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Weymouth Gazette

BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. XXIV.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., JULY 4, 1890.

NO. 12.

The Weymouth Gazette.

Every Friday

C. G. EASTERBROOK,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

DR. W. L. ROBERTS,

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Diseases and Deformities

Mouth and Teeth.

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CANNED AND BOTTLED GOODS.

Fresh Vegetables of all kinds in their season.

FRESH EGGS AND CHOICE BUTTER A SPECIALTY.

He hopes by fair prices and square dealing to merit a share of public patronage.

FETTERED.

BY MISSIE QUINN.

In Cheyenne's early days, the sheriff was one of the most important personages in the country. In fact, he still holds a conspicuous position in most cities of the vigorous, impetuous West.

Some years ago Sheriff Black of Cheyenne was much annoyed by the persistence and determination of sundry suitors for the hand of his fair daughter, Miss Helen.

As is always the case in the mining districts, the male population far outnumbered the gentler sex, and Miss Helen, who was a handsome brunette, would have been a belle among far severer critics than the youths of Cheyenne.

She had graduated in St. Louis, and besides being a gifted musician, was a devout worshipper of nature, and fond of out-door exercise.

Almost any fine evening in summer, a passer-by might hear her light mezzio voice accompanying her guitar to some ringing "Ballad of the Plains."

Unconscious was she of the fact that the melody floated out from the shrines of the cottonwood trees, and mingled with the broad, effulgent moonlight, and that many a luckless youth dated a hopeless love from the first evening when he had dropped in to help the sheriff and the old servant in making an audience.

Miss Helen cared little for the admiration of men, but accepted it as a matter of course, having been brought up among them. She enjoyed herself in a fashion of her own, with her books, guitar, sketch-book and her spirited horse, Wilshire.

Two of her lovers, however, seemed to gain more favor than the rest. In fact, popular opinion was puzzled as to which would win.

One of these was a tall, athletic young Westerner, who was as bright and vigorizing of presence as the air he breathed, and in whose clear, blue eyes not a shadow of deceit was visible. Handsome, for true, but so sturdily and independent that he impressed one as a young giant.

He was an ardent geologist, could analyze a "fossil" as well as an expert, loved his mountains and worshipped—Miss Helen.

But with all his devotion Joe was a discreet young fellow, and held his curly head up in defiance of mankind in general and his rival in particular, and he had never let the fair Helen feel too sure of her conquest.

The aforesaid rival was a wealthy young mine-owner from Chicago—a tall, coney by the term, "a polished gentleman." He had laughed heartily when, on departing for his new home, his Chicago friends had jokingly predicted that he would lose his heart to some western beauty. But here he was, eager to lay his fate and fortune at the feet of the sheriff's queenly daughter.

One bright, breezy day in September, Helen canted off soon after dinner with her sketching materials, ostensibly to make some sketches of the autumn scenery, but really to commune with Nature, the only mother she had ever known, and to decide what she should give to the morrow to her wealthy lover, who that day had asked her to be his wife. She had told him that she must read her own heart before she could answer, and he hoped for a favorable reply.

Joe had been offended by one of her last speeches a week before. They were talking about Russell, and she had asserted somewhat warily that she knew of no one whose society she preferred. As soon as the impulsive words were spoken she repented, but Joe rode away with a look in his blue eyes that had haunted her ever since.

Somehow, Joe's haughty head, flung back like a stag at bay, kept looming up before her mental vision, when duty demanded that she be thinking of Russell and his flattering offer.

The hours wore on, and so preoccupied was she that she did not observe the heavy clouds that were rolling black and massive down the mountain sides.

Suddenly a large drop plashed in her face, and she looked about her in alarm. A heavy equinoctial storm seemed almost upon her.

Wildfire sprang forward at the touch of the whip, and literally flew in the direction of the house.

The great clouds came rolling over the hills like giant armies clad in mist. Thunder and sharp, vivid lightning followed, and then the deluge!

Wildfire dashed on until they came to the creek, and then the girl drew back in dismay!

After the trumpet comes the calm; After the woe the healing balm; After the shower the bright sunshine; After hard toil the yielding mine; After the planting the tender shoot; After the growing the harvest fruit; After long fast reflection deep; After long watching the blessed sleep.

So runs the mixture of sorrow and song That checks this life as he hurries along; So runs the record of good and of ill; So runs the story of weakness and will. But when 'tis viewed in philosophy's light, The grand sum is perfect—the average right; For evil comes at last, and our joys and our woes Are ended alike in eternal repose.

—[Francis S. Smith in New York Weekly.

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The creek was a foaming torrent and she could not see the bridge!

Suddenly, she heard a man's voice shouting to her, and in a few minutes Joe, on his long little mule, was beside her. He wore a buffalo overcoat, and threw a large cloak of her own about her shoulders. She did not wait to ask how he happened to come for her. She forgot that he was angry and hurt. She reached out her firm, white hand and caught Joe's extended fingers, and side by side the two horses were galloping across the bridge.

They galloped home in silence, and when they reached there and Helen stepped into the friendly shelter of the broad veranda, she noted the fact that Joe led both horses to the stable and put them up.

Half an hour later, Joe, arrayed in Judge Black's dressing gown and slippers (articles brought by Miss Helen from the East), was explaining to the rosy, demure young mistress of the house that her father had been suddenly called to the next town, and might not return before early morning. "He asked me to keep a sort of lookout over the place, and when I rode over to ask you, I invited me to tea, and found you gone; I hastened after you," he said.

"If I am intruding, Miss Nellie, why just give the word and I'll go." Helen assured him, in a constrained sort of way, that she was glad of company, and went out to prepare the little supper herself, for in those days servants were rare in the West.

After supper, in an awkward pause of the conversation, Joe took up a little case from the table, and began examining its contents—a bright, new pair of hand-loufs.

"They were a new kind, just from the East, and Helen began explaining the spring lock which opened with a skeleton key."

Somehow, one of the hands was on Joe's wrist, as she slipped the other bright circlet over her firm white hand, when lo, the lock snapped, and they were locked together.

Helen blushed crimson and commenced searching for the key in nervous haste.

But no key was to be found. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her. The key was in her father's pocket, and she was on the other side of Crow Creek, which was now a foaming torrent and dangerous to cross in the storm and darkness.

She tried to smile and treat the matter lightly, but it was just the ghost of a smile, and it was a very doleful smile that said: "I am afraid, Mr. Gordon, that we must break the lock. Father has the key."

Joe felt tempted to indulge in a hearty laugh over their present situation, but a glance at the distressed face across the table colored his mirth. A great throbbing of sorrow came over him. If he loved her she would not care so much.

He gazed at the shining fetters on her wrists so long and so earnestly that Helen lifted her eyes wonderingly and dropped them again.

What woman ever failed to read the story that she saw in the honest blue depths of her humble young giant's eyes?

Her confusion encouraged Joe, but there was almost a tremor in his voice as he laid his great brown hand over her fettered one and said softly: "Nell, if you only loved me I would believe that it was fate that bound us together. I would take it as an omen that fate would grant me my dearest wish. But, Nellie, I dare not hope."

The girl looked up slowly into her lover's eyes, looked steadily, though she still saw that look in them: "Joe," she said, "it is fate."

The cool and cultured Mr. Russell would have marvelled had he seen "that queenly girl" sobbing for very joy on Joe Gordon's shoulder, and perhaps he would have marvelled still more had he known that at that moment the thought of him and his millions did not once enter her mind.

When the judge returned in the gray of the morning he found an interesting picture.

The lamp still burned in the corner, and the fire was smoldering away. On the broad lounge by the fireplace sat Helen and her lover. She had fallen asleep from sheer weariness and Joe sat like a statue, lest he might disturb the fair sleeper whose cheek was so near his own.

The old gentleman's face was a study. When the truth dawned upon him he flung himself into the nearest chair and gazed until he waked the echoes—twice Miss Helen.

She was at first bewildered by her novel position, but soon remembered the true situation and clasped into silence, leaving Joe to tell the story.

"And now, judge," concluded he, "may you lose these fetters with the understanding that they will soon be replaced by more enduring ones. I must not let my prisoner escape."

Helen's father had always liked young Gordon, and his blessing was forthcoming.

The announcement of the approaching nuptials gave Mr. Russell a conclusive answer, and he settled up his affairs in short order and returned East.

The old judge used to tell with great gusto how Gordon won his petticoat and how gracefully she wore her fetters after she was won.—[Atlanta Constitution.

How One Hears.

Strangers visiting Washington have been heard to remark that it seemed to them more deaf people were to be found here than they had ever met in any other city. It is astonishing how few persons actually of defective hearing have any notion of the structure of the ear. The membrane stretched across the interior passage and called the "drum" merely serves to catch and transmit the vibrations, like the diaphragm in a telephone. In contact with this drum is the extremity of a little bone, which little bone is connected with a second little bone, while the second bone is hinged on a third little bone, all working together like levers, in order to increase the power of the vibrations acting upon the drum. The inner end of the third little bone comes into contact with a second drum, which is the wall of a receptacle filled with liquid.

A sound from without causes a vibration of the drum; the vibration is communicated through the three little bones and causes a series of pressures upon the wall of the liquid-filled receptacle. The element of the auditory nerve floating in the liquid are agitated by the vibration thus communicated; the auditory nerve conveys the impression to the brain, and thus it is we hear. To our notion all creation is filled with sounds, whereas in reality what we conceive to be sounds are but vibrations of the air and presumably the universe is in fact one illimitable silence.—[Washington Star.

A Land of Executions.

Great Britain is, above all others, a hanging country, according to statistics given in the London Times.

This is shown by some opportune leaflets containing official statistics and reports circulated by the Howard Association. From these papers it is ascertained that during the decade 1879-1888 inclusive, 145 of 229 persons condemned to death were hanged, the number including nine women.

Italy no executions have taken place since 1876; in Belgium none since 1863; in Holland none since 1860; in Portugal none since 1843-44 Germany and Austria capital punishment is still in force, but it is resorted to with the utmost reluctance. France might almost be placed in the same category, for of 683 persons arraigned for capital crimes in 1887 (the latest return available), only twenty-eight were condemned to death, and of these only six were executed.

Pure Diamonds Are Rare.

About nine-tenths of the diamonds offered for sale are of color; that is, they have color in them. Ten per cent. only are absolutely white. The difference in the color makes the difference in the price of the stones. For instance, a fancy-colored diamond is more valuable than the white stones. Diamonds of this kind are called fancy stones. When set together they make a beautiful contrast. There is no special fashion in diamonds. Much depends on individual taste. Necklaces are now worn a good deal and a good many pieces are made up with small diamonds combined with colored stones. Sapphires, opals, rubies and emeralds find a ready and an extensive market.

A fine rub, weighing from two to three carats, is worth more than a diamond. Fine emeralds are always as high-priced as the diamond.—[Chicago Post.

Meaning of a Queer Title.

There are three grades of pashas distinguished by the number of horse tails on their standard. "In war the horse tail standard is carried before the pasha and planted in front of his tent. The highest rank of pashas are those of three tails; the grand vizier is always ex-officio such a pasha. Pashas of two tails are governors of provinces; it is one of these officers that we mean when we speak of a pasha in a general way. A pasha of one tail is a sanjak or lowest of provincial governors. (The word pasha is the Persian pa, support of Shah, the ruler.)"

Scarlet Hunting Coats.

The origin of the use of the scarlet hunting coat in the hunting field has never been satisfactorily explained and various theories have been proffered to account for the adoption of that color. According to some, scarlet was worn in the hunting field because it could be seen at a distance. Another explanation is that an English military officer, staying at a country house, lost his baggage, and appeared in the hunting field in his regimentals. Many authorities maintain that it was adopted after the House of Hanover introduced scarlet as the royal livery.—[New York Press.

A Mammoth Watch.

There are some big things in this town which are overlooked by the thousands of persons every day. Among them is a watch in the window of Park row jeweler. It is a specimen of a large number of the same kind manufactured for the Philadelphia centennial. This mammoth timepiece is one and a quarter inches thick and nearly three inches across the face. It weighs nine ounces.—[New York Star.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

HOW TO TREAT A COIT.

When you have caught a coit to let you mount and lead him, take him out into the yard and let him stand still or walk, as he pleases. In starting him don't send him off with a rush, but pull him gently to one side with a horizontal rein. If he does not guide, you have mounted him too soon. If he walks quietly, get off his back and lead him a mile away from home, and then return him and ride him home at a walking pace. Do not at first attempt to ride him away from his home, as it will inevitably lead to a fight.—[Commercial Advertiser.

IMPORTANT POINTS IN EGG PRODUCTION.

With careful management there is none of our small industries that is more profitable than raising eggs for our city markets. When eggs alone are desired the fowls selected should be Leghorns, white-faced Black Spanish, Minorcas or other laying breeds. Avoid the common mistake of giving too much stimulating food. Bear in mind the elements that enter into the composition of an egg and feed accordingly. Oats, wheat and barley are all good for eggs, with just enough corn to supply a proper degree of heat. A sudden change from one kind of grain to another will often stop hens from laying for a short time, as will sudden change of any feed. Whole corn, being hard to digest, should be given very sparingly to laying pullets. Supplement the food of laying hens with an occasional relish of ground bone, chopped meat and charcoal.—[New York World.

REPAIRING ROADS ON HILLY LAND.

Roads may be repaired at any time, except when they are saturated with water. Drains, either on the surface or under it, are a most effective means of repair. In hilly localities broken stones are most useful for making repairs. Waterlaid roads of broken stone will be permanent, as they will not be cut through and channels thus made to wash out and damage the road. Culverts paved with broken stone are not washed out, and stay where they are put. The most effective way to use the stone is to lay large pieces where they are to stay and break them there with an eight-pound steel hammer. This pounds the rock together and makes it very solid and firm. A few mill of a large saw-mill, set on a foundation of rock thus broken, on a very soft ground, has not moved or sunk perceptibly to a level during two years; and for foundations of this kind there is no better material than this.—[American Agriculturist.

SHIPPING EGGS.

This season has been a very busy one in the egg business, farmers and breeders shipping eggs in large numbers to customers for hatching.

The packing of eggs has considerable to do with the hatching on arrival at destination. Of course freshness is also very important, and a good, close sifter as well. Baskets square or round made of either chip or willow are considered the best; the former are much the cheaper and consequently more largely used. They are of different sizes to hold from one to six dozen; more than this number are usually sent in an egg crate.

The filling of the basket should be soft material; bran or fine chaff are both good and largely used. The eggs are wrapped in tissue paper and placed in rows with a space between each egg, and this space filled with the chaff or bran packed tightly. A layer of bran is covered over the first layer of eggs, and another lot of eggs goes in as the first was. Care should be taken to evenly pack each egg so that none are broken in transit. Eggs will carry any distance if packed in this way.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.

MANAGE FOR MILKERS.

After you have brushed the under clean milk the cow as fast as you can and milk her clean to the last drop.

If more than one milker is employed do not converse. You or he will have to stop and ask, "What do you say?" If you are musically inclined you may hum in a low tone. The cow will like it and commence ruminating.

Never drive milk cows or fattening stock faster than a walk.

You have no need of a dog in bringing the cattle home from pasture. Do not allow or force milk cows to drink ice-cold water.

Your cows will certainly fall off in their milk unless housed in a warm stable during inclement or very cold weather.

If you desire your cows to do their best at the pail, give them a change of food as often as possible.

To sell milk pay's better than to make it into butter and cheese and sell it as solids.

If your cow is in heat and has been served keep her confined away from the herd.

If you sell milk breed into it Ayrshires or Holsteins. If you make butter for sale breed into the Channel Island cow. Never sell a heifer calf to the butcher if it is possible for you to raise it.

When ready used, the carry-cow and bush are just as needed for milk cows as they are for horse farms.

Sixty cents will buy a pair of rubber shoes. Buy a pair and wear them while you are at your stable cleaning. Before you enter your dwelling or milk-room leave the rubbers in an outhouse. Then the mud will not need to hold her nose to avoid taking in the odors of the barnyard.—[Chicago Times.

DON'T HIDE A GOOD HORSE TO DEATH.

A willing horse should never be overworked. This good old adage applies to many things besides horses. The free-growing vegetable plants of the garden, which once well set last a lifetime, as rhubarb and asparagus, are especially subject to this reasonable and safe management. Both of these plants are now the mainstay of the housewife eager to set before her hungry household such healthful and agreeable food as the early season affords, and consequently she cuts these vegetables as close as she can. But plants can be overworked as much as animals can.

The roots are actively at work gathering food and distributing it to every stem and leaf. But plants must breathe as well as feed. The food is prepared for assimilation and growth of tissue in a plant by means of all taken in by the leaves, quite as much as in an animal. Plants are smothered and suffocated for want of air, by overcrowding by other plants which obstruct

The books will be ready for delivery on the Saturday following the issue of the Gazette containing the list.

Abbott, Mary. Alesia. 41c. 50.

Appleton, L. G. Co. Annals of the Republic. 1.00.

Booth, H. B. Bonnet. 25c. 50c.

Calder, S. L. The life of the late Rev. Dr. J. C. Estlin. 1.00.

Dooley, Sarah. The heart's desire, a story of old times. 1.00.

Ewart, H. C. True and noble women. 1.00.

Carlin, John. The life of the late Rev. Dr. J. C. Estlin. 1.00.

Victoria. Prince Albert, Mrs. Fitz. 1.00.

Wells, Mrs. M. The life of the late Rev. Dr. J. C. Estlin. 1.00.

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Supper Banquet.

The Century Club of Weymouth tendered a complimentary banquet to Mr. Gilman C. Fisher last Tuesday evening at the Century Club.

Since the supposed to be mad dog was shot on Broad street last week, there has been much anxiety among parents, and the question "Ain't the dog going to be crazed this year?" is often asked.

A painter remarked the other day, "No soap that I have ever used will remove the dirt and grease from a coat of paint."

Jack Fogarty tumbled into the Cranberry pond last week, while fishing. He was pulled out by Mr. Cole uninjured.

Clinton H. Kilder, who has lately purchased a new automobile, is making his first course of music lessons, July 1st, under the direction of Herman Lord.

Mrs. Martha Gannett who has been quite sick is slowly recovering. The G. A. R. hall is being refitted with fresco, paper, ornamental and brilliant, and waiting for the arrival of the new hall and a new carpet for the ante-room.

At the Baptist Church, the subject of the sermon, Sunday afternoon, by Rev. W. L. Whitman, was "The resurrection of the dead."

Mrs. Mary A. Bicknell, who is quite feeble at an advanced age, has been in bed for several weeks. She is now able to sit up in bed.

Rev. C. H. Tower, a former pastor of the Baptist Church here, has been invited to give a series of lectures on the effects of a gripe, and his parish in Randolph have given him a vacation until September for recuperation.

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BRIEFS.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Rhines and Miss Helen Rhines have arrived home from a visit to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frank Glover is in town on a visit. Since the supposed to be mad dog was shot on Broad street last week, there has been much anxiety among parents, and the question "Ain't the dog going to be crazed this year?" is often asked.

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EAST WEYMOUTH.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Wednesday evening of Tuesday, in Temperance Hall, at 7 o'clock.

William Gray, with the aid of Arthur B. Grover, has trimmed the lawn in Jackson square very nicely.

A Miss Moore, of Washington, has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Evans, for a few days.

Z. L. Bicknell Hose Co. kept open house the night before the Fourth, and all callers were treated to lemonade and cigars.

D. M. Easton has returned from his trip to Enos, N. H. He reports that he is having a very enjoyable outing.

Harrison Moulton lost one of his express boxes a few days ago. Ward's team conveyed him to the home yard.

The innumerable lights which are annually awaited here, are still absent, and Major Hart will receive the enormous of our residents by early attention to it.

The Athens school building is to be painted and put in thorough repair. This Friday morning the Cressents, of Weymouth, on the Main and Chestnut streets, will be in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Newton will spend the Fourth at New Bedford. Last Sunday a four-horse load of head-logs from Hyde Park drove into town and were unloaded at the depot.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Brush are being congratulated on the birth of a 14 lb. boy Monday.

Mr. Irvin M. Norcross, of Chelsea, the newly engaged Sup't of Weymouth schools, was in town Tuesday, the guest of ex-Supt Fisher.

Those who are waiting to invest money in real estate at East Weymouth should attend the auction sale by our correspondent on Tuesday evening, July 2, at 7 o'clock, of the property of Martin Dolan, on Lake st.

Five tons are pitched at Keen's shipyard near Hunt's hill, a large number of orphan children from Boston being there, in charge of Mrs. E. H. Carter, who is having a very enjoyable outing.

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SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

After the high school graduation exercises held last Thursday evening, there was a collision between one of the coaches waiting at the depot and a private carriage. The horses were uncontrolled, and a crowd of waiting for the chairman of the School Board, and started for North Weymouth without consulting with the driver, and in consequence, came in contact with a cart carrying driving towards Columbia square.

The accident took place near Dr. Tower's, and the occupants of the carriage were tipped on their heads, no serious injury happened to anyone.

It is a pleasure to ride or walk through Main or Front street down to Nash's Corner and note the interest that citizens are taking in their lawn and sidewalk. It will not be long before fences in that locality will be a thing of the past, and the long exposure of broad sidewalk will be expected to be made to the other side.

Mr. E. R. Downs, who acts in the capacity of high school principal, parish clerk, secretary of the Weymouth Club, Wednesday Night Club, and every other office, is a correspondent of the Citizen and general promoter of public enterprises of every kind.

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The Official Reports of the United States Government, 1889, Canadian Government, 1889, New Jersey Commission, 1889, Ohio Food Commission, 1887, prove that Cleveland's is THE STRONGEST

of all the pure cream of tartar baking powders. Ammonia or alum powder, whatever their strength, should be avoided as injurious.

As a town meeting will be held in April 1896, the town voted to suspend all operations on the water works and as that vote is still on the books the citizens will be asked at the town meeting, next Tuesday evening, to rescind that vote so that the water works may be enabled to lay pipes where they are needed.

Mr. Hayden, the gardener at Cushing's, has been here for some time, and is engaged in a week's chipping trip along the North Shore in the "Oz."

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Mr. Hayden,

A Quick Dose

Weymouth's Ginger... A Quick Dose... Weymouth's Ginger...

Weymouth Gazette, BRAINTREE REPORTER.

VOL. XXIV.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., JULY 11, 1890.

NO. 13.

The Weymouth Gazette.

Every Friday... C. G. EASTHERBROOK, Weymouth, Mass.

DR. W. L. ROBERTS,

(SPECIALTIES) Diseases and Deformities of the Mouth and Teeth.

17 Washington St., Weymouth. (House formerly occupied by Dr. Pierce.)

Arthur M. Raymond, PIANO-FORTE Tuner, Regulator, & Repairer.

Sixteen years experience with Woodward & Lothrop, Boston.

William Carde, BLACKSMITH

Washington Square, Weymouth. HORSE-SHOEING - A SPECIALTY.

R. V. MERCHANT

Beys leave to inform the citizens of Weymouth and vicinity that he is now prepared to make up

CLOTHING

LATEST STYLES, And from the best Foreign and Domestic Goods.

Perfect Fit IN ALL CASES.

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

Dr. Lucy W. Tuck, Chronic Diseases A SPECIALTY.

Office - No. 2 Park Square, corner Boylston Street, Weymouth, Mass.

FORD & MCCORMECK, Funeral Undertakers.

Office - Washington Sq., Weymouth.

JOHN M. HART, Carriage & Sign Painter

All branches of Carriage Painting done in a thorough and practical manner.

WEYMOUTH SAVINGS BANK.

Henry A. Nash, President. Chas. T. Crane, Treasurer.

DR. W. R. SAWYER, DENTIST.

100 TREMONT ST., BOSTON. At Independence Square, South Weymouth, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

DOG

ON MUST UNDERSTAND.

Book

OF ALL SPECIES.

Violin Instruction.

James T. Hunt, Pupils of Bernard Listeman, is prepared to receive Pupils on the Violin.

NOBLE MORSE, ATTORNEY.

Will give particular attention to the sale of Real Estate and Personal Property.

CITIZENS' MARKET

Jackson Sq., East Weymouth

C. W. Rice

Has constantly on hand a full line of first quality

BEEF, PORK, LARD, HAM, CANNED AND BOTTLED GOODS.

Fresh Vegetables of all kinds in their season.

FRESH EGGS AND CHOICE BUTTER A SPECIALTY.

Is broken by fair prices and square dealing to merit a share of public patronage.

HAY

Just received a vessel of good EASTERN HAY.

J. F. SHEPPARD & SONS, DEALERS IN COAL WOOD AND HAY.

Orders by Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 931.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Measles and Whooping Cough.

THE Board of Health, Weymouth, Mass., will hold its regular meeting on Monday, July 15th, at 7 o'clock P. M.

MEETINGS OF THE Selectmen & Overseers of the Poor

The Selectmen of Weymouth will be in session at the TOWN HOUSE EVERY MONDAY.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

At ALL OTHER HOURS At Residence on Water Street.

JOHN A. RAYMOND, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS.

10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 5 p. m.

RAY'S STATE GUITARS

At ALL OTHER HOURS At Residence on Water Street.

G. Pacini, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in NATIVE & TROPICAL FRUITS.

Cigars, Tobacco, etc., etc. WASHINGTON SQUARE, WEYMOUTH, MASS.

MRS. T. C. MELLETT, FLORIST.

FRONT ST., WEYMOUTH.

Choice Cut Flowers, Bouquets, Wreaths, Crosses, Etc.

Orders by mail or telegraph filled at short notice.

TIRRELL & SONS, Carriage Manufacturers.

HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

Has the best line of Carriages at any Warehouse, ever shown in Quincy or Weymouth.

JOBBING OF ALL KINDS

Neatly and quickly done at short notice and reasonable prices.

Telephone No. 9767.

LOUIS A. COOK, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

SO. WEYMOUTH & ABINGTON OFFICES.

Where Summer Bides.

Down through the mountain's silver haze, Drown through the song-thrilled wooded ways.

And amidst the meadow's drenched grass, The feet of summer swiftly pass.

"Stay! stay!" the yearning mountains cry, "Stay! stay!" the drowsy grasses sigh.

But on and on the sweet quest fire, With wind-blown hair and wide still eyes, On, on, until her eager feet, Alas! amidst the yellow wheat.

—(Lacy E. Tiley in Harper's Weekly.)

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

BY MAY KENDALL.

It was a lovely May morning, a morning on which even the life of an omnibus conductor seemed endurable.

Besides, the particular car for which Archy Johnston worked had been infected by socialistic principles, to the extent of only employing their hands from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m., and giving them, as a rule, the alternate Sundays. So that, as things went, he might be considered well off.

Better off, at all events, than the pale young man who, as Andy completed his arrangements before starting, he called him, with a melancholy groan, for the curbstone. For this pale young man, whose name was Warner, by special permission of the omnibus, to whom a benevolent citizen had appealed on Warner's behalf, came every morning at 7 o'clock to see if there was a conductor of work, and, if there was, to take his place on the omnibus.

For the last month he had presented himself regularly, and the men had come to know and have a kindly feeling toward him; but in that month he had only been on duty seven days. This fact inevitably raised the question as to what Warner did with himself when no vacancies occurred. He did not look as if he did anything very remunerative.

Archy's omnibus started last, and he had two or three minutes to spare; so, being a sociable young fellow, he crossed over to speak to Warner, who, for his part, responded with an anxious good-will in which, if Archy had known, there was a certain undercurrent of penitence. The fact was, Warner had just been thinking, as he sat on the omnibus roll away, and realizing with a sigh that all men were on duty—"What if one of them were to die, and he were taken on as a permanent hand?"

He did not in any way appeal for pity, and yet the few facts Archy drew from him were an appeal to any one conversant with the city. He lived a mile away, 24 Dilk street, an address that haggard curiosity in Archy's memory. He had been a carpenter, and comfortably off, but now he was hopelessly out of work, and, with his wife and their young child, had been living low for some time.

"We feel most, you see," he said in his patient way, "for the child." Then he checked himself, as if he had said too much, and added quite hopefully, "But it's a long lane that has no turning, isn't it?"

No more passed between them just then, for the conductor's time was up. But the next morning, as Archy contemplated the depressed-looking figure, again, a sudden impulse seized him.

"Can you take my place today?" he said, accosting Warner; "I'm awfully anxious to have the day, but I can't risk getting sacked."

Warner's face beamed. "I told Janet this morning," he said, as he followed Archy, "I'd a feeling I should be in luck today."

"It's just here," said Archy, staring straight before him. "I'm thinking of going down into the country for a day or two—or maybe more—I can't exactly tell, not being on the spot, how long I may require to stay. And it would be a load off my mind to know my place wouldn't be snipped up."

"I'll keep it for you," said Warner energetically, "and give it up to you when you come back; for it's a queer thing, as I know, to be thrown out of work. And I'm sure I hope you'll have a pleasant journey. Beautiful down in the country this time of year, isn't it?"

"Ah!" said Archy. "Yes, the country's a fine place, especially, as you say, about this time of the year."

He grasped Warner's hand, and turned away. After all, he had done nothing remarkable; and yet, such was the serene benignity of his tone and manner, that for a moment Warner stood stock-still on the pavement, staring after him.

Archy went back to his lodgings; but he could not rest there, and soon went out again. He found himself wondering what Warner's wife and child were like, and it struck him that as he had nothing else to do, he would go round by Dilk street.

It was a small street of tiny, jerry-built houses, with their numbers inscribed very legibly on the doors, so that Archy had no difficulty in recognizing 24. There was a brown blind over the lower half of the window; but Archy's tall head rose above it, and as he passed he glanced furtively in, as if it were a crime. It was a small bare room, with no furniture but a deal table, a box or two, and an old rocking-chair drawn up to the hearth, whose fire had gone out. On that rocking-chair a girl was sitting, with a baby in her arms, rocking

slowly to and fro, and singing wearily, over and over again, "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet."

A mere girl she looked, but very wasted, and her cheeks had not a tinge of color; and yet it was out of the sweetest faces, Archy thought, that he had ever seen. If this was Warner's wife, perhaps he was a lucky fellow after all.

He wondered if there was anything to eat in the house. She did not look as if there was. But, for the life of him, he dared neither ask her, nor order anything to be sent from the nearest provision dealer; and though he thought of all kinds of expedients for getting a shilling inside the door, that should look as if it belonged to one of them, and had been mislaid, none of them were feasible. If it had been dusk, he thought, scanning the water-spout with a critical eye, he might have clambered on the roof and dropped the shilling down the chimney. He was nearly as tall as the house already, and he could climb like a sailor. But it was broad daylight, and at last—he had been lounging all this time in front of a small grocer's shop close by—the rumpled away in despair, reflecting that, after all, Warner had had a day's work on Monday, and it was only Wednesday. He would go now into some other quarter of the city, and look for work himself. For what, Well, yes. It was hardly that he consciously made up his mind to do so. But that was what he did.

It was a month later, and Archy had not gone back to his old position. Neither, however, had he found regular work. If he had gone to the right quarters, it may be said of course, he might have found it. Archy stood, indeed, for a moment outside the doors of the general relief committee, but there the beautiful probability of his story of having a place as omnibus conductor that he had not been dismissed from, and yet could not go back to, owing to having heard a white-faced girl through a window, singing the "Meeting of the Waters," released his thoughts, and he turned away.

But it was not a cheery laugh. Though he had given up his old lodging and been sleeping where he could, the few pennies he contrived to earn were not enough to keep him, and for weeks he had not had a hearty meal. A dull despair was creeping over him; and he tramped blindly on, asking for work, till he fancied that the officials at different establishments were looking on him with suspicion, as one whom they had refused before. And all the time he knew that he might go back to his old place. Warner would give it up without a murmur, or a grudge; he was that kind of fellow. Then he fancied Warner going home to tell his wife the news, and then he fell to wondering how they were getting on. He fancied he would go and see.

That day, when Warner's omnibus stopped at the end of the route, he seizes the rattle and shakes it violently, starting very hard at the crying child. "Then wraps it in the skin again, and so goes on, crying, the news, when I painted, rattled at and stared at, and again it cries. This is done four times, and then the cure is considered complete. The doctor leaves the child quiet, enfolded in the warm skin, and goes his way, having received two pipefuls of tobacco as a fee. Strange to say, the child generally recovers, but it does not, the doctor gets out of the difficulty by declaring that the parents did not keep the medicine in his right hand back again. This is the only treatment six children in Patagonia are ever known to receive." —[Ladies' Home Journal.]

A Trout as a Bird Hunter.

"I was sitting on my front porch Sunday morning," said Mr. Tift to a reporter, "reading the News, when I was startled by a noise and fluttering sound that came from the side yard. I jumped and ran to the end of the porch just in time to see what was the matter, and I witnessed one of the miracles of my life. I have in the pool surrounding my fountain several fish, trout taken from the creek, and on the edges of the pool the grass grows thick. An English sparrow had alighted on the grass to get some water, and one of the fish seized the bird's wing, made a snap, and so caught him. The bird screamed and fluttered, but it was too late. When I reached the end of the porch the fish swallowed the bird and went swimming around the pool in the most satisfactory way." —[Albany (Ga.) News.]

Excused This Time.

Schoolmaster (with ominous look in her eye): "What made you so late, Robert Reed?"

Robert: "Been fighting."

Schoolmaster (advancing furiously): "You have, eh?"

Robert: "Yes, ma'am. A boyed yer wuz wuzly as home-made jam, an' I jist give it to him."

"Well, Bobby, dear, I'll have to pardon you this time, but control your temper the best you can." —[Epoch.]

Lives from hand to mouth—the dentist.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

COIN FLAVORED BY THE SOIL.

There is a great difference in the sweetness of the same kind of corn when grown on different kinds of soil. This is usually attributed to admixture of seed, but there is good reason to believe that the cause lies deeper than this. There is probably a variation in plants depending largely on what plant food they receive. A soil rich in nitrogenous and mineral fertility would naturally not produce so sweet corn as land where roots received chiefly moisture from the soil, and the plant was built up by absorbing carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere through the leaves. —(Boston Cultivator.)

HEAVY FOR CABBAGE WORMS.

The worms which are found upon cabbage are the larvae of two or three kinds of butterflies, which deposit their eggs on the leaves, chiefly on the under side, for protection from the weather. The worms when hatched gather for shelter in the heart of plants. There are several ways of preserving the cabbage from these pests. One is to dust them with plaster, either dry or mixed with a little turpentine or carbolic acid, or with Cayenne pepper or with insect powder. Where only a few plants are grown, the worms might be picked off or crushed with finger and thumb. —[New York Times.]

RAISING DUCKS.

All the farm animals worth raising are voracious feeders, and the duck especially will eat her own head off several times over if not managed with the best economy. But there is money in ducks if they are properly reared. A swampy meadow is the best run for ducks. They can be reared without any swimming place to speak of. They may be allowed to run out all the year except at laying time; then they should be shut up at night, being let out in the morning as soon as their eggs are laid. They lay about forty eggs. They find their own feed during the day all summer, but should be fed some grain when they come in at night.

Put the eggs under a hen to hatch, and to a nest. Feed the ducklings on boiled cornmeal and oatmeal, with chopped onions and green food, every two hours, and plenty of clean water to drink. A duck is a most producing machine, and this must be kept in mind. A pair of fat, young roosters, three months old, is a feast for the gods. A duck at this age will weigh four pounds, and should then be marketed. —[New York Herald.]

A Patagonian Child Doctor.

When a child in Patagonia is sick, a messenger is despatched for the doctor, and never leaves him until he comes with him. As soon as the doctor arrives, he looks at the sick child, and then with much ceremony rolls it up in a piece of skin. He then orders a clay plaster, and by this time the child has ceased crying, soothed by the warmth of the skin, and so rendering still more solid his reputation as a wise man. Yellow clay is brought and made into a thick cream with water, and the child is painted from head to foot, causing him to cry again. "The devil is still there," says the doctor sagely, and undoes two mysterious packages he carries, one contains hair shewers (ostria) and the other a rattle made of stones in a gourd decorated with feathers.

He then fingers the shewers, mattering something for a few minutes, then he seizes the rattle and shakes it violently, starting very hard at the crying child. "Then wraps it in the skin again, and so goes on, crying, the news, when I painted, rattled at and stared at, and again it cries. This is done four times, and then the cure is considered complete. The doctor leaves the child quiet, enfolded in the warm skin, and goes his way, having received two pipefuls of tobacco as a fee. Strange to say, the child generally recovers, but it does not, the doctor gets out of the difficulty by declaring that the parents did not keep the medicine in his right hand back again. This is the only treatment six children in Patagonia are ever known to receive." —[Ladies' Home Journal.]

A Queer Chicago Custom.

A red-faced young man with a long white beard, a corn-cob pipe and a long white beard, excitedly into the Central Police Station. "Say, mister," he ejaculated, addressing Desk Sergeant Codman, "I hitched up my buggy outside the City Hall a short time ago, but when I got back after doing my business I found it gone."

"Where do you come from?" asked Mr. Codman.

"Palos," was the reply.

"Well, your best chance is to hang around, keep quiet and wait for developments."

A few hours later the young man turned up again. "I swear, if you weren't right," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "I'd just went round the corner, and when I came back I found my rig hitched up just where I left it."

"That's a regular daily occurrence," said Mr. Codman.

"Frequently people, who are in a hurry and have a good deal of territory to cover calmly walk up to some rig which they see is not being watched, unlatch it, drive round town, finish their business and then take the first favorable opportunity to replace it. I suppose it's an example of western push, vim and vigor, and I think I may also say 'gall.'" —[Chicago Post.]

FAST WALKING FOR HORSE WORK.

Most horses can be trained to a more than ordinarily fast walk. One good way is to be quick and wide awake yourself. The horse (and hired man) soon becomes considerably less of them and by their striking at the bees and dodging them, when they quietly came about the horses without making any quick or hostile motions they would be unmolested.

It is said that nervous people, and such as are addicted to the use of tobacco and liquor never make successful bee-keepers. To some persons the venom of the bee is a serious poison. Such persons, of course, had better not keep bees. Generally speaking, frequent stings are the result of the nervous condition of the individual. Such a one by learning to control the nerves may become a successful bee-keeper. —[New York World.]

THE WOODEN-SHOE TRADE.

"Are there many wooden shoes sold in Cincinnati?" was the query the reporter addressed to a dealer in the article.

"There are 10,000 pairs sold annually, at an average price of 35 cents a pair."

"Where are they made?"

"In Indiana, chiefly. A solid block of poplar wood is shaped on the outside with draw-knives, and the cavity for the foot is gouged out with peculiarly shaped instruments."

"Are they warm and light?"

"Yes, more so than leather. A man with wooden shoes on his feet appears clumsy, but he is wise and feels comfortable."

"Who buys most of them?"

"Farmers, gardeners, street-car drivers and actors. For wear when the feet will be subjected to damp nothing is better, and there is nothing on earth that can equal them for making a racket when containing the nimble of a skilled clog dancer on a polished stage floor."

"When is the trade in them at its best?"

"Just at the opening of winter, when slush and mud become common." —[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

WHY PLUM.

Overhead is the bun of the wild plum. Of the ventral piece, and below the wild plum, where the alighting was shown, shows its snowy white bloom, flings its subtle perfume on the breeze. To the bees.

How they hover around, they land and hold, making their honey-sweet with a murmurous sound! And the psycbes they meet, little atoms of gold, join the frolic, and hold jubilee round the tree.

Where is May? where is Puck? Is that, arel sings From the crest of your bough That no mortal should peek? O but let us to now!— And away! Like a fly.

How the bloom and the balm And the bee and the bird, Little atoms of gold, To the heart bring a calm, To the spirit some word, More than music or word! Every flower is true, By the hum,— And the plum! —(Clinton Scollard.)

MURKOUS.

An American biz-mark—8. A clothes carriage—The laundry wagon.

Base ball men do not believe in rough diamonds. All plain sailing—Navigating a prairie schooner.

Spinsterhood is often the flirt's punishment for contempt of court.

The trouble with Justice is that she does so little besides holding her scales.

Sewing-circles are sometimes gatherings where dresses are sewed and characters ripped.

Boston ladies attend base ball games in large numbers. They are on the lookout for a good catch.

Nothing suits a cross man more than to find a button off his coat when his wife has no time to sew it on.

Young Tom (who has come to ask to be allowed to go fishing)—Now, mamma, don't say I can't, because you'll just make me disobey you.

"Wanted—reliable men," read Mrs. Bascom from the advertising columns of the paper. Then she raised her glasses upon her forehead, looked severely at her husband and remarked: "And the world'll wait a considerable number of centuries yet before it gets 'em."

Stopped His Shooting.

Now and then you will find a man who will lull and fight at the same time. Such a chap was "Lop-shouldered Bill," as we called him in Montana. He was snug, quiescent and a braggart, but he would have fought ten men as soon as one. For two years he had a revolver where he could drop his hand on it in a second, and the half dozen chaps who were looking to get the drop on him had gone on waiting. One day, however, Bill's shooter got out of repair and he gave it to a miner to be fixed. Instead of waiting for it he wandered down to a saloon where the hard 'uns congregated, and it wasn't a quarter of an hour before he set out to pick a fuss with a new arrival. He just asked to kill somebody, and when he settled the stranger into "talking back" he reached for his gun to pop him. His gun wasn't there. When Bill realized it he turned white as snow, thinking his time had come. The stranger had drawn on him, you see, and he carried a wicked look in his eyes.

"Well?" he asked, as Bill raised his hands.

"I haven't any gun."

"I see. Leave it somewhere?"

"Very careless in you. I've got the call."

"You hev."

"You are a bad man, and I ought to shoot you through the head, but I don't like this cold-blooded business. Hold up your right hand and spread out the fingers."

"Stranger, don't do it."

"Either that or I'll put six bullets into your heart! Spread!"

Bill held up his right hand and three reports followed each other like the ticking of a clock. Each finger was shot off at the first joint.

"That'll do," said the man, as he lowered his weapon. "You can't pull trigger with nothing on that hand, and before you can learn to shoot left-handed some one will bury you."

He went out and away, and Bill sent for a doctor and sat there and cried like a boy. Next day he left without a word to any of us, and we always believed he jumped off Horse Cliff into the creek, which was then on a flood. —[New York Sun.]

Insulted the Wrong Man.

"You say your brother of the young lady pulled your nose?" inquired Cholby. "What did you do? Did you resent it?"

"Wesent it?" said Freddy, the veins in his forehead swelling with indignation. "Didn't I? Bah, Jove, I told him if he ever did it again, Bah, Jove, I'd have him stewed!"

TO LET.

A FEW DESIRABLE TENEMENTS at reasonable rates. Apply to W. M. CLAPP, Weymouth, Mass., July 14, 1890.

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DR. W. L. ROBERTS, WEYMOUTH, MASS.

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So. Weymouth & Abington.

In Good Weather.

What I cannot see what possible good that can do.

When Franklin entered the office, in response to the summons, his fellow-clerk asked him to step in.

"Where did you get that five dollar bill you gave me to keep for you, Edward?"

"It was a portion of my last week's salary," replied Frank, at a loss to understand the query.

"That is some terrible mistake about this, Mr. Zimmerman," protested Archie.

"I could not tell if evening gloves, or noonday best by white and still beyond the shoulders of the road;

I only watched your face, until I knew it was the gladden day.

The sweetest day that summer knew--The time when we two stole away--And I saw only you!

—[Charles B. Going, in Scribner.

The Marked Bank Bills.

"Marshall, won't you do me the favor to keep this five dollar bill for me?"

"Why, certainly, Edward," I'll keep it for you with pleasure.

Archie turned about with flaming cheeks and trembling lips, and was in the act of leaving the office with his fellow-clerk when Mr. Ford, the junior partner, came in.

"Hello, Marshall! what is the trouble?" Mr. Ford asked, noticing Archie's unusual appearance.

"Mr. Zimmerman has accused Franklin and me of stealing, and we are discharged without an opportunity of self-defense."

"How is that, Zimmerman?" asked the junior partner.

"Simply this, Ford; both of them had marked notes in their possession, and acknowledged them to be theirs."

"Let me see the notes," said Mr. Ford.

Mr. Zimmerman handed him the marked bills, and he examined them very closely.

"I don't know, Zimmerman," he said, "those crosses look dull and blurred, as though they were part of the notes. Perhaps they are all engraved in this way."

"No they are not, rejoined his partner angrily. 'Look at these,' and taking a roll of bank-notes out of his pocket, he threw two five dollar bills carelessly over to his partner.

Mr. Ford scanned them for a moment, and then laughed heartily.

"Why Zimmerman," said he, "these are the very notes we marked."

"What?" cried the merchant, "they are the same?"

"Yes; and these of Marshall and Franklin are merely impressions of them. You know I told you to use the blotting pad when you were marking them, and you said it was unnecessary, the ink would soon dry! It did not dry and the consequence was that the imprint was left on the notes you put on top of them."

"I really believe you are right," acknowledged the senior partner, examining the four notes in turn.

"Well, Marshall, it is just this. As I told you before, we have been missing money, and took the precaution to mark some bills with a private mark in the effort to trace the guilty person.

As I passed you in the store a little while ago, I saw Franklin give you what I thought I recognized as one of those marked notes. Ah! here it is now!" continued the merchant; "and here is the mark!"

Saying this, he drew forth the note which Franklin had given Marshall, and pointed to an "X" in one corner, which had apparently been made in red ink with a quill pen.

"And here is another!" he exclaimed a moment later, as he disclosed the other note belonging to Marshall, which also bore the guilty mark.

The young clerk was too much shocked and surprised, for a time, to make any answer. His face flushed and paled by turns, but was not with emotions of guilt or fear; and he looked squarely into the merchant's face as he strove to collect his scattered thoughts.

"I cannot imagine how this can be, Mr. Zimmerman," he finally gasped.

"The first note you saw belongs to Franklin, and the other I got as part of last week's salary. Franklin can't have taken it, and he asked me to keep his five dollars for him."

"I am very sorry, Marshall," responded the merchant, "but the proof is too plain. Your resignations will be accepted, to take effect at once. Of course it will be impossible to keep you or Franklin longer in our employ after this evidence of guilt on your part."

"But you will allow me to call Edward, will you not, Mr. Zimmerman?" pleaded the young clerk.

"Oh, yes," replied his employer.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Caponing has come to be as much a part of poultry keeping for profit, or, in other words, for market, as is fattening, and is more generally practiced than is generally supposed.

The advance in value as a food product is close upon fifty per cent, and poultry raisers are asking themselves why they should not make this; that is, why, if rearing a fowl for market, they should not strive for increased weight of a quality that will bring increased price.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

It is a curious fact that while fowls are naturally subject to very few diseases, disease in the poultry yard is the greatest drawback to the success of modern poultry keepers.

For chicken cholera combine some stimulant, such as Cayenne pepper, with the food. Douglas' mixture put in the drinking water, in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint, will be found a beneficial tonic to the sick fowls and a useful preventive of disorders in the well ones.

For a decided case of cholera a strong solution of hypophosphite of soda given three times a day in teaspoonful doses is one of the standard remedies.

To prevent scaly legs dip the fowl's legs in kerosene two or three times per week.

For loss of feathers, which is due to overfeeding with heating material, such as corn and buckwheat, the natural remedy is a change of feed in which grass, cabbage and the like abound.

Fowls addicted to egg eating had better be sold. When birds begin pulling out each other's feathers they must be hunted up with fresh meat, scraps and finely powdered fresh bones.

To prevent packing of the crop, irregularity of the bowels, etc., mix a little sulphur with the food as often as once a week; supply also with gravel and coarse sand.

When soft-shelled eggs become frequent supply old plaster, lime, bone dust, crushed bones, or similar ingredients.

Use with liberal hand hot lime-wash, carbolic acid, kerosene and sulphur if you would prevent lice and other parasites in your poultry yard.

Vermis is a serious pest; once in the chicken-houses it becomes a difficult matter to expel.

By washing the house with hot lime-wash occasionally and rubbing the roosts with a mixture of kerosene and lard fowls may be kept comparatively free from vermin.

Spinkle the floor occasionally with a solution of carbolic acid two or three times during the season, and fumigate the hen-house by burning brimstone or sulphur.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Give the teams all the rest you can. Summer motto—"Pitch in, boys!"

Destroy those fence-corner snails! Beware of delays and accidents afield.

Exterminate thistles, briars and brambles.

Don't waste grass or grain in garnering.

You cannot have a good road with out good drainage.

A tight barn is better than an open one to keep hay in.

Fix your watering place so that the animals cannot foul it.

Cut early and grow a second crop of orchard grass and clover.

Half of the commercial sugar of the world is produced from beets.

Average commercial flint corn contains about eleven per cent of water.

An animal raised on the farm will not introduce disease from an outside source.

There is no danger of giving too great a variety of food, but there is danger in too small a variety.

A Loto-Jora African Despot.

The King of Dahomey is a man of education and accomplishments.

He was reared in Paris and much money was spent, and careful attention lavished upon his instruction.

But an evil hour he fell in love with a Parisian beauty, and because she would not have him the young man made up his mind that the life of a barbarian was preferable to that of a civilized and enlightened being.

He bade eternal adieu, therefore, to the classics, the arts, and the sciences, and zealously set himself to the pursuit of a barbarian career.

His most remarkable reform as King of Dahomey was to surround himself with a body-guard who rode horseback in the manner of the bow and spear, and wielded the battle-axe with singular dexterity.

His majesty has a theory that these women are better fighters than men and are more likely to be loyal to his interests.

A contingent of these amazons is to be brought to London soon and shown to the public in the French exhibition now in course of preparation in that city.

SAVES COST OF TIRE-SETTING.

I had a finer make of a pair of heavy galvanized iron four inches wide and two feet long, with the bottom curved about the same as a wheel.

To use it I dug a little trench in the ground, set it over it, all full of oil and make under it a fire of dry chips, and when the oil boils, dip a section of the wheel in so as to cover the felloe and hold it ten seconds; each wheel is revived twice in this way.

A gallon of oil treated fourteen wheels of boggy spring wagon, fairly as to time.

He only that bath clean hands should be allowed to milk a cow. I say "he" because I think the men of the farm should do all the milking, at least during the winter months.

I have exercised the right of changing my mind on that subject since I left the farm.

It is no more difficult to milk with dry hands than with them wet. It is certainly more cleanly, and leaves the milk in a much more desirable condition for table use or manufacture.

Pure stable atmosphere is indispensable to the health and well-being of cows.

Stables during the winter should have a temperature constantly within the range of from 40 to 55 degrees Fahr.

In summer time a shade should be provided in the pasture field or adjacent thereto, to protect against the bristling making influence of July and August suns.

In all the management of cows such conditions should be provided and such care given as will insure excellent health and apparent contentment.

When practicable milking should be done by the same person, with regularity as to time.

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THE RICH REDSKIN.

Chief Splitlog the Wealthiest Indian in the World.

A Strange Combination of Opulence and Ignorance.

A writer in the Denver (Col.) News says: I have just returned from a trip through Arkansas and Indian Territory, and in the course of my travels I met what I never expected to see in this world—a millionaire Indian.

I had heard of this unique personage, but was not prepared to meet such a strange combination of opulence and ignorance. He is known as Matthias Splitlog, the chief of the Wyandotte tribe, and is a powerfully built man, 5 feet 8 inches tall, with a swarthy countenance, but not the high cheek bones usually found in the Indian.

This is accounted for from the fact that Splitlog is a half-breed, having been born in Canada and afterwards adopted into the Wyandotte tribe in 1845, before its removal from Northern Ohio to the West. Splitlog is now 70 years old and cannot read or write. He speaks English imperfectly, but is a great money-getter and is constantly growing richer by the advance upon the thousands of acres of lands which he owns in Southwestern Missouri and the Indian Territory.

A story will give an idea of the old chief's manner of transacting business. About two years ago a syndicate of Kansas City capitalists purchased him to part with 140 acres of land on the Kaw bottoms between the two Kansas Cities, for \$140,000. The trade was to be completed at one of the banks on Minnesota avenue, Kansas City, Kan., at 10 o'clock on a certain morning. Promptly a few minutes before the time Splitlog walked into the bank and took a seat. He kept his eyes on the clock, and as the hands pointed to the hour of 10, and the other party had not yet materialized, the chief put on his hat and started down the avenue at a short distance he perceived him who had come to close the bargain. They said they were ready for business.

"Not to-day," replied the chief. "Knowing that persuasion would be useless, they asked when he would meet them.

"To-morrow, 10 o'clock," was the laconic response.

At 10 o'clock all were present at the bank.

"Can't sell for \$140,000; must have \$160,000," said the Wyandotte chief.

The surprised purchasers held a hasty council, and decided that they must hustle up the \$160,000, or the figures would go still higher.

They raised \$20,000 more and counted out the money in crisp greenbacks.

As the chief saw the paper money he shook his head.

"Can't take paper; must have gold," said he.

Quickly half a dozen hacks were called and the banks of Kansas City were ransacked for the required amount of the yellow metal.

After it was fixed upon a table before the chief he pawed it over like a miser and then said:

"Give 'em dead."

The money was deposited in the bank, but Splitlog would have opened his eyes had he seen the same hacks used in collecting the gold receiving it again and being driven rapidly back to Missouri. That 140 acres of land is now selling at the rate of \$2,000,000 and proved one of the best speculations ever entered into at the mouth of the Kaw.

Splitlog is married and has seven children. He never stops at a hotel when visiting Kansas City, Kan., where he owns valuable property, but always puts up with a colored man always with a colored man.

One of Splitlog's daughters is married to a colored man. He is building a railway in Southwest Missouri. There is rather a peculiar history given of the origin of his name. At the time of his birth his mother was at work with other Indian women in a field near a log that had been split. As she gave birth to him near that log he was christened "Splitlog." He is still robust and active and bids fair to live to a great age.

Excursion of a Revolutionary Trailor.

On June 28, 1878, in a field near the "Bowery lane," in the presence of 20,000 spectators, there was hanged by order of General Washington one Thomas Hickey, a private of his own body guard, convicted of treasonable correspondence with the enemy. It was an anxious time, as more fully appeared on the following day.

In his orderly book Washington expressed a hope that the unhappy fate of Thomas Hickey, executed that day, would be a warning to every soldier in the line to avoid the crimes for which he suffered.

To Defend the Thames.

The military defenses of the Thames, which have been in such a poor condition that there was not a single gun in the Medway capable of preventing the passage of a large ironclad, are to be strengthened immediately by the erection of new forts and the increase in the armaments of those existing.

THE BUTCHER'S HONOR IS ALWAYS AT STAKE.

It is the girl that occasionally "leads a hand" who has a man ask for it eventually.

"This suspense is killing me," said the horse-trick who was in the hands of the mob.

"You're not looking well." "No, I'm used up." "What all you?" "I'm



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AM'S
EFFECTUAL
CURE FOR
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Resulting after
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Alcohol, Disturbing
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Other Disorders. In
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TO COMPLETE HEALTH.
of Liver, etc.,
restoring the lost
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of the best
THE LARGEST SALE OF

EWIS' 98 LYE
Powdered and Perfumed.
(PATENTED)
The strongest and purest Lye
made. Will make the best per-
fumed Hair Soap in 20 min-
utes without boiling. It is the
best for disinfecting sinks,
crockery, drains, washing bottles,
stoves, paints, etc.
W. H. SALT & CO.
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Dr. Wm. Baker's MAGNETIC
is the only guaranteed remedy
that is a positive cure for
Malaria, all Aches, Pains,
Headaches, etc. No one should be with-
out a bottle. Price, 50c. and 91c. per
bottle. Write for address U. S. D. from
Dr. Wm. Baker, NEW YORK.

RIGHT PERSON BILL
The only bill that is a
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Malaria, all Aches, Pains,
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CAN IN A MOMENT.
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Without a hair
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HEALTH!**
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only forty-one of the living were doing nothing. | "Then a burst the door open and a dreadful sight met our eyes. | greatly needed a new church. | silk had the bodice and train brocaded | as if a face were represented.

G. B. EASTBROOK, Publisher.

Subscription Price \$2 A Year In Advance.

Election of Teachers.

The School Committee have made selection of teachers for the public schools for the coming year...

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The popular recipe for raising sun stove polish...
DR. NOY'S KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE
The only cure for kidney and liver ailments...
WHEN YOU GO TO BOSTON
ST. JAMES HOTEL
67 & 71 BEACH STREET

ANIDROSIS.
The undersigned has taken the greatest care...
DR. J. H. FRECHET
Sole Agent for Weymouth

DANDY STRIP
The undersigned has taken the greatest care...
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That Walk Through the Woods.
Together we walked in the evening time,
Above his head the stars were clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he were all looking in my eyes.

And our pathway went through the fields of wheat;
Narrow that path and rough the way,
But he was near and the light was true,
As if he were all looking in my eyes.

Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!
Softly he spoke of the days long past,
Softly of blessed days to be,
The corn-field path was Elen to me,
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade,
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!
And the later gleams of daylight died,
My hand in his enfolding lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrow, narrower, wound the way.

Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!
He looked in the depth of my eyes and said,
"Sweetest and gladdest will come for us,
But together we'll walk through the fields of wheat."

Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!
Close as we walked through the woods of wheat,
"Good Words,"
DURSTON'S BURGLAR.

By EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.
Mr. Richard Durston, bachelor, had always been afraid of burglars and burglars.

He was therefore, for many years, with the aid of one assistant—an old woman—a kind of bedroom in his family.

As he generally dines at this club, he has managed to live very comfortably, without keeping a boarding-house for men and women who might be in league with robbers.

Durston's library and bedroom are on the second floor. The old woman sleeps in a back room on the floor above.

She is very deaf, so that Durston wishes to call her by touch. A button at the head of his bed, through the revolving form of the housekeeper upstairs.

She approves of this, and is in the belief that it tends to hold her rheumatism in check. It seems a very shocking way to treat an old woman, however.

And then Durston would find it unpleasant to discharge a servant two or three times a day.

One night last winter Durston reached home rather earlier than usual. As was his custom he examined the doors and windows in the lower part of the house and then went to the library.

He found his smoking jacket and slippers in their accustomed place. A wood fire was crackling in the grate and a decanter of whiskey and a box of cigars tempted him from the comfortable seat.

CLIPPINGS.
The Northern frontier is upwards of 850 miles in length, the Mexican 1500.

A New York publisher has been shipping 50,000 American school books a year to Japan.

A rolling mill is being built at Fort Worth, Texas, which will turn out forty tons of iron per day.

Pomona (Cal.) orange growers will receive an average of about \$300 an acre for their fruit this season.

The Duke of Northumberland owns 200,000 acres of land in England. His rents amount to \$900,000 a year.

This year's valuation of real estate in New York City is \$1,500,000,000—50 per cent more than ten years ago.

A parliamentary paper shows that 700,000 emigrants left Great Britain in 1887, a decrease of 8411 compared with the year before.

A number of the smaller hotel-keepers have tried keeping hotels in Florida, but none of them have found any great amount of profit in it.

There has recently been planted in one of the sections of Australia 2,000 acres of land to raise grapes, which is capable of producing 10,000,000 boxes of raisins.

Cotton factories are being projected and built in the South by Northern capital, and the number of sawmills and ice factories going up are too numerous to mention.

The ocean coast, including the larger extent of the coast, is usually 23,000 miles, of which 6861 are on the Atlantic, 3101 on the Gulf of Mexico, 2281 in California, 8000, including bays and rivers, on the coast of Alaska, and 5000 on the Arctic Sea.

The telegraphic postal card is a great convenience in Paris. Open cards of this kind are delivered anywhere in Paris within an hour after they are sent.

A statistician calculates that the total tonnage of the world, sea and land, is in round numbers 21,000,000 tons, of which 50 per cent is British.

The Centennial Anniversary of the founding of Paterson, N. J., by Alexander Hamilton in 1792 will occur on the 4th of July, 1892, and the Board of Trade has suggested a committee to arrange for a proper celebration.

Nine-tenths of the dolls sold in this country are made in Germany. Germany has the largest number of doll-makers in the world.

Where Peasants was Married.
The ruinous tower, which is now all that remains of the city of Jamestown, Virginia, is built upon the site of the first English settlement in America.

CLIPPINGS.
The Northern frontier is upwards of 850 miles in length, the Mexican 1500.

A New York publisher has been shipping 50,000 American school books a year to Japan.

A rolling mill is being built at Fort Worth, Texas, which will turn out forty tons of iron per day.

Pomona (Cal.) orange growers will receive an average of about \$300 an acre for their fruit this season.

The Duke of Northumberland owns 200,000 acres of land in England. His rents amount to \$900,000 a year.

This year's valuation of real estate in New York City is \$1,500,000,000—50 per cent more than ten years ago.

A parliamentary paper shows that 700,000 emigrants left Great Britain in 1887, a decrease of 8411 compared with the year before.

A number of the smaller hotel-keepers have tried keeping hotels in Florida, but none of them have found any great amount of profit in it.

There has recently been planted in one of the sections of Australia 2,000 acres of land to raise grapes, which is capable of producing 10,000,000 boxes of raisins.

Cotton factories are being projected and built in the South by Northern capital, and the number of sawmills and ice factories going up are too numerous to mention.

The ocean coast, including the larger extent of the coast, is usually 23,000 miles, of which 6861 are on the Atlantic, 3101 on the Gulf of Mexico, 2281 in California, 8000, including bays and rivers, on the coast of Alaska, and 5000 on the Arctic Sea.

The telegraphic postal card is a great convenience in Paris. Open cards of this kind are delivered anywhere in Paris within an hour after they are sent.

A statistician calculates that the total tonnage of the world, sea and land, is in round numbers 21,000,000 tons, of which 50 per cent is British.

The Centennial Anniversary of the founding of Paterson, N. J., by Alexander Hamilton in 1792 will occur on the 4th of July, 1892, and the Board of Trade has suggested a committee to arrange for a proper celebration.

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