

AL CAMPAIGN, 1898. JUST OPENED AT ROSENFELD'S CASH STORE. Largest assortment of new and desirable goods and Winter goods. English, Scotch, German and French. BEST MAKES, GREAT VARIETY. Castor Beavers, Fur, Hats and Caps, Dress Goods, Groceries, etc.

OVER COATINGS, UNDER COATINGS, PANT & VEST GOODS, CLOAKINGS, English, Scotch, German and French. BEST MAKES, GREAT VARIETY. Castor Beavers, Fur, Hats and Caps, Dress Goods, Groceries, etc.

GREAT STOCK OF CLOTHING. Just Opened! Overcoats, Undercoats, Suits, and all other. Lower Prices than any other store in the county. READ'S CLOTHING STORE, Weymouth Landing.

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT? But a very important one is. Where shall the People buy their Seasonable Goods? HENRY LOUD'S, Broad street, EAST WEYMOUTH, WHERE MAY BE FOUND Choice Assortment of Dress Goods, Cloakings, Flannels, Cottons, Hosiery, Shawls, Balmoral Skirts, Hoop Corsets, ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF Furs, AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF Fancy Goods and Notions. CLOTHING Department, A SPLENDID STOCK, OVERCOATS, SACK AND FROCK COATS, PANTS AND VESTS, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. FURNITURE, Matresses, Feathers, Paper Hangings, Curtains, OIL AND TRAW CARPETINGS, etc. etc.

Musical Instruments at Cost. Baker & Randall, Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in Providence, R. I. New and Second hand Instruments. THE BEST STOVE IN THE MARKET. THE ADVANCE.

The best Stove in the market. THE ADVANCE. GEO. W. WHITTEN, AGENT, East Weymouth.

C. S. WILLIAMS' TAILORING Dry Goods AND CLOTHING STORE, Weymouth Landing. FALL & WINTER GOODS. Custom Clothing IN THE BEST MANNER, AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

Shavings, AT TEN CENTS PER BBL. Try Dr. Burton's TOBACCO ANTIDOTE. Dentistry. DR. A. G. NYE Old Stand at Weymouth Landing.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE. Weymouth, March 30, 1898.

A. L. Bryant & Co.'s Column, ADVERTISING AGENTS, Weber Pianos. The Musical Public are respectfully invited to an inspection of the Weber Pianos.

NOTICE FOR THE LADIES. DRY GOODS AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES. William G. Harris & Co., No. 34 Hanover Street, Boston.

Boiler Explosions, Ruptures, and LEAKS. Artists' Materials. Sewing Machines. CAMPAIGN LANTERNS OF EVERY VARIETY.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS, Window Shades, Drapery Curtains, Wire Window Screens, &c. Wholesale and Retail. EDWARD W. PEAR & CO., 387 Washington Street, Boston.

Moody's CHEROKEE LINIMENT. A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS AND CHILBLAINS.

WOODWARD & BROWN, Piano Forte MANUFACTURERS, 387 Washington Street, Boston. VENTILATION.

Free Art Gallery. HOWARTH, PIERCE & CO., 264 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Bishop Soule's Liniment. A positive cure for Neuralgic, Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Neuritis and Sprains.

DAYTON'S. Naiad Water Proof, FOR PRESERVING LEATHER, and Resisting it from all Impurities of Water.

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES. Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Bulbs, Grape Vines, Strawberry Plants, Blackberry, Raspberry, Currants, etc.

IMPROVEMENTS!!! Call at the store of J. CRANE & SON, And notice its improved appearance and their increased facilities for attending to the wants of their patrons.

REMOVAL. RADCLIFFE & ALLEN, GROCERS, DEALERS IN STOVES AND Kitchen Furnishing GOODS, HARDWARE.

OUR STOCK OF First Class Cooking Stoves, OFFICE AND PARLOR STOVES, will enable customers to select any desirable pattern they may choose, and at prices which cannot be understood.

Just Received at the WEYMOUTH DRUG STORE, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Fine Pocket Cutlery, RAZORS, AND SCISSORS.

W. T. BURRELL, PAINTER & GLAZIER, DEALER IN Doors, Blinds, Sashes, Window Frames, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Putty, GLAZE, PAPER HANGINGS, &c. Old stand of John O. Foley, Weymouth Street, WEYMOUTH. GIRLS WANTED. WEYMOUTH LANDING.

THE WEYMOUTH GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1868.

GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION. Political philosophers are already beginning to speculate on the policy of Grant's Administration.

GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION. Political philosophers are already beginning to speculate on the policy of Grant's Administration. There need be no misgivings on that subject.

Princes of Shomont, the irrepressible Barram—now one of the most popular lecturers in the field—who will give us in his inimitable way some valuable hints on "The Science of Getting Money."

The following is a full list of the Representatives in Norfolk County: District No. 1, Dedham—Elihu A. Hewitt.

BRANTREE. The celebration of victory in our town on Monday evening was a glorious winding up of the political interest and excitement in Brantree for this year.

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GILMORE'S FULL MILITARY BAND. Under the direction of P. S. GILMORE, will give a Grand Concert.

A. L. Bryant & Co.'s Column, Advertising Agents, 771 Washington Street, Boston.

American Peewee's SOAP. THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.

T. F. FURBER, Late of the Firm of G. O. HILBROOK & CO., 100 State Street, Boston.

TEAS! TEAS! From 25 to 50 Cents per lb. Saved. Our \$100 Teas are very choice, and customers will find them as good, or better, than any 125 cent Teas sold in Boston.

PERIODICAL Business, with a supply of Daily and Weekly Papers, including the WEYMOUTH GAZETTE, MONTHLY MAGAZINES, Books and Stationery.

THE Tobacco Antidote. Removes forever all desire for Tobacco!!!!

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OVER COATINGS, UNDER COATING, PANT & VEST, CLOAK, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, GERMAN, MAKES, BEST MAN, GRE T V AR, SUCH AS, Castor Beavers, Moscow Beavers, in variety, Scotch Coatings, Pa Vestings, in variety, English do, do, do, French do, do, do, German do, do, do.

THE ABOVE COM, Very Large Assort, Foreign C, PURCHASED EX, FOR MY, Custom Clo, DEPART, JUST RECEIVED, READY FOR INS.

ALSO, JUST OPE, A VERY, Large Assor, or, HATS and, including all, NEW STY, Window Shades, Drapery Curtains, Wire Window Screens, &c., Wholesale and Retail, EDWARD W. PEAR, 387 Washington Street, Boston.

WOODWARD & BROWN, Piano Forte MANUFACTURERS, 387 Washington Street, Boston.

American Method for Pianoforte, "Daily Requirements of the Pianist," "Muller in Three," A Marvel of Scientific Ingenuity, by which the Student may avoid years of Study and Practice.

CATARRH, DR. DUBOIS' GREAT EUROPEAN CATARRH REMEDY, Warranted to cure that innumerable disease.

Persons cured of SMOKING!! CHEWING TOBACCO!! BY USING THE Tobacco Antidote.

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The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 2.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1868.

NO. 30.

Weymouth Gazette.
Published every Friday Morning, by
C. G. EASTERBROOK.
TERMS:—\$5 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

FOGG BROS. & BATES,
Bankers & Brokers,
20 CONGRESS STREET,
BOSTON.

JOHN M. WAHSH,
Carriage Painter & Trimmer,
AND HARNESS MAKER,
WASHINGTON ST., (Weymouth & Braintree line)
Harnesses on hand and made to order. Work
done in the best style.

SAMUEL CURTIS,
COFFIN WAREHOUSE
AND
FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Weymouth Landing.

EVERETT C. BUMPUS,
ATTORNEY
AND
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
At his office on S. W. 1st St. P. M.
At his office at his home on C. P. M.

N. QUINCY TIRRELL, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Residence, Hillside, King Oak Hill,
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

JASON SMITH,
Cabinet Maker,
Front street, near the Old Burying Ground,
WEYMOUTH.

JOHN F. KILTON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
36 COURT STREET, BOSTON, & MAIN STREET,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

N. AUSTIN BARTLEY,
Has resided in
LAW OFFICE
AT WEYMOUTH LANDING,
in the room over S. W. Pratt's Tin and Stone
Shop. All legal business promptly attended to,
and all accounts rendered at reasonable rates.
22-11

PERCIVAL & FRENCH,
Successors to Frederick Brown,
Druggists and Apothecaries,
Corner of State & Washington Sts.,
BOSTON.

FANGY, TOILET,
And other kindred articles,
27-11
Particular attention given to PHYSICIANS
FURNISHINGS.

STETSON'S BAND
OF WEYMOUTH,
ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH A
Military, Serenade or Quadrille
BAND,
AT SHORT NOTICE.

J. PEAKES,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
EAST WEYMOUTH,
Paints, Oil, Varnish, &c., for Sale.

CHARLES S. CLAPPS,
REFRESHMENT SALOON,
Washington Square, (opposite the Bank),
WEYMOUTH.

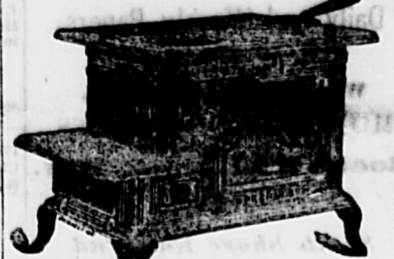
OYSTERS FOR SALE
In quantities to suit purchasers.

SAMUEL CURTIS,
AUCTIONEER,
WEYMOUTH,
will attend to Sales of Real and Personal Estate in
the most judicious manner.

CORTHELL, NOYES & CO.,
Merchant Tailors,
DEALERS IN
Fine Ready Made Clothing.

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
9 & 11 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

THE PEERLESS
Cook Stove



Is superior to all other Stoves.
It is made of the best of new
iron, and finished in the most thorough man-
ner. It has a LARGER OVEN than most other
stoves, it being 20 inches square in the top
7-1/2, whereas most other stoves are but 18 by
20 in the same size stove.

These are Facts,
which will prove. Those about procuring
stoves will find it to their advantage to call
and see the

Peerless
Parlor,
before purchasing. Also, the

Peerless Parlor,
new stove, is the desirable stove for all who
are in want of a first class Gas Burning Stove.

CALL AND LOOK AT THAT
New Patent Mop,
which can be used without stooping or wetting
the hand. Also, a new

DUST PAN,
a great improvement, and a new Patent
Towel Rack, Book Rack and Shelf
combined.

L. TUCKER'S STORE,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

THE MUTUAL
Life Insurance
COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK. E. S. WATSON, President.
CASH ASSETS OVER
\$28,000,000.

GEORGE W. LOCKE, Agent,
WEYMOUTH.

J. BINNEY & CO.,
Grocery & Provision Dealers,
CORNER OF WASHINGTON & BROAD STS.,
WEYMOUTH.

KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment of
Family Groceries, Pork, Lard,
Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c., &c.,
which they offer at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES,
for CASH.

Internal Revenue Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons liable
for the 10% Revenue Tax, that the subscriber
will be at the Store of Henry Lord, in East
Weymouth, in the afternoon of the 10th day of
each month, to receive the said tax, and to
pay the same, unless the day should be Sunday,
in which case he will be at the following day—
to receive returns. SOLAMON J. BIRAL,
U. S. Assessor.

JAMES MORRISON & SON
WILL respectfully announce to the people
of North Weymouth and Old South
that they are prepared to perform all kinds of
House Painting,
IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES. Also,
Paper Hanging & Whitewashing,
PAINT, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,
&c., constantly for sale at lowest rates.

WHALL & MANSFIELD,
S. J. WHALL, FORMERLY S. H. FIELD & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Calf Skins and Finished Leather,
No. 2 PEARL COV. MIL ST.,
BOSTON.

PROFITABLE FLOGGING.

The prompt obedience of the Rus-
sian servants to their superiors is well
illustrated by the following anecdote:

One day, while Monsieur Segur was
the French ambassador at the court of
the Empress Catherine, he saw a man
enter his house with flaming eyes, in-
flamed countenance, and disordered dress.
"Justice, Monsieur Count, justice,"
cried the man.

"Justice against whom?"
"Against a great lord, my lord, against
the governor of the city, who has just
caused me to receive one hundred lashes."

A hundred lashes! cried the count,
astonished. What did you do to him?
"Nothing, my lord, absolutely."
"This is impossible."

"I swear to you upon honor, M. Count.
But you are foolish, my friend!"
"My lord, I pray you believe on the
contrary that I have my reason."

But how will you make me compre-
hend that man whose insolence and
impunity are lauded everywhere
would give way to such violence?

"Excuse me, M. Count, cried the com-
plainer; notwithstanding the respect I
entertain for you, you must allow me to
give you proof of what I advance."

At these words the unhappy French-
man took off his coat and jacket, and
showed M. Segur his shirt, all bloody
and sticking to his wounds.

"But how did this happen?" asked the
ambassador.
"Oh, my God, in the most simple man-
ner. I learned that Monsieur de Bruce
wanted a French cook. I was out of
place; I took advantage of the occasion,
and presented myself at his house. The
vallet de chambre took upon himself
to introduce me. The governor was in
his working cabinet."

"My lord, said the vallet de chambre,
opening the door, here is the cook."
"This well, replied M. de Bruce, with
an inattentive air; let them take him to
the yard and give him a hundred lashes."

Then, M. Count, they took me, they
led me to the yard, and despite my resis-
tance, my cries, my threats, they gave
me the number—not one more or less."

But if this occurred as you tell me,
his infamous, said the count.
"If I do not tell the exact truth, mon-
sieur, I consent to receive the double of it."

"Harken, my friend, said M. Segur,
beginning to believe the poor devil; I
will go and make inquiry, and if, as I
am now inclined to believe, you have not
deceived me, you shall obtain for this
violence, I assure you, signal reparation."

On the contrary, you have led me in
as much as one syllable I will have
you conducted to the frontier, and you
may return to France the best way you
can.

I agree to everything, my lord.
Well, continued M. Segur, placing
himself at the desk, carry this letter to
the governor yourself.

No, no thank you; with your excel-
lency's permission, I will not expose
myself by putting my foot inside the
house of a man who receives those hav-
ing business with him in such a strange
manner.

One of my secretaries shall accompany
you.
Then that is another thing, monsieur.
Accompanied by some of your household
I would go to—
Well, go then, said M. Segur, giving
the letter to this brave man, and ordered
one of his secretaries to go with him.

After about three-quarters of an hour
the complainant returned with a bright-
tened countenance.
Well? asked M. Segur.
Well, sir, all is explained.
To your satisfaction, it would seem.
Yes, my lord.

I acknowledge that you will oblige
me by relating the affair.
Nothing easier, my lord. His excel-
lency, M. le Comte de Bruce, had for a
cook one of his serfs, in whom he had
every confidence. It is now four days
since the miserable wretch fled, carrying
with him five hundred roubles belonging
to his master, and consequently leaving
his place vacant. This place was the
object of my ambition, so much so that
I presented myself at the governor's
to fill it."

What then? asked M. Segur.
Unhappily for me he had that morn-
ing heard that his servant had been ar-
rested twenty versts from St. Peter-
burg, so when the vallet de chambre
said to him, the cook is here, he thought it
was the thief brought back, and as he
was very busy at that moment with a
report for the Emperor, he said, without
even turning around: "Eh well, lead

him to the yard and give him one hun-
dred lashes, that I received."
Then M. le Comte has made his ex-
cuses to you?

He has done better than that, my lord,
said the cook, jingling a purse full of
gold in his hand; he has paid me a louis
for each lash, which has made me sorry,
since it is over with, that they did not
give me two hundred instead of one,
and he has taken me into his service,
assuring me that what I have received
shall be accounted to me as in advance,
and shall be deducted from each fault I
may commit; so that by watching my-
self carefully I can go for three or four
years without receiving a blow, which
does not fail to be very consolating to me.

The cook remained ten years with M.
de Bruce, and at the end of that time
returned to France with a fortune of six
thousand roubles, blessing to his last
hour the fortunate mistake to which he
owed it all.

NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.
No. 5.
NEW BRIGHTON.

At the conductors call of "New Bright-
on" we will leave the train, and we at
once visit a New England town, for
we have seen nothing that reminded us
so much of home as this place, and the
more we walk through it, the more we
feel at home. It is a town of about five
thousand inhabitants, twenty-nine miles
from the city of Pittsburg. It has two
woolen mills, one saw mill, a saw
and planing mill, and two large Cutler
manufactories, and one more factory
which interested us most, was for the
manufacture of wood hangings, or as
they termed wooden room paper, so
popular everywhere, at the present time.
We took the liberty to go in and see
how the work was done, notwithstanding
the "No Admittance" in large letters
on the door.

On entering we were met by Mr. Per-
vins, the original inventor of the article
(who by the way is a fine specimen of
a man, and a perfect gentleman, as is
a number of course a Yankee, from Exeter,
N. H.) who very kindly volunteered to
show us the manner in which the paper
(as we called it) was made.

We were first shown the machine which
made it, and it really displayed more
ingenuity in its composition, than anything
we had ever before seen, and still was
simple compared to the work it accom-
plished, wonderful in its simplicity. Yet
too complicated for me to describe. But
we saw it work and perhaps you can
draw some idea of the machine, from the
manner it does its work, which is as fol-
lows.

A log, eight feet long, and about one
and a half feet in diameter, was taken
out of the water where it had lain until
thoroughly saturated and put into the
machine by its center, in the same man-
ner that a piece of wood is put into a
lathe to be turned, the machine is set in
motion, and the log revolves, a knife the
length of the log, eight feet, set in an
iron rest, is placed against it, and the
bark is turned off, and the log made true.

As soon as this is done, a rough pre-
pared Glycerine is so arranged, that the
log shall revolve in it, the knife is set to
cut off the wood to the proper thickness,
and an automatic feed attached, which
keeps the knife up to the log as fast as
it increases in size, and the machine is
again set in motion. As the thin strip
comes from the knife, this made to pass
over a long brush, which covers it with
a light coat of cement on one side, then
passing along, it comes in contact with
a thin, tough strong paper, which adheres
to the cement, and together, wood and
paper, they pass between rollers, which
press these firmly, and tightly together,
and the article is ready for use. It is
put up in rolls, from one foot to eight
feet in width, and as long as the tree
will make it.

This style of hanging differs in many
points from that now so extensively used
in Boston and vicinity, and is in every
respect far superior to it. It is cut
so much thinner, that its easier applied
to the wall, and will not draw them as
the other will, being cut around the tree
it shows the grain to better advantage,
is very much handsomer, cutting it so
wide, does away with the numberless
points, occasioned by using the other,
which is taken lengthwise of the tree,
consequently is narrow, the Glycerine
makes it much more pliable, and enables
you to hang it in all places, and positions,
without breaking it, and the paper on
the back, not only makes it stronger,
but gives a better surface for the paste
to adhere, in applying to the wall its
cost is about the same.

Mr. Pervins has patented his machine,
the application of the hanging to the
wall, also a patent on the cement used,

which unlike other glue or paste, is not
still when dry, he has patented covering
a new berry basket, and a grape box, both
made of this wood, cut thicker than the
paper however.

But our time has expired and (so has
Mr. P's patience. I think, though he
doesn't show it) we bid farewell to our
man of genius, with thanks and wishes
for his success, which we doubt not is
sure, and are soon whirling off to the
land where "Lo struck He."

**THE FORTUNE OF ABDAL-
LAH.**
A PERSIAN STORY.

Abdallah was a prosperous barber of
Shiraz. He married a woman of sur-
passing beauty, but excessively vain, so
that his whole substance was consumed
in providing her with dresses, trinkets
and the luxuries of a miniature harem.

Above all other women, the wife of
Abdallah the astrologer, was con-
sidered the most beautiful, and the most
generous, and could afford it on
account of the large salary and handsome
presents bestowed upon her husband.

On the day the discontented beauty an-
nounced to Abdallah that she would no
longer continue to live with him unless
he gave up the miserable business of
barber and adopted that of astrologer. In
vain did he request her that trimming
beards was his habit, while of as-
trophical profession he knew nothing;
she insisted, and the unfortunate man,
infiltrated by affection, obeyed.

So, observing the eccentric
practices of the astrologers, he took a
brass basin and a pestle of steel into the
bazaar, and sitting his basin, cried aloud
that he would calculate activities, pre-
dict the events of the future, detect
thieves, and recover lost property. His
neighbors were astonished, and one and
all said, "Abdallah, the barber, is certain-
ly mad!" But it chanced that a certain
gentleman returning from the bath, walked
through the bazaar with her veil torn,
she appeared in great distress, and up-
on hearing the cry of Abdallah, sent one
of her slaves to him with a message: If
you are an impostor, my husband shall
cause you to be bastinadoed; if you are
really an astrologer, inform me where I
shall find a necklace of pearl which I
lost this day.

Poor Abdallah bewildered
and gazed upon the lady and gazing
time to invent an answer, said: "She
can will the pearls when they are near,
for the veil is torn! These words were
reported to her by the slave, and she
uttered a cry of joy. Admirable people,
she exclaimed, I placed my pearls
for safety in a rent that is in the veil
of the bath, and she ordered Abdallah
to be presented with forty gold pieces.
Now, it should be known that in the
Persian bath are screens, the name of
which is the same as the native word
for veil. So Abdallah by a lucky ad-
vice of speech, had not only saved him-
self from the bastinado, but he gained
fifty pieces of gold.

At length another lady, the wife of the
wife of the King's treasurer, made her
appearance, and just at that moment a
messenger from the treasurer, came up
to Abdallah in the bazaar, and spoke to
him. The lady stood close by and lis-
tened. Abdallah, said the slave, my
master has lost the King's great ruby;
if you have the wisdom of the stars, then
show me where it is, and I will give you
what I will; and I will assure you that
it is bastinadoed. This time the unfortu-
nate barber was at his wife's end. Oh, wo-
man! she exclaimed, thou art the author
of this. He meant his own wife, but
the treasurer's wife who stood by, imag-
ined he referred to her. "Guilt is always
paid," she said. She herself had
stolen the King's ruby, and believed that
the astrologer was aware of her crime.
So when the messenger had departed,
leaving the barber petrified with perplex-
ity, she approached him and said, in a
soft tone—O, astrologer! I confess that
in an hour of anxiety I took the jewel.
Restore it without sending me to con-
demnation! Abdallah sternly replied—
Woman! I know thy guilt; where is the
jewel? She answered under the fourth
curtain from the door, in the apartment
of Kachum, my lord's Georgian slave.
Abdallah hastened to the palace, was
awarded with a robe of honor, a thousand
gold pieces, and a costly ornament.

Urged by his wife, Abdallah essayed
once more. The King's treasury had
been broken, and forty chests of money
had been carried away. Not a trace of
the thieves had been discovered. The
royal astrologer had tried every sort of
divination and failed, and was therefore
in disgrace. But the fame of Abdallah,
which was now spoken of in all Shiraz,
had reached the ear of the King who

sent for him, and gave him audience in
the Hall of Kalent Serpoundah. Abdal-
lah, he said with a severe expression of
countenance, art thou truly able to read
the stars? Put me to the proof! an-
swered the barber, who was now pre-
pared for the worst. Then discover the
forty chests of money that have been
stolen, as well as the criminal. Success,
and then thou shalt marry a princess,
and become my minister, for I will
hang thee! There must have been forty
thieves, said Abdallah, making a for-
tunate and not difficult guess. Grant
me forty days? Forty days thou shalt
have, said the King, and thou shalt then
die, or live for riches as I honor.

So the barber went home and did his
wife, and said, I have forty days to live;
I will sit upon my prayer mat and
meditate on the evils of life and the
blessings of death. Give me I beg
these forty beads. At the hour of even-
ing prayer, daily, I will give thee one
remember how many days I have to
live. She complied, and every day at
the exact hour of sunset, Abdallah gave
her a bead, and said with great fran-
cise and solemnity, There is one of them!
And on the last day he said in an ex-
cited manner, There are the whole forty
of them? What was his astonish-
ment when, at the instant, a violent
knocking was heard at the door. A
crowd of men were admitted, and one of
them evidently the chief, said, O Ab-
dallah, wise astrologer, thou shalt receive
the forty chests of gold, untouched, but
spare our lives! In supreme bewilder-
ment, he answered, This night I should
have seized thee and thy wretched com-
panions. Tell me, on thy head, how
knowest thou that I possessed this knowl-
edge? We heard, said the chief robbers,
that the King had sent for thee. There-
fore, one of us came at the hour of sun-
set to listen at thy door, and heard thee
say, There is one of them. We would
not believe thy story, and sent two to
ascertain and they have found us here.
There are two of them, and this night,
O, wonderful! thou shalt exclaim, There
are the whole forty; but restore the
King's money, and do not deliver us up
to the executioner.

Abdallah promised to do what he
could. Being admitted to the palace, he
declared that, owing to some mystery of
the stars, it was given to him to discover
either the thieves or the treasures, but
not both. The monarch, at length, con-
sented to take the forty chests, and ful-
filled his promise to Abdallah.

**THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR ON A
FARM.**

I am deeply engaged in agriculture
at present, and chanced with every-
thing pertaining to it. The daily labors
of my life man are giving a vigor to
my frame that I haven't known for
years, bronzing my face with the red-
dy line of youthful life. After observ-
ing him from my window for a couple
of hours, as he follows the plow, it is
astonishing what an appetite I have for
dinner.

I attended a meeting of the "Farmers'
Club" the other day, and was much im-
pressed in the suggestions offered.
There is no formality about these meet-
ings, every one being at liberty to pre-
sent such facts and suggestions as he
pleases.

This being the platters season, discus-
sion naturally laid in that direction.
How to keep away worms from corn, was
a prominent theme. H. O. Handle of
Remson, strongly recommended that
seed corn be soaked in vitrol, so that
instead of the worms eating up the corn
the vitrol would eat up the worms.

I suggested that the corn be cooked in
vermifuge, which is said to be a good
thing to drive away worms.
Karnal P. Kern, of Squash Bush, said
he usually stuffed the worms with worm
lozenges (of which they are passionately
fond) while the corn is growing. Com-
mon gratitude keeps them from eating
the corn after that.

The grub-worm was taken up and
discussed. Some said ashes would fix
him. Luke Coan, of Westwoodland, said
the grubs on his farm liked ashes—
got fat on it. He said he put ashes on
every hill of corn in a tansere lot of it.
The grubs went at the ashes and de-
voured it nearly as fast as they could
put it on. That night he was awakened
by a loud knocking at the door and
great hallooing. It was the grubs.
They had come up to the house in a
body, demanding more ashes.

A farmer wanted to know the best
protection against crows. Scarcely
are of no avail, now he said. Since fash-
ion prescribes such outrageous attire for
men and women, scarecrows are too com-
mon. One man said he kept crows in a

lot adjoining his cornfield—for there
will the crows be, also. The only trouble
is it makes the neighbors carry on
about it.

There was considerable discussion as
to the best way to put in corn. Some
thought it should only be done late at
night; but it was finally settled that
eleven o'clock in the forenoon was the
proper time. It being about that hour
the club adjourned to a grocery across
the street and put in their corn.

Spring gardening was discussed at
some length. A farmer from Utica
thought it would be better to do spring
gardening in the fall when they weren't
dying so.

The president of the club was re-
quested to give his views about the prop-
er way to make garden beds. He said
it was something that he didn't worry
about; he had the chambermaid make
the beds.

The various kinds of patent rakes
were commented upon. Farmer Bron-
son, of Clinton, who had lost an arm in
service, said he raked his garden with
"grubs and emulter." Farmer Dunbar,
of the same town, was of the opinion
that four acres would rake for down
every-time. Somebody recommended
mound-rakes.

The disease of cattle was a subject of
discussion. For horn rails it was recom-
mended to fill the horn with gunpowder
and touch it off. Farmer Buel, of
Whitcomb, said he used it for that com-
plaint in his herd, and he hadn't heard
any complaint since. He said he had
rather have a horn (or) nail himself than
see his cattle suffer with it.

Iron was said to be an excellent tonic
for cows. Dairy men use a great deal of
it when they have thin plums.
In trimming trees, it was decided that
it was better to consult an experienced
dressmaker. Dressmakers are posted in
the spring style of trimming. Some peo-
ple wouldn't know any better than to put
like trimming on cherry trees, or cherry
trimming on blue bushes. So am I,
too.

It was remarked that trees, to do
well, should be set out properly. An
old farmer from Floyd said all the set-
ting out his wife had when he married
her was a featherbed, and he pointed
triumphantly to nine boys and a girl
whether she had done well or not.

Mr. Dankerson, of Laidville, said he
wouldn't much at setting out trees, but
could set out any filler in Oregan Coun-
ty sitting up with the gals. Motion
adopted.

An honest old farmer from Vernon,
Mr. Jordan, complained that the farm-
ing community were gradually being
gulled by worthless patent rights. He
had got his horse full of patent claims,
all of them worthless. A man sold him a
claim the other day, warranted to bring
him (from any distance) in thirty sec-
onds. He worked at it three days and
three nights, and then had to have his
hatter brought from Utica on the stage.

Farmer O'Spatera, of Hampton, made
similar complaint. He said he was in-
duced by promise of marriage to buy a
patent lightning rod that was said to be
lark corn, chop wood, folder the cattle,
and draw cider—all at the same time.
He brought it home, but it didn't do
any thing but lay around the house and
read novels ever since.

Club adjourned to meet next week at
two o'clock. FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

CASTOR OIL FOR LEATHER.—A cor-
respondent in our last number recom-
mended the use of castor oil for harness.
The Wisconsin Farmer says: We no-
tice in our exchanges numerous recipes
for making soft leather wear proof,
most of them compounds, involving con-
siderable trouble in preparation and
more or less expense, and none of them
half so good as the simple article castor
oil, which can be bought at the drug
stores for twenty-five or fifty cents a pint,
according to your locality. Apply it to
the boot when dry, and soak it by the
fire till the leather is saturated. Treat
the soles in the same way, being care-
ful to dry in well so that they will not
grease the carpets. We once treated a
pair of calf boots in this way, and in
a few days after we walked five miles in
saturated snow and water from six to
eight inches deep at every step, and came
out with feet perfectly dry. Castor oil
will keep the leather soft, pliable, and
black, though not glossy, and quite im-
penetrable to water.

It is what ladies wear around their
waist? asked a country youth of a friend
who was a clerk in a dry goods store.
Oh, of course, replied the counter-juror,
with a mischievous wink.

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of the kind in the world.*
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The most popular Monthly in the
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some of the choicest fig-
leafing of the day. We speak of this
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the American People; and the popular-
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reading matter, appropriately illustrat-
ed with good wood-cuts; and it combines in
itself the racy monthly and the more
philosophical quarterly, blended with the
best features of the daily journal. It has
great power in the dissemination of a
love of pure literature.—*TRIBUNE'S
Guide to American Literature, London.*

We can account for its success only
by the simple fact that it meets precisely
the popular taste, furnishing a variety of
pleasing and instructive reading for all.
—*Zion's Herald Boston.*

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

BECKER'S SERMONS IN THE CHURCH
USTON.—Many persons having an
impression that these sermons would not be
pleasing in

PIQUANTS.

A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. 'Why, then, do you sleep without your shoes?' was the reply.

A PRAYER.—A divine, once praying, said: 'O Lord, give us neither poverty nor riches, and passing solemnly a moment, he added, "especially poverty."

'Betsey go down and stir up the apple sauce.' Betsey approached the large kettle containing the above mentioned article.

'Why, marm, what is this?' she asked, fishing up a black substance; 'but for me! If there ain't that blisters-plaster, that cam' off my back—I had searched and searched for that air.'

When our folks lived down east said our friend Tom, 'we had company one afternoon; mother had some hard on the kitchen table. Jake one of the workmen came in followed by Bob.

'Bob,' says Jake, 'there's something you ain't got every day—company butter—dip in Bob now's yer time.'

It proved to be hard, and they were last seen making tracks for the door. The fish in Lake Molyneuxkennek Maina, are said to be superior to those of a certain Lake Wosleyachmork or Moosyongangitic. Those of Lake Chibungungungung were very fine, but those all got choked to death trying to tell where they lived.

Count Tracy complaining to Esau that a man had ruined his character. 'So much the better,' replied the wit, 'for it was a bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage.'

An Irishman in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, wrote thus: 'If you don't love me, please send back the letter without breaking the seal.'

IN A BAD WAY.—Dr. Bagby, in his 'Nesive Virginian,' says: 'We need an easy going boat, suitable for an old man, but are too poor to buy and haven't got time to steal.'

AMBIGUOUS.—An Edinburgh paper says: 'We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W. is a malicious fabrication.'

A country exchange speaking of the inefficiency of its police remarks: 'If everybody were to stand in the streets how could anybody get by?'

The following quotation from Shakespeare's philosophic tragedy, with a slight variation, is aptly quoted by the 'Winstead Herald' as appropriate to the 'Greenland Bond.'

Hamlet. Do you see fonder woman, that's almost in the shape of a camel? Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel. Polonius. It is backed like a weasel. Hamlet. Or like a whale. Polonius. Very like a whale.

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. 'Well,' said he, 'I never thought the dead could be in such spirits.'

A plain spoken Western preacher delivered the following from his desk, I would announce to the congregation that probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting house, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and wear, and exceedingly pale in color, in place of which was taken a large silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this kind, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common.

A few days since, a young gentleman and lady appeared at the parsonage of an eminent clergyman of this city, for the purpose of having their respective destinies united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Everything being in readiness, the clergyman addressed was about to proceed with the ceremony, when the young lady discovered that she was minus the kid gloves so necessary on such occasions, whereupon she requested her affianced to hasten to a store and procure the indispensable kids, telling him to be in a hurry or she might change her mind.

The clergyman, witnesses and intended bride waited some time for the return of the youth with the gloves. He didn't come. They waited longer, and still he failed to appear in an appearance. The matter at last becoming really serious and alarming, the clergyman took his hat and proceeded post haste in search of the truant lover, whom he found, after a diligent search and many inquiries, quietly seated on the veranda of the Park House with his feet elevated on the back of a chair, and very deliberately puffing a cigar. On being asked to explain his singular conduct, he carelessly remarked that he was 'waiting to see if she was going to change her mind.' They were married at last, however, after two hours delay.—Ottawa (Ill.) Republican.

ANOTHER SENSE.—Bob Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog? No! I never said any such thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was that Billy Smith's little yellow dog had more sense than your father; that's all I ever said.

'Well, it is well you didn't say the other, I tell you.'

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THE GREAT STOVE OF THE AGE.

READ THIS RECORD.

The Peerless has taken the First Prize at the Paris Exposition, American Institute, Gold Medal at the Louisiana State Fair, Woodstock Agricultural Fair, and fifteen other first prizes during the past year.

It has never been exhibited without taking the first prize.

By purchasing this stove you have a chance to save your money.

The smallest Article sold for ONE DOLLAR can be exchanged for a Silver Plated Fork, Spoon, or other articles upon Exchange List.

For a further list, and \$4.00. The person selling these goods has their choice of the following articles, at their commission.

For a Club of Sixty and \$6.00. Choice of following articles: 10 pure Alpaca, Harris Cloth, Vest, Pattern, Dress, &c.

South Shore Railroad. (SOUTH SHORE RAILROAD.)

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The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 2.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1868.

NO. 31.

Weymouth Gazette.
Published every Friday Morning, by
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PERCIVAL & FRENCH,
Successors to Frederick Brown,
Druggists and Apothecaries,
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BOSTON.

FANCY TOILET,
And other kindred articles.
Particular attention given to *PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS.*
Orders from the country promptly attended to.

STETSON'S BAND
OF WEYMOUTH,
ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH A
Military, Serenade or Quadrille BAND,
AT SHORT NOTICE.

J. PEAKS,
Painter and Paper Hanger.
EAST WEYMOUTH.
Paints, Oil, Varnish, &c., for Sale.

CHARLES S. CLAPPS,
REFRESHMENT SALOON,
Washington Square, (opposite the Bank),
WEYMOUTH.
Meals furnished at all hours of the day and evening.

OYSTERS FOR SALE
in quantities to suit purchasers.
1868.

SAMUEL CURTIS,
AUCTIONEER,
WEYMOUTH.
Will attend to Sales of Real and Personal Estate in this and neighboring towns.

CORTHELL, NOYES & CO.,
Merchant Tailors.
DEALERS IN
Fine Ready Made Clothing.

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
9 & 11 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

THE PEERLESS
Cook Stove



Is superior to all other Stoves.

1. Because it is made of the best of new iron, and finished in the most thorough manner.

2. It has a LARGER OVEN than most other stoves, it being 20 inches square in the No. 7 size, whereas most other stoves are but 18 by 20 in the same size stove.

3. It is a more even baker than any other stove, and is more improved so as to work better than all other stoves with the same draft.

Peerless
Peerless Parlor,
before purchasing. Also, the new Peerless, the desirable Stove for all who use in want of a first class Gas Baking Stove.

Peerless Parlor,
Kitchen Furnishing Store,
DEWITT STREET,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

CALL AND LOOK AT THAT
New Patent Mop,
which can be used without stooping or wetting the hand. Also, a new

DUST PAN,
a great improvement; also a new Patent Towel Rack, Book Rack and Shelf combined.

THE MUTUAL
Life Insurance
COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK. E. S. WINSTON, President.
CASH ASSETS OVER
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Invested in Loans on Bond and Mortgage, or United States Securities.

Issues every approved description of Life and Endowment Policies, on selected lives, at moderate rates, returning all surplus annually to the policy-holders, to be used either in payment of premiums, or to purchase additional insurance, at the option of the insured.

GEO. W. LOCKE, Agent,
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J. BINNEY & CO.,
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Internal Revenue Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons liable for U. S. Revenue Taxes, that the subscriber will be at the Store of Henry Lord, in East Weymouth, in the afternoon of the 27th day of each month, unless the day should be Sunday, when he will be present the following day—to receive returns.

JAMES MORRISON & SON
WOULD respectfully announce to the people of North Weymouth and Old Spain that they are prepared to perform all kinds of

House Painting,
IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES. Also,
Paper Hanging & Whitewashing.

PAINT, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,
&c., constantly for sale at lowest rates.

WHALL & MANSFIELD,
S. J. WHALL, FORMERLY E. B. FIELD & CO.,
No. 2 Shop at Wm. E. Humphrey's Store,
North Weymouth, Sept. 16, 1868. 29-47

Call Skins and Finished Leather,
NO. 2 PEARL COR. MILK ST.

E. A. MANSFIELD,
No. 2 PEARL COR. MILK ST.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY OF CAPTIVITY.

The following is an extract from W. Lee Goss's popular book published by Lee & Shepard, Boston:

The prison had a vocabulary of words peculiarly its own, which, if not in themselves, were novel in their significance. A thief, for instance, was termed a flanker, or a half shave, the latter term originating in a wholesome custom, which prevailed in prison, of shaving the heads of those who were caught pilfering, on one side, leaving the other untouched. Thus they would remain sufficiently open to attract universal attention and derision. The shaving was a less punishment in itself than its final consequence, for a fellow with half-shaven crown was lucky if he escaped a beating or a ducking every hour of the day. Where a thief had the boldness to steal in open daylight, and with a dash, grab and run, to get off with his booty, he was termed a raider, which was considered one grade above the sneaking flanker. The articles stolen were usually cooking utensils, or blankets, for the want of which many a man died. Either epidemic, flanker or raider, hurried at a fast retreating outfit, would ensure a general touting in the vicinity, to stop the offender. If the thief had shrewdness, and was not too closely pursued, he often assumed a careless appearance, unnoticed by the pursuers. He would be joined in the hue and cry. Woe to him who attracted suspicion by undue haste when such a cry was raised; for although his errand might be one of necessity or mercy, he was sure to be hurt before it was ascertained that he was not the offending person, and his only consolation was in the fact of his innocence, or the thought that his head, if so severe, was wiser than before.

Scenes of violence were continually enacted in the prison. Murders that thrilled the blood with horror were perpetrated by bands of desperadoes who jumped Uncle Sam's bounties before they were retained in the firm grasp of military vigilance, and, when fairly caught, rather than fight were taken prisoners voluntarily. Not an hour of the day passed without some terrible fight—often over trivial matters—taking place in the stockade. The reasons which provoked fights were not often plain; but one fact was over apparent, viz., that hunger and privation did not sweeten sour tempers, or render the common disposition at all lamb-like. A piece of poor corn-bread, picked up in the dirt, a little Indian pie, or a meagre bone, which a dog or pig of New-England extraction would turn up his nose at, would provoke violent discussions as to ownership, in which muscle, rather than equity, settled facts. Some of these personal encounters ended in a general fight, where all who were desirous of that kind of recreation took a part. It was quite a curious fact that when rations were scarcest in prison, fights were plentiful. In the absence of food, some took pleasure in beating each other. I've not had anything to eat to-day, and would like to lie some yarm-bent as hay, said Kentucky Joe, a gaunt, half-starved, but never desponding fellow. I'm your man, said Pat B., and at it they went, till Kentucky was beaten to his satisfaction, and acknowledged that a varmint who had eaten corn-bread for breakfast was too much for one as hadn't. The writer, seeing no fun in a muss, kept out of them, foreseeing misery enough, without a broken head to nurse. The great mass could ill afford to expend strength in such encounters, and it was usually easy to keep out of them without sneaking.

I have often, however, seen men who were weak with disease, and weak to such a degree that they could scarcely stand, engage in pugilistic encounters piteous to contemplate. I call to memory two almost skeleton men, whom I once saw engaged in fighting for the possession of a few pine knots! Bare-headed, in a boiling sun, barefooted, their clothes in tatters, they bit and scratched, and rolled in the dirt together. I left them, their hands clutched in each other's hair, with barely remaining strength to rally a kick, gazing into each other's eyes with the leaden, lustreless glare of famine stamped there, a look which I cannot describe, but which some comrade of misery will recognize.

It was desirable on the part of prisoners to follow some trade or occupation which should give to the individual means to purchase the few desirable luxuries to be obtained of those who came into prison from among the rebels with permission to trade. Yankee ingenuity was consequently taxed to the utmost to invent from the rough some kind of busi-

ness that would pay—an onion, a potato, or an extra allowance of Indian meal per week. The strivings for life were piteous, but often comical in their developments. Some traded their hats and boots, or a slyly kept watch, for beans or flour, and with this elementary start began sutler's business. Another genius developed a process for converting Indian meal into beer, by souring it in water. And sour beer, as it was termed, speedily became one of the institutions. This beer was vended around the camp by heers, who pronounced it a cure for scurvy, colds, fever, gangrene, and all other ills the stockade was heir to, and they were many. You would at one part of the stockade hear a voice loudly proclaiming a cure for scurvy; you approach, and find him vending sour beer;—another proclaiming loudly a cure for diarrhoea; he would be selling sour beer; and so through a long catalogue of evils would be proclaimed their remedies.

One day, I was almost crushed in a crowd who were attracted by a fellow crying aloud, Stewed beans, with vinegar on to-mo! The vinegar turned out to be our beer. Stuck upon a shingle I observed a sign which read, Old Brewery; Bier for Sale, by the glass or bucketful, *hool sail*, retail, or no tail at all. I remember the ingenious fellow, who with a jack-knife and file and a few bits of wire was engaged in getting into ticking or other played-out watches, that had refused to go unless they were carried; and the ingenuity he displayed in coaxing them to tick was surprising. In one instance, the watch-tick mentioned made for a friend of mine an entire watchspring of whalebone, which set the watch ticking in such a tremendous manner, for a few minutes after being wound up, as to call forth the admiring ejaculation from the Seesch purchaser, Gosh, how she does go! The watch stopped—*crad* down, as the amazed Johnny afterwards said, quicker now a dash. You will readily understand why prisoners cared but little about watches except so far as they were tradable for Indian meal, hog, or hominy.

A ter rations were issued, there would be a general meeting of a densely packed crowd, all trying to trade for something more palatable, or for that which they had not got. Some would trade for wood, who will trade cooked beans for raw? Who will trade wood for beans? Who will trade salt for little bits of tobacco for any kind of rations. The issue of rations was often a moment of fearful excitement. A crowd of five or six thousand, like a hungry pack of wolves, would fill the space before the gates, all scrambling to get a look at the rations, as though even the sight of food done them good. At one time, during such a scene, one of the detailed men, who acted as a teamster,—and those so employed were always men that were loathest in blaming our government and old Abe, and were insolent and well fed,—when one of the pack of hungry wretches put his hand out to clutch a falling crumb from the cart, the teamster beat his brains out with one blow of a club. He was tried by our stockade court of justice, (?) and condemned to cart no more bread; owing, doubtless, to the fact of his having a few greenbacks, made in selling our rations. The rebels were constantly coming into the prison to trade, having first obtained permission of Wirtz, the commander of the interior of the prison, as he was termed. They were fond of buying Yankee boots, watches, and buttons. All superfluous things such as good caps, boots, &c., were freely traded in exchange for anything eatable or for wood. One fact was quite observable,—that when the Johnnies came in to trade the second time, they were sharper than they were at their first visit. The process of cutting their teeth was rather gradual; but after awhile they would become a match at driving a sharp bargain with the sharp-eyed Yankee, and prided themselves on what they termed Yankee tricks. Buttons were in great demand by them, especially New York and staff buttons, for which large prices were paid, and eagerly traded for.

One occasion, a Johnny came in to trade, who was evidently as unphilosophical and green as the vegetables he had for sale. He traded in the first place for a pair of army shoes, laid them down before him, and while busy seeing to his fixings, one of the boys passed the shoes around to a companion, who straightway appeared in front, and before the Johnny had time to think of anything else, challenged his attention for a trade. A trade was agreed upon, and the price paid, before the Johnny found out that

though progressing in trade, he had but one pair of shoes. So, for safety of those precious decorations, he picked them up, and holding them in his arms, indignantly declared, Durned if I can trade with yourn Yanks in that sort of way, no how. We were, according to his exposition of the matter, rather considerable right smart at picking up traps what want their own. He was thus entertaining the boys with these original views, when one of our fellows, just to clinch what had been so aptly stated by the elvichrous representative, stepped up behind him and cut off four staff buttons, which adorned the rear of a long, swallow-tailed, butternut-colored, short-waisted coat. After executing this rear movement, he appeared in the crowd at the front, and offered them for sale. The Johnny took the bait, and traded his last vegetables for his own buttons, and started off highly pleased; and so were the boys. On the way out of prison our Seesch friend met a comrade, who attention he called to the buttons, like an he had on the tail of his coat, whereupon his comrade looked behind, and informed him that that was not a durned button that, when our trading Johnny loudly declared, with a rich sprinkling of oaths, that these were durned Yanks' had order have their cars buttoned back and be swallowed.

THE MUGGINS PAPERS.
Mrs. Muggins, I am very sorry, but you will have to wait until—
O, yes! I will have to wait. That is always the story. Haven't I waited and waited, you old, bald-headed miser, until my check-books are nearly worn through with trouble and anxiety, just because you are too stingy to give me money to go to Mugginsville? Haven't I been put off with promise after promise that I would only wait until next week you would shell out, and I could see where people know how to suppose such women as I am? Haven't I worked my fingers almost to the bone twisting and turning clothes for myself, so that I would look somewhat decent? Haven't I—
Mrs. Muggins, you are certainly crazy.

Of course I am, and isn't it your work you did fool? Why don't you do like other men? Just look at Thompson, across the way. His wife don't have to sit up all night turning dresses, and making coats and puts for her boys out of her husband's old duds. He knows better. He knows what decent, respectable, hard-working, patient woman is worth. But you, you old, over-bearing, big-headed, half-witted, pimpled nose scallawag, all you are good for is to croak around, like a bear with a sore head, whenever you come home. Just as if I had nothing to do only to sit up until almost morning, waiting for you. I would like to see my self doing it—I would!

Cynthia Jane, what in the world has got—
Don't you dare to Cynthia Jane me! I know you, and it won't go down. I have put up with that kind of soft-sawdier just as long as I am going to. All I ask of you is to do as other men do when they come home to their loving wives. It's all very nice for you to sit up your nose at the table because your chop happens to be done a little too much, and your tea a little too weak. If you didn't stuff yourself down town with oysters and apples, and oranges, and soft sodas, and turtle soup, and bad whiskey, and lager, and—
Mrs. Muggins, I will not listen to such language any longer. You must stop it!

Knickknacks of all kinds. No wonder you can't eat when you come home to the bosom of your family. I won't stand it! What did you say you would do? Slap me over the month? I'd like to see you doing it! Just try it if you dare! Come another step nearer to me and I'll send you, you jig faced brute. I aren't afraid of you—not I. And I'll talk just as much as I please. This is a free country, thank goodness, and a woman has got just as good a right to talk as a great hog of a man. Oh! yes! You have concluded to cool down, haven't you? You needn't stop your ears, for you might as well hear it first as last. Aren't you a pretty looking old pig? I wish Barnum had seen you before the Museum burned down. The What is it, and the Gorrilla and Cyncephalus were no where compared to you!

Mrs. Muggins have you no respect for—
Have I no respect for what? An old terry with a bald head and a big

corporation? Not if I know it I haven't. You must have a good opinion of yourself. All brutes of men have, I presume. They go about and play billiards and joke larger beer and nasty Linlunger cheese, and forty other things into them so that they can come home and abuse their innocent wives. Go to Harry Hill's and pretend they have been at John Allen's prayer meeting! If you'd use one-half the money you spend at whiskey mills at home, your poor, trusting wife wouldn't have to go around with an old pair of shoes she has worn for the last—
Miss Muggins, you know that is a deliberate falsehood. You never have worn a pair—
Of course it is a falsehood! May be it is a falsehood about your going away and not leaving a cent to buy a loaf of bread with? Of course, a woman and her children can live on nothing. Eat dried apples and drink warm water I suppose! You would like to have me try it wouldn't you, my miserable old whiskey head! I don't see why I don't scratch your eyes out—don't see how I keep my hands off of you. If I do get at you your old skull won't look quite so smooth as it does now. If I don't leave my mark on your name isn't Cynthia Jane Muggins.

I wish to heaven it never had—
You do, do you? You have changed your tune since you used to come sneaking around the back side of the house to get a sight of me. May be you have forgot the two weeks you went without eating a single mouthful, and the letters you used to write, headed, my dearest duck and darling. You don't remember the night you got down on your knees and told me I didn't become your own sweet tulip, you would murder me and then blow your own brains out. Just as if you had any! I suppose you don't remember all those little items, do you? Old no. And how you frightened me almost out of my wits until I said, 'yes, to get rid of you. Things have changed since then, have they? Of course they have. I wasn't cooped up all day, and when Saturday night came, if I happened to ask for a dollar to get some little things, I wasn't told that business was dull, and all that sort of trash—that I was extravagant, must curtail, and I don't know what, until I am afraid to look in the glass for fear I should see a ghost. You were liberal enough then, taking me to concerts and circuses, and buying cream and soda and gracious knows what, but now you are just as mean and stingy as—
Mrs. Muggins, if you will only hold your tongue, I will—
No! I won't hold my tongue, nor any thing else you want me to, until I am good and ready. You needn't sit there grinning like an old baboon either. Why don't you come and take care of the baby instead of trying to show how your soft knob looks like an island? Oh! you have got an engagement, have you? Nice engagement you must have at this time of the night! No you don't! I'll tear the whole tail off your coat unless you give me money to—
How much do you want?
Soho! You come to your senses at last, eh! How much do I want? Why didn't you ask that in the first place and save all this trouble? How much do I want? Let me see. John Monroe a new coat, Martha Washington a new dress, George Quincy Adams a new jacket, Harriet Beecher Stowe a shawl, Stephen Winfield a pair of boots, Andrew Buchanan Johnson some diapers, and I—
Muggins threw his pocket book on the table, seized his hat, jumped down stairs three steps at a time, and soon was seated in the 'Back's Head Hotel,' discussing with some friends, upon the merits of carriers, tumblers, powders, etc., etc.

HARPER'S.
The Spectator—Personnel of the Editors—Dr. Guernsey—Henry M. Alden—Wm. A. Seaver and the Editor's Drawers—Curtis and the Easy Chair—A Comfortable Income—How to get into the magazines.

The Harper's establishment is a massive iron edifice on Pearl street, towering so far above the surrounding buildings as to become a sort of literary beacon to voyagers upon the East River. As far as Brooklyn you can read the colored sign upon its roof. It is the largest publishing house in the city. Fifteen years ago the Harpers were burned out, losing a great stock of publishers' wares,—of paper, books, types and stereotype plates. In rebuilding they determined to construct a fire-proof edifice. But there is little advantage in

building an iron warehouse if you proceed to fill it with paper. The Harpers have not made their books fire-proof; a mistake, one would think, in a house that sometimes issues incendiary publications. Experienced firemen say that iron buildings are consumed more speedily than wood ones. Iron softens before wood burns through.

Enter with me the broad door from Pearl street, and pass to the rear of the great sales-room with its thousand-ranged rows of volumes. Two flights of stairs you climb, passing up a spiral iron stairway; or you can ascend by the stair-lift which comes and goes every few minutes, delivering yourself like any other literary parrot at the proper landing.

A devious and dusty passage way leads you toward the front of the house. Upon the left you pass the Art department where wood engravers are busy upon the illustrations of the Magazine for three months ahead; upon the right you get a glance of two ladies,—and they are young and fair,—who are occupied all day long with the Scissors.

Not, however, upon any domestic work,—though it is an affair of patches and shreds that busies them. They are reading a hundred newspapers and clipping scraps from them,—scraps countless in number and innumerable in subject.—These go by the bushel to the several editors of the Magazine, the Bazar and the Weekly, and from them the editors cull paragraphs for the various purposes of those publications. But we must not glance too curiously at the toils of these rosy literary ladies.

The adjacent door stands open, leading into a spacious, musty cavern of a room, lumbered up with pages of paper and rolls of manuscript, books, old and new, paste-pots, twine, scissors, and wrapping paper,—all the paraphernalia of literary work, adorned with files of the several publications of the firm, and preserved in a state of order and reference. Two gentlemen of studious appearance sit at their desks on opposite sides of this room.

The one nearest you rises and pays the compliments of the day. It is the junior editor of the magazine, H. M. Alden.

'Doctor' Guernsey is the other gentleman we saw on entering the room. He is the senior editor of *Harper's Magazine*—a dark-haired gentleman of fifty years old,—a genial and talkative man, full of information upon all possible subjects. While we speculate, a gentleman enters, advancing toward the Doctor. The two salute, and withdraw toward the Pearl street corner of the room; but we overhear their talk, which runs as follows:

'Well, Doctor,' says the new-comer, 'how much do you think that magazine article of mine is worth?'
'Well, I should say about fifty dollars.'

'I think the *Atlantic* would give me eighty for it. Unless you care for it as much as that, I shall send it to the *Audubon*.'

'Do you think so? Well, when we want an article we do not have much difficulty in setting upon a price. Wait a minute.'

And the Doctor sits down among the cobwebs and writes a check for \$80, which the author receives with pious satisfaction.

And Mr. W. leaves, jubilant, and meditating new articles.

Mr. Guernsey compiles the Monthly Record of Current Events for the Magazine. Mr. Alden compiles from English books of travel many of the illustrated articles which fill the first page of each number. The Magazine goes to press about a month before its date; about the 8th of the month a few copies are privately distributed to contributors and others. The California edition is ready by the middle of the month; and on or near the 20th the publication takes place in New York, and the edition is fairly launched upon the world of readers.

THE SECRETS OF THE FRENCH KITCHEN UNVEILED.
The Paris correspondent of the *London Star* writes as follows:

Among the curiosities of Paris life decidedly are the small carts which from 5 to 6 every morning, call at the back gates of embassies, palaces, ministers, restaurants, hotels and great houses in general, to purchase the remains of the entremets, desserts, and diners in general, left not by the upper ten thousand only, but likewise by their servants, and sold every morning by their cook to the emissaries of a race of costermongers called 'harlequins,' whose stalls at the tables of those who rule our destinies.

The carts are closed in, and recognizable by the sort of chimneys in the top to admit of free circulation of air; the remains are thrown pell-mell into the carts and paid for by weight.

You may imagine the aspect presented by this ollaopodrida when it reaches the 'harlequin's' stall. The first process in the triage, or sorting, a work of no small difficulty when portions of lobster a la Julienne have to be extracted from the remains of a fruit tart in which they are embroiled. The most presentable morsels are arranged on a dish, this process taking place in some remote corner far from the human ken, as naturally its mysteries would not attract customers. Strange to say, by twelve o'clock these scraps of rich men's plates are eagerly bought up by a certain class of poor who prefer the savory flavor to more wholesome food. What cannot be sufficiently pared and arranged for human appetite is sold for the food of pet house-dogs, Italian greyhounds, and such like aristocratic quadrupeds. The bones, however, found in this detritus are carefully put aside and sold to the manufacturers of concentrated meat, essence-*lozanges*, and by them, after they had boiled them down, sold to the makers of animal black, much in demand by house-painters, &c.

But to return to our friends, the 'harlequins.' This trade of buying up the remains of our friends' side dishes and second courses is by no means a bad one,—many of those who pursue it retire at the end of a few years on four or five hundred a year. 'Pas Mal!' The next branch of this trade is the bakers *en viers*, which reminds one of the sign which attracts many a true lover of antiquities. Moribond de Moubles ex Vieux? Ancient furniture, even though stained by age and rust, we appreciate; but ancient bread, stained by ink and mold, we scarcely relish. Yet it is a remunerative trade to collect the crusts thrown away by college boys or dropped by these careless youngsters in their play-grounds, trampled on and linked oftentimes, but gathered by chifferons and sold to those second-hand bakers, and by them sorted.

The cleanest of these soiled and uninviting crusts are dried in an oven, rapped, and sold for the 'crout eau pot,' with which soup all familiar with the French cuisines are well acquainted. Furthermore, these choice bits of old bread are cut up into the three-cornered morsels which, fried in butter, adorn the dishes of the vegetable &c., we enjoy at our favorite restaurants. But there yet remains a mass of mud-stained, dust-soiled scraps, which once were bread; this is worked up in a mortar, ground and sold as 'chapeure blanche,' in which our cutlets are dressed, or, to use the technical term, 'pane' and, as 'chapeure brune,' which is sifted over the small hams called 'jambonneaux.' There still remains a dust which it has been impossible to work up; this is blackened in the oven and reduced to an impalpable black powder, mixed with honey, to which is added a few drops of pepper-mint, and sold as an infallible cure for toothache, for which ailment it is said to be quite as efficacious as any thing recommended by the faculty.

Volage, who is a single man, is generally considered honest, but says there are times when his fingers have felted to him a dress.

AGE.



Weymouth Market.

Weymouth Drug Store.

Weymouth Market.

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THE WEYMOUTH WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1898.

GEO. H. CANNON is the only authorized agent for the Gazette, and all receipts given by him will be acknowledged.

The lectures of the brilliant young orator, Charles Quincy Tirrell, in the Universalist Church on Monday evening were worthy of the subject, the speaker and the large audience who listened with almost breathless attention. The lecture was of the sort that is not soon forgotten and leaves a pleasing and attractive effect upon the mind. Although devoid entirely of fun, wit or sarcasm, which is getting to be so common among popular speakers, as aimed to crowd out all ideas of anything solid or useful, yet this young speaker succeeded admirably without those condiments, in giving a lecture full of solid reasoning and good logic, yet in so pleasing and so logical a style as to keep all interest upon his theme. His subject, 'A Nation's Glory,' was well analyzed. One of the requisites to a nation's glory, and which occupied the largest part of the oration was the possession of true statesmen. He defined the true statesman to be a man, self-made, a man of honor, of purity of character, self-reliant, seeking only the popular good in favor of equal rights and lastly a man of progressive ideas. Each of the points were elaborately discussed and illustrated from living examples and by reference to past history, as also pictures drawn from nature with vivid coloring. On the last point, the man of progressive ideas he thought, should not ignore the rights of women. He took up some of the objections to women's rights and answered them in an eloquent and triumphant manner. With the addition of that firmness and strength of voice which practice and experience will acquire, the young orator will command eminent success in that great art, so well understood by Choate and Clay, of holding a vast auditory as if bound by a mighty spell.

JUVENILE CONCERT.—It was our privilege, on Friday last week, to attend a "juvenile concert" given by the schools in District No. 9. The six schools met in one room to spend the closing hour of the term in singing. The night was a very pleasant one. The children sang and played songs, duets, choruses, solo, etc., with skill and enthusiasm, especially the closing piece entitled "Give, and it shall be given unto you." which brought out their voices full and strong. Remarks were made by the Superintendent, Mr. F. M. Dodge, and visitors present, all expressing themselves highly gratified. The order throughout was excellent, and the scholars did themselves credit by the performance besides affording a fine entertainment to the visitors. We hope such exercises may be more frequently enjoyed, as they tend to develop the social element and must result in good. A VISITOR.

WEYMOUTH AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held Monday evening of last week, the following gentlemen were chosen as officers for the coming year: President, John S. Fogg. Vice-Presidents, John O. Foye, Ernest Nash, Josiah Reed. Treasurer, Orran White. Recording and Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Whitecomb. Directors, Albert Tirrell, Leonard B. Tirrell, Quincy L. Reed, Amos S. White, Henry Loud, John Reed, Minot Tirrell, Wm. A. Shaw, John T. Dizer, D. S. Murray, Alfred Tirrell, S. S. Spear, Francis S. Torrey, Charles H. Newton, W. W. Bowen, J. H. Clapp, Alexia Torrey, Wm. Tyler Shaw, O. B. Shaw, Charles Merritt, Thomas H. Humphrey.

WEYMOUTH, Nov. 18th, 1898.—To all whom it may concern.—In justice to all I feel it my duty to make this statement. There being reports in circulation that Miss Lilly Hodgson was retained in the Academy of Notre Dame, at Lowell, against her will, I was appointed by Orphans Home Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, at Weymouth to investigate the matter, which I have done to the best of my ability. I have been to Lowell, seen and interviewed with Miss Hodgson and find that she did not go there against her will, that she does not wish to leave there until she has finished her schooling. In respect to the Institution it is commodious, pleasant, and comfortable, and was used very gentlemanly by both Miss Hodgson and the Lady Superior, she furnishing me all the information I wished for. JOS. SHERMAN.

LECTURE ON LABOR.—The lecture of Mr. Legro, at Temperance Hall, last Saturday evening, before the Knights of St. Crispin, met with a good attendance, the hall being filled. The theme was ably treated, and new and advanced ideas concerning the rights and duties of workmen proved the lecturer to be one who had given much thought and attention to the subject.

SAMUEL LORING, of Hull, whose death was announced last week, married in this town June 8, 1814, Lucy, daughter of Laban Pratt, whose ancestors were among the earliest settlers in town of whom, Ansel Pratt Loring, lost his life in the late war. The Hingham Journal says the deceased was a son of Samuel Loring, who was born in Hull, Nov. 9, 1753, and died June 14, 1819, aged 65. The father of this Samuel was Samuel, born in Hull, Feb. 3, 1721, and died, while on a visit to Boston, in 1813, aged 92. The father of this Samuel was also Samuel, who was born in 1690, and died Feb. 17, 1757, aged 67. His father was Deacon Benjamin Loring, the youngest son of the first Planter, who was baptized by Rev. P. T. Hobart, in Hingham, Nov. 21, 1611, and died in Hull, March 10, 1716, aged 71. The first of the name was Thomas Loring, who came from Axminster, Co. Devon, England, with his wife and two sons, and left their home, Dec. 22, 1634, in stopping awhile at Dorchester, but was in Hingham to draw his household, with Rev. Peter Hobart's company, September 18, 1635. He was a Deacon of his Church, but removed to Hull, and died there, April 8, 1661.

The mother of Mr. Loring was Hulda Good, daughter of John Good, whose grandfather Lt. Robert Good came from England, and settled in Hull. His maternal grandmother was Huldah Brewster, a lineal descendant of Elder William Brewster, the Plymouth Pilgrim.

LYCEUM LECTURES.—The third lecture of the course was given by Charles Q. Tirrell, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. It was a very interesting and, in many respects, eloquent lecture. The sentiments of the lecture showed the speaker to be a man of thought and earnestness, and of high and noble aims. Charles Tirrell is a native of Weymouth, and a young man from whom Weymouth has a right to expect something in the future. We shall watch his course with much interest and shall be disappointed if he does not acquire himself with honor in every department of labor to which he may be called. It is such young men, full of noble enthusiasm, of earnest devotion to the good, young men of pure lives, and sincerity of purpose, which constitutes a nation's true glory. Let our young men be pure and good, our young men be wise and true, clothed with strength and honor, and our national prosperity is secure.

NABBY.—We are indebted to Capt. H. B. Poire, of Abington, for complimentary tickets to the lecture of Nabby in that place, last week. The following extract gives an idea of the lecturer's address. Mr. Nabby commenced his lecture by saying that we are descended from grandfathers, and that the grandfathers of some of us assembled nearly a century ago and enunciated a doctrine which they thought could not be gained as follows: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. As the lecturer said, all men are created equal, that as a rule, all white men are created equal; that if they are endowed by their Creator with divers and sundry rights which may be considered inalienable; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is the reading that has been generally accepted and acted upon since Jefferson's day.

He then spoke of the difference between negro and nigger. The one is a man born in Africa, (according to the dictionary,) and the other is an idea which exists only in the imagination of the white citizens of the United States. The speaker's nigger was the Kentucky nigger, a being possessed of more attributes than any other created being. He contrasted the theories about nigger stupidity, weakness, ignorance, helplessness, cowardice, etc., with the extraordinary precautions that had long been taken to keep him in his "proper sphere." Jefferson's action was to be explained on the ground that he knew about the negro but not about the nigger, and if Jefferson had anticipated his absurd doctrine later he would have been shot or stoned, and even now he could not beat John Morrisey in running for Congress. He then detailed the circumstances under which Noub pronounced the curse upon Canada, and said that here was the starting-point of the idea of an inferior being, and that being a nigger.

To those visiting Boston, it is a satisfaction to know, that well regulated and convenient Dining Rooms can be found in nearly every part of the city. Yet one of the best of these looking at both appetite and purse—is that kept by C. D. & I. H. Preston, Nos. 10, 12 & 14 City Hall Avenue. If one trial should not satisfy you of this, try again.

BRAINTREE. As notified in last week's Gazette the Social Reunion of the Alumni of the Braintree High School took place in the Braintree Town Hall on the evening of Nov. 19th instant. Although the time was brief in which to notify the parties interested, the Committee of arrangements succeeded in making the occasion one of interest and profit. The principal of the High School Mr. Myron M. Groce after consulting with a few of the Alumni called a preliminary meeting on the evening of Nov. 16th at the School Room in order to set the ball in motion as he said, and then left the matter in the hands of the Alumni, a large number of whom were present. A temporary Association was formed by the choice of S. A. Langley, President, and George O. Wales, Secretary, W. F. Horton, John M. Beals and Fred Hayden were chosen a committee of arrangements. Fannie Tower, S. Louisa Porter, Clara Vinton, Isabella Bennett, Mrs. Inez Merrill and Miss Laura Hill were chosen to assist in providing for the Alumni Supper which should close the exercises of the Reunion. At about 8 o'clock on Thursday evening the Hall being then quite well filled, the meeting was called to order by the President, who announced that there were going to be speeches for the edification of those present. The Alumni and friends having taken their first congratulations and in honor of the President proceeded in a brief address to welcome the friends of Education in Braintree, who were present, congratulating them and the Alumni on the favorable omens which the past and present foretold in regard to the cause of education in Braintree, on the prosperity of the school, and the success of many of the Alumni in their various vocations. He then stated the various aims of the association about to be formed, viz., to foster and cherish their Alma Mater and see to it that their influence was ever cast in favor and aid to see that nothing was wanting on their part to make it the model High School. He then introduced Col. Horace O. Whittemore the first teacher of the High School facetiously referring to his connection not only with the war of the Rebellion, but with the late political war between Butler and Dana in the 5th District. Col. Whittemore referred in his speech to many items of interest, especially to the scholars who had fought by his side during the war as brave soldiers. He said there was no braver addition to the regiment than they.

The second Teacher L. L. Dame, not having received sufficient notice to be present, the President introduced the third Teacher as one of the inquirers of whose character and line education was stamped upon the hours and characters of its pupils, in a manner as lasting as those monuments whose names he bears, the living polished Marble. His reminiscences of Braintree and the High School were pleasant and interesting. The tall and courtly Rev. Dennis Powers, one of the six who stood like a sentinel column to lighten the hapful applicants for the honor of belonging to the first class of the Braintree High School, was next introduced. His disclosures of the "dead lock" and other incidents heretofore known only to the committee created some merriment among the Alumni. As a French Esq., the chairman of this memorable night six was next called on as one of the staunchest friends of education in Braintree, always zealous for the rights and privileges of the schools of the Town. Although he might not be permitted to become a member of the Alumni association, he said they might count him upon this side and his influence should go to advance the laudable purposes of the association. He hoped there would soon be a library which would be an honor to the town. He spoke of his pleasant connection with the rest of the six and with the High School. Dr. Elias Hayward, also one of the six, being called upon, as one of the parents present and an old School teacher in town, (the present Town Apothecary,) gave some reminiscences of the past 10 years and wittily referred to the attachment of two of the Teachers of the school as being so strong that they took away two of the fair ladies of the institution and had not returned them yet and probably the present teacher would be the same had he not brought one with him. Everett C. Bumpus was then called on as one who needed no eulogium, and who could well represent the first class admitted to the Braintree High School. Space forbids us giving an analysis of his interesting allusions to the first class and its Teacher Ch. White. After music from the band of Prof. Gomez, and songs by Mr. Perkins and Miss Arnold with piano accompaniment by Mr. Morrison; the present lecturer was introduced who gave some practical remarks upon the state of the school, its needs and the remedies for the present defective District system. He also gave the statistics for the past 10 years. After more music from the band, a promenade etc. the Supper closed the social meeting at about 12 o'clock. The alumni meet at the School Room on Sat. the 5th of December to complete the permanent organization.

P. S. N. L. White Esq., and Lydia P. H. Groce sent letters of congratulation, suggesting that they could not be present. Tutuville we took a coach, and after a

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NOTES OF A TRAVELER, NO. 6. WEST MIDDLESEX, PA.

Ward Gazette.—On our journey northward we stopped for a time at this busy thriving little town, of about three thousand inhabitants and during our stay, we occupied a portion of our time, in viewing its extensive coal banks, or mines, and its blast furnaces, from which its iron manufactures have gained their wealth. It is a town of about thirty five hundred iron houses, that of Porter Veitch & Co., who besides doing a large grocery and who deals trade, are among the largest wool shippers to the Philadelphia market. They are also engaged in a wide variety of other business, and their finest residences of the west, among the number, those of Messrs. Burnett and Veitch, for design and architectural beauty, are hardly surpassed in the east. Not only is the wealth of iron, and coal, distributed over the country, but the influence of its noble minds are felt, when its name and locality are wholly and entirely unknown, a representative of which as well as of its wealth, and a noble specimen of a man, we have in our town, but 'Bumpus Fugit,' the train is late, and we fidget; directly we are on our way again, and after two or three hours riding, arrive at Oil City, or 'City of Tanks' as 'tis often named, and rightly named, for, here, large tanks and small tanks, square tanks and round tanks, tanks on the hill and tanks on the flat, tanks on the ground and under the ground, in fact its nearly all tanks. One we noticed, a very large one made of boiler iron, capable of holding thirty five thousand barrels, but where, oh my! how can we stand this smell? one would suppose that a person who could live in Weymouth when the wind was in Weymouth blowing fresh (?) from the 'Bone Nussance,' could endure anything that from experience I would start, that they can't fairly 'checked our nostrils' as Mr. Partington once said. We were told we should soon get accustomed to that. We concluded the getting accustomed to it, would be about equal to the experiment of putting green goggles over his horse's eyes, to induce him to vent shavings and dirt that were grimy. 'As soon as he got well used to it he jubburs he died!' The process of drilling for oil is well known by many, probably by most of our readers, but a gas, or blowing into the Run, being led to their boilers by pipes, and with the gas as it escaped, came the oil at the rate of 125—one hundred and twenty-five barrels per day, which was then worth \$100 per barrel, making a nice little income for the three men interested. The well was 748 feet deep, and beside the gas which escaped there was enough used to run two four horse power engines, that were boring still further up the Run, being led to their boilers by pipes, and the gas that the amount wasted, would have done light the city if they were disposed so to use it. As we sat here, gazing at this wonderful wonder, we felt like drawing away from it, and curious theories were advanced as to what the power under the earth's surface, the combustible matter there contained, and still unconquered to that all pervading smell, we leave for Pleasantville, the new ground just opened and found a dry hole yet! The first well was opened up here, in June, producing eleven hundred barrels per day, and there everybody was bound for Pleasantville. We passed on our way by the 'Yellow Neck' Farm, this being the one which the notorious John Street, (or Coal O' Johnny) as he is called) once owned and foolishly squandered. Arriving at Pleasantville we took a coach, and after a

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Marriages and Deaths.

In this town, Nov. 23, by Rev. Gibson Cole, M. D., Oscar Thurston to Miss Adeline M. White, both of this town.

In this town, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. Freeman, Mr. Jacob L. Waters, of South Scituate, to Miss E. Gordon, of this town.

DEATH.—In this town, Nov. 24, of apoplexy, Thomas A. Kingman, aged 44 yrs. 4 mos. 25 days.

Nov. 20, Charles Mangum, aged 40 yrs. 11 mos. 10 days, of cholera, at his residence, Joseph Bates, Jr., aged 31 yrs. 4 mos. 9 days.

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Ward Gazette.—On our journey northward we stopped for a time at this busy thriving little town, of about three thousand inhabitants and during our stay, we occupied a portion of our time, in viewing its extensive coal banks, or mines, and its blast furnaces, from which its iron manufactures have gained their wealth. It is a town of about thirty five hundred iron houses, that of Porter Veitch & Co., who besides doing a large grocery and who deals trade, are among the largest wool shippers to the Philadelphia market. They are also engaged in a wide variety of other business, and their finest residences of the west, among the number, those of Messrs. Burnett and Veitch, for design and architectural beauty, are hardly surpassed in the east. Not only is the wealth of iron, and coal, distributed over the country, but the influence of its noble minds are felt, when its name and locality are wholly and entirely unknown, a representative of which as well as of its wealth, and a noble specimen of a man, we have in our town, but 'Bumpus Fugit,' the train is late, and we fidget; directly we are on our way again, and after two or three hours riding, arrive at Oil City, or 'City of Tanks' as 'tis often named, and rightly named, for, here, large tanks and small tanks, square tanks and round tanks, tanks on the hill and tanks on the flat, tanks on the ground and under the ground, in fact its nearly all tanks. One we noticed, a very large one made of boiler iron, capable of holding thirty five thousand barrels, but where, oh my! how can we stand this smell? one would suppose that a person who could live in Weymouth when the wind was in Weymouth blowing fresh (?) from the 'Bone Nussance,' could endure anything that from experience I would start, that they can't fairly 'checked our nostrils' as Mr. Partington once said. We were told we should soon get accustomed to that. We concluded the getting accustomed to it, would be about equal to the experiment of putting green goggles over his horse's eyes, to induce him to vent shavings and dirt that were grimy. 'As soon as he got well used to it he jubburs he died!' The process of drilling for oil is well known by many, probably by most of our readers, but a gas, or blowing into the Run, being led to their boilers by pipes, and with the gas as it escaped, came the oil at the rate of 125—one hundred and twenty-five barrels per day, which was then worth \$100 per barrel, making a nice little income for the three men interested. The well was 748 feet deep, and beside the gas which escaped there was enough used to run two four horse power engines, that were boring still further up the Run, being led to their boilers by pipes, and the gas that the amount wasted, would have done light the city if they were disposed so to use it. As we sat here, gazing at this wonderful wonder, we felt like drawing away from it, and curious theories were advanced as to what the power under the earth's surface, the combustible matter there contained, and still unconquered to that all pervading smell, we leave for Pleasantville, the new ground just opened and found a dry hole yet! The first well was opened up here, in June, producing eleven hundred barrels per day, and there everybody was bound for Pleasantville. We passed on our way by the 'Yellow Neck' Farm, this being the one which the notorious John Street, (or Coal O' Johnny) as he is called) once owned and foolishly squandered. Arriving at Pleasantville we took a coach, and after a

Marriages and Deaths.

In this town, Nov. 23, by Rev. Gibson Cole, M. D., Oscar Thurston to Miss Adeline M. White, both of this town.

In this town, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. Freeman, Mr. Jacob L. Waters, of South Scituate, to Miss E. Gordon, of this town.

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NOTE.—Myron H. Doolittle, of Washington, D. C., will speak in the Universalist Church on Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock. Mr. Doolittle is one who studies carefully and thinks deeply; what he says will, without doubt, be valuable.

LYCEUM LECTURE.—The next lecture of the course will be given on Monday evening, Nov. 30th, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, the profound thinker, the truest philosopher of modern times.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The subject of woman's right is getting to be fashionable. The Boston Post and the Traveler have declared themselves for female suffrage.

CONFERENCE.—A conference meeting will be held in the vestry of the Universalist Church on Sunday evening, for the purpose of considering the subject of Temperance. All persons interested in the temperance cause are invited to be present and to take part in the meeting.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Thomas Kingman of this place, was taken with an apoplectic fit on Monday morning last, while passing through the Square, on his way to Braintree, and fell backward, injuring his head severely. He was taken into the store of A. J. Bates & Co., and Dr. Warren was called, but all efforts to restore him were unavailing and he died the next day. One year ago we announced his marriage, and to day we are called to chronicle his death. 'Life is like a flower.'

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Nov. 21,

WILLIAMS' Dry Goods

THING STORE, mouth Landing.

LARGE STOCK OF FALL & WINTER GOODS,

Attention of the public is early called to the fine...

Goods, Cloak Goods, Hats, Prints, Cottons,

Castor Beavers, Black, Blue, Brown and Dahila,

OVERCOATS

usually large, and well to the wants of the...

French do. do. do. in variety

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

the latest styles of

Cap & Furnishing Goods.

our stock weekly, we offer to customers the latest...

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, of every description,

the latest styles of

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the latest styles of

Cap & Furnishing Goods.

OVER COATING

UNDER COATINGS,

PANTS & VEST GOODS,

CLOAKINGS,

English, Scotch, German and French

MAKES,

BEST MAKES,

AND

GREAT VARIETY,

SUCH AS

Castor Beavers, Black, Blue, Brown and Dahila,

Moscow Beavers, in variety.

Chinchilla " " "

Fur " " "

Tricot Cloths, in variety.

Doeskins, and Kersimeres, in variety.

Scotch Coatings, Pantings and Vestings, in variety.

English do. do. do. in variety

French do. do. do. " "

German do. do. do. " "

THE ABOVE COMPRISES A

Very Large Assortment of

Foreign Cloths!

PURCHASED EXPRESSLY

FOR MY

Custom Clothing

DEPARTMENT,

JUST RECEIVED, AND NOW

READY FOR INSPECTION.

ALSO

JUST OPENED,

A VERY

Large Assortment

OF

HATS and CAPS,

Including all the

NEW STYLES

FOR

Gents, Boys, Youths and Children.

A splendid assortment of

MILK HATS.

All of the above were purchased of the manufacturers and will be sold at a

VERY SMALL ADVANCE.

THE

WASHING MACHINE

is the best

and most

economical

and

will save

you a

great deal

of

trouble

and

expense

in

washing

clothes.

It is

the

best

and

most

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and

will

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you

a

great

deal

of

trouble

and

GREAT STOCK

—OF—

CLOTHING

Just Opened!

Overcoats,

Undercoats,

Suits,

AND A

GREAT VARIETY

OF

Pants and Vests,

UNDER CLOTHING,

AND ALL OTHER

Furnishing Goods.

A LARGER STOCK

AND

Lower Prices

THAN ANY OTHER STORE

IN THE COUNTY,

AT

READ'S CLOTHING STORE,

Weymouth Landing.

Oct. 1st, 1888.

READ'S

CUSTOM CLOTHING SHOP.

Weymouth Landing.

A FULL LINE OF

CLOTHS,

Foreign and American, choice styles and best makes.

Overcoatings, Pant and Vestings,

Broadcloths, Tricot, Doeskins,

&c. &c.

GARMENTS

Made at short notice, and in best style.

Gowns Cut, Pressed, Cleaned, Altered, or Repaired.

CARPETS.

New stock!

Great Variety!

Low Prices!

Also, A

Grand Assortment

OF

LADIES

Dress Goods,

Ma'tresses,

Feathers,

Paper Hangings,

Curtains,

OIL AND TRAW

CARPETINGS,

&c. &c.

JUST RECEIVED,

And will be sold

CHEAP!

M. H. READ.

M. H. READ.

Weymouth Landing, Sept. 17, '88

Sept. 25, 1888.

WHO WILL BE

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

Was the Great Question of the Day?

But a very important one is,

Where shall the People buy

THEIR

Seasonable Goods

AT

LOW PRICES

IT IS AT

HENRY LOUD'S,

Broad street,

EAST WEYMOUTH,

WHERE MAY BE FOUND

A

Choice Assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

CLOAKINGS,

FLANNELS,

COTTONS,

PRINTS,

HOSIERY,

SHAWLS,

Balmoral Skirts,

Hoop " "

Corsets.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF

Furs,

AND

AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF

Fancy Goods and Notions.

IN THE

CLOTHING

Department,

A SPLENDID STOCK,

CONSISTING OF

OVERCOATS,

SACK AND FROCK COATS

PANTS AND VESTS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

And a general assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

ALSO,

FURNITURE,

Ma'tresses,

Feathers,

Paper Hangings,

Curtains,

OIL AND TRAW

CARPETINGS,

&c. &c.

JUST RECEIVED,

And will be sold

CHEAP!

M. H. READ.

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Weymouth Landing, Sept. 17, '88

Sept. 25, 1888.

Musical Instruments at Cost.

The subscriber having made arrangements with the large manufacturing establishment of

Baker & Randall,

Manufacturers of Music Instruments in Providence, R. I., is now prepared to furnish every variety of first class instruments at very short notice. He will keep an assortment of

New and Second hand Instruments

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

in Boston, by which he can buy at the lowest Cash Prices.

he will share the large discount made for cash, to regular agents, with any one who will give him a call. A simple Piano may be seen by calling on the subscriber, or F. A. BAKER, Esq., at the

Illustrated Price List also may be seen. Call before purchasing elsewhere, and save FIFTY OR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Old Instruments taken in exchange for new ones.

These Instruments are direct from the manufacturers, and will be sold at about the wholesale price, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Also, PICTURES of all descriptions FRAMED TO ORDER.

GEORGE S. BAKER, Weymouth Landing.

THE BEST STOVE IN THE MARKET.

THE ADVANCE.

It is in advance of all others in Economy, Convenience, and Despatch of Operation; operates perfectly with either Coal or Wood, and will draw a full boiler in a hour where all other stoves have failed. Get Moore's Advance if you want a new stove.

GEO. W. WHITTEN, AGENT.

East Weymouth.

It is in advance of all others in Economy, Convenience, and Despatch of Operation; operates perfectly with either Coal or Wood, and will draw a full boiler in a hour where all other stoves have failed. Get Moore's Advance if you want a new stove.

GEO. W. WHITTEN, AGENT.

East Weymouth.

WORTH OF

MEN'S AND BOYS'

Fine, Medium, and Low-Priced

CLOTHING

At Prices that defy competition.

GREATEST VARIETY EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET TO THE

RETAIL TRADE!

Overcoats } \$6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35.

DRESS AND BUSINESS COATS } \$5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35.

Vests } \$1.50, 2, 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4, 4.50, 5, 6, 7.

BOYS' Overcoats } \$1, 1.50, 2, 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4, 4.50, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35.

Sacks } \$4, 4.50, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

Pants } \$1.50, 2, 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4, 4.50, 5, 6, 7.

Vests } \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2, 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4, 4.50, 5.

Jackets } \$3, 3.50, 4, 4.50, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Grecian and Garibaldi Suits, \$3, 3.50, 4, 4.50, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Shirts and Drawers, 50 cents to \$3.00.

Cardigan Jackets, \$2.25 to \$5.

Furnishing Goods, in endless variety.

BENNETT & CO'S

One Price House,

14 & 15 Dock Square, Boston.

Please call and examine stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Sept. 25, 1888.

FALL CAMPAIGN, 1888.

JUST OPENED AT

E. ROSENFELD'S

CASH STORE.

A splendid assortment of new and desirable

Fall and Winter

GOODS,

consisting in part of Prints, De Laines, Mohairs, Poplins, Alpaccas, Tricot, Japanese Laces, Empire Cloaks, Plaids, All Wool De Laines, Serics, and Fancy Dress Goods.

CLOAKINGS,

IN BLACK AND FANCY COLORS.

Woolens, Flannels, Blankets, Demos, Stripes, Tricot, Cotton Flannels, Bleached and Unbleached Shirtings and Shosings, Crashes, Towels, Napkins, Dryers, Laces, Bequality, Ladies' & Gents Underlinings, Shirting Flannels, Opera do.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Shawls.

Deep Skirts, Balmoral Skirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Bergman's Worsteds, Nubias, Breakfast Shawls, Hoodis, Corsets,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Crockery & Glass Ware,

POCKET and TABLE CUTLERY,

CARPETS.

Wool, Stone, Hoop, Oil & Hair.

HOUSE PAPER,

CURTAINS, CURTAIN FIXTURES

and a great many other goods, too numerous to mention, all of which will be

SOLD AT SUCH LOW PRICES

As to ensure immediate sale.

E. ROSENFELD,

South Weymouth.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!

A NEW & ATTRACTIVE STOCK

OF

Fall Millinery

THE GREAT STOVE OF THE AGE.



S. W. PRATT, Agent for the Peeries State, Weymouth.

WEYMOUTH Photograph Gallery.

L. W. COOK

MAKES this opportunity to inform his friends that he has just received from the Peeries State, Weymouth, a new and improved...

Special attention paid to copying from old documents, Ambrotypes, etc.

LEMUEL W. COOK, PHOTOGRAPHER

New Cook Store.

NEW PATENT, FIRST CLASS COOK STORE.

THE CLARION, A SLENDID BAKER.

WE are now the best of the kind in the State, and we are prepared to supply the public with the most perfect...

Weymouth Market.

WILLIS & WORSTER, Precision & Grocery Store.

Weymouth Drug Store.

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MILLINERY.

NEW FALL MILLINERY TRIMMING GOODS.

Also the finest kind of card pictures taken at reasonable prices.

Weymouth Photograph Rooms.

B. E. SLAW, DEALER IN FAMILIAR GROCERIES.

Flour and Grain, Seasonable Dry Goods.

Shoe Findings and Shoe Tools.

Farming Tools, Garden Seeds, &c.

Weymouth Photograph Rooms.

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Shoe Findings and Shoe Tools.

Farming Tools, Garden Seeds, &c.

FOR SALE AT MONATQUOT WHARVES.

EAST BRAINTREE, ALL kinds of Pine and Spruce Lumber.

HARD PINE AND SPRUCE FLOOR BOARDS.

PLAIED AND JOINTED.

Pine & Spruce Clapboards.

And Shingle of all kinds.

LATHS AND PICKETS.

St. Johns Pine Lumber.

MICHIGAN & BURLINGTON SHEATHING AND SHELVING.

HENRY GARDNER, AGENT.

MONATQUOT STEAM MILL.

Having built a new Steam Planing Mill on the wharf in East Braintree, customers can have their lumber dressed as they want it.

Frames to order, OF ANY SIZE, WITH DESPATCH.

DOORS AND SASH, OF ALL SIZES.

Door Frames and Window Frames, OF ALL SIZES.

Doors & Sash made to Order.

HENRY GARDNER, AGENT.

R. A. SLOAN, UPHOLSTERER AND FURNITURE REPAIRER.

ALSO, DEALER IN FURNITURE of all kinds.

Shades and Curtains made and put up.

MATRASSES made and put up.

Cor. Broad St. & Lincoln Square, Weymouth Landing.

Something New - THE BICKFORD PATENT FAMILY Knitting Machine.

WILL knit eighteen inches of work in a minute from the current yarn to the finest worsted and all kinds of cotton. A stocking can be commenced and finished in the machine, giving it a great superiority over all others.

THE BICKFORD MACHINE in the front affords convenience for keeping dishes, when after they are cooked, in short, this machine is a great convenience.

Important Invention - Improvement in Weather Strips.

THE subscriber takes this method to introduce the best improvement in weather strips ever offered to the public.

O. B. SCHOFIELD'S PATENT Adjustable Rubber Weather Strips.

For the Bottom and Sides of Boats and Windows, and for all other purposes.

Ladies' Supporters.

Abdominal Bandages.

Trusses!

Something New and Convenient.

MRS. TUCK.

Wanted, Experienced Crocheters and Knitters.

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A. L. Bryant & Co's Column, ADVERTISING AGENTS.

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American Pearl Soap.

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.

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New and Desirable Goods!

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Collars, Sets, Hats, Barbs and Cutures, Paris Fashion, and all the latest styles.

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TEAS! TEAS! From 25 to 50 Cents per lb. Saved.

Our 25 cent Tea is very choice, and customers will find it as good, or better, than any 25 cent Tea sold in Boston.

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PIQUANTS.

Waste Basket—Panders.

The big injin of America—Ingenuity.

Ma, make Bill be happy—every time I hit him on the head he hollers.

Nahy says that Johnson is still the Moses he claimed to be, as he has only changed his Israelites.

Anybody can tell where lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man to find out where it is going to strike next time—this is one of the differences between learning and wisdom.

A burglar in Waterbury, the other night, jumped into a basement window and landed in a barrel of soft soap.

An Atlanta paper, speaking of Florida, says, There are also numerous small lakes of pure water, filled with fish, some of which are only a few rods in extent, while others are from two to ten miles in length.