.

—The ladies of the Universalist Society are preparing to give a centennial drive, to be held next week in the Town Hall.

WARREN.

—Adj-Gen. Thompson and Mastering Officer Henry Wilson of Boston, ministered in the offices of the new Calvin Cutter Grand Army Post No. 99, on Tuesday evening, although they all sat down to an supper under the Grand Army Hall. The officers are as follows: P. C. F. L. Harmon; S. V. C. R. Bailey; J. V. C. Jones Brown; Adj. H. H. Hitchcock; Q. M. L. C. Smith; Surgeon, O. Gilbert; Chaplain, J. McElwin; O. F. D. George; Bliss; O. G. George Samuels; Sgt. Major, E. Ryeoff; Q. M. Sgt. Charles Lee.

—The heavy rains on Tuesday, followed by a drifting snow in the P. R. and evening, the largest, and most melting snow storm of the season.

CHARLOTTE.

—The reservoir at Charlton City, is about full, and hearing of other reservoirs giving away, and consequent drought. Some of the people of Charlton City, are anxious about the one here, but as it stands on a good foundation of a ledge of rocks, and well built, the owners think it safe. Probably there is but little cause for alarm.

—Judson Darling, prominent among the town officers of this place for several years past, has bought a farm of P. Rich, in Dudley, and moved on to it.

—Rev. Mr. Wodbury, closed his three years pastorage, with the M. E. church in Charlton City, last Sabbath. The society here is in much better condition, than three years ago.

LEICESTER.

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P. S. Gilmore will conduct the annual exercises on the Fourth of July at the Centennial. His appointment is a guarantee of sufficient notice to satisfy the most ardent friend of the American flag.

There is an exciting contest going on in Illinois between the Washburne and the anti-Washburne men, with favorable prospects for the "Old Man." If he secures the nomination, he will be a strong follow at Cincinnati.

The late letter of Montgomery Blair, attacking the selection of Hayes, has been published in the Democratic paper, and is being circulated as a campaign document in favor of Tilden.

The attempt to impeach Blair after he has resigned his office is like attacking a man who has resigned his office. It is a waste of public time and money. There are plenty of living soundbills to attend to.

Conkling appears to be the coming man although the southern states are in favor of Morton. Conkling has however the administration to back him and that settles the question. Perhaps Grant may conclude that he wants no more terms.

Governor is being sharply criticized for pardoning recently, Adelphi, Gaudier, the French thief, and the confidence operator. And then there is that Pomroy business, which has already been neglected too long. The Governor has business on his hands.

It is understood that Butler will run for Congress again in his old district next fall. He believes that business should be sent to the rear and the people will put him where he belongs. It will be a hard pill for the Republicans to swallow.

The Republican aspirants for the Presidential nomination are so numerous that politicians begin to talk about the "great unknown." As yet Joyce is only known by the number of his cell in the Missouri Penitentiary. Probably he is the coming man.

The United States Government has decided to test its claim for the final adjournment of the General Court. But it is more probable that they will rescind the vote which fixed their compensation at \$650, and spend the summer in Boston. The state is a good paymaster even in dull times.

Now that the Senate has decided by a vote of 21 to 20 not to reconsider its vote reducing the Presidential salary from \$50,000 to \$25,000, the action of the President on the bill will be awaited with interest. As the old bill was passed simply to keep His Excellency in good humor and suitably reward him for his arduous labors for the public.

The decision in the Dana matter shows how important Massachusetts is to the weight in Congress. There she had statesmen—the Adamses, Davis, Webster and Sumner—to represent her interests. Now she is represented by Bottwell, the Groton Grocer, and Dawes. No wonder the party in power does not care to conciliate her.

The annual race track between Oxford and Cambridge took place on the Thames last Saturday, and Cambridge won by four lengths. From 1856 until 1870 Oxford had had it all her own way, Cambridge beating her a few times. Since 1870 Cambridge has beaten at every contest except in 1874, and Oxford is only three ahead in the twenty contests. Probably the Yale men will cheer up a little and renew their contests with Harvard with more enthusiasm.

The fight over the nomination of Mr. Dana was similar to that against Sumner in '72. Cameron of Pennsylvania was the ring leader in the movement, and Conkling, Logan and others of the same class assisted. Twenty-three Senators decided the issue. The result of the whole matter will be that Mr. Bottwell will be succeeded by Mr. Dana when his term expires, if the people stand to their duty.

President of the United States, &c. He was always the same familiar, as if the President had a hand in the business.

The money appropriated for heating and lighting the government buildings fell short last week, and the officials had to exercise their own ingenuity in devising means to accomplish these objects. It was found that the expenses could be largely reduced. Collector Simmons found that he could light the Boston Custom House with kerosene at \$20 a year, when gas costs \$500. This would be quite a saving.

Geo. P. Bowler, one of the heirs of the Bowler estate, who was interested in the claim of the Kentucky Central railroad, refused to explain that Pendleton's management of affairs has been satisfactory to the heirs and he is satisfied that the charge against Pendleton of using money in private speculation is unfounded.

It is now certain that Friend Bates will need another \$40,000 donation from his friends to save him from his just dues. The investigation into the safe burglary shows that Bates and the real estate agent had conspired to do the job in order to implicate other men. Bates of course denies his innocence. But from all appearances he and his friend Shepard are in a rotten boat and will soon go down, although the President will endeavor to protect his friends. He wants "to go to the bottom," but he means a false bottom.

The Centennial Commission are debating whether to open the exhibition on Monday or not. In most European countries the exhibition is opened on Monday, and the Commission of the United States is divided on the subject. It is a day of rest, and the Commission of the United States is divided on the subject.

Sec. 3. If any person shall lose or deface a book he shall replace the same, or pay the value thereof to the library.

Sec. 4. Strangers wishing to take books from the library must bring a recommendation of a member of the library.

Sec. 5. If any person shall refuse to pay any fine or forfeit he shall be liable to be taken from the library until he shall comply with the requirements of the library.

Sec. 6. All books must be returned to the library on or before the first (1st) Tuesday of the month following the date of issue.

Persons wishing to have new books added to the library will please send a list of them to the Librarian, Sec'y.

Sec. 7. The Librarian is required to supply the library with new books and to keep the library in good order.

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It would be pronounced approbation. It is true that they have raised some very serious questions, but they have also raised some very serious questions.

The Peruvian struggle! Villages and enriches the blood, tones up the system, builds up the broken-down, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhea, Bolls, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitution, Venereal Diseases, the Kidney and Bladder, Female Complaints, and all diseases arising from a bad state of the blood or impoverished vitality or a low state of the system.

CAUTION—Be sure you get the Peruvian. It is made by the Peruvian Government, and is sold by the Peruvian Government.

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Ranges and Stoves, Tinware and House-furnishing Goods, AT LOW PRICES.

MARSH & BOWERS. Another Rip Van Winkle! A very fine looking old gentleman with snow white hair and pearly whiskers, with a pleasing address and pleasant face, apparently several years old, stopped in front of the other day and asked the question, "What time is it?" and told of things that happened when we were small boys 20 years ago, and seemed to think he was telling us the latest news.

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When told 90 cts. he stepped back a pace and looked all around the store. Seeing some Rubber Boots on the shelf he inquired the price around, and asked how long this store had been here, and spoke of its prices, which we were only too glad to do.

He seemed much pleased with what he saw, and said he had been trading at one place for over twenty years, and thought the people he had traded with honest men, but that they were too much like himself, had not looked around, and had traded too long at one place. He finally found \$18.75 worth of Boots, Slippers and Arctics, and he thought would come handy at his house, and said he believed he had saved 3-1-3 per cent, and should certainly look around before purchasing next time, and didn't believe he ever should trade so long at one place again. When he went away he was heard to say, "What a change in twenty years," but how funny he shouldn't have found it out until he got into the

340 LADIES. 340 NEW SPRING STYLES. Millinery. Mrs. J. M. Green's, 340 Main Street, WORCESTER. BLEACHING, COLORING AND PRESSING Done to Order.

NEW Spring Millinery. BOSTON SHOE STORE, 14 FRONT ST. Everything New, Fresh, Nice and Nobby. Keep to the Right. Tell the Truth. OR TELL NOTHING!

WE ONLY ASK a comparison of Goods and Prices, and leave the rest to the people. If our goods do not compare favorably in Style, Quality, and the price is not right, the people will know it.

BOSTON SHOE STORE, 14 FRONT STREET. Four story and the most varied, and our goods are the largest and best arranged to suit the people. We will know it, and it will be known to all. It is a little different from our competitors, but it is not just as if they will tell the truth.

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Childrens' Carriages & Perambulators. In Buggy and Phaeton style, and with Canopy Top, lined with Cashmere, Broadcloth, Terry and Enamelled Cloth, and ranging in price from \$6.00 to \$28.00.

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WE ONLY ASK a comparison of

MISCELLANY.

LEAP YEAR.
(Continued)
The very idea, says Thomson, of a handsome young lady asking you to accompany her to any place is enough to make one happy for the next four years to come.
It was leap year, and it had been given out in our town that the ladies were going to give a leap year ball. This was enough to create great excitement among the male sex, and for the next two weeks they lived in fear and dread—fearing lest some one would ask them that they didn't want to go with. But they dared not refuse, for if they did all the other members of the ring would know about it, then they would be left out in the cold entirely.
If you should chance to meet a friend in the street instead of the usual greeting it would be something like this: "Are you going to the leap year ball?" My answer would always be, "I don't know; haven't yet made up my mind." In fact I hadn't had any invitation. So it went on in this way for more than a week.

Things began to look dubious for me, as there were but two days more. Still I was waiting for a bid. I began to grow desperate; not that I cared so much about going, but the looks of the thing, you know. I thought of all the young ladies I knew or had known, and bowed to those I had not recognized for a long time; but it was no use, fate was against me.
It was now Wednesday; the ball was to be that night. I met a lady friend on the street, who I knew had invited a friend of mine. "Of course you are going to the ball to-night," said she.
"Well, I don't know," I said, in rather uncertain. I hear my aunt is sick, and am thinking of leaving on the afternoon train."
"I am very sorry, but hope you won't disappoint anyone," she said.
"No, I don't think I shall disappoint anyone."

Before the afternoon was gone I had received nineteen invitations. I accepted the first, the other eighteen I knew had failed. I don't say that it was a "put up job," but there are some things about it I would like to have explained.
I changed my mind about leaving town that afternoon—my aunt was an old aunt, and then I wasn't sure whether she was sick or not.
A fellow that isn't sure of attending all the leap year balls isn't much after all.

THE BROOKFIELDS LONG AGO.

(Continued)
After the year 1710, the people of Brookfield were not troubled by their savage foes, and the calm sun of peace rose clear and bright above their horizon and shed its cheering rays about them, mingled with Comfort's warm beams, just beginning to be felt, entered many a rude though happy home.
The good people of Brookfield, however, felt the need of other rays than those of peace and comfort, warm and cheering though they be. They felt the need of the potent rays of the sun of righteousness in their hearts, and accordingly constructed a church in what was called the First Parish (West Brookfield). This was built more than forty years after the first church upon Foster Hill was burned by the Indians. In October, 1717, Rev. Thomas Cheney was ordained as the first pastor of Brookfield. He continued his labors here until December, 1747, a little more than thirty years, when he died, at the age of 87. After his death his pulpit was filled by Rev. Elijah Harding, who was solemnly separated hereunto September 13, 1749.
Brookfield needed but these rays from the "sun of righteousness" to spring into new life and beauty; for immediately after the building of its church its wealth and prosperity began to increase, and this prosperity continued until it was necessary to build a second church to accommodate the number that each Sabbath flocked to hear the word of God. Accordingly

LENGTH OF SERMON.

Ever and anon there breaks out among editors, publishers and a large number of people in other pursuits a sort of epidemic in regard to the proper length of a sermon. Editors and correspondents write about it wordily if not learnedly, laughably if not deeply. Men, women and children talk about it, and the epidemic runs on until it exhausts itself, when the public mind sinks again into a quiescent state. Profound may be the repose, though it is not of long duration. Soon the old subject is revived, discussed as before, with like results. And thus it goes on characterized by a sort of periodicity that is remarkable.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule, practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand, and an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand upon your shoulder and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Do not feel discouraged. I see your trouble—let me help you." What a strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet water; and He, whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as broad cast upon the waters, to return after many days, if not to us, to those we love.

A 1000,000 HOTEL.
We learn that Dr. R. V. Pierce, proprietor of the "World's Dispensary," in this city, has perfected the purchase of a large lot of land, on which he proposes to erect a large hotel for the accommodation of his numerous patients, coming hither from all points of the compass. The land purchased by the enterprising doctor is 234 feet front on Prospect avenue, running through to Fargo avenue, 332 feet; also an adjoining lot extending from the above to Connecticut street. It is in the midst of our extensive system of public parks, fronts the old and beautiful Prospect Park, is but a short distance from the "Circle" in one direction and the "Lake Front" in the other. The site selected is a fine one, being both beautiful and healthful; is one of the highest portions of our city, easily accessible, is sufficiently retired to secure quiet, and commands a pleasant view of the lake and river, as well as the surrounding city and country. We understand that it is the intention of Dr. Pierce to erect a hotel at the cost of at least two hundred thousand dollars, where those who come to enjoy the benefit of his treatment may find all desired accommodation under one roof, instead of being scattered over the city, as at present. We are further given to understand that our architect will be invited to submit plans for the proposed structure without delay.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The grasshopper blossoms sweetly on the edge of the Minnesota snow-drift. He has already got so that he can sit up on his elbows and lay half a pint of eggs in one forenoon. And while he lays he looks solemn and thoughtful, as if he were doing something, and his mind was fixed on the sweet reminiscences of his native clime.

"You didn't laugh at my stupidity before we were married; you always said I was a dork of a lover," grumbled a complaining husband. "Yes, that's it," replied the wife, "and a dork of a lover is sure to make a goose of a husband."

Virtue is its own reward.

THE SPENCER ESTABLISHMENT.

FURNISHES
ABSTRACTS, ADVERTISING BROTHERS, AGRICULTURE, BARRISTERS, CALL CARDS, CALENDERS, CARDS, CASH BOOKS, CIRCULARS, CONTRACTS, DIRECTORIES, ELECTION TICKETS, ENVELOPES, HAND BILLS, INSURANCE, LABELS, NOTICES, ORDERS, ORDERS OF DANCE, PACKING, PASSERS, POCKET CHECK-BOOKS, POSTAL CARDS, POSTERS, POWERS OF ATTORNEY, PRESCRIPTION BLANKS, PROGRAMS, RAILROAD TICKETS, RENT RECEIPTS, REPORTS, SALESMEN, SAYINGS BANK BOOKS, SHIPPING TICKETS, TINTED ENVELOPES, TIME TABLES.

NOTICE
The best assortment at the lowest prices, of TRUNKS, BAGS AND SATCHELS, will be found at
P. BROWN'S NO. 370 Main St.,
Lincoln House Block, WORCESTER.

H. P. AUSTIN
Auctioneer,
OAKHAM, MASS.
Gives personal attention to a sale of Real Estate and all kinds of personal property. TERMS LIBERAL. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

JOHNSON, DAVIS & FORBES
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
CUSTOM MADE
FINE CLOTH, FINE AID, STOGA KID, AND HEAVY BOOTS,
BROOKFIELD, MASS.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES
People of Spencer and vicinity will do well to call at the
New England Tea Store,
390 Main St., Worcester.

Chas. W. Russell
MACHINIST,
Wolcott Mills, East Brookfield.
On the road leading from East Brookfield to North Brookfield.

HEBARD'S DAILY EXPRESS.
Look Out for the Engine!
The Railroad Express, published daily, is intended to give the public a full and complete knowledge of the running of the express, and is a valuable addition to the household.

OFFICE
Worcester, at O. P. SHATTUCKS, 269 Main Street.
Singer, at J. L. SUMNER'S, East Brookfield, at C. A. SHELLEY'S.

C. W. HERBARD
Boston Express taken by this Line.

THE CENTAUR LINIMENTS.

The Quickest, Surest and Cheapest Remedies.
Physicians recommend, and Farmers declare that no such remedies have ever before been in use. Wounds are cured, but the proprietors of these liniments will give credit for the most meritorious as a guarantee of what they say.

The Yellow Centaur Liniment
For the tooth ache, flesh and humors of HORSES, CATTLE AND SWINE.
We have never yet had a case of Spavin, Ringbone, Windgall, Strangles or Poll-rot, which this Liniment would not speedily heal, and we never saw a case which it would not cure. It will cure a chafing can. It is fully tested for a year, and we have not a single case of failure. It is sold for 50¢ per Quart, and one dollar worth of Centaur Liniment will do better.

CASTORIA.
Dr. Samuel P. Hays, of Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I have used your Castoria for twenty years to produce a combination that would have the properties of Castor Oil without its unpleasant taste and griping effect."
His preparation is the best for, and for all finally he says it is the name of Castoria, and it is up for sale.

Peruvian Bark.
A stomachic and tonic. It improves the appetite, promotes the digestive functions, and is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children. It is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children. It is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children.

Mandrake
No superior as an antispasmodic remedy. It soothes and quiets the liver and kidneys, and is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children. It is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children.

Columbo
One of the most useful stomachic and tonic. A powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children. It is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children.

Golden Seal
The best, most useful, and most powerful of all the remedies for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children. It is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children.

Dandelion
Every one knows its value in purifying the blood, and its power in curing the liver and kidneys, and is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children. It is a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels of men, women and children.

At Drake's Old Stand
Main Street, Spencer.

Extra Inducements.

G. P. CRITCHERSON,
326 Main Street
Civil Engineer,
SURVEYOR & CONVEYANCER,
LIFE FIRE AND ACCIDENT
Insurance Agent.
House Painting.

J. J. LARKIN,
RESIDENCE:
House Opposite Congregational Church,
MAIN STREET, SPENCER, MASS.
is prepared to execute all kinds of
House Painting
SPENCER AND WARE.

Mortgagee's Sale.
Real Estate.
By Virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage of record in the County of Worcester, State of Massachusetts, I, the undersigned, Mortgagee, do hereby give notice that the premises described in said mortgage, to-wit: a certain lot of land, situate in the town of Spencer, County of Worcester, State of Massachusetts, containing one acre and one-half of land, more or less, bounded as follows, to-wit: on the north by the Green Pasture, north and east by the land of Abraham Capen, and south by the land of John C. Carpenter, and a lot of land, situate in the town of Spencer, County of Worcester, State of Massachusetts, containing one acre and one-half of land, more or less, bounded as follows, to-wit: on the north by the Green Pasture, north and east by the land of Abraham Capen, and south by the land of John C. 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Venezuela, the largest country in South America, is a large, flat, tropical country with a long coastline on the Caribbean Sea. It is a large, flat, tropical country with a long coastline on the Caribbean Sea. It is a large, flat, tropical country with a long coastline on the Caribbean Sea.

NO. 26

it he had better go back to the weather is warmer and kinder." "You are right," said the Judge's heart somewhat at only would have taken the poor "Greasers" shirt also.

OF DWIGHT STONE—The F. Stone for the murder of began at Norwich, Conn. before Chief Justice Parker Foster. The circumstances of the murder are as follows: On July 26th, with the going to Philadelphia, arrested he met Stone, with been acquainted for years with him. The Stone together on that occasion condition. The body of Stone was found in New London. Stone directed to Stone and to confess of his crime. He to the indictment however. Spencer identified the watch with Stone as a watch White. Mrs. A. E. Adams

The Penitentiary of Worcester testified on July 31st, saw a roll of bills and a watch; were heard drinking; Dr. Worcester testified as to seeing the money and the watch; he is about going to Philadelphia, offering to pay his money; on the train together. Mrs. testified the letter found on the watch she had written to her mother, and that she had been there boarded with her; that there on the evening of Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock. He did not have been intoxicated, and that they saw the money all gone on Thursday and plenty of money. Dr. Worcester testified in reference to the money, that he had been with a knife. The New London testified as to having a conversation with the subject of this prosecution, and that he had been invited for robbery. The doctor testified that Severe was given to him and it was his habit, and that he was disappointed for some reason.

[illegible]

stand that the Hon. G. W. W. does not serve as one of the board, thus necessitating the election one to fill the vacancy, which was a high way curetore, R. O. S. began the repairing of the road, which was washed by the late rains. It was a successful town, and that is of flagging stones, which at

SELECTED POETRY

TAKING DOWN THE HARP FROM THE WILLOW.

The following lines were addressed to the promising young poet, JOSEPH BRIDGES, and are remarkable for their pathos and beauty.

Take down thy harp from the willow,
For why should it strain its lute?
The willow on her old clay pillow
Its silence had never yielded.
And could she, an angel of beauty,
Not speak from her home in heaven,
She could tell thee that this is the duty
To utter the truth that is given.

Metaphs she would chide with thy sad
Tones.
Forbidden by mourning of grief,
And tell thee its leaden madness,
The sorrow that seeks no release,
And whispering softly, would win thee
Away from the gloom of despair,
Put hope with its light within thee,
And help thee try to bear.

The sun eclipsed in the morning
Both rose to a bright noonday,
All shadows and darknesses morning,
His glorious beams will have way;
And like the figure I borrow,
Be true to thyself in the strife;
Break through the eclipse of thy sorrow,
Nor let it darken thy life.

Though she in whom thou delighted
Hath gone to the spirit world,
There is wrong in the world to be
Righted.

And hearts that are yearning for rest;
And thine be the mission holy
To soothe brother's good soul;
And sing for the high and the lowly
The songs which their spirits need.

Oh, attune up thy harp again,
And let it be silent no more;
Its music will soothe thy dull pain,
And though thy heart may be sore,
And mourn oft times thy lot reward,
Still held in the fondest regard,
In seeking to yield others pleasure
Thou surely wilt find thy reward.

OUR STORY TELLER.

A CLOUD;

With a Peep at the Silver Lining.

BY ARTHUR W. HAMILTON.

It was growing dusk on a cold, rough November day, the rain was falling fast, while the street dickered and thicker cutting people's faces as they passed up and down the pavement, apparently too deeply engrossed in their own affairs to heed a tall, slim lad of some ten summers stationed at the corner of one of the principal streets of New York, with a huge bundle of papers under his left arm, of which he was trying in vain to dispose. He had cried himself hoarse, but to no purpose. His entire stock still remained on his hands—a little hope of a sale that night. He was just beginning to think seriously of giving up in despair and returning to the wretched alley in which he lived, when some one slapped him familiarly on the shoulder and exclaimed in a gruff yet pleasant tone: "I say, Al! had yer supper yet?" Our young hero, looking up as he replied in the negative, beheld a short, thick-set, red-faced Irish boy evidently engaged in the same business as himself, judging from the huge pile of papers that he carried in a similar manner. "Then come with me," continued the speaker, confidentially linking his arm within that of his companion. They walked rapidly on for some distance until they reached a locality occupied almost entirely by the laboring class. Here they entered a long, low, wooden building, in which several grog shops and second-class restaurants were kept. "Halloo Bill!" exclaimed the Irish boy to a tall, lean, lank mulatto in attendance, "Give us two piling plates of your best beef soup," and he picked up, he added in quite a commanding tone, as he took his seat at a long table, becoming his companion to follow his example. The desired provision was soon placed before them and the two boys fell to with a will.

OUR STORY TELLER.

A CLOUD;

With a Peep at the Silver Lining.

BY ARTHUR W. HAMILTON.

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George A. Smith, Jr., New York

and he ate the tools for food.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DYING DAY.

BY W. C. BERRY.
Day trembles in the western sky
For the dusky wings of night
Have driven him from the zenith high
In waves of golden light
And shattering in the radiant arms
Of soft enfolded clouds
Revealing their celestial charms
As darkness on him crowds
If, when we wake, and trembling breath
Shall grow too faint and low
O'er shadowed by the wings of death,
Like twilight lying in the west,
At the gates of even;
Shall we go seeking to our rest
Bathed in the smiles of heaven?

MISCELLANY.

An Amazon's Reception.

"Tryon is coming! Tryon is coming!" was the cry that blanced many a cheek in Connecticut in the month of July, 1779. This news that spread like wildfire about the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk was well calculated to inspire alarm in the patriot breasts, for Tryon was a merciless invader, and wherever he went the torch completed his work of destruction. In the month of February of the year just written he had ravaged Kingsbridge and Horse Neck, and now, for the second time, he had entered the State.
His soldiers committed, under his very eyes, atrocities of the most shocking description; they plundered without distinction, old and young, rich and poor, felt like the merciless hands of the king's man. But Haver, Fairfield, and Norwalk were reduced to ashes, and a thousand acts of barbarous cruelty were perpetrated on the homeless patriots. A force sufficient to check the advance of the invader could not be raised in the State. Connecticut's able-bodied patriots were absent in the army, and their homes were as defenseless as the homes of the parents are away in search of food.
Governor Tryon knew that he would find Connecticut completely at his mercy, and congratulated himself on the easy conquest that invited him to her shores. He succeeded in his "errand of devastation," and returned to his superiors with victory in his hand. But he made his name odious throughout North America, and his memory is execrated to every patriot in the land.
Not far from Norwalk stood the plain home of Barbara Bidlack, whose husband was an artist doing duty under Knox. She was a large, muscular woman whose strength was proverbial. She had grown for her the singular sobriquet of "Mrs. Hercules," a title which she was rather proud than otherwise. Her features were rather inclined to coarseness, and a close physiognomist would have concluded that these rugged features had been carved by the hand of a sculptor. She was the sole occupant of her home, and her nearest neighbor was a young woman named Haven who had lost her husband at the battle of Briar Creek.
Mrs. Bidlack, who seldom exchanged visits with the widow, was not aware of Tryon's second invasion until he began to approach Norwalk. The terror of the inhabitants, many of whom were abandoning their homes, acquainted her with the disastrous state of affairs, and her eyes flashed when she exclaimed to the fugitives:
"You may go, if you wish, but two hundred such rascals as Governor Tryon cannot frighten Barbara Bidlack one inch from her home. If the red-coated scoundrel enters my house he'll meet with a reception he'll never forget!"
More than once she was urged to fly, but disinclined with a proud and defiant curl of the lip, and availed with eagerness the arrival of the invaders.
She was soon treated to the sight of Norwalk in flames, and saw the torch applied to her neighbor's houses. But the spectacle moved her not; she did not even barricade her door, nor suspend for a moment the performance of her household duties. But all the time there was an indignant gleam in her eyes, and more than once she glanced at the old musket which occupied one corner of her kitchen.
It was near the hour of noon one sultry day in July when Barbara Bidlack, about to discuss the fragrant meal she had prepared, was startled by a heavy footstep. Lifting her eyes from the steaming meat that graced the little table, she beheld a British officer standing in the door. His aspect did not frighten her in the least, though she knew from his uniform that he was a soldier of fortune.
"Another plate, Mrs. Hercules," he commanded, in a haughty tone, arising forward, and at the same time, putting his hand on the hilt of his sword, as if to frighten her.
She smiled disdainfully as she slowly rose to her feet.
"Who are you, sir?"
"I am a man devilishly well known hereabouts, and I dare say that the rebels will soon forget me! My name is Tryon!"
Governor Tryon, the British general, the man who burns houses over widows' heads, and robs the babe of its cradle! If you are Governor Tryon I know you! For the meanness villain that ever trod New England soil!"
Tryon's face grew crimson, but smothering his rage, he burst into a cruel laugh.
"You are just the rascal I heard you were!" he exclaimed. "They call you 'Mrs. Hercules' throughout this region, and I must say you resemble the stable-cleaning god in build. Where is your husband?"
"Under the flag that wouldn't own you as a defender!" was the reply.
"He's a rebel, then!" said Tryon with a sneer.
"Like his wife! He's a soldier, too, and not a house-burner!"
Mrs. Hercules, I discover that my clemency is not recognized by the people of this State, and that my king's heart is supposed to contain no good. Why, my dear woman, the existence of a single dear woman on the coast is a monument of King George's mercy, and mine! But we will discuss this subject at the table. I have ridden several miles to enjoy a tea-sitz with a woman of whom I have heard much, and, besides, I am hungry. That must look palatable."
"It wasn't cooked for a British general!" exclaimed the fearless woman, with flashing eyes, and the next minute she removed the meat and thrust it into her rude cupboard, to the consternation of the governor.
"Come, come," he said, "I do not want to sit down to a cold dinner."
"Then go somewhere else and get your sword. There are making tories about Norwalk who would rejoice to tickle your tongue with the best they have in the house!"
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before he had been so angry. He hit his children's lips with his hand, and the hand which he had lifted toward the belt of the pistol in the holster.
"Tom coming back," he said, "and in the fine that consumes your house my men shall cook their suppers."
"But they will not enjoy them as you have enjoyed your dinner!" said Barbara, sarcastically.
The governor did not reply, but sprang into the saddle and galloped up the stairs.
"Good-by, Mrs. Hercules!" he said, with mock gallantry.
"Come again when you are hungry!" she shouted after him, as he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away toward Norwalk.
He disappeared in a minute, and Barbara Bidlack restored her house with a smile of triumph on her face.
"I allow that he will not soon forget me!" she said to herself, and then quietly resumed a discussion of the feast which the haughty British had interrupted.
After dinner she gathered up a few articles which she called valuable, and destroyed others which she thought might be called prizes by the plundering soldiery. Having done this she left the house to the mercy of the foe, and satisfied with her victory over Tryon, sought safety in flight. A longer stay beneath her roof would be the height of folly, for she knew that Tryon would carry his rage to attempts on her life.
About Sunday a company of the governor's troops overtook her, and upon the house, like so many destroyers, eagles, and having nuzzled it from cellar to garret, applied the invader's torch. Tryon was not among the destroyers; he feared the giantess who had given him such a warm reception, and her last threat admonished him to keep his person aloof.
Mrs. Bidlack lived to help her husband build a new house over the ruins of the old one, and to recount to amused listeners, long after the war, her story of Governor Tryon's reception.

HOW TO PET CANARIES.
Says a writer on canaries—in this way I answer the question, "How I had such fine birds to pet." Simply by allowing the birds to attend to their affairs, and by letting them understand that their mistress would never harm them. And, as accompanying them to plenty of light and air and company, rather than as advertised in books, keeping the cage in a dark room, for fear of frightening the birds. Make just half the fuss directed in bird books over the matter, and you will have, doubtless, better success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper they will eat; it is the best thing for them. And if your bird feeds himself at any time, put a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, and see how the little fellow will enjoy it. Give him flaxseed once in a while, and if he appears dumpy occasionally, give him a dash of brandy, with red pepper sprinkled in. Open the cage door and give your pet the freedom of the room, and soon they will come at you and fly to meet you whenever your voice is heard. I had one who came regularly to my desk to get writing each day and disappeared with fluttering wing and open beak my humble right to the inkstand. He would take his bath as I held the cup in my hand and coolly dry himself on my head. Another would fly down or up stairs to me whenever I called him, and he would sit on my shoulder, or perch on my arm, and sing to me.

CHINESE HABITATIONS.
Eastern architects may get some hints of things to follow or avoid from a description which the Virginia City Chronicle gives of the structure erected by the Chinamen in that city. "Between fights the Chinaman is an industrious animal. Just now he is turning his energies to building, and like his fighting some of it is contrary to law and also shocking to correct architectural taste. On the Northwest corner of I and Union streets John has created a marvellous affair. It is built out far enough to occupy a third of the roadway. The front is a pavilion (eight feet high) is composed of odd and ends of stone picked up in the neighborhood. The one window is formed of three oil cans—two upright and the other laid across the top. The roof of this edifice—which has a frontage of about twenty-five feet—has a frontage of thirty or more—would make a handsome playground for a school, as it is perfectly flat and composed of earth. The interior, which the reporter doubted himself up to enter, is divided into numerous little dens and one spacious 'after-dinner' room. The place is shortly to be opened as a restaurant, provided the police don't interfere, which they should do. The idea of building an oil-can for building material has been eagerly seized by other Chinamen, and the consequence is numerous fireproof shanties. One, filled with food and piled one upon another, make

BUSH'S LIVER PILLS.

These pills are entirely vegetable, and we wish it to be distinctly understood that we recommend them only for diseases of the Liver and those diseases resulting from impurity of blood.

Bush's Liver Pills
CURES SICK HEADACHE.
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Bush's Liver Pills
CURES DISORDERED, BILIOUS STOMACHS.
If you would have
ACLEAN HEAD FOR BUSINESS USE
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Only try one box, and you will never be without them. FORTY PILLS in a box for 25 cents. W. B. BUSH, Proprietor.

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GENERAL AGENTS.
Sold by Apothecaries and Dealers generally.
OAKMAN & NO. BROOKFIELD STAGE
Leave Oakham 6:45 A.M. and arrive at North Brookfield in time for the 8:30 train for Boston. Return on the arrival of the 6:00 P.M. train from Boston which leaves Boston at 5:00 and Worcester at 6:45. Fare 50. Tickets between Oakham and Worcester, \$1.00. \$2.50 for sale by the stage. For full particulars apply to
W. B. BUSH, Proprietor,
North Brookfield, Feb. 10, 1878.

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People of Spencer and vicinity will do well to call on
New England Tea Store,
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TEAS, PURE COFFEES AND SPICES.
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On the road leading from East Brookfield to North Brookfield.
Attention given to light Machine Jobbing. Steam Engines, Sewing Machines, Gas, Pistols, &c., repaired and put in order.

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Look out for the Engine!
The Railroad is nearly finished, but I intend to run my EXPRESS AS USUAL, and hope by strict attention to business to make a share of public patronage.
LEAVE
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OUR NEIGHBORS.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.

—Mr. Isaac Bryant who for many years before the North Brookfield R. R. was built was the stage driver between here and East Brookfield depot has been appointed conductor on the passenger train running over this road.

—Prof. Beales delivered the fifth and last lecture last night in the course on "The Constitution of Nature." The topic of this lecture was "The Law of Continuity," and the subject was handled in a masterly manner, and some who heard him, who have heretofore been trying to persuade themselves that they did not believe in an existence beyond the present, have been led to take an entirely different view of the matter.

—This paper is now for sale at the news room of Mr. A. C. Adams, in Adams Block at five cents per copy.

—Rev. and Mrs. Geo. Chapman celebrated the 25th anniversary of their marriage last Thursday evening at this parsonage. The party was quite largely attended by members of the M. E. Society and others, who spent a very pleasant evening, and departed leaving many substantial tokens of their regard and their warmest wishes for the future welfare of their pastor.

—Lucius S. Woodis Junior, who has been very actively engaged in the toy, fancy goods and periodical business, has suspended payments, much to the inconvenience and regret of those who have formerly dealt with him.

—Mr. A. C. Adams has taken rooms in Adams Block, and will hereafter carry on the news and periodical business.

—Lincoln & May have sold their dry goods and grocery business to Messrs Roberts & Downey, two young men formerly employed in the store of Augustus Smith. It is understood the transfer takes place the 1st of May.

—Business at the "Big Shop" is reported dull. A great many of the hands having work but from five to eight hours a day, and at 10 per cent cut down is not a very brilliant outlook for the laboring man.

—Horace Spooner has sold his farm to Isaiah Converse of New Braintree.

—The First Congregational society are making quite extensive improvements in their grounds. The walks in the park and around the society buildings are to be remodeled and paved with concrete, and a substantial fence is to be constructed around the entire grounds.

—Mr. J. W. Fifield has just had patented, a counter and well skiving machine.

—Mr. Frank P. Stoddard is having good success in his new business. He means to keep the best stock in town.

LEICESTER.

—The contract for building the road and bridges below Smith's mill, was awarded Saturday afternoon to Alfred M. Brown for \$595, the lowest of bidders. The highest bid was \$1500.

—The mill owners at Cherry Valley, whose mills and dams were more or less swept away by the flood, have been busily engaged in clearing away rubbish and making preparation for rebuilding. Ashworth & Jones have the foundations already laid for the new part of their mill, and will probably begin laying brick on Tuesday.

—The sentiment of the recent Republican caucus was favorable to Bristow, John D. Cogswell and L. S. Watson were the delegates.

—Dr. Farrar has been giving a course of lectures in the Town Hall during the week.

HARDWICK.

—Miss Jennie Mann of Hardwick was thrown from a buggy Sunday while returning from church and severely injured. The horse took fright at a baby carriage and got away from the driver, a young boy, and smashed the buggy.

EAST BROOKFIELD.

—The Bay State Engine Co., will hold their annual meeting next Monday evening. A full attendance is desired as the officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

The stopping of the Rochester and New York express trains at this station, which gives us as good railroad accommodation as any place between Worcester and Palmer, will be of great help in building this place up, and bids fair to make this as large, if not larger, than the other Brookfields. There are two as good water privileges as can be found in the county, if not in the state, and more than half the power they are capable of is now used. The people do not see why some of the Cherry Valley manufacturers could not start those works at a great deal less cost here than it would be to repair those dams and flumes there. The dam of Walker & Fay's stream has stood for fifty years and is thought by many to be the strongest dam in this section.

OXFORD.

—Considerable excitement prevails in town in relation to an attempted outrage by a tramp Monday afternoon a daughter of Mr. Amos Pratt, who resides in the south part of the town, was returning home from school. While passing the woods she was assaulted by a tramp who stopped her cries for assistance by placing his hand over her mouth, and then attempted to outrage her person. The girls father appeared however, and the scamp took to his heels. Mr. Pratt pursuing him quite a distance. He gave up the chase before overtaking the scoundrel, but wishing to leave his daughter unprotected. The assailant is described as a man about twenty years of age and dressed in dark clothes.

—Mr. B. E. White has purchased the estate near the Congregational Church, known as the Metcalf house, contemplates at some time the removal of that most "venerable" of houses and its place the erection of a more modern structure.

—Contrary to the expectation and fears of friends, Mr. Emory Sanford is slowly improving in health.

—Probably no liquor licenses will be granted this year.

WARREN.

—Scarlet fever and canker-rash are becoming disagreeably prevalent. Several children were taken with the most violent symptoms while in school at W. Warren, last week, and the disease has already gone through several families.

—Farm work is about two weeks ahead of last year, owing to the difference in the seasons.

—Staples Owen & Brownell are running their woolen mill ten hours a day. Wm. B. Ramsdell, B. A. Tripp & Co. and Cutter Moore, boot and shoe manufacturers are running their usual amount of help, and the Knowles steam pump works, as yet find a plenty of work for their 150 men. So there is little complaint of dull times.

—A. W. Crossman & Son are shipping this week a full assortment of the tools made by them, to the Centennial in all about three hundred pieces. The space allotted to them is about ten feet square. They have made and sent a black walnut case to fill this space. Mr. Amory Crossman goes to Philadelphia with them.

—The Congregational society have chosen their officers as follows: Chas. R. Elwell clerk and treasurer; C. L. Carter, B. E. Blair; and C. B. Elwell for prudential committee.

—At a constables sale this week a horse, harness and express wagon sold for \$7.

—The cotton mills are repairing with plank piling the embankment at the end of their "tape mill" dam, that was badly washed during the late freshet.

—The firemen are expecting to dazzle people's eyes with a new uniform shortly.

—Mrs. Frederick Curtis of Hinsdale died very suddenly Sunday afternoon as she was dressing for church.

—Ira M. White has bought out the refreshment room of E. A. Barton at West Warren. The firemen's library heretofore confined to the firemen, is now open to anybody who pays \$1 a year for it. —Margaret Lynch, whose eye was so badly injured by a shooting accident in January, has recovered sufficiently to be about her work, and the doctor thinks, will partially recover her sight.

CHARLTON.

—The family reunion and golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Lamb at the old homestead at the city, occurred on the 10th inst., though the day previous (Sunday) was the anniversary. At this gathering about fifty were present and these mostly of immediate relation. Their whole family of six boys and their wives together with all the grandchildren, some ten in number, were together at the old house. The average of the Lamb family, which numbers twenty-four, was some over thirty-four years. During the reunion pains were taken to secure the autographs and age attached of all who were present. The tables around which they gathered were well spread; and after the repast was partaken of toasts were read and responded to by Lewis Lamb, Attleboro, on the part of the grandchildren; Chas. Lamb, Brookline, on the part of the children; Rev. A. Titus responded to the toast "our aged friends, they have looked well to the ways of the household, and eaten not the bread of idleness; their children rise up and call them blessed." There was a recitation by Miss Carrie Lamb of New Haven Conn., written for the occasion by Miss Lucy M. Cremer of New Haven. The following poem which was sung by the assembly in the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," written by a neighbor.

OUR GOLDEN GREETING.

Dear friends and kindred gathered here
In this paternal home,

Where dwell the ties that bind our hearts
In unison as one.

CHORUS.
We'll swell the song, the strains prolong,
Let every heart be gay
While here we meet, loved ones to greet,
This golden wedding day.

Full fifty years this aged pair,
Through life have traveled on;
Full fifty years and here to-day
They still are traveling on.

And here around the festal board,
Their children's children stand,
To greet them with their kindly cheer.
A happy household band.

And when life's victories are won,
Their circle all complete,
They'll join the universal song
Around the mercy seat.

Then praise the father for his love;
O praise him for this day,
O praise the power that gave to them
This Golden Wedding day.

This gathering was the occasion of much happiness to the family and friends. Tributes of affection and remembrances were left by the relatives and others showing the deep appreciation held for them in their declining years. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb were married at the "north side" at the home of the bride, by Elder James Boover, at that time the clergyman of the Baptist Church. They have lived in town since, rearing a family highly respected in the communities where they live, and an honor to the town which gave them birth.

SPECIALTIES IN MEDICINE.

We publish on our eight page a lengthy article describing the system of the noted specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., in which he sets forth with considerable force and clearness his reasons for deeming his whole time and attention to a single department of medicine—the treatment of lingering chronic diseases. The same article also takes up the subjects of diagnosis, methods of constitution and treatment, etc., and will be found to contain many valuable hints to the invalid. Dr. Pierce is the author of a work which has already attained a large circulation—"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—containing some nine hundred numerously-illustrated pages, and devoted to medicine in all its branches, a work well calculated for the guidance and instruction of the people at large, and which may be had for \$1.50 (post paid) by addressing the author. Dr. Pierce has now been before the general public long enough to enable the formation of a careful estimate of the efficiency of his treatment and his medicines, and the verdict we are glad to know, has been universally favorable to both.

Children Cry for Castoria. It is as pleasant to take as honey, and is absolutely harmless. It is sure to expel worms, cure wind colic, regulate the bowels and stomach, and overcome irritability caused by rash or cutting teeth. It is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, and for Castoria in young or old there is nothing in existence so effective and reliable.

The latest greatest and most reliable remedy ever put together by medical science for Rheumatism, Wounds, Swellings, Burns, Caked Breast, etc., is the Centaur Liniment. There are two kinds. What the White Liniment is for the human family, the Yellow Centaur Liniment is for spavined, lame and strained horses and animals.

West Fairlee, Vt., Jan. 11th, 1877.

Dear Sir:—For seven or eight years past I have been in poor health, and for the past year or more very feeble. My health continued to decline, and my flesh and strength wasted away, until I was unable to work or even go up stairs without great exhaustion. I suffered from frequent and distressing attacks of palpitation of the heart, my food cost me, causing acidity and pain in the stomach; and I suffered from extreme nervousness, constipation and debility of the system generally. My blood being thin and poor and sluggish in circulation, and I was for years suffering all tortures of a confirmed dyspeptic. About six months since I concluded I would try a bottle of PERRIN'S SYRUP, and received as much benefit from it that I purchased five bottles more, and have continued the use of the SYRUP until quite recently. It has restored my health to such an extent that I feel myself as good as new. My digestion is good and my weight has increased in the past four months from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. My strength has returned, and my general health is thus wonderfully improved, and I can truly say I owe it all to the use of your PERRIN'S SYRUP. I earnestly recommend all sufferers from dyspepsia and debility to give it a trial, hoping it will do them as much good as it has me.

Yours very truly, Mrs. S. B. BEMIS.

Positively the Best.
Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound is the best compound ever prepared for the immediate relief and permanent cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of a Consumptive type. It will thoroughly eradicate these alarming symptoms in one half the time required to do so by any other medicine. It is purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of opium or other dangerous drug. Physicians endorse it as the most efficacious antidote known for all disorders of the throat and lungs. It never fails. Every bottle guaranteed to perform exactly as represented. Be sure to obtain Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound. Trial size, 10 cents; regular time sizes, 50 cents and \$1. Sold by O. W. WEATHERS, Spencer; C. Carpenter, Brookfield; G. R. Hamant, North Brookfield; Geo. Penniman, West Brookfield.

Dr. L. Kimball at the Bay State House. Little things sometimes possess great significance. The little cares and anxieties and ailments, and mistakes of life are those which offend and undermine the stoutest hearts and the strongest bodies. A "corn" is a little thing but productive of the greatest miseries. As the poet has it:

"Great woes from little troubles grow!" etc.

A man will endure several successive nights of torment from the great sores of a little tooth, before he can screw his courage up to the pulling point—and with good reason, for to have a natural tooth of twenty years' standing snatched by brute force is but one remove from martyrdom. But it is as understanding that men and women will suffer the untold agonies of half a dozen corns on each foot, when the pesky little torment can be removed in a few moments without the slightest inconvenience or pain. Dr. Kimball at the Bay State House, has already relieved several hundreds of our people of corns and bunions and ingrowing nails; and to the surprise and delight of everybody the operation doesn't hurt a bit, while the cure is rapid and permanent. There are probably fifty thousand troublesome corns in Worcester—perhaps more! But, more or less, Dr. Kimball is a match for them all, from the least to the greatest if once he can get a clip at them. The afflicted public should bear in mind that the doctor does all he advertises to do and that there isn't any discount on his ability as a chiropodist, as the numerous testimonials which he introduces will abundantly attest. For more complete information the reader is referred to Dr. Kimball's advertisement in the [Worcester Press].

CROWDS OF PEOPLE VISITING DR. HENION THE MAGNETIC HEALER, AT THE BAY STATE HOUSE, HOUSE THE LANE WALK, THE BLIND SEE, THE DEAF HEAR!

Dr. Henion the celebrated magnetic healer, who performed so many remarkable cures in Worcester four years ago, is again at the Bay State House, and his rooms are daily thronged with the lame, halt, and blind seeking for quick and perfect restoration to health by his powerful aid and wondrous magnetic touch; many diseases of long standing, and those given up as incurable, are restored to health in an incredible short space of time, and leave to become unimpaired magnetic evidence of Dr. Henion's wonderful magnetic healing power. Dr. Henion is the only educated physician in the United States with the gift of healing. He is Professor of materia medica, and the Principles and Practice of medicine in the oldest Eclectic Medical College in the United States, and his superior medical knowledge combined with his gift of healing, gives him control of disease that no other magnetic healer possesses. If you are sick put yourself under his care, as he treats all diseases with an unerring certainty, and the Dr. will give you names of persons he cured four years ago, showing conclusively that his treatment is permanent, the following is one of the many wonderful cures performed by him four years ago. Mrs. S. Phelps, No. 5 Linwood place, was helped from rheumatism; Dr. Henion gave her four magnetic treatments four years ago, and cured her; She was 60 years old at the time she received the treatment, and is now 93, and is perfectly well. Taking the cure is simply wonderful; Mrs. Phelps can be referred to. If you are sick call on Dr. Henion at the Bay State House, where he will remain until June 1st. Consultation free from 9 A. M. until 8 P. M.

THE "MYSTERIOUS ISLAND."—We have just received Verne's last famous story "The Mysterious Island—Dropped from the Clouds!" It is an intensely interesting book, by the celebrated author of "20,000 Leagues under the Sea!" And gives the exciting adventures of five Union prisoners who, during our late great war, escaped from Richmond, Va., in a captured balloon! It is Verne's best book, and that is the highest possible commendation. The ordinary price of "Dropped from the Clouds" is \$2.00 but the copy before us "The Lakeside Library" edition, handsomely illustrated, is sent prepaid for only 12 cents! It is also sold by all Newsdealers. If you want a genuine treat, get it Address, DONNELLY, LOYD & CO., Publishers, Chicago Ill.

NO EXCUSE FOR BEING SICK.

No person can use BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP without getting immediate relief and cure. We have the first case of Coughs, Colds or Consumption, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, yet to hear from that has not been cured. We have distributed every year for three years over 25,000 Sample Bottles by Druggists in all parts of the United States. No other Manufacture of Medicines ever gave their preparations such a test as this. Go to Druggists L. F. SUMNER, SPENCER, C. B. Carpenter, Brookfield, S. M. Penniman, West Brookfield, G. R. Hamant, N. Brookfield, and get a bottle for 75 cts and try it, two doses will relieve you. Sample Bottles 10 cts each.

Thousands of Injections. The cold-catching Community, thousands of them are serving perjury injections on their coughs and catarrhs, in the shape of daily and nightly doses of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. The paroxysms are silenced in 48 hours. Sold by all druggists, Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

PLANTS & FLOWERS!

I have a large assortment of Greenhouse Plants!

For Parties or Conservatories. Also, Cut Flowers, Bouquets, Decorations and Designs

For Dinner, Evening or Bride's Ceremonies.

Flower Designs for Funerals!

Anemones, Wreaths, Crescent Crosses, Harps, Masonic Emblems, &c.

Vegetable Department!

Cabbages, Cauliflowers, Lettuce and Tomato Plants. Orders received at L. F. SUMNER'S Druggists, Spencer, where also may be found a fine assortment of house and building plants, from my Conservatories.

Geo. S. Jennings,

WEST BROOKFIELD, - - - M.A.S.

Furniture.
H. W. Denny & Co.,
555 Main St.,
WORCESTER, MASS.
AND OVER
551 553 555 557 559 561 & 563
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
FURNITURE,
Bedding,
Crockery and
Kitchen Ware
For Cash or on Liberal terms
of Payment.
At as low prices as is Consistent with good work.

In Our Upholstery Department

Will be found desirable Parlor Suits, Easy and Reclining Chairs, Lounges, &c. of all grades, and custom made. We have engaged the services of Mr. E. M. Matham who will give his attention to

DRAPERY WORK

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Special attention given to the furnishing of churches and society halls. Designs and estimates submitted and orders solicited. Our

Chamber Set Department

Will be supplied with Walnut, Ash, Chestnut Grained and Painted Sets, all our own make, keeping about 40 different styles in our Ware Room to select from. In our

Bedding Department

Will be found all grades of Mattresses from the cheap Excelsior to a nice Hair and Sponge, manufactured by ourselves. We also keep in stock a large assortment of Spring Beds, in prices from \$3.00 to \$14.00. In our

Crockery Department

Will be found the Celebrated John Edwards English Ware. Every piece warranted against crazing. We also keep in stock the best articles of

Glass and Kitchen Wares.

Having steam power, machinery and Practical Cabinet makers, we are prepared to do all kinds of

Custom Cabinet Work.

IN EITHER OF OUR DEPARTMENTS.

We shall give our best efforts to present goods that will prove satisfactory to our customers, both in quality and price.

H. W. Denny & Co.

27-41

NOYES & SNOW,

Successors to West & Lee Game & Printing Co.

Printers, Publishers

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

JROQUET AND CHIVALEIR.

47 & 49 MAIN ST. WORCESTER,
and 10 BROOMFIELD, ST. BOSTON.

Having purchased of Wm. K. Gould the business formerly owned by the West & Lee Game and printing Co. we are now prepared to do all kinds of printing for every variety of Book, Job, and Commercial

PRINTING

In the very best manner and at most favorable prices. We have as good facilities as any establishment in New England, which together with long practical experience enables us to successfully compete with leading houses in Boston or New York. We solicit a liberal share of patronage. Henry D. Noyes.

Late of Noyes, Holmes & Co.,
Boston.
Formerly of West & Lee Game & Printing Co.

J. S. PINKHAM & CO.

have this day received their

Second Large Invoice

OF

Spring Carpets!

OF

New and Elegant Patterns,

AT

Prices suited to the times.

There is so much difference in real value of the same Grade of Carpets that we deem it folly to advertise prices.

Please examine our stock before purchasing.

GET OUR PRICES

and you will be convinced that no lower prices or better styles can be found in New England than

J. S. Pinkham & Co's

458 Main Street,

WORCESTER.

WANTED to know where job work can be done cheaper than at this office.

Corsets.
H. W. Denny & Co.,
555 Main St.,
WORCESTER, MASS.
AND OVER
551 553 555 557 559 561 & 563
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
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WANTED to know where job work can be done cheaper than at this office.

SELECTED POETRY

AS THE NIGHT FALLS.

As the night falls from on high,
Planets blossom in the sky.
Lovers walk the woodland shades,
Long after light in darkness fades.
By the margin of the stream,
There the whispering willows dream;
Singing thoughts of grief and strife
And planning schemes of married life.
As the light falls at the dawn,
Darkness squanders o'er the lawn;
Light debates it o'er the main,
And light and love the victory gain.

OUR STORY TELLER.

CONQUERING A HUSBAND.

There were people enough to envy Millicent Houghton when she was married to Radcliff Gates. She was only a district school teacher, at so much a month, without home or parents. He was a wealthy banker, who seemed to have nothing on earth to do but to indulge his whims and caprices to their utmost bent, and the world in general announced its dictum that Millicent Houghton had done uncommonly well for herself.

But Millicent did not look happy on that golden July morning, with the sunshine streaming through the oriel window of the great breakfast room of Gates palace, and scattering little drops of gold and crimson and glowing purple on the mossy ground of the stone colored carpet.

She was dressed in a loose white cambric wrapper, looped and buttoned with blue and a single pearl arrow upheld the shining mass of her lovely arched hair. Her eyes were deep liquid hazel, her complexion as soft and as radiant as the dimpled side of an early peach; and the little kid-slippers that patted the velvet ottoman beneath as she stepped as a sculptor could have wished it.

Mr. Gates from his side of the damask draped table, eyed her with the complacent gaze of ownership. She was his wife. He liked her to look well just as wanted his horses properly groomed and his conservatory kept in order; and he troubled himself very little about the shadow on her brow.

"I'm in earnest Radcliff," she said with emphasis. "So I suppose Mrs. Gates" said the husband leisurely folding his paper a sign that the news within was thoroughly exhausted—no I supposed. But it isn't at all worth while to allow myself to get excited. When I say a thing Mrs. Gates I generally mean it. And I repeat—if you need money for any sensible or necessary purpose, I shall be happy and willing to accommodate you."

Millicent bit her full, red lower lip and drummed impatiently on the table with her ten restless fingers. "And I am to come meekly imploring you for every five cent piece I may happen to want?" "Yes Mrs. Gates, if you prefer to put the matter in that light."

"Radcliff," she coaxed, suddenly changing her tone, "do give me an allowance—I don't care how little! Don't subject me to the humiliation of pleading for a little money half a dozen times a day. You are rich."

"Exactly my dear, nodded the Benedict; and that's the way I made my fortune, by looking personally after every penny, and I mean to keep it up."

"But think how I was mortified yesterday when Mrs. Amour came to ask me if I could subscribe fifty cents to ward buying a hand carriage for my washwoman's lame child—only fifty cents—and had to say, 'must ask my husband to give me money when he returns from the city—for I had not even fifty cents of my own.'"

"All very right, all very proper," said Mr. Gates, playing with the huge rope of gold that hung across in the guise of a watch chain.

"Other ladies are not kept penniless. They're entirely between them and their husbands, Mrs. Gates."

"I will not endure it," cried Millicent, starting to her feet, with cheeks dyed scarlet and indignantly glowing eyes. Mr. Gates leaned back in his chair with provoking complacency.

"I will have money," said Millicent defiantly.

"How are you going to get it, my dear? retorted her spouse, with a most

aggravating smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"You have nothing at your own—absolutely nothing. The money is all mine, and I mean to keep it."

Millicent sat down again, twisting her pocket-handkerchief around and around. She was not prepared with an immediate answer.

"And now Mrs. Gates," said the banker, after a moment or two of overwhelming silence, "if you'll be good enough to sit back on my elbow, I'll go down town to buy a glove to match your valuable time."

So the verbal passage at arms ended, and Millicent felt that so far, she was worsted.

She watched Mr. Gates drive off in an elegant open barouche drawn by two long tailed chestnut horses, all glittering with plated harness, and turned away, almost wishing she was Millicent Houghton once again, behind her desk in the little red school house.

She looked around at the inland furniture, Abousson carpets and satin window draperies, and thought with a passionate pang, how little all this availed her.

"It's so provoking of Radcliff!" she murmured. "I've half a mind to go out to service, or dressmaking, or something—for I must have money of my own, and I will!"

Just then a servant knocked at the door with a basket and a note. "An old lady in a Shaker bonnet and a one horse wagon left it," said the girl with scarcely an audible titter. "She wouldn't come in though I invited her. Mrs. Gates opened the note. It ran in a stiff old fashioned caligraphy, as if the pen were an unwanted implement in the writers hand."

DEAR MILLY:—The strawberries in the south meadow lot are ripe, where you used to pick them when you was a little girl; so Penelope picked a lot and we made old times to you, for the sake of old times, as Aunt Arminia is going to the city to-morrow. We hope you will like them. Affectionately your friend,

MARIA ANN PEABODY.

The tears sparkled in the bride eyes. For an instant it seemed to her as if she were a merry child again picking strawberries in the golden rain of a July sunshine, with the scent of wild roses in the air and the gurgle of the little trout stream close by. And as she lifted the lid of the great basket of crimson luscious fruit and inhaled the delicious perfume, a sudden idea darted into her mind.

"Now I will have money of my own!" she cried out—money that I will earn myself, and thus be independent.

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Gates came down stairs, to the definite amusement of Rachael, the chambermaid, and Louise, the parlor maid, in a brown gingham dress a white pique sun bonnet, and a basket on her arm.

"What you have the carriage, ma'am?" asked the latter, as Mrs. Gates beckoned to a passing omnibus. "No, I won't!" said the banker's lady. And within the city limits she alighted and began work in earnest.

"Strawberries! I'll buy my wild strawberries!" rang out her clear, shrill voice, as she walked along—lightly balancing the weight on her arm and enjoying the impromptu masquerade as only a spirited young woman can.

Mrs. Prowler bought four quarts for preserving, at twenty five cents a quart. "Wild berries has such a flavor," said the old lady, reflectively; "and 'tis often you get them here in the city. I suppose you don't come around here regularly, young woman?"

"No, I don't, ma'am."

"Because you might get some good customers," said Mrs. Prowler. Mrs. Sinitha Hall, who keeps boarders, purchased two quarts; and Mrs. Captain Carderdy took one; and then Millicent jumped on the cars and rode down town.

"I've got a dollar and seventy-five cents of my own at all events," said she to herself.

"Strawberries! Nice, ripe, wild strawberries! Buy my strawberries!" her sweet voice resounded through the halls of the great marble building, on whose first floor the great bank was situated.

It chanced to be a dull interval of

business just then, and the cashier looked up with a yawn.

"I say Billy James," said he to the youngest clerk, "I have an idea that a few strawberries wouldn't go badly. Call in the woman."

Billy, nothing loth, slipped of his stool with a pin behind each ear, and scampered out into the hall.

So Millicent said another quart. As she was changing the cash—five dollars—the president himself came in bustling and brisk as usual. "What? How? Barked out Mr. Radcliff Gates. 'Strawberries? Well I don't care if I take a few myself. Here, young woman, how do you sell them?'"

Millicent pushed back her sun bonnet and executed a sweeping courtesy. "Twenty-five cents a quart, sir, if you please," purred she with much humility.

The president dropped his bag of strawberries on the floor. "Mrs. Gates!" he ejaculated. "The same sir," said Millicent. "May I venture to enquire—"

"Oh, yes," said Millicent, "you may inquire as much as you please. I needed a little money, and I am earning it. See how much I have already!" and she triumphantly displayed her roll of bills.

"The strawberries were all my own, sent to me this morning by old Mrs. Peabody, and I am selling them to get an income of my own."

"You, ma'am selling strawberries through the streets?" "Extreme necessities justify extreme measures, Mr. Gates," said the anxiously. "I earned my own living before I saw you, and I can again."

Mr. Radcliff Gates looked uneasily around at the crowd of gaping clerks. "James," said he "call me a lack. My dear let me take you home."

"Not until I have sold the rest of the strawberries," saucily retorted the young wife. "I'll take them at any price!" impatiently exclaimed the banker.

"Cash down!" "Yes anything everything—only come out of this crowd!"

So Mr. and Mrs. Gates went home; and that evening the banker agreed to make his wife a weekly allowance to be paid down every Monday morning at the breakfast table.

"But we'll have no more selling strawberries," said Mr. Gates, nervously. "To be sure not!" said Millicent. "All I wanted was a little money of my own."

And Mr. Radcliff Gates respected his wife all the more because she had conquered him in a fair battle.

A. T. STEWART'S PICTURES.

Mr. Stewart owns the finest collection of modern paintings in the possession of any individual on this continent. He bought quite recently the most important work of Meissonier, 'Napoleon I. after the Battle of Eylau,' for which he paid \$60,000 in gold. The picture was bought originally by Sir Francis Wallace, of London, who had promised Meissonier 20,000 francs for it; but the negotiation fell through, and when the picture was finished Mr. Stewart offered him a larger price and Meissonier sold it to him. Mr. Stewart also bought recently Gerome's 'Chariot Race in the Colosseum,' for which he paid \$30,000, as it only arrived two or three days before his death. He paid the same price for Gerome's famous painting, 'Police Verso.' Among the other notable paintings in the Stewart collection are: Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' August Bonheur's 'Cattle,' L. Knaus's 'The Children's Party,' two Andreas Achenbachs, Louis Gallia's 'The Confession Altar,'—three paintings by A. Bodine, two Fortunys, including the last and unfinished work of the artist, which was bought for \$16,000; a painting by Alfred Stevens, two C. Troyons, a painting by Hugh Merle, two M. Bouguereaux and works by E. Dubouff, Chas. Landelle, Daubigny, Chas. Baignelli, E. Lezard, A. Simonetti, Iminey y Aranda, Ziem, Verboekhoven, Meyer von Bremen, J. W. Preyer and others. The collection also includes a number of American paintings, among them F. E. Church's 'Niagara Falls,' Huntington's

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The Spencer Sun

CURTIS & PICKUP, Editors.

SPENCER, MASS. MAY 9, 1879.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

Any man who takes a paper regularly and who is not a subscriber, is responsible for the payment of the paper.

The paper is not responsible for the payment of the paper.

Senator Hayward that Tilden is the coming man on his side of the house. The party could not do better.

Dom Pedro is quite right in refusing to associate with our public officers. A man is known by the company he keeps.

John Bright has abandoned the advocacy of female suffrage, and is now one of its strong opponents. "Go thou and do likewise," Mr. Blackwell.

Now the "Little Johnny Davernport" methods of carrying an election in New York have been exposed. President Grant would not want to run for the third term any more.

Clinton is having a first class temperance revival, and 545 at one meeting signed the pledge. They have just rejected the Money Market Bond and water tastes so good to their parched lips.

Governor Rice made some sensible remarks when he vetoed the Dartmouth and the license bills. If he now tries his hand on the Ferry bill he will make a fair Centennial Governor.

So General Custer is removed from his command by the President, because he testified against Belknap in the matter of post trade. This shows the need of a reform in the army. A reform which will go to the very bottom.

The Chicago Times raises the war cry over England's refusal to surrender Winston Churchill. Let us send the stirring call on every hillside throughout the broad prairies of the West and get to the defense of our country's honor. That is Chicago's motto.

Judge Carter has declined in the Kilburn case that the House has no authority to punish its contemptuous witnesses and that they must be punished by the criminal courts. The investigations into the transactions of the Real Estate Pool have come to an end.

The Californians have opened their crusade on the Chinese by burning their quarters. If such things transpired in the Southern States how quickly the Federal bayonets would appear on the scene of action. It is a poor policy that will not work in all cases—but that California casts 12 electoral votes.

The committee appointed by the New York Bar to hear the charges against O'Connor proffered by the friends of the deposed chief of Edwin Forrest, consists of John A. Dix, Wilson G. Hunt, Wm. Adams, Howard Porter and John K. Porter. Their judgment, whatever it may be, can be accepted as final.

The New York Tribune figures on the Cincinnati Convention as follows: For Blaine 250 votes, Morton 188 Hartman 58, Hayes 44, Conkling 36. Blaine less than 45. 277 votes will be necessary for a choice. This will offer an opportunity for the "Great Unknown" to step in. The St. Louis Globe Democrat thinks that Blaine will have 261, Morton 111, Conkling 71, Bristow 73, Hayes 55, Hartman 58.

Bristow is a Southerner and therefore should not be President. It is the way the organs present the case. Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and Madison were all Southerners, yet the country prospered under their administrations. Such arguments would do ten years ago, but those times are past. It is evident, however, that the Centennial ticket should be Adams and Bristow.

The French are in earnest in the project of erecting a statue of American liberty in New York harbor. A grand patriotic festival has been held by the most distinguished citizens attended. A cantata entitled "Liberty enlightening the world" was rendered by 80 picked singers. An address on France and America in 1776 was received with great applause. Our people second their enthusiastic friends in their laudable purpose.

The Connecticut Legislature convened at Hartford on Wednesday. The most important business is the election of United States Senator for which position Messrs. English, the present incumbent, and Barnum are the principal contestants. The Democracy of Connecticut would show that their professors for a thorough reform are

honest by the election of David A. Wells or Theodore D. Woolsey, who are prominently named in the position of senator.

There is one field of reform in which women should take an active interest, both to benefit themselves and the rest of humanity, that is, to veto the constant change in fashions. Although sanitary laws have never been received with favor, yet something should be done in this matter.

In Scotland in 1821 the fashion of clothes then in existence was not to be changed under a penalty of \$100 to be paid by the wearer, and much by the maker. The campaign against this antique cannot be commenced too early.

The carpet-baggers in Arkansas have declared for Morton, whereupon the Springfield Union says that "such a man for such a state is Democratic in no sense of the word."

How these Blaine organs do work for consolidation. Arkansas has twelve votes notwithstanding its Democracy. New York, Democratic state, casts 20 votes and most of these for Conkling. The best that can be done is to withdraw and throw the influence in favor of Charles Francis Adams.

The one argument against Mr. Adams is that he don't associate with the people, that is in common parlance "he don't burn it." President Grant associated with "the people," and a majority of these can now be found in the Western penitentiaries, and others will soon follow. Mr. Adams stands upon a high plane, and to insure honesty under economy in our politics they must be brought up to his standard, and there is no easier way of accomplishing this than by nominating him for President. He would be elected.

The women suffragists have had their annual defeat in the English Parliament by a vote of 239 to 192, and Mr. Blackwell has additional incentives to active work in order to defeat the Britishers. Although the women of Cambridge are not allowed to present petitions, and they appeal to Mr. Adams of Massachusetts, Tilden of New York, Lamar of Mississippi, and others of the same stamp to take an interest in the movement. Long live the women of Cambridge, and let other women do likewise.

Ellish Washburn withdraws from the Republican nomination in Illinois, and Conkling's chances for the presidential nomination are thereby increased as the president can now rely on his influence in his favor. He was under some obligations to minister Washburn.

Mr. Bristow is more successful in meeting and disposing of the charges against him than Mr. Blaine. He is always ready to have a full investigation, but Blaine prefers to make general statements. Mr. Harrison has now made a full statement which he is willing to take oath to before a committee. As the case now stands it seems that Mr. Blaine has the money.

THE GENERAL COURT.

The Legislature adjourned last week Friday, after a session of 115 days, which makes the shortest session since '63. This is one strong point in its favor. If it had adjourned within a week from its assembling it would have done better and accomplished as much as it has done in 115 days, for during that period they have done nothing of public importance. It is the longest session since 1863, and it is down to 12,000,000 from \$20,000,000, but the special appropriations will increase the state debt 10,000,000. They deserve much praise, however, for cutting down their own salaries, but they would have stood upon the very fact that they were based upon the salary of the state, but they were reduced the most important bills passed are those reducing the militia force from 6,550 to 3,000, the pay 25 per cent. and reducing that of militia and militia of the rank of General Butler and staff to the ranks of private citizens. The salaries of some of the officials have been reduced, but the creation of new offices will use up the funds thus saved. The savings bank law fixes the rate of interest to be paid to depositors at five per cent. They spent some time in endeavoring to perfect the liquor law and in passing a bill to exempt one man from the marriage law of the state, but the Governor promptly vetoed these two measures.

Of course they had to investigate—it is the fashion—and so they caused three Divisions of the Boston and Albany Railroad and at the next instance elected two Directors who were as bad as the ones they censured. The investigation of the Tewksbury Almshouse placed the Board of State Charities in bad odor.

The Governor has approved of 247 acts of resolves. The small amount of business transacted which is of any real benefit to the state, and the amount of money spent in running the General Court is apt to lead to the inquiry of "what is the use of having an annual session of that body. It furnishes a good opportunity for the party, and also for individuals to get through some private business. Under the present system a law is passed by the Legislature and before it has had a fair and impartial trial the next Legislature re-

peals or amends it, so that our statute books are encumbered with obsolete laws. The constitution should be amended so that the Legislature should not convene more than once in four years, unless the Governor should, for good reason, call it together. The Legislature of 1878 was a harmless body, but it cost the people a great deal of money nevertheless.

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Since the accession of Victoria and Asian mysticism to power the people of England have had enough of a mighty woman, which is ever ready to like the most of us, and worship at its shrine, no matter how poor a thing the idol may be. The monarchy has been so beloved, not with the divinity which has been claimed for it, but with conventional forms, that it has ceased to be a real political power, or an agency to the liberty of the nation. And there is no doubt a great deal of force in the idea. Any king or queen, emperor or empress, who should be foolish enough to venture on a real struggle with the power of the people would speedily learn that the battle he had chosen was a losing one. There is no safety for any monarch in his regal position, for the people will in their indignation of real political force, sign the measures which have passed the Commons and the Lords without daring to think of exercising the remotest power of veto, and as a matter of course, this is done without any reference to the personal views and feelings of the monarch. The ministers are the responsible persons of the royal conscience, and it depends upon the complexion of the House of Commons whether they belong to the Liberal or to the Tory party. No one thinks of holding the queen personally responsible for any measure which she signs as the last step towards making it a law of the land; and no one seriously expects her to refuse her assent to what has passed the two chambers of the Legislature on the ground that she dislikes its provisions. There is also no reason to suppose that the monarch consulting any personal idea of the monarch on political matters, and even in those points on which kings or queens are supposed to exercise their royal prerogative, such as the declaring of war against a foreign foe, the power is little more than an empty form for the ministers are really responsible parties and not the chief magistrate. It may be asked, therefore, why there should be so much fuss made about royalty, when it is of its kind, royal, and reduced by successive limitations to the helplessness of a puppet whose strings are managed by the minister of the day, just as one political party or the other is in a position to manage them. Why should they attach so much importance to an idol that has shrunk into insignificance and pay a half million sterling for its annual maintenance? Yet there can be no doubt that the legislature is a very few days speak on matters touching royalty in this direction. But although the people are considerably disgusted with the Tories for their policy of royalty, the monarch is still a very important factor in the government, and it is not to be despised.

THE MAN THAT DOES NOT LIVE AFTER THREE MONTHS' TRIAL.

The first man who visited Dr. Kimball after his arrival in this city has now entered upon the fifteenth week of the confinement of life in the city of New York. His existence was embittered and his future outlook was gloomy. He was now in a position to manage them. Why should they attach so much importance to an idol that has shrunk into insignificance and pay a half million sterling for its annual maintenance? Yet there can be no doubt that the legislature is a very few days speak on matters touching royalty in this direction. But although the people are considerably disgusted with the Tories for their policy of royalty, the monarch is still a very important factor in the government, and it is not to be despised.

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In Buggy and Phetion style, and with Canopy Top, lined with blue, Broadcloth, Terry and Enamelled Cloth, and ranging in Price from \$6.00 to \$28.00.

ALSO, FANCY WOOL MATS.

REFRIGERATORS.

Call and see the BEST REFRIGERATOR for the LEAST MONEY.

Its contents are always free from dampness and all impurities, rendering it capable of preserving articles much longer and in better condition than any other Refrigerator.

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Turns with half the labor of other Wringers; the gears and rollers; the cog-wheels are always in gear.

TRY IT BESIDE ANY OTHER WRINGER.

Aside from the above we keep constantly on hand an elegant line of Ranges and Stoves, Tinware and House-furnishing Goods AT LOW PRICES.

MARSH & BOWERS.

WISHING TO CLOSE OUT A FEW BROKEN LINES OF

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Carried over from last Spring.

WE HAVE PLACED ON OUR ODD-Lot COUNTER THE FOLLOWING WHICH ARE MARKED BELOW THEIR ACTUAL COST, AND AT LESS THAN ONE HALF THEIR VALUE.

THESE GOODS ARE IN SMALL LOTS AND OUR OBJECT IN OFFERING THEM AT SUCH LOW PRICES IS TO RID OUR STOCK OF BROKEN SIGNS.

OF THIS OPPORTUNITY WILL OBTAIN GOOD GOODS AT PRICES MUCH LOWER WHAT THEY COULD BE PRODUCED FOR TO DAY.

LOT NO. 1.

Thirty Pairs Men's Fine Cassimere Pants.

Light Colors, formerly sold at \$6, 7, and 8, at 4, 4.50, and 5 each.

LOT NO. 2.

Twelve All Wool Coatee Suits.

Size 9 to 14 years, just the thing for school wear, formerly \$8. We will close at \$5, a suit.

LOT NO. 3.

A Small Lot Separate Coatees.

Sizes 9 to 14 years, All-wool, regular price \$6; and 7; and 8, and 9, at 4, 4.50, and 5 each.

LOT NO. 4.

Twelve Boys' Jackets.

Separate from suits that sold for \$8, and 10,—at 2, and 3.

LOT NO. 5.

FIFTY BOYS' VESTS, ALL WOOL.

That cost from \$1 to 2.50 each, are now marked at 50cts each.

LOT NO. 6.

Ten Light Colored Grecian Suits.

Sizes, 7 to 11 years, formerly at \$6, 8, and 9,—we offer at 3, 3.50, and 4.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

OUR POOR HOUSE

BY W. G. ROSS.

It stands upon a high green hill,
Shaded by no lofty trees;
Taking the sweep of wintry winds
And summer's cooling breeze.
It may be windows give it light
Clean and white its floor;
And no one says its dusty
Who comes within its doors.

Here mothers come with children dear,
Balm and food to find;
Though penniless of home hearth,
And comfort left behind.
Their simple paths lead round the door,
Their kindly hands beguile;
When children should be playing
That a poor pauper's child!

Gray, old and weak and trembling ones,
Here spend their last and best years;
Indifferent the world has grown,
And cares not for their tears.
No willing hand to lead them forth,
To take the bracing air;
Or brighten their lingering days on earth,
And give them tender care.

Many find a shelter here,
Are the unfortunate;
And some that find a shelter here
Have seen the wrong to take;
But why should we deplore the poor,
Who have no skill for gain?
We all are paupers in the sight
Of him who grows grain.

Oh! I have pity for the man
Who cannot here to dwell;
He would not wish to leave his home,
He would not wish to sell.
Perhaps he had a pride to wound,
And thinks his manhood gone,
And cannot look you in the face
While you are looking on.

But is it home, like one dear home,
This refuge on the hill?
Ask that and one who trembles there,
Whom eyes with tears will fill.
Here they can find a better home,
Their hunger can be still;
And call it home to weary ones,
This comfort who deny.

We had about two hundred invita-
tions printed, which were of my own
design. I had left in each one a blank
space where I would just mention the
article I wished them to bring; by do-
ing this, instead of the same kind, one
is more apt to get a variety, or in fact
just about what you want.

As the time drew near, we began to
make great preparations, for we ex-
pected a large company. I engaged a
cook, a chambermaid, and several
others to wait upon the tables. I told
Mr. Giles, "we must brace up and
put on some style."

Every thing was made ready for
our guests, who commenced coming
at about eight o'clock and for about
two hours, were coming and going in
a perfect stream.

The time seemed an age to me
while standing there; I was so anxious
to inspect the silver. At last supper
was announced, by one I had engaged
for that purpose; every seat at the table
was occupied, all seemed happy.
I was called upon to make a speech,
this was just what I wanted, as I in-
tended to run for office that fall, but
like a young lady when asked to play
on the piano, I rather hesitated, but
upon being nudged by my wife, (who
understood her part) I arose, and with
a smiling countenance, I looked
around upon the happy faces, who
were going through my supper with a
vengeance.

"Dear friends, as I look around this
table, I see so many of my warm
friends; I am unable to find words to
express to you the feelings that throbb
around this heart, [applause] it is a
feeling of the kindest regards for you
all, especially for those who have re-
membered me with some slight token
purchased at the Silver Smiths; and
whenever myself and wife sup from
of the tea-set which no doubt some
of you have presented to me to night.
We shall entertain the wish that you
may live long, and prosper, and be
present at our Golden Wedding with
as good appetites as you have at our
silver wedding. [prolonged applause]

Soon the company began to disperse
as the door closed on the last one, I
called for the silver and asked where
it was, there said he pointing to a
table, and is that all? only a fish knife
and a soup ladle; had I been told all this
trouble, and expense for a plated fish
knife and soup ladle? this was cruel!
let me ask a person of sound judgment
if it wasn't.

I immediately discharged all the ser-
vants, shut up my house and retired to
bed a poorer and wiser man.

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT.

THE REFORM METHOD OF STUDYING HIS-
TORY.

Barnes, the schoolmaster in a subur-
ban town read in the Educational
Monthly that boys could be taught
history better than in any other way
by letting each boy in the class re-
present some historical character, and re-
late the acts of that character as if he
had done them himself. This struck
Barnes as a mighty good idea, and he
resolved to try it on. The school had
then progressed so far in its study of
the history of Rome as the Punic wars
and Mr. Barnes immediately divided
the boys into two parties, one Romans
and the other Carthaginians, and cer-
tain of the boys were named after the
leaders upon both sides. All the boys
thought it was a big thing, and Barnes
noticed that they were so anxious to
get the history lesson that they could
hardly say their other lessons proper-
ly.

When the time came Barnes ranged
the Romans upon one side of the room
and the Carthaginians on the other.
The recitation was very spirited each
party telling about its deeds with ex-
traordinary animation. After a while
Barnes asked a Roman to describe the
battle of Cannae, whereupon the Ro-
mans cheered their copies of "Wayland
Moral Science" at the enemy. Then
the Carthaginians made a battering-
ram out of a bench and jammed it
among the Romans, who retailed with
a volley of books, slates and cleaved
heads. Barnes concluded that the
battle of Cannae had been suffi-
ciently illustrated and he tried to in-
terpose, but the warriors con-

good a thing to let drop, and accord-
ingly the Carthaginians sailed over to
the Romans with another battering-
ram and thumped a couple of them in
the stomach.

Then the Romans turned in and the
fight became general. A Carthaginian
would grasp a Roman by the hair and
hurl him around over the desks in a
manner that was simply frightful to
behold, and a Roman would give a
fendish whoop and knock a Cartha-
ginian over the head with Greenleaf's
Arithmetic. Hannibal got the head
of Scipio Africanus under his arm, and
Scipio, in his efforts to break away,
stumbled, and the two generals fell and
had a rough-and-tumble fight under
the blackboard. Caines Gracchus
tackled Hannibal with a ruler, and the
latter in his struggles to get loose fell
against the stove and knocked down
about thirty feet of stove-pipe. There
upon the Romans made a grand rally,
and in five minutes they ran the entire
Carthaginian army out of the school
room and Barnes along with it, and
then they locked the door and began to
hunt up the apples and lunch in the
desk of the enemy.

After consuming the supplies they
went to the windows and made dis-
creet remarks to the Carthaginians
who were standing in the yard, and
dared old Barnes to bring the foe once
more into battle array. Then Barnes
went for a policeman, and when he
knocked at the door it was opened, and
all the Romans were found busy study-
ing their lessons. When Barnes came
in with the defeated troops he went to
Scipio Africanus, and pulling him out
of his seat by the ear, he thrashed that
great military genius with a rattan until
Scipio began to cry, whereupon
Barnes dropped him and began to pat-
dle Caines Gracchus. Then things
settled down in the old way, and next
morning Barnes announced that his-
tory in the future would be studied, as
it always has been, and he wrote a
note to the Educational Monthly to say
that in his opinion the man who sug-
gested the new system ought to be led
out and shot. The boys do not know
as they did on that day.

TEA-TABLE GOSSIP.

A Chinese physician has opened an office,
in Tinsville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris have arranged to
sail for Europe in May, by the White Star
steamer Coptic.

Senator Eaton, of Connecticut, is said by
some to have a look of peculiar anger on
his countenance.

A horse, with more appetite than taste,
ate up a Chinaman's pig-tail in San Fran-
cisco a few days ago.

Louis at Melbourne, Fla., which were
sold for fifty cents per acre, four years ago,
are now selling for fifty and seventy-five
dollars per acre.

Barnum says he will put six balloons in
Donaldson's charge this year, and try to
cross the Atlantic. The largest bal-
loon will hold 70,000 cubic feet of gas.

The starch factories of New England,
which are very numerous, have made so
good a market for potatoes that in many
places they are the staple crop.

recently, by gaining intensity at the breast,
was tossed some distance into the air, and
now has his doubts about the power of the
human eye over the brute creation, though
he explains that this particular bull may
be near-sighted.

An order has been issued stopping the
pay of Capt. L. C. Forsyth, A. Q. M., until it
amounts to \$4,788.63, on account of a de-
ficiency in a quantity of oats at Fort Ellis,
Montana. Forsyth, who has been accused
while he was on duty there, of having occu-
ried a fustian whoop and knock a Cartha-
ginian over the head with Greenleaf's
Arithmetic. Hannibal got the head
of Scipio Africanus under his arm, and
Scipio, in his efforts to break away,
stumbled, and the two generals fell and
had a rough-and-tumble fight under
the blackboard. Caines Gracchus
tackled Hannibal with a ruler, and the
latter in his struggles to get loose fell
against the stove and knocked down
about thirty feet of stove-pipe. There
upon the Romans made a grand rally,
and in five minutes they ran the entire
Carthaginian army out of the school
room and Barnes along with it, and
then they locked the door and began to
hunt up the apples and lunch in the
desk of the enemy.

A few years ago, an Ohio girl trav-
eled from town to town with her
guitar, trying to earn enough to pay her
way to New York. She is now the protégée
of Thomas Edw. Kelly. Kelly has been a
violinist to her, and she sings like a night-
ingale. Her name is Miss Emma Abbott.

The sensation of Paris is a Brazilian in-
fant who has a yellow carriage with wheel
hoops and solid gold. The harness is gold
tipped, and the horse is thoroughbred.
The four servants who accompany the es-
tablishment wear solid silver buttons on
their overcoats.

The Newcastle Chronicle tells of a mon-
ster shark recently cast ashore on the Isle
of Wight. The extreme length from the
snout to the end of the longest tail fin was
28 feet 10 inches; circumference of body
about 18 feet, and length of head 6 feet
10 inches.

Some important discoveries of Roman
remains have lately been made at South
Shields, near the mouth of the Tyne, on
the supposed site of an ancient fortress.
They consist of a number of Roman coins
and other things.

John Stanley, the musician, lost his
sight, when only two years of age. He
had no recollection of the fact, but he never
forgot the voice of a person he had
once heard speak.

An instance is given in which he re-
solved the voice of a person he had
not heard for twenty years, who then
accosted him in an assumed voice. It
twenty people were seated at table to-
gether, he would address them all in
regular order, without their detecting
being previously known to him. Riding
on horseback was one of his favorite
exercises, though it would seem a
very dangerous one for one of his build,
and he was generally the first ar-
rived at the place, with the point of a
saddle, and pointed out the most agree-
able prospects. He played at whist with
great readiness and judgment.

Every danger was marked at the corner
with the point of a needle, but these
marks were so delicately fine as
scarcely to be discerned by any per-
son not previously apprised of them.
His hand was generally the first ar-
ranged, and it was not uncommon for
him to complain of the party that they
were tedious in sorting the cards. He
could tell the precise time by a watch,
and he knew the number of persons in a
room when he entered it; would direct
his voice to each person in particular
—even to strangers—without their being
spoken; and would miss any one who
was absent, and could tell who that one
was.

REMARKABLE PRECOCITY.

The late Bishop Thirlwall, of Eng-
land, is said by a writer in *Ecce Homo*,
Magazine to have been an exam-
ple of precocity almost without parallel.
"At three years old he could read English,
and so well that he was taught Latin,
and at four he read Greek with ease and
fluency that astonished all who heard
him." A volume containing speci-
mens of his works, produced before he
was eleven years of age, was collected
and published by his father.

THE LADIES' DELIGHT KID BOOTS.

Why we called these boots Ladies' Delight, having examined all our inventory in trying to
French Kid Boots that would not crack and turn purple, we as a last resort, and as a
last summer had a French Kid boot manufacturer made us a lot of French Kid Boots. A lot of
we had them made up in the most stylish and comfortable manner. They were made of
had them made up in the most stylish and comfortable manner. They were made of
had them made up in the most stylish and comfortable manner. They were made of

LADIES DELIGHT BOOTS.

FOR SALE ONLY AT THE
BOSTON SHOE STORE, 14 FRONT ST.

We have all grades of American Kid Boots, at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$12.50, \$13.00, \$13.50, \$14.00, \$14.50, \$15.00, \$15.50, \$16.00, \$16.50, \$17.00, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$18.50, \$19.00, \$19.50, \$20.00, \$20.50, \$21.00, \$21.50, \$22.00, \$22.50, \$23.00, \$23.50, \$24.00, \$24.50, \$25.00, \$25.50, \$26.00, \$26.50, \$27.00, \$27.50, \$28.00, \$28.50, \$29.00, \$29.50, \$30.00, \$30.50, \$31.00, \$31.50, \$32.00, \$32.50, \$33.00, \$33.50, \$34.00, \$34.50, \$35.00, \$35.50, \$36.00, \$36.50, \$37.00, \$37.50, \$38.00, \$38.50, \$39.00, \$39.50, \$40.00, \$40.50, \$41.00, \$41.50, \$42.00, \$42.50, \$43.00, \$43.50, \$44.00, \$44.50, \$45.00, \$45.50, \$46.00, \$46.50, \$47.00, \$47.50, \$48.00, \$48.50, \$49.00, \$49.50, \$50.00, \$50.50, \$51.00, \$51.50, \$52.00, \$52.50, \$53.00, \$53.50, \$54.00, \$54.50, \$55.00, \$55.50, 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on which so musically sweet
bells, bells," delights every-
sor Edwards, their exhibitor,
Wedding March" and "Ring
heaven," in a glorious style.
0,000 Sunday school children

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEATH OF THE SNOW-FLAKE.

Dropping from the sky above,
Beating round down here below,
Who paves the way for us to go,
And visit us through snowflake snow.

I'm all above so pure as snow,
These little elfin sprites,
With wings to bind but ever free,
So pure and spouty white.

Coming down in silent thrills,
Whirling round in silent glaze,
Why come down to us on earth?
Earth is more death to thee.

"I came down" the flake replied,
"God sent me in his love;
To tell the poor troubled and tried,
All is pure and good above."

I shall die by fanning air,
As all men die by touching air;
That woe and joy are both the same,
I like you have a crown to win.

When the grass again is seen,
And flowers around you spring;
I'll be with you on the green,
And birds above me singing.

THE RED ROSE

Let poets sing of the beautiful spring,
The moon, the dew-drop and the rose;
But I'll turn my harp on another string,
The beautiful red, red, red rose.

The red, red, red rose, how it glitters and
glows,
With its splendid polish and shine:
A light to the world wherever it goes,
With a lustre almost divine.

Oh the beautiful red, red, red rose,
Suggestive of joy and gladness;
Kind to its friends, death to its foes,
And merry as Christmas chiming.

Oh, the red, red rose, the jolly red rose,
Hearty as old father time;
Sitting at ease or in grand repose,
There is something about it sublime.

—JASPER JENKINS

THE HISTORY OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

The introduction of the postal system, as it at present exists in all countries on the globe, has been credited to England, when, in 1840, covers and envelopes were devised to carry letters all over the kingdom at one penny the single rate. This plan was adopted through the exertion of Sir Rowland Hill, who has been aptly termed the "father of postage-stamps." It now appears, however, that there is another aspirant for the introduction of the stamp system. In Italy, as far back as 1818 letter sheets were prepared and stamped in the left lower corner while letters were delivered by specially appointed carriers, on the payment of the money which the stamp represented. The early stamp was of three values. It was discontinued in 1836. Whether Italy or Great Britain first introduced postage-stamps other countries afterward began to avail themselves of this method for the payment of letters although they did not move very promptly in the matter.

Great Britain enjoyed the monopoly of stamps for three years, and, though the first stamps were issued in 1840, she has made fewer changes in her stamps than any other country, and has suffered no change at all in the main design—the portrait of Queen Victoria. In other countries, notably in our own, the Sandwich Islands, and the Argentine Republic, the honor of postage on the stamps is usually distributed among various public officers; but in Great Britain the Queen alone figures on her stamps, and not even the changes that thirty-five years have made in her face are shown on the national and colonial postage-stamps.

The next country to follow the example of England was Brazil. In 1842 a series of three stamps were issued consisting of large numerals denoting the value, and all printed in black. Then came the cantons in Switzerland, and Finland, and envelopes which to-day are very rare, and soon after them, Bavaria, Belgium, France, Hanover, New South Wales, Tuscany, Austria, British Guiana, Prussia, Saxony, Spain, Denmark, Italy, Württemberg and the United States. Other countries followed in the train, until, at the present moment, there is scarcely any portion of the globe, inhabited by civilized people, which has not postage-stamps.

HOW HENRY CLAY WAS SOLD.

Some time before the introduction of railroads Governor Metcalf represented in Congress a district of which Nicholas County was a part. Mr. Clay was Secretary of State under President John Quincy Adams. The two distinguished politicians agreed to travel to Washington in Governor Metcalf's carriage. While passing through the State of Pennsylvania Mr. Clay told Governor Metcalf that he had received intimations that in certain towns they were approaching he would be honored with an ovation by the citizens. Just before coming to the town Governor Metcalf, who had along been driving, suggested to Mr. Clay that he take the lines, and drive, as he himself was tired. Mr. Clay readily consented, whereupon the Governor took the back seat in the carriage, Mr. Clay drove the team successfully into the town, and they were met by a large concourse of people. Governor Metcalf alighted from the carriage, and being asked whether he was Mr. Clay, answered in the affirmative, that he was glad to meet them, etc., and at this the crowd fairly boiled up upon their shoulders and triumphantly started with him to the place of reception.

Looking back at Mr. Clay, who still sat in the carriage somewhat nonplussed, the Governor cried: "Driver, take the horses to the stable, and feed them."

The merriment of the crowd when the joke was discovered can be better imagined than described. Mr. Clay himself as heartily entering into it as the rest.

GET YOUR GIRLS AN ALLOWANCE.

Where it is necessary to study economy in every way, and fathers complain of the frequent demand upon their purses by their daughters, it is best for both parties that an allowance should be agreed on, and regularly paid every quarter. A girl is thus taught the value of money, and she learns to be careful how to spend it; she is led to exercise her judgment and taste, and to restrict herself in one respect in order to indulge herself in another. Without an allowance, can't know the pleasures of denying themselves what might seem very reasonable and proper for the sake of bestowing the sum thus saved in charity. There is no generosity in making presents to our friends, no benevolence in giving to the poor, if we are merely the distributors of another person's bounty, and have not one gratification the less ourselves. A feeling of responsibility grows out of the disbursement of a certain sum which we regard as our own.

TRUE POLITENESS.

True breeding will always show itself in doing the right thing at the right time.

The story of old Duc Douteauville points a moral just here. He was slowly coming down stairs one afternoon from a visit, when he met a younger of twenty bounding up three steps at a time to a drawing room he had just quitted. Both stopped short. The Duke by right of age, stood against the wall. The boy, four stairs below him stood against the banister. Both bowed low, both were bareheaded, neither would pass the other. The dead look continued until the younger man stepped up, saying: "I obey, my Lord Duke—obedience is the first duty of youth."

This story, however, is remarkably like one of Lord Stair and Louis XIV. The king signed to the ambassador to get into the carriage before his majesty. Lord Stair bowed and obeyed without any fuss, whereupon, Louis observed to his courtiers that a little man would have made a ceremony of declining.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN A NUT-SHELL.

A very strong impression would be made upon the public mind if, after some long period in which the boilers of steam engines have been fed with a mixture of spirit and water, it was suddenly discovered that the engines would work quite as well with the water, without the spirit, and that millions of pounds had been devoted to the production of the spirit had been so much waste. But the argument goes very much beyond this in the case of "the millions of engines"

called men," if it can be shown that there is harmful as well as wasteful expenditure, and that in a very large proportion of instances the engines would have worked even better without the costly addition of the spirit.

In these days of the scientific application of the doctrines of economy, it is certainly not unusual a matter of some surprise to thoughtful men that in a land of advanced civilization and intelligence so many millions of good money are continuously applied to the production of a commodity which, in the existing habits or society, may reasonably be held pernicious alike to the pockets, to the health, and to the morals of the community.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE ORIGIN OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The following is the history of "Home, Sweet Home," as Mr. Reed says the author related it to him, in Tunis: Mr. Payne had written several pieces for the stage that had met with considerable favor, and had been sent for to go to Paris to look after the introduction of one of them in one of the theatres of that city. It was the afternoon before Christmas, and, although in winter, the day was bright and pleasant. After strolling about for a time, he seated himself in the Garden of the Tuilleries, and became a quiet observer of the life and gaiety of that brilliant promenade. While there he thought of the pleasures his acquaintances had told him they expected to have the next day, and reflected, although in the midst of all this gay throng, he was without a home and friends, and was really the most lonely person in the world. All through the day he had been humming to himself an air, which he had heard in the theatre the previous evening, when he had listened to an opera by Donizetti, called "Anne Bolony," in which the air of "Home, Sweet Home" occurred. After a little he began to arrange these reflections into verse, adapting it to the air, and, before leaving his seat, a song that has since touched the tenderest chords of millions of hearts and eyes.

He then went to his room and wrote out the song, and on showing it to some of his acquaintances, they advised him to have it published. He did so, and the next time he went to London it was sung for the first time in public in the Covent Garden Theatre, and immediately became very popular.

RULES FOR TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Pure politeness has its origin in Christian charity and kindness, and all standard rules of etiquette were founded for the greater convenience and happiness of society.

Although the reasons may seem obvious at first sight, they exist, and will be apparent on careful consideration:

1. Do not keep others waiting for you either at the beginning or close of the meal.
2. Do not sip soup from the tip, but from the side of the spoon.
3. Be careful not to spill or drop anything on the table cloth.
4. In passing your plate to be helped, retain your knife and fork.
5. When asked for your plate, do not shove, but hand it.
6. Keep your plate neat; do not heap all sorts of food on it at once.
7. When drinking do not look around.
8. Use your knife only for cutting food or spreading butter, do not put it to your mouth or to your lips.
9. Break your bread into small pieces and rest them on your plate while spreading.
10. If you find anything unpleasant in your food put it aside as quietly as possible, without drawing the attention of others to it.
11. Do not open the lips on make unnecessary noise while chewing.
12. Do not touch the head.
13. Do not rest the elbows on the table.
14. Do not speak with the mouth full.
15. Brush the table neatly before bringing on the desert.
16. Be thoughtful and attentive to the wants of those about you.
17. Converse on pleasant subjects with those near you.

18. Do not say anything not intended for all to hear.

19. Never leave the table before others without asking the lady or gentleman who presides to excuse you.

CLAIMING MERCURY.

Mercury is much used in various physical and chemical experiments, and frequently becomes so dirty and impure as to render it unsuitable for many purposes.

The impurities may be divided into three classes; first mixture with metals especially lead, zinc and tin; second, common dust and dirt; and third, water or other liquids.

Redistillation is almost the only way to remove the metals, and even this is not perfectly effectual in the case of zinc. The mercury used for amalgamating battery plates should, therefore be kept separate from the rest, and used for this purpose only.

If but little of the metal is present it may be removed by agitation with diluted nitric acid. Instead of nitric acid, a solution of nitrate of mercury may be used.

A great variety of devices are used to remove the mechanical impurities of mercury. It may be poured into a bag of chamois leather, which is squeezing until the mercury comes through in fine globules; or it may be poured into a funnel provided with a filter paper, in which a needle hole has been pierced.

Mercury may be washed dirtily with water, by shaking them together in a bottle, or filling a jar with mercury and allowing water to bubble through it. To ascertain if mercury is pure, it may be poured into a porcelain evaporating dish.

If lead is present, it will tarnish the sides. A thin film will also, after a time form on its surface, due to oxidation; zinc and tin produce a similar effect. The surface of mercury when at rest should be very bright and almost invisible, and small globules, if detached should be perfectly spherical and not adhere to the glass, but roll it freely when the surface is inclined.

EVERGREENS

AND OTHER

Nursery Stock,

FOR SALE

AT BOTTOM PRICES!

Six Hundred NORWAL SPRUCE, 3 to 5 feet, from 40 to 50 cents each.

Siberian Arbor Vitae, 2 to 6 feet, from 50 cents to \$1.35.

American Arbor Vitae, 2 feet \$1.00 per hundred, 3 ft. \$1.25, 4 ft. \$2.00, 5 ft. and over for Screen and Ornamental Planting, from 50 to 75 cents each.

Hemlock Spruce, grown singly and very handsome, 50 cents each.

A few Irish Junipers, 3 feet, 50 cents.

A few large size Balsam Fir and Scotch Larches from 25 to 50.

APPLE AND PEAR TREES, ROCK MAPLE, FLOWERING SHRUBS, CONCORD GRAPES, VINES, CHERRY CURRANTS, Linnaeus' Rhubarb, Best Variety.

Those wishing to purchase will please call on the subscriber.

NEARLY OPPOSITE BARNHILL'S ROUTE.

M. L. PORTER,

North Brookfield, Mass.

340 LADIES. 340

NEW

SPRING STYLES

IN

Millinery.

Now on exhibition at

Mrs. J. M. Green's,

340 Main Street, WORCESTER.

BLEACHING, COLORING AND PRESSING Done to Order.

House Painting.

J. J. LARKIN,

RESIDENCE:

House Opposite Congregational Church,

MAIN STREET, SPENCER, MASS.

House Painting

In the very best manner.

Spencer, Jan. 2, 1878.

THE LADIES' DELIGHT KID BOOTS.

Why we call these boots Ladies' Delight, is because they are so light, so comfortable, so durable, and so cheap, that they are a real delight to all who wear them. They are made of the finest leather, and are so constructed that they will last for years. They are also so light that they will not tire the feet, and are so comfortable that they will be worn all day long. They are also so cheap that they are a real delight to all who wear them.

LADIES DELIGHT BOOTS.

FOR SALE ONLY AT THE

BOSTON SHOE STORE, 14 FRONT ST.

We have all grades of American Kid Boots, at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$12.50, \$13.00, \$13.50, \$14.00, \$14.50, \$15.00, \$15.50, \$16.00, \$16.50, \$17.00, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$18.50, \$19.00, \$19.50, \$20.00, \$20.50, \$21.00, \$21.50, \$22.00, \$22.50, \$23.00, \$23.50, \$24.00, \$24.50, \$25.00, \$25.50, \$26.00, \$26.50, \$27.00, \$27.50, \$28.00, \$28.50, \$29.00, \$29.50, \$30.00, \$30.50, \$31.00, \$31.50, \$32.00, \$32.50, \$33.00, \$33.50, \$34.00, \$34.50, \$35.00, \$35.50, \$36.00, \$36.50, \$37.00, \$37.50, \$38.00, \$38.50, \$39.00, \$39.50, \$40.00, \$40.50, \$41.00, \$41.50, \$42.00, \$42.50, \$43.00, \$43.50, \$44.00, \$44.50, \$45.00, \$45.50, \$46.00, \$46.50, \$47.00, \$47.50, \$48.00, \$48.50, \$49.00, \$49.50, \$50.00, \$50.50, \$51.00, \$51.50, \$52.00, \$52.50, \$53.00, \$53.50, \$54.00, \$54.50, \$55.00, \$55.50, 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OLANDA

Olanda was lovely as lovely could be. And her affection was ordered in me: For she was a girl of a very different type from the women I had known. A woman in whom every grace was blended. And all the sweet things that beamed in her eyes. Were like the pure light that shines from the sky. They were the deep chords of affectionate love. Which lighted as the sunbeams on the sea. Olanda was lovely as lovely could be. And her affection was ordered in me: For she was a girl of a very different type from the women I had known. A woman in whom every grace was blended. And all the sweet things that beamed in her eyes. Were like the pure light that shines from the sky. They were the deep chords of affectionate love. Which lighted as the sunbeams on the sea. Olanda was lovely as lovely could be. And her affection was ordered in me: For she was a girl of a very different type from the women I had known. A woman in whom every grace was blended. And all the sweet things that beamed in her eyes. Were like the pure light that shines from the sky. They were the deep chords of affectionate love. Which lighted as the sunbeams on the sea.

OUR STORY TELLER

THE LONG PACK.

"Aunt, tell me a story," I said as I sat with my maiden relative in a large tapestried department in a rambling old-fashioned house in the country. "What kind of a story do you want, Harry?" she asked. "Grave or gay, true or untrue, pleasant or sad? For my life has been long, and my experiences many," she added, as she gazed dreamily and thoughtfully into the fire that blazed on the hearth before us. "Oh, something harrowing and thrilling, fearful and shocking, and above all, true—there's a dear aunt!" I exclaimed as I drew near to her side, and gazed shudderingly around the large, gloomy room. A little pause ensued, while Aunt gazed meditatively into the fire, and I watched her face in eager hope of the exciting tale that was coming. I was about sixteen (Aunt Betty began at last) when I was invited to go and stay with some relatives in Sussex, whom I had never seen. My life in this old home—where I was born, and had lived all my days—was somewhat monotonous. I was a lively girl then, and, wild with delight at the prospect of a change of scene, I looked anxiously for my passport permission to accept the invitation.

After some deliberation, the desired permission was given; so, early one morning, accompanied by my father, I set out in high spirits for my destination, arriving there in the pleasant twilight of an autumn evening. Our friends gave us a cordial reception. Squire and Mrs. Oldham were staid, good tempered, rather elderly people, and their two daughters—girls of eighteen and twenty—were merry and as wild as I could possibly desire. Their names were Mildred and Janet. The house standing on its own grounds, and surrounded by lofty trees, was old and spacious, and plenty of rooms of all sizes and descriptions. I can recall so well the great entrance hall. It was of immense size and gloomy, and from it ascended a wide stair case which led to an open gallery above.

During my stay with my Sussex friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham went to spend a few days at a gentleman's house a few miles distant from their own; and it was while they were absent that the alarming occurrence I am about to relate to your took place. The household consisted of the butler and two maid servants. The coachman, who lived in a cottage on the grounds about a quarter of a mile distant, was now absent with his mistress and mistress. The butler was a pompous, stately, middle-aged man, given somewhat to paranozing, though always respectful in his manners to his young people. He evidently considered the safety of the house as his peculiar charge, and was very particular in the extinguishing of fires, and in looking after the fastening of doors and windows.

We had heard of one or two robberies being committed in the neighborhood; but we did not feel nervous, and my cousin placed great dependence on a huge black dog which always slept at night in the hall. One evening I believe it was the third after Mr. and Mrs. Oldham's departure—my cousin and I were sitting chatting merrily around the fire in a large room which opened from the hall. I think it was about seven o'clock, when their came a pull at the front door bell, and after a short delay the butler answered it. Presently, hearing a somewhat prolonged purr outside, we opened the door and peeped out.

Two men, apparently much exhausted, stood at the lower end of the hall, while on the floor at their feet lay a large, long package. Opposite to them stood the butler and one of the maid servants, and a stormy discussion ensued going on between them. Mildred, my eldest cousin after a few moments' pause, walked forward and requested an explanation. One of them rather a respectable looking individual, and making a low bow, began to speak: "Madam, we have brought this bale of goods to your house by mistake; we were to take it to Mr. Needham's," mentioning a house about five miles distant, "but have carried it here instead. We are much exhausted, for we have walked far, the night is tempestuous, and we feel that we can take it no farther. Will you kindly allow us to leave it here till morning?" Mildred looked at the butler inquiringly before she answered. The old servant shook his head with a doubtful and suspicious air, whereupon the man who had just spoken observed hastily: "We do not ask for a lodging for ourselves, madam, we shall make our way to the nearest public house. It is only the pack we wish to leave. Is it very heavy, and we will call for it in good time to-morrow. We throw ourselves upon your compassion."

"Let it be poor men leave their large package Mildred," said Janet, my younger cousin, "and have it put into the ante-room until to-morrow."

Mildred consented, and in disregard of the frown and ominous looks of the butler, ordered the pack to be carried into the little room near the entrance. This was done, and glad and thankful I was to see the door bolted and barred behind the formidable strangers. It seemed to me a dangerous risk, in my thinly peopled household, to admit to strangers at that time of the evening. I had noticed, too, that they glanced around the hall in a surreptitious manner, and especially at the dog, which stood with us in the hall, and had at first begun to bark, but had been quickly silenced by a low command from Mildred. I saw that the maid servant, who still stood by, shared my uncomfortable feelings, and she assisted, very readily, after the departure of the men, in barring the door and seeing to the safety of the window fastenings.

Later in the evening I met her on the stairs, and she stopped me. "I don't like the looks of that bundle at all, Miss," she said; "it looks to me alive, and twice I have fancied I saw it move—once when lying on the hall floor, and again now, for I have been to look at it."

I smiled, and telling Harriet "not to be whimsical," passed on, and rejoicing my cousin, I told them what Harriet had said to me, and proposed going to take a look at my mysterious package.

Taking a lamp with us we proceeded to the little apartment wherein it was placed. It lay on a wooden settle, which stood on one side of the room. It was enveloped in a brown wrapper, was very long, and thicker at the middle than at the two extremities. Something I did not like the looks of it; but my fears were of such a vague that I did not like to express them. As we crossed the hall on our return to the sitting room, we encountered Harriet, who was hovering about with a very uneasy and mysterious expression on her face.

"What is the matter, Harriet?" asked Mildred.

"Oh, Miss, I am so frightened about that pack. I cannot rest, and I am sure that I cannot go to bed while it is in the house."

"You are very ridiculous, Harriet," replied Janet.

"I am sure the men were very respectable looking individuals, only two shopmen. We have just been looking at the pack and it did not move, though I gave it a good squeeze. I am sure there is nothing in it to alarm you."

Harriet looked very pale, and shook her head warmly.

"Never fear, Miss," replied Jones;

"I will take care of my master's horse."

"Very good, Miss," he answered.

"Please bring the dog to the door, and keep him there till I want him."

So off went Jones with his lamp, his dagger and his ropes, and the servants following closely with the dog, who seemed to possess a strong consciousness of something being amiss.

Jones opened the door of the little room quietly, and went in and placed the lamp on a small table which stood near. Then at once, dagger and ropes in hand he walked towards the pack, which lay on the settle; but I now observed that there were one or two openings in the wrapper.

There was a deep silence among us for a moment or two, interrupted only by the low growlings of the dog, who became manifestly more and more uneasy and was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the room. Then there came a scene of noise and confusion. Jones reached the pack, and throwing the rope over his arm, and still clutching the dagger, stooped to inspect the slit in the wrapper where Harriet had asserted she had seen an eye. At that moment one of the most fearful and terrible yells I ever heard broke from between the folds of the wrapper. The pack struggled violently then rolled over, and fell heavily on the ground while a choked voice begged for mercy at the same time a knife was seen endeavoring to effect an opening. The screams of the servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet, and the loud howlings and whinnings of the dog who was still restrained by Mildred from rushing frantically into the room made a din that I never can forget.

I remember that Jones alone looked very composed and unmoved throughout. Before the man in the pack had time to free himself from the wrapper Jones had managed despite his struggles, to pass the ropes several times round and round him, and to secure them. By the time he had accomplished this he had all become pretty quiet. The dog was silenced, and made to lie down in the hall, while Mildred and I and two of the servants the terrified Harriet not being one, went into the room.

The pack presented a very ludicrous appearance. The wrapper had been all display the figure of a man apparently about thirty years of age lying in it, the ropes wound around him. He had a long pale face, a brown grizzled beard and eyes that glanced doubtfully from Jones and his dagger, who knelt beside him, to us, as we approached him. We were perfectly mute and refused to answer any questions.

"See, he has got a whistle," cried one of the servants.

Jones instantly seized it, and after a few moments' consideration beckoned Mildred out of the room. I followed.

"Young ladies," he said, "the man is now quite secure, and his accomplices will certainly not attempt to enter before midnight. I expect the whistle was to have been the signal. Would you be afraid if I slipped down to the coachman's house and got his wife to send one of her boys into the village for other assistance? We could then probably secure all the villains."

"But you may be attacked by them on the way," urged Mildred.

"No fear, Miss; I can slip unseen behind the shrubs in the darkness."

"Go then, and quickly," said Mildred.

"You are sure that the man is quite safely bound?"

"Quite so, Miss; but perhaps you would like to ask the consent of the household before I leave you."

Mildred soon obtained our consent to the plan, and Jones was cautiously let out of a small side door. In about twenty minutes—which had seemed two hours to us—he returned and his low tap was instantly answered.

"It is all right," he said, "I have seen and heard nothing of the two men. The boy is sharp enough and he has his directions, and is to bring a party from the village to this door by the same way that I took."

More than an hour passed away; then a low tap was again heard, and six men appeared, accompanied by the boy who had been sent to bring them.

"A little prick, however, will do no harm. I must take care of my master's horse."

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There was a deep silence among us for a moment or two, interrupted only by the low growlings of the dog, who became manifestly more and more uneasy and was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the room. Then there came a scene of noise and confusion. Jones reached the pack, and throwing the rope over his arm, and still clutching the dagger, stooped to inspect the slit in the wrapper where Harriet had asserted she had seen an eye. At that moment one of the most fearful and terrible yells I ever heard broke from between the folds of the wrapper. The pack struggled violently then rolled over, and fell heavily on the ground while a choked voice begged for mercy at the same time a knife was seen endeavoring to effect an opening. The screams of the servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet, and the loud howlings and whinnings of the dog who was still restrained by Mildred from rushing frantically into the room made a din that I never can forget.

I remember that Jones alone looked very composed and unmoved throughout. Before the man in the pack had time to free himself from the wrapper Jones had managed despite his struggles, to pass the ropes several times round and round him, and to secure them. By the time he had accomplished this he had all become pretty quiet. The dog was silenced, and made to lie down in the hall, while Mildred and I and two of the servants the terrified Harriet not being one, went into the room.

The pack presented a very ludicrous appearance. The wrapper had been all display the figure of a man apparently about thirty years of age lying in it, the ropes wound around him. He had a long pale face, a brown grizzled beard and eyes that glanced doubtfully from Jones and his dagger, who knelt beside him, to us, as we approached him. We were perfectly mute and refused to answer any questions.

"See, he has got a whistle," cried one of the servants.

Jones instantly seized it, and after a few moments' consideration beckoned Mildred out of the room. I followed.

"Young ladies," he said, "the man is now quite secure, and his accomplices will certainly not attempt to enter before midnight. I expect the whistle was to have been the signal. Would you be afraid if I slipped down to the coachman's house and got his wife to send one of her boys into the village for other assistance? We could then probably secure all the villains."

"But you may be attacked by them on the way," urged Mildred.

"No fear, Miss; I can slip unseen behind the shrubs in the darkness."

"Go then, and quickly," said Mildred.

"You are sure that the man is quite safely bound?"

"Quite so, Miss; but perhaps you would like to ask the consent of the household before I leave you."

Mildred soon obtained our consent to the plan, and Jones was cautiously let out of a small side door. In about twenty minutes—which had seemed two hours to us—he returned and his low tap was instantly answered.

"It is all right," he said, "I have seen and heard nothing of the two men. The boy is sharp enough and he has his directions, and is to bring a party from the village to this door by the same way that I took."

More than an hour passed away; then a low tap was again heard, and six men appeared, accompanied by the boy who had been sent to bring them.

"A little prick, however, will do no harm. I must take care of my master's horse."

"We will come with you," whispered Mildred.

"Very good, Miss," he answered.

"Please bring the dog to the door, and keep him there till I want him."

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"See, he has got a whistle," cried one of the servants.

"What is the matter, Harriet?" asked Mildred.

"Oh, Miss, I am so frightened about that pack. I cannot rest, and I am sure that I cannot go to bed while it is in the house."

"You are very ridiculous, Harriet," replied Janet.

"I am sure the men were very respectable looking individuals, only two shopmen. We have just been looking at the pack and it did not move, though I gave it a good squeeze. I am sure there is nothing in it to alarm you."

Harriet looked very pale, and shook her head warmly.

"Never fear, Miss," replied Jones;

"I will take care of my master's horse."

"Very good, Miss," he answered.

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THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 10
PART 1
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NORTH BROOKFIELD

eat as the world counts greatness ; prominent only as a christian. took place under the auspices of the Society for the promotion of the gospel among the heathen. The triumph of his faith—in tears, &c.

PAXTON.
grand centennial tree planting
place here Saturday, under the
s of the Grange. In the morn-
gamber of towns men, with ox
took their way to the woods to

credit, Hon. S. S. Dickenson of
who has both wealth and leisure,
me under great obligations to him
liberal courtesy extended to me,
valuable information imported
ave no doubt but that he would
eli pleasure in furnishing detailed
ion to any person writing to him.
EXAMINER.

Sold by O. W. KATHERBEE, Spencer;
penter, Brookfield; G. R. Ham-
m, Brookfield; S. M. Penniman,
Brookfield.

458 Main Street,
WORCESTER.

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 Buy Copying done, or Pictures fin-
 ink, or Water Colors sold by Lumbard

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 & 6 Southbridge st
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 building. Sign of Big Hat.
Worcester
 JOB PRINTING.—For the
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Roofs put on in this vicinity
\$1.50 to \$2.00 per Square
over old shingles, without trouble of
and warranted to make a good Roof at
as low a cost as possible.

JOHN O'GARA,
Spencer, Mass.

CARD

Warner, Proprietor.
 reach to and from the Depot.

AT THE
 SUN OFFICE. (PRINTING.

LOCAL NOTICES.

road is Pleasant street, re-
Waldo Wilson last year. It
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North Brookfield, Mass.
1892

OUR NEIGHBORS.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.

A new concrete walk is being laid on Summer street in front of the Adams Block.

Prof. R. G. Eccles will give one of his religious lectures at Walker hall during the month.

The ladies library association are removing their books from Walker building to the Adams block.

The Union Congregational church is being painted.

For confirmed and multitudinous loafers, North Brookfield takes the palm. There were 50 of them, Monday, at one time, on one corner. Ladies are continually insulted, and recently the wife of a prominent citizen was struck in the face amid the jeers of the crowd. The town had better appoint a half dozen more constables to parade the streets and preserve the peace.

Shoe business at the "Factory" is decidedly dull. A man with a family to support, has no work, while the man with no family has work, is the way they divide the pittance.

Rev. G. H. DeBevoise, and Geo. C. Lincoln have been added to the Board of School Committee in place of T. C. Bates, and Rev. D. F. Cronin, resigned.

The Grand Army have invited the three fire companies and the different societies, to participate with them in the celebration of Decoration Day. The West Brookfield band is to furnish the music.

A slight fire occurred about half-past 4 Tuesday morning in the house of Miss Delude, on Grove street; cause a defect in the flue, loss only \$100.

A Springfield praying band is holding religious meetings in the Methodist church, this week. A Sunday school convention is to be held in the First Congregational church on Friday. The 58th anniversary of the first church is to be celebrated next Sunday.

One hundred years ago last Monday the town of Brookfield, now comprising the four Brookfields, in a town meeting passed an almost unanimous vote that "This town will support the Hon'ble Congress in the measure if they for our Liberty should see fit to declare the colonies independent of Great Britain." Thus their declaration of Independence was one month and 12 days older than that of Congress. The towns within the boundary of the ancient Brookfield would hardly have found a day more worthy of a centennial celebration than last Monday.

Early in the present century, the late Col. Pliny Nye became the owner and occupant of an estate located on the west side of the West Brookfield road (now South Main street) in the Lower Village. His north line was identical with the south line of the old common, which line ran some twenty feet from the north front of his house. This venerable little common of less than a half acre was bounded on its east side by said road, on its west by pasture land of Wm. Ayres, and on its north by a town road (laid out but not fenced) passing from the main road as far as the west side of the common and thence northwesterly to its connection with another town road. Just north of this cross road was the site of the Old Meeting House, and still further north was the school house lot, where the new school house now stands.

September 18th, 1832, Tyler Batcheller, acting as agent for the Parish, (which in 1823 had changed the site of its meeting house to that which it now occupies,) for the consideration of ten dollars gave a quit-claim deed to William Ayres of premises described as follows, to wit: "The land whereon the Old Meeting House, so called, stood, together with the common, so called, adjoining the same."

This acquittance is made and given as a further consideration that the said Ayres, his heirs and assigns, shall not fence up said common nor intrude upon the travelled way through the same, and will dispose of said common to Colonel Pliny Nye, of said North Brookfield for a reasonable compensation.

November 8, 1833, said Wm. Ayres for the consideration of fourteen dollars quit-claimed to Colonel Nye the said common, consisting of 66 rods by measure; and on the same 8th of November, 1833, gave a deed to Colonel Nye (for \$475) of 18 acres and 91 rods of pasture land which bounded Colonel Nye's homestead and the common and the Old Meeting House site on the west. And the old common remained as open common for many years.

In the meantime Colonel Nye sold from the pasture land a house and barn lot, bordering and having its frontage upon the west or back side of the common, (at the northerly end,) across which and over the old cross-roadway the purchaser, E. N., and his successors must pass and repass to the main road. The buildings were erected and occupied by the said E. N. and his

family until his decease, and since the widow and children.

Some more than 20 years ago Colonel Nye, (as was then understood) for the purpose of beautifying his own premises and the common as well, constructed an octagonal park on the south end of the common, fencing and setting it with trees and shrubs, leaving a drive or passageway entirely around it, thus occupying and shutting out from the public about one-half of the original common, but not in any wise obstructing the front view of the N. family or their passage to and from the main road. More recently the Old Meeting House site was sold by Colonel Nye to J. T. G., who erected a house and barn thereon.

Whatever the original intention in fencing the park, it is now understood that by its having been fenced and occupied without objection for more than twenty years it has become private estate. Since the decease of Colonel Nye, in October, 1875, interested parties seem to have conceived the idea of gaining legal possession of the balance of the old common by erecting a slight fence around it, thus cutting off the approach to the widow's barn and restricting her approach to her house, as well as the approach to the barn of J. T. G. on the Old Meeting House site, to the narrow old roadway which now ends at the widow's front gate, (that portion northwest of the common having been discontinued by vote of the town).

Whether the object of the new fence was to establish a title to the former estate of Colonel Nye which his deed of purchase did not confer, or whether the act was prompted by a desire to imitate Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines who, seeks to mine a city built on ancestral land, which, when of little or no commercial value, was doubtless disposed of in former days in accordance with its then present value, and afterwards sold and resold and built upon till it now represents millions of dollars in value. She seeking by a chance game at law to tumble into her own lap the wealth of others, to which in equity she has not the shadow of a claim; or whether this fencing was done in the spirit of territorial conquest, on whether (if such be possible) it was done in the belief that it was right in itself, matters little to rightful owners and dwellers upon estates which border upon the old common.

The fence, however, stood but a few hours. One of the interested parties returning home and finding it there demolished it with his axe. He was thereupon notified by legal authority to call at Worcester and settle; not for encroachment upon the territorial rights of another, but for a petty claim for damage to the lumber of which the intruding fence was composed. The same has been amply paid, and whether the lesson will cause him to let the next fence remain or to take it down with due care, the future must determine.

The writer makes no pretension to a thorough knowledge of the laws of today or as to how they may be manipulated. But in veneration of old books and things, which in themselves are really good, he takes down the old law book in use many centuries ago and finds statutory provisions (unrepealed) which read as follows:

"Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmarks, which they of old have set in thine inheritance. Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set."

"Remove not the old landmarks and enter not into the field of the fatherless. Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark; and all the people shall say, Amen."

EAST BROOKFIELD.

The friends of H. D. Trask of Podunk, knowing the abuse and maltreatment he has received from a low, corruptible class, while he has endeavored to promote the welfare of the place, have shown their sympathy and regard for him by presenting him the past week a private U. S. mail box as he has had a number of wooden boxes carried away or destroyed. "I am not as familiar with their sneaking low lived tricks as some who live nearer, but have known some of them a number of years. The details to be given to the people at some future time. But of one thing I am positive, there has never lived in Podunk a man who has done the good he has since he has been in the place and still stands ready to aid and assist in anything that will promote the welfare of the place. I am his friend and a friend to the public."

WEST BROOKFIELD.

The cottage residence just completed by Wm. Skipper & Son for Mrs. M. Cowie is one of the pleasantest in the village. The style of architecture is Swiss. The interior is finished with hard wood in combination, ash, black walnut, cherry and hard pine. One room deserves especial mention, it being entirely furnished with articles more than a hundred years old. Among the relics we were shown the State seal once used by the Hon. Dietrich Leetöner, sometime resident consul from the United Netherlands, for the States of New Hampshire and Mass-

achusetts, stationed in Brookfield where he died. His remains are interred in the "old burying ground" near Wickaboag Pond, a Parlor chair once owned by Hon. Jedediah Foster, a piece of "hand woven and hand printed cotton," it being a portion of the first "calico" worn in Hardwick, china and silver ware brought by Mrs. Comings ancestors from Great Britain, some of it as early as 1636, the Comic coat of arms, &c, together with a fine collection of foreign and American coins some being quite ancient, the whole forming a most interesting link to bind us to the good old times. It being "Centennial year," Mrs. Cowie has celebrated, by causing to be planted more than one hundred trees and shrubs, on the grounds about her new residence.

Burr who keeps the Wickaboag house, has added to his fine livery stable, two large Omnibuses—Pleasure parties can now be accommodated and have a jolly time and good teams.

Mrs. Wedge, cook at the Wickaboag house fell down stairs and broke her ankle a few days since.

Warner Combs our building mover, has just finished moving a barn on the end of William Gilberts barn, which now makes him a very convenient and much needed addition.

Rev. Mr. Allen will spend the summer in our town, he boards with Dr. Forbes.

The last assembly of the season will be held at Blair's Hall Wednesday evening May 31st. Snow's orchestra of North Brookfield will furnish the music.

The concrete walk from the depot to the Town Hall is done. We are well pleased with it, for it makes a very even and smooth walk, and we should not have had it (probably) had it not been for L. Fullam Esq. he agreeing to pay \$300 if the town would raise \$500. There is about nine hundred yards of the walk, and cost about \$750. T. C. Rice of Worcester did the work. The stone work for the crossings, is not included in this contract.

Our Band is engaged for Decoration day at N. Brookfield, 20 pieces.

Simeon Blair has just published a pamphlet on Schools.

WARREN.

The Stars, the newly formed base ball club, went to Palmer Saturday and defeated the Centennials there, 27 to 10, which seemed to add new brilliancy to their new uniforms. They expect to meet the West Brookfield nine before long.

The Guy Family favored this place with their entertainment Saturday and Monday evenings. The hall was filled on both occasions.

Old coins are all the rage just now. Nearly every other person one meets speaks of some coin in their possession of extreme age. In one case a gentleman has a copper coin that has been in the hands of his family a century. No date can be discerned except the single figure 8, which some say means A. D. 8.

LEICESTER.

A petition has been numerously signed by the citizens of Leicester requesting the selectmen to call a meeting of the citizens to take action in regard to preparing a suitable celebration for the 4th of July.

The Leicester Cornet Band serenaded Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Watson at their home on Pleasant street on Saturday evening, and were hospitably entertained by the newly married pair. Leicester is getting rather famous for entertainments, and the question seems to be whose turn will come next.

Ashworth & Jones have completed rebuilding the roof and walls of their mill which was carried away by the flood. They are also building a new and very substantial stone dam. A retaining wall is in progress of construction at the foot of the steep bank, on the left of the stream, above and below their mill.

The Grand Army Post, and citizens interested in the proper observance of Memorial Day, held a meeting in Memorial Hall, to make the necessary arrangements. Col. J. E. Russell was chosen Chief Marshal for the day. A committee of arrangements were selected, consisting of C. A. Denny, Josiah Kip, Joseph Murdoch, J. Sargent Smith, William P. White, W. Bisco, Mrs. Braham (Grove), Mrs. W. F. Holman, Miss Emily Woodcock, Miss Jennie Mann, Miss Mary Putnam, and Miss Maria Warren. At 6 o'clock a. m. in the Post will plant a Centennial tree on the common in the center village. The graves will be decorated in Rochdale at 7 o'clock, at Greenville at 8 o'clock, Cherry Valley at 11 a. m. and in the center at 4 o'clock p. m. The services of the Leicester Cornet Band have been secured. The public schools and citizens generally will take part, the graves of soldiers of the revolutionary war, and 1812, of which there are about thirty, will also be appropriately decorated.

Spout, N. H., May 3, 1870.
Dear Sir: Having received great benefit from the use of Parvian Syrup, I am willing to add my testimony to the thousands of others constantly sounding its praise. During the late war I was in the army, and had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was confined in Salisbury and other southern prisons several months and became so much reduced in health and strength as to be a mere skeleton of my former self. On being released I was a fit subject for a Northern hospital, where I remained some two months and then came home. My physician recommended and procured for me several bottles of PARVIAN SYRUP, which I continued to use for several weeks and found my health restored and my weight increased from ninety to one hundred and fifty, my usual weight, and I have been in my usual good health ever since; and I can cheerfully recommend it in all cases of weakness and debility of the system; whether arising from an impure state of the blood, dyspepsia, or almost any other cause, believing it will in most cases give entire satisfaction.
Yours truly,
Geo. S. Bixby.

A FEW THINGS THAT WE KNOW.

We know that a disordered stomach or liver produces more suffering than any other cause. We know that very few physicians are successful in their treatment of these disorders. We know that Dr. Cassa's Radical Cure will, without the shadow of a doubt, almost immediately relieve and permanently cure all of these distressing symptoms. We know of thousands who are willing to testify that what we say is true to the letter. We know that if you give it a fair trial you will let us add your name to the "cloud of witnesses." Will you give it a fair trial, and do it now? Trial size only 25 cents. Sold by O. W. WATKINS, Spence; C. B. Carpenter, Brookfield; G. K. Hamman, North Brookfield; S. M. Penniman, West Brookfield.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

IS NO PATENT MEDICINE HUMBUG, got up to dupe the ignorant and credulous, nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic ocean on two ships." It is a simple, mild, soothing remedy, a perfect specific for Catarrh and cold in the head also for Offensive Breath, Loss or Impairment of the Sense of Smell, Taste or Hearing, Watery or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the Head, when caused, as they not unfrequently are by the violence of catarrh.

Thousands of Injections. The cold-catching Community, thousands of them are suffering from catarrh of their nose and catarrh, in the shape of daily and nightly doses of HALL'S HONEY OF HORSERADISH and TAR. The paroxysms are attended in 48 hours. Sold by all druggists, Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute. 25-cents a bottle. Like monumental alabaster may be obtained by using GLASS'S SULPHUR SOAP, which does away with the necessity for sulphur baths. Try it ladies. It is a genuine beautifier and very economical. Hint to those Prematurely Gray, use HILL'S Hair Die.

RYE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES RYE. None genuine without.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

You are asked every day though the columns of newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about you get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will cure you of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Constiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water-brash, coming up of food after eating, low spirits &c. we ask you to go to your Druggist L. F. SUMNER, and get a Sample Bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER for 10 cents and try it, or a Regular size for 75 cents, two doses will relieve you.

Children Cry for Castoria. It is as pleasant to take as honey, and is absolutely harmless. It is sure to expel worms, cure wind colic, regulate the bowels and stomach, and overcome irritability caused by rash or cutting teeth. It is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, and for Constiveness in young or old there is nothing in existence so effective and reliable.

The latest greatest and most reliable remedy ever put together by medical science for Rheumatism, Wounds, Swellings, Burns, Caked Breast, etc., is the Centaur Liniment. There are two kinds. What the White Liniment is for the human family, the Yellow Centaur Liniment is for apoplexy, lame and strained horses and animals.

LOST.

A DOG, with a strip of yellow across his back and otherwise nearly white. Whoever can give any information concerning said dog to WILLIAM GILBERT, West Brookfield, shall be well paid for his trouble.

Don't Read This.

Unless you wish to save a dollar. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

MONEY CAN BE SAVED

and no mistake. Bring your CARRIAGES and SIGNS to

STEELE'S SHOP,

E. D. Kenoly's New Building, on CHESTNUT STREET.—SPENCER.

Who advertises to do all

Carriage and Sign Painting

Cheaper and better than it can be done elsewhere. Give me a call and be convinced. Don't forget the place, F. STEELE, E. D. Kenoly's New Building, Chestnut Street, Spencer.

For Sale.

WILL BE SOLD AT A BARGAIN A

SPLENDID HOUSE LOT.

Near the Boot Shop of Josiah Green & Co. It cannot be beat. For further particulars enquire of

A. W. CURTIS,

Union Block, Spencer.

CLOTHING

THE

Largest Assortment

Finest Goods, and

Lowest Prices

IN THE CITY.

Knickerbocker,

Fancy Plaids,

Broken Check,

Home Spun,

Yacht Cloth,

AND

Flannel Suits,

MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S SIZES

The finest display of all varieties of Clothing ever shown in this city.

We are giving our Customers more for their money than any other House in New England.

Special Bargains!

We are now closing out some odd lots, broken sizes and a few suits carried over from last season, for

Less Than One-Half Actual Value

To strangers visiting the city, we call their particular attention to our system of business. We have but one price. Mark every article sold in plain figures. Refund the money if goods purchased are not satisfactory. No deviation from these rules permitted.

D. H. EAMES & CO.

ONE PRICE AND C. O. D.

CLOTHIERS,

COR. MAIN & FRONT STS.

WORCESTER, MASS.

H. W. Denny & Co.,

555 Main St.,

WORCESTER, MASS.

AND OVER

551 553 555 557 559 561 & 563.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

FURNITURE,

Bedding,

Crockery and

Kitchen Ware

For Cash or on Liberal terms

of Payment.

At as low prices as is consistent with good work.

In Our Upholstery Department

Will be found desirable Parlor Suits, Easy and Reclining Chairs, Lounges &c. of all grades, and custom made. We have engaged the services of Mr. L. M. Magham who will give his attention to

DRAPEY WORK

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Special attention given to the furnishing of churches and society halls. Designs and estimates submitted and order sent to our

Chamber Set Department

Will be supplied with Walnut, Ash, Chestnut Grained and Plated Sets, all our own, stylish, keeping about 50 different styles in stock to select from. In our

Bedding Department

Will be found all grades of Mattresses from the cheap Excelsior to a nice Hair and Spring, manufactured by ourselves. We also keep in stock a large assortment of Spring Beds, in prices from \$5.00 to \$15.00. In our

Crockery Department

Will be found the Celebrated John Edward English Ware. Every piece warranted against crazing. We also keep in stock the Maple articles of

Glass and Kitchen Wares,

Having steam power, machinery and Practical Cabinet Makers, we are prepared to do all kinds of

Custom Cabinet Work.

IN EITHER OF OUR DEPARTMENTS.

We shall give our best efforts to present goods that will prove satisfactory to our customers, both in quality and price.

H. W. Denny & Co.

Union Block, Spencer.

RISING

STOVE

For Renting of Stoves, or for Sale, at a Bargain, at the

CORSETS,

at a Bargain, at the

CORSETS,

at a Bargain, at the

From 50cts to \$3.00

at a Bargain, at the

Hosiery,

at a Bargain, at the

Hosiery,

at a Bargain, at the

ALL GRADES AND

at a Bargain, at the

Ladies if you want a NICK

Corset you should not fail to

stock and prices, as we have

gains in many different makes

German and American manu-

ONE HALF THEIR USUAL

Our Hosiery Department is

receiving the latest styles in

ENGLEST, BRITISH, GERMAN

ERIAN makes (plain and

suitable for spring and summer

extra bargains in Balbriggan

close for Ladies; also British

Gents' spring and summer

VERY CHEAP, and a full

GLO ES, Handkerchiefs, Bed-

ding Sile and Lace Ties, Bed-

ders and Cuffs, Linen Bosoms,

Battons, Tjwings etc. etc.

CALL AND EXAMINE

at 308 Main Street

at a Bargain, at the

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STONE BROTH

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JOHN O'GARA,
Spencer, Mass.

Mixed Paints on Hand and for Sale
F. STEELE, Chestnut St., Spencer.

A bay window is being put on to Union Block. Don't you wish you had one? It is all the go.

White, Ballard & Co., 517 Main street
Worcester, have constantly on hand a large

cheers from the G. A. R., which was reciprocated by the St. Johns with good will after which; services being over, the G.

The name of the man was Roland Sykes. He formerly worked in Oxford. He has some relatives in Grantville, Conn.

