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OF

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THE WEEKLY TIMES
BROOKFIELD MA

JULY 2 1885

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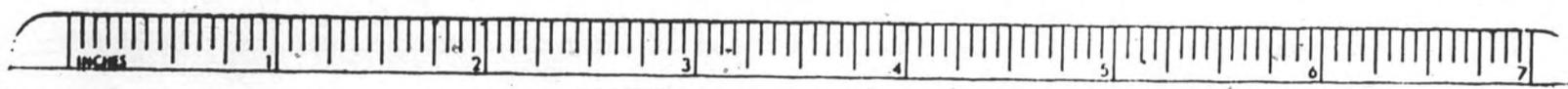
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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 27.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885.

3 CTS. EACH.

That Mysterious Woman.

Who Is She?

Officers Giffin and Capen went down to Log Point, South Pond, last Monday forenoon and took into their custody a young and prepossessing looking woman who has been stopping at the point for a number of days past, living in the bath house located at that part of the pond. She gave her name as Rose Linton, but who her friends were, or where she came from, or why she was living such an aimless and vagrant life, she was utterly mute about, or at least refusing to make plain with very positive and well worded reasons what she considered nobody's business.

She is a woman a trifle above the medium stature, with round, plump features, light brown hair and light blue eyes. Her complexion was quite tanned by exposure to the weather, but it was easy to see that she evidently was a lady of station, and most assuredly of high intelligence, for her conversation on various subjects, not in any way connected with her identity, was remarkably clear, well constructed and sound. She wore a light gray woolen dress, quite elaborately trimmed with broad bands of fine black velvet with a blue colored cloak or mantle of same kind. On her head was a soft black silk cap, made plain, black lace mits covered her hands, wrists and forearms, her dress sleeves reaching but to the elbows.

It appears she has been in this vicinity something like two weeks, being first seen at West Brookfield in the library, stopping over night in Mr. Watson's barn; then at Mr. Howe's, in East Brookfield. Finally she wandered over through Podunk, round to Mr. Artemas Allen's, at the upper end of South Pond, and Mr. Allen's son took her in a boat down the lake and left her at the before named bath house, where she has remained since, living on such food as the fishermen gave her.

Last Sunday it had become generally known that a woman was camping out down there, and a large number visited the place during the day, but all found her averse to society and not given to say anything about herself. There was no complaint or accusation by anyone that she conducted herself in an improper manner, except in the mere fact of her being there alone and unprotected.

Monday afternoon Drs. Stearns and Newhall were called in, but in their conversation with her could not say that she was insane, but thought it strange she was so mute regarding her past.

As the only way to provide suitable oversight over her she was brought before Justice Duell on a charge of vagrancy, and was given, on the evidence produced, three months in the House of Correction. She remained perfectly unconcerned during the hearing, and would not say a word in her own defence, and when urged to go to a private house and stay over night before going to Worcester, she preferred to stay in the lock-up, and did so.

Tuesday morning she was taken to Worcester where her identity will be looked up. Later in the day, it is said, she said she was 38 years of age; had been married and was a widow; was born in Boston, as were also her parents. She also said she had been away from home about two months.

It is very sure that her mind on some points is quite unbalanced, though on others it appeared very sound. A *Globe* reporter was out here on Tuesday and Wednesday's paper contained nearly a half column concerning the mystery.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30.—The close of the fiscal year of the Government is always an important period in its history. This year it is especially so for it will work many changes in the personnel of the Government. The most important, the collectorship of the port of New York, the office which caused a schism in the republican party four years ago, has been filled by Edward Y. Hedden, of New York. The appointment caused considerable surprise here because it was not expected to be made before to-day, and it was supposed that another would be the fortunate man. It had been conceded that Mr. Thompson had the inside track, and when at 12:30 o'clock, just one-half hour after the expiration of the term of the collector appointed by Garfield, the name of Mr. Hedden was announced there was general consternation and strong dissatisfaction among the politicians. If Mr. Hedden's election was a surprise, the appointment of Mr. Beattie to be surveyor of the port and of Mr. Burt to be Naval Office was equally unexpected. Neither place was vacant but was made so by the President, who believes that the officers of the Custom House should be in accord with the administration in order to effect the complete change of methods which he and the Secretary of the Treasury desire to bring about.

Mr. Hedden was born in 1828 in New York City. He was a partner in the shipping firm of Wetmore, Cryder & Co., and conducted for thirty years their large custom house business. He is vice-president of the North River Bank and a director in several insurance companies. He is an old fashioned democrat, never having voted the republican ticket. His father studied law with Alexander Hamilton, and represented New York City at the opening of the Erie canal. Mr. Beattie was an associate lawyer in the corporation counsel's office during Secretary Whitney's term. He has been an ac-

tive man in the county democracy organization; is at present deputy clerk of New York, and has always been a democrat. Col. Burt was formerly a naval officer, and was removed by President Arthur. He is at present Chief Engineer of the New York Civil Service Commission. He supported Cleveland for Governor in 1882, and was an active supporter of the democratic candidate last fall. The term of Graham, the present incumbent, will not expire until 1887.

Mr. Malcolm Hay, the fifth Assistant Postmaster-General, has come in for a good share of the criticisms made by politicians and others in regard to the slowness with which changes have been made, but during the past ten days 567 cases of removals, vacancies and appointments have been examined by him, and every paper carefully considered. Out of this number 344 appointments have been made, and 222 cases were held over for the purpose of further inquiry into the merits of applicants, or because where no vacancies existed no reasons were filed for removal. These cases are again taken up when the deficiencies are supplied. Mr. Hay attends to these duties, which is only a branch of the work of the office, and as may be seen from above a great deal is being done. In the methods he has adopted he is simply the agent of that policy which is laid down and defined by President Cleveland as the policy of the administration.

Numerous stories have been published in regard to the physical condition of Mr. Hay. He certainly has the appearance of being in very poor health. He sits in an armed easy chair, with his head resting languidly back against the cushion. He is very pale, and his voice sounds like that of a sick man, or of one who is just recovering from a severe illness. I am told, however, that he is not by any means so bad off as he has the appearance of being. He is really no worse than he has been for a number of years past.

"I will say one thing," said Chief Clerk Fowler, "and that is that Mr. Hay does more work than any of his predecessors of whom I have known anything. He is a very conscientious man, and attends to his work very diligently and carefully. He is not a strong man physically to be sure, but he carefully husbands his strength and accomplishes a great deal. He works at his correspondence every night after he goes home, and thus works off very much more than would be supposed."

C. A. S.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

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|-------------------------|--------|
| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
| 6 months "..... | .60 |
| 3 " "..... | .35 |

Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 2, 1885.

Plague-Stricken Plymouth!

DOES A SIMILAR DANGER THREATEN EVERYONE OF US?—HOW PUBLIC ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO PERSONAL PERILS.

Rochester (N. Y.) Correspondence Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Judge," said a young lawyer to a very successful senior, "tell me the secret of your uniform success at the bar."

"Ah, young man, that secret is a life study, but I will give it to you on condition that you pay all my bills during this session of court."

"Agreed, sir," said the junior.

"Evidence, indisputable evidence."

At the end of the month the judge reminded the young man of the promise.

"I recall no such promise."

"Ah, but you made it."

"Your evidence, please?"

And the judge, not having any witnesses, lost a case for once!

The man who can produce indisputable evidence wins public favor. I had an interview yesterday with the most successful of American advertisers, whose advertising is most successful because always backed by evidence.

"What styles of advertising do you use?" I asked H. H. Warner, Esq.

"Display, reading matter and paragraphs of testimonials."

"Have you many testimonials?"

In answer he showed me a large cabinet chock full. "We have enough to fill Boston, New York, St. Louis and Philadelphia morning papers."

"Do you publish many of them?"

"Not a tithe. Wonderful as are those we do publish, we have thousands like them which we cannot use. 'Why not?' Let me tell you. 'Warner's safe cure' has probably been the most successful medicine for female disorders ever discovered. We have testimonials from ladies of the highest rank, but it would be indelicate to publish them. Likewise many statesmen, lawyers, clergymen, doctors of worldwide fame have been cured, but we can only refer to such persons in the most guarded terms, as we do in our reading articles."

"Are these reading articles successful?"

"When read they make such an impression that when the 'evil days' of ill health draw nigh they are remembered, and Warner's safe cure is used."

"No, sir, it is not necessary now, as at first, to do such constant and extensive advertising. A meritorious medicine sells itself after its merits are known. We present just evidence enough to disarm skeptics and to impress the merits of the remedies upon consumers. We feel it to be our duty to do this. Hence, best to accomplish our mission of healing the sick, we have to use the reading article style. People won't read plain testimonials."

"Yes, sir, thousands admit that had they not learned of Warner's safe cure through this clever style they would still be ailing and still impoverishing themselves in fees to unsuccessful 'practitioners.' It would do your soul good to read the letters of thanksgiving we got from mothers grateful for the perfect success which attends Warner's safe cure when used for children. and the surprised gratification with which men and women of older years and impaired vigor, testify to the youthful feelings restored to them by the same means."

"Are these good effects permanent?"

"Of all the cases of kidney, liver, urinary and female diseases we have cured, not two per cent. of them report a return of their disorders. Who else can show such a record?"

"What is the secret of Warner's safe cure permanently reaching so many serious disorders?"

"I will explain by an illustration: The little town of Plymouth, Pa., has been plague-stricken for several months because its water supply was carelessly poisoned. The kidneys and liver are the sources of physical well-being. If polluted by disease, all the blood becomes poisoned and every organ is affected, and this great danger threatens every one who neglects to treat himself promptly. I was nearly dead myself of extreme kidney disease, but what is now Warner's safe cure cured me, and I know it is the only remedy in the world that can cure such disorders, for I tried everything else in vain. Cured by it myself, I bought it and, from a sense of duty, presented it to the world. Only by restoring the kidneys and liver can disease leave the blood and the system."

A celebrated sanitarian physician once said to me, "The secret of the wonderful success of Warner's safe cure is that it is sovereign over all kidney, liver and urinary diseases, which primarily or secondarily make up the majority of human ailments. Like all great discoveries it is remarkably simple."

The house of H. H. Warner & Co. stands deservedly high in Rochester,

and it is certainly matter of congratulation that merit has been recognized all over the world, and that this success has been unqualifiedly deserved.

PEN POINT.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK," BY DR. E. B. BARDON, and a graduate of three universities, and retired after 50 years' practice, he writes the work in plain, simple, and easily understood language, and is a most valuable and instructive work. It is new, startling, and very instructive. It is the most popular and comprehensive book treating of MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE.

Written by the most popular and readable author in the English language, and for the first time, a practical presentation of the most important and interesting subjects, showing how they may be cured by the most reliable and most successful means. It is a most valuable and instructive work for all who are interested in the health of themselves or their families. It is a most valuable and instructive work for all who are interested in the health of themselves or their families.

4 Parts, 35 Chapters, 930 Pages, 200 Illustrations, and a NEW FEATURE, first introduced, consists of a set of 40 colored anatomical diagrams, and 100 colored anatomical diagrams, and 100 colored anatomical diagrams, and 100 colored anatomical diagrams.

FREE—A 16-page Contents Table of Plain Home Talk, red, white and blue covers, and a sample of Dr. Foster's Health Knowledge.

Standard Edition, \$3.25 } Same price and illustrations, the Popular Edition, \$1.50 } difference is in paper and binding.

MURRAY HILL, PUB. CO., 120 (N. East 25th St., New York.

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The lightest running Shuttle Sewing Machine ever produced, combining greatest simplicity, durability and speed. It is adapted to a greater variety of practical and fancy work than any other. No basting ever required. For particulars as to prices, &c., and for any desired information, address

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A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

A Cannibal Snake.

Snakes are commonly in such ill-repute that they scarcely need anything added to their bad reputation. But it may not be generally known that snakes are cannibals. Some years ago in a London Zoological Garden, two large pythons were kept in a cage together. One morning it was discovered that the large python, nine feet long, had swallowed his living companion of eight feet, both being apparently in the same state of health. For about a yard below the head this snake was distended to treble his usual size, having doubled up his victim in the gullet. The naturalist Buckland, thus describes a snake's cannibal feat, of which he was a witness:

I went one day to the Zoological Gardens when I knew there would be few visitors about, and the animals left to themselves would relapse more into their natural state.

I stopped before one of the cages in the snake-house, which contained many harmless snakes, of the common English kind, and about an equal number of the French common snakes.

One of the English snakes, I found, was murdering a French snake, or at least, trying so to do; for in the center of the cage there he lay, with his body enormously distended, and half another snake down his throat.

I watched them. Every now and then the English snake gave a gulp, and down went a bit more of his living dinner. The diuner did not seem to relish the dark hole he had got into, for at the same time he generally gave a wriggle and a twist, as though anxious to escape—a foolish movement, for it only helped his downward passage.

This went on for some minutes, the Frenchman gradually disappearing inside the Englishman, till at last more than half was swallowed, and the swallower became enormously dilated.

I then called the keeper, who took the English snake by the tail and gave him two or three good shakings, hitting him, at the same time, gently against the wall, as if to loosen the contents of his abdomen.

The French snake, finding deliverance was at hand, began to coil about, till at last out he fell upon the floor, again restored to daylight. He seemed rather stupid, but otherwise none the worse for his trip down what the children call "the dark lane" of his English brother snake.

The cannibal, disappointed in his wicked deeds, when put in the cage, glided about, with head erect, hissing, and putting out his tongue, apparently in a great rage at having been interfered with. The French snake slunk under some carpet that was in the cage.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester Guardian, June 8, 1883, says:

At one of the "Windows" Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so Paralyzed!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case. I was attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy" (A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely cured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me. The last experiment being Nerve stretching. Two years ago I was voted into the Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companion, "I was sure I could

"Walk! So started across the floor and back. I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!" Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange" For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very greatly yours, JOHN BLACKBURN, Manchester (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883. Two years later am perfectly well.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name. 27-15

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to \$5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 5y1

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Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskas, &c.

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Idea.



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Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

A Natural Storm Signal.

A storm on the wild, iron-bound coast of North Cornwall is not to be readily forgotten by those who have seen it rage in full force. Its coming is heralded by flocks of red-legged gulls swimming low over the estuaries, making their way to the marshy margins of streams far from the coast; hovering in troubled masses above muddy flats, or circling with shrill cries about sheltered farmsteads. Following toward the land come several coasting smacks and trawlers, making swift way to secure havens under the hills at St. Ives, New Quay or Padstow. There is a sudden lull in the freshening breeze; the waves that were beginning to break into sharp edges of foam are, for a moment, stilled; and the colorless sea, darkened by gathering clouds, looks like molten lead. Then the wind moves again with a hollow moan. A cry, loud and clear, comes from overhead, where a great black-backed gull is soaring and wheeling like a falcon. "Foolish guillemots" and razor-billed auks, forsaking all at once their industrious pursuit of small-fry under water, take posts in rows on the ledges of jagged rocks, and stand there, a solemn, white-vested congregation; while low on the sullen sea some Mother Carey's chickens are darting like swallows. Far out, but yet too near those rugged crags and peaks of black rock, a solitary vessel is making her way up the channel under close-reefed topsails; ominous masses of heavy clouds have gathered quickly westward; the sea is broken into short chopping waves; the booming thunder of surf against sheer cliffs grows louder every minute; the bark is shrouded in a drifting torrent of rain, across which a pale gleam of sunlight strikes; and the wind, veering a few points more toward the north, begins to blow in furious gusts. Now and again one hears a mysterious noise, like the dull, distant report of a huge howitzer, followed by hoarse roaring as of a Titanic fog-horn. The stranger who has never listened to such weird, unearthly sounds before may well be puzzled to account for them. Turning his glance from the angry sea, he will observe a tall, misty column, like the vapor of the geyser. That is spray forced by concussion of air through one of those curious shafts known along the Cornish coast as blow-holes, and thence the strange bellowing proceeds. There are many such slanting shafts in the cliffs hereabout, all so evidently artificial that they are supposed to have been cut by smugglers for the great convenience of landing contraband goods.

"I can't Sleep!" Sufferers from nervous prostration, and wasted vitality, can regain health by using Hunt's Kidney Remedy.

Lame Back? Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy cures distressing diseases of diabetes, gravel and retention of urine.

Like Human Beings.

An elephant is nobody's fool, says a trainer in the *Bridgeport News*. They're very like human beings. Some of them are good natured and some are ugly. They're just like children. When I have them out in the morning for dress rehearsal they're quick as cats, minding almost before the word is out of my mouth. But in the afternoon they are gaping this way and that, doing everything but attending to business, because they know that I won't strike them before a crowd of spectators. They hate to take medicine, too, unless it has a little of the "craythur" in it. Are elephants ever sick? Oh, yes; they often have the colic. When they begin to double up I give 'em a dose of five or six gallons of rum and ginger. About five gallons of rum and whisky are prescribed for the chills. Solid drugs are given in pills. A pill eight inches in diameter and containing \$6 worth of quinine does the business for a cold, while a pepsin pill is given when one gets off his feed. I gave Juno over \$50 worth of quinine in one fit of sickness. They don't like pills as well as the whisky, and it's a good deal of a job to get them down. The best way is to put a pill on the end of a stick, make them open their mouth, and shove it down before they realize the situation. Some times we cut out the middle of a turnip and put the drugs inside the vegetable.

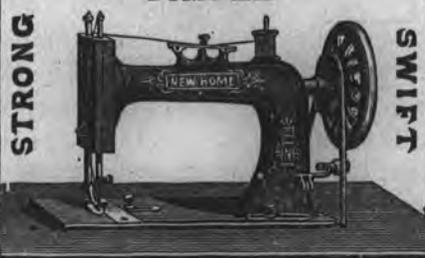
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\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Notice!

I take this method of informing my friends that I have opened.

DRESSMAKING ROOMS

In my Corset Building on Elm street, near depot. Having secured the services of an experienced dressmaker from Boston, cutting by the justly Celebrated L. B. Hale Mechanical Tailors' System—the only actual measurement system ever invented—we cut all styles of Sleeves, Dresses and Outside Garments, of wonderful Elegance and Beauty. Also Children's Garments. A perfect fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Draping, from latest improved designs, and Plating, done to order. Call and be convinced. Shall have on hand a full line of

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS,
 and READY MADE SUITS at low prices.
 MRS. JANE KING.
 North Brookfield, Mass., April 24, 1885. 181f

One Day.

A LAEF FROM AN INFANT'S DIARY.

2 A. M.—Born a few minutes ago. Yelled.

2.15.—Am washed. The fool doctor told 'em I was a boy just as if *that* was something new. Was whacked over the lap of a dizzy old Christmas card of a nurse who proceeded to tog me out in some bandages and a quarter of a mile of skirts. Kicked.

3.00.—Have slept somewhat. The gorgeous old valentine made for me when I stirred, and turned me into nineteen different positions. Must be training me for a contortionist. Yelled.

4.00.—Have worked the sound wave for a straight hour. The old man isn't looking as happy as he did. I am a high soprano, I know, for I just heard some one in the fourth story swearing. Old man has remarked that I'll depreciate property for four blocks.

4.10.—Everybody is sitting around. The old man has just gotten even with the doctor by giving him one of his cigars. The doctor will have to charge himself up with a prescription pretty soon.

4.11.—Told you so! The doctor has just asked the old man if he ever matched one of his cigars against a glue factory. Yelled in sympathy.

4.15.—The amiable old Easter memorial is working a bottle. She saw me watching her and said I was a tootsy-wootsy. I wish I was a shoesy-bootsy, I'd fix her for getting a corner on the family supplies and stowing them away in her stomach.

4.18 to 5.18.—Yelled.

5.20.—The antique circus poster fed me on warm water and whiskey. She said I had the colic. Will work the colic racket again.

6.00.—Wazzer mazzer wiz ev'body. Giddy old chromo wiz two heads whackin' me on the back. Had colic twice.

9.00.—Woke up with a head. The old man ought to keep better stuff. Guess I'll yell.

9.15.—Am washed. Feel a little rocky. Ten minutes for refreshments, then I intend to do the colic gag over again for a cocktail.

10.00.—Old man is writing telegrams about me. He looks a little like a last year's bird's nest himself. Yelled.

12.00.—Have been asleep. Woke up suddenly and saw the venerable nightmare they've hired to groom me, working her jaws over enough lunch to feed a shift of section hands. The old man oughtn't to allow it. What'll I do when he kicks out if this waste continues? The thought made me so sad that I yelled.

3.00.—Have dozed. Everybody is doing well but the people in the block, who are tired out for want of sleep. Will stir 'em up again to-night. Old man has confidence in me. He has

just said that he'd back my lungs against any steam whistle in town, best two toots out of three. It makes 'one proud to have the approval of his parents.

5.00.—I was put on a pillow in a chair a few minutes ago, and a fool girl came in and sat down on me. Yelled.

5.20.—Colic. Fortunate results; sleep.

8.00.—Going to sleep for the night. The giddy old obelisk is in the chair snoring. Room sounds like a round-house. Mighty dull sort of a day. Good-night.

Decay of England.

Emerson on the decay of England says: "I saw everywhere in the country, proofs of sense and spirit, and success of every sort: I like the people; they are as good as they are handsome; they have everything and can do everything; but meantime, I surely know that, as soon as I return to Massachusetts, I shall lapse at once into the feeling which the geography of America inevitably inspires, that we play the game with immense advantage; that there and not here is the seat and centre of the British race; and that no skill or activity can long compete with the prodigious natural advantages of that country, in the hands of the same race; and that England, an old and exhausted island, must one day be contented, like other parents, to be strong only in her children. But this was a proposition which no Englishman, of whatever condition, can easily entertain.

I see this aged England not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say: All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind requires in the present hour. hospitable to the foreigner, and a home to the thoughtful and generous of all lands."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING**. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING** is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester *Guardian*, June 8, 1883, says: At one of the "Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so Paralyzed!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy" (A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.

The last experiment being Nerve stretching.

Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companion, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very greatly yours, JOHN BLACKBURN, Manchester (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name. 27-15

SHERIFF'S SALE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Worcester ss. June 4, A. D. 1885.

By virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment in favor of William G. Bell, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and A. D. S. Bell, of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, co-partners, doing business at said Boston, under the firm name of Wm. G. Bell and Company, against Harriet C. Howe, of Brookfield, in the County of Worcester, at the March term of the Superior Court for the County of Worcester, A. D. 1885, to wit: May eighth, A. D. 1885, I have taken all the right, title and interest that the said Harriet C. Howe had on the ninth day of June, A. D. 1885, the day when the same was attached on mense process, or now has, in and to certain mortgaged real estate, situated in the village of East Brookfield, in Brookfield, in said County of Worcester, and the same that is described in a mortgage deed thereof from the said Harriet C. Howe to the Spencer National Bank, Recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, book 1088, page 373, and on SATURDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH day of JULY next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of Geo. S. Duell, Esq., No. 2 Crosby's Block, Central street, in Brookfield, I shall offer for sale, by public auction, to the highest bidder, said Harriet C. Howe's right, title and interest in and to said real estate.

Terms cash.

H. E. CAPEN,
Deputy Sheriff.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Bradley, Barrett & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 2, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Next Saturday—the Fourth!
—The last day of June was pretty cool for mid-summer.
—The W. C. T. U. meets at the M. E. vestry, Wednesday the 8th, at 3 P. M.
—Mr. F. A. Cooper has gone to the Mass. General Hospital for medical treatment.
—Mr. Levi Davis, jr., arrived this noon from Oberlin, Kan., where he has been engaged in business since last fall.
—A new veranda, new coat of paint, and new concrete walks make a decided improvement in the Central House.
—Mr. J. C. Kimball has photographed the interior of the Unitarian church with the floral decoration of last Sunday.
—Mr. Walter B. Mellen has a pear tree bearing fruit the size of butternuts, also a number of blossoms on the same tree. This is rarely seen at this season of the year.
—Michael Tude, 17 years of age, who was carried on his father's back when he walked across Niagara Falls on a tight rope, will give a public exhibition of his skill on the common to-morrow evening.
—Although not one of the pleasantest of days, yet no less than 300 parties out driving stopped at the Oakland Garden Hotel, and enjoyed a dinner of baked clams, clam chowder and other accessories. This is getting to be a very popular resort for all in the vicinity of eight or ten miles.
—The Methodists held a lawn party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hamilton Tuesday evening, the band being in attendance. Much of the pleasant effect was spoiled by the very unusual coolness of the evening, which reminded one more of a late October evening than of a mid-summer evening. A good number were present, however, and enjoyed themselves, nevertheless. Quite a number from West Brookfield were present.
—Last Sunday was observed at the Unitarian church as Children's Day, under the direction of Supt. Davis. The welcome by John Hobbs to their festival services, then followed the exercises of Mrs. Smith's class—Jennie Bemis, Lottie Draper, Annie Ward and Sadie Wilder. Mrs. Butterworth's class of ten boys and one girl were quite an interesting feature. The singing by Miss Emma Stone, "Consider the Lilies," and a song by Miss Grace Moulton, appropriate to the hour, as were all the exercises of the day. The floral decorations were beautiful, the fountain in front of the desk was filled with pond lilies, a floral cross, and above this was the arch, trimmed with laurel, and the chandeliers with ferns. Suspended from this was the cage containing the little canary, who let his voice be heard in the songs of praise. In addition to these were a number of beautiful bouquets of cut flowers and potted plants which seemed to blend in harmony.
—It is asserted by many that all of 2,000 people gathered on and about Banister Common last Thursday evening, from this and neighboring towns, to hear the concert and have a good time. The common was prettily illuminated with innumerable Chinese lanterns, strung here and there, and the delightfully warm and pleasant evening added very much to the life of the scene. At about 9 o'clock, or a trifle past, the whole common was literally packed and the streets were jammed with the concourse of carriages and vehicles of all descriptions. The various tables at about this time began to be overflowed with patronage, and in about an hour's time everything was entirely

cleaned up in the shape of strawberries or ice cream, and the crowd had hardly begun to eat, but it was impossible to get any more then, and so this splendid opportunity to make a good thing was lost by the insufficiency of the refreshments—100 boxes of strawberries and 20 gallons of ice cream being of small moment to so large a crowd. As it was some over \$50 was netted, as will be seen by the statement rendered below, but its too bad such a golden opportunity was lost:

| STATEMENT. | |
|---|----------|
| G. W. Oakes, ice cream..... | \$18.00 |
| 100 boxes strawberries..... | 10.00 |
| Express on "..... | 90 |
| 100 lanterns..... | 3.00 |
| H. V. Crosby, globes and 100 cigars..... | 2.25 |
| Charles Kimball, 1 gal. ice cream..... | 1.75 |
| E. Franquer, watching common..... | 1.50 |
| C. H. Whittemore, printing..... | 4.00 |
| Expenses North Brookfield Band..... | 4.50 |
| " Spencer Band..... | 8.00 |
| Amount expended..... | \$ 53.90 |
| Amount taken, including subscription..... | 105.90 |
| Net profits..... | \$ 52.00 |

Mrs. Barrows' Essay to the W. C. T. U.

Extracts from Mrs. J. S. Barrows' essay before the W. C. T. U. Worcester County Convention, held at Spencer, on June 24. Subject—"The Reflex Influence of the W. C. T. U. upon the Women of the Nation."
"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." The truth of these words of the sacred scriptures is frequently made clear in daily life, but it is no where more signally manifest than in the organized work of the women of the nation against its greatest foe—King Alcohol. It is true that this great uprising is an indication of the intellectual and spiritual development of women, and the work itself is increasing this development with ten fold rapidity. This shield which woman has raised to protect her homes from the organized conspiracies of the liquor traffic against their peace and purity, and the sobriety and virtue of her sons and daughters, is making her arm strong for battle all along the line of Christian warfare. Woman has just awakened to the thought that "it is more noble to do and dare" than to silently suffer, as she has in the past, when the evils are such as may be succumbed, and every name added to our list gives it new dignity and weight to this protest.

Some years ago the Rev. T. W. Higginson wrote a brilliant satire under the heading, "Ought women to learn the alphabet? No, not unless she be allowed the free exercise of thought and volition," it was unwise and cruel.

Women have long been granted an elementary education, but within a short time the wise men of Boston have doubted her capacity to understand arithmetic as far as the rule of three. Nevertheless women are entering the higher walks of learning and becoming independent thinkers. To be accomplished in the ornamental branches rather than the well informed and logical, has been the popular idea of what is termed "female education."

A writer in one of Harper's magazines has said, "it was unwise for women to reason on general principle; she should confine her opinions to her family and 'her set,'" but society is outgrowing these medieval notions, and women are learning to think wisely and to look beyond and above mere custom as furnishing sanction that what is should always be.

It is in this line of independent thinking that the W. C. T. U. is hastening woman's development. We are willing the husband and brothers should legislate if they will give us just laws, meeting out justice and equality to every man, woman and child, laws that will protect our homes, or we shall be obliged to claim the ballot in self defence:

Dear fathers and brothers, you are not sufficiently aroused to the dangers which threatens the nation. There is a power in our midst more subtle, more dangerous and more to be feared than the foe we met and vanquished in the late war, and that is the rumselling oligarchy. One common bond unites us, the love of Thee, O Christ. With the broadest charity we welcome all shades of belief, asking only that each one shall take the Bible as she understands it, and with our feet planted on the solid rock, we are proof against the storms which may come upon us, and intend to fight it out on this line till Constitutional Prohibition, of all that can intoxicate, is the universal law of the land.

Marriages.

JOHNSON—CAPEN.—In this village, July 1, by the Rev. John Capen, Mr. Walter E. Johnson and Miss Mary J. Capen, daughter of the officiating clergyman, both of Springfield.

Deaths.

WATSON.—In Sturbridge, June 27. Mrs. Alzada, wife of Wm. Watson, aged 72 yrs.



30 YEARS RECORD.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE PRICE \$1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

Physicians' Testimony.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable remedy."

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent.

Cut Your Grass?

The subscriber announces hereby that he is prepared to cut grass by machine for any one, either by the hour or job, on reasonable terms. Make application to SERENO ADAMS, At Samuel Whittemore Place, Brookfield

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 28.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1885.

3 CTS. EACH.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—*Assembly No. 2929.*—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U. M.—*Division No. 17.*—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.

Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—*Hayden Lodge.*—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, July 22d, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, 1st degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—*Brookfield Brass Band.*—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—*Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.*—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Foreman.
Edward Conway, Clerk.

G. A. R.—*Dexter Post, 38.*—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Edwin Legg, Commander.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—*Merrick Council, No. 902.*—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary.
C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Corey are in town.
—Chas. H. Jaques, of Fliskdale, is the new watchman at the big shop.

—The person or persons who purloined "The Hidden Hand" from the B. A. C. rooms will be conferring a favor if they will restore the same to the club.

—Rev. Bernard Gisby, of Boston, will preach at the Unitarian church next Sunday. Subject—The Impieties of some Pieties. Services at 10:45; all are cordially invited.

—A very large crowd visited Point of Pines on the Fourth, the special attractions being a boat race and game of base ball. Roller skating in the forenoon and dancing in the afternoon and evening made up the balance.

—Some of our Brookfield boys have remarkable eyesight. Two of a trio who visited Wachusett mountain on the Fourth looked through the big end of the telescope on the top of the mountain and could plainly distinguish Cooley Hill.

—Mr. Henry Heredeem has made a final disposal of his blacksmithing business to Mr. Joseph Guerin, his efficient assistant for a number of years past. Mr. Guerin wishes here to say to the public that he will take possession next Monday, and will be prepared to meet all patronage that has been given the former proprietor, with promptness. His long connection with Mr. Heredeem has proven to the public Mr. Guerin's qualifications, and he hopes to continue in the good will of former patrons. The shop will be open, as usual, in the mean time, for the closing up of any business still on hand.

—The band gave a sacred concert at Oakland Gardens last Sunday afternoon, and a large number of visitors from this village and surrounding towns were present. The baked clams and chowders served at the Oakland Garden House were immense, several hundred people being served during the day.

—The Fourth passed off very pleasantly, the usual rain or thunder shower being most conspicuous by its absence this year—an unusual occurrence. The boys were quite active in the morning, ringing bells, firing cannons and the usual routine of noise. During the day the village was almost deserted, everyone being off at some picnic, or at the Point of Pines or Oakland Gardens, where were attractions special for the occasion. The evening was mildly indulged with fireworks and social amusements. No accidents happened within our boundaries to mar the general pleasure, and all seemed, while, perhaps, not a remarkably eventful Fourth, yet withal a very satisfactory and pleasant one.

Sturbridge.

—This isn't a hop bitters puff, neither is it a safe cure advertisement, but it is safe to say that she was freckled, fat, fair and less than forty, and if top carriages at a cent a piece are cheap, the young lady who promised to be his only sweetly on July 4th, and then divided her attentions among a crowd of admirers that would measure less than cord (Green) is cheaper still. 'Twas a race of Money vs. Brains, and if Money don't remember that occasion as a silver cloud with a rusty tin lining, and if Brains don't murmur in the language of the poet, "Forget you my darling? No, I'll never forget you," then my name isn't Quiz and Ketchum.

A music expert says only one man in 1,000 can whistle a turn.

"I threw a stone I knew not where" is the first line of a recent poem. That is the great trouble with women's throwing stones; they never know where they will hit.

It is said that a crocodile can bring its jaws together with a force of over 300 pounds, and a man who had his fingers caught will tell you that a crocodile is not a circumstance to a crack of a door.

The moss crop of Florida is said to be worth more than the cotton crop, and it can be placed on the market at less expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the State in which the product is not going to waste.

A Prize

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to use money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

*** PURE *
MIXED
PAINTS
READY FOR USE**

Olives, Terra Cottas and all the latest fashionable shades for

CITY COUNTRY OR SEASIDE.

Warranted durable and permanent. Descriptive Lists, showing 32 actual shades, sent on application.

For sale by the principal dealers, wholesale and retail, throughout the country.

Ask for them and take no others.

**BILLINGS, TAYLOR & CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

FELTON RAU & SIBLEY'S

**PURE LINSEED
OIL
READY MIXED
PAINTS**

**ALSO MODEL
BLACKS LATE
BOARD SURFACING**

**— ARE —
UNEQUALED
APPLY TO YOUR PAINT DEALER
OR SEND FOR**

**Sample Card, Prices, Etc.
FELTON, RAU & SIBLEY,
(Sole Manufacturers.)
PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

WIN more money than at anything else by taking any agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLET BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

1 year in advance,.....\$1.00
6 months "60
3 " "35

Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 9, 1885.

He Spanked the Boy.

All the adult passengers in the waiting room had their attention attracted by his antics. He wanted candy, and he wanted to see the river, and he wanted to go aboard the train, and he wanted more than any city the size of Worcester could possibly furnish free gratis. His mother hushed him up the best she could, and several times he slapped her face and kicked her shins and got off without even a pinch. By and by an old man who sat near her, and whose feet the boy had walked on several times, began to get nervous, and, turning to his right hand neighbor, said:

"Land 'o massy! but I've either got to git outer here or spank that boy!"

"He just aches for it!" growled the other.

"He does. He puts me in mind of my William. I've seen William when nothing on airth but a spanking would put good nature into him."

"I say I will go!" shouted the boy at this moment.

"Please, Johnny, be good," entreated his mother.

"I won't!"

"Oh, do! See how they are all looking at us."

"I don't care if they are!"

With that he walked up to the old man and made a kick, and then the curtain went up on the play. With one twist and two motions he was seized, whirled over a pair of knees, and before he could squawk once the spanking machine began its work. If ever a boy of seven was neatly wound up and the ugly taken out of him inside of sixty seconds the work was no more complete than in this case.

"There!" said the spanker as he up-ended the child and placed him on a seat, "you'll feel better—a heap better. Hated to do it, you know, but saw that you was suffering for it. Beg your mother's pardon for interfering in family matters, but you set right thar till the train is ready!"

The boy "set," and such a calm and solid peace stole over the crowd that the yells of the hackmen out doors gave everybody a pain.

Crossest Man in Alabama.

"De crossest man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a wayside home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, 'mine host' scowled at every one, found fault with every thing earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1882, he said, "I didn't like its form; its tail should have been fat shaped."

But, next morning, he appeared half offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clean complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit and regretted that he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked, in surprise.

"For the wonderful change in my husband. Your friend when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it, and two other bottles, and now—" "And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growling old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—

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Miscellaneous.

The last British census shows that there are 900,000 more women than men in England and Wales.

Diseases of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, are speedily cured by the infallible Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the Savannah. She sailed from New York for Liverpool March 29, 1819.

Captain Winship, Providence Police, suffered five years from kidney disease, was cured by Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy.

Detroit has a policeman who is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He was advised by his physician to select a profession which would not keep him awake nights.

There is one aspect in which fashionable young ladies and old herring fishermen are exactly alike—they both spend the greater part of their time bragging about last year's catch.



Lots of People Say,
"OH MY
BACK."

Here is Solid
A I TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

*** "Health is better than wealth." ***

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1183 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

*** "Good counsel has no price, obey it." ***

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

*** "Light suppers makes long lives." ***

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says:—"My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

*** "Deeds are better than words." ***

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

*** "Alls well that ends well." ***

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.25.

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.
C. N. CRITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y.

"CANDEE"

Rubber
BOOTS

—WITH—
DOUBLE THICK
BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots
always wear out first on
the ball. The CANDEE
Boots are double thick
on the ball, and give
DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical rubber
Boot in the market.
Lasts longer than any
other boot, and the
PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and ex-
amine the
goods.

DOUBLE THICK BALL.



FOR SALE BY

SAGE & CO.,

Wholesale Agents "CANDEE" Co.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Nearly Lost Saturday.

Last Saturday Ham Cherry arose in the morning, took a bath, put on his black suit, and after breakfast occupied himself reading sacred books. He told his folks that as it was so far to church, and as the off horse had galled his shoulder ploughing, he guessed he would not drive thither. Everything was quiet and peaceable, and Ham was glad there was a day left for man to rest and recuperate. But just after a late dinner a neighbor came along with a load of hay. Ham stepped to the door and called out:

"How is this, John, that you are working to-day? You should go to meeting."

"Hair't got no time to go to meeting on week-days," answered John. "Sunday is all the time I can spare for church-going."

The man then drove on. Cherry stood and scratched his head meditatively a few moments, and then entered the house. He told his wife to take a pencil and check off the days.

"Less see—Monday I went to town. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Tuesday I broke the colt. Wednesday I put up that fence down in the lower field. Thursday I killed the pig. Friday I licked the tramps. Saturd-a-y. Confound it, what did I do Saturday?" In just ten minutes after the above conversation Ham Cherry was holding up the whiffletree with one hand and driving his team down the lane toward the field on a sharp trot.

Almost Sacrificing Himself.

A negro and his family, living on the Decatur division of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, recently attempted one of the most sensational swindles of the day. There are ten children in the family, and the husband and wife find it hard work to feed so many mouths. At a family council it was finally decided that one of the children should sit down on the railroad track and be run over by a passenger train. The parents would then sue the company for damages, with which the remaining youngsters could be fed, clothed and educated. One of the boys was so much struck with the project that he volunteered to sacrifice himself for the good of the others. Shortly before the train was due he took his seat on the track and waited. The train came thundering along. The little darkey held the fort. He was true grit until the engine got within about ten feet of him, when he gave an unearthly yell, and with a bound into mid-air made tracks. The authorities investigated the matter, and the above facts all came out.

Horrible Inhumanity.

Isaac Hendricks and his wife live in New Brunswick, N. J. The pair have no children, and as far as can be ascertained, Hendricks is a hard-working blacksmith. The couple recently adopted a child from the Union School, Philadelphia. For some time past the neighbors have heard sounds as if some one was being beaten. The matter was finally brought to the attention of Justice Lefferts, who in company with the chief of police and a reporter visited the house. In a small bedroom in the rear of the house, which was handsomely furnished, lying in bed, with her head swathed in bandages, was an eight-year-old girl. When the chief of police bent over the bed to ask the child questions, it was found that her right eye was blackened and badly swollen. The child's clothes were removed, and her stomach and legs were found to be covered with bruises. all of them in various stages of discoloration. The head was also bruised and discolored. To the questions of the chief she said: "I beat my head because I was tied."

The child went on to say that recently she was tied all night to the door handle of the room. Altogether, she thought, from twelve to thirteen hours were passed in this manner.

The woman was then interrogated and admitted having beaten her, declaring that the child was vicious.

Dr. Van Marter, who was called in attendance upon the child, said: "This is one of the most inhuman cases of brutality I have ever seen. There is great danger of the child dying. The top of the child's head is a literal pulp, and she is covered with bruises from head to foot. The woman Hendricks admitted to me that she beat the child."

The injured child was sent to the City Hospital by Dr. Williamson, who says she is likely to die, as her head has been beaten in.

Dr. Rice, County Physician, made a further examination of the child at the City Hospital and finds that an unmentionable outrage has been committed on her with a hot poker. The woman has been committed to jail.

Notice!

I take this method of informing my friends that I have opened.

DRESSMAKING ROOMS

In my Corset Building on Elm street, near depot. Having secured the services of an experienced dress-maker from Boston, cutting by the justly Celebrated L. B. Hale Mechanical Tailors' System—the only actual measurement system ever invented—we cut all styles of Sleeves, Dresses and Outside Garments. of wonderful Elegance and Beauty. Also Children's Garments. A perfect fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Draping, from latest improved designs, and Plaiting, done to order. Call and be convinced. Shall have on hand a full line of

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS,
and READY MADE SUITS at low prices.
MRS. JANE KING.
North Brookfield, Mass., April 24, 1885. 18tf

Probate Notice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Worcester ss. Probate Court.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael McDonald, late of Brookfield, in said County, deceased:

Upon the petition of Mary McDonald you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the FIRST TUESDAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, should not be approved. And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper printed at Brookfield, the last publication to be two days, 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 of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Adm Thayer, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

FOR SALE

The lot of land lying east of the village known as **DRAPER HILL.**

About 35 acres. For terms address
C. O. BREWSTER,
2155 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Cut Your Grass?

The subscriber announces hereby that he is prepared to cut grass by machine for any one, either by the hour or job, on reasonable terms. Make application to
SERENO ADAMS,
At Samuel Whittemore Place, Brookfield.

PATENTS!

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for MODERATE FEES. When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.

We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to the officials of U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own state, or county, address C. A. SNOW & Co., 7 Decfrn Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

WEEK'S SCALE WORKS,

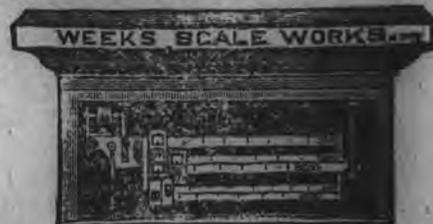
Manufacturers of

Week's Patent Combination Beam

U. S. STANDARD SCALES.

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No Weights to be Lost or Stolen.



The Week's Patent Combination Beam is acknowledged to be the Greatest Improvement since the invention of platform scales. No extra charge as we own the patent.

Accuracy and Durability Guaranteed.

Price of 4 tons, 8x14 feet.....\$65.

Price of 5 tons, 8x15 feet.....\$75.

All others equally low. Send for circulars.

WEEKS & RAY,
PROPRIETORS.

A Cyclone Munchausen.

No more genial soul ever lived than Si Durkee. His worst fault is exaggeration, but in his day-dreams the old fellow has lived over the scenes he relates so often that he hasn't the remotest idea that he is not telling the truth. Hear him:

"Talking about cyclones," said Si, as he sat on the mackerel barrel of the only store at "The Corners" reading the *Semi-Weekly Intelligencer's* account of the recent high winds in Iowa. "Talking about cyclones, why the wind doesn't begin to blow as it did when I went out to Iowa more'n forty years ago. At that time there wa'n't a tree standing in the State. The wind had blown 'em all flat, and they grew spreading around on the ground like blackberry vines; in fact they used to talk about picking peaches off the vines. Tell you it used to be close scratching to get out of the way of the cyclones in them days. Instead of havin' 'God Bless our Home' worked in cardboard and hung up on the walls, folks out there used to tack up 'What is Home without a Dugout,' and 'Lookout for the Cyclone.' But even the dugout—cyclone pits some folks used to call 'em—didn't always work. I remember early in the spring of '42 being up in the northern part of Kansas. I was staying with a family named Buckley, I remember it just as well as if it was yesterday, and we see one of those cyclones coming. It was prancin' and sportin' along, a chewin' up everything in its path, and a roarin' like a house afire. Well, we caught sight of it just in time to pop into the dugout—all but me. There wasn't room for me, and I had to jump into the well, which had ten foot of water in it. It was lucky I did, for the cyclone took that pit up bodily and carried it a mile. The suction of the wind just drew the water right up out of that well, or I would have been drowned, and left it as dry as this floor. When the gale had gone over, I climbed up the rope and got out. I never was so astonished in my life. Buckley's whole family had disappeared and were never seen again. All around for a space a mile wide and longer than I could see, the ground looked as if it had been ploughed. I went to work, hired about a dozen men, sowed all of it I could to spring wheat, and that fall harvested fifteen thousand bushels. I would have sowed more but I couldn't get the seed."

Did you say the wind sucked the water right up out of that well?" inquired Deacon Starter.

"Yes, sir," affirmed old Si with energy. "These cyclones seem kind of attracted to water. I knew one once to take all the moisture out of a fifteen-gallon can of milk and leave a white powder in the bottom. After that when we went fishing we just took some of

that powder along, and when we got thirsty, a little of it in a cupful of water made as good a drink of milk as you ever saw. Once when I was riding across the country on a mule, I came to a river that the animal wouldn't ford. I was wondering what to do when hearing a roar like thunder, only about ten times as loud. I looked up the valley, and there, coming down toward where I was, was a column of water about three miles high. I wheeled that mule around quicker'n lightning, and we scud up to the top of the ridge. Then I looked back and the cyclone was followin' right down the valley liftin' every drop of water out of that stream and carryin' it up into the air. I suppose that's why we have such heavy rains during the cyclone season. The air gets more water than it can hold, and so it just drops. Well, I rode down into the valley again, and except for the fish lyin' all around you wouldn't have known there ever was a river there. It was so dry. I carried some of the fish along with me, for I was most out of provisions, and I tell you they tasted good roasted for supper over an open fire with a little butter."

"Where did you get the butter?" inquired the storekeeper, but old Si seemed lost in reverie and the shopkeeper was so much astonished at the appearance of a customer who came in at that moment to get trusted for half a pound of salaratus that he forgot to repeat the question.

Prof. Cook Heard From.

Prof. Cook lately wrote: "Having studied man and his relations fifty years, and having read Dr. E. B. Foote's 'Plain Home Talk,' I say disinterestedly and emphatically that it is worth its weight in gold; nay, gold cannot measure its value to humanity. It is such a book as only such a healthy, well-balanced magnificent brain can produce. Dr. Foote is one of the few doctors who, in his writings and practice, seeks to cure, not kill; to save and prolong life, not obstruct, poison or destroy it; to teach people the structure, functions, facts, forces and relations of the human brain and body, teach them the significance of life and how to make it healthy and happy also how to make the most of it.

Its information, instruction and advices in regard to parentage, marriage, social and sexual functions and relations; its facts and laws of mental, magnetic and temperamental adaptation in marriage and parentage that children may be healthy, happy and viable, etc., etc., make it more valuable to suffering humanity than my poor words can express. What a vast amount of saving information for the people; a large book of 900 pages for only \$1.50."

PROF. J. H. COOK.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester *Guardian*, June 8, 1883, says:

At one of the
"Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways!
With clumps of rhododendrons and
great masses of May blossoms! "There
was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a
"Cotton spinner," but was now so
Paralyzed!

That he could only bear to lie in a
reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was attacked twelve years ago
with "Locomotor Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured)
and was for several years barely able
to get about.

And for the last five years not able
to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester,
in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate;" "For anything
in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my
dear wife's constant urging to try Hop
Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!

I had not quite finished the first bottle
when I felt a change come over me.
This was Saturday, November 3d. On
Sunday morning I felt so strong I said
to my room companion, "I was sure
I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all
over the house. I am gaining strength each day,
and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be
able to earn my own living again. I have been a
member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily
congratulated on going into the room on Thursday
last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN,
Manchester (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1893.

Two years later am perfectly well.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops
on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous
stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name. 27-15

SHERIFF'S SALE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Worcester ss, June 4, A. D. 1885.

By virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment in favor of William G. Bell, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and A. D. S. Bell, of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, co-partners, doing business at said Boston, under the firm name of Wm. G. Bell and Company, against Harriet C. Howe, of Brookfield, in the County of Worcester, at the March term of the Superior Court for the County of Worcester, A. D. 1885, to wit: May eighth, A. D. 1885, I have taken all the right, title and interest that the said Harriet C. Howe had on the ninth day of June, A. D. 1885, the day when the same was attached on mense process, or now has, in and to certain mortgaged real estate, situated in the village of East Brookfield, in Brookfield, in said County of Worcester, and the same that is described in a mortgage deed thereof from the said Harriet C. Howe to the Spencer National Bank, Recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, book 1088, page 373, and on SATURDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH day of JULY next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of Geo. S. Duell, Esq., No. 2 Crosby's Block, Central street, in Brookfield, I shall offer for sale, by public auction, to the highest bidder, said Harriet C. Howe's right, title and interest in and to said real estate.

Terms cash.
26

H. E. CAPEN,
Deputy Sheriff.

Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 9, 1885.

Brookfield as a Pleasure Resort.

Oakland Gardens and Point of Pines.

In this age of amusements and pleasure resorts it is not very wonderful that many small towns here and there, as well as the larger cities, are aspiring to a place where a few hours may be passed in rest and enjoyment by the side of some body of water, and under the cooling shade of trees, where nature is predominant, and with just enough of the artificial additions to make complete the assurance of the full cup of enjoyment. And that Brookfield should have such a place as this is not even surprising to say the most, when the abundance of natural advantages it possesses in this line is known.

Brookfield has always been praised for its hills, its fine bodies of water, its beautiful scenery that is while not marvelous in special ways, is yet picturesque and very pleasing. Its citizens have always found great pleasure in camping out, boating, and picnicing in all its phases, but not until within the last two years has it known any special resort where the many would gather and find enjoyment under the supervision of managers who propose to make catering to this form of amusement a part of their business. And it is but yet in its infancy that this new feature finds itself, though it must be said it is a strong and robust infancy that shows unflinching certainty of a rapid growth.

OAKLAND GARDENS

is the oldest and yet the youngest, perhaps, of the resorts that our town now boasts. Oldest in the fact that it is a new name for a part of the old Lakeside Park that was opened some twelve years ago, and youngest in the opening of the new form of attraction. It is under the direct management of Mr. Wm. J. Vizard, who owns a large controlling interest in the park, which after the first two or three years proved rather unremunerative to stockholders, and until the last two years remained nearly inactive. Two years ago, on such a matter, however, Mr. Vizard and family and some of his friends took to the fancy of camping out on the park, and being of very hospitable nature, and always serving a good dinner, it soon attracted a wider range of friends, and then mere visitors, and so on until strangers felt induced to call at his tent for the refreshments that were so well served, while they went out on some fishing excursion. Of course this extended range of hospitality brought remuneration for the favors given, for strangers did not ask, nor by any means expect, gratis, that which Mr. Vizard had been pleased to give his friends, and so the idea, probably, first took root of making this a feature of every summer's course, and the opening of Oakland Gardens, last summer, took its really first initiative start as a public resort. So much for the origin, as we may say, of the resort, now something about its location.

Visitors from this village take the road to the East village, and thence turn across the B. & A. railroad, following the road to Podunk. A half mile on this road will bring you to a branch that is now becoming more used to travel than the rest of main road to Podunk and Charlton City, for a large sign reads "Oakland Gardens," and this is the road to it. It takes you within the high board fence dividing Lakeside Park from the outside world, and thence through the park to the southwestern portion of it, which is a grove of oak trees bordering on the

lake and outlet into Quabog river. Here are found temporary buildings for the comfort of man and beast—the main building, office, dining-room and kitchen, with horse sheds adjoining. The grove was cleared up last year, and a small circular pond is in the middle of it. Swings, hammocks and benches are scattered here and there, and though all is yet in a primary state, yet under the manager's hands the public may be assured that in the course of a few seasons Oakland Gardens will be all its name implies.

To those unacquainted with the waterside resorts that all large cities now enjoy close at hand, we will say that their chief attraction is to middle and laboring class of people, who find in them a chance to escape on Sundays, after a hard week's toil in the crowded city, to the restful enjoyment of sea breezes and salt water, at a small expense, that the high prices of the popular summer resorts and hotels, enjoyed every season for two or three months by the affluent, places beyond their means, even if they could spare the time from their labors to enjoy it.

Such, in a measure, will be the mission of Oakland Gardens. Sundays, without doubt, will be the day the garden will be the most visited, as it is then that the working classes are at liberty to ride out and enjoy the only day of leisure that a busy season will permit. These carriage excursions about the country on a Sunday have always been a feature of every town life, and the gardens make a delightful stopping place for an hour or so, where the fresh breeze from across the water may be inhaled while resting in an easy swinging hammock within the shade of the grove, and where the wants of the inner man may be satisfied with a dinner of splendid baked clams, clam chowder or fish chowder, with all the accessories. This same may be said of the week days as well as Sundays, but not so much so, as the majority are otherwise employed, and those who have the time are away at some more fashionable resort, where they can pay out more money, and, perhaps, not enjoying themselves any better.

In regard to the management of the resort, Mr. Vizard seems fully in earnest to maintain for it perfect order and decorum, such as the most respectable need not question. Strong drink or beer will not be sold, and while he may not be able to prevent some from bringing it into the gardens, he will promptly eject any noisy or troublesome visitor. It will be the aim and object to provide a pleasant and enjoyable resort for quiet and innocent enjoyment, the salable refreshments being confined to the popular fish or clam dinners, including ice cream, fruit, nuts, etc., and for drinks lemonade and tonics. Boats and boating facilities are at hand, and also adequate bathing facilities.

The location of Oakland Gardens is easy of access for a large population, centering, as it does the town of Brookfield, with a circle formed of the towns of North Brookfield, Spencer, Charlton, Southbridge, Warren, Sturbridge and West Brookfield, all within ten miles radius, and embracing a total population of 25,000 people, saying nothing of what more extended limits might contribute.

Oakland Gardens, as first stated, is yet in its infancy, but it has promising possibilities before it if managed in a proper manner, so that all pleasure-loving people who still desire respectability can feel that they are not compromising themselves by visiting it. No doubt, with Mr. Vizard's energetic management, encouraged by liberal patronage, the garden will be made to blossom into something very pleasant, and the addition of bath houses and bathing facilities for both sexes, will be a no distant feature. The

gentle incline, that leads over a fine bottom for over a quarter of a mile into the lake, at this point, before going beyond a depth of five feet, will make this easily possible. A good commodious steamboat is another item that may not be long in anticipation, and numberless other things of attraction will only have to present themselves to be realized within the near future of so promising a place.

With all this near at home, and at our pleasure for a small outlay, our people need not sweat and worry and hurry through an occasional day's excursion to Nantasket or some other equally noted seaside resort, but take it cool and easy at home, every week, with far more satisfaction.

Next week we will speak of the Point of Pines, that namesake of the Hub's popular resort, and other features of Brookfield that are giving and being made to give pleasure to our people.

Tramps Battle With Police.

On June 28 an army of tramps made a rade on Stumptown, near Shenandoah, Pa., entering many dwellings and ransacking them. Chief of Police Rhodes made several arrests, but while the officers were placing the handcuffs on the men their free companions opened fire on the police. The latter drew their revolvers and returned the fire. The tramps kept up a continuous volley and threw stones and brickbats. Chief Rhodes closely pursued the assailants, but had gone only a short distance when he was struck on the temple with a stone, inflicting a deep wound. Three of the ruffians were locked up, but the others fled to the mountains.

In the meantime William Coulter, a peddler from Pittsburg, came down the railroad from Centralia, and seeing a green spot at the bridge he laid down to rest until daybreak. This was the spot where the tramps had been staying, and at 4 o'clock in the morning they returned to the bridge and found the stranger. Coulter had been selling ballads to pay his way, and when the tramps awoke him they took the bag, containing several thousand songs, and all joined in singing "Home, Sweet Home," after which they destroyed the ballads. Coulter ran away and the entire crowd followed, hooting like madmen. Whether they caught him and threw him down a mine shaft or he fell there in his excitement to get away is not known, but he was found in a breach nine feet deep, fatally injured. Several tramps were arrested.

\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLERT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 29.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—*Assembly No. 2929.*—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U. M.—*Division No. 17.*—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—*Hayden Lodge.*—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, July 22d, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, 1st degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—*Brookfield Brass Band.*—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common.
M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—*Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.*—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—*Dexter Post, 38.*—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, Edwin Legg, Commander.
at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—*Merrick Council, No. 902.*—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14.—This is the season of the year that Washington is usually to a great extent deserted. Government employees are off on vacations, and the departments are crowded with applications for leave. But this year there is a remarkable dearth of such applications. For one season at least Washington seems to be a popular summer resort. The explanation is that the Government employees, notwithstanding the tropical heat, feel more comfortable in Washington just now than they would at the coolest resort in the country, with the perpetual fear of receiving word from Washington that they have been dismissed.

There is a disposition on the part of some of the Cabinet officers to discontinue the allowance of sick leave under pay to employees in the departments. An impression prevails that serious abuses have grown up in connection with the allowance of such leaves, and it is believed that the system should be re-arranged, so as to enable the distri-

bution among monthly employees who are working extra hours in addition to rendering steady service throughout the year, of the money that is now paid out during sick leave to that class of employees who lose many days—sometimes exceeding 150 in each year—from alleged disability. It is probable that these views may take practical shape in a general order governing the allowance of leaves in all the executive departments.

The Professors of Agriculture who met here during the week, at the request of Commissioner Colman, were a fine looking body of men, and they evidently understand their business. Their discussions brought out some interesting facts, however. One of these was that out of forty-nine farmers in the Legislature of Tennessee only two could appreciate the value of the reports of the signal service. Forty-seven voted against them. What was the reason? The professors thought it came from the fact that the reports are too technical and extended in their nature. The farmer is not, generally speaking, a reading man. Many farmers can only find time to read the most simple and abbreviated matters. It was generally agreed that the thing necessary to make such work successful was frequent publications in a simple and practical form.

One of the most interesting and striking things that was brought out in the discussion was the opposition that prevailed in regard to the present method of distributing seeds by Congressmen. It was shown that the ignorance that had been displayed in this way was serious in its results. Insects and plant diseases, very deleterious in their nature, had been disseminated far and wide, and in many instances more damage than good had been done. It was urged that this distribution ought to be made by the Commissioner himself, who is supposed to know much more about such matters than the Congressmen can. He has the means of knowing the various soils and the kind of seeds that will flourish in them. So on the whole the meeting was a grand success. It gave an opportunity for the free interchange of opinions and information and established a closer relationship between the colleges and the department. When the plan for interchange of information

is fully perfected great additional good will follow.

The President yesterday became the guest of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club. The party consisted of Secretary Manning, Secretary Lamar, Secretary Whitney and Postmaster-General Vilas. They will spend Sunday very quietly at the charming club house in the mountains, and the President is likely to enjoy his visit very much. The party left last evening and will return to-morrow. Mr. Arthur was the first President who was entertained by the Club.

A special wire has been connected from the club house at Woodmont to the White House in order that the President may have an opportunity to talk with Colonel Lamont to-day. He will be kept informed of the condition of Mrs. Bayard, should she survive and any news of importance will be transmitted to him.

Miss Cleveland has passed a pleasant week, having received exceeding pleasant news from her publishers in regard to the sale of her book. The comments upon it, too, have been favorable. I noticed that the New York Tribune occupied a column on Thursday, and wound up with some very complimentary sentences.

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GREEN'S BLOCK, Spencer, Mass. Opposite Depot.

THERMOMETERS to mount, and other useful articles, at Mrs. J. W. Flitts.

A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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The lot of land lying east of the village known as DRAPER HILL.

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Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

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| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
| 6 months " | .60 |
| 3 " " | .35 |

Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 16, 1885.

Everybody's Air-Brake.

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Zach, "I've watched it forty years an' its as I sez: De fust of May an' Christmas day of de same year allers comes on de same week day."

Further conversation proved Uncle Zach a most incredulous person. Chancing to mention Dr. Carver's feat of breaking glass balls with a rifle, he said:

"I heerd 'bout dat shootin' and knowed right off it wasn't squar'; dat was a Yankee trick, boss, sho's you born."

"What was the trick?"

"Dar wuz loadstone put into de glass balls, an' likewise onto de bullets; so when de bullet fly outen de gun, it an' de ball jes drawed tergedder, which, in course, brokes de glass—dats de trick!"

Later, Uncle Zach observed a rope running along the side of the car.

"Boss, what's dat line fur?"

"To apply the air-brake in case of accident." Then we had further to explain how the force of the brake was obtained, to which Uncle Zach responded:

"Look a here, boss, you sholy don't 'spect me to b'leve dat foolishness? Why, de biggest harricane whatever blowed couldn't stop de train, runnin' forty mile a hour. An' you think I gwine to b'leve a little pipe full of wind under de kyars can do it? No, sah-ree!"

There are a great many Uncle Zachs who judge everything simply by appearances. The air-brake does not seem to be a very powerful thing, but power and efficiency are not necessarily equivalent to bigness and pretense.

Phillip Beers, Esq., who resides at the United States Hotel, New York City, and is engaged in raising subscriptions for the New York World Bartholdi pedestal fund, was once upbraided by a distinguished relative who was a physician, for commending in such enthusiastic terms, a remedy that once cured him of bright's disease eight years ago. He said: "Sir, has the medical profession with all its power and experience of thousands of years, anything that can cure this terrible disorder?"

No, no, that is true, there is no mistake about it but that Warner's safe cure is really a wonderfully effective preparation. That remedy is an "air-brake" that every man can apply and this fact explains why it has saved so many hundreds of thousands of lives.—*Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

New York Stage-Driving.

"I haven't driven a stage," said an old driver, the other day as he watched the laying of the car tracks on Broadway, New York, "for many years, but it makes a man feel a little blue to see any profession he has enjoyed swept away. Of course stage-driving is not what it was in my time—it has run down badly, and now it will run out completely. It used to be a profitable business," said he, glancing quizzically at the reporter. "There wasn't then any patent locked boxes, sealed envelopes for change, or recording bells to make a chap feel as if he was a born culprit, not to be trusted.

"Could we make extra money besides our wages?" said he, repeating the reporter's question. "Well, yes, and no—I'll tell you, it seemed to be generally conceded that a stage-driver would 'knock down' any way, and we went on the 'blame and game' theory. So what ye took was rather winked at by the bosses. They all got rich and didn't grumble much, provided we made a good paying 'turn in' for a hard day's work. None of us ever had to leave for Canada; and the few who are left haven't very sore consciences about our financiering. A bright driver would know enough to act justly; if a man was greedy, the bosses would soon stop him and he would get the 'sack'—'grand bounce' I believe it is now called.

"How could we discriminate in the matter? Well, you see, there was a sort of an understanding that allowed us to consider the top of the 'bus our own. There we would invite our chums to ride free. But a good many paying riders rode there from choice. Some wanted to smoke on their way up and down town; boys would ride there at half-price; strangers, too, wishing to see the city. We often got a good tip from a stranger who wanted to see all he could in a short time. You see we could point out houses and localities of interest as well as many prominent persons who were taking a stroll on the sidewalk. In fine weather these fares made quite an item of receipts. Now a portion of such money we took for refreshments, sick or lay-off days, and often used it as a fund to make a day of poor riding pan out satisfactorily at the office."

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester Guardian, June 8, 1883, says:
At one of the
"Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so Paralyzed!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.

The last experiment being Nerve stretching.

Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate," "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companion, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN,

Manchester (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name. 27-15

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H. B. SCAMMELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Adulterated Cheese.

"They do say," remarked Mrs. Langbeiner as she walked up the street from the grocery with Mrs. Wilkins. "They do say that limburger cheese is adulterated nowadays so that you don't know whether you are eating cheese or dried apples."

"I want to know," gasped the astonished Mrs. Wilkins, "I thought as much, though when I took tea last Tuesday with the Klapetskys, they had some on the table, but for the life of me I couldn't think of the name of it until you spoke. I guess it must have been adulterated, for I never saw such smelling stuff in my life. They are nice clean folks or I wouldn't have touched it, and as it was I hid most of it in my handkerchief and threw it away when I got home. But it smelled so that Squire Jones' big setter followed me all the way, and I felt like a walking fever hospital. The scent of that stuff didn't get out of my house for a week! I guess it must have been adulterated," and the good woman's tongue wagged away just as if it had been hung on ball bearings.

Hunt's Remedy cures speedily bilious headache, costiveness, dyspepsia, strengthens the stomach and purifies the blood.

A Wonderful Cow.

There is a wonderful cow at Sparta, Wis., according to the *Drovers' Journal*, which tells the following story: S. W. Martin owns the cow, which is now seven-year-old and a three-quarters blood Short Horn. At three years of age she gave birth to a calf; at four she had twins; at five triplets; at six she brought forth a quartet of bawlers, and she recently bore five calves, four of which lived, and at nine days of age averaged fifty-two pounds. The cow's first calf was a heifer, at three years old bearing a calf and at four years twins, thus starting out to equal the mother's record.

Ladies who have long suffered from disorders common to their sex, and failed to obtain relief by the heroic old-school method of knife, caustics and supports, should try the modern common-sense methods of Dr. Foote of 120 Lexington Ave., New York City, and follow the example of the lady who wrote Jan. 6, 1883: "It is simply wonderful that after a miserable illness of nearly five years, in which time I exhausted the skill of four physicians, you should cure me in six months. I give you permission to print these lines in the hope that they may lead other sufferers to place their cases in your hands. Lock box 30, White River Junction, Vermont."

An Astonishing Robbery.

One of the most singular, most amusing, and at the same time, for the victims, most annoying robbery occurred in South Bend, Ind., recently. Two elderly ladies on Michigan street were looking at the circus procession pass by. So intent were in gazing upon the dazzling pageant that not only their eyes but their mouths were wide open, and while in this awe-struck condition they were each startled by the slap of a rough hand over their mouths. Of course they were mad, and looked around with great indignation to see who could be guilty of such a rude act, and it was not until they attempted to speak, in order to properly express their wrath, that they discovered their false teeth was gone. The thieves had looked into their wide-open mouths and saw that the plates containing the teeth were of gold, and they wanted them.

"Mother, did you say I can't go to the rink to-night?"

"Yes, Mamie, I did."

"Why, mother?"

"Because you have been there every day three times for the last three days, and so much exertion will ruin your constitution."

"Why, I'm not a bit tired, mother."

"Well, if you are not, come and help me wash these dishes."

"Oh, pshaw! I'm that kind of tired, but not the skating rink kind."

She helped wash the dishes.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING**. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING** is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

\$1--13 Week's.

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FELTON, RAU & SIBLEY, (Sole Manufacturers.) **PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

A Tale of a Tunnel.

A newly married couple were en route to Washington by the Baltimore & Ohio. There are many tunnels on this road east of the Ohio river. All through Ohio the face of the young man wore occasional looks of pain, despite his great joy. He seemed to want something. Apparently he yearned. Over in West Virginia the train entered a tunnel. Upon emerging into the light the young man's face was seen to wear a studious expression. He was thinking. At first he seemed perplexed, then interested, then triumphant. He had had a revelation. Then he smiled with a firm, manly, continuous smile, and his eyes peered ahead for the first sign of a yawning cavern in the mountain side. The bride was happy and demure. Whisk—shadow—rumble—darkness. The veil is drawn. It is another tunnel. Light again and the young man looks happier than ever. The bride's cheek disports a gentle blush—a modest, experienced blush, discoverable only to the initiated and envious. No perplexity, no anxiety now. The revelation has been tested and found a success. There are many tunnels, but not enough. If the whole line were a tunnel the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded. The man who has not lived to bless the builder of tunnels does not know what happiness is. He is but little above the brute which never troubled the Creator for passing clouds over the moon on prayer meeting night. But our bridegroom was not one of these parties. He appreciated all the blessings which man and nature had bestowed upon him.

But all things must have an end. Daylight always comes to the newly married. Strawberries and cream must be paid for at the cashier's desk. Within the blissful cucumber hides a microbe. Our young husband goes for a drink of water. While on this errand his eager eye catches the sight of another tunnel. Of course he fears his birdie will be sore afraid if left alone in the darkness, and he hastens to her side. Quick are his feet, but faster moves the train. Darkness gathers while he is yet half a dozen seats away. But the brave man does not falter. He gropes along, he reaches the seat (or thinks he does) and slides into it. Deep are the shadows, and hums the train.

A scream, long and vigorous—a sound of scuffling—a thump or two—and the bright light of a May day breaks upon the scene. The young husband frantically endeavors to disengage himself from the grasp of an angry colored woman sitting in the seat just behind the bride. He at length succeeds and retires sullenly to his seat.

The tunnels come and go, but their shadows are scarcely deeper than those upon the face of the young honeymoon.



30 YEARS RECORD.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE. PRICE \$1.25.

Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. **HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.**

Physicians' Testimony.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable remedy."

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken." C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent.

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The "CANDEE" RUBBER CO. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the **DOUBLE THICK BALL.** The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives **DOUBLE WEAR.** Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskan, &c.



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42-291 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Probate Notice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Worcester ss. Probate Court.
To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael McDonald, late of Brookfield, in said County, deceased:
Upon the petition of Mary McDonald you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the **FIRST TUESDAY OF SEPTEMBER** next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, should not be approved. And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the **WEEKLY TIMES**, a newspaper printed at Brookfield, the last publication to be two days, 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 of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.
Witness, Adin Thayer, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.
28 F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

Cut Your Grass?

The subscriber announces hereby that he is prepared to cut grass by machine for any one, either by the hour or job, on reasonable terms. Make application to **SERENO ADAMS,** At Samuel Whittemore Place, Brookfield.

Weekly Times.

TERMS.

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| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
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Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 16, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—All kinds of berries are plenty this year.

—Rain prevented the usual band concert last Tuesday evening.

—Mr. Howard Roberts and Miss Agnes Gordon were married last week and have gone to Maine to live.

—The Congregationalists will picnic at Aikens' grove, Wickaboag pond, West Brookfield, next week.

—Mr. L. C. Thompson, who has been confined to the house for the past two weeks with chills and fever, is again convalescent.

—The Unitarians enjoyed a day's picnicking at Oakland Gardens yesterday, the premises being tendered to the society by Mr. Vizard.

—Mr. E. R. Irwin in jumping down out of an apple tree Wednesday evening, caught his hand on an iron hook, inflicting a ragged and painful wound.

—The heavy thunder storm and wind last Thursday afternoon did not cause much damage in this town, save to blow down a few trees whose power of resistance had become weakened by decay.

—Mr. Joseph Guerin bought the Heredeem blacksmith property of Mr. Pierce, to whom Mr. Heredeem sold out a few months since, instead of Mr. Heredeem, as stated last week. Mr. Guerin will evidently have a good business.

—The copy for the proposed publication of the exercises of the dedication of the new Library building, a year ago last January, is now in the hands of the printers, and the pamphlet will be issued the latter part of the present month.

—The big shop is being pushed to its fullest extent now, more cutters being at work now than at any previous time in the history of the factory, either under the old or new firm. They are working eleven hours at that, per day.

—Gorton's New Orleans minstrels played before a fair house last Monday evening, the entertainment being termed very satisfactory. They had a very good band, and the company will doubtless meet a much larger house if they should visit this town again.

—The firemen have full sheet posters out announcing their lawn party to-morrow evening on the Common. The band will give a concert, and a platform for dancing will be erected and dancing from 8:30 till 12 o'clock will be the order of the evening, the Brookfield orchestra furnishing music. The Common will be brightly illuminated and refreshments will be sold on the grounds. The proceeds will go to help the boys out on the fall muster expenses.

—Hereafter every new subscriber or renewals of old ones to the TIMES will be given a copy of "Dr. Foote's Hand Book of Health Hints and Ready Recipes," comprising information of the utmost importance to everybody, concerning their daily habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, etc., together with many useful suggestions on the management of various diseases—a handy little volume of 130 pages. We have 100 copies of this work and will give them away as above stated as long as they last, first come, first served. Therefore now is a good time to pay up your subscriptions or make new ones. Our terms are given on second page.

Brookfield as a Pleasure Resort.

Oakland Gardens and Point of Pines.

Brookfield is a town more abundantly blessed with water scenery than many of its nearer neighbors. Its lakes, or more commonly speaking, ponds, rivers and rills are found in all corners of its domain. It was for this reason, undoubtedly, that the Indians found it such a desirable retreat, but certainly they could not have enjoyed its privileges any more than have their successors.

It is to the expanse of Lake Podunk that Oakland Gardens will, in a measure, flourish, as spoken of last week, and we have only to cross its breadth and pass the short canal connecting it with its twin, to find a second resort of rival attraction, which is known by the already popular name of

POINT OF PINES.

To the visitor, unacquainted with present Brookfield, a glimpse of this name may bring visions of salt water, sea bathing, and the many attending attractions that the liberal minded and amusement loving public of the "Hub" and vicinity enjoy near at hand, but such, to a certain extent, will be a false vision. Instead let them picture a long, beautiful body of water, where a good mile-and-a-half, straight away, course for boat racing is a tempting feature, and about one-third of that width, nestled cosily within the bosom of hills, bearing their steep descent to the water's edge, with here and there a projecting point boldly jutting out into its deep, clear, green waters, and you will give them a fair idea of the location and surroundings of Brookfield's Point of Pines.

South Pond, as this sheet of water is termed in place of a more modern name, is about equally divided between this town and Sturbridge, the prettier half, if anything, being ours. With a clean clay bottom that hides innumerable springs, its waters have a really green look, while its depths is variously found at from 50 to 100 feet. It is completely shut in by high hills, high and steep bluffs leading up to them from the sandy beach that encircles it. In many places the shore slants precipitately downward to unknown depths, within a very few feet of the beach.

As you enter this lake from the canal leading from Lake Podunk, almost the first object that will strike your eye will be a long projecting and high bluff that leads out from the east shore about a quarter of a mile down or up. This point or bluff is about thirty feet above the beach, and is quite level on top, and covered by a fine growth of large pines, that afford a most soothing shade. This place has long been known as Carpenter's Point, and many a Sunday-school and other "society" picnics have been held therein in years past. It is now the Point of Pines.

Within the past two years the Carpenter farm, of which the point was a part, came into the possession of Messrs. H. L. Gleason and Geo. H. Allen, who proceeded forthwith to bring its attractions more fully to the public attention. Accordingly the grove of pines was cleared out more perfectly, more convenient arrangements made for getting to the beach below, a skating rink, bowling alley and refreshment rooms built, a band stand put up, and other conveniences added. Here every week last summer something special was announced, and large crowds went to see them.

The Carpenter residence, just over the other side of a small hill from the grounds, was converted into a hotel, and the old picnic resort blossomed almost at once into a full fledged summer retreat. Over thirty thousand people, it is stated, visited it the first season.

Visitors from this way reached it by carriage road, either via Over-the-River road or through Podunk, or the more popular steamboat trip, Mr. C. A. Rice having launched a small side-wheel boat, capable of carrying 50 passengers, and Mr. P. P. Allen doing the same with his screw propeller, for this traffic. Daily excursions and trips were made by these boats to this point and points between.

Although more remote from the denser populated centers than Oakland Gardens, it is yet near enough to get its share of patronage. In fact, it is often the case that both resorts are visited by parties the same day, the excursion seeming not to be complete unless this is done. Its location is so picturesque, the water so clear and deep, and its fish so savory that it cannot help but be popular. In respect to scenery, this pond quite exceeds its near neighbor, Podunk, whose shores, in the main, are low and gently sloping.

It is around this lake that our camping-out parties always go, and great are the times thereof. It is a weekly occurrence for a party of our factory employees to pack up and start off Saturday afternoons and camp along its shores until the next Monday morning at least.

It is at Log point, nearly opposite the Pines, that the swimmers go for a good dive. Here is to be found a bath house, erected by some of the Brewster or Lewis boys in years gone by. A spring board adds to the fun, and plenty of deep water makes the thing complete.

Births.

THOMPSON.—In this village, July 5, a son, Abbott Howe, to L. C. and Clara S. Thompson.

A Keg's Contents.

They were telling some pretty tough stories, and presently his turn came. "Yes," he began, cleaning his throat, "people sometimes lose their lives in the foolishlest ways. I recollect an Irishman, poor fellow, who, some years ago, sat down on what he supposed was a keg o' black sand to smoke his dureen. After finishin' his first pipe he got up an' knocked the live ashes right into the keg."

"Many killed beside him?" asked a breathless listener.

"Many what?"

"Killed—blown up."

"Oh, there wasn't no explosion; nuthin' explosive 'bout black sand."

Merrick Public Library

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 30.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—Assembly No. 2929.—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U. M.—Division No. 17.—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—Hayden Lodge.—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, July 22d, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, 1st degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—Brookfield Brass Band.—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—Dexter Post, 38.—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant. Edwin Legg, Commander.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Merrick Council, No. 902.—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20.—Not every citizen of the United States is aware that the District of Columbia, which includes the Capitol of the United States and about 250,000 inhabitants, has a government different from that of any other district or municipality of the nation. Washington is ruled by a triumvirate appointed by the President of the United States. The inhabitants of this city suffer from no suffrage, cast no ballots, and know no local politics in the ordinary vulgar sense. The three men appointed by the President govern under law, have charge of the police, public schools, parks, streets, water works and city improvements. They make a pretty good local government, and some other cities might profit by the example.

On the 17th of this month the term of one of the Commissioners, ex-Senator West, of Louisiana, expired, and the President promptly appointed as his successor, Mr. Wm. Webb, a lawyer and an old resident of this city. The appointee is one of the best that could have been selected, and the community, without regard to politics, are rejoicing that so good a selection has been made. Mr. Webb, like his predecessor, is a republican, is sixty years of age, and

is identified with the best social and business interests of the Capitol. Early yesterday morning he received a note from the White House requesting him to call at once, as the President desired to see him, and at about 11 o'clock, in accordance with the request, he called, when the President tendered him the appointment. Mr. Webb said he was taken by surprise and would like a few days to consider whether he could afford to accept. He has since consulted with his friends, and has determined, at their request and earnest solicitation, to accept the office.

There has been a great deal of gossip in the papers during the week on the subject of the President's policy about official changes. First it was announced that the President had ordered a practical halt in the old business of removing republican office holders on charges of offensive partizanship. This was speedily denied, and the result seems to be that things are going on much as usual. The President does all that he can do on any given day, and stops when he gets through. There has been no policy of the Administration, and there is not likely to be any.

Miss Cleveland took her departure for the summer on Thursday, and the White House will hardly have her for a mistress again before October. She will spend much of the intervening time at the family home at Holl and Patent, N. Y. She has now a considerable income from the sale of her book. It is reported that she does not intend to use this for any personal purpose, but will devote it to educational objects. I very much doubt the truth of this report. Miss Cleveland is not wealthy, and she has lived long enough to know the sweetness of independence, and to enjoy the fruits of thrift.

With the departure of Miss Cleveland there will be a cessation of the regular Saturday afternoon gatherings on the portico. There has been a thorough overhauling of the mansion in the past few days, and the curtains and carpets have been put away until cold weather, and the floors are now covered from basement to attic with cool, attractive patterns of matting.

Nearly all the leading society people of Washington called upon the mistress of the White House before she left Washington, and exchanged notes as to their plans for the summer, and expressed the hope of meeting her next winter. Something was said at one of these gatherings about the rumor that Miss Cleveland had been offered and

would very likely accept the presidency of Vassar College, denial was given to this story by Miss Cleveland, and she informed her callers that she would be in the White House during this Administration.

When the President goes off for his summer vacation he will not be accompanied by any member of his Cabinet, and although Col. Lamont will take a pleasure jaunt at the same time he will go in an opposite direction. Dr. Ward, of Albany, an old friend of the President, and an enthusiastic fisherman, will be his companion on the trip in quest of trout, the two gentlemen having visited the Adirondacs together last year.

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Weekly Times.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

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Brookfield, Thursday, July 23, 1885.

Upchurch and the A. O. U. W.

As is very generally known at this time, Upchurch, or "Father Upchurch," as he is generally called, is the founder of the order of A. O. U. W. The order is ancient only in name, or rather only in so far as it refers to the existence of workmen, and that goes back to the expulsion from Paradise. The principles of the order are embodied in one word—charity. It is simply an organization of workmen, of workers, of laborers of high and low degree, banded together for the purpose of rendering assistance to sick members, burying the dead brother, and supplying the needs of the widow and orphan. It is, in fact, a great beneficiary organization. Commencing on October 27, 1868, with seven members, it now counts within its ranks 147,934 workmen, making it the second largest fraternity in the United States. To that prodigious total California contributes no fewer than 16,868 members, surpassing Pennsylvania, Illinois and Missouri, and being only exceeded by New York, which has 20,446 on its lodge rolls.

While filling various positions, Upchurch saw many respects in which the life of the mechanic might be improved. He had in view first, principally, the idea of bringing employer and employee together in a fraternal organization, for a better mutual understanding and the prevention of strikes; and, secondarily, the education, elevation and fraternizing of the masses, and a proper provision for the future of their families. This was in April, 1868. All know that the order has so far outgrown its original scope that the secondary idea above mentioned has become the primary one, and the order, instead of being confined to mechanics, embraces all classes of society, even to the highest officials in the land.

Upchurch still works at his trade when his health will allow. That, however, is not often. Upchurch is, in fact, a poor man, and no longer ago than 1881, the founder of the order which has paid out millions was in such reduced circumstances that a contribution of ten cents per member was made by every workman for his relief. California contributed some \$900, and every lodge sent its quota with willingness and love.

"O, Lor' Hit 'Im Again!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, its worse than I thought; I'll make it 50 pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"

There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing. Then it is that we most keenly regret because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to-day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots. The origin of these aches and pains is the kidneys and liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserable unsuccessful patchwork, they would be well and happy and would bless the day when the Lord "hit 'em" and indicated the common-sense course for them to pursue.—*London Press.*

Many a victim to Bright's Disease has been restored to sound health by Hunt's Remedy.

A New Device.

A stranger stepped into a second-class hotel in Boston the other day, and, calling the bell-boy, said: "I'm going to send a prize dog on a long trip through New York. Go to the kitchen and tell the girls to fix up some nice pieces of bread and meat to put in the box, so he can have something to eat." The boy hastened to the culinary department and presently returned with a plate full of sliced bread and juicy meat. "That's all right," said the stranger, taking the plate, "but I want some mustard on the meat. Go get the mustard pot." The boy returned to the kitchen; the stranger passed quietly out of the door with his dog dinner, and has not been seen since. "I was a new free lunch racket—only this and nothing more."



Lots of People Say,
**"OH MY
BACK."**

Here is Solid
A 1 TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

*** "Health is better than wealth." ***

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1133 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

*** "Good counsel has no price, obey it." ***

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

*** "Light suppers makes long lives." ***

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & N. E. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says:—"My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

*** "Deeds are better than words." ***

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

*** "Alls well that ends well." ***

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.25.

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FOR MADE IN
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BOSTON, MASS.

Dying in His Coffin.

Forty years ago Mr. David Gamble, a wealthy farmer near Emmitsburg, Md., made a coffin in which he slept every night without failure. His novel bed was chosen, he said, as a constant reminder that death is always near. His desire to impress this fact upon himself was owing to the sudden death of his wife, at the age of thirty years, by heart disease. Just before he made the coffin they had been to a ball, and after returning home retired to bed. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Gamble found his wife had died in his arms. The shock was believed by many to have unsettled his reason. He always kept his coffin thereafter in the corner of his dining room. He would get into it every night and pull the lid up until only his face was exposed to view. One day he had a traveling photographer take a view of him as he lay in the coffin. This picture he had framed and hung up over the dining room mantle piece. The other night he retired to his coffin at the usual hour, but when the servant called him in the morning it was found that he was dead. The body was not disturbed, but was buried as it was found. Mr. Gamble was a charitable man and much liked.

Pure Bluff.

Men are born gamblers, and it is the intuition to call at the right time that makes them successful. In a big game played at a hotel, not long ago, in which five or six friends took part, there is an exciting illustration of this delirious sort of doubt. Every player had made good his ante, and some of them had put in a few hundred dollars additional before dropping out. At length, \$10,000 lay on the table, with two players fighting for it. I stood behind one of them. He had three queens, having drawn to them at the start. His opponent had drawn three cards. The latter, at this juncture, coolly announced a raise of \$10,000.

The man with three queens was fairly staggered. His antagonist might be bluffing. He might have drawn to an ace and king and caught nothing, or he might have caught another king and two more aces, or he might have drawn to a pair and caught a full hand. Was he bluffing? That was the question. After thinking the matter over, he did not consider his queens worth that amount of money, so the other side of the table raked in the stakes. I found out afterward that all this money was won on the following hand: Ace, jack, ten and two sixes. The three queens would have won by a large majority.

Hunt's Remedy purifies the blood by assisting the kidneys to carry off all impurities.

Fifty Dollars for a Kiss.

A good story was told of Booth, when he was last in Philadelphia, which illustrates his indifference to the class of women who always find something irresistible and fascinating in the men who earn their living behind the foot-lights. Booth was traveling on the Boston & Albany road one day, having just closed an engagement in the New England metropolis. He heard an expensively-dressed, handsome, middle-aged woman back of him sigh and say to her companion: "I would give \$50 to kiss that man." Booth turned suddenly and looked at the speaker. "Do you mean that?" he demanded, fixing his fine dark eyes upon her, and causing the blood to mount up to the very roots of her hair. "Why, yes, of course I do," replied the woman, confusedly, looking in a helpless sort of a way at the great tragedian and at the smiling passengers. "Well, I accept the terms, madam," exclaimed Booth, solemnly. "And I stand by my proposition," said the woman, recovering her self-possession, and, rising, she imprinted a sound kiss upon the actor's lips. Booth's face did not betray the slightest emotion. He received the kiss stolidly, and did not return it, but waited until the impetuous woman found her purse and handed him a \$50 bill. He took the money, thanked her, and turning to a feeble, shabbily-dressed woman on the other side of the aisle, who was traveling with two young children, placed the money in her hands, and with a courteous bow said: "This is for the children, madam. Take it, please," and without another word he left the car.

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Premature Burials.

"The world would be horrified," said a well-known undertaker the other day, "if it knew the number of bodies that are buried before life is extinct. Once in a while one of these cases comes to light, but no steps are taken to prevent its recurrence. Something that happened to me about twelve years ago has worried me ever since. I was sent for one day to take charge of the body of a man. He was a tailor, and had fallen over while sitting on his bench sewing. He was a big, fleshy man, about forty years of age, weighing about 250 pounds. The body was warm and the limbs were limp. I did not believe the man was dead, and said so. His friends told me that a physician had pronounced him dead. I was ordered to put the body on ice at once, but I delayed this operation, on one pretext and another, for nearly two days. During this time the body lay on the bench in the little shop. Finally, I could delay no longer. The limbs were still as limber as when I first examined the body. I prepared the body for burial, and the next day it was buried. I do not believe that man was dead when the earth was shoveled in on his coffin. If the same thing were to happen again I would let somebody else do the burying.

"About the same time a young woman living in the same city was supposed to have died very suddenly. A physician was called in. He said she was dead. An old woman who was present thought otherwise and insisted upon it that she was in a trance. The body was buried. A few weeks later the old woman determined to satisfy herself about it, and bribed the gravediggers to disinter the coffin. The lid was removed and a horrible sight was seen. The young woman had come to life and had made a terrible struggle for liberty. Her hair was torn out, and her face was frightfully scratched. She had turned over on her face.

"A person is generally believed to be dead if there is no action of the heart or pulse. A vein should be opened. If blood flows the person is not dead. This operation would take about thirty seconds, but it is not often resorted to. Supposing the person is suffering only from a temporary suspension of animation. Before he can recover the use of his faculties an undertaker comes in and he is put into an ice-box, where whatever life there was in him is frozen out. The board of health should take hold of this matter and devise some means of ascertaining beyond all doubt that life is extinct before the body is buried. I have thought of a good many different means. A receiving vault could be built in every cemetery, where bodies could be placed until decomposition had begun, when they could be buried."

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester *Guardian*, June 8, 1883, says:

At one of the
"Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so Paralyzed!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.

The last experiment being Nerve stretching.

Two years ago I was voted into the Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companion, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very greatly yours, JOHN BLACKBURN, Manchester (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name. 27-15

Probate Notice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Worcester ss. Probate Court.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael McDonald, late of Brookfield, in said County, deceased:

Upon the petition of Mary McDonald you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the FIRST TUESDAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, should not be approved. And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation, by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper printed at Brookfield, the last publication to be two days, 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 of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Adin Thayer, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

28. F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

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Mastheaded by a Fish:

"Here's an old acquaintance," said my friend, as he stood looking at the fish display of Commissioner Blackford, pointing out a parti-colored eel-like fish several feet long and of most villainous aspect. In form it resembled the typical sea serpent that figures in the old works of Pontoppidan and others. The body was high, the mouth large, and in it appeared a most formidable array of teeth.

"That is the famous, or rather infamous, murray of the South," explained my companion, giving the creature a spiteful dig. "It's as much of a sea serpent as I ever want to see, and I must tell you a good joke on myself in which one of these brutes played a prominent part. Some years ago, when I began spending my winters in Florida, I devoted almost my entire time to fishing—sea fishing, you know—and among the first fish that caught me was one of these murrays. This is a medium-sized one. They attain in the Bahamas and around Cuba a length of four or five feet, and, being proportionately stout, present a formidable appearance. One day I was fishing off the reef, in about five fathoms, and had been having fine luck with grunts and yellow-tails, when suddenly I had a bite that brought me to my feet. I hauled the fish and the fish hauled me, and after ten minutes hard work I had him at the surface, and, with a tremendous jerk, landed, not a fish, but one of these murrays—a rouser. I was amazed as much as the murray.

"No sooner did it find itself in the boat than it opened its cavernous mouth and made a rush for me. There were but two methods of escape open to me, one to jump overboard and the other to climb the small mast of my boat. I chose the latter, and as the murray reached the spot I just cleared it, and there I was in the attitude generally known as shinning. The murray made the circuit of the boat several times dragging the line, thrashing the oars about, and darting its ugly head in my direction at every move I made. It was impossible, however, to hold such a position long, and I was about considering the possibilities of leaping into the water and swimming to the reef when the creature wriggled overboard. I then slid down and cut the line. When I got ashore my friends asked me what I was shinning the mast of the dingy for. They had been watching me through a spy glass. I told them I had been clearing the halyards. If they had ever got hold of it that I had been there for ten minutes to get away from that green-hued eel, I should never have heard the last of it."

Hunt's Remedy is not a new compound; it has been before the public thirty years.

Monkey vs. Bull-Dog.

Antonio Spatleris was a son of sunny Italy, born somewhere near the rose-scented town of Naples. Early in his life he emigrated to America, and engaged in musical pursuits, that is, carrying around a monkey and a hand organ. The monkey was a daisy, and in the course of their wanderings together Mr. Monk had earned for his master perhaps as much by his shrewdness and agility in hand-to-hand free-and-easy tumbles with anything and everything that came along in the shape of man or beast, as he had by passing around his jockey hat and feather and soliciting pennies. Master, monkey and organ reached Savannah, Ga., where there resided a man by the name of John Moore, who owned a stump-tailed bull-dog. The dog was a terror in his way, and got away with everything that he had ever tackled, so the two combatants were not badly matched. No sooner had Moore seen the monkey than he pulled out \$5 and bantered him to fight the monkey against his dog. The bet was covered, and the Italian threw the monkey on to the dog. Then the fun began, and it was lively. The dog never got hold of the monkey, or even a sight of him. That worthy dug his sharp claws into the dog's back and grabbed the little stump of a tail between his sharp teeth and held on like grim death. It would have taken a young earthquake to have shaken him off. The dog gave one agonized look behind, and then a few runs around in a circle, then broke for a ten-rail fence, stake-ripped and locked, and made over it, howling like mad. The monkey lit on the top rail, and sat and chattered and grinned with a leer of unfeigned delight. The dog went to another country, and never showed up for three weeks. The Italian shouldered his monkey affectionately, and, walking to the dumbfounded Moore, said: "Your dogge no well today; maybe your dogge go to hunttee rabbett. When I come back next year maybe he come fight some more." Moore never liked anybody to talk to him about monkeys after that.

An old man would not believe that he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted:

"Hello, Ellen!"

At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet, he excitedly cried:

"That's Ellen, every time!"

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.** Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING** is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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SEWING MACHINE

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STRONG  **SWIFT**

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE
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30 UNION SQ. N.Y. CHICAGO ILL.
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The Cream of all Books of Adventure
Condensed Into One Volume.

PIONEER | and | **DARING**
HEROES | and | **DEEDS.**

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighting with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Generals Miles and Crook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Splendidly illustrated with 175 fine engravings. **AGENTS WANTED.** Low-priced, and beats anything to sell.

STANDARD BOOK CO.,
610 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 23, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—The Methodist church is to be slated.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hobbs, of Nrtick, are in town.

—Mr. J. M. Graver, jr., is spending his vacation at home.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Wilson, of New York, are in town.

—Miss Blanche Spear is visiting at Mr. Thomas Warner's.

—The hay crop is proving considerably better than expected.

—The band stand has been moved to the upper end of Banister Common.

—Miss Annie M. Allen started for the Fabyan House, N. H., last Monday morning.

—There were at least a half dozen different camping-out parties about the lakes last week.

—Mrs. F. J. Winckley is in town on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fiske.

—Regular meeting of the Royal Arcanum next Monday evening. A full attendance desired.

—The annual inspection of the library books will be made soon, the notice calling in the books being now posted.

—Telephone dispatches came here this morning at nine o'clock, announcing the death of Gen. Grant at about 8:30 A. M.

—The medical profession in this vicinity will hold their regular monthly meeting at the Point of Pines next week, including in the programme a regular picnic.

—Yesterday the Congregational society had a very pleasant time for their picnic. It was held at Gilbert's grove instead of Aiken's, as announced last week.

—R. F. Trevellick, who lectured here some time since, will again lecture on the "Aims and Objects of the K. of L." at the Town Hall next Tuesday evening.

—The Common was once more the scene of a large gathering last Friday evening, the occasion being the open air dance and concert of the firemen. The receipts were about \$107.

—Mr. C. L. Vizard had a valuable horse nearly spoiled by over-driving last week, the party having it drove from Springfield in less than four hours on one of the hottest days of last week.

—Rev. Barnard Gisby, of Boston, will preach at the First Congregational-Unitarian church on Sunday next, July 26. Subject—"An Unseen World." Services at 10:45. All are cordially invited.

—David Earle and family, of Worcester, arrived at the Point of Pines Hotel this week for a few weeks' pleasure and rest. Mr. Earle is well posted in Brookfield's attractions, and says he would rather spend his vacation here than anywhere else. Other Worcester parties are coming to the same hotel.

—Victor Sherman's little boy came near being run over at the depot a day or two since. He was running along beside a passenger train just as it was starting out from the depot, looking up at the cars. He did not notice a trunk in his way and ran into it, nearly throwing him off the platform under the train. As it was, Jesse Crosby happened to be standing near and he caught him just in time to save him.

FOR SALE.—Six-year-old cow, giving milk year round. New milk August 1. Call at the farm of Charles Richards, Sturbridge, two miles south of Rice Corner.

—The circulation of books from the Merrick Public Library for the past eighteen years, as annually reported by the librarian, is as follows:

| | | | | | |
|-------|--------|-------|--------|-------|--------|
| 1867— | 8,117 | 1873— | 15,350 | 1879— | 20,049 |
| 1868— | 8,958 | 1874— | 14,300 | 1880— | 19,006 |
| 1869— | 9,319 | 1875— | 15,000 | 1881— | 16,112 |
| 1870— | 9,747 | 1876— | 15,704 | 1882— | 16,881 |
| 1871— | 8,800 | 1877— | 10,640 | 1883— | 10,173 |
| 1872— | 10,000 | 1878— | 23,000 | 1884— | 15,585 |

Since the books were changed into the new building the library year closes on Jan. 31. The new form of charging books now makes perfect the account rendered of the number issued, a reliable matter, which is quite doubtful if it could be said of the old form. Since the change the number issued each month for last year and corresponding month of this year is as follows, the number sent to the East village being included in the total amount:

| | TOTAL ISSUED. | | NO. TAKEN AT E. V. | |
|------------|---------------|-------|--------------------|-------|
| | 1884 | 1885 | 1884 | 1885 |
| Feb..... | 1,167 | 1,718 | 217 | 212 |
| March..... | 1,573 | 1,733 | 300 | 214 |
| April..... | 1,363 | 1,589 | 235 | 242 |
| May..... | 1,286 | 1,379 | 272 | 287 |
| June..... | 667 | 1,205 | 200 | 238 |
| Total..... | 6,356 | 7,534 | 1,274 | 1,193 |

The above shows an increase of nearly 19 per cent. in the total number issued, with a falling off of a fraction over 6 per cent. in the number sent to the East village, or in other words the actual increase for this village in these five months over the same months last year is nearly 25 per cent. Since the Merrick Fund has been in the hands of the trustees it has yielded a total income of \$12,133.70 from interest and dividends, besides \$1,525 in premiums realized on the original investment in the Union Pacific bonds at the time of the transfer in 1873 for B. & A. R. R. bonds. This investment, which yields an annual income of nearly \$800, will last until 1892, when the bonds will be taken in. According to the terms of the bequest all of the above income has been expended in the purchase of new books, the binding of periodicals and repairs necessary on old books. Merrick library has, in the eighteen years, thus grown from less than 1,500 volumes to nearly 8,500, a steady if not rapid growth, and what is more, this growth is assured for an indefinite time to come. Those who are curious, therefore, to know the size and worth of the library a century or more hence can take the basis here furnished and figure it out to their own satisfaction, and with not a small degree of exactness.

Deaths.

MILLER.—In this village, July 22, Harry A., son of G. H. and E. R. Miller, aged 6 months, 28 days.

The minister was making an evening call and the oppressive heat was being discussed.

"By the way," he said to the head of the family, "did you notice just how hot it was this afternoon, Mr. Hendricks?"

"No," Hendricks replied, "I did not."

"Yes, you did, papa," interposed Bobby.

"You're mistaken, my boy."

"No, I'm not," insisted Bobby. "I heard you say it was damned hot."

Early Closing in New York.

"About 1 P. M. yesterday," says the *New York Sun* of last Sunday, "whole rows of buildings on Broadway were locked up and deserted, and people hurried up-town so rapidly that by three o'clock lower Broadway bore a national holiday aspect. Workingmen in holiday attire strolled along or dragged wives and children after them intent on some excursion. Nearly all the large business houses closed at one o'clock, and those that did not had very little business to attend to. Two proprietors of restaurants on Nassau street looked very glum. One of them said: 'I have been in the habit of feeding three hundred more people than have come along to-day.'"

"The other restaurant keeper said the new order of things would cost him just twenty-five per cent. of his usual receipts.

"The saloons were doing a good business, and billiard tables were in great demand. 'Don't you see how it is?' said the keeper of a saloon. 'When the clerks had to remain at their offices until four or five o'clock, they went right home. Now they have time to drop around and take a drink or play a game of billiards. I'm glad they've got a half holiday.'"

"The boat running to Coney Island did a big business, and carried a large load every trip they made after two o'clock. The crowd leaving the city at every outlet were very large. Families loaded down with baskets containing all sorts of good things were on every street leading to the river. The man who puts on old clothes and goes away with a green basket and a fishing pole was everywhere. So was the fat woman with the thin baby that cried bitterly, the girl with bangs, and the tough young man, who had set out to make the most of the occasion."

WIN more money than at anything else by taking any agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLET BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

Of extra ability and experience, to take general appointing agencies, to find and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show their mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) IN FULL their experience, etc.

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A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW Singer Sewing Machine Including a full set of extra Attachments, needles, oil and usual outfit of 25 pieces with each. Guaranteed Perfect. Warranted 5 years. Handsome and Durable. Don't pay \$40 or \$50 for machines so better. We will send them anywhere on 15 days trial before paying. Circulars and full particulars free by addressing
E. J. HOWE & CO.,
123 North 6th St., PHILA., Pa.
Look Box 1007.

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

Vol. IV. No. 31.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

Messenger Boys.

"They use our messenger boys now for every sort of disagreeable service," said a district telegraph superintendent, lately. "As a rule, when something turns up that a man doesn't feel like doing himself, the idea of a messenger boy occurs to him instantly. The dude no longer thinks of waiting at the stage door himself, but send our boys around to tell his charmer where he will meet her for supper after the play is over. That's why so many messenger boys are to be seen about stage doors every night. Not long ago a little chap in our employ came crying into the office after having been tossed down the steps of Wallack's Theatre. On investigation we found that the boy had been called to the Gilsey House billiard room by a young man who is violently smitten by the charms of one of the chorus girls at Wallack's Theatre. He wrote her an affectionate and gushing letter, and made an appointment for supper, and sent the boy around to the theatre with it. The letter was read by the actress' husband, and the boy was promptly fired out. The following night the same precocious dude repeated the experiment, and another boy was slightly abused. I heard nothing more of the case after that, and I suppose the love-sick swain got tired of writing to the girl. Perhaps, however, he is still sending messages to her by the boys of other offices. You see, there is no way of regulating such a thing as this, because we have no means of knowing what is in letters that customers send by the boys. It is a very safe thing for the dude, too, for he goes away as soon as he has sent the boy, and so the angry husband cannot catch him.

The Deacon's Dog.

A good story is told of the presence of mind of a New Hampshire deacon who was very fond of dogs. He had one valuable setter that he had trained himself, and that understood his every word and slightest gesture with an almost human intelligence. One evening at a prayer meeting the good man was offering an earnest exhortation and the people sat with bowed heads, giving earnest attention. The audience faced the stand where sat the pastor; the doors opened on either side. All at once one of the doors, which had been left ajar, was pushed open, and the handsome head of the deacon's favorite

setter was thrust in. The head was followed by the body, and the dog in toto had just started with a joyful bound toward its master. The deacon generally knew what was going on about him, whether he was praying or shooting, and the first movement of the intruder attracted his attention. Quick as a flash, the deacon, raising his head with a warning gesture, exclaimed: "Thou hast given us our charge; help us to keep it." At the emphasized word so well known to his canine ear, the handsome brute stopped as if shot on the very threshold of the door, with his intelligent eye fixed upon his master. In the same unmoved tone, with a slight wave of the extended hand: "We would not return back to Thee with our duty on earth unfulfilled." Again the perfect training of the deacon's pet was made evident, for, without a whisper, he turned as noiselessly as he had entered, and remained quietly outside until his master appeared.

"Any physician who has used it will certify to the excellence of Hunt's Remedy. Hunt's Remedy is a standard remedy for dropsy and kidney disease."
GILBERT CLARK, M. D.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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PHOTO-ARTIST.

Large Stock of Rich and Elegant Picture Frames. Over 100 different Styles to select from.

GREEN'S BLOCK,

Opposite Depot, Spencer, Mass.

FOR SALE

The lot of land lying east of the village known as DRAPER HILL.

About 35 acres. For terms address
C. O. BREWSTER,
2155 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES

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GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

Of extra ability and experience, to take general appointing agencies, to find and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) IN FULL their experience, etc.
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Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

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| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
| 6 months " " " " " " " " | .50 |
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Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 30, 1885.

Nature's More Riddles.

Chickens, two minutes after they have left the egg, will follow the movements of crawling insects and peck at them, judging distance and direction with accuracy. They will instinctively appreciate sounds, readily running toward an invisible hen when they hear her call. Some young birds have an innate horror of the sight of a hawk and of the sound of its voice. Swallows, tomtits and wrens, after having been confined from birth, are capable of flying at once when liberated, on their wings having attained the necessary growth. The Duke of Argyle relates some interesting particulars about the instinct of birds, especially the water ousel, the merganser and the wild duck. As to a class of beasts it is recorded: Five young polecats were found comfortably imbedded in dry, withered grass, and in a side hole, of proper dimensions for such a lair, were forty frogs and two toads, all alive, but merely capable of crawling a little. On examination the whole number proved to be purposely and dexterously bitten through the brain. Evidently the parent polecat had thus provided the young with food which could be kept perfectly fresh, because alive, and yet rendered quite unable to escape. This singular instinct is like others which are yet more fully developed among insects—a class of animals, the instincts of which are so numerous, wonderful and notorious that it will be, probably, enough to refer to one or two examples. The female carpenter bee, in order to protect her eggs, excavates in some piece of wood, a series of chambers in special order, with a view to a peculiar mode of exit for her young; but the young mother can have no conscious knowledge of the series of actions subsequently to ensue. The female of the wasp, *spheex*, affords another example of a complex instinct closely related to that already mentioned in the case of the polecat. The female wasp has to provide fresh, living animal food for her progeny, which, when it quits its egg, quits it in the form of an almost helpless grub, utterly unable to catch, retain or kill an active,

struggling prey. Accordingly the mother insect has not only to provide and place beside her eggs suitable living prey, but so to treat it that it may be a helpless, unresisting victim. That victim may be a mere caterpillar or it may be a great, powerful grasshopper, or even that most fierce, active and rapacious of insect tyrants, a fell and venomous spider. Whichever it may be the wasp adroitly stings it at the spot which induces, or in the several spots which induce, complete paralysis as to motion. This done, the wasp entombs the helpless being with its own egg, and leaves it for the support of the future grub.

A Daily Defalcation.

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of great integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave it, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known to him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down!

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not work that kills men. It is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. Bye and bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering until their dying day unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver. For it is a well-known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of the vital organs by so wonderful and highly reputed a specific as Warner's safe cure, is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily put upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, we learn, indicating, as we have said, a break-down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—*Sunday Herald.*

CUSHING ACADEMY. ASHBURNHAM, MASS.

For both sexes. Classical, English and Scientific courses. Extra facilities for medical students or others in chemistry. Expenses low. Year begins Sept. 10. Send for catalogue. JAS. E. VOSE, Prin.



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RECORD.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE. PRICE \$1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

Physicians' Testimony.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable remedy."

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent.

"CANDEE" ARCTICS

—WITH—
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Two Years
TEST.



The "CANDEE" RUBBER CO. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the DOUBLE THICK BALL. The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives DOUBLE WEAR.

Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskas, &c.

A Common Sense
Idea.



SAGE & CO.,

Wholesale Agents "CANDEE" Co.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dealing in Old Clothes.

A New York dealer in old clothes said to a *Sun* reporter: "Let a poor man come to me or any other man who makes a specialty of second-hand clothing, and I'll guarantee to furnish him with a suit of clothes that will make him look as near like a refined, gentlemanly fellow as nature ever intended. The clothes will bear the mark of a first-class tailor, and will look well as long as they last. We frequently sell suits of clothes for \$15 that have only been worn by careful, fastidious men for a short time, and that never cost less than \$40 or \$50 when they were new.

"I began the business by going around buying old clothes myself, and have had some strange adventures. We always have to carry a big stock, for we seldom get any clothing that is seasonable. In the spring we get winter clothing, and in the fall summer clothing, and so on. Very often the clothes are laid aside and never bothered with until the seasons call them forth. One cold winter day I was tramping along Fifth avenue with my bag under my arm, and stopping here and there in the basements looking for bargains, when I came to a handsome brownstone house near Fiftieth street. There was a colored man in the basement, and when I asked him if he had any old clothes to sell he opened the door quietly, and, cautioning me not to say a word, led me into the back basement. Then he left me and went up stairs, but returned in a few minutes with an armful of very good clothing. His actions were very suspicious, but I didn't feel called upon to ask for an explanation, even though the clothes were built for a small man and the negro weighed about 200 pounds. The clothing was of the best quality and was worn so little that it was almost as good as new. I offered a pretty good price for it, and the negro made me feel sorry for having done so by accepting my offer at once. I crammed the clothes in my bag, and then giving the negro my card, with an invitation to let me know if he had any more bargains, I went away. Early the next morning the negro was at my house, nearly scared to death. He said he must have the clothes back right off, and tried to shove the money I had paid for them into my hand. I said I wouldn't give them back unless he paid me something for my trouble in lugging them all the way down town, and explain why he wanted them. He finally gave \$5 for my trouble, and then paralyzed me by saying that the clothes belonged to his master, who had been sick a long time. He was so bad the day before that everybody thought he would die during the night. The negro took advantage of the old gentleman's death to dispose of about half his wardrobe. Instead of

dying the old chap took a turn for the better, and that morning everybody was sure he would eventually recover. I gave the clothes back to the negro, and the way he climbed up town with them was a caution."

Strange Wagers.

The London swells are the most inveterate betters in the world. Time hangs so heavy on their hands that in the excitement of uncertainty they find a grateful relief. A curious bet was made in one of the London clubs, some years ago, that will doubtless point a moral. It was that a certain member could not within two hours, on London Bridge, sell one hundred new guineas at a penny apiece. The man took his place on the bridge with a little tray on which he had the coins. He informed the passers by that they were genuine gold coins from the bank of England, and that they were to be had for a penny each. The cartmen and policemen laughed at him. When the time had expired, such is human incredulity, that he had sold but two, which a maid servant bought to amuse her two little charges.

Another peculiar bet made in London was by a well-known barrister, for a large amount, that he would, at a certain hour, block Fleet street in the busiest part of the day, and at the narrowest point. Half an hour before the appointed time he took his stand on the opposite side of the street from an insurance office which had a large lion over the door. He was dressed like a necromancer, with a long cloak, and wearing a tall, pointed hat, and large glasses over his eyes. Under one arm he carried an enormous book, and in his hand he held a large telescope, which every few moments he pointed at the lion, after inspecting the book.

People gathered around, and he told them that in the Book of Balderdash it was written that in half an hour that lion would wag his tail. Slowly walking up and down, and every few minutes taking a look at the lion through his glass, he attracted the attention of everybody, and the awaiting crowd grew every moment denser. Then wagons stopped to see what the trouble was; and these jammed the others until the whole street was crowded and impassable. The barrister slipped away in the crowd, but a most obstinate jam ensued, and it was more than an hour before the police could clear the thoroughfare.

\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK" BY DR. EADON, a graduate of three universities, and retired after 30 years' practice, writes: "The work is priceless in value, and called for by the general society. It is new, startling, and of very instructive value. It is the most popular and comprehensive book bearing on MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE, ever written by the sage of Half a Million to be the most popular and instructive, practical presentation of 'Medical Common Sense,' made available to invalids, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, physicians, clergymen, critics, and literati. A thorough treatment of subjects especially important to young men everywhere who 'wants to know, you know.' Will find it interesting. 4 Parts, 35 Chapters, 936 Pages, 200 Illustrations, and A NEW FEATURE. Just introduced, consists of a series of 16-page chapters, guaranteed superior to any before offered in a popular physiological book, and finding its way into the most attractive and quick-selling AGENTS' Kiosks already found a solid sale in the work. Many agents take 50 or 100 at once, at special rates. Send for terms. FREE—A 16-page Contents Table of Plain Home Talk, red, white and blue covers, and a sample of Dr. Eadon's Health Monthly, some print and illustrations, the Standard Edition, \$3.25. Difference in paper and binding. Popular Edition, 1.50. Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 (N.) East 28th St., New York.

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Shop Girls.

Shop girls generally walk. It is only the most inclement weather that drives them to the cars. Ordinary storms they cheerfully brave, equipped with stout shoes and gossamer cloaks, that, in spite of rubber patents, have come to be cheap enough for the poorest to enjoy. They bustle along to their work mostly in pairs. They know just how many minutes are required for a walk so as to reach their work places none too soon. Most carry paper covered novels with which to beguile snatches of time during the day. They are generally neatly dressed. There is hardly a fashion on Fifth Avenue that does not soon find its reflex and echo, in cheaper materials, among the shop girls. The high-heeled boots, the jerseys, the bunting costumes, the open-work sleeves, the lace trimmings, and the thousand vagaries of fashion have, in turn, bedecked the shop girls and made them resplendent. They trip along on their way to work as cheerfully as if they were going to a picnic or a ball. They are no more unconscious of passing admiration than a Newport or Saratoga belle. They see what is going on about them. They are not afraid of being looked at. They have a self-reliant air that is a protection. They do not faint if some corner loafer makes audible remarks. Possibly they may also make defensive remarks if the corner loafer comes too near, but they are not afraid of him and know how to make him slink off rebuked.

As evening comes on the tide turns. The day's toil has not taken away their firm, elastic step. Their clothing is yet neat and trim. They chat as they walk and seem to be happy. They do not loiter on the way, but go on with a business-like air. You cannot help remarking as you see these girls morning and evening that many of them are very young—too young to be put to steady labor. Trace them to their homes and you will find that the three or four dollars a week that many of them earn are a welcome help to the support of poor families. To decrease that income even by the payment of daily car fares would be a calamity. Some of them, it is true, look thin and pale, but the unmistakable characteristics is rather of a pleasant than a painful life. They are doubtless less burdened with irksome lives than the household drudges whose work is never done, and whose observation is mostly confined to the four walls of dingy rooms in tenement houses.

For all diseases of the kidneys and liver. Physicians prescribe *Hunt's Remedy*.

The medicine that can search and root out every ill of kidneys or liver, is *Hunt's Remedy*.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course the vessel was at the mercy of wind and waves.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy, and in ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.

—*The Traveler*.

The Maidens and the Image.

On the water side of Vera Cruz stands a stone image, whose bruised countenance tells a queer tale of feminine credulity. From time immemorial it has been believed that if a marriageable woman shall hit this image squarely in the face with a stone she will immediately obtain a husband and an advantageous settlement in life. The inventor of the fable was evidently acquainted with the fact that women are not expert in throwing stones. Were it not for this lamentable disability the poor image would have been totally demolished years ago. As it is, the battered face has lost all semblance of features, and heaps of small stones, lying all about, attest the industry of the Mexican maidens, as well as their good sense in desiring matrimonial settlement. The tumble down church, behind which it stands, has a remarkable number of female attendants, especially at vesper services. The homeward path lies directly past the image, and many a pebble is slyly tossed under the friendly shadow of the gloaming by women, young and old.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking any agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLET BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.



Lots of People Say,
"OH MY
BACK!"

Here is Solid
A 1 TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

*** "Health is better than wealth." ***

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1133 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

*** "Good counsel has no price, obey it." ***

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well." *** "Light suppers makes long lives." ***

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1893, says:—"My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

*** "Deeds are better than words." ***

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

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President's Proclamation.

Soon after eight o'clock last Thursday morning President Cleveland was informed of the death of Gen. Grant. He immediately directed that the flag on the White House should be placed at half mast. The lowering of the flag was the first intimation that the citizens of Washington had of the death of the distinguished general. A few minutes after the White House flag was placed at half mast, the flags on all the public buildings and on many private houses were placed in like position. The bells of the city were tolled. Business men immediately began draping their houses with mourning. While the bells tolled President Cleveland sent the following despatch to Mrs. Grant, at Mount McGregor:

"Accept this expression of my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your great affliction. The people of the nation mourn with you, and would reach, if they could, with kindly comfort, the depths of the sorrow which is yours alone and which only the pity of God can heal."

The following proclamation was afterward issued by the President:

"The President of the United States has just received the sad tidings of the death of that illustrious citizen and ex-President of the United States, General Ulysses S. Grant, at Mount McGregor, in the State of New York, to which place he had lately been removed in the endeavor to prolong his life.

In making this announcement to the people of the United States, the President is impressed with the magnitude of the public loss of a great military leader, who was in the hour of victory magnanimous; amid disaster, serene and self-sustained; who in every station, whether as a soldier or as a Chief Magistrate twice called to power by his fellow countrymen, trod unswervingly the pathway of duty undeterred by doubts, single-minded and straightforward. The entire country has witnessed with deep emotion his prolonged and patient struggle with painful disease, and has watched by his couch of suffering with tearful sympathy.

The destined end has come at last, and his spirit has returned to the Creator who sent it forth. The great heart of the nation that followed him, when living, with love and pride, bows now in sorrow above him dead, tenderly mindful of his virtues, his great patriotic services, and of the loss occasioned by his death.

In testimony of respect to the memory of General Grant, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several departments at Washington be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that all public business shall on the day of the funeral be suspended; and the Secretary of War and of the Navy will cause orders to be issued for

appropriate military and naval honors to be rendered on that day.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-third day of July, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and the Independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President:

T. F. BAYARD,

Secretary of State."

The President also issued an order directing that all the executive departments of the government be closed at 1 o'clock P. M. as a remark of respect to the memory of General Grant.

Tricks of Tramps.

"All the old lays are played out and it takes an artist to live fat like we used to do. I really believe the chickens roost higher than they did in the good old days. Oh, times is getting awful!" The fellow retired to a cave of gloom, metaphorically speaking, as he gave way to the flood of memories of the time before tramp business had been prostrated by overproduction. "A man has to either steal or work some fake, like mending umbrellas or mending chiney—that's about as handy as any.

"Oh, there ain't much to it. All a man's got to carry is some samples, which must be straight, and some Persian cement—glue, water or anything to hold the dishes together till the man gets out of the neighborhood. You tie up the dishes with string and tell 'em that they must let 'em alone at least twenty-four hours to dry, which gives you time to skip. I run out of glue water onct and I cemented my dishes together with molasses, which I got out of a farmer's pantry. It was pretty much the same.

"Cleaning clocks is another good fake, only it has been worked to death. One of us goes ahead and tinkers up the clock, taking it partially to pieces, tickling it up with a feather and aun'ting it with ile or lard or something. I always, when I'm on the tramp, carry boa constrictor ile or yak ile for the purpose. It's coal ile or lard, just as it happens. When I comes to put it together if I don't know exactly where all the wheels go I do the best I know how, and if there is an overflow of wheels without holes to put 'em in, as is usually the case, I jest quietly slip 'em in my pocket. I then hand-pike the hands ahead a half-hour and tells the folks it is unhealthy to turn them back and that they had better wait till the time comes as pointed by the clock before they start it running. This saves disarrangin' the innards, I tells 'em. That half-hour lets me out, and I goes if the clock don't."



"A REMARKABLE BOOK" BY DR. RADON, and a graduate of three universities, and retired after 50 years' practice, he writes: "The work is new, startling, and very instructive. It is the most popular and comprehensive book treating of **MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE** known by the sale of half a million copies, the most popular readable because written in language plain, concise, and forcible. It is a practical presentation of the 'Common Sense' method applicable to invalids, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, physicians, clergymen, critics, and literati. A thorough treatment of subjects especially important to young men. Everyone who 'wants to know, you know,' will find it interesting. **4 Parts, 35 Chapters, 636 Pages, 200 Illustrations, and A NEW FEATURE** of beautiful colored anatomical charts, in five colors, guaranteed superior to any before offered in a popular physiological work. Forthcoming it again the most attractive in the market. **AGENTS** who have already found a wide market in their work for 'Agents' take 50 or 100 at once, at special rates. Send for terms, hours. Many agents take a sample of Plain Home Talk, 'Feel, Write, and Blue Circulars, and a sample of Dr. Foote's Health Monthly. **FREE**—a 16-page Contents Table of Plain Home Talk, 'Feel, Write, and Blue Circulars, and a sample of Dr. Foote's Health Monthly. **Standard Edition, \$3.25** Same print and illustrations, the Popular Edition, **1.50** difference is in paper and binding. **MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., 129 (N.) East 28th St., New York.**

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Weekly Times.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—*Assembly No. 2929.*—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U. W.—*Division No. 17.*—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—*Hayden Lodge.*—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Aug. 19th, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, — degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B. B.—*Brookfield Brass Band.*—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—*Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.*—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—*Dexter Post, 88.*—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant. Edwin Legg, Commander.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—*Merrick Council, No. 902.*—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, July 30, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

- Local news items run low this week.
- The camping-out fever is at its height.
- Picnics and social gatherings continue in order daily at Point of Pines and Oakland Gardens.
- The K. of L. lecture last evening was largely attended, the subject being treated in Mr. Trevellick's usual forcible manner.
- The library books are called in for the annual examination. All out must be in on or before August 12, or else pay double fines.
- During the thunder storm last Friday afternoon the lightning struck a tree just back of the J. L. Rice residence on Maple street.
- Never before in the history of the big shop has there been the amount of business done as at present. The factory is, in fact, swarming with help.
- FOR SALE.—Six-year-old cow, giving milk year round. New milk August 1. Call at the farm of Charles Richards, Sturbridge, two miles south of Rice Corner.
- A man engaged on the B. & A. railroad bridge at East Brookfield was brought before Judge Duell this morning for drunkenness and disturbing the peace, and fined, with costs, \$21.52. He offered insults to two girls also at the same time.
- The news of General Grant's death last Thursday was the topic of the day. At two o'clock the bells were tolled. L. C. Thompson has a fine engraving of the General in one of his show windows, appropriately draped. The G. A. R. hall also is very tastefully draped.

—The sole-leather room challenged the bottomers of the big shop to a game of ball last Saturday for \$25 a side, but upon the acceptance of the challenge found some kind of an excuse to back out of it. They found that a little "bluff" wouldn't win the game and hardly had the grit to try and let their skill do it.

—The A. O. H. have planned for their annual picnic at Point of Pines, Saturday, Aug. 15. Besides the regular order of sports there will be wrestling and sparring matches, Ryan, of Worcester, being among the contestants. A game of base ball will also be played between a Worcester club and a picked nine from this town.

—The citizens of Brookfield are respectfully requested to meet at the Town Hall on Saturday, Aug. 1, at 7:30 p. m., for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the observance of memorial services Saturday, Aug. 8, in memory of America's great military chieftain, General U. S. Grant. It is earnestly desired that a full attendance be present.

—Turn to page three and you will find there a very pleasant sketch entitled "In Camp." This is, what we hope will be, the first of a series concerning the now very popular mode of pleasure hunting—"camping-out." As it gives but the first day's experience, our hopes may be realized in issues to come, and that they will prove interestingly readable this week's chapter fully warrants.

—Judge Duell held early court Monday and Tuesday mornings. On the former some six or eight modest gentlemen, whose names we refrain from mentioning, settled up with the court to amounts varying from six to eleven dollars, including costs, for a course of too much liquid refreshments on the Saturday evening previous, which was the cause of much disturbance near the Butterworth factory ruins. Half as many more followed suit the next morning.

Rubber Stamps.

Having purchased the joint interest Messrs. Geo. N. Hill and F. W. Cummings have held with me for a year past in Para Rubber Stamp Co., I wish here to announce that the rubber stamp business will be continued by me at my usual place of business. Patrons are requested, therefore, to leave all orders at my office or with any authorized agent.
C. H. WHITTEMORE,
Publisher BROOKFIELD TIMES.

Births.

DONAHUE.—In this village, July 28, a son to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Donahue.

Divorces of the World.

The following particulars as to the methods of securing divorces in different countries are interesting:

Siamese—The first wife may be divorced, not sold, as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic region—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.

Tartar—The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it

pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a formal divorce.

Chinese—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislikes, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him and becomes a slave to him by action of the law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents.

Javans—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum.

Thibetans—Divorces are seldom allowed unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterward re-marry.

Moors—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.

Abyssinians—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.

Coreans—The husband can divorce his wife, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children; if she proves unfaithful he can put her to death.

Druse and Turkoman—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and if he says "go," without adding "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot live together without being re-married.

Cochin-China—If the parties choose to separate, they break a pair of chopsticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.

American Indians—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given to the witnesses of the marriage are burnt as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

\$200,000 in presents given away. Send 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 32. BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1885. 3 Cts. EACH.

WOULD it not be a seasonable idea if our street commissioners, or committee, would have the old tree roots and other rubbish scattered along the wayside removed to some less conspicuous locality?

MEMORIAL services in nearly every city, town and village in this broad land, in honor of a brave and true man, is an honor indeed. Although it makes the man thus honored none the greater, it shows what a grateful, sympathizing people we are. In these tributes to General Grant, we not only honor him but ourselves.

THE project of cutting down the Mall and remodeling it is still working in the minds of some of our citizens and friends of the town. The favorite plan is to cut down the Mall to a level with the streets each side of it, and make one broad street through the middle of it, with a green lawn or park each side, this to be set out with shade trees and flowers. It really seems as if our village should have a little pride in this matter, and be willing to have the improvement made. It is claimed the earth in the Mall would pay for moving, and that some one would be willing to cut down the trees for wood. One objection raised is that it is too bad to cut those elms down, but it should be borne in mind that they will not last much longer at best. They are fast decaying and dying. There are those in town who would be willing to bear a portion of the expenses of this improvement, with others.

Written for the TIMES.

In Camp.

CHAPTER II.

Our first night in camp was one of unbroken slumber, from which we were awakened in the early morning by Gertie, who came in, in dripping bathing suit, with hands full of water lilies.

"Gertie, Gertie!" exclaims Sibyl, "how imprudent of you to go in the water at this early hour, and alone, too," but for answer Gertie only holds her lilies out for our admiration, and while her fingers softly caress the white petals, she recites:

I have passed through many a sunny clime,
Where roses reposed on beds of thyme;
Where the hyacinth blushed with its loveliest glow
O'er the blue-eyed violets that smiled below.
But never in garden, meadow or bower,
Have I seen so fair and lovely a flower.

Our gaze wanders from the fragrant blossoms to the lovely face bent above them, questioning if the quotation may not be as aptly applied to her. How we, who love her, wish we had her portrait, as she stands there in her suit of navy blue, her black hair unbound and falling below her waist, cheeks the daintiest pink, and gray eyes veiled by heavy lashes. Truly, if our Gertie is not a beauty, she is very "fair to look upon," and what their fragrance is to water lilies, her joyous spirits, sweet, mocking, imperious ways are to her.

As we sit at breakfast, in the cool of the morning, with the dark shadow of the pines above us, and the pond, a steely mirror, before us, in which are reflected the bordering hills, a thrush lights down on a neighboring bough and delights our ears with such a flood of melody as can be matched by no other of our New England birds, unless it be the bobolink. A grandfather long-legs drops down and struggles across the cloth, without so much as a "by your leave," while myriads of last night's raindrops on the bushes about us tremble and glitter like diamonds in the sunlight.

The morning is spent on the shore, but while it is yet early forenoon we retreat to the shade, for the air is hot and sultry. It is a gala day at the Point of Pines, and the saucy little steamer passes with quite as much noise and bustle as larger crafts of the same kind, while several sail boats dot the expanse of water visible from our tent door. John, stretched at length in the shade, busies himself with the *American Journal of Science*, and Gertie pesters him with questions and small talk. Seeing them together, one is forcibly reminded of a playful kitten frolicking about a dignified Newfoundland.

"Do tell me something about your friend Roy Grandon," she says at last. John has said that he will join us tomorrow, and Gertie has never met him. "Is he as great a talker as you are, and shall we be honored with your company at all after he arrives?" This is intended to be slightly sarcastic, for she pretends to think John extremely grave and silent.

"Wait until he comes and you shall see," is the laconic rejoinder.

"Now, you hope to arouse my curiosity, don't you? But, is he fine looking? Does he wear glass? I know just the kind of a man he must be to be your friend," she continues, teasingly. "He is short and obese, dresses in black, talks but little, and that only of what pertains to his profession. As he is an M. D. he will discourse learnedly of health and disease, and lecture me mildly for my disregard of Nature's laws. 'My dear Miss Burdick,' I already hear him saying, 'really, you should be more careful of your diet; pickles are, as an article of food, very injurious; one might almost as well put sole-leather in his stomach.' Oh, dear! Why did you invite him, John? I shall hate him, I know. Please, Sibyl, be sure to put the pickles on the table at every meal while he is here, and I will see that he is asked to have one at least twice each time we eat."

We all laugh, and John lays down his paper, hopeless of reading more. "Now, that you have described Dr. Grandon so accurately, let me do the same by Miss La Porte." Sadie La Porte is Gertie's friend and classmate from Bangor, who is coming on Thursday, by Gertie's invitation, to spend a couple of weeks with her. "I know just the kind of a girl she must be to be your friend," he says, quoting Gertie's words to him. "She is tall and stoop-shouldered, with small, watery, blue eyes, speaks with a lisp, affects a mild melancholy, and is, altogether, just the kind of a female that will drive a man to solitude and his pipe, if he be a lover of the weed."

"Now, cousin John, how provoking," laughingly pouts Gertie, "you will like Miss La Porte. I know you will, but I will not give you one single item of information in regard to her. I can be as silent as you."

The heat is suffocating. Not a breath of air disturbs the quiet pines, and we are glad when, again, the rumble of distant thunder announces an approaching shower. After it is past, toward night, we take to the boat, and row about here and there on the placid water, and rock and chat until the sun goes down, ending our second day in camp. L.

(To be Continued.)

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Written for the TIMES.

In Camp.

Gertie is here again for the summer, and we are camping by Podunk pond. Our party consists of John, Sibyl, Gertie and myself. Uncle 'Miah and aunt Ruth remain at home to keep house; uncle 'Miah saying, "I guess, at our time of life, Ruth and I can sleep better on a feather bed than we could outside o' the pond, but if you young-folks want to go, why, go. I'll carry you an' your traps out there, an' come arter you agin Saturday night." So here we are. All of yesterday forenoon was spent in regulating things in our temporary home, and it was proposed at dinner that we devote the afternoon to fishing. This proposition was immediately followed by an abbreviated declaration of independence from John, which would read about like this: "Now, girls, I never catch a fish when I go with you, for the reason that you keep me busy all the time baiting hooks for you. While we are in camp I will not bait a single hook for you, so if you wish to fish you must bait your own."

"Now, cousin John!" exclaimed Gertie, ruefully. This is to be her first fishing excursion, and though she hasn't a doubt but what she can bait a hook if necessary, she does object, decidedly, to handling those black, shiny worms which she saw John digging in the garden. Sibyl clasps her hands, and bowing low in mock humility, says, "The Grand Mogul hath spoken; let it be as my master desireth."

We preferred fishing this time from the land, and a tramp of an eighth of a mile alongside the pond brought us to what we considered a favorable locality—a little cove, where the water looked deep and dark, and where, as we were led to believe afterwards, the sun could pour down his very hottest beams upon our unprotected heads.

John, with mischievous eyes, gravely adjusts his fishing tackle, and Sibyl, more slowly, proceeds to do the same. Impatient Gertie, anxious to be first to haul in a fish, which she has already decided shall be one of those black bass of which she has heard us tell so much, loosens her line, and, catching up the box of bait, hastily selects a plump angle worm. Without a moment's hesitation she hangs it dangling upon the point of her hook, and, as quickly as possible, casts her line far out toward the water lilies, with an exultant "There!" at the success of her achievement. A burst of laughter from the other three, who have covertly watched her and purposely delayed in their preparations, causes her to lift her dark eyes, wonderingly, and, in response to their advice, withdraw her line from the water, when she takes her first lesson in properly baiting a hook.

The lines are presently all cast, and now a tedious waiting ensues, for the fish positively refuse to bite. Gertie grows restless and begs to go farther down the pond, but John assures her that this is "a good place," as promising as any, and so we wait on. Not a ripple disturbs the surface of the water, not the tremor of a fishing rod is observed, save that imparted by the restless hand that holds it, and the sun's scorching rays are fast producing a deeper than rose tint upon the feminine faces. A small boy, in his stroll for berries, has found us, and, now with an air of deep interest, is watching our operations. "Say, Bub," says Gertie, "did you ever know of any fish being caught here?" "Yes," emphatically replies the boy, and with eyes that widen at the importance of his communication he announces that "my brother caught a big string here last Friday; most all bullheads, only some white perch, and one whoppin' big pickerel." We laugh amusedly at the little fellow, who now seats himself upon a log, and our waiting continues. After a little time silence is again broken by Gertie: "Say, Bub, I'll give you a quarter if you'll jump in there and let me fish you out." Small boy begins to draw a little further from us, and amid our laughter picks up his tin pail and hastens away as though in fear of being used for fish bait.

By and by John brings in a good-sized bullhead, and soon Sibyl does the same. Then Gertie nervously proclaims that she "has a bite," and after several times jerking her hook and line from the water, she succeeds in depositing, in the lap of Sibyl, a diminutive flat fish. Other successes follow, and, absorbed in our sport, we fail to pay due attention to a dark cloud which has been slowly gathering in the west, until a heavy peal of thunder nearly overhead startles us, and we hastily pull in our lines, gather up our fish and start tentward. But the shower is upon us and we take shelter under some pines, which for a while protect, and then suffers the rain to pour down upon us until we are thoroughly drenched. At last the clouds roll eastward, and through wet grass and dripping bushes we make our way to the tent. That is pitched under a large pine tree, and being double, we find everything quite dry and comfortable within, and when we have encased ourselves in dry clothing, we, too, are comfortable, and proceed to the work of getting supper. John builds the fire and dresses the fish—not a large catch, but a plenty for our small party—Gertie insists upon having potatoes with them and prepares them for roasting, while Sibyl rakes open the bed of coals and places them in their fiery bed and then broils the fish. That "many hands make light work" is as true here in camp as elsewhere, and in a short time we are

seated about our rude table, which is spread with a clean cloth, and on which, in addition to our dish of hard-ly-caught fish and bowl of roasted potatoes, is a plate of aunt Ruth's incomparable white bread, pickles for Gertie and pie for John. Not exactly a hygienic supper, but as all have good appetites and healthy stomachs, no harm is realized. Then, when the dishes are washed, we gather by the lakeside to chat and watch the sun set, while Gertie splashes in the water to her heart's content.

Later, as darkness comes on, we sing,

"Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door."

Gertie's rich soprano swelling clear on the evening air, harmonizing sweetly with the deep bass of John and Sibyl's alto.

Fireflies flit about in the damp bushes; a whip-poor-will sounds his night call from a tree hard by; voices of fishermen here and there upon the water, even the shouts of merry children in the village, a mile and a half away, reach our ears, and we sit and talk until the distant town clock warns us that it is nine o'clock, when we seek our low beds and fall asleep, to dream of fairies who dwell in water lilies, and of fishes which sing like Patti. L.

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Mexican Funerals.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know how funerals are conducted in Mexico. Instead of hearses, such as we have in the States, regular funeral-draped street-cars are fitted up for the purpose. The driver is a most comical genius, and is only to be seen to be appreciated. He is gotten up in the most sombre style, sable coat, gloved hands, broad band of crape around his hat, which is an immense stovepipe, and that cocked jauntily to one side, and to give him "tone," a huge cigar—such as they smoke here—is stuck in his mouth. Instead of a subdued look, suitable to the occasion, he assumes a rather festive air, as if chaperoning a picnic party, or as one going out on a lark, and bound to have a good time. I have seen a couple of peons start with a corpse to the car, and, it not being in sight, take a seat, one on each end, looking as comfortable as if they were seated on a red soft—and, as they smoke, deliberately discuss as to which was the best drink, "tequila," or "pulque." A game of cards is admissible, and "pulque" is sometimes drank to the corpse's health, to relieve the tediousness of waiting. Being somewhat of a stranger in Mexico, I shall not vouch for the two latter facts.

There is a second-class car, which, having no curtain, exposes the poor unfortunate corpse, not only to the burning rays of the sun, but to the eager gaze of the passers-by. No sooner does the native see this sad sight, than down he drops on his knees and crosses himself, but the fresh American gazes as long as he can see a trace of it, with eyes as large as "moons." The coffin lid is rarely put on until the cemetery is reached, and, in consequence, one often gets a glimpse of a sallow face and crossed hands.

It is not etiquette for a Mexican to attend the funeral of his dead. This is left for hardened men, who are paid for all such work. This is not the case, however, with the poorer class, who are not able to hire the commonest car, or even to buy a coffin. The peon rents a coffin for twelve-and-a-half cents, and is often seen with one containing some dearly beloved one on his back, wending his way slowly and sorrowfully to the cemetery, perhaps with feet bleeding as they come in contact with the rough stones. When he reaches the cemetery, he deposits the body in the grave without ceremony, returns the coffin to the undertaker, and—that is all. No one either cares for or pities him, for he is only a poor unfortunate peon.

The aching back, the sallow skin, the hollow eyes, give way speedily before Hunt's Remedy.

Those Red Top Boots.

Don't you remember them—the first pair you ever wore? You can close your eyes and see them again—stiff and black and heavy soled. And what points of beauty in your eyes were those red tops and bright copper toes! The memory of them brings you back to that period in your life where infancy passed into boyhood, and where dreams came to you of being a big man. They marked the beginning of your independence, of your strength, of your recognition as one of earth's creatures. Better far, they brought surcease of ridicule, so galling to a boy's pride, for they came with pants and short hair, in place of dresses and curls. How often have you gone sobbing to your mother, your heart full of grief and mortification, because a bigger boy had pulled your hair and called you a girl! The changes came all at once. Mother made the pants, and one evening she brought home the red top boots. Then she put the scissors into your soft curls, cut them off, kissed them, and laid them away. She was sorry to see the baby become a boy; but how your soul swelled. How you longed for the morning, that you might wear them! How joyfully you cried out to little Billy Brown, across the street, that you had "pants and boots!" And Billy probably answered, sullenly: "I don't care," while all the time he was filled with envy.

Dear little boots! We revere your memory. You are to the boy what the sweetheart is to the youth; what the bride is to the man.

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PROPRIETORS.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester *Guardian*, June 8, 1883, says:
At one of the
"Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways!
With clumps of rhododendrons and
great masses of May blossoms! "There
was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a
"Cotton spinner," but was now so
Paralyzed!

That he could only bear to lie in a
reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was attacked twelve years ago
with "Locomotor Ataxy"
(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured)
and was for several years barely able
to get about.

And for the last five years not able
to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Man-
chester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate;" "For anything
in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my
dear wife's constant urging to try Hop
Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!

I had not quite finished the first bot-
tle when I felt a change come over me.
This was Saturday, November 3d. On
Sunday morning I felt so strong I said
to my room companion, "I was sure
I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all
over the house. I am gaining strength each day,
and can walk quite safe without any
"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be
able to earn my own living again. I have been a
member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily
congratulated on going into the room on Thursday
last. Very greatly yours, JOHN BLACKBURN,
Manchester (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.
Two years later am perfectly well.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops
on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous
stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name. 27-15

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A Fatal Employment.

A Duke Centre (Penn.) letter to the New York Sun is as follows: "Yes, my brother and I feel rather lonesome when we look back and think over the past five years," said one of the famous Gallagher brothers, oil well shooters. "A gang of ten of us," said he, "started out in the torpedoing business then, and my brother and I are the only ones of the party left. I don't suppose, taking it all together, more than three pounds of the other eight were ever found. They never found as much as a vest button of poor Lew Gray's. He was carrying a few cans of nitro-glycerine on his back in a bag, to save cartage, and while he was passing through the town of Red Rock he slipped and fell. That only left five of us. There wasn't much of Red Rock left ten seconds after Lew fell with his load. Ben Garthwaite was the next one to go. He was getting ready to torpedo a well at Richburg, and something went wrong with the business. A can of nitro-glycerine exploded. Ben's cap was found hanging in a tree three hundred yards away, and three fingers and a foot that had belonged to him were picked up in the vicinity, and that was all any one ever saw of poor Ben. Joe Ross and four others of our gang went to do a job at Corwin Centre. No one ever knew what caused the explosion, because neither Joe nor any of the other four were ever found. It was impossible to tell who the bits of scattered remains that were found belonged to, and the coroner's inquest was lumped, and the remnants were buried together. Bill Grant was unloading a wagon load of nitro-glycerine soon after that at Bolivar, and was passing the cans out to another man in the way some of the reckless handlers of the stuff have a habit of doing; that is, throwing them out for the other man to catch, the same as you've seen men unload bricks. By and by the man who was catching the cans let one slip through his fingers, and it fell on a stone. Bill's widow hadn't much of him to bury. I don't know what the other man's name was, or whether he left a widow or not. So that left my brother and me the last of the gang. We've shot hundreds of wells, I guess, and while we don't have any more fear or nervousness in handling the deadly stuff than you would in handling so many sticks of wood, we know what it can do, and we favor it all we know how. Still, it's only a matter of time, I suppose. One of these days some unlooked for thing is bound to happen, and then my brother and I will be scattered around like the rest of them were. I might take some other kind of a job, where there was less danger and the pay just as good, but I don't know. I do know that I wouldn't hire out to work on the railroad. When I see train

men running over the top of freight cars, it makes me shudder. Why, they're apt to fall and get a leg or arm taken off any minute. But maybe they get reckless and forget what danger they're in. They make me nervous."

The lonesome brother turned to a workman who was standing several feet away. "Hey, Johnny," he shouted, "chuck me another can of glycerine. I guess she'll stand another."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

In the Bernese Oberland a parrot one day made its escape and perched on the rain-trough of a farmhouse in the neighborhood. The farmer, who had probably never been out of his native village, brought a ladder to capture the strange animal. When he had reached the top, and was stretching out his hand, the parrot called out: "What do you want? What do you want?" The astonished peasant at once took off his cap and said: "Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought you were a bird!"

Killing His Keeper.

The huge elephant Albert, belonging to the Barnum show, killed his keeper, Jas. McCormick, professionally known as Jas. Sweeney, at Nashua, N. H., on July 18. Sweeney's body, enclosed in an elegant casket, was shipped to his relatives at Manchester. The entire company, headed by the principal band playing appropriate airs, escorted the body to the depot and paid the last respects to their dead comrade at 6 o'clock the following morning. The ceremony was an imposing one and was witnessed by many residents.

During the afternoon performance of the circus Mr. James S. Hutchison, one of the managers, announced that as the elephant had taken human life he should be shot immediately after the performance, and requested any members of the Keene Light Guards who might be in the audience to report to their captain at the door of the museum canvas. At 4:30 p. m. the giant Albert, loaded with chains and preceded by the head trainers, Arstingstall and Newman, marched forth from the menagerie, followed by thirty-three riflemen and nearly all the members of the show. The procession crossed a long field and passed down into a long ravine near the river. Here the elephant was securely chained to the trunks of some

large trees and the riflemen were drawn up in line fifteen paces from his head and side. At this stage of the proceedings the great animal seemed to instinctively feel that something unusual was about to occur, for he began to trumpet in a truly piteous manner.

Geo. Arstingstall, the trainer, drew a chalk line around the animal's head and one around the brain as targets for the sharpshooters. The commands, "ready, aim," were given. Arstingstall cried "Albert," the monster raised his head in obedience to the last command of his keeper and as the word "fire," accompanied by the report of thirty-three military rifles rang out, the animal fell dead in his chains without a struggle or a cry. The execution was witnessed by fully 2,000 people, who gave a great shout as the man-slayer fell. Albert was an Asiatic elephant and leader of the performing herd. He was next in size to Jumbo and has, until quite recently, been considered one of the safest of the herds. A telegram was sent to the managers of the Smithsonian institution museum, Washington, donating the remains to that institution. The authorities answered immediately that they would send men to take charge, and thanked the donors for the present.

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Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, Aug. 6, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—The tax rate this year will be \$17.50 on \$1,000.

—The Brookfield House is very tastefully draped.

—Is there to be a High School re-union this year?

—Arcanum meeting next Monday evening. Full attendance desired.

—Miss Jennie L. Irwin is spending a portion of her vacation with friends in South-bridge.

—The A. O. H. picnic bills are out. They will doubtless have a big time at the Point of Pines a week from next Saturday.

—Wanted at this office, copies of Nos. 15 and 17, April 9 and 23, 1885, of the TIMES. For a good clean copy of each we will pay 10 cents per copy.

—Messrs. T. A. Knowles and G. L. Hornbrook, both of Pittsfield, Mass., spent last week camping-out at South Pond, with Mr. Charles Steele and two other of our town's boys, who were home recruiting from Boston.

—Lightning again struck an elm tree last Saturday afternoon, this time in front of Mr. Bax's house, on School street, but a few rods, and in a direct line, of the one that struck the week previous, in Mrs. Rice's yard. It did not damage the tree very much.

—There will be a special meeting of Cataract Engine Co. next Monday evening, to act on the invitation of the Chicopee Fire Department to take part in their hose tournament to come off Aug. 27. This tournament is for hose companies alone, with four prizes: 1st, \$200 in gold; 2d, \$125; 3d, \$75; 4th, \$25, and a 5th consolation prize for companies not winning any of the above. Reduced rates and everything will be done to make it possible for all to attend, and our department should send a hose company, even if their chances would be small of winning a prize. They would have a good time and perhaps learn something.

—The programme for the Grant memorial services next Saturday afternoon have been issued. They will be opened at 2 o'clock at the Town Hall, and will embrace addresses by the Rev. Messrs. Capen of the Methodist, Eldridge of the Unitarian, Foley of the Catholic and Stebbins of the Congregational churches, in the order named, interspersed with appropriate music by the band and choir. Miss Emma A. Stone will also sing "Columbia's Tribute to the Fallen Hero." Rev. C. P. Blanchard will make the opening prayer and pronounce the benediction. The committee requests the closing of all business on that day from the hours of 1 to 5 P. M. Flowers and potted plants are solicited from all, and should be brought to the hall in the forenoon, where the committee will care for them. Members of the different organizations invited, are requested to report at the hall at 1:45 P. M. The services will doubtless be interesting, and there should be a general turnout.

Written for the TIMES.

The Nation's Dead.

A VISIT TO MOUNT MCGREGOR.

On Thursday last the Saratoga papers announced that Colonel Grant had consented to allow visitors at Mount McGregor and guests at the Hotel Balmoral to view the remains of his father that day. The papers also stat-

ed that it would be the last chance the people in this vicinity would have to look upon the "Hero at Rest." A party of twenty or more from our house was soon on its way to the station. Just as the train was starting a rumor was circulated in the cars that it was all a hoax; the general public would not be admitted to the Grant cottage; that only the visitors at the adjoining hotel were included in the permit of Colonel Grant. Murmurs of disappointment were heard on every side, and we felt we had started on a fool's errand. However, the ride up the mountain was sure to be delightful, and as the day was charming we decided that an excursion to Mount McGregor would have many attractions, even if we were denied the privilege considered so sacred and enviable by those who have always held General Grant in high regard. To see the house where he died, the piazza where he sat and wrote his last public and private messages, to walk about among the trees and view the scenes which became so familiar to him during the monotonous and sorrowful weeks preceding his death. To see these things would be gratifying to those whose hearts have been touched by the patient endurance, the grand and quiet waiting for death which our national hero evinced during the sure and steady progress of his fatal disease.

Arrived at our destination, hope revived by the report that a worthy minister of our party, on intimate terms with the Grant family, had interceded in our behalf in a note to Colonel Grant, and answer soon came that admission would be granted to all visitors on the mountain from three to five o'clock. This would necessitate our remaining on Mount McGregor all day, but we gladly gave up the earlier trains, so that we were permitted to take a last look at the face of the man who has become immortal in the history of our country.

We whiled away the hours of waiting by writing to our friends from the piazza of Hotel Balmoral, from which a glorious view of the country for many miles around met our eyes. The Adirondack and Catskill mountains showed their blue and purple outlines against a lovely sky. At noon we lunched in a grove just below the Grant Cottage. The military guard filed by us, two by two, on their way to dinner. They are a fine looking set of men, and kept step perfectly. Their little white tents showed between the green spaces of the trees and added to the picturesqueness of the scene. Soon after dinner we noticed a group of people, headed by the Rev. Dr. Newman, walking toward the cottage, and concluded they were among the favored few admitted at an earlier hour. We watched them as they approached the forward sentinel on guard on the grounds at the cottage and saw they were not repulsed, but

directed to another path that led to the front of the house. We soon followed and found there were no restrictions or limitations as to numbers. All who had come to Mount McGregor for this purpose were allowed to pass through the cottage and look at the General. The man just in front of me bent himself over the casket, paused so long and was so absorbed in taking his farewell look, that he seemed to forget he was keeping a long procession waiting. The guard at the head of the casket touched his arm and motioned him along. Then I saw why it was that he bent so low and looked so long. The light was very dim under the heavy black canopy, and at first one could only discern the outline of a head and form in the casket. The face, though peaceful and bearing the expression of fortitude through the unmistakable lines of suffering, was very dark—almost black—and so the glare of daylight that would have revealed more painfully the change that death had brought to that face, was carefully excluded. One could not help feeling grateful that the kindly messenger brought release when he did, and tarried no longer to allow disease to make further ravages on its patient victim.

We came down from the mountain in soberer mood than we went up, as is natural to those who have been and realized as a fact, that which was previously unreal or only partially comprehended.

Several days have passed since we came from Mount McGregor, but the emblems of a nation's woe are still about us, and although the gayeties of a Saratoga season are mildly indulged in, the usual flavor and enthusiasm are lacking. The orchestras have all played in minor keys to-day, and nature is in harmony with these sad strains, for it has rained heavily and incessantly since noon. A pall seems to hang over everything. We cannot forget that the nation's hero lies sleeping his last sleep just above us on the mountain, and that to-morrow he will be brought down and carried beyond our sight and reach forever, but the record of his deeds, of his courage in the years of his strength, and of his fortitude during hours of weakness and suffering, will be handed down to a grateful posterity who will ever cherish the name and the memory of Ulysses S. Grant.

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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 33.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

A Romantic Career.

The career of George Loring Brown, the painter of Italian landscapes, now living in Boston, reads like a romance. Novelists in search of a character or a plot would do well to note his experience. He was born in 1814, and when he was a mere boy and sat in high chairs, he evinced a talent for drawing that was remarkable. He was a pupil in the old Franklin school, at the South End, but was never a good scholar. Arithmetic and its kindred studies were distasteful to him, and he was constantly being thrashed because he spent his time in drawing instead of applying his attention to the "rule of three" and the mysteries of conjugation and declension. His father hated him. He could not understand the lad's devotion to his pencil, and he deemed him a "lazy good-for-nothing." "George," he would say, "you're a fool to be always dawdling over a bit of paper. You'll never earn your salt." When he was twelve, George obtained work at wood engraving, and three years later he made designs for Peter Parley's works on natural history. He painted his best work in oil almost by accident. One day he went to the studio of his friend Healy, the young portrait painter, who afterward became so famous, "Why don't you drop engraving and become an artist?" asked Healy. "Do you think you could paint?"

"Yes," answered Brown, with that unlimited confidence in his own powers that has been the characteristic of his nature all through life; "lend me a brush and I'll make a picture now." So in Healy's studio he painted his first oil canvas, and it was sold the same afternoon to a patron of Healy's for \$50. The next day Brown painted another, and sold it for \$75. The attention of a wealthy Boston merchant being attracted to the precocious youth, he gave him \$100 to pay his passage to Europe. Brown sailed in a little brig bound for Antwerp. One Sunday afternoon, as people were coming home from church, he trudged across the city with his bedding strapped across his shoulders and made for the vessel.

"Where are you going, George?" his father inquired.

"To Europe," was the boy's reply.

"To the devil you mean! Mark my word, you'll be hanged before you're one-and-twenty!" said the wrathful old man. The sturdy carpenter was glad to be rid of his son, and they never saw each other again. Brown arrived

in Europe penniless. For a year or two he was on the brink of starvation. Once he got out his razor and determined to cut his throat, but he thought better of it, and made a solemn vow that he would face the world and never return to America until he had made a reputation. At the Louvre he copied a Claude Lorraine. It was sent to America, and Washington Allston pronounced it the best copy of Claude he had ever seen. Allston's verdict directed public attention to the artist. From that time his star was in the ascendant. A public subscription provided him with funds to go to Italy and to success. The aristocratic circles of the Old World flooded him with commissions. The pictures he sent home created a great sensation.

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Brookfield, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1885.

In Camp.

CHAPTER III.

Wednesday morning was dark and chilly. The bushes dripped as from a bath, each separate leaf was edged with water beads, and the grass bowed prone upon the earth with its crystal burden. Low down over all hung a thick fog, rendering Podunk pond, though only a few rods away, wholly invisible, and seeming to shut our little camp away from the rest of the world. In all this damp uncertainty breakfast-getting was delayed. The masculine element in our party made itself as helpful as possible, and female forms with abbreviated skirts flitted like gray ghosts between our extemporized pantry and table, until at length we sat down to our matutinal meal. Then Gertie remarked that she fully understood now the depth of meaning which lay hidden under such poetical expressions as "brushing the dew from the morning grass" and "parting the web of the geometric spider;" was not sure but she knew just how the cows feel when "cropping the cool, moist herbage." But, anon the fog began to lift, turning gradually from gray to white, and ere long floated away in gay clouds of rose and amber. The sky bent blue above us as on other days, and the clear waters of the Podunk sparkled an azure reflection.

Dr. Grandon came as was expected, went to uncle 'Miah's, found out where we were, and, declining the offer of a ride, walked over to camp, experiencing no difficulty in finding us. He is quiet, courteous, a good talker and a genial companion—quite an acquisition in fact for a camping-out party.

Gertie, of course, passed the pickles at dinner, and the Doctor quietly accepted one; but, when presently he begged for another, and anon repeated the request, a smile went around which almost became audible. Almost, but not quite, for we remembered that while Dr. Grandon was an old friend of ours, he and Gertie met to-day for the first time, so for her sake the laugh was checked and "no tales told."

LATER.—We are sorely dismayed. Our little Eden is invaded as was that

other one of old, and "the trail of the serpent is over all." He comes to us in guise of the modern dude. Could worse have befallen us? Will he-wholly spoil our week's enjoyment? Gertie says he shall not. But to explain: We expected uncle 'Miah to-morrow with fresh supplies and Miss La Porte from the railway station, but this afternoon, soon after we were through dinner, he made his appearance with a passenger whom, at first, none of us recognized. Then Gertie burst forth indignantly, "It is Gus Morley. How mean! He asked if he might visit me in Brookfield, and I told him 'no,' decidedly; and now here he is. I will sicken him of the country before to-morrow night, see if I don't," and she gave her head an impatient toss which reminded one of a vicious colt as it refuses to take the bit.

We have heard from Gertie before of J. Aronson Morley, as he styles himself. He was in school with her, and is her ardent admirer, whom she has twice refused, but either he fails to understand a negative, or seems to think that she must ultimately yield to the combined attractions of himself and his father's money.

"Shall I dispose of him for you?" said John, quietly, but there was a light in his eye which carried the assurance that Mr. Morley would fully understand when he was through with him, that he must annoy Gertie no longer.

"Thanks, cousin John. I'll not trouble you, but if he doesn't wish by to-morrow night that he had stayed in Cambridge, then I shall make a mistake."

By this time the carriage was as near as it could be driven. Uncle 'Miah was fastening the horses, and Mr. J. Aronson Morley came toward our tent. He was not at all bad looking, but dude was visible, from the closely-cut hair to the small foot pinched in patent leathers a size too small for him. He was dressed in a light suit with kids to match, and carried a slender cane. Farmer Dobson entering a drawing-room on Beacon Hill, at an evening party, attired in his straw hat, checked shirt and blue overalls, could have looked no more out of place than did the new comer in camp. But Gertie—little hypocrite—was equal to the occasion. She advanced a few steps, greeted him quite graciously and then presented him to the others.

"Was so anxious, you know, Miss Gertie," he said, "to see what were the attractions of Brookfield for you. Really, I should suppose you would much prefer Newport, or even Martha's Vineyard, it is so very rural here. Your relative, the old gentleman who drove me over, suggested the practicality of my walking, but, really I could not think of it. Walking is such violent exercise, you know, Miss Gertie, and

I was glad I did not attempt it, when I saw the beastly condition of the roads. Awful sandy, aren't they? and so many stones in them." Gertie was obliged to say but little; he seemed to think all would like to hear him talk, and so he drawled on: "Are there many mosquitoes or snakes here, Miss Gertie? Do you know I have a great horror of snakes—have had in fact from my childhood."

Then Gertie brightened visibly and replied that though we were not troubled by mosquitoes, the "snakes are quite numerous," which is a slight exaggeration inasmuch as we have seen only one since coming into camp, and that one, a good-sized black snake, John killed this morning. But Mr. Morley does not know of this, and we fancy that he eyed the ground in the vicinity of his feet with considerable apprehension.

One by one the members of our party strolled away, disgusted, and left Gertie to bear the infliction alone. Perhaps she deserved it. Dr. Grandon and John are deep in some discussion in the shade of a large chestnut tree at a little distance; Sibyl has betaken herself to her hammock and her book, and I have my writing.

Evidently we are to miss that sweet "oneness of soul" so gratifying to the philosophers of Concord, unless Gertie speedily gets rid of this interloper, and, somehow, I fancy she will do it.

(To be Continued.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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David and Goliath.

Goliath was originally the giant in a side show in Gath at thirteen dollars a week, but when the war broke out he enlisted in the army of the Philistines more for the bounty than anything else. This life seemed to hit him about right, for Goliath was naturally lazy and trifling. Of course I'm telling you this in my own language, but I'm giving it to you straight.

When the army of Israel camped over in the valley of Elah, it looked pretty squally for Saul, and he felt like sending in his resignation.

Every morning after breakfast, Goliath, dressed in his brass plug hat and cast-iron corset and copper clothes, would sail out and poke fun at Saul and his home guards.

Goliath was a large, husky yahoo from the headwaters of the Chug and had a hand on him like a horse block. He was muscled up in good shape, too. When he began on a man, it meant six months in the hospital with careful nursing, and if Goliath felt grieved and hurt about something a man had said about him and took the man aside to have a little talk about it, the man's widow applied right off for the life insurance. In this way Goliath used to be respected very much around Gath.

So every day he would come out on the mesa and sass the armies of Israel and tell Saul that if he had a full grown man who had any sand, he would like to have him come over and get himself measured for a pair of wings. Day after day he would walk out with his bomb-proof clothes on and cordially invite the Israelites to come over one at a time and let him paralyze 'em. And Saul, on behalf of his people, declined the invitation with thanks. He told Goliath that while he would be glad to meet him for a little soft-glove tete-a-tete, he would have to decline any meeting on a basis of open hostility. This caused the campaign to drag, and the daily papers in Israel began to criticize Saul and to ask why he did not come home and hoe corn instead of fooling away his time on the Philistines.

Just then David came down from his father's sheep ranch on Independence mountain, over against Bethlehem, Judah, on the old California trail, to see how the war was progressing. He wanted to take a trip to some place where there would be no danger of bodily harm, so his parents thought it safer perhaps for him to go down to the front "where war waged its wild desolation, and threatened our land to destroy." They told him to go down where the two armies were engaged in open hostilities and they would feel perfectly easy about him, but they cautioned him not to wander away from the army into the woods and get lost.

So David went over to hear Goliath

speaking his piece. Every morning for forty days the dime museum giant came out and opened court, requesting the Israelites to come over and meet a fate worse than death. But the Israelites preferred death to general debility and old age. They had relations at home on whom they were dependent.

Just as David got to the front, Goliath came out and spoke with a loud voice and cried out and defied the armies of Israel, and Saul's army scattered and fell over each other trying to get into the woods, and behold there were not trees enough for all the soldiers of the armies of Israel to climb.

And David was disgusted and told Saul he would like to go out and fight the Philistine if some courageous Israelite would come along and hold his coat for him. Every boy laughed at David, and his brothers especially, as soon as they had stopped running and got behind a tree and recovered their breath, began to ridicule David. But David insisted on it and told Saul that one time when a mountain lion and a grizzly bear came and carried off several of his father's sheep he ran after them and overtook them and after he had knocked the lion silly with his fist, he ran his hand down the bear's throat, caught him by the tail, and turned him wrong side out. The king said, "Well, did you really do that? If you did I've a good notion to give you the freedom of the Philistine camp, and if you will bring me Goliath's scalp, stretched on a shingle, I will give you all the money you want and my only daughter, for I'd just as soon tell you in confidence, that this side show giant is getting to be a perfect eyesore to me, and between you and me, I think he is overdoing this thing and making a nuisance of himself."

So David said he would go, and Saul dressed him up in a railroad iron overcoat, but the boy couldn't handle it. He took off the fire and burglar proof overcoat and filled his pocket full of rocks and sailed in.

When Goliath came out, he turned his nose up at David and asked him if his mother knew he was out. He talked mean to David and finally told him to come over and he would feed him to the coyotes.

Then David, in a gentlemanly way, told Goliath that he didn't claim to be much of a talker in public, but that he relied on the righteousness of his cause. He came not with words and banners and torchlight processions, but believed he was right and came there to prove it. He was no public speaker, he said, but he thought this thing had gone far enough. He then surprised Goliath with a moss agate behind the ear. The gentleman from Gath fell to the earth with a "sickening thud" and David cut his head off with the giant's own sword. From these injuries Goliath never fully recovered, and finally deceased.

Then the men of Israel and of Judah rose up and whooped with a loud voice and pursued their enemies and they fed the fowls of the air with Philistines on toast for forty days, and David became solid with the king and made money and wore his good clothes every day. Wherever he went he was regarded as a great success, and all the giants were perfectly friendly toward him.

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Weekly Times.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—Assembly No. 2929.—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U.—Division No. 17.—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.

Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—Hayden Lodge.—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, F. O. D. G. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—Brookfield Brass Band.—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Corri, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—Deater Post, 38.—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Edwin Legg, Commander.
Nathan Wicks, Adjutant.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Merrick Council, No. 902.—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Good dog-day weather.

—A. O. H. picnic at Point of Pines next Saturday.

—The potato crop in this vicinity is likely to be light this year.

—Mr. Geo. Sherman, teacher at Winchester, N. H., is stopping at Mr. Alvin Hyde's.

—Mr. W. R. Toby had two of his fingers crushed in his sole-leather cutter at the big shop yesterday.

—The members of the Band of Hope will meet at the M. E. vestry Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—A number of people from this village are going on the excursion to Boston and Nantasket Beach, advertised for to-day.

—For Sale.—One pair team harnesses, in good repair and new the past spring. For further particulars inquire of W. Durant.

—The Brookfield fire department will be represented at the Chicopee hose tournament, provided a company of 20 men can be formed.

—Rev. Mr. Coit and wife, for over ten years pastor of the Congregational church in this place, made a day's visit with friends here one day last week.

—The Banister Memorial Hall dedicatory exercises are now on sale at the library at 20 cents per copy. They contain a fine photo-lithograph of the library building.

—There were 890 poll tax only assessed this year against 938 last year. The cause of this decrease is very likely the dull times here about May 1, when the assessors were around.

—Mr. Geo. Corey was found insensible in his store Tuesday, by Mr. C. L. Vizard, a double with his heart being the cause. His case was so serious that his son Alvin was telegraphed for. He is better to-day.

—The friends of Mrs. Frank Putnam will be glad to hear of her safe arrival at Waupan, Wis., whither she went a short time since to join her husband, who is foreman in the boot treeing department of the prison.

—Our worthy townsman, Mr. J. W. Livermore, with his family, are stopping at Riverside Beach, R. I., and it is hoped by his many friends here that his stay there will be very beneficial to him, and that he will return much recruited in health.

—Any one intending to purchase a sewing machine are invited to call at this office and consider some bargains that we can offer in either the New Home, Wilson or White. Our prices are the lowest, and the machine warranted the newest and latest style, direct from the factory. It will cost you nothing to get our prices.

—A large number were present at the Town Hall last Saturday afternoon, at the memorial services held there. The platform and east end of the hall was very tastefully draped with black and white, the design being to the credit of Mr. L. C. Thompson. The exercises passed off very well, according to the programme given.

—A man named Ryan, working here in the shop, was arrested last Saturday by officer Giffin on a notice from Dover, N. H., where Ryan was wanted for breaking jail. He was in jail waiting the next session of the grand jury on a charge of highway robbery. The officers took him to Worcester where city marshal Fogerty, of Dover, took the prisoner in hand.

—The W. C. T. U. had an interesting meeting at the Congregational vestry Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Barrows was in the chair. Miss Wait, the secretary, read a report of Temperance Day at Lake View, So. Framingham, giving extracts of Misses Wadsworth and Kimball's lectures there. Also an extract of Mr. John B. Gough's, the champion temperance lecturer, was read.

—A. L. Lane will sell at administrator's sale, Saturday, Aug. 22, at 1 P. M., a lot of household furniture, farming and carpenter's tools, and other articles, including a lot of poultry, the sale to be on the premises of the residence of the late Jonas B. Allen, deceased. At the same time and place M. Richardson will sell four stoves, three lounges, beds and bedding, chairs, and a quantity of other articles too numerous to mention.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.—After a long and weary sickness with Brights disease, borne patiently, Mr. Windsor Walker died at his home Aug. 2, aged 80 yrs. 5 mo. 13 days. He was a native of Brookfield, as was his father, Joseph Walker. Mr. Walker married Miss Emily H. Bates, who survives him. One child, Mrs. O. F. Eaton, is the only one remaining of nine children. Mr. Walker was respected by all and will be missed in the community.

A Card of Thanks.—Mrs. Windsor Walker wishes to express her grateful thanks to the neighbors and friends that assisted in caring for her husband during his long illness.

—List of "uncalled for" letters and postal cards in this Post Office, Aug. 6, 1885:—LETTERS—G. W. Allen, M. A. Buffington, Miss Ella Barton, William Beatty, Mrs. S. J. Carney, Mrs. Ella E. Clark, Mrs. Wm. P. Cutler, Miss Mary Conry, Miss Norah Craham, Mrs. Lucy Cook, Miss Kittie Cliffe, Thomas Gaffney, J. F. Holland, H. A. Harrington, James O'Hallaron, Miss Alice L. Jenks, Louis Johnson, Mrs. William Murphy, John H. Morrison, Thomas McLatchy,

Mrs. Frank McCotter, S. J. Merchant, Daniel McNamara, Mrs. E. A. Pierce, J. R. Rooke, James F. Ryan, George E. Stevens, Mrs. A. H. Southwick, C. E. Rev. J. P. Tuite 2, Chas. Tidd, Miss B. H. Tucker.—POSTALS—Wm. Burton, L. Beauregard, Chas. Coleman, Miss A. M. Dockham, Wm. H. Kimball, Daniel S. LaBarr, George Murray, Miss Annie Murphy, E. E. CHAPIN, P. M.

A celebrated physician declares that "Hunt's Remedy will cure any case of kidney disease that can be cured."

A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for governor in a "pivotal" Western State arraigned for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental forces and as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly. The next day he was even less effective. Later he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret—which gave me the election. With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpid liver meant dullness and positive sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise, did not fail me once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—Rochester Union.

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Of extra ability and experience, to take general appointing agencies, to find and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) IN FULL their experience, etc.
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Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

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Brookfield, Thursday, Aug. 20, 1885.

Written for the TIMES.

In Camp.

CHAPTER IV.

Tea was not, Wednesday evening, the social meal it had been, though Mr. Morley talked enough—of himself and the city. Gertie was somewhat silent, evidently concocting mischief, but could hardly decide yet what form it should take. After tea it was decided to try our luck with hook and line again, and at an early hour we had caught a pretty string of fish, quite large enough for breakfast. The only incident during the evening worthy of note occurred soon after our sport began, when Gertie pulled in a huge eel. Three or four had been caught during the week, and though she never failed when one was brought into the boat, to emit one of those shrill little screams for which her sex are at such times distinguished, this time it was more like the whoop of an Indian when he makes descent upon his victim of which he is quite sure. At least that was the thought which occurred to us when we noticed with what unerring precision—though seemingly accidental—that eel was made to drag its whole writhing, slimy length across the shrinking knees of Mr. Morley, who seemed about to take to the water rather than remain in such close proximity to "that monstrous water snake," as he called it. No one was at the trouble to correct his mistake, but his terror was so evident that, in pity to him, John took the eel from where it lay wriggling about his feet, and suffered it to glide back into its native element. Gertie's spirits were by this time rising again, and she expressed a wish that she might catch "another such beauty." "Though it always makes me a little nervous when I pull them in, there is nothing I so like to catch when fishing as those great water snakes," she said, demurely.

After that, though Mr. Morley still held a pole and pretended to fish, he was ill at ease and startled perceptibly whenever a fish was hauled in, while Gertie did not reassure him any by telling how many "water snakes" had already been caught that week. When at length we were through fishing and

started to row to shore, his relief was plainly visible.

John has a light mattress, and during the whole week has, from choice, slept under the open sky, and he and Dr. Grandon proposed doing the same that night, but Mr. Morley's presence made necessary some slight changes in our sleeping arrangements. The mattress was set apart for his use, and Dr. Grandon and John took blankets and made themselves a bed a short distance away. The ladies retired to the tent and the gentlemen remained chatting together for a while longer. We were just dropping off to sleep, all excepting perhaps Gertie, when the night air was rent by a succession of masculine yells expressive of the most abject terror, supplemented by the explanatory words, "a snake! a snake!"

We recognized the voice of Mr. Morley, and heard steps of Dr. Grandon and John as they hurried to the rescue. A large black snake was found coiled partly under, partly by the side of Mr. Morley's pillow. John succeeded in dispatching it and threw its carcass into the bushes. Then under pretense of reassuring the occupants of the tent, he came to the door and called in an undertone, "Look here, Gertie, I don't wish to kill that poor snake again," and walked away. We understood it all then, even without Gertie's explanation, which came just as soon as she could check her laughter sufficiently to give it. She had seen where John left the snake which he killed in the morning, watched her opportunity to bring it to camp before dark, and after the beds were arranged for the night, placed it where it was found. Being asked how she dared touch it, she replied, "I did not touch it. I had two sticks; but I would have brought it in my hands rather than missed frightening him after he told how very much afraid he was of snakes."

After some time we fell asleep and the night passed quietly, though John is positive that Mr. Morley slept none. He refused to lie down, saying he could not sleep where there were so many snakes, and he did not see how the others could, and they left him sitting upon the edge of the mattress, his knees drawn up to his chin. He seemed not quite as talkative when we met him next morning, but brightened up a little at breakfast and declined to praise the coffee, saying, "Really, I had no idea, you know, that you could get such a delicious cup of coffee in the country; but I suppose you buy it direct from Boston, do you not?"

Sadie La Porte came to East Brookfield on the early morning train, and was met by uncle Miah, who brought her directly to camp. We have already decided that we shall like her. City born and bred, she has come to the country fully prepared to enjoy it,

and withal brought a little common sense with her. Her traveling costume was speedily exchanged for a bunting that will do good service here by the water, and that neither dew nor rain can harm.

But alas for the pants of Mr. J. Aronson Morley! The trail of that huge eel was visible in a dark, discolored mark running across both knees, and he, in the face of Gertie's prohibition against his coming to Brookfield, had not brought a change of attire.

A row was proposed down the pond, and, as our number was so increased, both boats were taken, Gertie accepting an invitation from Mr. Morley to go in the smaller boat alone with him. As he is a bungler at rowing, Gertie good-naturedly insisted upon handling the oars, and as she can really row quite well with those slender wrists of hers, and did not seem disposed to be careless, or, as John expressed it, "cut up any of her didoes," our anxiety for them was soon dispelled. By and by we became engaged in gathering lilies, and Gertie rowed away from us a little into a muddy cove, Mr. Morley plucking such ones as she was pleased to select while paddling about. At last he reached for a particularly fine one, just a few inches too far away. Quick as thought Gertie threw her whole weight upon that side of the little boat, and as quickly returned it to the opposite side, saving the boat from dipping, but sending Mr. Morley overboard, where he floundered in the mud and water. Sibyl had looked up just in time to see him reach for the lily, and called John's attention, expressing a fear lest the light boat should be upset. "The little wretch!" exclaimed John, as he grasped the oars, "she means to duck Morley. She asked me yesterday if the water was not muddy there, and if one would be drowned if he were to get in. I told her there would be no danger of drowning, but that the one unlucky enough to tumble in there would get well muddied. I had no idea she would try anything like this." Before we reached them Gertie had assisted him to clamber into the boat, wholly ignorant of the fact that his mishap was due to anything else than his own carelessness. And what a looking object he was! He had fallen head first and landed in the mud at the bottom. His hat was lost, but his cane, which he always carried, was found floating a few feet away and recovered. In deference to his condition we rowed directly to camp, most of us feeling that Gertie had used him just a little too roughly, though remembering the annoyance to which he subjected her we felt disposed to excuse. He sat in the sun for some time to dry himself. His light suit was completely ruined. He complained of a headache, feared he was going to be sick, and finally decided to return to Cambridge that night.

John loaned him a hat as many sizes too large for him as his water-soaked shoes were too small, but, which by careful management might be induced to remain above his ears, and he started on his walk to town. We have heard since that he did not take the 5:12 P. M. train, as he proposed doing, but loitered in the vicinity of the depot until dusk, when he made his way to Mr. Hayden's store. Addressing the older Mr. Hayden he explained that "a fishing accident, you know," had ruined his clothes, and asked to be fitted out in something "just to go back to the city in, you know." Mr. Hayden found him a neat flannel suit, which he speedily donned, and procuring a conveyance was driven to West Brookfield where he remained over night, taking the first train for Boston next morning. Gertie is jubilant and the rest of us greatly relieved.

(To be Continued.)

Hudson Bay.

We come now to Lieutenant Gordon's observations upon the natural history of the country, and first of all as to its human inhabitants. These are very scanty, and, with the exception of a few white men at the traders' post, are solely Eskimos. On the north side of the strait they are quite familiar with the ways of the white men, and seem to be highly pleased at the prospect of increased intercourse with them. Occasionally one is met with who has mastered the English tongue, but not often. Many others understand well enough what is said to them in that language, although they can not be persuaded to speak it. They are particularly fond of any article of civilized clothing, and the head man at the North Bluff manifested no small pride at the possession of a stand-up collar, which he displayed to the utmost advantage. In character they are docile, amiable and willing to work. When landing the stores and coal at North Bluff they worked all day long with the men, carrying heavy weights up over the rocks, and toil away as cheerily and heartily as could be desired, asking no other remuneration than biscuits, of which commodity they are inordinately fond. These people have no farinaceous food of any kind, and, as a consequence, the children are not weaned until they reach the age of three or four years. The families are small, there rarely being more than two or three children, and, although early marriages are their rule, their numbers must be diminishing, because signs of their presence were met with everywhere, while the people themselves were found at only three places along the straits, and there are only some five or six families known between Cape Chudleigh and Nachvak. Along the Labrador coast the Eskimos gather in

small settlements around the Moravian mission stations. Nain is considered the largest settlement, and its Eskimo population does not exceed two hundred souls. Those at the stations are all educated, being able to read and write in their own language, and according to the missionaries, are regular attendants at church, and very fond of music—two excellent and hopeful traits certainly.

Take all in all.

- Take all the Kidneys and Liver Medicines.
 - Take all the Blood purifiers,
 - Take all the Dyspepsia and Indigestion cures,
 - Take all the Ague. Fever and bilious specifics.
 - Take all the Brain and Nerve force revives.
 - Take all the Great health restorers.
- In short, take all the best qualities of all these and the—best,
—Qualities of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that—
Hop
—Bitters have the best curative qualities and powers of all—concentrated in them,
—And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—combined. Fail!
—A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

HARDENED LIVER.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.
J. W. MOREY,
Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

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*** "Health is better than wealth." ***

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1183 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

*** "Good counsel has no price, obey it." ***

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

*** "Light suppers makes long lives." ***

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says:—"My father, 63 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

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HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

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Weekly Times.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—Assembly No. 2929.—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. H.—Division No. 17.—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.

Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—Hayden Lodge.—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Sept. 9th. (An) at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock. Work, F. C. degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—Brookfield Brass Band.—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. E. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—Dexter Post, 38.—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, Edwin Legg, Commander.
at 7.30 o'clock. Nelson Wicks, Adjutant.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Merrick Council, No. 909.—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Aug. 20, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—The tax books are now being printed.
—Mr. Chas. Hastings is on from Washington.

—Ninety-nine went from here to Nantasket last Thursday.

—Master Willie Moulton is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

—There is to be quite a horse race at Lakeside Park next Saturday.

—Rev. Mr. Cram supplied the pulpit at the Unitarian church last Sunday.

—One of the Brookfield House boarders had a suspicion of burglars in his room last night.

—The Emery Allen farm, Over-the-river, has just been sold to a party from Long Meadow.

—The Road Commissioners have begun work on the new street from Central to Main, at last.

—Guess we won't have a water famine this summer, even though the town did vote "no license."

—Any one finding a halter on the road to Brimfield will be rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

—Mrs. F. J. Winckley, formerly of this town, was married in Boston last week to a gentleman of that city.

—Every one is rejoicing in the continued good prospects for work this fall and winter. It is to be hoped Brookfield will get its share.

—The total valuation of the town is, from some cause, over \$20,000 less this year than last, \$15,000 of this reduction being in that personal property.

—A dinner of baked clams will be served at the Point of Pines next Sunday at 1 o'clock. A professional clam baker from Providence will bake the clams.

—Get our prices before you purchase a sewing machine.

—Egg account cards, 5 cents each, good for two years. A blank space for every day's record. Just the thing for a perfect and convenient record. For sale at this office.

—Mr. H. T. Mathewson has matched his mare against a horse owned by Mr. J. Putnam, of West Brookfield, the race to be trotted at Springfield, Sept. 5, for a purse of \$100.

—Rev. Mr. Hird, of North Brookfield, occupied the Congregational church pulpit, last Sunday, on exchange. The church was profusely decorated with potted and cut flowers.

—A trout party embracing Messrs. Carpenter, Capen, Ellis, Gerald, Moulton, Smith, Tufts and Vizard, and one or two others, intend to start for Canada a week from to-morrow for a week or ten days' sport on the streams and waters of Lake Megantic, which is located near the northwest boundary of Maine, on the Canada side.

—The A. O. H. picnic at the Point of Pines last Saturday was well attended, the day being all that could be desired. The ball game resulted in favor of the Worcester club, 10 to 2. The first half of the game was well contested, but our boys could not "hit" the Worcester pitcher, so but few saw first base. The wrestling and boxing was rather tame. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves.

—There is to be a horse race at Lakeside Park next Saturday, the prizes being an aggregate of 200 bushels of oats, divided among four classes: 4 min., 3 min., 2:40 and 2-mile running race. The prize in each class being subdivided into three and four parts. Already, all the prominent local horses in this and neighboring towns have been entered, and four from Worcester. There will be a 5-mile foot race in the afternoon. Dinner will be served at the Oakland Garden House, and music by the Brookfield brass band will enliven the occasion. The management is in the hands of Mr. C. L. Vizard, who should be addressed for further particulars.

—The sensation of the past week happened last Thursday, when a man and his wife, living in this village, locked a little seven-months-old, nursing, baby up in the house, all alone, and went on the excursion to Nantasket. A little boy some three years old was also left locked out in the street to look out for himself during the day, without even a hat to wear. The continued cries of the baby subsequently attracted the attention of the neighbors, and finally the door was broken in and the child taken care of. What the consequences of this heartless treatment would have been, had the infant been left to itself all day, in a hot room, without nourishment, is left for one to imagine, but at any rate the parents should be instructed in their responsibilities a little, if their own paternal regard does not show them. It is a case of very unusual occurrence.

A celebrated doctor says that "Hunt's Remedy is a sure cure for heart disease, and there is no substitute for it."

\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get for a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLERT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Buffalo Bill's Fortune.

"I'm going to Europe next April," said Buffalo Bill, "and the show goes along, to be gone two or three years. I've given up the stage entirely. We'll show in the Alexandria palace in London, in the Champs de Mars in Paris, and also in Vienna, Berlin, Moscow and St. Petersburg and hundreds of smaller places. We shall go to Europe in a special steamer." Buffalo Bill is forty-three years old, weighs 210 pounds, stands six feet three inches and has never been sick in his life. He says he has the largest thoroughbred stock farm in America at North Platte, Lincoln county, Neb. The ranch consists of eight thousand acres under one fence, and he claims the land is not wild government land, but paid for by him. He owns twelve dwellings in the town, and his own house is a western palace. Four weeks ago, while in Chicago, he bought forty-one head of imported cattle of the Hereford and Poil-Angus breeds, and paid on an average \$461 apiece for them. They were shipped to his stock farm. He employs over one hundred men on his farm, and is worth \$450,000. He has been a member of the legislature, a probate judge, high sheriff and justice of the peace. He says he is just in his prime, and feels like a young buck every morning when he gets up, and that he can jump a fence or ride a horse with any man he ever saw.

Henry

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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 35.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

The Dog Came High.

Talking about Maine reminds me of something that happened down our way when I was a boy. A young fellow (very bashful) was out riding with his girl one afternoon, when he saw an old farmer coming down the road in his hay rigging. On the seat beside him was a little cur.

"I'm going to have some fun with him, Sal," said the young swain, hauling up alongside the old farmer. The farmer drew up and the young fellow bawled out, nudging Sally: "Say, stranger, I'm powerfully struck with that there dog of yourn, and I'd like to buy him."

"Well," responded the farmer, "I think an all-fired lot of that dorg myself, and I guess I ain't particular about a-sellin' of him."

"Well, I allow that I want him powerful bad, and I don't mind givin' \$5 for him."

The farmer saw he was being guyed, so he said: "You 'pear to be a likely young cuss, an' you've got a gol darned han'some young gal there with you. I tell you what I'll do. You throw your arm around that 'ere gal an' give her a good smack, and I don't mind givin' yer the dorg."

That was enough for the bashful young man; he whipped up his horse and went on. They rode along in silence for an hour or more, Sal in her corner and Bill in his. Then Sal sort of edged up to Bill's side, turned scarlet, and, looking coyly up into his eyes, said: "Say, Bill, 'pears to me you didn't want the dog powerful bad, did you?" That settled it; it broke the ice, and one of their grandchildren is going to school now.

If you feel nervous as to your kidneys, liver, or urinary organs, use Hunt's Remedy.

Ought to See Him.

Simon Gardner, a citizen of Blossom Cove, Ark., recently addressed an important letter to the Governor. The following is an extract from the communication:

"I have this day named a fine boy after you. He is as lively as a harvest hand's appetite, and can squawl louder than a goat. How I do wish you could see him. His mother was dead set on naming him after his Uncle John because John keeps a store, but I say, 'No, no, mother,' says I, 'we will name him after a governor of this here state.

We ain't never showed our respect for none of the governors, and its high time, let me tell you.' 'What's the use in naming him after the governor?' says mother. 'He will forget it in five minutes and never will send the child nothing and he is needing of everything.' 'Tut, mother, John won't give him anything.' 'Yes, he will,' mother says. 'John will do the right thing, see if he don't.' I wouldn't give in, though, and now the child is named after you. How I wish you could see him. It would tickle you mighty nigh unto death. He is mighty scarce o' duds, but he's got a voice like a calf. He is the peartiest chap I ever seen in my born days. Mother wants to bet me that you wouldn't send him nothing, but I don't bet since I tuk to preaching. She 'lows that you are stingy, but I know a heap better than that. If you want to disappoint mother send—I was going to say send down something, but never mind. How I do wish you could see him."

Many a man who has lost nerve, vigor and energy, has been cured by Hunt's Remedy.

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Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

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Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

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Brookfield, Thursday, Aug. 27, 1885.

Written for the TIMES.

In Camp.

CHAPTER V.

The clear, calm lake and rose-hound shore,
The matin hymn and Phoebus' ray,
The wild bee's hum and rill's soft roar,
The verdant dell and leaf-crowned spray,
Have each a charm, a rural spell
Which heart conceives, but ne'er can tell.

A pleasanter party than ours is now can hardly be found. We made a trip yesterday to what is called, in this locality, the Indian burying ground, though there seems to be no good reason for so naming it, excepting that it is quite easy of access by boat, and the earth being light, fine sand would render the scooping of a grave the work of only a few minutes. Indian relics are found here, but so they are all up and down the valley either side of the pond, and this particular spot cannot have been used as a burial place to any great extent.

The row on the water was simply delightful. Not a ripple disturbed its surface save that made by our oars. A cool day had succeeded a chilly night, and the sunlight, less fervid than usual, rested in pale splendor on wooded hill and waving corn field. Drawing our boat up on the land a short walk across a narrow strip of meadow, through a somewhat boggy mowing and a patch of blackberry vines, brought us to the burying ground. A few acres girt about by a dilapidated rail fence, the last place to visit for pleasure one would say. A good looking horse strayed about, finally trotting up quite close to his strange visitors, and gazing at them with wide, innocent eyes as though he would inquire their errand to his dreary pasture grounds. Save for a strip of bordering vegetation the field was of sand sparsely set with a specimen or two of borraginaceae, evening primroses and the wild sensitive plant. This last (*cassia nititans*) together with a purple fringed orchis which she had found while crossing the meadow, was quite enough to complete the happiness of Sadie La Porte for the day. Our search for Indian relics was not very successful, though a few bits of pottery were found and Dr. Grandon picked up a most perfect arrow head.

Last evening being our last in camp,

was prolonged until our watches indicated midnight, the hours "like moments passing by," while we sang and talked and listened to the droning of the August crickets. Much regret was expressed at leaving camp, and we talked a little of remaining another week, but finally decided not to do so.

Why do we so inveigh against the tramp? He is only striving to return to the natural mode of living. Since Adam was driven from Eden man has been a tramp, on the lookout for opportunities to gain his bread and butter with the smallest outlay of time and strength. In warm weather he has always preferred the shade and in winter the sun. Though through centuries he has been on the ascending grade, we are constantly seeing those who manifest a tendency to go back to the early ways. Nature, as well as murder, "will out."

Note the man who through a long line of blue-blooded ancestors has lost all similarity—so he fancies—to primeval man, who has become possessed of a fine house in the metropolis and deeply imbued with the culture of the nineteenth century; even in him is this same tendency observable. No sooner does the hot weather come on than he rushes away from the noise of the city, choosing the murmur of brooks and the song of wild birds. He exchanges Venetian blinds and the darkness of a fashionable parlor for the broad light of day, softened only as it glints through dancing leaves. Instead of his soft spring bed he has for a couch the lap of Mother Earth, and in lieu of his glass of champaign he folds a leaf and dipping it in a woodland spring quaffs the crystal beverage with boyish abandon.

Yes, there is no doubt about it; man was originally a tramp, a nomad, or at least "a trampish animal," so we here in camp have decided.

The deep voice of Dr. Grandon falls upon my ear. What is it he is saying?

The groves were God's first temple. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

Ah me! 'Tis five o'clock, and the shadows are lengthening. Our camping effects are all packed and partly sent home, and now, here comes uncle 'Miah with the carryall. L.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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- Take all the Brain and Nerve force revives.
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- And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—combined. Fail!
- A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

HARDENED LIVER.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

POVERTY AND SUFFERING.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it." —A WORKINGMAN.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white-label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Aiding the Weaker Side.

An Irishman who had lately arrived in America, and who had never seen a cross-cut saw, was passing along a country road one day when he observed a man and a boy sawing a log with one of these saws. Paddy could not understand it and gazed upon the two for a long time, and was impressed with the idea that the man was trying to take the saw away from the boy. He thought that the latter would not be able to succeed in getting it away from the former, so he ran up behind the man and struck him in the back of the head, knocking him down, at the same time shouting to the boy: "Now take it and run, ye little divil!"

Joshua Tuthill, Saginaw, Mich., had Bright's disease, and was cured by Hunt's Remedy.

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Bound to Have a Divorce.

"Judge, I just can't live with my wife any longer, and I must have a divorce if it takes every cent I've got."

"What do you want a divorce for?"

"So she can't sue me for nothing. They tell me she can get board wages if I leave her without writings."

"Oh, fudge! How long have you been wanting to get a divorce?"

"Most two weeks."

"How long have you been married?"

"About two weeks."

"Well, that beats the Dutch. What's the cause of the trouble?"

"Judge, she does snore just awful, if I must say it, but I didn't want, to, and thought maybe I wouldn't have to. There's no such thing as getting a wink of sleep in the same house with her, and as I have to work for a living, I've got to do my slumbering at night."

"But that won't give you a divorce."

"Not if I pay for it?"

"Why, no; you'd be kicked out of court."

"But along with her snoring she whistles through her nose like a tug-boat. She's a little woman, but good heavens, Judge, she'd raise the dead."

"That don't make any difference. The law says you must put up with it and make the best of it. To get a divorce you must have a reasonable cause to begin with."

"Well, great Cæsar, Judge! Ain't having to sleep in the coal shed enough to begin with, I'd like to know? I thought the law was made to help a body along. Don't it take no pity on a man at all?"

"Not in a case like that. It presumes that you married with your eyes open."

"So I did, Judge, and they've been open ever since. Does the law say I've got to go without sleep till I drop, or bunk in the barn? Does the law give that woman a right to make a fog horn of herself, and shake the whole house with her noise as soon as she shuts her eyes? Does the law uphold her in robbing me of sleep that's the same thing as bone and muscle to me? Does the law give her the right to whistle through her nose and snore fit to make a cow bawl the livelong night, and at the same time give her a whack at my property, if I leave her and take to the timber to save my life? Does it do all that, Judge?"

"Well, yes; it simmers down to about that."

"Well, then, I'll never vote again as long as I live, and I won't pay a cent of taxes, if I hang for it. If the law tries to bulldoze me that way, it'll have to paddle its own canoe after this, that's all. I fit for the government once, but I'll be blamed if I'll ever do it again."

What Sporting Men Rely On

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never, to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well, in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse.

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtin, of Buffalo, caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled!

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched 'em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about and proceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—*Sportsman's News.*

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K. OF L.—*Assembly No. 2929.*—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

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F. & A. M.—*Hayden Lodge.*—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Sept. 23rd, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
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ROYAL ARCANUM.—*Merrick Council, No. 902.*—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. B. Carpenter, Regent.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary.

Brookfield, Thursday, Aug. 27, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Rather of a cool wet week thus far.

—The big shop have gone onto ten hours again.

—The schools begin one week from next Monday.

—Oysters have appeared at Kimball's restaurant.

—That fishing party mentioned last week start to-night.

—The closing chapter of "In Camp" appears this week.

—Miss Cheney's Sunday-school class paid her a visit yesterday afternoon.

—A large number enjoyed the clam bake at the Point of Pines last Sunday.

—The library trustees have issued a revised set of rules and regulations.

—For Sale.—An extra good pair of working oxen. Enquire of Samuel Whittemore, East Brookfield road.

—Mr. Geo. E. Forbes tendered his resignation as Vice Regent of Merrick Council, No. 902, R. A., at the last meeting, being unable, through his many business cares, to attend to its duties. Mr. Wm. F. Shaw, telegraph operator at the depot, was chosen to the vacancy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Austin Pratt, the couple spoken of last week as leaving their infant alone in the house while they went to the Nantasket excursion, make their excuses thusly: He says that he or his wife did not think of going on the excursion, but went down to the depot to see the train off. That after they got to the depot friends urged them to go and they went. They supposed the baby would be all right, as they expected his sister over from West Brookfield to take care of it. Then, he says, that the house was not locked up, and the neighbors did not have to break in to get the baby. They left word with the station agent to tell his sister to go right to the house, and take the baby down to his brother Charlie's. As their side of the story we publish it willingly, but can not see as it betters the case a great deal.



—The *American Farmer*, a finely illustrated, 16-page, monthly paper, brimming over with useful notes and articles of interest to every housekeeper, gardener and poultry lover, and a special department for the ladies, and is cheap at \$1 a year, the regular subscription rate. A copy can be seen at our office any time. Now, we extend this offer to the public: To all new subscribers to the *TIMES* for one year, at our regular price, \$1, we will also give a year's subscription of the *American Farmer*, and to all old or present subscribers we also say, pay up your back subscriptions (if you owe any) and renew for another year in advance, at regular rates, and you too will receive the *American Farmer* free for one year. We also have a few more copies of "Dr. Foote's Hand Book of Health Hints and Ready Recipes" yet left, and will give each one copy as long as they last. First come first served.



—The races advertised for Lakeside Park came off last Saturday, as per programme, and though the day was a mixture of showers and sunshine, deterring not a few from attending, there was yet a fair crowd present, especially in the afternoon. The track towards the close of the day was in pretty good condition and the contests were up to the average for interest. The purse of 200 bushels of oats was divided up and awarded as follows: 2:40 class—Elias King's Hector, of Hardwick, 1st, 50 bu.; Wm. Bemis' Brown Dick 2d, of Colebrook, 2d, 25 bu.; H. T. Mathewson's Pet, of Brookfield, 3d, 15 bu.; Sturtevant's Roy G., of Warren,

4th, 10 bu. 3 min. class—G. W. Morse's Snowflake, 1st, 20 bu.; J. Stone's Johnny, 2d, 15 bu.; J. Hobbs' Jesse H., 3d, 10 bu. These were all Brookfield horses. 4 min class—L. F. Roberts and Fred Hayden, of Brookfield, 1st and 2d, 10 and 6 bu.; Buett, of Spencer, 3d, 4 bu.; C. Cooledge, of No. Brookfield, 4th, 3 bu.; G. Ely, of Palmer, 5th, 2 bu. 2-mile running race—C. A. Bush, of No. Brookfield, 1st, 10 bu.; Unknown, gray horse, 2d, 6 bu.; L. F. Roberts and C. Hayden, of Brookfield, 3d and 4th, 5 and 4 bu. H. T. Mathewson's Pet behaved badly, and disappointed her many friends who looked for better things of her than third place, but it was evidently her "off day." When she would trot she showed fine speed, but would break often and at unlooked for points. The 5-mile foot race was rather of a tame affair. The contestants were Flannery, of Warren, who took first money, \$10; Murphy of Southbridge, 2d, \$6; Guertin, of Spencer, 3d, \$4. Every one expected Murphy would win first, as he can beat Flannery easily, but he seemed to prefer to take it easy and let Flannery win instead, as it is thought to bait him on to match for a large purse, which he has challenged Flannery to do several times in the past. Flannery made the five miles in about 32 minutes.

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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 36. BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1885.

3 CTS. EACH.

Ware Muster.

Below we give the rules governing the competitors for the prizes to be contested for at the Firemen's Annual Muster, to be held at Ware, Saturday, Sept. 12:

HOSE CARRIAGES.

First—The carriage must be a regulation carriage, capable of carrying 500 feet of regulation 2½ in. hose. A regulation carriage with hose will be furnished any company not having one.

Second—Companies to run 300 yds., attach to hydrant, lay 200 feet of hose, and attach pipe—pipe to be carried from the start.

Third—The pipe must be a regulation pipe not less than 24 inches in length, and screw on three full threads. Time taken from the time pipe strikes the ground, pipe to reach wire or no time given.

Fourth—No person allowed to run with more than one company, and each company to consist of not more than twenty men. No assistance after starting.

HAND ENGINES.

Each company to run 100 yds. and play through 200 feet of hose from bar and draft water from cistern. No water allowed in box from start. Each company allowed fifteen minutes to set and vacate, three minutes allowed for each burst of hose. *Tests*, 1st—water through nozzle; 2d—distance of stream.

STEAMERS.

Each company to run 500 yds. and play through 200 feet of hose. *Limit*, 100 pounds of steam; 1½ cocks of water. *Tests*, 1st—35 pounds of steam; 2d—water through nozzle 150 feet from bar; 3d—distance of stream.

HOOK AND LADDER.

Each company to run 200 yds., set ladder—ladder to be extended not less than eight feet after the signal to start is given. Roof ladder to be hooked on ridge, place a man on ridge, man to straddle ridge. Roof ladder to be not less than 16 feet nor weigh less than 16 pound. Ladder to be packed the same as before starting. Place men in position. Each company limited to 15 men. No assistance after starting.

EXTINGUISHERS.

Each company to run 300 yds. and play on fire. *Tests*, 1st—stream on fire; 2d—put out fire, the fire to consist of five tar barrels filled with shavings and saturated with kerosene. Each company allowed one judge.

PRIZES.

Hose Race—First prize, \$75.00; 2d, \$25.00.

Hand Machines—First prize, \$50.00; 2d, a trumpet, valued at \$45.00.

Steamers—First prize, \$50.00; 2d, \$25.00.

Hook and Ladder—First prize, \$50; 2d, \$25.00.

If not more than one competitor no prize will be given. If not more than two competitors no second prize will be given. Local companies will not contest for prizes. Dinner will be furnished for all visiting firemen, and all horses coming with fire companies will be taken care of free of charge. Special train will be run to Palmer in the evening to connect with trains east and west.

"How's Your Liver?"

In the comic opera of "The Mikado" his imperial highness says:

"To make, to some extent,
Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A nobler task than making evil livers, rivers of harmless merriment no person, king or layman, could take upon himself. The liver among the ancients was considered the source of all a man's evil impulses, and the chances are ten to one to-day that if one's liver is in an ugly condition of discontent, someone's head will be mashed before night!

"How's your liver?" is equivalent to the inquiry: Are you a bear or an angel to-day?

Nine-tenths of the "pure-cussedness" the action for divorce, the curtain lectures, the family rows, not to speak of murders, crimes and other calamities are prompted by the irritating effect of the inactivity of the liver upon the brain. Fothergill, the great specialist, says this and he knows. He also knows that to prevent such catastrophes nothing equals Warner's safe cure renowned throughout the world as a maker of

"Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

NEW Singer Sewing Machines. Only \$17
Including a full set of extra Attachments, needles, oil and usual outfit of 12 pieces with each. Guaranteed Perfect. Warranted 5 years. Handsome and Durable. Don't pay \$40 or \$50 for machines no better. We will send them anywhere on 15 days' trial before paying. Circulars and full particulars free by addressing
E. C. HOWE & CO.,
122 North 5th St., PHILA., PA.
Look Box 1087.

Thermometers to mount, and other useful articles, at Mrs. J. W. Pitts.

New
PHOTO-ARTIST.
Large Stock of Rich and Elegant Picture Frames. Over 100 different Styles to select from.
GREEN'S BLOCK,
Opposite Depot, Spencer, Mass.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

NEW GOODS AT THE CORNER STORE

With Great Bargains for Cash.
Fall Style of Hats!
RECEIVED.

Cor. Main St. and Mall.
J. H. ROGERS.
Brookfield, Sept. 3, 1885.

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

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated stand-works of character; great variety; New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Same low price. Adapted to all classes. Sells at sight. Agents doing big work. **EXCELLENT TERMS.** The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.
BRADLEY, GARRETSON & Co., 65 North 4th St. Philadelphia, Pa. Also other grand new books and Bibles.

THE COMPLETE HOME. Agents Wanted for this beautiful book. New edition.—New bindings.—New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Same low price. Adapted to all classes. Sells at sight. Agents doing big work. **EXCELLENT TERMS.** The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now.
BRADLEY, GARRETSON & Co., 65 North 4th St. Philadelphia, Pa. Also other grand new books and Bibles.

CUSHING ACADEMY, ASHBURNHAM, MASS.
For both sexes. Classical, English and Scientific courses. Extra facilities for medical students or others in chemistry. Expenses low. Year begins Sept. 15. Send for catalogue. **JAS. E. VOSE, Prin.**

COLEMAN
Business
COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
Occupies three Buildings Largest and Best. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, \$40. Write for circulars.
H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

1 year in advance,.....\$1.00
6 months,......50
3 "......25

Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 3, 1885.

Written for the TIMES.

Up in Canada.

Letter from the Brookfield Trouting Party.

CAMP BROOKFIELD, NEAR WEBSTER LAKE,
U. S. AND CANADA BOUNDARY LINE.

To the Editor of the Times:—

Our trip from Springfield to Sherbrook, P. Q., occupied twelve hours' ride. Nothing of any importance occurred during this ride, except our being unable to sleep owing to the unlimited talk of the cars, etc. We arrived at Newport Centre Friday morning at 5:30, where an hour was spent in the vicinity of Lake Memphamagoag. Upon arriving at this place the whole party received a pleasant surprise by having the privilege of shaking the hand of a Brookfield lady who had rode three miles in a carriage to see us. A stop of seven hours was made at Sherbrook, where the party viewed, with intense interest, the peculiar sights about the city. Breakfast and dinner was served for us at the Sherbrook House (fifteen minutes intermission for breakfast). Through the kindness of the proprietor and guests of this house we managed to pass the seven hours very pleasantly.

We left Sherbrook for Megantic lake at 3:30, via International railway, a distance of seventy miles through a wilderness, as it were. Considerable fun was had during this trip—majority were sleepy while the minority alive and kicking (please include me in the minority). This ride occupied five hours' time. Numerous criticisms, regarding poor fishing grounds in Megantic, together with our very good and considerate U. S. judgment, induced us to come here, which is seventeen miles east of Megantic.

At Megantic we met some of the

finest people in the country—obliging, kind and generous. The night was passed at this place, and during the time all necessary arrangements were made for conveyance to camp. By the way, Megantic was settled about six years ago, and now consists of about 300 houses and 1,000 inhabitants.

In the morning we chartered a locomotive to carry us ten miles. I must confess that the only thing wanting in the party was a photographer's kit, as we did make a picture riding on that engine. Our baggage was placed on the tender and pilot, while the party (including road hands, who rode five miles with us) were humped up in the cab and on the tender. A hasty count assured us that there were twenty-seven riding on the engine. Ten miles was all they were allowed to run, owing to the poor condition of the track, therefore landed ourselves and baggage and prepared for the balance of the journey. As I said before, all arrangements were made at Megantic. This included the engagement of a boy and horse, who were to go ten miles on the railroad track "afoot." Upon arrival of horse he was attached to a hand-car upon which we had loaded our baggage. We then started for a six miles' journey by this comical conveyance, however, the time for making this trip (three hours) was passed very pleasantly. Moose tracks were observed on the way—that is our guide informed us to that effect. At the end of the track we took to wheelbarrows and traveled about a mile to where we are now camped. The Webster lake lies in a northeasterly direction, about two miles from camp, and you may rest assured we take the guide with us when we go—sixty miles of solid forest on either side.

It is usually customary to stretch fishing statements, but my statement in this letter will be correct, viz: Two trips to the lake, which resulted in catching a string of trout containing over fifty in number, weighing from $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Deer tracks are very abundant, as we discovered a number on the shore of the lake.

Considerable growling in camp this morning on account of the non-sleep received by some last night, but what's the need of sleeping where you can laugh? The morning is made quite disagreeable on account of rain, but think it will clear up before noon, and then for fishing and dear hunting.

The mail carrier has just arrived. He walks seventeen miles through the forest each day. AGABUS RETSBEW.

Irresponsible Bilious B. O.

"Hunt's Remedy is the most effective medicine I ever used in my practice for dropsy and kidney diseases. It has almost raised the dead."

L. A. PALMER, M. D., Mystic.

Advertising Cheats!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

DID SHE DIE?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters, the papers say so much about."

"Indeed? Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now, she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we have shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

\$1--13 Weeks.

The *Police Gazette* will be mailed, securely wrapped to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of

ONE DOLLAR.

Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to \$5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 571

WIN more money than at anything else by taking any agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. Hallett Book Co., Portland, Maine.

How they Made It Up.

They had been enemies for three long years. They passed each other on the street with stern faces, their wives made fun of each other's dresses, and the children climbed up on the back fence and called each other shoddy aristocrats. Oh, no, there was no dove of peace around there, and lots of people predicted that a case of assassination would grow out of it.

Last evening a whole neighborhood was astonished beyond measure. These two families who had thursted for each other's scalps, were seen in sweet convention on the lawn. The men exchanged cigars, the women admired each other's latest purchase, and the blessed little children hugged each other all over the grass.

How did the change come about? Well, neither man ever owned a horse in his life, and neither knew a case of spavin from a blooming instance of poll evil. Jones decided, however, to buy a horse. He was looking one over at his hitching-post, when Smith came along. In a moment of forgetfulness Jones remarked:

"Say, Smith, you know all about a horse. How old is this animal?"

In the jerk of a comet's tail, rancor and bitterness were forgotten. The flattery hit Smith plumb center and ripped the buttons off his pent-up soul. He obeyed the request, pointed out all the ringbones, stiff knees and splints, and advised Jones not to buy. They went off arm in arm, and the dove of peace now sits on the housetops and warbles his joyous little soul up to high G.

A force that fights successfully against disease. A host in itself, is Hunt's Remedy.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING**. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING** is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, **TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

\$200,000 In presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. **H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.**

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWS TO FAIL

Lots of People Say, "OH MY BACK."

Here is Solid A I TESTIMONY from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.
"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

"Health is better than wealth."
Machinist.
Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1138 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

"Good counsel has no price, obey it."
Mechanic.
Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

"Light suppers makes long lives."
Railroad Man.
Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & N. H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1893, says:—"My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney Remedy completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

"Deeds are better than words."
HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

"Alls well that ends well."
Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.25.
HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, B. I.
C. N. CRITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y.

"CANDEE"

Rubber BOOTS —WITH— **DOUBLE THICK BALL.**

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The **CANDEE** Boots are double thick on the ball, and give **DOUBLE WEAR.**

Most economical rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the **PRICE NO HIGHER.**

Call and examine the goods.

FOR SALE BY SAGE & CO., Wholesale Agents "CANDEE" Co., BOSTON, MASS.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK" BY DR. E. D. RAYMOND.
A valuable work of three hundred pages, and revised after 50 years' practice, he writes: "The work is practical, and calculated to be of great benefit to the general public, and a comprehensive book treating of **MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE.**"

It is the most popular, readable, and practical presentation of "Medical Common Sense" ever published. It is written by a physician, and is so plain and simple that it can be read by all. It is a valuable work for all who are interested in the health of themselves and their families.

A NEW FEATURE. Just introduced, consists of a set of four parts, 35 chapters, 936 pages, 200 illustrations, and 400 engravings. It is a complete and up-to-date work on the subject of "Medical Common Sense." It is a valuable work for all who are interested in the health of themselves and their families.

AGENTS WANTED. Agents wanted in all parts of the country. Send for terms.

FREE—A 16-page Contents Table of Plain Home Talk, red, white and blue covers, and a sample of Dr. E. D. Raymond's "Medical Common Sense." Same price and illustrations, the difference is in paper and binding.

Standard Edition, \$3.25
Popular Edition, 1.50

MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., 129 East 29th St., New York.

The Cream of all Books of Adventure
Condensed Into One Volume.

PIONEER HEROES and DARING DEEDS.

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighting with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Generals Miles and Crook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Splendidly Illustrated with 175 fine engravings. **AGENTS WANTED.** Low-priced, and beats anything to sell. **STANDARD BOOK CO., 29-6th 610 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for **MODERATE FEES.** When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make **NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.**

We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to the officials of U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own state, or county, address **C. A. SNOW & Co., 7 Death Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.**

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Of extra ability and experience, to take general appointing agencies, to find and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) in FULL their experience, etc. **HENRY BUCKLIN & CO., 605 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

GUIDE to SUCCESS in BUSINESS and SOCIETY.

The most universally useful book ever published. It tells completely **HOW TO DO EVERYTHING** in the best way, **How to Be Your Own Lawyer, How to Do Business Correctly and Successfully, How to Act in Society and everywhere.** A gold mine of varied information to all classes for constant reference. **AGENTS WANTED** for all or spare time. To know why this book of **REAL** value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to **H. B. SCAMMELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Weekly Times.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—Assembly No. 2929.—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. H.—Division No. 17.—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—Hayden Lodge.—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Sept. 23rd, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, M. M. degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—Brookfield Brass Band.—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—Dexter Post, 38.—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant. Edwin Legg, Commander.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Merrick Council, No. 902.—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 3, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—The tax books are out.
—The schools begin next week.
—Canadian correspondents will please write on only one side of their birch bark.
—Messrs. Capen and Giffin have returned from the fishing trip. They brought some fine trout home.
—Misses Lucy and Mary LeValley, formerly of this town, have been visiting at their aunt's, Mrs. A. L. Marcy. The latter is still here.
—The W. C. T. Union will meet at the Unitarian vestry, Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 3 p. m. An interesting essay from one of the members may be expected. All invited.
—We give elsewhere a letter from the fishing party from this village, up in Canada. The MSS. was somewhat bulky being written on birch bark. The letter speaks for itself.
—Rev. D. L. Moody, the Evangelist, will hold meetings at West Brookfield the last of this month, so people in this vicinity, who wish, can avail themselves of the privilege of hearing him.
—An intoxicated person, driving from West Brookfield, ran into a team belonging to Mr. Geo. W. Johnson, Monday evening, on Central street, doing some damage. He was placed in the lockup.

—Now is the time to visit the Corner Store. Great bargains!

—Work is in progress on the long needed repairs to the Town House in the corner under the tower. Water from the eave-troughs have been allowed to run down into the foundation at that corner for several years past, and it has caused it to settle somewhat, so that the arch stone over the hall entrance was cracked. The repairs will consist in putting in a second stone arch under the third floor windows.

—As Mrs. Dwight Hyde, Mrs. Alvin Hyde and Miss Alice Hyde were driving to West Brookfield, yesterday, at the top of the hill near Mr. Lynde's they met two small boys driving a cow with a blinder on. As they hurried past the cow ran toward the horse, when he became frightened, and turning short threw them from the carriage, at the same time overturning it. The horse became so entangled in the reins that he could not run, which probably prevented a more serious accident.

—We understand that the campers from Brookfield broke camp on Tuesday last, five of them starting for Quebec. This gives us an explanation of their taking so much ammunition with them. There has not been a time since the stirring events of 1861 that so many men, armed and equipped for active service, have left Brookfield. We presume the five brave boys that have struck for Quebec have gone with the intention of helping out "Reil." It has been supposed for a long time that he had friends in the United States, and it has been a surprise to many that no effort has ever been made to release him. But it is now settled to our entire satisfaction and "Reil" will soon be free. What surprises us most is that two of the "tried and true" should show the white feather and run home, but "those who fight and run away, are 'Capen' in trim for another day." Our anxiety will not be relieved until those dear boys return to Brookfield.

—The following citizens pay a tax of \$100 or more: C. O. Brewster, \$239.87; F. H. Barnes, 110.40; G. H. Burt & Co., including personal, 615.03; C. P. Blanchard, 1,662.41; H. V. Crosby, 255.15; H. D. Fales, 148.49; G. W. Fay, 188.75; Geo. E. Forbes, 325.53; Roxanna Forbes, 305.44; H. P. Gerald, 114.88; H. L. Gleason, 140.94; J. W. Gleason, 100.00; Martha M. Hyde, 100.00; Francis Howe, Estate, 132.47; H. W. Hamilton, 112.31; Aisin Hyde, 247.35; Geo. W. Johnson, 192.88; A. H. King, 145.59; Persis S. Kimball, 134.46; Jesse Moulton, 111.23; F. E. Prouty, 100.35; Elizabeth T. Reed, 165.17; L. Stowell, Estate, 167.66; Noah Sagendorph, 157.70; Richard Sugden, 444.88; Fred Simister, 168.00; Mrs. D. R. Tyler, 130.56; A. W. Twichell, 109.56; W. J. Vizard, 123.84; Thomas Warner, 133.97. The above aggregate nearly \$7,100, or more than one-third of the taxes assessed. There are also seventy more that pay between \$50 and \$100 each, making the total amount raised by the town from 100 tax payers, \$12,000.



—The *American Farmer*, a finely illustrated, 16-page, monthly paper, brimming over with useful notes and articles of interest to every housekeeper, gardener and poultry lover, and a special department for the ladies, and is cheap at \$1 a year, the regular subscription rate. A copy can be seen at our office any time. Now, we extend this offer to the public: To all new subscribers to the *Times* for one year, at our regular price, \$1, we will also give a year's subscription of the *American Farmer*, and to all old or present subscribers we also say, pay up your back subscriptions (if you owe any) and renew for another year in advance, at regular rates, and you too will receive the *American Farmer* free for one year. We also have a few more copies of "Dr. Foote's Hand Book of Health Hints and Ready Recipes" yet left, and will give each one copy as long as they last. First come first served.



Sturbridge.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

—The Worcester South Agricultural Fair will be held Sept. 17 and 18. The grounds and track are in good condition, and the track is open to the public, free. Box stalls will be furnished, free of charge, to horses paying a 10 per cent. entrance fee. Entries in the trotting and running races close at 11 p. m. Sept. 16.

—The citizens of "Honest town" (Southbridge) were badly sold last Thursday evening by a couple of smart ones, who told a very plausible story entitled "Spirit Power in Full Gaslight." Previous to the exhibition, and after their crowded house was seated and quiet, he told them that no doubt many came there believing it was a humbug, and no doubt all would go away with the same belief, and he then gave the audience the privilege of retiring and their money back if they doubted his promises, which only made the fools the more eager for the show. After showing a few rope-tying tricks in a closed cabinet, he proceeded to turn down the gas and informed the audience that he would perform the "dark act." After the curtain fell he lifted the trap door of the stage (which is over a driveway between the Dresser and Edwards blocks) and let himself down by a rope and skipped. By referring to his programme it was seen he did not commit himself, and therefore fulfilled all that he promised. The same night Mr. Saunders, of Saundersville, had his house entered by burglars, who, after collecting all the silverware and valuables, and packing them up ready for removal in the sitting-room, went into the parlor, where by accident they tipped over a center table upon which was a statuette. The noise frightened them so that they made a hasty exit, leaving all their packed-up plunder behind. No doubt all this was done by the same "spirit power" that gulled the gossips at the Dresser house earlier in the evening. Moral—"You can't most always sometimes tell" an honest show from—

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 37. BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

Cock-fighting in Louisiana.

The cock-fights of to-day in New Orleans are held on Sunday afternoon and evening of every week in what is not far from the heart of the city. They are advertised and open, and a small fee admits you to the scene.

The room where the fighting is to take place is large enough to hold one of Moody's audiences, and it has a high roof and is as light as day. A great, round tub, twenty-five feet in diameter and three feet deep, takes up the center of the room, and around this, in the style of the Coliseum, benches rise in one ring of seats after another, until they touch the wall of the roof. This big tub is known as the cock-pit, where the battles are to come off. Its bottom is as smooth as a floor, but it is of dirt and not of wood. Its sides are padded with dark red leather, and on the rim at its top a hundred men and boys, sitting in the lowest tier of seats, are leaning on their elbows. The combs and wattles of the roosters have been cut close to the head while they were young, in order to fit them for fighting, and to prevent their enemies from catching hold of them. They present a sorry, cold, bare, red, porterhouse-steak-like air; but their eyes seem to flash, and on their sturdy legs are long white spurs as sharp as a needle. They are Spanish game-chickens, the best fighters in the world, and their owners know that if they go into a fight they will either win or die. A professional cock-fighter seizes hold of each of them. A glass of water is given to each of the backers. Each man fills his mouth and squirts the water through his teeth in a fine spray over his chicken. The two chickens are then held bill to bill. They snap and bite at each other. As the backers drop them upon the ground they look defiance out of their bead-like eyes, walk warily about for a few seconds, and then jump at each other, endeavoring to catch hold with the bill, and then springing up to cut out each other's eyes with their sharp spurs, clapping them together so that the sound rings through the room like a whip crack. In five minutes the combs of both chickens are covered with blood, and the fight is ended by the white chicken catching hold of the comb of the black and driving his spur through his brain.

Is your back lame? It is a solid fact that the only sure cure for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder, is Hunt's Remedy.

To Husbands.

Always complain of being tired, and remember that nobody else gets tired.

Your wife should have everything in readiness for you, but you should not do anything for her.

When your wife asks for money, give her a nicker; ask her what she wants with it, and when she tells you, ask her if she can't do without it. Then go down town and spend ten times the amount for cigars, for they are necessary.

Go down town of an evening, as the lodge has a special meeting; it is more interesting than to stay at home with your family.

Charge your wife not to gossip, but you can spin all the yarns you wish.

Have your wife get up and make fires, but don't get up yourself till the rest of the family are eating breakfast, as you might take cold.

Wear old clothes, and make yourself as untidy as possible until your wife's health fails; then it would be best for you to fix up some, for in all probability you will want another when she is gone.

Have a smile for everybody you meet, but get a frown on before you go home.

Disordered liver and kidneys will produce rheumatism and neuralgia. All liver and kidney diseases are cured by Hunt's Remedy.

Terrible Revenge.

The steamer Valetta, which arrived at Plymouth recently, was on the voyage the scene of a deplorable murder and suicide. Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, with two children and a Japanese ayah. Mrs. Abbott had occasion to rebuke the ayah, who became much excited, and, in consequence of a remark which she let fall, the children and nurse were closely watched. In the evening, however, while Mr. Abbott was sitting with them in the saloon he turned away for a moment, when the woman seized the oldest child, a beautiful fair-haired girl six years old, and thrust her through one of the ports, then jumping out herself. Both fell into the sea, and, although the steamer was stopped and boats got out, nothing could be seen of the child, who doubtless had been sucked down in the vortex caused by the screw. The poor child was a general favorite on board.

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Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

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| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
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Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1885.

Remarkable Trials.

Many years ago, a merchant residing in Paris, in the Rue St. Honoré, had an only daughter, who possessed all the charms of her sex; indeed, persons of the most refined taste took pleasure in her society. Her parents, by giving her a liberal education, had done all in their power to enhance those advantages which nature had leached upon her. She had no sooner reached the age when the heart first begins to be susceptible of the tender flame, than she became aware that she loved a youth, a neighbor, some years her senior, who had already anticipated her sentiments. The fathers of the two young people were friends of long standing, they followed the same occupation, and their fortunes were about equal. The couple, in short, seemed altogether well matched. It had been agreed that they should be married in a few years; they met frequently, they seemed made for each other, and could not be too often together. Nothing appeared to stand in the way of the realization of their fond hopes. But the demon of self-interest, who counts so many worshippers among the children of men, in an evil moment induced the parents of the young lady to listen to the proposals of a wealthy capitalist, who asked her hand in marriage. Neither his personal merits nor any eminent quality obtained for him the preference; he owed it entirely to his riches. We will not undertake to picture the despair of the two lovers; our readers will easily imagine how great it was. The maiden complained and stood out against the will of her father and mother, but she yielded at last. She gave her hand to the capitalist, but not her heart, that was already disposed of. Her sense of duty obliged her to forbid her lover to see her, in such a peremptory tone that he had no other course than to obey her command. The husband soon discovered that her affections were not centered in him, but, as he was a man of no refinement, he did not seem to care much about it. The young wife spent her days in profound sadness, slowly consumed by the grief which gnawed

at her heart. At length she broke down under her affliction. After an illness which lasted several days she fell into a state of complete lethargy, so that she was thought to be dead, and the last duties were paid to her.

The lover soon got to hear of the young lady's funeral; he did not, however, succumb under the full weight of his sorrow. Something seemed to say to him that she was not dead. He remembered that once, when a girl, she had fallen into a state of stupefaction, from which after some time she completely recovered. He went that same night to the sexton, whom he bribed, and with his help, he took out of the earth her who was to him as a valuable treasure, had her conveyed to his lodgings, where he employed all possible means to restore her to consciousness.

He soon discovered signs that life was not quite extinct, and after hours of continued efforts his loved one awoke out of her deep sleep. What was her astonishment on opening her eyes to see her lover by her side! He did not enter into long explanations, but briefly told her how much she owed him and that he now had a right to claim her as his own. She consented without hesitation to live for a man who had saved her life, and whom she still dearly loved; no voice pleaded within her breast on behalf of her husband.

They crossed over to England, where they lived several years together without a cloud arising to trouble the serenity of their happy union. After ten years had thus passed away, they felt a strong desire to return to their native land and re-visit the scenes of their youth. Accordingly they re-crossed the channel and arrived in Paris. Here the first husband chanced to meet them as they were walking out together. The image of his wife was not yet effaced from his memory, for, as chronicler observes: "It is not necessarily strong affection alone that stamps the portrait of a wife upon our heart."

If the thought of his wife's death had not then occurred to him, he would not have hesitated for a moment to believe that she now stood before him. Of these conflicting thoughts the latter kept the upper hand, and he became convinced that the lady was his wife. On meeting her a second time he acted upon this conviction, and spoke to her; nor could the fencing and evasive replies of the lady avail to change his opinion. The strange adventure invested his wife with so many added charms that he now felt drawn toward her with a passionate love such as he had never experienced before. After this interview he made the greatest exertions to discover her place of abode, though she did her best to elude his pursuit. Having succeeded in this, he took legal action to claim her as his wife. A prolonged trial was the result.

The lover pleaded, but in vain, that the recovery of the young lady was due to his own efforts, that but for him she would have died, and that he had thus acquired a right to possess her. Further, that the plaintiff, by consigning her to the grave, had forfeited all claim to her, and that he might even be accused of having buried her in undue haste, without giving her sufficient time to recover from her lethargy; that it might be said that he, of set purpose, contrived that she should pass from the sleep of lethargy into that of death. In short, every reason that Love could suggest was brought forward on behalf of a union that it intended to last for ever. We regret to say that Justice was deaf to all the arguments of Love; and the couple seeing plainly that the case was going against them, did not stay to hear the sentence of the Court, but took their departure to some foreign country, where they spent the rest of their lives.



30 YEARS RECORD.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OF URINE. PRICE \$1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

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A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable remedy."

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Bulder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

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A Street in Siena.

From a paper by W. D. Howells, in the *Century*, we quote the following: "Let the reader not figure to himself any broad, straight level when I speak of Via Cavour as the principal street; it is only not so narrow and steep and curving as the rest, and a little more light gets into it; but there is one level, and one alone, in all Siena, and that is the Lizza, the public promenade, which looks very much like an artificial level. It is planted with pleasant little bosks and trim hedges, beyond which lurk certain cafes and beer houses, and it has walks and a drive. On a Sunday afternoon of February, when the military band played there, and I was told that the fine world of Siena resorted to the Lizza, we hurried thither to see it; but we must have come too late. The band were blowing drops of distilled music out of their instruments and shutting them up, and on the drive there was but one equipage worthy of the name. Within this carriage sat a little refined looking boy, delicate, pale, the expression of an effete aristocracy; and beside him sat a very stout, gray-mustached, side-whiskered, eagle-nosed elderly gentleman, who took snuff out of a gold box, and looked like Old Descend in person. I felt, at sight of them, that I had met the Sieneese nobility, whom otherwise I did not see; and yet I do not say that they may not have been a prosperous fabricant of Panforte and his son. A few young bucks, with fierce trotting ponies in two-seated sulkies, hammered round the drive, the crowd on foot was mostly a cloaked and slouch-hatted crowd, which in Italy is always a plebeian crowd. There were no ladies, but many women of less degree, pretty enough, well-dressed enough, and radiantly smiling. In the center of the place shone a resplendent group of officers, who kept quite to themselves. We could not feel that we had mingled greatly in the social gayeties of Siena, and we wandered off to climb the bastions of the old Medicean fort—very bold with its shield and palle over the gateway—and listened to the bees humming in the oleander hedge beneath."

A \$28,000 Door.

One of the finest works of art in Washington is the bronze door of the capitol, which fills the doorway leading from the portico into the rotunda. It was modeled in Rome in 1858 by Randolph Rodgers, and cast in bronze at Munich in 1860 by F. Von Miller, at a total cost of \$28,000. The valves of the door stand in a superbly enriched casing, also of bronze, and fold back into suitably fitted jams. In height it is nineteen feet, and nine feet wide, weighting 20,000 pounds. In 1862 this door stood in the south

doorway of the old hall of representatives. In 1871 it was removed to its present situation, which is more appropriate, as it is now the front door of the capitol, and can be easily examined by strangers. Each wing of the door has four large panels, and eight smaller ones. The events portrayed in the larger panels constitute in alto relievo the principal events in the life of Columbus and the discovery of America, while in the sixteen smaller ones are beautiful statuettes of his patrons and eminent contemporaries. On the key of the arch is an excellent head of Columbus. In the casing are four typical statuettes, representing Asia, Africa, Europe and America, while between the panels is a series of heads representing the historians of the life and voyages of Columbus and his followers, among them Washington Irving and W. H. Prescott.

Advertising Cheats!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people
"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers, Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

DID SHE DIE!

"No!
"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed? Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,
"And now, she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters; that we have shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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The "CANDEE" RUBBER Co. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the **DOUBLE THICK BALL**. The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives **DOUBLE WEAR**. Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskas, &c.

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Weekly Times.

Society Directory.

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Edwin Legg, Commander.

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C. H. Whittemore, Secretary.
C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Rink to-night?

—It is Moody and Parker, Sept. 17th and 18th.

—The fire laddies are busy every evening now practicing.

—Work on the new street is like the wrath of God—slow but sure.

—Quite a number attended the bicycle tournament at Springfield yesterday.

—A. V. Howley, of the Brookfield band, will play with the East Brookfield band at the coming muster.

—The Brookfield fire company have secured Johnson's drum corps, of Worcester, to accompany them to Ware.

—Mr. J. M. Barnes, foreman of this office the past two years, started to-day for New York City on his annual week's vacation.

—The fishing party, which returned from Canada on Thursday and Friday and Saturday, report splendid success and lots of sport.

—It is rumored that Frank McNulty, formerly hostler for Mr. Chas. L. Vizard, is about to put in a new livery stable in town.

—Firemen's muster at Ware next Saturday.

—The Brookfield brass band has been engaged by the West Brookfield fire company to escort them at the Ware muster next Saturday.

—Mr. Oscar Bemis of the grocery firm of Allen & Bemis has bought out H. M. Bemis' meat market and opens it to-day for trade with a full line of meats and provisions.

—Mr. Parker, the singer, will accompany Mr. Moody the 17th and 18th. It is also expected that two London evangelists from Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle will appear here with Mr. Moody.

—The skating rink will be opened again to-night for the first time this season. The band will furnish music, and a good crowd will evidently avail themselves of this first opportunity, for some months, to try once more the rollers to good music.

—Mr. F. H. Ames was suddenly called from his work last week Monday by a telegram from Milford announcing the dying condition of his infant daughter. He went at once, and the child died the next Wednesday. It has been weakly for some time and Mrs. Ames had been away visiting her own and her husband's parents, the doctor thinking a change would do the child good.

—Mr. D. L. Moody will hold a series of meetings in the Town Hall of this place on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17 and 18. There will be morning, afternoon and evening sessions. A portion of the hall will be reserved for people who come from the adjoining towns. The rest will be free to all the residents of Brookfield till the capacity of the hall is reached. It is hoped that Mr. Ira D. Sankey will also be present. All seats remaining unoccupied at five minutes before the opening of the sessions, will be free to all.



—The *American Farmer*, a finely illustrated, 16-page, monthly paper, brimming over with useful notes and articles of interest to every housekeeper, gardener and poultry lover, and a special department for the ladies, and is cheap at \$1 a year, the regular subscription rate. A copy can be seen at our office any time. Now, we extend this offer to the public: To all new subscribers to the *TIMES* for one year, at our regular price, \$1, we will also give a year's subscription of the *American Farmer*, and to all old or present subscribers we also say, pay up your back subscriptions (if you owe any) and renew for another year in advance, at regular rates, and you too will receive the *American Farmer* free for one year. We also have a few more copies of "Dr. Foote's Hand Book of Health Hints and Ready Recipes" yet left, and will give each one copy as long as they last. First come first served.



—The musical entertainment given by Mrs. C. P. Blanchard at her residence, the other evening, was a very pleasant one and reflected great credit upon those who contributed their talent. At the intermission, guests were served with a variety of rare delicacies, which the hostess so well knows how to provide. Both as a musical and social gathering, it was an occasion long to be remembered.

Births.

SMITH.—At Spencer, Aug. 31, a son to Melville W. and Carrie E. Smith, formerly of this town.

Deaths.

AMES.—At Milford, Sept. 2, Mabel F., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Ames, of this town, aged 6 months, 12 days.

Interesting to Both Sexes.

Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS; also our SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily. \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

37-13

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A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THERMOMETERS to mount, and other useful articles, at Mrs. J. W. Fitts.

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obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for MODERATE FEES. When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge, and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.

We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to the officials of U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own state, or county, address C. A. SNOW & Co., 7 Decidre Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

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HENRY BUCKLIN & Co.,
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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 38. BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

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C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Umbrellas.

Place your umbrella in a rack and it will indicate that it will exchange owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, when the man is getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courting. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail an umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, frightens a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that! To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry your umbrella in a case indicates it is a shabby one. To carry an umbrella just high

enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off their hats signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on a friend, saying, "O, do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies lying. To give a friend half your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means "it will clear off."

The Rattlesnake's Revenge.

Speakin' o' snakes," said the Texas frontiersman, "reminds me of a little adventure me and my chum had with rattlesnakes, that made me respect the rattlesnake ever since."

"What kind of an adventure did you have that makes you respect the rattlesnake?" asked a St. Louis man.

"Well, one evening just before dark, out among the Rio Grande canons, there come the all-firedest rain you ever seed. Before we could get out the water had risen so the only way of escape was to cross a canon about thirty feet wide and five hundred feet deep.

"When we got to this canon we found about one million rattlesnakes there. They recognized me as their friend, it seemed, as I tried to keep my chum from shooting into a mound of 'em, for they crawled around me and looked into my face, as much as to say: 'You can help us over if you will.' I noticed that the snakes paid no attention to my chum, except a big rattler my chum wounded would look at him and then go around to his followers and seem to tell them something.

"Well, I tied a knot in the tail of a big rattler, and then got another and looped his neck into this, and so on until I had a snake rope about sixty feet long. Then I coiled it in my hand, as I would a lariat, and throwed it across, and the head snake tied himself to a tree, and the last one on my side did the same. I had my lot of snakes to go over first, and then I went over on this snake rope bridge. The last snake let go of the tree, and he crawled up and the others followed until all were across.

"My chum had done as I did, but he let the big wounded rattler have himself made the last snake, and tie himself around the tree, so when all the snakes were over and my chum was going over, as I had done, that big wounded rattler seemed to grin—showed all his teeth—and let go. Of course the whole shebang went down with 'swish,' and my chum was throwed off and smashed into jelly, and—" but the crowd had scattered and left the big Texan to himself.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK" BY DR. RAYDON
and a repudiation of those unscientific and ridiculed theories which have been written: "The work is perfect in its value and scientific and very instructive." It is the most popular and comprehensive book treating of
MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE,
written by the sale of Half a Million, is the most popular and readable because written in language plain, concise and forcible. It is available to the general public, and is the only book of the kind. It is a valuable to the student, showing new means by which they may be cured. It is a thorough treatment of subjects especially important to young men. It is a work for everyone who "wants to know, you know," will find it interesting.
A NEW FEATURE—of beautiful colored anatomical charts, in five colors, guaranteed superior to any before offered in a popular physiological book, and rendering it as the most attractive and quick-selling work for **AGENTS** who have already found a gold mine in it. Mr. Kohler writes: "I sold the first six books in two hours." Many agents take 50 or 100 at once, at special rates. Send for terms.
FREE—a 16-page Contents Table of Plain Home Talk, red, white and blue circulars, and a sample of Dr. Foose's Health Monthly.
Standard Edition, \$3.25 } Same print and illustrations, the Popular Edition, 1.50 } difference is in paper and binding.
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STOVES and HEATERS, AIR WARMING GRATES, SCHOOL ROOM HEATERS. Each combining the Radiation and Ventilation of an OPEN FIRE with the operation of a WARM AIR FURNACE, also Parlor and Cook Stoves, Ranges, IMPERIAL FURNACES, &c.
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76 Beekman St. N. Y. City.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

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Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1885.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 14.—The Administration is back again from the woods and waves, the schools open tomorrow, and the capitol city begins to resume life after its summer siesta. Every day last week seemed to bring new people to the Avenue promenade, and there will be a decided awakening in trade; the store windows told of the advent of a new season, and the era of "great reductions" began to give place to that of the "latest fall style." The cool weather of the first week of September brought on the autumn change a little earlier than usual.

For hundreds of people the work of house-hunting is now in order. A real estate broker estimates that twelve hundred houses are usually vacant in Washington every summer. Not so many were given up this year, because people in office were inclined to economize in view of possible contingencies; but, nevertheless, there were a great many given up by tenants, and the storage warehouses are now beginning to disgorge. Washington, in proportion to its size, sends more people out of town in the summer than any city in the country, and Washington landlords say they lose more summer rents than they can afford. The hot weather begins sooner here than in northern cities, and it lasts longer. The habit of giving up houses in May and storing furniture until September or October appears to be growing on the people. The landlords say they have to increase rents to meet this loss. The result, they say, is to raise the cost of house rent in the city \$5 per month all around.

The opening of the Forty-ninth Congress will witness a novel situation of affairs. For the first time in years there will be no contest for Speakership. Mr. Carlisle will be chosen by the unanimous vote of the majority. There is some interest as to who will be the candidate of the republicans. So far there have been mentioned Mr. Long, of Massachusetts, Mr. Hiscock, of New York, and Mr. Reed, of Maine. Mr. Hiscock and Mr. Reed entered Congress simultaneously. Mr. His-

cock has been particularly identified with the work of the Appropriations committee. Mr. Reed has been a remarkable debater. Every matter in which his party has taken stand has found him its champion. He is a master of invective and spices it with sarcasm. Governor Long has been in Congress but one term. Unlike most ex-governors, Mr. Long was a national character before he was elected to Congress. When he was sent to the House of Representatives his friends were fearful that he would not be equal to the rough-and-tumble style of debate which is in vogue there. The record of the past two years has shown that Mr. Long understood his own abilities better than his friends. At first the House listened to him with curiosity, then with admiration, and to-day, although having only finished his first term, he is regarded as one of the leaders on the republican side. The fact that his name is mentioned as the republican candidate for Speaker emphasizes this. The republican caucus, however, will be a very quiet affair. The only significance attending it will come two years hence when, if the republicans gain their supremacy of the House, the nomination this year might have some influence upon the Speakership contest then. While there is little or no interest now, as Mr. Carlisle is universally regarded as having nothing to fear from any quarter, yet when it comes to the other offices of the House several red-hot fights have been inaugurated already, and are now in progress.

So far as relates to this city the trade prospects are good. Population here is rapidly increasing, and mainly by the selection of the national capitol as the future home of wealthy families hitherto domiciled in other cities.

Hundreds of new houses are being completed and soon will be furnished. A great deal of money will be expended here during the next eight or ten months. The merchants are, as a rule, quite content with the outlook, and are cheerfully preparing for a great increase in the demand for goods.

There is no other American city whose retail dealers have so many things in their favor as are now possessed by the retail trade of Washington. The growth of Washington is phenomenal.

"I sold in two years thirty-three thousand one hundred and twenty (33,120) bottles of Hunt's Remedy. It is a valuable medicine for kidney disease." W. B. BLANDING, Prov.

Hunt's Remedy is purely vegetable, and a speedy cure for heart disease and rheumatism.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard **Books & Bibles** low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 55 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Lots of People Say,
"OH MY
— BACK."

Here is Solid
A 1 TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

* * * "Health is better than wealth." * * *

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1138 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

* * * "Good counsel has no price, obey it." * * *

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

* * * "Light suppers makes long lives." * * *

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & P. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says:—"My father, 63 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney Remedy completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

* * * "Deeds are better than words." * * *

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

* * * "Alls well that ends well." * * *

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.25.

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, B. I.
C. N. CRITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y.

"CANDEE"

Rubber BOOTS
—WITH—
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give **DOUBLE WEAR.**

Most economical rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the **PRICE NO HIGHER.**

Call and examine the goods.

"CANDEE" RUBBER BOOTS GIVE DOUBLE WEAR ON THE BOTTOM. GREATEST IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE IN RUBBER BOOTS. TWO YEARS TEST.

A COMMON SENSE IDEA
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

FOR SALE BY
SAGE & CO.,
Wholesale Agents "CANDEE" Co.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Chinese Outlaws.

That the Chinese have secret tribunals of their own, where false testimony is prepared and whose edicts are death for the Chinaman to disobey, is no longer a matter of conjecture, says a San Francisco letter. They are not only not amenable to law, but they are governed by secret tribunals unrecognized and unauthorized by law. The records of these tribunals have been discovered and are found to be antagonistic to our legal system. These tribunals are formed by the several Chinese companies or guards and are recognized as legitimate authorities by the Chinese population. They levy taxes, command masses of men, intimidate interpreters and witnesses, enforce perjury, regulate trade, punish the refractory, remove witnesses beyond the reach of our courts, control liberty of action, and prevent the return of Chinese to their home in China without their consent. In short, they exercise a despotic sway over one-seventh of the population of the State of California. This system is inherent, and part of the fibre of the Chinese mind, and exists because the Chinese are thoroughly and permanently alien to us in language and interests. The testimony of a number of persons was taken to the effect that rewards are offered and paid for the life of certain objectionable Chinamen. Charles T. Jones, the district attorney of Sacramento, testified that an interpreter in a certain case told him that the Chinese would kill him if the defendants in a certain robbery case were convicted. We went out of the court room, says Mr. Jones, and he told me he was afraid to go on I street. I told him not to go there, but I did not think they would trouble him. Half an hour afterward he was brought back shot in the back and a hatchet having been used on him, mutilating him terribly. This was in broad daylight, about 11 o'clock in the morning, on Third and I streets, one of the most prominent places in the city of Sacramento. There were hundreds of Chinese there at the time, but it was difficult in the prosecution of the case to get any Chinese testimony at all. It happened that there were a few white men passing at the time, and we were enabled to identify two men, and they were convicted and sent to the penitentiary for life after three trials. They attempted to prove an alibi, and after swearing a large lot of Chinamen, they said they had twenty more. The Chinese use the courts to get possession of women. Sometimes it happens that where a man is married to a woman they get out a warrant for his arrest, and before he can get bail they have stolen the woman and carried her off to some distant place.

A Horrible Spectacle.

A London letter to the New York *Telegram* says: No sadder spectacle presents itself to the eye of the stranger visiting the metropolis of England, if not of the world, than that of its thousands of unfortunate women addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. In itself the mere habit on the part of females drinking brandy, gin or whiskey is bad enough, but when the habit is carried to the extreme of drunkenness it transforms God's noblest and most beautiful creation into something even below the beast. Walk along Fleet street, go slowly along the Strand or any one of the many streets, lanes and alleys crossing those two great arteries at right angles, look into any of the beer or whiskey shops at any hour of the day or night and count the souls there. You will find more women than men—women carrying babies, young girls from sixteen up, old women with bloated faces and every tender lineament of their sex blotted from their countenances by the brutalizing agency of alcohol; old women, too, scarcely able to stand from the combined effects of age and dissipation.

It is a horrible spectacle, which I have never seen in any other part of the world. These poor female wretches huddle together outside the bar in small rooms ten feet square, perhaps, imbibing the soul poison from morn till night, cheering each other mayhaps by ribald talk and jest, neglecting all the duties of womanhood for the sake of the loved dram or pint, and after spending all their pennies or ha'pence, as the case may be, reeling out into the busy streets with some muddled thought of getting "home again" before husband, father, son or brother returns.

Treasurer Jordan as a Typo.

United States Treasurer Jordan amazed the government printing office the other day by taking off his coat, stationing himself before an unoccupied case and beginning to set type with rapidity and accuracy. He had ordered a job done within four hours, and they had exclaimed "impossible!" "There," said Jordan, after he had worked awhile, "that is the way I want work done for this government when I so order it. What I asked of you could have been done in fifteen minutes, barring the unnecessary delays and red tape of this office. Hereafter when I want a thing done within a specified time, remember that I know what I am talking about."

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

Of extra ability and experience, to take general appointing agencies, to find and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) in full their experience, etc. HENRY BUCKLIN & CO., 608 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Advertising Cheats!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which \$b proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers, Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines. "There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * * "In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

DID SHE DIE?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed? Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now, she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we have shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Interesting to Both Sexes.

Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS; also our SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily: \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

37-13

LEWIS SCHIELE & Co.,

390 Broadway, New York.

A Prize

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Joe Steele won the potato race!!!
—The hall has a seating capacity of 900.
—Mr. F. W. Cummings is back in town again selling butter.

—Mr. E. A. Ludden has gone to Albany, N. Y., to study medicine.

—The female orchestra at the Point of Pines Tuesday evening was highly praised.

—Mr. R. E. Moulton has taken the position of cashier of the Oberlin National Bank.

—Mr. Roger Mulcahy has bought out the grocery of Allen & Bemis and is moving in to-day.

—Moody and Parker to-day and to-morrow, at the Town Hall, morning, afternoon and evening.

—FOR SALE.—A good Smith American organ. For particulars call on Mr. H. W. Rice, this village.

—Mrs. W. C. Watson, of Kansas City, Mo., daughter of Mr. H. D. Fales, is visiting her parents in this town.

—Next week we will give a list of the recent additions to the library since our last report—some sixty new volumes.

—The Y. M. S. B. hold a social dance in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Oct. 2. The North Brookfield orchestra furnish music for the occasion.

—The Point of Pines Hotel has had so many calls from parties far and near for summer accommodations, that the proprietors contemplate a large addition next season.

—The morning trains brought numerous attendants to the first session of the Moody meetings from all along the line. At ten o'clock a half dozen busses from the neighboring towns added to the assembly.

—A large crowd visited the Point of Pines last Tuesday evening to attend the dance. A report was circulated the next morning that the rink and adjoining buildings were burned during the night, but the report was not authenticated.

—Mr. John Mulcahy is quite ill, the affliction being boils over his eyes. His boy Willie was accidentally hurt while at play at school Tuesday, and quite seriously, too, being struck in the stomach by another boy who was running.

—The 300-yard race to have come off this evening between Messrs. J. H. Murray and J. P. Connors has proved a "fizzle," in consequence of the former failing to meet the requirements. Owing to neglect of a written agreement both parties were allowed to draw their forfeit money.

—Officers Swallow and Douty had quite a little scuffle Monday afternoon getting a victim of strong drink up to the cooler, a large crowd gathering from the shop watching the commotion. The prisoner was safely lodged, however, and subsequently paid the regulation fee to Judge Duell.

—Mr. Wm. McClure, an uncle of the Bartlett family, Over-the-River, was run over and killed by the cars at New Haven, Conn., Tuesday. Mr. McClure was associated with Plympton, the roller skate manufacturer in New York, and had been visiting in Brookfield for several weeks this summer, and only left town last Thursday. His body is to be sent on here to-day. He was known as a genial and pleasant man whom all liked who knew him.

—The Brookfield fire company came home last Saturday night from Ware muster with very little to show for their trip excepting, perhaps, a general good time. Their reputation in setting engine was maintained,

as usual, at the head, but on all other points they were "left" behind. The hose company ran excellently, and many claim they beat the best time made, but through some fault claimed by the judges, in their coupling, no time was allowed them. This is the third time this thing has happened.

—Mr. H. L. Gleason had a narrow escape from drowning in South Pond the early part of last week. He and a gentleman from Connecticut were out fishing in a small round-bottom boat, and when in a simultaneous act of raising the anchor at each end the boat, some way, slid out from under them, leaving both gentlemen in some fifteen feet of water. The Connecticut gentleman could swim, but Mr. Gleason could not, and before he could reach the boat, which had been capsized, he sank twice. They were both shortly rescued, however, by another boat which happened to be not a great ways distant.

Moody and Parker.

The preparations for the union Moody meetings at this place this week have been extensive. Mr. Moody originally intended to be at West Brookfield, but a union of church committees from West Brookfield, Warren, North Brookfield and Brookfield finally decided on Brookfield as the place to hold the services, the town hall here being larger than any other in the vicinity and having a seating capacity of 900.

MORNING SESSION.

People from the surrounding towns flocked in this morning, about 700 being present at 10:30 o'clock, while others came in during the services. Mr. Moody did not appear until about 11 o'clock, the interval being filled by singing, prayer and remarks by the choir and clergymen present, including Messrs. Walker of Spencer, Richardson of Warren, Jones of Wellesley, Holt of East Brookfield, Forbes of Warren and Capen and Stebbins of Brookfield. Mr. Moody occupied the rest of the session in his own attractive way, not speaking from any particular text but quoting many passages.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The hall was crowded at 2 o'clock, many people standing. After the usual preliminary exercises and singing Mr. Moody again took the floor and until 3:30 kept the large crowd in rapt attention. His efforts were in the way of convincing his hearers of the need of more individual mind to do the Lord's work, and not to look for their minister or such and such a brother or sister to start the wheel moving, but to ask of God for the power to move themselves. He alluded very forcibly to the temporary power that some manifest to-day, but show nothing of a year hence. He said there were many before him, perhaps, that were doing zealous work five years ago, but had not a particle of power to-day. He urged the need of an ever-flowing power that would never tire. When a boy, he said, he had pumped water until his arm had ached and got but very little water. It was almost useless work. Now here is a man out in Michigan who went deeper than the common well; he sunk an artesian well down deep below the rock, gravel, hard-pan, until he struck a rising stream that sent the water up without an effort and has been doing that for years, supplying the whole community. That is the kind of grace we want in our hearts, never failing and self-working. Again he spoke of the stereotyped church-goers. He attends church and prayer meeting to keep his conscience easy. He has got in the habit of it, and don't feel quite right unless he does go, but he expects nothing further and does not get disappointed. He suggested as a remedy for this, services for the purely hungry and thirsty Christians, alone, all

others being excluded, and the inference was that in most communities they would prove very slimly attended affairs. There was singing by a choir of 75 voices led by Levi Sherman, and then followed a half hour of prayer and praise, the several ministers present taking part. The benediction was then pronounced by Mr. Moody, and the large audience dismissed.

EVENING SESSION.

A special invitation for the evening session in the way of evening session tickets were distributed throughout the boot factory this afternoon, and at an early hour the workmen, their wives and children, began to arrive at the hall, and were promptly shown seats reserved for them by the ushers. All others, except ticket holders, were kept in waiting outside until five minutes of the time of opening, and then admitted to the remaining seats. The choir, in the mean while, were singing hymns. When 7:30 was reached the hall was filled to its utmost, every available seat being occupied and even all the standing room in both the main hall and gallery, and even out into the lobby. The meeting was opened by Mr. Parker singing No. 307 of the Gospel hymns and the congregation joining in the chorus. No. 118 then followed, with prayer next. Mr. Parker again sang, this time No. 378. Rev. Mr. Jones of Wellesley offered prayer, followed by the congregation singing No. 79. Mr. Moody then took the floor and spoke until 9 o'clock, using for his text the 7th verse of the 6th chapter of Galatians, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Mr. Moody said he believed fully in that text twenty years ago, but even more now. Experience from the every day records since then was more than sufficient to bring that result. Mr. Moody spoke in a very plain and matter-of-fact manner. His subject had an ample supply of illustrations both from a religious and secular standpoint. He divided his text into four heads, dwelling mostly on the second and third, showing that man not only expects to reap more than he sows, but that he must find his harvest the same in kind as he sowed. He clearly showed how Jacob and David, two men whom skeptics point at as examples of acknowledged sinners, yet to all worldly appearance blessed by God, and yet they reaped many fold for their sins in like trouble in their own families. Again man says, how about the atonement plan? Can a just God forgive my sins and punish also? how about that? This point Mr. Moody brought out very well, and has for his answer: God has his certain well defined laws that govern the world, and this one of reaping or harvest is one, but he has also promised to forgive. This he can do and does, but the seed sown must come up and the harvest must be reaped. He illustrates by saying: I have a field of wheat; when at a certain height I find that it is half full of thistles. Now, there were no thistles in the field the year before, how came they here this year? I ask John, my man who sowed them. John hangs his head, blushes, stammers and finally says, master, you said if I would confess my faults you would forgive me. Now I confess that at the time I sowed that wheat I was angry with you, so I put in half thistle seed. Now forgive me. Having promised forgiveness, I freely forgive, but the thistles keep on growing with the wheat and must finally be reaped with the wheat. In this way Mr. Moody went on from one illustration to another, dealing facts right and left. At 9 o'clock a half hour for prayer and praise was announced and a hymn sung while those who wished could retire.

Having to go to press at this time further particulars of to-morrow's meetings will have to wait till our next issue.

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

Vol. IV. No. 39. BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

Society Directory.

K. OF L.—*Assembly No. 2929.*—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. M.—*Division No. 17.*—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—*Haylen Lodge.*—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Oct. 2:st at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, — degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—*Brookfield Brass Band.*—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—*Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.*—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Foreman.
Edward Conway, Clerk.

G. A. R.—*Dexter Post, 38.*—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, Edwin Legg, Commander.
at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—*Merrick Council, No. 902.*—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary.
C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

When Advertising Pays.

There's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as a newspaper advertisement. The prime, first, last and all-the-time object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and the store is so full of customers he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes to the newspapers and puts in his advertisement. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade, and he wants to sell goods so bad he can't pay his rent, he takes out his advertisement. That is, some of them do; but occasionally a level-headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay their gas bills. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for the advertisement, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half holiday six days in the week, but who wants to favor an advertisement? They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days when the customer has to be knocked down with hard facts and kicked insen-

sible with bankrupt reductions and irresistible slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent. That's the aim and end of the advertisement, and, if you ever open a store, don't try and get them to come when they are already blocking up the doorway and sticking out of the windows, but give them your advertisement right between the eyes in the dull season, and you will wax rich on a fast horse, and perhaps be able to smoke a good cigar once or twice a year. Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more business than you can attend to already.

EXECUTOR'S SALE!

There will sold at Public Auction, All the **FURNITURE and Household Utensils** Belonging to the estate of **MARY A. STOWELL, Deceased.**

PLUSH COVERED PARLOR SET, EXTENSION TABLE, FEATHER BEDS, HAIR MATTRESSES, HAT STAND, COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, BUREAUS, LAMPS, LAWN MOWER, and numerous other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to take place at the late residence of Mrs. Stowell, **Friday, Sept. 25th,** at 1 o'clock, p. m.

Terms made known at Sale. **GEO. W. JOHNSON, Executor.**

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED Of extra ability and experience, to take general appointing agencies, to find and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) in FULL their experience, etc.
HENRY BUCKLIN & CO.,
608 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking any agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. **Hallett Book Co.,** Portland, Maine.



"A REMARKABLE BOOK," BY DR. H. E. ALDON, and a graduate of three universities, and retired after 30 years' practice, he writes: "The work is a practical, and very instructive, and a very instructive work, and is the most popular and comprehensive book treating of **MEDICAL, SOCIAL, AND SEXUAL SCIENCE.**"

Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, readable, instructive, practical presentation of "Medical Common Sense" ever available to the public, showing new means by which they may be cured, approved by editors, physicians, clergymen, critics, and all sorts of thorough treatment of subjects especially important to young men and women who "want to know, you know," will find it interesting and a parts, 35 chapters, 936 pages, 200 illustrations, and

A NEW FEATURE. Just introduced, consists of a series of beautiful colored anatomical plates, in two colors, guaranteed superior to any before offered in a popular physiological book, and rendering it as the most attractive and quick-selling work for **AGENTS.** Koehler writes: "I sold the first six books in two hours. Many agents take 50 or 100 at once, at special rates. Send for terms, FREE—blue circulars, and a sample of Dr. Foster's Health Monthly." Standard Edition, \$3.25. Same print and illustrations, the Popular Edition, \$1.50. **MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., 139 (N.) East 23rd St., New York.**

FIRE ON THE HEARTH



STOVES and HEATERS, AIR WARMING GRATES, SCHOOL ROOM HEATERS. Each combining the Radiation and Ventilation of an OPEN FIRE with the operation of a WARM AIR FURNACE, also Parlor and Cook Stoves, Ranges, **IMPERIAL FURNACES, &c.** Circulars mailed on application.
THE RAYMOND FURNACE & MFG. CO
76 Beekman St. N. Y. City.

THERMOMETERS to mount, and other useful articles, at Mrs. J. W. Fitts.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
| 6 months "..... | .50 |
| 3 " "..... | .25 |

Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 24, 1885.

That Golden Street.

We read of but one such, and upon that earthly eyes have never gazed, nor feet of flesh and blood ever tread. It lies beyond the ken of mortal vision. It is a street of that city which hath everlasting foundations, and whose builder and maker is God. There is the dwelling-place of the Most High. There abides our Savior in his glorified human body. There is the abode of the unfallen angels and the everlasting home of the spirits of just men made perfect. John in the Revelation represents it as a city of vast dimensions—its gates of pearl, its walls of jasper, its foundations of all manner of precious stones, its light the glory of God and of the Lamb, and its street of pure gold, like unto transparent glass. Privileged ones they who enter these gates, who walk that golden street and whose citizenship is in heaven. And yet such shall be the privilege of millions from our sinful world. Already millions have entered there and walked that street of gold, multitudes who, upon the earth, were among the poorest of the poor, as regards worldly goods, yet rich in faith, are at home in that world of light and joy, welcome to all its blessedness. Already large numbers who here trod the miry paths of sin and who, like filthy swine, wallowed in the mire of moral pollution, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, have entered those pearly gates and become associates of holy angels. And millions more shall yet enter there, until there shall be gathered within those walls a great multitude that no man can number, of all climes and nations of the world. Some that may read these lines will be of that blessed company. You shall have for your associates all the excellent of the earth. You shall walk that golden street side by side and hand in hand in delightful converse with holy prophets and apostles, with martyrs who counted not their lives dear unto themselves for Jesus' sake, with devoted missionaries of the cross who forsake all from love of their Redeemer, and with all that were not ashamed of him in this world, where he was despised and re-

jected. Substantial and pure shall be your joys, like the street of transparent gold upon which your feet shall tread. They shall be unalloyed, like the pure river of water of life that flows by the side of it, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. The precious blood of Christ was the purchase of your entrance there, and precious beyond all conception shall be your blessedness.

Advertising Cheats!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

DID SHE DIE?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good,"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed? Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,"

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now, she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we have shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

He Felt Discouraged.

He had a wearied, sad-eyed expression, as if booked for a funeral and was awaiting the hearse and mourners. A sympathetic friend sought to sound the secret of his woe. The wearied man responded:

"I feel discouraged."

"Tut? You mustn't give way to grief in that despairing way. You know what the poet sang: 'Hope springs

eternal in the human breast.'"

"Ah, yes! But it ain't for me. When a man's seen what I've seen hope ain't for him."

"Bless my soul, what can have happened?"

"I'll tell you. Mayhap it will give relief. You know how steady I've been sitting up to Miss Simpkins?"

"Everybody knows you sat up to her like a sick kitten to a warm stove."

"She encouraged me, and I felt I was solid till first one and then another got to whispering that she was sitting Gus Tomurill out'n out. I wouldn't believe a word of it. Didn't she go with me to ice cream parlors two or three times a week and picnics, and didn't that show I was solid? So I believed she was all right and wouldn't hear to a word contrary."

"That's right. Don't never listen to busybody talk."

"That's what I was determined till to-day. A person told me a little while ago that he saw Tom Mills escorting Kate home from the matinee. That didn't worry me. I knew he was all right and thought everything of me. So I started up to call on her. It wasn't my night to pay my regular visits, but I wanted to go, just to show them I knew it was all right. I met her ma at the gate. She said I'd better not go in. That sounded queer, but I didn't let it bother me at all. Then the old man—he was smoking his pipe under a tree—he chipped in; said he guessed Kate wasn't expecting me to-night. That was queer, too. Still I wouldn't allow myself to be discouraged. I was sure Kate could explain everything, no matter how it looked. On the stoop I met Kate's little sister. She kind of snickered, and had a curious cute look in her eyes as she said: 'Kate won't best like to see you to-night.' This was the queerest of all. But still I wouldn't give way. Something told me to keep a stiff upper lip and not be discouraged. And I determined I wouldn't. So I walked right into the parlor, and then—"

"What?"

"I saw Kate sitting on the lounge with that Tom Mills—he with his arm round her waist and she with her head flopped down on to his breast."

"Then you gave way?"

"Then I felt discouraged and came away."

The best doctors use Hunt's Kidney Remedy among their valued prescriptions.

\$200,000 In presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time, only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Remarkable Memories.

There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse 40,000 words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeated them in the reverse order without making a single mistake. A physician, about sixty years ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without a mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Æneid," and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind. One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination toward one particular achievement without reference either to cultivation, or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggarman, at Sterling, known about fifty years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart, inasmuch that, if a sentence was read to him, he could name the book, chapter and verse; or, if the book, chapter and verse were named, he could give the exact words. A gentleman to test him, purposely made one verbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, names the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied: "There is no such verse. That chapter has only eighty-nine verses." Gassendi had acquired by heart 6,000 Latin verses; and, in order to give his memory exercise, he was in the habit of daily reciting 600 verses from different languages.

Hunt's Remedy cures headache, costiveness, dyspepsia, diseases of the liver and kidneys.

A Physician's Secret.

A pathetic story is told by the English medical journals. Dr. Warburg compounded for many years a valuable remedy for malarious diseases, which was especially useful in tropical climates. General Gordon, when he was governor-general of the Soudan, declared that he owed his life to it, and the English medical profession came to regard it as one of the most powerful febrifuges. Professor W. C. Maclean appealed to Dr. Warburg to reveal the secret of its composition for the benefit of medical science. The request was heeded and the formula, which had previously been a well-guarded secret, was published in the London *Lancet*. The consequences were disastrous to

the inventor's fortunes. Druggists in England and India prepared the remedy themselves and sold it for their own benefit. The inventor's income was taken away as soon as he parted with his secret, and his profits went to the wholesale and retail drug trade. The government of India made a grant of \$1,000 to him in token of its appreciation of the value of the remedy. Otherwise the world was indifferent to his fate. He is now in destitute circumstances at the age of eighty-one, and the English medical journals are making appeals to the profession to relieve his poverty.

The *Medical Record*, in which we find the details of this interesting case, readily concedes the hardship and personal sacrifice of the man, who gave to 'tropical medicine a powerful weapon to contend with a disease that kills twice as many victims as cholera and smallpox put together.' It returns, however, an emphatic negative to the question: "Shall a physician keep secret his formula?" It maintains that whatever injustice may fall upon the individual, it would be demoralizing to the profession and injurious to the public if physicians attempted to make secrets of their favorite and most helpful remedies.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of *MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING*. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. *MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING* is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"Come right out in the back yard, my son. I'll make you see stars."
 "Are you going to make an American flag, father?"
 "What do you mean, you young rascal?"
 "Why, I'm going to provide the stars while you furnish the stripes."
 "Where did you inherit this brilliancy?" exclaimed the father, falling on the boy's neck. "Off with your coat, my son. I must save you or perish in the attempt."

Hunt's Remedy cures Bright's Disease of the kidneys, nervous diseases, female weaknesses.

PATENTS!

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for MODERATE FEES. When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT. We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to the officials of U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own state, or county, address C. A. SNOW & Co., 1260 Deaf Smith Bldg. Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.



30 YEARS RECORD.



CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE. PRICE \$1.25.
 Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials.
HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
 Providence, R. I.

Physicians' Testimony.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable remedy."

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Bulder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent.

"CANDEE" ARCTICS

—WITH—
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Two Years TEST.



The "CANDEE" Rubber Co. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the **DOUBLE THICK BALL**. The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives **DOUBLE WEAR**. Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskas, &c.

A Common Sense Idea.



SAGE & CO.,
 Wholesale Agents "CANDEE" Co.,
 BOSTON, MASS.

Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, Sept. 24, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—It snowed here yesterday.

—The new street is nearly finished.

—Social dance at the town hall one week from to-morrow evening.

—The six gospel meetings last week, aggregated over 5000 attendants.

—Another dance and good time at the Point of Pines to-morrow evening.

—It is estimated that over 1000 bushels of cranberries will be harvested in this town this year.

—Mrs. J. W. Fitts has received new samples of picture frames and will be pleased to show them to all.

—Messrs. Moulton and Gleason caught four fine bass Monday, the four weighing 17 lbs. They were caught in South pond.

—County Commissioner Duell is quite likely to succeed himself for another three years. Our towns people hope so any way.

—Old "Mother" McGlinchey was once more before Judge Duell for liquor selling last Monday morning, and fined \$50 and costs.

—The text books for instruction in Hygiene have been put in Grammar the School and expect they will be in all the schools as the law directs.

—Meetings are being held for prayer and conference at the Congregational and M. E. Church every evening this week excepting Saturday, at 7:30 o'clock.

—Messrs. Parker and Mateers, two London Evangelists connected with Mr. Spurgeon's work, hold a union gospel meeting in the M. E. Church this p. m. at 4 o'clock.

—Call at this office and learn what a first class New Home sewing machine will cost you. Have just sold one to Mrs. E. R. Irwin who will be pleased to show it to any one who may call.

—Mr. Geo. C. Converse has made an improvement on his knitting machine, the past summer, but on making application for a patent, found another party just ahead of him with the same improvement.

—Mr. Geo. W. Johnson, executor of the estate of the late Mrs. Mary A. Stowell, will sell at public auction to-morrow at one o'clock p. m., the household furniture and utensils belonging thereto. See notice elsewhere.

—Two buss loads of the Spencer brethren paid Hayden Lodge a visit last night and a very pleasant meeting resulted. Hayden Lodge is the parent of the Spencer Lodge, the latter being instituted about fourteen years ago.

—LOST—Sept. 17, on Sturbridge Cattle Show grounds, a red wallet containing papers with my name on them, and a small amount of money. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to Susannah Mathewson, Brookfield, Mass.

—Mr. Z. A. Mathewson has purchased the old brick blacksmith shop and lot on Main street, and has made some needed repairs, making it a comfortable workshop for his business—that of a wheel-wright, carriage maker and repairer, and general wood-worker. Mr. Mathewson is a skilled workman and his prices are very reasonable.

—Mrs. N. W. Heath of Milford, Mass, who has been spending the summer with her neice, Mrs. L. S. Pierce, is now lying critically ill. Her son, Mr. L. C. Heath and wife, were telegraphed to and now are here tenderly caring for her. D. Newhall is in attendance and last Saturday met in council with Dr. Russell their family physician, who said that all was being done that medical skill could do.

—At the Republican caucus last Tuesday evening P. S. Doane was chairman and H. V. Crosby secretary. The following list of delegates were chosen: state, E. D. Goodell, D. W. Hodgkins, G. W. Johnson; counselor, Geo. S. Duell, W. B. Meilen, P. S. Doane; senatorial, J. A. Josselyn, J. M. Howe, H. V. Crosby, Josiah Hobbs, H. E. Capen, Geo. L. Twichell; county, Geo. W. Johnson, G. L. Twichell, and D. W. Hodgkins.

—The closing session of the Moody meetings last week was largely attended the hall being completely filled even to standing room. Mr. Moody seemed even more impressive than ever, and his words took deep root in many hearts. At the close of the regular meeting, prayer and inquiry meetings were held until after 10 o'clock, about 50 coming forward seeking the faith. Mr. Moody took the midnight express for Orange, N. J.

—A hard looking specimen of humanity was brought before Judge Duell yesterday morning by officer Putnam of Warren on a charge of vagrancy. He was picked up by the Warren officers who suspected him of some complicity in the assault case here of Tuesday afternoon. But on examination he was found to be innocent. Furthermore he was found to be the possessor of a bank book with \$1032.00 to his credit in the Union Institution for Savings of Boston, where it has been on interest for two years; also \$50.00 in bills and nearly \$2 in silver. His name is given as John Broderick and he said he was a jack spinner by trade and was looking for work. He was traveling on foot to save money but did not beg food though he slept in barns and out buildings. The court discharged him and he went his way. Such dilapidated specimens of tramps are not generally supposed to be so well fixed.



—The *American Farmer*, a finely illustrated, 16-page, monthly paper, brimming over with useful notes and articles of interest to every housekeeper, gardener and poultry lover, and a special department for the ladies, and is cheap at \$1 a year, the regular subscription rate. A copy can be seen at our office any time. Now, we extend this offer to the public: To all new subscribers to the *Times* for one year, at our regular price, \$1, we will also give a year's subscription of the *American Farmer*, and to all old or present subscribers we also say, pay up your back subscriptions (if you owe any) and renew for another year in advance, at regular rates, and you too will receive the *American Farmer* free for one year. We also have a few more copies of "Dr. Foote's Hand Book of Health Hints and Ready Recipes" yet left, and will give each one copy as long as they last. First come first served.



—Mamie Bacon, a nine year old daughter of James Bacon formerly of this town, and visiting with her mother at Mr. Frank Sawtelle's, came near being the victim of an outrage last Tuesday afternoon between three and four o'clock. She says she was out in front of the house when an old, gray bearded man came along and took her up in his arms and started for the woods near the

house. She attempted to scream when he stopped her by chocking her with his hand. After he got her into the woods she managed to get away from him and run home, meeting Mr. Sawtelle and others, who had been warned by Mr. Sawtelle's daughter of the circumstance of the girl being carried into the woods, having witnessed it from a neighbor's window, and who were now coming to her rescue. Mr. Sawtelle cut cross lots and came upon the old man just as he was coming out of the woods. When questioned, what he was doing with that girl? he said he was gathering roots and herbs and the little girl came along and asked him for an apple. Not having heard the girl's story Mr. Sawtelle left him and went back. The officers were notified when the facts were learned, but the old scamp had disappeared and has not been seen since. The little girl was terribly frightened.

Interesting to Both Sexes.

Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS; also our SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily. \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

37-13 LEWIS SCHIELE & Co.,
390 Broadway, New York.

Nevo

PHOTO-ARTIST.

Large Stock of Rich and Elegant Picture Frames. Over 100 different Styles to select from.

GREEN'S BLOCK,
Opposite Depot, Spencer, Mass.

The Cream of all Books of Adventure
Condensed Into One Volume.

PIONEER HEROES and DARING DEEDS.

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighting with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Generals Miles and Crook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Splendidly Illustrated with 176 fine engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Low-priced, and beats anything to sell.

29-6m STANDARD BOOK CO.,
610 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1--13 Weeks.

The *Police Gazette* will be mailed, securely wrapped to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of

ONE DOLLAR.

Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Library

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 40.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

3 CTS. EACH.

Look at the Bright Side.

The following extract is from an address made at the University of Paris by M. Rene Goblet: Life, after all, is good, and made to be enjoyed in all its agreeableness and beauty. You are young—cultivate with care three qualities—wit, vivacity, good humor. But do not take for a model those who see only the gay side of things and laugh at everything. Isn't one worthy of our race unless he turns everything into mockery? Believe me, it is a meager use of wit to know only how to be little. Perpetual irony is often a mark of impotence. Listen still less to those who see only the somber side of life; the sad, the discouraged, to use a term of the day, the pessimistic. It is said that at the present moment a new school is forming among our youth, and that, refashioning formulas that have already passed away, or inspired by a more or less sincere philosophy, borrowed from other nations which have nothing in common with our own, they seek to lead the world towards melancholy and despair. Ah, my friends, shun especially these unhappy tendencies and these pernicious teachings. Sadness may perhaps inspire in a solitary genius immortal accents. It is not a doctrine to guide a nation. Truly, the coming time is not made for sterile discouragement nor for a philosophic or poetic weariness. Of this you should be fully convinced.

Forgot the Teeth.

It was at a local restaurant. He had ordered a beefsteak. He waited. The waiter did not wait. He came and went and came and went, but the beefsteak did not arrive. The guest called the meteoric individual.

"Have the cows come home yet?" he asked.

The waiter gave a feeble smile—waiters are very hard to reach with sarcasm.

"It'll be here in a minute, sir, all right."

The clock kept going all the same. He stopped him again.

"Tell the cook I'll take that part of it that is done. I am not in any hurry, but my wife will never believe this as an excuse for my staying out all night."

At length the beefsteak was brought. He began on it. It was like leather. Once again he gently called the waiter.

"I say are you sure you have forgotten nothing?"

"No, sir; I've brought you everything—a knife, a fork, two spoons, a plate—no, sir."

"Don't you provide a set of teeth with this beefsteak?"

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING**. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING** is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Interesting to Both Sexes.

Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated **MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS**; also our **SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED** (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily. \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

37-13 **LEWIS SCHIELE & Co.**
390 Broadway, New York.

A gentleman came home in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," at Boston recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in black. "Why are you wearing these mourning garments?" he said, somewhat unsteadily. "For my late husband," was the significant reply. He has been in the house ever since at ten.

Dr. W. H. Wilson, of Springfield, Georgia, says: "Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for dropsy and kidney diseases that I ever used."

WIN more money than at anything else by taking any agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. **HALLET BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.**

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it **IN NEW YORK.**

\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. **H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.**

The Springfield Republican

AN
Independent, Enterprising, First-class
Newspaper.

Reduced Terms to Mail Subscribers.

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN:
\$8 a yr., \$2 a qr., 70c. a mo., 3c. a copy.

THE SUNDAY REPUBLICAN:
\$2 a year, 50c. a month, 5c. a copy.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN:
An Admirable Newspaper for farmers:
ONLY \$1 A YEAR,
10c. a month for shorter periods, 3c. a copy.
Sample Copies Free.

Address **The Republican,**
40-4t Springfield, Mass.

NEW GOODS

I have received and am prepared to show customers, a fine assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,
STRAW, FELT & VELVET HATS
and **BONNETS**

in the latest and most desirable shapes, together with a good variety of
VELVETS,
FANCY TRIMMING MATERIALS
and
NOVELTIES of the SEASON.

I invite all
in want of early Fall millinery to call, feeling confident they will find something to please.

Our Annual **FALL and WINTER OPENING,**

* Later notice of which will be given. *
G. H. COOLIDGE,
Blair's Block, West Brookfield.

Henry
PHOTO-ARTIST.

Large Stock of Rich and Elegant Picture
Frames. Over 100 different Styles
to select from.
GREEN'S BLOCK,
Opposite Depot, Spencer, Mass.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

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| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
| 6 months "..... | .50 |
| 3 " "..... | .25 |

Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1885.

The America's Cup.

All good Americans rejoiced when they learned that the Puritan had successfully defended the America's cup, which the Genesta crossed the Atlantic to win back from us. The inscription upon the cup is: "America Challenge Cup; won by yacht America, at Cowes, England, August 22, 1851." It is an extremely handsome piece of workmanship.

Englishmen are naturally as disappointed by the failure of their representative yacht to carry back the cup, as Americans are jubilant. An old yachtsman observing the expression upon the faces of those on board the Genesta just after the last and decisive race, said, shrewdly: "Well, it's no joke to come these three thousand miles to win a cup and then not get it. I remember when I was a boy I once climbed over a high board fence to whip another boy, and he gave me the worst licking I ever had in my life. I made up my mind then I never would take so much trouble again. I can sympathize with the Genesta's people."

But Englishmen, so far as heard from, seem willing to learn from the result of the race. Said one fair-minded Briton who watched the contest: "We were fairly and squarely beaten. The Genesta had just the weather in that beat to windward in which she has proved herself superior to any other English cutter. And now the Puritan has shown herself a little better than the Genesta in a howling breeze. That proves the unquestionable superiority of the Puritan as an all-round boat. Possibly, I think probably, the Genesta would beat her in a stiff breeze with a heavy sea. But the Puritan would still remain the best all-round boat. I hope the Puritan's victory will teach us in England to make such changes in our system of measurement and time-allowance as will not necessitate such sacrifice of beam. The Puritan is a compromise sloop. If we are wise we'll take advantage of the hint by turning out a compromise cutter."

One of the most interesting features of the yacht race was the carrier pigeon

service conducted by Mr. Arnoux, the owner of a number of birds. Part of the messages were sent by four birds of five hundred miles' record, belonging to Messrs. Lamberson, Ward, Johnson and Waite, of Keysport, N. J. These birds brought information to New York about the progress of the contest which could not have been obtained so quickly in any other way, as the movements of the yachts could not be seen clearly from any point upon shore where there was a telegraph station.

Advertising Cheats!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is "Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

DID SHE DIE!

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed? Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now, she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we have shunned for years before using it." THE PARENTS.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

\$1--13 Weeks.

The *Police Gazette* will be mailed, secretly wrapped to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of

ONE DOLLAR.

Liberal discount allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free. Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

"CANDEE"

Rubber BOOTS

-WITH-
DOUBLE THICK BALL

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the

PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and examine the goods.

GIVE
DOUBLE WEAR
ON THE
BOTTOM
GREATEST
IMPROVEMENT
EVER MADE IN
RUBBER BOOTS.
TWO YEARS
TEST.

FOR SALE BY

SAGE & CO.,

Wholesale Agents "CANDEE" Co.,
BOSTON, MASS.

FIRE ON THE HEARTH



STOVES and HEATERS, AIR WARMING GRATES, SCHOOL ROOM HEATERS. Each combining the Radiation and Ventilation of an OPEN FIRE with the operation of a WARM AIR FURNACE, also Parlor and Cook Stoves, Ranges, IMPERIAL FURNACES, &c.

Circulars mailed on application.

THE RAYMOND FURNACE & M'FG. CO

76 Beekman St. N. Y. City.

The Cream of all Books of Adventure
Condensed Into One Volume.

PIONEER HEROES | and | DARING DEEDS.

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighting with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie; Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Generals Miles and Crook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Splendidly Illustrated with 175 fine engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Low-priced, and beats anything to sell. STANDARD BOOK CO., 29-30th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

THERMOMETERS to mount, and other useful articles, at Mrs. J. W. Pitts.

Boston Woman's Scarecrow.

"That's about the size of my wife's scarecrow, only hern had better clothes on aud was more respectable. Close fitted him better, too."

"What makes you call it your wife's scarecrow?" asked a bystander.

"'Cos I should never a thought of such an idee ef it hadn't a bin fur her. She was a city gal, she was. I met her up in the country one summer ez I was tew work a hayin', and she a boardin' tew the house.

"A little sassy dude visitor came a courtin' her, an' one night he gave her some lip an' I thrashed him so he didn't come there no more. Arter that she sort o' took a shine to me, an' we got married. Soon arter we were hitched it was plantin' time, and I sot myself tew work to get a new scarecrow to put in the cornfield. He was e'eu a'most done when my wife she come out and said to me, sez she:

"Ichabod, whatever are ye up to?"

"I tole her ez now the corn was a comin' up an' it had oughter be protected with some sort of an image, and she looked up few me sort o' pert like and asked me to let her build one for to suit herself.

"I knowed ez she would make a botch o' the hul affair, but jest to give her a show I let her go ahead. It took her more'n two days tew fix that air image up to suit her, an' when it was done you'd a died a laughin' tew see the critter she had made. It was more'n six foot high, and had on long-legged boots an' a cocked hat. Out of the top of the boot legs she had beans a growin', in the pockets she hed set out turnips, which was sprouting from the hat, and a cucumber vine was a growin' out of the big gun he had to his shoulder.

"Lemme see, what kind o' a scarecrow did she call it? Oh, yes; batstick. No, that wasn't it. Bulstick? drumstiek? rustic? That's the word. She called it a rustic scarecrow, and said the vegetables aud things she had set out just made it lovely.

"It softens the harsh austerities," said she, 'and makes a pleasing object on the landscape.' That air woman of mine hez ez fine an eddicashun as any of 'em. Tell you the truth, she stayed a hull week up to Bosting once, and that's enough fur one woman to do."

Dr. Gilbert Clark, of Warren, R. I., says: "Hunt's Remedy for dropsy and kidney diseases, is a standard remedy."

PATENTS!

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for MODERATE FEES. When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.

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Lots of People Say,
"OH MY
—
BACK."

Here is Solid
A 1 TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

*** "Health is better than wealth." ***

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1133 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

*** "Good counsel has no price, obey it." ***

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

*** "Light suppers makes long lives." ***

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says:—"My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney Remedy completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

*** "Deeds are better than words." ***

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

*** "Alls well that ends well." ***

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.25.
HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, B. I.
C. N. CRITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y.

The NEW HIGH ARM DAVIS

The lightest running Shuttle Sewing Machine ever produced, combining greatest simplicity, durability and speed. It is adapted to a greater variety of practical and fancy work than any other. No basting ever required. For particulars as to prices, &c., and for any desired information, address

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WATERTOWN, N. Y.

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THE LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE
SIMPLE

STRONG SWIFT

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES PERFECT SATISFACTION

HAS NO EQUAL PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR

NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE CO.
ORANGE MASS.
30 UNION SQ. N.Y. CHICAGO ILL.
ST. LOUIS MO. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to \$5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 5y1

GUIDE to SUCCESS in BUSINESS and SOCIETY.

The most universally useful book ever published. It tells completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way, How to Be Your Own Lawyer, How to Do Business Correctly and Successfully, How to Act in Society and everywhere. A gold mine of varied information to all classes for constant reference. AGENTS WANTED for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SCAMMELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

Of extra ability and experience, to take general appointing agencies, to find and start other canvassers on fast-selling books. Extraordinary inducements. Applicants must show they mean business by stating by letter (no postal cards) IN FULL their experience, etc. HENRY BUCKLIN & CO., 608 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 41.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

We present this week two tributes to deceased citizens that will be read with interest.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER DUELL, whose term expires this fall, is looked forward to as his own successor, though other gentlemen are spoken of in connection with the office. Mr. Duell, however, has the County press and a large part of the vote at his back, and we presume next week will see him re-nominated.

SPENCER is to have a new weekly paper, called the *Bulletin*, to appear with its initial number next week Thursday. A. H. Johnson will be the editor and publisher. We wish brother Johnson all the success in the world, and have no doubt he will make his paper a good one. He has ample experience and good sense.

"A Handful of Earth from the Place of my Birth." Song and chorus, by Wm. H. Clark. Price 35 cts. Dedicated to the well-known Fritz Emmett. Sung by him, Murphy and Scanlan, with immense success in their entertainments throughout the country. Mailed on receipt of price, by the publisher, Igo. Fischer, Toledo, O., who will accept our thanks for a copy of this really beautiful song.

President Cleveland and His Cabinet.

I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., will send to any address in the United States or Territories for fifty cents in stamps, with the order, a beautiful, life-size stone engraving (size 24x30) of President Cleveland and his Cabinet, and two boxes of the famous Parsons' Pills, both by mail post-paid. This engraving is handsome enough to hang in the most elegant parlor in the land. It has no advertisement or anything upon it to mar its beauty, and is practically given away, as every druggist, physician and general trader knows that the uniform price of Parsons' Pills is 25 cts. per box.

This engraving is copyrighted and we own the plate. No one in this or any other country can get the engraving except through us. The price of the engraving alone, if on sale at any

art store, would be one dollar or more. Our object in making this great offer is to acquaint people with the use of these marvelous Pills. All who order should mention this paper, with their own name and post office address plainly written. Address I. S. Johnson & Co.

Tricks of the Tracks!

DANGERS FROM WHICH ENGINEERS SAVE THE PUBLIC AND THEMSELVES. [The Railway Review.]

One who is accustomed to railway traveling can scarcely realize how much he is dependent for safety upon the engineer. Added to the responsibility of their station, engineers are also in constant danger of accidents caused by the tricks of jealous rivals.

This rivalry, it is said, sometimes prompts to the doing of utterly mean tricks. A Nickle Plate engineer after his very first trip was laid off because he had "cut out" all the bearings of his engine. He was re-instated, however, after he proved that some rival had filled his oiling can with emery. Another new engineer was suspended for burning out the flues of his boiler. Through grief at the loss of his position he died, and then a conscience-stricken rival confessed that he had put oil in the tank so that it foamed and showed water at the top gauge, when in reality there was scarcely a quart in the boiler!

These intense jealousies, together with the terrible anxiety incident to their work, has a terrible straining effect on the nerve, and statistics tell us that, though Locomotive Engineers may look strong and vigorous, they are not all a hearty class. Ex-Chief Engineer A. S. Hampton, Indianapolis, Ind., (Div. 143) was one of those apparently hearty men, but he says: "The anxiety, strain and jolting came near finishing me." His sufferings localized in catarrh of the bladder, but he used Warner's safe cure faithfully for twenty weeks and now exclaims, "I am a well man." T. S. Ingraham, of Cleveland, Ohio, assistant Chief engineer, and other prominent members are also emphatic in its praise.

The Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood has 17,000 members and 240 divisions. Its headquarters is in Cleveland, Ohio, where Chief Engineer Arthur for twenty years has exercised almost dictatorial sway. It was organized in August, 1863, by the employees of the Michigan Central. It has given nearly two million dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members.

Dr. Blecken, of Minneapolis, says: "I shall use Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy in dropsy and kidney disease hereafter."

Interesting to Both Sexes.

Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS; also our SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily. \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

37-13 LEWIS SCHIELE & Co., 390 Broadway, New York.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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AN Independent, Enterprising, First-class, Newspaper.

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THE SUNDAY REPUBLICAN: \$2 a year, 50c. a month, 5c. a copy.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN: An Admirable Newspaper for farmers:

ONLY \$1 A YEAR,

10c. a month for shorter periods, 3c. a copy.

Sample Copies Free.

Address **The Republican,** 40-4t Springfield, Mass.

A Prize

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
| 6 months "..... | .50 |
| 3 " "..... | .25 |

Advertising rates given on application.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1885.

WASHINGTON LEETTER.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 5.—The corridors of the Washington hotels are again teeming with life. People are rapidly returning from the summer resorts. Strangers are beginning to be seen on the streets and the city is beginning to wear that animated appearance peculiar to the near approach of the congressional session. I am told that the real estate market is brisk and that the demand for houses and rooms is quite as great as at any previous time. Builders and architects are busy as are also dealers in building material. Except for a few months after the presidential election this city has known nothing of the business depression that has prevailed in neighboring cities. It is not remarkable that this is so. The influence of the Federal Government permeates every interest. The Government clerks get their pay whether times are good or bad, and they have no reason to feel hard up at one time more than another. Another thing that has prevented Washington from feeling the hard times of the last two or three years, which have so depressed other cities, is the constant influx of wealthy people who have made this city their home in the winter season. Washington is already at the head of scientific life in this country, and is rapidly increasing its influence in art, literature and music.

The President has been overrun with callers and office-seekers during the past week, while tourists, single and in battalions, have attended his informal Wednesday afternoon receptions. I attended one of these last week. The President was late, but finally the massive doors leading from the East Room to the private corridor were thrown open and the by no means petite form of Mr. Cleveland was seen coming along the passage. A gentleman and lady accompanied him. The trio walked slowly until they were near the large reception room, then the President accelerated his steps and made a half rush toward the semi-circle of humanity awaiting him. His right hand was extended to grasp the first one he

came in contact with, and his movement was not unlike that of a man about to take a plunge into ice water. The President's hand closed on the palm of a big western man who detained the head of the nation long enough to introduce his wife. Then the stream of hand-shaking passed rapidly by. The President smiled, bowed and said a few words as the occasion required.

The return of a large number of statesmen, who have buckled on their armor for the winter campaign, has caused a steady increase in the list of official callers, eager to present their claims or those of their proteges to the President for recognition. Notwithstanding the fact, the President maintains his custom of receiving general callers in the East Room, and giving all visitors the opportunity of shaking him by the hand. The army of general visitors was unusually large during the past week. Strangers flocked to the White House by the hundreds, so that when the President comes into the East Room he finds it crowded, and the ordeal through which he has to pass is a trying one. Some are willing to pass on after a grasp of his hand, but many halt for a few moments' conversation.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says: "Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy has cured my wife of dropsy in its worst form."

High Jinks on Rollers.

Everywhere, in all sorts of newspapers, I have read of the glories of the skating rink, and being roller inclined I joined a party and invested a quarter (which included admittance to the hall) for the use of a pair of rollers. Men on rollers, boys ditto, splendid Sylphides in scant skirts, roller shod, were there, like cherubs in an Angelic vision, and to be left out in the cold on such an occasion! Oh, no; not a bit of it, but to be there at all hazards was about the size of it.

Could I skate? Well, I should twitter. What's to hinder. I had never navigated that sort of craft, 'tis true, but had I not been on the water and under the water and on ice some, too? Hadn't I chased seals and white bears for weeks together on ice?

Women could skate (so the papers said). So did everybody else, when I asked them. Whatever a woman could do I surely could. But no; I'm mistaken. The only thing I ever saw a woman do that I couldn't was to hook her dress aft and then, with three feet of unmentionable toggery, sail through a 20-inch door without touching. So, having a bump of self-reliance of extraordinary capacity, I strapped on the rollers without the least tripidation and awaited the ending of the musical strain

the band was then playing. But oh, how deceptive! Banana peel ain't nowhere, for as soon as I arose to my feet, one foot struck out northeast, the other one being beyond control, took a southwesterly direction, and my head—well, it met the breakers amidships and for a few moments I thought the gulf stream had changed its natural course, as the sap from my giddy brain coursed down my shirt front. Just then that Angelic vision in scant skirts sailed by with her mizzen rigging handsomely taking the breeze, and with eyes which spoke more plainly than words could have done, dared me for a race. That was the only time I ever went into my boots, for I flattered a small boy for a nickle to relieve me of my rollers, and then retired to recuperate on ginger beer and tonic.

Will I ever visit a skating rink again? Yes; when it is fashionable to go sharp shod with steel corks. Until then, adieu.

Questions Answered!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritations of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!*"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you

Mandrake or Dandelion!

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER I.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

"Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail!"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Recent Additions of New Books to the Library.

FICTION.

- 54— 1. What will the World Say?..... White
- " — 2. Coupon Bonds..... Trowbridge
- " — 3. Miss Bretherton..... Ward
- " — 4. Story of Mary.....
- " — 5. Silken Threads..... Afterem
- " — 6. Simply A Love Story..... Orne
- " — 7. Little Upstart..... Rideing
- " — 8. Across the Chasm.....
- " — 9. Cecil's Summer..... Hollis
- " —10. Aulnay Tower..... Howard
- " —11. Mr. Oldmixon..... Hammond
- " —12. Marsh Island..... Jewett
- " —13. Penniless Girl..... Wister
- " —14. Vain Forebodings..... Wister
- " —15. Arius the Libyan.....
- " —16. Parson O'Dumford..... Fenn
- " —17. Carlowrie..... Swan
- " —18. Yankee School Teacher in Virginia..... Baldwin
- " —19. At Love's Extreme..... Thompson
- " —20. Red Ryvington..... Westall
- " —21. Old Factory..... Westall
- " —22. Maiden all Forlorn..... Duchess
- " —23. Within the Capes..... Pyle
- " —24. A Wheel of Fire..... Ab. Bates
- " —25. Faith and Unfaith..... Duchess
- " —26. As it was Written..... Luska
- " —27. Upon a Cast..... Dunning
- " —28. Down the Ravine..... Craddock
- " —29. New England Conscience..... Greene
- " —30. Knight of the Black Forest..... Litchfield
- " —31. Barbara Heathcote's Trial..... Carey
- " —32. Bar-Sinister.....
- " —33. Tinted Venus..... Austey
- 12—83. Family Affairs..... Conway
- " —84. Bound Together..... Conway
- " —85. At Bay..... Alexander
- 64—64. Rise of Silas Lapham..... Howells
- 52—85. Two Sides of the Shield..... Y. Jonge

JUVENILE.

- 36— 1. Wonderful City of Tokio..... Greey
- " — 2. Young Folks Ideas.....
- " — 3. Zigzag Journeys in Acadia..... Butterworth
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- " — 6. Boys of other Countries..... Taylor
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- " — 8. Perseverance Island..... Frazar
- " — 9. Tent V Chautauqua..... Bisbee
- " —10. Frank Redcliffe..... Daunt
- " —11. Pine Cones..... Allen
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CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OF URINE. PRICE \$1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. **HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,** Providence, R. I.

Physicians' Testimony.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable remedy."

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Bulder, Danbury, Conn.

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Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

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General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs."

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent.

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—WITH—
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Two Years TEST.



The "CANDEE" RUBBER CO. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the **DOUBLE THICK BALL.** The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives **DOUBLE WEAR.**

Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskas, &c.

A Common Sense Idea.



SAGE & CO.,

Wholesale Agents "CANDEE" Co., BOSTON, MASS.

Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Good October weather.
 —Try the rollers to-night?
 —The W. C. T. U. will meet at the M. E. church vestry Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 3 P. M.
 —How are our polo players feeling this fall? About time to have a few games, isn't it?
 —Lady Richwood, C. L. Vizard's new horse, took first money at Berre last Saturday, and also got a record of 2:42.
 —Pay up your subscriptions to the TIMES and renew for another year and get the *Fireside at Home*, a fine, illustrated family literary monthly, free for one year.
 —Fifty cents will buy you a nice rubber stamp for marking clothing, or anything else you may wish, including ink. Apply at this office. A nice, handy, self-inking, pencil stamp for only 50 cts.
 —The Labor Party of this town is now fully organized, having chosen a town committee, and intend to work for State, county and legislative officers who will promote the interests of the working men.
 —Mr. Wm. F. Hayden, W. M. of Hayden Lodge of this town, was present at the dedication of the new Masonic hall at Palmer, the other evening. A number of others belonging to the order in this vicinity were also present.
 —The State census of 1885 gives Brookfield a population of 3,013. Of this number 1,481 are males and 1,532 females. This shows a gain of less than 200 since 1880, when this village was minus the operation of the boot factory.
 —Officer Swallow took a young fellow into custody Monday noon for alleged drunkenness, but found he was not so drunk as to prevent his making pretty good time down the new street after bidding the officer "good day." He was subsequently re-captured, however.
 —Our enterprising young townsman, Mr. Wm. F. Shaw, has just opened a new coal yard at the depot, where he will be pleased to meet the demands of the public with all kinds of coal at the lowest market prices. Orders left with him, at the depot, or Roger Muleahy's store will receive prompt attention.
 —A drummer came into town Monday afternoon with a West Brookfield team, and while stopping at Warner's hardware store, leaving his horse hitched to a post, the same became frightened at some boys kicking a foot ball near, and broke away. In trying to run through Judge Duell's yard the buggy struck against a tree and the horse cleared himself and ran down the new street toward home. The buggy was found to have a broken shaft, dashboard and a sprung axle, forward, but otherwise not badly injured.
 —The rink will be open again to-night, and the "Boy Wonder," Master Charlie E. Thayer, will astonish the audience with his unparalleled list of movements on the rollers—some forty-five in number. The Richmond (Me.) *Bee* says: "On Wednesday evening, there was given at the Casino, one of the finest exhibitions of fancy skating ever seen in Richmond. The performer was Master Charlie E. Thayer, who was advertised as the 'Champion Fancy and Trick Skater of America.' His easy performance of numerous difficult feats showed that his claim to the title was no idle boast, while his efforts to please the spectators were commendable. The young skater was greeted with hearty applause, and at the conclusion of a difficult act, was presented

with a fine bouquet by an admirer in the audience. By request, the performance was repeated last evening."

Deaths.

WHEELER.—In this village, Oct. 4, Edgar Morton Wheeler, aged 26 yrs. 9 mo.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

EDGAR MORTON WHEELER.

This town was sincerely saddened last Saturday afternoon on learning of the death of Mr. E. M. Wheeler, Principal of the High School. It was generally known that he was very sick with typhoid fever, therefore such an event was not wholly unexpected, as Mr. Wheeler was a young robust man, one whom this disease goes hard with, but all had hoped for the best, but it was willed otherwise.

Mr. Wheeler has been in town something over a year, and as a teacher and citizen was fast gaining the good will of all. He was chosen on the Board of Library Trustees last spring, and the town have him and his estimable wife to thank for many days of earnest labor at the library the past summer, classifying and re-arranging the books. He will be greatly missed by the Board, who found in him a genial companion, an earnest worker and efficient counsellor. In his school he was assisted by Mrs. Wheeler, who took the part of an assistant teacher, without compensation, and none but kind words were ever said of either by the pupils. He had commenced this, the fall term, when he was taken ill. He felt the illness coming on several days before giving up, but two weeks ago to-day had to yield and go to his bed from which he was never to rally. He had rooms at the Brookfield House, where landlord Gass promoted every aid in behalf of his sick inmate. Mrs. Wheeler, mother of the deceased, was his nurse, and Dr. Forbes his medical attendant. Everything was doubtless done that could be to save him, but all in vain.

The funeral took place at the Congregational church Tuesday forenoon and his body taken from there to Forest Hill, Boston, where it is buried. Beautiful flowers and autumn leaves were placed in bountiful profusion about his casket, and a very beautiful floral "Gates Ajar," from the members of the High School, was a very conspicuous token of their regard. The several ministers joined in making the funeral services impressive, while Mr. C. P. Blanchard, chairman of the School Board, made the address. The church was well filled, although the weather was stormy and inclement.

Although a citizen of short duration, Mr. Wheeler's place will be hard to fill, and this can be said, too, without the usual allowance is sometimes so easily said of for what one whom death may have gathered in. He was certainly a promising and worthy young man. He leaves a widow to mourn his early death, but she will have the sympathy of a host of friends who will mourn with her.

FRANCIS A. COOPER.

Francis A. Cooper, who died Sept. 27, at his home on River street, is worthy of more than passing notice. He was born at Thompson, Conn., the eldest of seven children of Eliot and Levisa Cooper, only one, a sister, remaining.

Mr. Cooper was early interested in religion, uniting with the church at Chicopee when 22 years of age, afterward at Sturbridge, and finally with the Congregational church here, of which he has been a member five years. He was an active temperance man and a member of the Sunday School, which he attended regularly as long as he was able.

In the year 1862, when the country needed defenders, he enlisted in Co. A., 40th regiment of Mass. V. M., and served three years. He was in the battle before Fort Wagner, S. C., harbor, and also detailed to return to this State with Capt. Lathe, as his attendant, who was wounded at Beaufort, S. C.

The funeral services were held in the Congregational church and were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Stebbins of that church and Capen of the M. E. church, the latter acting as Chaplain of Post 38, G. A. R., of which the deceased was a member, and performing the burial service at the grave. Mr. L. E. Perry, of Marlboro, represented the A. L. of H., bringing with him a beautiful floral tribute—a five pointed sycamore of this order: Ivy and wheat surrounding white carnation pinks, with a center of purple immortelles of the initials "L. A. of H.," thus showing their esteem and respect for a departed brother.

He was a member of Dexter Post 38, G. A. R., and ever ready to do his part in all good work, and will be missed in all the places where he was accustomed to be, but no where as much as in his home, around his fireside, where he was a devoted husband and father. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. G. H. Miller, to mourn his loss, with many others. Though a great sufferer, he was never heard to murmur against anything God saw fit to put upon him.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the members of the G. A. R., and other neighbors and friends, for their many acts of kindness and care for the dear one that has left us, and to the Ladies' Relief Corps for their beautiful floral wreath, and to all others for their tokens of sympathy and love in our hour of affliction. They will always be remembered by us as sunshine in the shadow of life.

Mrs. REBECCA C. COOPER.
 Mr. and Mrs. G. H. MILLER.

RESOLUTIONS.

HEADQUARTERS DEXTER POST, }
 No. 38, G. A. R. }

At a regular meeting of Dexter Post 38, G. A. R., held Oct. 6, 1885, it was unanimously voted:

Whereas, It has been the will of the Supreme Commander of the Universe to call from his labors our Comrade, Junior Vice-Commander FRANCIS A. COOPER, to join the majority of those who from 1861 to 1865 volunteered their lives for the defence of their country. Therefore

Resolved, That we bow with submissions to that summons we must all obey, and while we shall long feel his loss and remember his many virtues, his patience under severe suffering, his fortitude and trust in the hour of final trial, we will strive to imitate his example.

Resolved, That Post 38, G. A. R., tender to his widow and family our deepest sympathy in this hour of their great affliction, and commend them to Him who notes the sparrow's fall and holds the destinies of nations and people in his hand, and who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That Post 38, G. A. R., have lost a respected and valued Comrade, and that the Comrades of the Post wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the Records of the Post, a copy presented to the family of our late Comrade, and published in the BROOKFIELD TIMES and Spencer Sun.

1885 FALL & WINTER 1885 OPENING!

Our annual opening of

**Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,
 Millinery Goods and Novelties,
 Friday & Saturday, Oct. 16 & 17.**

The ladies of Brookfield and vicinity are invited to call and examine our goods.

G. H. COOLIDGE,
 Blair's Block, West Brookfield.

Library

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 42.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1885.

3 CTS. EACH.

BROOKFIELD seems to be a favorite hunting ground for County Commissioner candidates, as we notice that the democratic convention also found their candidate for that position in the person of one of its citizens, Hon. Washington Tufts. Admitting, for the sake of the point, that the chances are even for an election between either Mr. Duell or Mr. Tufts, still Brookfield is assured of being represented on the board for three years more.

SAMPLE copies of this issue of the TIMES will be sent to many not subscribers, and such receiving the same will please accept it with our compliments, with the hope here expressed, that our special offer as found on page five, and the modest merits of a little sheet devoted simply to home interest and home news, will be sufficient to encourage you to the expenditure of a single dollar, with the assurance that you will find it well invested.

CONGRATULATIONS are in order and are cordially extended to Mr. Geo. S. Duell, republican candidate for re-election to the County Commissionership. A nomination being almost as good as an election, we presume Mr. Duell can look forward with assurance to the accomplishment of any plans of future work in the County which his past experience has suggested to him, without having to worry about a possible "if" in the matter of an election. From all indications we are proud to believe that our townsman has done himself credit on the board, and his large vote at the convention Tuesday for the re-nomination, in the face of the claims of other gentlemen of acknowledged ability, for the same honor, is certainly a strong guarantee of the correctness of that belief. The position seems to be one of importance, and we are glad that Brookfield has a citizen whom the County takes pleasure in honoring with the trust.

Questions Answered!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritations of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu!"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you

Mandrake or Dandelion!

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER I.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

"Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail!"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A Common Sense Idea.

Farmers and other out door workers, have long suffered from the too rapid wearing out of the soles of their rubber boots. Dirt and gravel when wet, offer the best possible tools for cutting and grinding away the rubber sole, and to this destructive agency rubber boots are continually exposed, from the very nature of their uses. Some two years ago, however, the "Candee" Rubber Co. of New Haven, Conn., hit upon the idea of making their boot soles double thick in that part which undergoes the greatest amount of wear. By

their invention the extra rubber is added on the ball just where it is needed, and no where else. So that while the boot is increased one hundred fold in durability, the weight is but very slightly increased. This improvement known as the Double Thick Ball, is advertised in our columns by Messrs. Sage & Co. of Boston, the "Candee" Co.'s Distributing Agents, and those of our readers who are interested in the matter, can investigate for themselves by examining the goods on sale at those of our stores which deal in rubber boots.

IN MEMORIAM

OF E. M. WHEELER.

He is gone—our kind teacher—
His troubles are o'er,
He is walking with God
On the beautiful shore.

Ah, sadly we miss him.
The teardrops will start,
And great is the sorrow
That fills every heart.

The school room seems dreary,
Our teacher's not there;
We miss his kind face
In the now vacant chair.

Ah, short was the time
He stayed with us here,
'Twas only a little
O'er one short, busy year.

But in that short time
He won every heart,
And little we thought
With him so soon we must part.

We'll forget not his teachings—
They were always the best—
His works shall live on,
Though he is at rest.

And to her—his dear wife,
(For whom our love will ne'er cease)
May God comfort and bless her,
And send her sweet peace.

For his troubles are o'er;
He is walking with God.
"The strong staff is broken,
And the beautiful rod."

—By Isadora.

The Springfield Republican

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40-41 Springfield, Mass.

MATTIE'S GOOD WORK.

"The doctor says he can not live more than a few days longer."

Mattie Colwell has been inquiring how it fared with Simon Hartwright, the rich man of Upham, who lay wasting with a fatal illness. Not a young man, yet one who carried fifty-seven years as erectly as thirty, and who had borne promise of a long life before the fatal disease came suddenly to end his hope. In the "auld lang syne," which every man and woman past their first youth carry in their hearts, Simon Hartwright had wooed pretty Mattie Colwell and won her love. Before their betrothal was six months old, when the lovers were driving out together, the horse had taken fright, run away and Mattie was thrown out and crippled for life. When this was an established fact the girl had bidden her lover farewell, and, refusing all his warm entreaties, had taken up the burden of her life alone. As years rolled by her infirmities had increased, until at 50 she was a feeble woman beside her strong, stalwart lover of her youth.

It had been one of the rare cases where love mellowed into life-long friendship, though Simon had married and lost his wife, and had one son living, estranged from his father, a son upon whom Mattie had poured out all the mother-love that ever woman hides in her heart.

But while sorrow, pain and loneliness had never hardened Mattie's heart, but left it at 50 as tender, pure and true as it was at 17, Simon Hartwright had grown hard and stern, devoted to money-making, and full of wordly wisdom. When his old love had, timidly tried to heal the breach between himself and Edward, his first-born, he had repulsed her good offices so sternly that she had never dared repeat them and only comforted her heart by corresponding with the boy she loved so well.

But the fiat had gone forth that overcame all womanly timidity, and Mattie, when her question was answered, went slowly to her own room, her head bowed and tears coursing down her withered cheeks. Once there, she knelt and prayed long and frequently. She rose from her knees very pale, but with a steady light in her soft, brown eyes, and putting on her demure Quaker-like bonnet and cape, went out into the chill, Winter air. All about her the snowflakes whirled in the bitter wind, but she kept forward till she stood at the door of the great white house Simon Hartwright had built for his home. The housekeeper, who opened the door, knew Miss Mattie well, for the crippled old maid was beloved by every man, woman and child in Upham for her gentle charities and noble, self-sacrificing life.

"I'm glad you've come to see Mr. Hartwright," said the housekeeper, "for he is very bad to-day. He can't lie down at all without suffocating spells. Will you go up?"

Up to a lofty room, luxuriously furnished, where the sick man sat in a great arm chair, far away from the ruddy grate fire that tortured his lungs.

With a smile that but few people ever saw upon his hard, face, Simon Hartwright stretched out his hand to Mattie Colwell.

"I felt sure you would come when they told you how bad I was," he said, folding her little white hand in his own, almost as white as snow. "You have not been my friend of late, Mattie?"

"Always your friend, Simon," was the answer, "but thinking you wrong in one act of your life, it is for that I am here."

She threw aside her hat and cape as she spoke, and took a chair beside the invalid. Upon his face had gathered a hard frown. His lips were firmly folded, and his eyes cruel as death. Undaunted, Mattie said:

"You will forgive Ned, Simon?"

"Never! He disobeyed me where I had most set my heart."

"He married Lucy Wheaton, loving her."

"A girl whose father was a common drunkard, who died in delirium tremens and was buried by charity."

"But a good, pure girl, who nobly did her duty to father and baby sister till both died. A loving, tender girl, against whom there was no whisper of reproach, and a faithful, good wife now for three years. You will not die unforgiving!"

"I have made my will. It is here," and he opened a drawer in the table beside him. "There are some legacies, but the bulk of my fortune goes to found a library at Upham, this house to be used for the purpose. Ned will have \$500."

"Oh, Simon, destroy that will!"

"When Edward defied me, when he clung to the girl I detested and secretly married her, I told him he was my son no longer. He has lived for three years away from me—"

"Starving upon a clerk's salary, when he had passed twenty-two years of his life in luxury."

"He made his choice."

"I remember," Mattie said, in a dreamy voice, as if she had forgotten her listener, "the day Ned was born, poor Mary lay so ill we feared she must die, and while others were busy around her bed the wee babe was brought to me. He was like you, Simon, with great dark eyes and a broad brow, and yet he had Mary's mouth, so sensitive and tender, quivering with every emotion. I remember when he was a week old. I had him in the nursery when you came in, staggering like a man under a heavy burden, till you fell on your knees beside me to sob:

"God has taken Mary, but He has left my boy! Thank God for my boy!"

A long quivering sigh broke from the invalid's lips.

"I can see him as he was at 3 years old, with his brown curls shining like satin, falling over his little velvet coat, his soft, round cheeks rosy with health, and his eyes full of frank, bright intellect. He was not quite 4 when he had the scarlet fever. How many nights you walked him up and down in your arms, when the fever would not let him sleep; how many days you sat beside him calming the delirious fancies of his baby brain till the day that life-giving sleep came to restore him, and again you thanked God for your boy's life."

"Mattie, you torture me! I can not bear this!" the sick man murmured hoarsely.

"I was at my window one morning,"

Mattie said, still in the same even monotone, "when a carriage dashed up the road with a pair of runaway horses. The reins were in the road, and there was no control over the terrified animals, who dashed forward, the carriage swaying heavily from side to side, threatening every moment to be dashed to pieces. Inside a man tried vainly to open the doors. The driver lay upon the road beyond, thrown from his seat half intoxicated and badly injured. While I looked, paralyzed with horror, a mere boy, not 18, ran from my door into the road, threw himself before the horses, battled with them as they reared and plunged threatening every moment to dash him to pieces, and held them until other aid came. Men ran to help, and the stripling opened the door of the carriage when the horses were quiet to release his father. The blood was streaming from a great gash in his face, but he never heeded it when his father held him in close embrace, thanking him for his life. Again, Simon, I hear! you thank God that in saving your life your boy had not lost his own."

There was deep silence in the room as Mattie spoke the last words. Simon Hartwright's face was hidden, but his hands trembled, covering the agitated features. Mattie took from her pocket a letter, and read:

"MY DEAR AUNT MATTIE: Lucy is about again, and our boy is doing finely. He is a thorough Hartwright, with my dear father's eyes, and we have had him christened Simon. I wrote to my father, but again my letter has come back to me unopened. How can I ever soften his heart toward me if he will never read my letters? I weary for his forgiveness! I am doing well here, and my salary will allow some little comforts for Lucy and the boy beside mere necessities; but I long to hear my father say, 'Ned I forgive you.'

"If you knew Lucy in her life here, if you could see how patiently she bears every privation, how loving she is when we are still so poor, how careful she is never to reproach me for what she has suffered, you would not wonder that I can not say: 'Father, I am sorry I married her! I am not; I never can be sorry for that, yet I do sorrow over my father's anger.'

"Will you not see him for me, plead for me? Tell him I care nothing for his wealth; we can live happily in our humble fashion, but I long unutterably to hear his voice in forgiveness, to clasp his hand, to know he loves me again! Plead for me, Aunt Mattie. He must be lonely, and my heart aches for his loneliness."

"Lucy sends love and this tiny lock of young Simon's hair. Lovingly,
"NED."

"Simon?"

Mattie's voice was solemn in its earnest tone of pleading.

"Simon, you will not die without forgiving your boy, Mary's boy, who saved your life at the risk of his own, who loves you so truly!"

Simon Hartwright lifted his face from the cushions, where it had been hidden. Upon the wasted cheek tears stood like great diamonds, and the voice was broken and hoarse that said:

"God for my boy, Mattie!"

Gladly the message was written and sent to the telegraph office.

TO MR. EDWARD HARTWRIGHT, No. 37 — street, New York: Your father wishes to see you. Come at once. He is dangerously ill. MATTIE COLWELL.

The evening shadows were creeping over the great room where Simon Hartwright waited for the dread summons he knew could not long be delayed. Mattie Colwell had not left him. By every sweet memory cherished in her

soul she had kept alive the tender, forgiving spirit her words had already awakened in the father's heart.

The agitation of the morning had added much to the invalid's sufferings, and, as evening came on, the gentle, loving watcher feared the son would come too late for his father's words of reconciliation. He had been dozing uneasily, when he suddenly started awake.

"The will! Mattie, we forgot the will! It is in the drawer. Burn it, Mattie! Tell Ned there is a legacy for you—\$10,000! If the will stands my boy is disinherited. Burn it, Mattie!"

With trembling hands Simon Hartwright drew from the drawer the will that left his son a beggar, and thrust it into Mattie Colwell's hands.

"Burn it! let me see it burn!" he said, feverishly; and with eagerness, and gladly Mattie laid the paper upon the burning coals of the grate. While they watched it burn there was a noise of rapid horses' feet, a roll of wheels, a bustle at the door, and quick feet upon the stairs.

"Ned! Ned!"

The voice of the sick man rang out clear and shrill, and was answered by a loud cry.

"Father, I am coming!"

Then Mattie stole out of the room as a tall figure rushed in, and Ned Hartwright knelt beside his father's chair to feel warm tears upon his face, the clasp of loving arms, and her broken words of blessing and welcome.

In the hall Mattie found a little figure waiting in bewildered patience for welcome, and took upon herself the office of hostess to the blue-eyed wife, for whose sake Ned had dared his father's anger and imperiled his inheritance. Mattie took Lucy into the warm drawing-room, ordered supper for the travelers, and unrolled the 2-months' baby from its multitudinous shawls and wraps.

Mattie listened to the tearful description of Ned's mingled joy and sorrow when the telegram came. Mattie smoothed the fair curls of the young wife, calmed her agitation and took her into loving confidence. And when Ned came, grave and pale, to say: "My father will see you, Lucy," Mattie took the boy from his mother's trembling arms and followed after the first words of reconciliation were spoken.

She found Ned holding his father's hand in closest grasp, while Lucy, leaning over the great chair, softly bathed the clammy brow, where the death-dews were gathering fast.

"Ned's boy! the dying man gasped, as the baby face was lifted to his own. "Ned's baby! May God bless the child! And may God ever bless Mattie! See to it, Ned, that she never wants love while you live—Mattie, who brought you to my arms, as she has brought your son this night! Mattie, who brought you to-night, to take the sting from death! They will tell you, Ned, that Mattie never wearies in doing good, but she has done no nobler work in her life than she has done to-day in bringing my boy to my side."

These were the last words Simon Hartwright spoke until, at the last he whispered:

"Ned—forgive—my boy—God bless my boy!" and he died with the blessing on his lips.

Mattie Colwell lives her quiet life of usefulness, leaving undone no kindly act her hands can accomplish; but there is no memory of good work done so precious to her heart as the memory of the reconciliation her words accomplished between Simon Hartwright and his son.

Two Noted Minstrels,

WHO HAVE WON FORTUNES AND WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT STAGE LIFE. [From Stage Whispers.]

"Billy" Emerson has recently made a phenomenal success in Australia, and is rich.

Emerson was born at Belfast in 1846. He began his career with Joe Sweeney's minstrels in Washington in 1857. Later on he jumped into prominence in connection with Newcomb's minstrels with whom he visited Germany. He visited Australia in 1874 and on his return to America joined Haverley's minstrels in San Francisco at \$500 a week and expenses. With this troupe he played before her majesty, the queen, the Prince of Wales, and royalty generally. After this trip he leased the Standard theatre, San Francisco, where for three years he did the largest business ever known to minstrelry. In April last he went to Australia again, where he has "beaten the record."

"Billy" is a very handsome fellow, an excellent singer, dances gracefully, and is a true humorist.

"Yes, sir, I have traveled all over the world, have met all sorts of people, come in contact with all sorts of customs, and had all sorts of experiences. One must have a constitution like a locomotive to stand it.

"Yes, I know I seem to bear it like a major, and I do, but I tell you candidly that with the perpetual change of diet, water and climate, if I had not maintained my vigor with regular use of Warner's safe cure I should have gone under long ago."

George H. Primrose, whose name is known in every amusement circle in America, is even more emphatic, if possible, than "Billy" Emerson, in commendation of the same article to sporting and traveling men generally, among whom it is a great favorite.

Emerson has grown rich on the boards and so has Primrose, because they have not squandered the public's "favors."

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C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

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Society Directory.

K. OF L.—Assembly No. 2929.—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U. W.—Division No. 17.—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—Hayden Lodge.—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st, at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, — degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B. —Brookfield Brass Band.—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—Dexter Post, 88.—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, Edwin Legg, Commander.
at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Merrick Council, No. 902.—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 15, 1885.

County News.

- Warren has an evening school.
- Mr. Charles A. Bush, of North Brookfield, has lost two valuable horses within a week.
- At a recent meeting of the Selectmen of Millbury they paid bills to the amount of \$5,500.
- The Chautauquans, of No. Brookfield, have re-organized their local circle for the winter.
- The Selectmen of Leominster voted to license the skating rink for but three evenings a week.
- There is a cucumber in Rochdale that measures 27 inches in length and 9 inches in circumference.
- North Brookfield has, perhaps, a larger number of organizations and societies than any other town of its size in this section.
- Mrs. Lucy (Graves) Gaut, who died at Westminster, Oct. 1, was 92 yrs. 2 mo. and 5 days old. She was the oldest person in the town.
- A Dickens Club has been formed in North Brookfield with Dr. J. Garst as president. Their work will be both literary and social.

—The inspection of the Spencer Fire Department last Saturday afternoon consisted of a parade, a trial of the apparatus and the new telephone alarm system.

—The granges of Boylston and West Boylston unite in a harvest festival at Thomas Hall, West Boylston, to-day. The products of the farm will be exhibited, dinner and supper served, and a literary and musical entertainment given.

—I. Prouty & Co., of Spencer, have put in a Knowls water pump, capable of throwing 300 gallons a minute, in addition to the automatic sprinklers, so as to have an independent supply of water in case the regular water supply should be cut off.

—Mr. C. L. Underwood took several premiums at the recent Spencer Agricultural Show. Among these were first prize for Durham and Jersey cows; 2d for Holstein and Ayrshire; 3d for bulls and 1st prize for a coop of Langshan chicks, and 1st and 2d on Pekin ducks.

—The 40 hours' devotion at the St. Louis Catholic church, Webster, was a success, the church being overcrowded at all the services. The pastor, Father Quan, was assisted by Rev. D. F. McGrath, of Leicester, Rev. J. McGunn, of Blackstone, and Father Nelligan, of Southbridge.

—William Paige, familiarly known as "Major" Paige, died in West Brookfield on the 2d in his 75th year. He had been a resident of the town for over forty years, and was a prominent local politician and earnest worker in the republican party. He celebrated his golden wedding one year ago.

—At the woolen mill in Warren, Friday, a staging that had been erected to shingle the boarding house gave way, throwing John G. Skipper and Russel Lombard to the ground. A bunch of shingles struck Mr. Lombard, and it is thought his injuries will prove fatal. Mr Skipper had his arm broken in three places.

—Sunday morning the quiet town of Leicester was thrown into quite a state of excitement by the report that a bear had been seen in the woods in the north part of the town. Immediately there was a party organized to search for bruin, and shot guns, pitchforks and other instruments of torture were shouldered. The party made a long search, and came into town in the afternoon with the assurance that they had discovered foot prints and other evidences of some monstrous animal that they concluded was a bear.

FIRE IN PRINCETON.

A large barn occupied by James Rivers, in Princeton, just over the Holden line, was set on fire about 11 o'clock Saturday night, and burned to the ground. There were 11 cows, three horses, 65 hens, a large amount of hay and straw, and all the farming implements in the barn, all of which were burned. The total loss is about \$1,700 and Mr. Rivers had only \$400 insurance. The loss at this time of the year is a severe blow to Mr. Rivers, and leaves him a poor man. The circumstances of the fire were such as to warrant an immediate investigation, and an officer was set at work. He found out that during the evening a party of five men had been at a place near there, drinking cider and making a good deal of noise during the night. He found four of the party at their homes, but the fifth was missing, and had not been at his boarding place during the night or day. After a long search, the man, whose name was Willis H. Barton, was found, and he could give no very good account of himself, but claimed that he slept under a pine tree in a field near the fire. The officer took him up to the fire, and he avoided making any remark

about it, except to comment upon the crowd. When questioned he became confused, and was asked if he did not go into the barn during the night and light a match. He said if he did so he did not know of it, but he would not say he did or did not. He was taken to Worcester Sunday night.

FOUND IN THE WOODS.

A few days ago Chief of Police Jenkins, of Clinton, was notified that a woman, who had for her companions five dogs, was roaming about Bolton woods, in which she had slept one or two nights. He took charge of the woman and conveyed her to the station house and locked her in a cell. Her appeals were so piteous that her brute pets be not taken from her that all occupied the same apartment. To the chief she gave her name as Jane Whitcomb, and stated that she was on her way to North Adams. She said that she had distant relatives in Bolton, and that Mrs. John B. Gough, of Boylston, was a near relative. She said that she had started out on a trading expedition, her stock in trade being some salve, "precious stones," and her kennel of dogs.

Jane Whitcomb was next observed on the outskirts of Leominster feeding her dogs on apples. That night she was quartered at the town farm, and there she refused the accommodations because her brutes could not be with her. She insisted upon sleeping on the carriage house floor.

Opening a bundle, she said: "This is my wedding dress. I always carry it with me wherever I go," and as she spoke her eyes were suffused with tears as there came for a moment into her disordered mind a lucid interval. She told an incoherent story of her past, and alluded to a tragedy which occurred some years since in Readsboro, Vt. She asserted that he whom she was to have wedded was shot down while standing by her side; that the assassin fired the bullet from the outside; that it came crashing through the window-pane; and that after the victim fell his murderers took his body from the house and mutilated it. She stated, furthermore, that those who killed the man she loved were stationed in North Adams, and that they sought her life, to protect which she was afraid to venture from her place of abode after dark. No one could be found who knew the particulars of the alleged murder, but a distant connection of this strange woman has an indistinct recollection that there was years ago a tragedy in the section of which Jane Whitcomb spoke, and had also a vague idea that an early love affair had sadly blighted the hopes and the life of this female vagabond. At Clinton and Leominster she was only detained over night as a tramp, and at last accounts she was on her way to North Adams.

"A Crick in the Back" is many times a symptom of kidney disease. Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy will cure it.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.** Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING** is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

THERMOMETERS to mount, and other useful articles, at Mrs. J. W. Flitts.

A Feat of Flying.

[From our Sturbridge Correspondent.]

The following account of a flying performance witnessed by a select party which ended in a most successful failure, has at last leaked out, and your correspondent being a privileged character, having interrogated one of the interested parties, would respectfully request you to give it to the reading public for their amusement as well as their instruction: Last August, while mid-summer heat was quoted at 110° above Ciesero, three young men retired from the bustle and heat of a neighboring city to revel in the lonely quiet on the Bald Head near Walker Mountain, and contiguous to the lake of the same name, to cool off their heated brains previous to entering the mysteries of Amherst. One of the party, whom we will call Kimmie, being of a mechanical turn of mind, and having read and pondered over the description of "Darius Green and his flying machine," thought he could improve

on that invention on a thoroughly new plan which was original with himself. The three young men having been chums at the high school together, had accumulated sufficient gas, known as the compound hypoflogistic, and having pooled their issues lent their combined lightness to the object in view. Having formed the acquaintance of the local chairman his assistance was requested, so after listening to their plans, proposed to give him a send off by means of a kite of monstrous dimensions.

Having made suitable arrangements for the trial a kite was produced, 20x25 feet, with a small rope ladder for a tail. A breeze was blowing from the southward, and all being in readiness they repaired to an adjoining hill for—well, they never got there. The combined amount of gas intermixed with an unlimited number of volumes of the denser atmosphere, swelled the aforesaid Kimmie to such dimensions as to make it necessary to anchor him betwixt three pines in a neighboring copse until reduced to his normal condition.

His two associates, Geo. Warren and Harry Clifford, deeming it very imprudent to allow Kimmie to inflate again without consulting the professor of Natural Science, have agreed to postpone further investigations until another season, and in the meantime the two above mentioned will lay the case before the faculty of Amherst for their consideration. Kimmie will in all probability continue his investigations, and it is hoped his instructor at the "Teck" will encourage his inventive genius until the name of Albert Beede will rank with Edison and Keeley.

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Address **The Weekly Times,**

Brookfield, Mass.

The County Conventions.

Our Townsman, County Commissioner Duell, Re-nominated by the Republicans, and Hon. Washington Tufts, of this town, gets the Democratic Nomination.

All of the towns, save Phillipston and Sterling, and both the cities in the county, were represented in the republican county convention Tuesday, 165 delegates being present. The report of the committee on credentials showed 161 delegates, the number being increased to 165 by the admission of delegates present without credentials. Chairman of the county committee F. A. Gaskill, of Worcester, called the convention to order, Judge A. A. Putnam, of Uxbridge, was made chairman on motion of Hon. T. C. Bates, of No. Brookfield, and Col. E. J. Russell, of Worcester, was made secretary on motion of A. E. Gray, of Northbridge.

NOMINATING A COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

The discussion of civil service reform was promptly dropped, but the talking was to go on, for the committee on credentials had made no sign of being ready to report. The next subject was introduced by B. F. Pierce, of Southboro, who moved that the merits of the several candidates for county commissioner be ventilated, and the motion prevailed. Hon. Velorous Taft, of Upton, suggested that the gentleman trot out his candidate, but the gentleman responded that he had none to trot, and wanted to get posted about the others. J. M. Cochrane, of Southbridge, said that a week ago he had occupied a seat in the convention in the upper hall, in the gallery, however, where he had heard civil service reform advocated, and had heard a young man say that the democratic party had got the general government, and had got the republicans of Massachusetts on the run, and wanted for a candidate a man who would keep them on the run. That speaker had evidently forgotten that at Springfield, the week before, the republicans had found a set of men they had put into office so faithful and honest that all save one, whose term had expired by limitation, were unanimously re-nominated for the same trusts, and he believed that here they could do no better than to re-nominate one who has done his duty faithfully, honorably and fairly to the public, the present incumbent, Geo. S. Duell, of Brookfield.

Hon. Henry G. Taft, of Uxbridge, spoke of the county offices as positions of importance, and expressed the belief that there should be no change unless there was reason for a change. The present incumbent had, he said, to his own knowledge, made a good member of the board, and he could see no reason for changing him.

Hon. Thos. P. Root, of Barre, Ledyard Bill, of Paxton, and James W. Stockwell, of Sutton, were also candidates for the nomination.

An informal ballot was taken as follows:

| | |
|--|-----|
| Whole number of votes..... | 165 |
| Majority..... | 83 |
| Geo. S. Duell, of Brookfield, had..... | 81 |
| Ledyard Bill, of Paxton..... | 49 |
| James W. Stockwell, of Sutton..... | 17 |
| Thomas P. Root, of Barre..... | 17 |
| Henry G. Taft, of Uxbridge..... | 1 |

As soon as the ballot was announced, Mr. Eaton, of Auburn, said he was authorized by Mr. Stockwell to withdraw his name in favor of Mr. Duell.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Whole number of votes..... | 156 |
| Necessary for a choice..... | 79 |
| Geo. S. Duell, of Brookfield, had..... | 108 |
| Ledyard Bill, of Paxton..... | 48 |

Mr. Duell was declared nominated, and, on motion of Mr. Walker, of Barre, the nomination was made unanimous.

OTHER NOMINATIONS.

The other candidates were promptly and unanimously nominated: Edward A. Brown for county treasurer, on motion of Henry F. Harris, of Worcester; Charles F. Rockwood, of Fitchburg, for register of deeds in the northern district, on motion of Hon. D. H. Merriam, of Fitchburg, and Harvey B. Wilder, of Worcester, for register of deeds in the middle district, on motion of D. B. Hubbard, of Grafton.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The democratic county convention held at Horticultural Hall Tuesday, was thinly attended, less than 30 delegates being present, and these nominations were made: County commissioner, Washington Tufts, of Brookfield; county treasurer, Levi Barker, of Worcester; register of deeds, Worcester district, Webster Thayer, of Worcester; register of deeds, northern district, Charles F. Rockwood, of Fitchburg.

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Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1138 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

* * * "Good counsel has no price, obey it." * * *

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."

* * * "Light suppers makes long lives." * * *

Railroad Man.

Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & N. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1898, says:—"My father, 63 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

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* * * "All's well that ends well." * * *

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The Polo Fever.

Last Years' Champions Record.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

With the near approach of the rink season again, and the announcement of its first polo game here for next Saturday evening, will make a few remarks concerning the progress of this interesting and exciting game since its introduction of enough interest to warrant its appearance in our columns to-day.

The first polo club to be organized in this village was at the instance of the rink managers about the middle week of last November. In fact the TIMES for Nov. 20, 1884, has this item, which was the first of its kind to find a place in its columns, to wit: "The boys have organized a polo club embracing the following members: A. H. Bellows, Arthur Moulton, George Chapin, Chas. Woodis, H. W. Laffin and F. L. Mather. Mather is captain and Laffin secretary of the team." Up to this time polo was a heard of but untried game in Brookfield, but the "boys" were enthusiastic and meant to make it known the coming winter, and that they did the sequel will show.

The above club assumed, for the sake of a name, the Ubiques, which rather unique handle had a Latin interpretation of "everywhere." The Ubiques were scarcely a day old before the shop boys came to the front with a rival team, under the name of the Maginties, for just what reason it was so called has never been illustrated. The names of this second asparent for polo honors appear in the next issue, that of Nov. 27, in describing a match game between the two teams the same Thanksgiving afternoon as follows: E. Franquer, jr., Geo. H. Hughes, Arthur Daniels, Henry Irwin, A. J. Kearns and Clarence Moore. It further stated that the Maginties won three out of five goals in this game, and that at a practice game the evening before the same team won six out of seven goals, and that a regular representative team would shortly be formed of the two clubs to play out of town teams.

We are thus minute in giving the details of these two clubs' history, not that they were in themselves of so much importance, as to show the origin of the subsequent strong club that Brookfield was so proud of during the past winter. As above predicted a union of forces were speedily made after the Thanksgiving game spoken of, and this was the early make up of it: A. Daniels and F. L. Mather rushers; A. J. Kearns goal tend; C. Moore cover point; A. H. Bellows half back, and Geo. H. Hughes point. C. H. Whittemore was chosen manager and A. H. Bellows secretary and treasurer. It will thus be seen that the new Brookfield team was made up of two of the first and four of the second organizations, at the start, but a vacancy was soon after made by Kearns, the goal tend, leaving town, and H. W. Laffin, of the first team, was put in his place, the new arrangement changing Bellows to the goal, Daniels to cover point, Hughes and Laffin playing right and left point, while Mather and Moore filled 1st and 2d rushers' positions. It may be said here, to the wisdom of this arrangement of positions, that all of the subsequent thirty odd match games played by this club, these positions were maintained, excepting towards the close of the league

series, when the substitute, H. Irwin, who was also of the Maginty club, played in the place of some absent member.

As soon as the new organization was fully made it became quite anxious to secure a game with an out of town team that could play, so that they, who had scarcely seen a game, much less played one, saving those already mentioned, might gain much needed points. This coveted game was gained the first week, and on Saturday evening, Nov. 29, the Brookfields met the North Brookfields, for the first time, before a good crowd in the home rink. The sequel showed the boys the points needed and lacked by them, for they were easily beaten four goals out of five, and even the goal won was virtually given them. The North had had one season's experience and showed the benefit by it.

Nothing discouraged, but rather with increased ambition to play, they visited North Brookfield, Dec. 11, and had improved so much as to hold them a pretty close game, tying on the fourth goal, but losing finally on the fifth, after a good contest. On Dec. 12 the club had a benefit at the rink, netting enough therefrom to procure themselves a neat suit, sticks and other requisites, for talk was already indicating the near approach of a polo league among the neighboring towns, and Brookfield was desirous of entering.

The New Year found polo stock way up and the Brookfields arranging games as fast as possible. Christmas they had been to Spencer showing the new club there how to do it, and sat the old year out in enthusiastic discussion of the third game with the North that very evening, in which they were for the first time, with them, victorious, the North winning the first and the home club the next three. To beat the North was the acme of their ambition. The invincible Southbridge club, however, cooled the boys off a little the next Saturday evening to the tune of three straight, and so the fever grew apace.

A second visit to Spencer again resulted in another victory, while the same to Southbridge added another "three straight" for which that club was noted.

But to continue in this way with each game that followed in quick succession would take too much space, so we will have to be more brief. In short, be it said, the long talked of League was formed, and Brookfield was in it for the purpose of winning, and win she did in good shape, the close finding her with 17 out of 21 games actually played on the winning side. The contest near the close, in fact, had become so surely ours that the interest lagged, and two or three final games were virtually dropped. The handsome championship gold medals were given to the Brookfields, who have them to-day to prove their superiority last season in this vicinity among polo players. The league games both here and abroad drew well, and great interest was manifested in the success of the home club. Its four defeats in the league, in two instances at least, were not on account of the superiority of their opponents, but rather circumstances that prevented our own club from playing their usual game. The closing of the polo season by the polo tournament at North Brookfield, in which the Brookfields there represented came out at the small end, was regretted by lovers of the sport here, but was not really the record of the champions, as only three of them played on that occasion.

A table may serve, at this point, to show the work done by the Brookfields last season, both in exhibition and league games, the sum total being to the credit of any club in its first winter of experience, the exhibition and league games played forming a total of 21 games won and 9 lost, with 70 captured goals to 53 lost.

EXHIBITION GAMES.

| BROOKFIELDS | Games Won. | Games Lost. | Goals Won. | Goals Lost. |
|----------------------|------------|-------------|------------|-------------|
| No. Brookfields..... | 1 | 2 | 6 | 7 |
| Spencers..... | 3 | 0 | 9 | 6 |
| Southbridges..... | 0 | 2 | 0 | 6 |
| Worcesters..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Totals..... | 4 | 5 | 16 | 21 |

LEAGUE GAMES.

| BROOKFIELDS | Games Won. | Games Lost. | Goals Won. | Goals Lost. |
|----------------------|------------|-------------|------------|-------------|
| Warrens..... | 4 | 2 | 14 | 10 |
| Wares..... | 2 | 0 | 6 | 2 |
| No. Brookfields..... | 6 | 1 | 18 | 12 |
| Spencers..... | 5 | 1 | 16 | 8 |
| Totals..... | 17 | 4 | 54 | 32 |

* Ware went out of the League after playing but two games with Brookfields.

So much for the Brookfield polo club of last season. What it will be this season is an entirely different question. Whether it will be as good, better or worse, is yet to be seen. The club that will play Starbridge next Saturday evening will include four of the old team at least, to wit: Mather, Moore, Bellows and Irwin, with Will Coy, of last year's Westboro team, for a fifth and the sixth to be selected. The two old points, Hughes and Laffin, not playing, the latter now being in Middletown, Conn., while the former seems loath to play any more, though pressed on all sides to do so.

In closing it may be suggested that if rink managers, and players, too, will take counsel of last year's experiences, some few changes for the better could be made in conducting these polo contests, so as to make them of even more interest, as an attraction, not only to the public but to the players, who may find in it not only amusement but some profit, and put just as much money in the rink managers' pockets.

For women in delicate health, no medicine equals Hunt's Remedy. All female complaints are speedily cured by it. It never fails.

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WANTED Honest & active Men or women, in every city and town to sell my new Patent Pocket, and great variety of Rubber mark. Big commissions. Large Sales. All of part of time may be employed. Only one agent in a place. Try it! Full particulars sent free to any address on application. Please mention this paper. Write to C. H. WHITTEMORE, Brookfield, Mass.

Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 15, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Eight pages this week.
 —Read our special offer on page 5.
 —A good story on our second page.
 —See inside pages for county news.
 —Apples are selling at \$1.25 per barrel.
 —Mrs. N. W. Heath is slowly improving.
 —Buy your rubber marking stamps at this office.
 —Mr. Frank Yates started for Southern California last week.
 —Those interested in polo will find interesting reading on page 7.
 —Polo, Brookfield vs. Sturbridge, at the rink next Saturday evening.
 —Mr. David Pellett raised a watermelon the past season that weighed 27 lbs.
 —The Corner Store is again demanding your attention. See advertisement.
 —Brookfield will be represented on the county board of commissioners three years more.
 —Landlord Gass let a horse to go to North Brookfield yesterday, where it suddenly died.
 —The Parker Rice estate buildings have been undergoing extensive repairs outside and in lately.
 —Burgess & Cook and Misses Sprague each have millinery announcements in our columns this week.
 —The annual Harvest concert will take place at the Unitarian church next Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.
 —Mrs. Warfield, of Chicago, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Ormsby, is in town on a visit to her parents.
 —Rev. Mr. Mears and wife, now of East Hampton, Mass., were visiting here among their former parishioners last week.
 —Dr. Hodgkins is visiting the schools to see if the scholars are properly vaccinated. Would it not be well for the older people to see to the same?
 —I hereby challenge any boy 17 years old, or under, to run 100 yards for \$5 or \$25. Race to come off Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17.
 PADDY MORAN.
 —The W. C. T. U. will meet at the M. E. church vestry next Wednesday afternoon at 8 o'clock. All are invited, whether they wish to join or not. It is not a secret society.
 —A number of the Unitarian society are attending the Conference of Churches at Barre to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bemis and Mrs. Martha Hyde were chosen delegates.
 —Mr. C. B. Carpenter picked an apple of the King of Tompkins County variety in his orchard that measured 14 inches in circumference one way and 18 another, and weighed good 18 ozs.
 —A number of people from this town attended the exhibition of the Farmers' club at West Brookfield last Friday, thus showing their interest in it. Could there not be such a club formed here, composed of farmers and mechanics, that would be a credit to this town?

—A report of Mr. Duell's nomination can be found on page 6.

—The M. E. church is now free from debt. The legacy left by Mrs. C. O. Brewster removes the mortgage from the parsonage, and that of the church was paid 11 years ago, so now they can take new courage for the future and work for the good of the community.

—Look out for something startling next Saturday in the way of an announcement of really great bargains at the Boston Store. Mr. Thompson has just bought a large stock and will open the same to the public next Wednesday, Oct. 21. You will read of some unheard of prices Saturday.

—Will our subscribers please look up their TIMES for the month of April last, and see if they have either or both numbers 15 and 17, April 9 and 23, among them? If they have we will pay a good price for a perfect copy of each to make our own file complete. Bring them to this office.

—Mr. Frank E. Rice, who has been junior clerk for Cutter & Co., of Wilbraham, Mass., for the past 18 months, was pleasantly surprised last Tuesday (it being his 19th birthday) by being called into the office and told that he had done well in his present position, and would be promoted in a week's time to fill the place of a retiring clerk.

—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hodgden, recently of this town, will learn with sincere regret of the death of the latter at Marlboro, Tuesday night last, at 11 o'clock. The cause of her death is yet unknown here, though it was known by a few that she had been recently ill, but was enough better to be up and about the house, and was expected to pay a visit to Brookfield soon. Mrs. Hodgden will be remembered as a bright, pretty little woman, young and pleasing. She leaves no children.

—Merrick Council, No. 902, R. A., is gaining in membership and interest. Its members are realizing more and more its worth as an insurance institution. For an insurance of \$3,000 it only costs from \$15 for a man of 21 years, up to \$50 for a man of 55, per year, these ages being the limit admitted, the intermediate ages being graded at figures between the two. Half rates, or an insurance of \$1,500, can be taken, if desired, at half the cost. The first cost of joining, including one assessment, medical examination, one quarter's dues and initiatory fees is from \$10.50 up to \$13.50, according to age. For further particulars apply to the officers or any member of the Council.

—It is expected that Prof. W. I. Marshall will give one of his popular and instructive lectures in the Town Hall on the 27th of Oct. The subject of his lecture will be "The Yosemite Valley." Prof. Marshall's lectures are copiously illustrated with the best stereopticon views, and he is known all over the country as one of our most interesting lecturers. He comes here at the invitation of one of our citizens who recently spent over a week in that wonderful valley, and he desires that the people of the town should have an opportunity of enjoying its beauties so far as description and illustration will enable them to do so. The price of admission will accordingly be quite low; and it is hoped many will desire to attend. It is also expected that Frederic A. Ober, the popular author of "Travels in Mexico," "Young People's History of Mexico," and other works, will give an illustrated lecture on that interesting but little known country. His books are in our town library, and any one who has read them will not fail to hear him. He is recognized as an authority on all matters pertaining to Mexico. Further notice will be given of both these lectures.

FALL,

WINTER.

FALL,

CALL AT

M. C. & E. E. Sprague's,

and see the Fall and Winter Millinery; also a full line of Materials for Fancy Work and ladies' Furnishing Goods.

Stamping of all kinds, done to Order.

Livermore's Block,
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Fall & Winter Goods

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Brookfield, Oct. 15, 1885.

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TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,

October 20th and 21st,

We shall be pleased to show to the ladies of Brookfield and vicinity, latest styles in Trimmed and untrimmed Hats and Bonnets, Fancy feathers, Tips, Plumes, Ribbons, Velvets, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

DON'T FORGET THE DATE!!!!

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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 43.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

MR. EDWIN D. GOODELL, whom the republican party of this district elected to the legislature last winter by such a good majority, seems in a fair way to have the same honor offered him again this fall, but whether it will be the will of the republicans or of the labor party, or both, is yet to be seen. While it is West Brookfield's and Warren's turn for the republican nomination this year, a study of the Goodell movement may effect a change, and the prospects of such a strong candidate at large, backed up by the energetic earnestness of the labor party, is more than likely to induce one or the other of the above towns to forego their right this year, or at least defer it for a year, and renominate Mr. Goodell again. Should this not be done, and Mr. Goodell should be induced to run independent, the regular democratic nominee would stand the first show of an election, with Mr. Goodell a good second, while one of the regular republican candidates would be completely left. In short, with Mr. Goodell in the field independent, it is quite likely he could come out ahead of either party, for many of both would throw their vote for him, aside from those of the so-called labor party. Mr. Goodell's record the past winter was very pleasing to the laboring men of the district, and was in quite a contrast to that of his colleague from the same district, Mr. Wight, of Sturbridge, and it looks like good judgment on the part of the labor party in wishing to maintain him in that position. We would like to see Mr. Goodell run again, and would vote for him if he did, whoever nominated him.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Miss Mary Mathews died last night at the residence of Michael Martin, after a short illness.

—K. of L. dance at the Town Hall tomorrow evening has been postponed until Friday evening, Oct. 27.

—The Harvest Festival to have been held in the Unitarian church last Sunday evening has been postponed until next Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.

—The first game of polo this season was played at the rink last Saturday evening between the champions and the new Sturbridge team. The game was called at 8:30, and at five minutes past that time referee J. M. Barnes stepped onto the floor and gave the signal for the music to start up for the preliminary march. The champions of course led off, and the large and enthusiastic audience recognized in their number nearly the same personnel of last season. The only missing faces were those of their little right point, Hughes, and their long-limbed left, Lafin. In place of these appeared last year's substitute, H. Irwin, and a new member, Wm. Coy, of Westboro. Mather, Bellows, Daniels and the redoubtable Moore were in their usual places. The Sturbridge boys followed in the march in good order, and a big lot they were, too, the shortest evidently good 5 ft. 10 in., while their goal tend must have been some inches better than six foot. They are a new club, this being but their third game, so there is sufficient excuse for the result of the game. The signal for the first rush was finally given and Mather easily took the ball, sent it towards the Sturbridges' goal, where it was kept until it was caged by Moore in 1 m. 20 sec. The second goal was also won by the home club in 1 m. 50 sec., Coy making this one. The third goal took 5 m. 30 sec., sever "ball out" and fouts taking up time, but the Brookfields finally landed it in the visitors' cage. This virtually ended the game, but it was decided to play all five goals, which was soon done, the champions winning them in 1 m. 50 sec. and 45 sec., respectively. On the last goal Daniels and Bellows went onto the floor as first and second rushers, and Bellows made the goal. Moore made the third and fourth. While the result was what was expected, yet the very energetic and skillful manner in which our boys played greatly pleased the crowd and they were loudly cheered. Mather and Coy collided during the third goal, and the former got a black eye which rather dampened that excellent player's ambition for playing. Coy, the new man, seems to have the makings of a good player, being quick on the floor and good in handling the ball, but is rather too much inclined to try to do too much himself, while a little more dependence on the other players, at times, works to better advantage. This was a point learned by our players last season. The playing by all was, in fact, sharp and decisive, and did credit to all.

"Oh, my back!" The man with weak back, sore joints, has kidney disease, which Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy always cures.

Truth is mighty, and will prevail, Hunt's Remedy cures like magic all diseases of kidney, liver and urinary organs.

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Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS; also our SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily. \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

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The most universally useful book ever published. It tells completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way, How to Be Your Own Lawyer, How to Do Business Correctly and Successfully, How to Act in Society and everywhere. A gold mine of varied information to all classes for constant reference. AGENTS WANTED for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to

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\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortune for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

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Society Directory.

K. OF L.—Assembly No. 2929.—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7. 30 o'clock.

A. O. U. M.—Division No. 17.—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7. 30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—Hayden Lodge.—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st at Masonic Hall, at 7. 30 o'clock.
Work, — degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B. M.—Brookfield Brass Band.—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7. 45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7. 30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk. Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—Dexter Post, 39.—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, at 7. 30 o'clock.
Nelson Weeks, Adjutant. Edwin Legg, Commander.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Merrick Council, No. 902.—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary. C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1885.

Death of Goldsmith Maid.

The famous mare Goldsmith Maid, once Queen of the Turf, died at the Fashion Stud Farm near Trenton, N. J., Sept. 23. She died of fatty degeneration and enlargement of the heart, being ill but a few hours.

Goldsmith Maid was foaled in 1857, and at the time of her death was twenty-eight years old. Her first owner, John B. Decker, a farmer of Sussex county, N. J., found her a most uncontrollable filly, and did not break her to harness until after she had passed her colthood. He sold her when she had reached the age of eight, for \$350. Her purchaser soon bartered her to Alden Goldsmith for the equivalent of \$750. By him she was given the name under which she went until her death.

Mr. Goldsmith saw the mare's possibilities as a trotter, and put her into careful training. Her maiden race was trotted in 1865, time 2:36. This re-

cord she lowered to 2:30 in 1866. In 1867 she was bought by Budd Doble for \$20,000, and he drove her during the remainder of her turf career, though she was purchased by Henry N. Smith in 1870. The mare's wonderful performances began in 1871, when she beat Dexter's record of 2:17½, making a mile in 2:17. In 1872 she brought this time down to 2:16½, at Boston, and at East Saginaw, Mich., in 1874, made the mile in 2:16½. After this, during the same year, she lowered the record at Buffalo to 2:15½, at Rochester 2:14½, at Boston to 2:14. These unparalleled performances created immense enthusiasm among horsemen, and all interested in racing. For some time they were not equalled, and Goldsmith Maid was hailed Queen of the Turf. She never beat her own record of 2:14, and seven years since was retired by her owner, Mr. Henry N. Smith, to the Fashion Stud Farm, where she died.

Questions Answered!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritations of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu!"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you

Mandrake or Dandelion!!

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER I.

"Patients"

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

"Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail!"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Beware all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

How Farmers are Swindled.

Swindlers are many and busy just now seeking their prey among the farmers who are resting after their labors of harvest and who are counting how much money they can spare for spending. It is impossible to recount the tricks and deceits they are practicing. The favorite game is to get from their victims, under some pretense, signatures to receipts, orders, petitions or contracts, and to transfer these signatures to promissory notes, which are at once sold to the local bank. This transfer makes the presumed maker of the note liable under the law, and deprives him of any defense on account of fraud or want of consideration. If a man is fool enough to permit a rōgue to get his name on a bogus note, and an innocent purchaser gets the note before maturity, the defense of fraud is cut off and the original fool must bear the burden of his own folly. And any man is a fool who permits a perfect stranger to get his signature to any paper whatever under any circumstances. Yet thousands of farmers are being made victims by the confidence men now on their business rounds by this very trick.

One of the most successful swindling tricks is this: A long-haired, shaven and saintly-looking man appears toward evening with credentials purporting to show that he is an agent of a church and school building association, or some other benevolent institution. He asks for the locality of a leading citizen a good many miles off, and, finding it too far to reach, begs to be accommodated for the night. He talks, and, if he can, he prays, and gets up a meeting, perhaps securing a few dollars from the company for his association. He makes receipts for the subscriptions, and to show the strict business methods under which he works, requires every donor to put down the amount given on the half of the receipt retained in the book signing his name to it. On leaving his host in the morning he insists upon paying his bill, and takes a receipt as a voucher for the expense, which he is careful to say he is obliged to strictly account for. In due time these signatures all turn up at the bottom of promissory notes, which have been sold at some bank in the neighborhood. The fine art of swindling yearly grows finer and finer, and now deserves the name of a science.

The Cream of all Books of Adventure

Condensed into One Volume.

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HEROES and DEEDS.

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ABOUT GEOLOGY.

Geology is that branch of natural study which treats of the structure of the earth's crust and the mode of formation of its rocks. It is a pleasant and profitable study, and to the man who has married rich and does not need to work the amusement of busting geology with the bible, or busting the bible with geology, is indeed a great boon.

Geology goes hand in hand with zoology, botany, physical geography and other kindred sciences. Taxidermy, chiropody and theology are not kindred sciences.

Geologists ascertain the age of the earth by looking at its teeth and counting the wrinkles on its horns. They have learned that the earth is not only of great age, but that it is still adding to its age from year to year.

It is hard to say very much of a great science in so short an article, and that is one great obstacle which I am constantly running against as a scientist. I once prepared a paper in astronomy entitled "The Chronological History and Habits of the Spheres." It was very exhaustive and weighed four pounds. I sent it to a scientific publication that was supposed to be working for the advancement of our race. The editor did not print it, but wrote me a crisp and saucy postal card requesting me to call with dray and remove my stuff before the board of health got after it. In five short years from that time he was a corpse. As I write these lines I learn with ill-concealed pleasure that he is still a corpse. An awful dispensation of Providence in the shape of a large, wilted cucumber laid hold upon his vitals and crushed him with an inward pain. He has since had the opportuning by actual personal observation to see whether the statements made by me relative to astronomy were true. His last words were: "Friends, Romans and countrywomen, beware of the q-cumber. It will w-up." It was not original, but it was good.

The four great primary periods of the earth's history are as follows, viz., to-wit:

- I. The Eozoic or I am of life.
- II. The Paleozoic or period of ancient life.
- III. The Mesozoic or middle period of life.
- IV. The Neozoic or recent period of life.

These are all subdivided again, and other words more difficult to spell are introduced into science, thus crowding out the vulgar head who cannot afford to use high priced terms in constant conversation.

Old timers state that the primitive condition of the earth was extremely damp. With the onward march of time, and after the lapse of millions of years, men found that they could get along with less and less water, until at last we see the pleasant, blissful state of things. Aside from the use of water at our summer resorts, that fluid is getting to be less and less popular. And even here at these resorts it is generally flavored with some foreign substance.

The earth's crust is variously estimated in the matter of thickness. Some think it is 2,500 miles thick, which would make it safe to run heavy trains across the earth anywhere on top of a second mortgage, while other scientists say that if we go down one-tenth

of that distance we will reach a place where the worm dieth not. I do not wish to express an opinion as to the actual depth or thickness of the earth's crust, but I believe it is none too thick to suit me.

Thickness of the earth's crust is a mighty good fault. We estimate the age of a certain strata of the earth's formation by means of a union of our knowledge of plant and animal life, coupled with our geological research and a good memory. The older scientists in the field of geology do not rely solely upon the tracks of the hadrosaurus or the cornucopia for their data. They simply use these things to refresh their memory.

I wish that I had time and space to describe some of the beautiful bacteria and gigantic worms that formerly inhabited the earth. Such an aggregation of actual, living Siurian monsters, any one of which would make a man a fortune to-day, if it could be kept on ice and exhibited for one season only. You could take a full-grown mastodon to-day, and with no callopie, no lithographs, no bearded lady, no clown with four pillows in his pantaloons and no iron-jawed woman, you could go across the continent and successfully compete with the skating rink.

There would be but one difficulty. Your expenses would not be heavy. The mastodon would be willing to board around and no one would feel like turning a mastodon out of doors if he seemed to be hungry, but he might get away from you and frolic away so far in one night that you couldn't get him for a day or two even if you sent a detective for him.

If I had a mastodon I would rather take him when he is young, and then I could make a pet of him so that he would come and eat out of my hand without taking the hand off at the same time. A large mastodon weighing a hundred tons or so, is awkward, too. I suppose nothing is more painful than to be stepped on by an adult mastodon.

I hope at some future time to write a paper for the Academy of Science on the subject of "Deceased Fauna, Fossiliferous Debris and Extinct Jokes," showing how, when and why these early forms of animal life came to extinct.—Bill Nye in New York Mercury.

A leading model has a set of cuff and shirt studs made of Chinese finger nails, set in gold. He points with pride at his exclusive possessions, which are made of a Chinaman's finger nail which was four inches long when cut. The nail in the studs presents a shiny appearance and is susceptible to changes in the weather. Their owner claims that they were successfully used by him as a weather barometer when he first got them, but their usefulness in this direction has been lost through age.

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Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

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County News.

—Leominster democrats are trying to secure the removal of Postmaster Hill.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Goodwin, of North Brookfield celebrated the sixth anniversary of their marriage last Thursday evening.

—The Woonsocket rubber works at Blackstone started up Monday. They have been shut down since the latter part of September.

—Pietro Dinone, an Italian quarryman employed by Norcross Bros., at Milford, had both legs crushed by a falling stone and was internally injured Thursday afternoon.

—A young Frenchman employed in the Fiskdale mills had an arm torn off at the shoulder last week Wednesday, by getting caught in the pulleys and belt in the card room.

—Mr. S. A. Newton, of Auburn, who has a portable steam engine and ensilage cutter, has helped to fill 13 silos this season, including two for himself, in six different towns, the ensilage stored aggregating about 1,000 tons.

—Isaac N. Marshall, railroad agent at New Bedford, has been appointed superintendent of the northern division of the Old Colony railroad, in place of Scott A. Webber, who has since 1873 been superintendent of the Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg railroad and succeeding corporations controlling the railroad between Fitchburg and Taunton.

—The friends of Mr. Willie Holmes, of West Boylston, to the number of about 30, gave him a surprise Friday evening. Mr. Holmes has been very unfortunate, having much trouble with his eyes and loosing the sight of one of them. At the present time he is troubled with rheumatism. A very pleasant evening was spent and Mr. Holmes was presented with \$50.

—The Cornet band, of Warren, will hold a fair in the Town Hall, October 21 and 22. The first evening there will be a concert by the Spencer Cornet band, also a farcé "My Turn Next." Second evening, concert by the North Brookfield male quartette, consisting of Messrs. H. S. Lytle, D. J. Pratt, M. Howard and L. M. Tucker. Supper will be served each evening at 25 cents.

—Near Sterling Junction, last week Wednesday, a daughter of landlord J. L. Brooks of the Central Hotel, Sterling, while riding horseback, came in collision with a moving train on the Old Colony road. The force of the collision was sufficient to break the car step and throw the horse down. The young lady escaped injury, re-mounted and rode home. Thursday the horse was not able to move.

—The authors of the malicious mischief at the Waterford school house, Blackstone, stands in a fair way to be detected. Sheriff Bacon notified John Briordy, Thomas Maher, Joseph Murphy and James Manning to appear before the District Court last Thursday morning. They are boys of about 12 years of age. Their cases were continued for one week, for trial, their parents recognizing for their appearance at that time.

—About 30 of the friends of Mrs. Mary Thomas Sloan, of Oakdale, gave her a surprise visit Tuesday evening of last week, and presented her with an elegant lemonade set and other useful articles. Mr. Sloan has been superintendent of the Springdale woolen mill of G. J. Smith & Co. for about five years, and is soon to remove to Otter River, to be superintendent of a mill there. They carry the best wishes of many friends to their new home.

—B. P. Aiken, of West Brookfield, has a luxuriant field of barley, now beginning to head out, that was sown after peas Aug. 8. It proves to be a good green feed for late soiling and it is thought will stand frost better than late oats. Mr. Aiken thinks he shall sow the barley a week earlier in repeating the experiment. It looks as if it might be a great acquisition to the soiling crops, used so extensively by dairymen, and evidently can be turned into hay at short notice.

—The Farmers' club of North Brookfield have chosen these officers: President, Daniel Gilbert; vice-presidents, Joseph E. Kimball and John Lane; treasurer, Josiah C. Converse; auditor, L. E. Barnes. Seven trustees were elected, and three women will probably be added at a later meeting. A. C. Stoddard, James H. Goodrich and J. Winslow Bryant were appointed to select a list of topics for the winter meetings. The question for discussion at the next meeting will be "Can farmers in this vicinity afford to raise their own stock?"

—The Worcester South Conference of Congregational Churches will hold its fall meeting in Upton, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28 and 29. The following is the programme: Wednesday, addresses by Mrs. J. A. Childs and Rev. B. F. Perkins; sermon by Rev. C. M. Southgate, of Worcester; dinner; church reports; addresses by Rev. G. A. Putnam, B. A. Nourse, Rev. Philander Thurston and Rev. R. B. Howard. Evening, addresses by Rev. Charles Wetherby, of Milford. Thursday, routine business; addresses by Rev. J. H. Childs, Rev. A. E. Winship and Rev. Daniel Butler; dinner; conference sermon by Rev. B. A. Robie, of Grafton.

—The case of Herbert H. Ham vs. Samuel Bent, et. al., on trial in the Supreme Court, first session, Suffolk, ss., Hon. P. Emory Aldrich, of Worcester, on the bench, was finished Wednesday. It is an action to recover damages for the breach of contract to make and deliver 1,000 dozen chairs, 1,000 tubs, 1,000 pails and 1,000 washboards. The claim is that they were not properly packed and consequently injured in transportation, and claims there is \$100 due for sale of goods made by him over and above what is due defendants. The defendants, who are woodenware manufacturers, at South Gardner, deny any failure to perform their part of the contract, or that they owe plaintiff anything. The jury find for the plaintiff in the sum of \$183.60.

The Increase of Insanity.

Boston supports 800 insane, says Mr. T. Sauborn, not 75 of whom will recover!

This is frightful! Insanity has increased 40 per cent. in a decade and most of the cases are incurable. Whatever the individual cause may be, the fact remains that Uric Acid blood sets the brain on fire, destroys its tissues, and then comes some form of fatal lunacy.

Nothing is so pitiable as a mind diseased. Most brain troubles begin in the stomach; then if the blood is filled with uric acid, caused by failure of kidney action, and the consequent destruction of the blood—albumen—you have the fuel and the flame and a brain in full blaze as when one raves, or in slow combustion, as in milder forms of insanity. Rev. E. D. Hopkins, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a few years ago was

confined in an asylum. He took a terrible cold while aiding in putting out a fire in a neighbor's burning house, and for twenty-five years that cold was slowly filling his blood with uric acid and finally the deadly work was done. The case looked hopeless but he happily used Warner's safe cure and recovered. That was three years ago, and having ridden his blood of all surplus uric acid, he has remained well until this day.

It is indeed a terrible thing to lose one's mind, but it is a more terrible thing to suffer such a condition when it can be so easily prevented.

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The "CANDEE" RUBBER Co. give a better Rubber than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money, with their great improvement of the DOUBLE THICK BALL. The extra thickness of rubber right under the tread, gives DOUBLE WEAR. Ask to see the "CANDEE" Double Thick Ball Rubbers in Boots, Arctics, Overshoes, Alaskas, &c.



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Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1885.

PLEASE NOTICE that when a blue cross appears against this item, it denotes the price of your subscription is now due. A prompt remittance will oblige.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—County news on fifth page.

—R. A. meeting next Monday evening.

—Account of stock will be taken at the big shop next week Tuesday.

—A letter from the "Wanderer" will appear next week. She is now in Southern California.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Grover have been in town on a short visit home from Minneapolis, Minn.

—The illustrated lecture spoken of last week comes off next Tuesday evening at the Town Hall.

—E. T. Hayden, the clothier, is out with a fall announcement. Visit his store for bargains in his line.

—Many were glad to see the familiar face of C. O. Brewster, Esq., who was in town again Tuesday.

—The many friends of Mr. J. S. Sherman will be glad to hear that he is much better, and able to be upon the street again after his severe illness.

—The reservoir that is located at the junction of Central and the new street just built, is being fitted with a new cap so as to permit travel over it, it being right in the roadway.

—The first sociable of the season, under the auspices of the Ladies' Social Circle, was held at the Unitarian vestry last Friday. A good number was present and a pleasant time together was the general verdict.

—The temperance lecture last evening at the Town Hall was very well attended considering the storm. Mrs. J. K. Barney was the lecturer and proved a very forcible speaker. The lecture was given under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

—Mr. E. C. Woodis fell and seriously hurt himself on the sidewalk from the Maple street corner to Mr. Stebbins' residence on Main street, last Saturday evening. His face was badly cut on a protruding spike. His fall was owing to a defect in the plank walk.

—A number of people are attending the Sunday-School Convention, held in the M. E. church, North Brookfield, to-day, also the Brookfield Association of Churches, which met at Gilbertville yesterday and to-day. Mr. James Hall was chosen delegate to the latter.

—Caucuses will be held in the Upper Town Hall to choose delegates to the representative convention, that of the republicans next Saturday evening and the democrats on Monday evening. Both conventions will be held in the Town Hall here next week Wednesday and Thursday evenings, respectively.

—Do not forget Prof. Marshall's lecture Tuesday evening, on the Yosemite Valley. Buy your ticket before hand at the post office or drug store, or of the canvassers. You will not only find profit and entertainment in attending the lecture, but will thereby help make other lectures possible. We ought to have a number of good lectures this winter.

—Mr. Geo. H. Hughes has gone home to N. H. for a week or so during the lull in business.

—This morning's Boston Herald has the announcement therein of the appointment of Mr. C. B. Carpenter as postmaster of this town in place of Mr. E. E. Chapin. Mr. E. B. Gerald has already engaged workmen to put up a building between his block and Corey's store for the new postmaster, who will thus run the office independent of any other business.

—The Ladies' Benevolent society connected with the Congregational church held their annual meeting at Mrs. Clough's last Thursday, and chose Mrs. Stebbins, pres.; Mrs. Clough, vice-pres.; Mrs. G. W. Johnson, Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. J. H. Rogers, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Legg, directresses; Mrs. Dr. Stearns, sec. and treas. Voted to have the sociable at private houses the coming winter.

—The Ladies' Foreign Missionary society connected with the M. E. church, to the number of about 25, met at Mrs. B. F. Rice's last week for their annual meetings, and had one of the pleasantest tea meetings they have ever had. They chose the following officers: Pres., Mrs. Levi Sherman; vice-pres., Mrs. M. J. Capen; sec., Miss S. Wait; cor. sec. and treas., Miss Mary Sherman.

—The Ladies' Social Circle met at the Unitarian vestry for their annual meeting and chose for pres., Mrs. Olds; vice-pres., Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Butterworth; sec. and treas., Miss Clara Warner; directresses, Mrs. Converse, Lafin, Carpenter and Miss Whiting. Voted to have a sociable each month at the vestry, and one every two weeks following the monthly meeting at private houses.

—Mr. Woods has sold the little steamer he run on the lakes the past season to Mr. Smith. He intends to build a larger one this winter, capable of accommodating 100 passengers. A 10-horse power engine and 12-horse power boiler will be used in it, and trips will be made every hour when necessary, and to all trains next season, connecting the B. & A. railroad depot here with the Point of Pines and points between.

—Two enterprising young men of our town seem to be meeting with hard luck on their return trips from their nightly visits to the P. of P., and all on account of skunks. Upon one of these occasions, which occurred last week, they were confronted by this highwayman, and without any ceremony Mr. Skunk delivered a (Chinese laundry) war cry and departed, leaving the result for the owner of the team and one of the young men to consider. This they thought a light battle and determined not to allow such a petty obstacle to mar their future visits. Accordingly the next night they set out for their aforesaid nightly destination. Upon their return trip they met with the same misfortune, but of a more severe nature. This time they, and the people along their line of march, considered it necessary to most thoroughly air their complete wearing apparel, and I believe finally deemed it prudent to bury same. Still not discouraged, they paid the girls a visit the next evening. They must have stayed late, because we are informed that the hired man gave up the ghost with disgust and retired with his clothes on, only to be aroused two or three hours later for the purpose of hitching up their team. They finally started, but left their smellers, as they were totally ignorant of there being a dead skunk in the carriage. Who placed it there remains a mystery still, but the question is why was it placed there? Think hard, boys. They continue to call, and their individual determination is to (Ir) win or Bust (er).

—There is to be a meeting this evening, in the Upper Town Hall, of all those interested in the return of Edwin D. Goodell to the legislature this winter. Mr. Goodell's record last winter was so pleasing to the general public, especially the labor party, that his continued service is greatly desired by them, and this movement, independent of either parties in the 18th district, is to secure such a petition so numerous signed as to urge that gentleman to allow his name to run, even if independent.

—It has recently occurred to our new and enterprising stable keeper, Mr. H., that obstacles are encountered in the path of desired prosperity, even in the small amount of business that he is blessed with at the present time. Washing carriages is a simple matter when nothing but mud is the cause of such watery labor, but when dead animals, possessed of a disagreeable character, are placed in his wagon for burial, he considers it time to either raise on the price of teams for eight mile trips or retire from the business.

—The ordination and installation of Samuel Hamlet as pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian church, of this town, will take place next Wednesday, Oct. 28, the services beginning at 11 o'clock A. M. The following clergymen will participate in the exercises: Rev. Obed Eldridge, of Northboro; Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, of Hopedale; Rev. Wm. P. Tilden, of Milton; Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester; Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of Boston; Rev. A. S. Graver, of Worcester; Rev. H. H. Woude, of Boston and Rev. Julius Bloss, of Millbury.

—Mr. Thomas McNamara and Miss Mary Gilmore were married at the Catholic church yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, Rev. Father Tuite, of North Brookfield, officiating. The bridesmaid and best man were Miss Annie, the bride's sister, and Timothy, the groom's brother. The happy couple took the evening express for Boston. They were the recipients of numerous wedding presents, among the rest being a handsome chamber set from Mr. C. L. Vizard, for whom Mr. McNamara has been clerking the past two or three years. Congratulations are in order.

—While Mr. Wm. H. Swallow was under his bench shifting the belt of his machine at the big shop Tuesday forenoon, one side of his long flowing side whiskers got caught on the shaft that runs his siding machine, and before he realized what was the matter was winding it up at the rate of 500 revolutions per minute. Mr. Swallow finding himself thus caught braced back with all his strength, and thus saved himself from being drawn over the shaft, but his beard was pulled out by the roots, inflicting a painful wound to that side of his face. It was fortunate that it was no worse.

Probate Notice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Worcester, ss. Probate Court.

To the next of kin, creditors, and other persons interested in the estate of HARRIET WEAVER, late of Brookfield, in said County, deceased, intestate: GREETING:

Upon the petition of David W. Hodgkins you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the THIRD TUESDAY OF NOVEMBER next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased should not be granted to said petitioner.

And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper printed at Brookfield, the last publication to be two days, 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 of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Ada Thayer, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

Library

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

Vol. IV. No. 44.

BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

THE Spencer *Bulletin*, the new enterprise just started by A. H. Johnson, of that town, is making good headway and is a neat and trim representative of country journalism. It is bright and newswy in a local point, which, by the way, is what is most essential in a local paper. That it will prove a success we have no doubt.

THE last legislature passed resolutions for submitting the following amendment to the constitution to a vote of the people, viz.

The General Court shall have full power and authority to provide for the inhabitants of the towns of this Commonwealth, more than one place of public meeting within the limits of the town for the election of officers under the constitution, and to prescribe the manner of calling, holding, and conducting such meetings. All the provisions of the existing constitution inconsistent with the provisions herein contained are hereby repealed.

The first resolution provides for submitting of the above article to the people; the second designates Tuesday, Nov. 3, for such submission and defines the qualifications of the voters as the same as those which qualifies them to vote for Senators and representatives to the General Court. The third reads as follows:

RESOLVED: That every person qualified to vote as aforesaid, may express his opinion on said article of amendment without expressing in his ballot the contents of said article: but the form of said ballot shall be as follows: "Amendment to the Constitution: Yes, or No" and if said article shall appear to be approved by a majority of the persons voting therein, it shall be deemed and taken to be ratified and adopted by the people.

FROM all the indications it now looks as though the voters of the 12th Worcester district, or some of them at least, are determined to evince their satisfaction in the good work of Representative Goodell in the last legislature, by trying to return him again the coming winter, the plan of rotation and party lines to the contrary, notwithstanding. That Mr. Goodell himself is not a party to this desire is now known to all, as he has the good sense to know that his position in the republican party would be compromised thereby, and men of all parties honor him the more for the course he takes in the matter, when he, as well as others, know that he would have but to say the word to make him-

self the acknowledged leader of a strong independent movement that would very likely re-elect him. Instead, however, he remains true to himself and his party, simply replying to questions doubtless suggested by current report, whether he was a candidate or not, by giving his word that he had authorized no such step.

But here, it may be said, the matter does not seem to rest. The labor men and those who believe in legislation for the benefit of that class, know the record Mr. Goodell made last winter, and are determined to manifest their appreciation of it by such an endorsement at the polls next Tuesday as shall satisfy themselves if no one else. These men say "we will vote for Mr. Goodell's re-election, any way, whether he himself desires to be a candidate or not, and if we elect him all well and good, he will not insult us by refusing to serve again, or, if we do not elect him, the same; we shall satisfy ourselves and demonstrate to him our appreciation of his past services. In either case his position will not be compromised, and ours will be made plain."

Such is the attitude, as near as can be learned, of nearly a thousand voters who have, it is said, signed petitions in this district, and our readers can draw their own conclusions. If this sentiment prevails to the extent claimed, and the energetic work that seems to be in progress here is in force throughout the district, there is no doubt but that Mr. Goodell will get a large vote, and the vote for candidates of the other parties, will be proportionately decreased.

Marriages.

IRWIN—VAUGHN—At Stafford Springs, Conn., Oct. 27th, at the Congregational parsonage, by the Rev. Mr. Hawley, Mr. Wm. R. Irwin of Brookfield and Miss Alice A. Vaughn of Stafford Springs.

Come and see the

Excelsior Carpet Stretcher

for putting down carpet. That, with the

Novelty Rug Machine,

and other useful articles, for sale by

Mrs. J. W. FITTS,

Brookfield, Mass.



Lots of People Say,
"OH MY
BACK."

Here is Solid
A 1 TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Anburn, N. Y.

* * * "Health is better than wealth." * * *

Machinist.

Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1138 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

* * * "Good counsel has no price, obey it." * * *

Mechanic.

Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well." * * * "Light suppers makes long lives." * * *

Railroad Man.

Frank E. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says:—"My father, 63 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."

* * * "Deeds are better than words." * * *

HUNT'S (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.

* * * "Alls well that ends well." * * *

Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.25.

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.
C. N. CRITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y.

Probate Notice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Worcester, ss. Probate Court.

To the next of kin, creditors, and other persons interested in the estate of HARRIET WEAVER, late of Brookfield, in said County, deceased, intestate: GREETING:

Upon the petition of David W. Hodgkins you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the THIRD TUESDAY OF NOVEMBER next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have; why a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased should not be granted to said petitioner.

And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper printed at Brookfield, the last publication to be two days, 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 of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Adin Thayer, Register, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.
F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

TERMS.

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| 1 year in advance,..... | \$1.00 |
| 6 months " " " " " " | .50 |
| 3 " " " " " " | .25 |

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Society Directory.

K. OF L.—*Assembly No. 2929.*—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U. M.—*Division No. 17.*—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—*Hayden Lodge.*—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Work, — degree. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B.—*Brookfield Brass Band.*—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday Evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—*Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.*—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Morrill, Clerk.
Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—*Dexter Post, 38.*—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, Edwin Legg, Commander.
at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wickie, Adjutant.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—*Merrick Council, No. 902.*—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary.
C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1885.

New Library Books.

SCIENCE, TRAVEL, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, ART, & C.

- 115-56. C. Lanman, Japan and its Leading Men.
125-62. G. B. Bacon, Siam as It was and Is.
126-17. G. B. Malleson, Herat, The Garden of Central Asia.
121-23. H. Try, London in 1885.
121-49. G. A. Sala, Paris Herself Again in 1878-9.
121-48. P. G. Hamerton, Paris in Old and Present Times.
123-72. E. R. Seidmore, Alaska.
135-11. F. Schnatka, Nimrod in the North.
136-70. H. M. Stanley, The Congo and the Founding, 2 vol.
145-63. A. Forbes, Souvenirs of Some Continents.
155-23. Will Carleton, Farm Ballads.
155-24. " " Farm Festivals
155-25. " " City Ballads.
162-80. J. W. Hales, Notes and Essays on Shakespeare.

- 163-19. F. W. Farrar, Language and Languages.
165-57. S. Amos, Science of Law.
174-77. Mrs. J. Sherwood, Manners and Social Usages.
173-62. Alex. Bain, Education as a Science.
171-16. S. Newcomb, Political Economy.
175-60. R. V. French, Drink in England.
183-61. G. S. Morris, Critique of Pure Reason.
182-13. J. Sully, Illusions a Psychological Study.
182-37. T. Ribot, Diseases of Memory.
184-14. T. Vignolia, Myth and Science.
183-62. J. Watson, Schelling's Transcendental Idealism.
183-63. J. S. Keduey, Hegel's Aesthetics.
184-56. Apocyphal New Testament.
182-37. T. Ribot, Heredity.
197-40. G. H. Hope, Till the Doctor Comes.
196-92. J. Bernstein, Five Senses of Man.
196-93. I. Rosenthal, Muscles and Nerves.
196-91. J. LeConte, Sight.
197-11. W. W. Hall, Dyspepsia.
196-71. A. Jacobi, Infant Diet.
197-41. Manual of Nursing.
196-70. Lectures on School Hygiene.
207-69. P. L. Simmonds, Commercial Products of the Sea.
202-26. C. S. Sargent, Woods of the United States.
201-53. R. Hill, Stars and Constellations.
205-65. H. Vogel, Chemistry of Lights and Photography.
204-57. B. Stewart, Conservation of Energy.
205-62. E. Lommel, Nature of Light.
205-60. J. Judd, Volcanoes.
203-8. J. P. Cooke, New Chemistry
201-23. C. A. Young, Sun.
205-64. J. N. Lockyer, Spectrum Analysis.
203-9. P. Schutzenberger, Fermentation.
204-14. P. G. Tait, Lectures on Physical Science.
211-67. T. H. Huxley, Study of Zoology.
211-66. K. Semher, Animal Life.
211-68. P. J. Van Beneden, Animal Parasites and Messmates.
211-69. E. J. Marcy, Animal Mechanism.
213-57. F. T. Hodgson, Hand Saws.
212-75. L. Stone, Domesticated Trout
216-56. American Standard of Excellence Poultry.
216-57. Raising and Management of Poultry.
224-12. H. O. Ladd, History of the War with Mexico.
226-57. L. Lewis, History of the Bank of North America.
226-10. T. M. Cooley, Michigan.

- 233-10. N. D'Anvers, Prehistoric America.
234-22. T. A. Buckley, Great Cities of the Middle Ages.
233-68. A. H. Sayce, Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments.
233-69. Rev. J. King, Recent Discoveries on the Temple Hill at Jerusalem.
234-62. E. A. W. Budge, Babylonian Life and History.
234-61. M. E. Harkness, Egyptian Life and History.
254-64. Italy.
263-26. P. G. Hamerton, Etcher's Handbook.
263-27. O. N. Rood, Text Book of Color.
266-13. S. C. F. Peile, Lawn Tennis
261-59. H. Havard, Dutch School of Painting.
273-19. Emily Hill, Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas.
273-65. Wm. F. Apthorp, Hector Berlioz.
273-20. J. Hullah, Music in the House.
273-68. Sir J. Benedict, Weber.
273-66. Geo. P. Upham, Liszt.
273-67. H. F. Frost, Franz Scherbert
273-20. P. Blaserna, Sound and Music.
174-11. Power and Authority of School Officers and Teachers.
173-75. W. N. Hailmun, Application of the Principles of Psychology.
173-73. O. Browning, Melton's Treatise on Education.
173-6. O. Browning, Educational Theories.
173-74. T. Tate, Philosophy of Education.
173-61. L. E. Patridge, Quincy Methods.
173-62. A. Johnson, Education by Doing.
173-5. F. Adams, Free School System of the United States.
174-77. E. E. Wiggin, Lessons on Manners.
111-65. H. Morley, Palissy the Potter.
265-11. Miss Parloa, Appledore Cook Book.
181-17. G. T. Ladd, Outlines of the Philosophy of Religion.

Dr. L. A. Palmer, Westery, R. I., says: "Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for dropsy. It has almost raised the dead."

\$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely sure. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Thermometers to mount, and other useful articles, at Mrs. J. W. Fitz.

Westward Ho!

[From our Special Correspondent.]

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 12.—We started at noon, Wednesday. There were 65 in the party, 11 being children. We were known far and near and all along our route as the California Excursion Party. The company was made up of people from Janesville and its immediate vicinity, and filled two cars. There were between 200 and 300 people at the station to see us start off on our long journey, and such a waving of hats, parasols and handkerchiefs as we slowly drew out of the depot. I was very glad I had no near and dear friends to leave behind, and therefore no cause to "weep a weep." Yet I confess I could easily have done so out of sympathy with those who were leaving home and friends.

My "better two-thirds" and myself were unacquainted with any of the party, having only seen two of them, but before we had traveled many miles everybody knew everyone else, and we were like one family. Of course I put my foot into it the first thing—I always do. About an hour after starting it was discovered that instead of using my valise for a foot stool, as I supposed I was doing, both my feet were on the uncovered lunch basket. An examination proved that they were geometrically arranged in the mince pie. It was in a dilapidated condition, I can assure you.

We stopped in Chicago five hours, leaving about 10 p. m. When bedtime came we had a jolly time. About half the party got into bed "wrong end too," and the other half forgot to pull out the props to the bunks, letting the whole thing down. The men, who slept "up stairs," had quite serious times getting out of their clothing, and a great amount of emphatic grunting and low muttering was heard. When questioned as to their mysterious actions the general reply was, "I can't get my clothes off, and if I do I know I never can get them on again in this narrow-contracted place." The ladies had still worse times getting into their Mother Hubbards. In our car was a bride and groom between 50 and 60 years old. She insisted on bouncing out and displaying herself in undress uniform several times. First they made the bunk up with the head in the wrong direction, then they had forgotten the prop beneath it, then there was too much or too little clothing. In the midst of our laughter and fun came the conductor. The groom suggested to him that he punch our tickets steadily for half an hour, thus avoiding further disturbance during the night. At 11 p. m. all was still, the hard breathing and snores testifying some were asleep. About 3 a. m. we crossed the Mississippi River at Clinton, Ia. It was bright moonlight and I was awake. It is not near-

ly as broad a stream as I had anticipated seeing.

Morning found us at Cedar Rapids, Ia. A great deal of questioning was going on as to who had and who had not seen the Mississippi during the night. Uncle Josh, who is nearly seven feet tall, lost a stocking, and threatened getting a search warrant and going through the entire car if the lady who stole it from his protruding foot did not immediately return it. Mrs. S. is certain she heard her husband kiss some lady in the dark, and a few hours later she herself is discovered with a strange baby in her arms. The other two-thirds of this family begins to make mild suggestions about the inner man, so I judge it best to stop and get breakfast.

I forgot to say our entire company are traveling on emigrant tickets, though on account of its number we are granted many privileges and favors not usually accorded such persons. Our dressing room consists of some red curtains arranged at the lower end of the car and a tin wash basin placed on a dry goods box. The car is hung with red curtains and furnished with red mattresses, making it cosy and comfortable. Despite its inconveniences we do have jolly times. Many persons in this part of the country, with ample means, travel on emigrant tickets, so you meet refined, educated people on all sides. Many of our company are wealthy, yet preferred traveling this way, with a home party, to going first-class with strangers.

Thursday afternoon we pass over the Des Moines River. Just before reaching it Mr. Gibson, our traveling agent, kindly invited Miss Nellie and myself out on the platform of the car to see the house where Kate Shelley lives. The scenery is quite wild, that is for the State of Iowa, as I had expected to see nothing but prairies. One creek, which flows into the Des Moines, we cross seven times in going a very short distance. You have probably read of Miss Shelley, but may be as glad as I was to have your memory refreshed. Four or five years ago she saved a train from destruction. A part of the bridge over the river had been swept away by the high waters in the early evening. A freight engine with several men had plunged into the water. Some of them clambered out and climbed into trees. She heard them shouting, and went down to the village for help. Returning with all possible haste, she crept out as far as possible on the timbers, and by waving some burning object, warned the incoming passenger train of its danger, thereby saving hundreds of lives. A purse was immediately made up for her, and recently the state legislature acknowledged her bravery by giving her a sum of money to educate her. She is less than twenty years old now. Her home is a very small wood-

colored house, situated in the woods, where it looks decidedly lonely. How we did wish we could get a peep at the heroine herself.

After crossing the river we passed through the coal fields of the state, and oh, how black the water was in the little rills beside the track. Now we go up grade, have on eleven cars and two engines. Now we stop with no buildings in sight, and find we are side tracked for another train to pass us. We all get off, pick a few grasses and yellow flowers, and wonder why there are barbed wire fences on both sides of the track, so we only admire those cat tails from a respectful distance.

Just after reaching Council Bluffs we thought the scenery very fine. In fact we were prepared to admire and appreciate most anything. After traveling a week longer it took something quite picturesque to cause an exclamation of any kind. High sand dunes rose on all sides, very regular in shape, and arranged in groups, forming a nearly continuous ridge. We were run into the transfer depot, and there the heads of families changed checks and tickets. When they returned a laugh went round at Uncle Josh's expense. He is quite portly, and it seems they were marched to the transfer office window in single file. In some way he got in there before the lady preceding him had passed out, which caused a dilemma. She could not squeeze by him, though both tried to hold their breaths and become as small as they could, and he could not back out, there was such a crowd behind him, so she gracefully crawled under the shelf, while he "passed by on the other side."

We came into the city just as the moon was rising. Soon we cross the Missouri, the water is low, very low and sluggish, and the bridge long. Nothing could be more romantic than the slow motion of the cars over the open bridge by moonlight. After reaching Omaha, on the other side of the river, we were side tracked and stopped over night in the cars. In the evening we went up into the city, but it was too late, and we were too tired to see much. We stop over six hours in the morning, so we will wait till daylight "to see what we see."

THE WANDERER.

Dr. A. W. Brown, Mystic, Conn., says: "I have a case of dropsy resulting from heart disease which Hunt's Remedy relieved at once."

PATENTS!

obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, or in the Courts, attended to for MODERATE FEES. When model or drawing is sent we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT. We refer, here, to the Post Master, the Supt. of the Money Order Division, and to the officials of U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and reference to actual clients in your own state, or county, address C. A. SNOW & Co., 7 Deafu - Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

To the Voters of Brookfield.

In the coming election of men to hold office, that are to make the laws for the good of not only this town, but the State, and from that an influence is felt all over the country, we pray you let not the temperance question be left out. I could wish that every temperance man, of whatever party, would unite on one platform (for I think the interest of the country would be safe in their keeping) and elect the best men for the different offices; men that would not be pledged to the liquor traffic, but would be pledged to its overthrow; men that would hear the cry of the wife and mother that plead in vain that the liquor saloons shall be banished from our town—those haunts that are leading so many in ways of evil, and bringing sorrow and woe to the individual and family.

If I should tell you there was a mad dog at large in a certain part of the town you would all, with one accord, cry out, "have him killed," and it would be done, and so end his career. But this ruin that liquor is bringing home to the victim and his family is more to be feared and dreaded than the bite of a mad dog, for it not only ruins the happiness of this life, but has no promise of it in the future, and leaves a curse to posterity, for the children must suffer for the sins of their parents. You see it in the diseases, the entebled forms of the drunkard's children, even to the third and fourth generation. You can look through town to-day and see children sickly, weaklings, whose father, perhaps grandfather, were drunkards or tipplers.

Last spring you voted for "No License" by a good majority, but the town fathers thought it best to license the drug stores to sell, as we understand, "for medicinal and mechanical purposes only," and to keep a record of all kinds of liquors sold, the amount, and to whom sold. They have had this privilege now about six months. Is it not about time to have these records examined by proper authority, those that gave them the license, and see if they complied with the conditions of their license? There was also a sum of money appropriated and a committee chosen to see that others, that attempt to sell, should be arrested and brought to justice. We should like to hear from them, or are they shutting their eyes and ears to what is going on in the town? The man that is drunk may or may not be arrested, but no questions are asked about him or her, who sold the liquor. If so, nobody knows.

For the success of this work you temperance men must rally, must unite, must be ready to show your colors, and demand more from the men that are to

represent you. If necessary be ready to pledge your life, your property and your sacred honor, for the work is for God, for home, and for native land.

ONE OF THE UNION.

A New King on the Throne!

"Malaria," as a "popular ailment," has given place to a new potentate.

If you have rheumatism now, the medical wiseacres exclaim—"Uric Acid!"

If you have frequent headaches, they sagely remark—"Uric Acid!"

If you have softening of the brain, they insist that it is—"Uric Acid?"

If sciatica or neuralgia make life miserable, is it—"Uric Acid?"

If your skin breaks out in boils and pimples, it is—"Uric Acid!"

If you have abscesses and piles, "Uric Acid" has set your blood on fire.

If you have dull, languid feelings, backache, kidney or bladder troubles, gout, gravel, poor blood; are ill at ease, threatened with paralysis or apoplexy, vertigo; are bilious, dropsical, constipated or dyspeptic—"Uric Acid" is the key to the situation, the cause of all your difficulties!

We do not know as madam Malaria will take kindly to this masculine usurper, but he has evidently come to stay.

"Uric Acid"—this monster, is the product of the decomposition—death—constantly taking place within us, and unless he is every day routed from the system, though the kidneys, by means of some great blood specific like Warner's safe cure, which Senator B. K. Bruce says snatched him from its grasp, there is not the least doubt but that it will utterly ruin the strongest human constitution!

It is not a young fellow by any means. It has a long and well-known line of ancestors. It is undoubtedly the father of a very great family of diseases, and though it may be the fashion to ascribe progeny to it that are not directly its own, there can be little doubt that if it once gets thoroughly seated in the human system, it really does introduce into it most of the ailments now, per force of fashion, attributed to its baleful influence.

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Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS; also our SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily. \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

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Most economical rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the

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Call and examine the goods.



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Weekly Times.

Brookfield, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1885.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Election next Tuesday.
—County news on fifth page.
—Those prisoners have not been captured yet.

—It will pay you to visit the Corner Store at once.

—K. of L. dance to-morrow night at the Town Hall.

—Post 38, G. A. R., visited the Post at Sturbridge last night.

—The W. C. T. U. have a word to the voters of the town on page four.

—We present a list of the balance of the new books lately received at the library.

—The first installment of a letter from the "Wanderer" appears on page three.

—A very large number attended the lecture of Prof. Wm. I. Marshall Tuesday evening, and were free in their praise of the same. His views were excellent and his explanations fine.

—The prohibitory convention was held here last Tuesday afternoon in the Upper Hall, and Mr. E. H. Stoddard, of this town, and L. W. Lawrence, of Warren, nominated for representatives.

—It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that, as the state election falls this year upon the first Tuesday in November, the Probate Court will be held on Wednesday, the day following.

—Some of the boys undertook to get up an exhibition of athletic feats, including sparring matches with soft gloves, and made application to the selectmen for the use of the fall to that effect, but the latter objected to the sparring, so the matter dropped.

—The Brookfield brass band attended the benefit of the Fiskdale band at Sturbridge last night. A game of polo between the two bands was a part of the programme. Seven goals were played, the Fiskdales winning the first three, Brookfields the next three and Fiskdale the last and the game.

—The officers arrested Jack Readon and Tim Murphy Tuesday afternoon for assault on Thomas Vizard, and placed them in the lock up to await trial the next morning. The next morning, however, found the prisoners gone, both cells being broken open. Evidently they had help from the outside, for the bricks and bolts were broken off, probably with a crow bar or lever of some kind.

—A postal card directed to Geo. Holbrook Esq., Brookfield, Mass., bell foundry, came in this morning's mail, and was handed by the postmaster to Mr. Emmons Twichell, who was present, as probably the most likely to know who the card was intended for. Mr. Twichell, who was born, brought up, and always lived in this town, says it was intended for the person it was directed to, who has not cast any bells in this town since he (Mr. Twichell) was a boy. This fact of a bell foundry in Brookfield was news to most of those present in the office, and then Mr. Twichell went on to tell how this Geo. Holbrook had a bell foundry located back of the Brewster residence, when he was a boy. That he well remembered going there with other boys, hunting for old bell metal. Mr. Holbrook at about that time, however, had got to giving light weight in his bells, which broke up his business here; and he moved to Medway. This bit of record of an old industry, almost forgotten by our town's people, is welcome. It was probably contemporaneous with the tannery and carrying business of the town along the first years of the present century.

—Democratic convention at the Town Hall this afternoon.

—A number of persons are intending to unite with the Congregational church next Sunday.

—The shop shut down last Saturday for the usual inventory before commencing the winter's work, but started up again yesterday morning.

—The Representative vote of this town last year was as follows:

| | |
|---|-----|
| E. D. Goodell, of Brookfield, R..... | 475 |
| D. W. Wight, of Sturbridge, E..... | 301 |
| Washington Tafts, of Brookfield, D..... | 173 |
| B. P. Alken, of West Brookfield, D..... | 93 |
| A. J. Newman, of Brookfield, L.R..... | 65 |
| F. M. Ashby, of North Brookfield, L.R.. | 28 |
| C. H. Walker, of Warren, P..... | 28 |
| S. N. White, of West Brookfield, P..... | 27 |

The total vote of Brookfield was 601, as registered by the new ballot box and verified by the count.

—Mrs. Caroline Gilmore, widow of the late Dr. Gilmore, who for many years was a practising physician here, died in Worcester, Oct. 25, aged 76 years. Mrs. Gilmore was the youngest of seven children of the late Peter and Azubah Rice, of this place, and the last one of the family. For many years Mrs. G. was an active member of the Unitarian church here, always ready to do her part in every good work, a kind and obliging neighbor, sympathizing with those in sorrow and in need, and with her cheerful disposition was always welcome among them. Funeral services were held in the Unitarian church, this place, this morning, conducted by Rev. Samuel Hamlet, and a large circle of friends will mourn the loss with a son and daughter who survive her.

—The republicans of the 12th district met in convention here Tuesday afternoon in the Town Hall to the number of 63. Hon. E. B. Lynde, of West Brookfield, was chosen to preside, with Mr. Hiram Knight, of North Brookfield, as clerk. The preliminaries of the convention settled, attention was given to the nomination of candidates. Following the order of rotation, West Brookfield and Warren are entitled to the nomination, and for the former the delegates unanimously presented the name of Mr. Edwin Wilbur, and the Warren people the name of Mr. Marcus Burroughs, and their nominations were confirmed by vote of the convention. Mr. Wilbur is known as a thorough temperance man, and is right in regard to the Metropolitan police bill that is before the state, and also is in favor of biennial elections. Mr. Burroughs also was guaranteed as reliable on all the above points. Reference was made to the report of Mr. Goodell's intention of running on an independent ticket, when that gentleman, who was present in the Brookfield delegation, rose and stated that he had authorized no such use of his name, which settled the matter. The following district committee was then chosen: Hiram Knight, of North Brookfield; E. D. Goodell, of Brookfield; A. B. Chamberlain, of Sturbridge; Geo. A. Parrott, of West Brookfield, and E. F. Strickland, of Warren. The convention was dissolved after listening to a very pleasant address from Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Sturbridge.

—The Harvest Concert by the Unitarian Sunday-School was well attended, and both instructive and entertaining. The exercises opened with singing "Praise the Lord" by a quartette; response reading of the scripture, led by Supt. Davis; recitation of the parables of Christ by a class of young ladies. Each one of the infant class had a verse adapted to them, so they all seemed to take part in it. Then followed the recitation of the Harvest Home by fifteen young ladies, of whom six carried baskets containing corn, wheat, grapes, fruit, vegetables and flowers, with appropriate verse, would then place them on the festal altar. Then followed six young ladies with motes.

"Jesus Said:" "The Life is More Than Meat;" "The Seed is the Word;" "I am the Vine;" "By Their Fruits Ye shall know Them;" "Consider the Lilies," and hung them, each repeating a verse appropriate. The latter, "Consider the Lilies," was sung. In the center was placed the cross, "True emblem of the true lives that are." A class of young men built a monument of character, each stone representing some quality requisite to a true and noble life. The foundation was Charity, followed by Honesty, Affection, Resolution, Ambition, Conscience, Truth, Excellence, Reliance, explaining each as they placed it in position. The pastor thought the last should have been Religion, and made a few remarks to all, and more especially to the young men, never to be old for the Sunday-School, as that would fit them to live nobler lives, which was necessary to overcome the evil in the world. The reformers of the past were greater blessings to the world than the great generals that had lived. The exercises concluded with singing "Nearer My God to Thee," and repeating the Lord's prayer by the school.

—Rev. Samuel Hamlet, who has become pastor and spiritual guide of the First Unitarian Congregational church here, was born in England in 1852, came to this country when one year old, studied for a lawyer and practiced at the bar. He was brought up an Episcopalian, but was not satisfied with their rites and ceremonies. Meeting Dr. Bellows, of New York, he told him his difficulty, and was asked by the doctor to state his belief, which he did, and the latter said they were in accord with the Unitarians, and they would give him the right hand of fellowship. In preparation for this work he has taken the four years' course at the Meadville (Pa.) Theological Seminary, and comes here well equipped for his life's work. The Council, representing 12 churches, met and chose Rev. Samuel May, moderator, and Rev. A. S. Garver, scribe, who performed their duty with pleasure and commendation, that they proceed with the work of ordaining Mr. Hamlet. The exercises commenced with the anthem, "God is a Refuge;" invocation by Rev. C. E. Stebbins, of Brookfield; reading of scripture by Rev. L. G. Wilson, of Hopedale; sermon by Rev. W. P. Tilden, of Milton, text, II Cor. iii, 11, "For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious." It was under three heads—the word of God, the Son of God, and the kingdom of God, their place in the world and the design of each, that each one should reach out after the truth and life in the full faith of it. A concise, well written sermon of forty minutes length. The venerable Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, offered the ordaining prayer; the charge to the pastor by Rev. Grandall Reynolds, of Boston, and right hand of fellowship by Rev. A. S. Garver, of Worcester. The address to the people by Rev. H. H. Woude, the former pastor here, and closing prayer by Rev. Julius Blass, of Millbury. Benediction by the pastor.

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HORSE BLANKETS!
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J. H. ROGERS,
Brookfield, Oct. 29, 1885.

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THE WEEKLY TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL NEWS AND HOME INTERESTS.

VOL. IV. No. 45. BROOKFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1885.

3 Cts. EACH.

The result of the election in this district, of Representatives was hardly to the satisfaction of those who desired to see the return of Mr. Goodell to the legislature again this winter, as far as that desire was concerned, but as a demonstration of their good will and appreciation of his past services, four hundred and forty votes out of about sixteen hundred cast was not so bad. Especially so when it was the spontaneous gift of the voters in the face of his deliberate statement that he did not wish to run independent in opposition to either of the regular Republican nominees. Had Mr. Goodell come out squarely as a candidate we have no doubt of his election. That he did not do this his many friends do not find any fault, for they fully realize his position, and it was for that reason that no nomination was ever tendered to him, so that he had really no chance to either accept or refuse. That Mr. Goodell could have kept the people from voting for him, as some of the Republicans profess to believe, is absurd, and the revengeful expressions occasionally heard on election day from some does little credit to those who uttered them. Republicans, in truth, should feel proud of having a man in their ranks whose record, while serving in a position they had given him, was so satisfactory as to demand from the mass of the liberal or independently inclined voter, his return to that service. It shows that they looked for an assured and well qualified service, and were not actuated by a spirit that found its chief end in rewarding, in turn, Republicans or Democrats for some prominent service.

We do not mean in this to be understood as underrating the capabilities of the two gentlemen who have been elect-

ed, not in the least, but their worth is yet to be demonstrated. One of the results of the move may possibly be the breaking up of the rotation plan as has been in vogue in the Republican ranks since 1880, and re-establish once more the more sensible one of real fitness, regardless of location, and which, by the way, is most in favor with many Republicans.

Some Frank Confessions!

"Our remedies are unreliable."—Dr. Valentine Mott.

"We have multiplied disease."—Dr. Rush, Philadelphia.

"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."—Dr. Frank.

"The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder."—Sir Astley Cooper, M. D.

"The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical nor common sense."—Dr. Evans, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dr. Dio Lewis, who abhors drugs as a rule and practices hygiene, is frank enough, however, to say over his signature, "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use Warner's safe cure because I am satisfied it is not injurious. The medical profession stands helpless in the presence of more than one such malady."

An old proverb says: If a person dies without the services of a doctor, then a coroner must be called in and a jury empanelled to inquire and determine upon the cause of death; but if a doctor attended the case, then no coroner and jury are needed as everybody knows why the person died!—*Medical Herald.*

Interesting to Both Sexes.

Any man or woman making less than \$40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated MADAME DEAN SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS; also our SPINAL SUPPORTER, SHOULDER BRACE AND ABDOMINAL PROTECTOR COMBINED (for men and boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the agent \$150 monthly. Our agents report four to twenty sales daily. \$3 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex.

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390 Broadway, New York.

Probate Notice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Worcester, ss. Probate Court.

To the next of kin, creditors, and other persons interested in the estate of HARRIET WEAVER, late of Brookfield, in said County, deceased, intestate: GREETING:

Upon the petition of David W. Hodgkins you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Worcester, in said County, on the THIRD TUESDAY OF NOVEMBER next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased should not be granted to said petitioner.

And the said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the WEEKLY TIMES, a newspaper printed at Brookfield, the last publication to be two days, 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 of said estate, or their legal representatives, known to the petitioner, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Adin Thayer, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

F. W. SOUTHWICK, Register.

\$1--13 Weeks.

The *Police Gazette* will be mailed, securely wrapped to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of

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The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fighting with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Generals Miles and Crook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Splendidly illustrated with 175 fine engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Low-priced, and beats anything to sell. **STANDARD BOOK CO.,** 29-6m 610 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Prize Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, **TRUE & Co.,** Augusta, Maine.

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Weekly Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

C. H. Whittemore, - - - Editor.

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Society Directory.

K. OF L.—Assembly No. 2929.—Regular meetings at A. O. H. Hall, every Thursday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

A. O. U. W.—Division No. 17.—Regular meetings, first Friday after the 10th of each month at A. O. H. Hall, at 7.30 p. m.
Wm. McCarty, President.
E. J. Hannigan, Secretary.

F. & A. M.—Hayden Lodge.—Next regular communication, Wednesday evening, Nov. 18th (An.) at Masonic Hall, at 7.30 o'clock. Work, — degrees. Wm. F. Hayden, Master.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

B. B. M.—Brookfield Brass Band.—Open Air Concerts every Tuesday evening, at 7.45 o'clock, weather permitting. Band Stand on Banister Common. M. J. Donahue, Leader.
Chas. F. Prouty, Secretary.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Cataract Engine Co., No. 2.—Regular meetings the first Monday Evening of each month, at Engine House, at 7.30 o'clock.
F. A. Merrill, Clerk.
Edward Conway, Foreman.

G. A. R.—Dexter Post, 38.—Regular meetings, first and third Tuesday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.
Nelson Wicks, Adjutant.
Edwin Legg, Commander.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Merrick Council, No. 903.—Regular Meetings, on the 2nd and 4th Monday Evenings of each month at G. A. R. hall, at 8 o'clock.
C. H. Whittemore, Secretary.
C. B. Carpenter, Regent.

Brookfield, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1885.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my

Life!

My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light
And digestible,

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most Excruciating pains.

"And the only way I ever got"

"Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained? No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until

"At last?"

I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

Could eat nothing!

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal

"About your Hop Bitters!

And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of

One!

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a

"Sick!"

Hour, from the same cause, since.

I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am."

GEO. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass.

DOWNRIGHT CRUELTY.

To permit yourself and family to

"Suffer!"

With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily

With Hop Bitters!

None genuine without a bunch of Green Hops on the white label! Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Making Up After a Quarrel.

She stands beside the door in white disdain;
For some portentous nothing is at stake.
And she will not unsay the words she spake,
Nor be made right or wrong, though he were

fain,
Alack! their honeymoon is on the wane;
The hearts that beat as one have learned to

ache;
The stream wherein they two have come to

slake
Love's thirst is parched for drouth of Love's

sweet rain.
They brood in sullen silence 'neath the cloud
That now first shadows this fair wedlock o'er,
When lo! it bursts in tears from both their

eyes,
And, on each other's lips, their anger dies.
Upon his breast her golden head is bowed,
And, in his arms, he clasps his Life once

more.

G. B. Democrat.

Piute Courtship.

If a Piute maiden does not like her lover she tells her grandmother, and when the young man comes again at night that good old lady rises from her bed, takes a handful of hot ashes from the fire and throws them in his face. That's the mitten. If he persists in his attentions and continues to come again and again the whole family unite in heaping indignities upon him, but the girl is never a party to this. Her brothers and sisters and father and mother throw ashes upon him, douse him with water, flagellate him with stout switch-es, and drive him from the lodge. Sometimes an Indian persists in spite of such assaults, and goes again and again to the tent where the girl is sleeping. Sometimes this perseverance wins her heart, but not often. If the girl likes him and is willing to marry him, then she tells her grandmother, who informs the girl's father.

The distinguished President of Princeton College, Dr. McCosh, has two daughters who are great walkers. They are in the habit of walking to Trenton and back, a distance of about twenty miles, where they do their shopping. One day a dude accosted Miss Bridget McCosh on the road and said in the usual manner: "Beg pardon, but may I walk with you?" She replied: "Certainly," and let herself out a little. After the first half mile the masher began to gasp, and then, as she passed on with a smile, he sat down panting on a mile-stone and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

In Too Much Haste.

"Father has failed, you know, George," said Clara, looking up into his eyes, "and—"

"No, I didn't know it," replied George emphatically, at the same time rapidly disentangling himself and looking about for his hat. "You will have to excuse—"

"Yes," went on the girl, "father has failed and has settled with his creditors at seven cents on the dol—"

"Nay, dearest," interrupted George passionately, as he resumed his former position, "why discuss such sordid business matters on a night like this? Let us speak of love, and the happiness the future has in store for both of us."

—N. Y. Sun.

How They Do in Chicago.

Chicago is just like Minneapolis, only more so, writes a correspondent to the *Tribune* of the latter city. It is true that Minneapolis seems the larger because it has one more side, but Chicago makes up for it in draw-bridges, as you are always on the wrong side of those. It does not make much difference at which depot you arrive, you are sure to want to get over that thing they call a river, and you are introduced to the draw-bridge. If you are just a common person, there will be no fuss over your arrival. You fall in line while a good deal of profanity goes on around you among drivers of all kinds of turnouts, and you watch one dirty-looking boat crawl along at a pace that would make old time in the primer seem running a race by comparison.

Should you chance to be a noted person, an English lord, or a St. Paul directory man, you have to sit there or stand there until every dirty boat they have cringes along by. I have not the slightest idea what Chicago has bridges for, unless it is to put every stranger on the same level, for the last man that didn't go over is the first one to go next time, whether he is a bootblack or a real-estate man. Then, perhaps, it is another way of showing off. This is the way it works: You join the tail end of a procession, you are too far back to see what the trouble is. You have just come from a city where nobody ever waits; where no one thinks it the least inpropriety to drive right over a street-car or any other little thing that happens to be in the way, and you wonder why you don't drive on. You see the blockade in front and more coming behind; you lean back in the carriage, quite overcome, and think, "Well, Chicago is a big town." You had landed with a firm intention of not thinking it so big, but you find yourself in such an awful jam that the admission is actually forced from you, and the meanest thing is that you never know, until three days after, that it is one of Chicago's little "ads," and the whole thing gotten up for show.

After awhile to look around, you get the better of even the draw-bridges. How? Why, easiest thing in the world! Go down town with some old resident. Do you suppose there is any show made for him? Not much; he has no time for such foolishness. I have heard business men say they had not been stopped for years, and then only when they had some country customer with them, to whom they wanted to show the town.

