

Neil Kullborgs Drawings at Katahdin Iron works

I preserve them to show what is natural born in

Some persons

[illustration]

[illustration]

[illustration]

Mrs E A Sjostedt Mr E A Sjostedt reading a letter Sweedish war ship  
in KCI co's office

[illustration]

he

Neil Kullborgs home when ^ builds one for himself

[newspaper clipping at right]

A Wonderful Woman.

Mrs. H. E. Buermeyer, president of the ladies' branch of the Fresh Air club at Bensonhurst, Long Island, and wife of Buermeyer, ex-champion heavy-weight boxer, is

said to be one of the best, if not the very best, all round athletes among the fair sex in America. She is 5 feet in height, weighs 135 pounds, and is a model of healthy, robust womanhood. She can walk thirty miles

Mrs. H.E. Buermeyer. walk thirty miles over a rough road

with ease at 3 1/2 miles-an-hour-gait, climb mountains like a chamois, and ride all day on her safety bicycle.

She has few equals as a long distance skater, handles a pair of sculls with rare skill and speed, paddles a canoe like an Indian maiden, and can give points to her muscular husband on long distance swimming. In addition to all these accomplishments Mrs. Buermeyer has the record of having lifted 625 pounds with comparative ease.

[illustration]

[illustration]

Spruce & Birch

Sweedish Officer



[printed illustration]

No. 2. Under the Mistletoe. "He won't kiss us, poor thing!"

[illustration]  
Supposed to be  
Mr Martin no  
pistol

Mr Martin & Mr Kullborg go  
on a bear hunt in two  
acts Mr Kullborg  
comes to the rescue

[printed illustration]  
No. 3. The Coming Man.

[printed illustration]  
MARS  
No. 5. The Final Galop.

[illustration]

Desperate Bear Hunt  
Mr Kullborg puts four balls in  
on  
one bear Martin defends ^ himself.

[printed illustration]  
No. 8. Children's Offerings





[illustration ]

[illustration]

One of five designs for a Rustic Garden Sofa Seat

[newspaper illustration]

[text in columns]

Tappen, North Dakota, John Van Deusen's Troy Farm, on Northern Pacific Railroad.

[left column]

in possessing  
greater fattening  
properties for

[center column]

into general notice, and were much talked about  
a few years ago. The government land is all  
taken in this valley, and nearly all the railroad land

[right column, text cut off at right]

Good coal is found in ine  
Missouri River, in North  
able timber on the botto



[illustration]

[illustration]

"May I Have the Pleasure?"

[Written sideways]

Stanfords

Ball April[?] 17/90

Bangor Maine

[newspaper clippings]

"May I Have The Pleasure?"

The following was the order of dances

March and Lancers, Waltz, Boston

Fancy, Polka, Quadrille, Waltz, Tem-

est, Schottische, Caledonian, Portlan[torn]

Fancy, Round Dances, Lancers, Galop,

Virginia Reel, Waltz, Quadrille, Berlin,

Lady of the Lake, Waltz, Lancers.

The following gentlemen comprised the

reception committee: F.H. Appleton,

J.P. Walker, E.E. Walker, F. H. Strick-

land, C. D. Stanford, F. H. Small, E. M

Hersey, J. R. Mason, F. Dwinel, E. H.

Blake, E. F. Sanger, A. H. Babcock, J.

S. Jenness, W. E. Baxter, W. C. Mason,

J. K. Phillips, F. H. Clergue, F.W. Hill,

I. K. Stetson.

Floor director, Fred H. Small.

Floor committee: John R. Mason, E.

M Hersey, E. E. Walker, F. H. Apple-

ton, C. D. Stanford, W. E. Baxter, J. S

Jenness, A. H. Babcock, I. K. Stetson.

The following were among the cos-

umes noticed:

Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin, blue satin,

pearl passamentree, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Simpson, black lace over Nhit

[?]

Miss Stevens, white silk and lace.

Miss Mary Mason, red India silk.

Miss Francis Mason, blue and silver

gauze over blue silk.

Miss Bridges, black lace.

Mrs. Denent, black lace.

Mrs. E. H. Hersey apple green and

white striped satin combined with apple

green velvet, diamond necklet, earrings

and pendant.

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]

Mrs. Fred Parkhurst, white satin and tulle, pearl necklace, diamond pendant and ear rings, exquisite bouquet of violets.

Mrs. Edward Stetson, yellow striped satin combined with yellow tulle.

Mrs. Isaiah K. Stetson, white India silk.

Mrs. Tena Small, white silk.

Miss McLaughlin, pink silk trimmed with black silk fringe.

Miss Alice McLaughlin, white lace.

Miss Clergue, lilac satin and gauze.

Miss Grace Clergue, white lace.

Miss Blaisdell, green silk with Persian passamentrie.

Miss Maude Thissell, striped silk trimmed with white silk and fringe.

Mrs. James A. Thissell, slate colored satin combined with brocade.

Miss Sargent, yellow India silk trimmed with black lace.

[center column]

Mrs. J.P. Bass, black velvet combined with white brocade.

Mrs. Henry McLaughlin, dark blue silk.

Mrs. Baxter, combination of black and yellow.

Mrs. N. P. Kellogg, black lace over blue satin.

Mrs. Willard Benson, black lace over green silk

Mrs. Dr. Wilson, white lace over orange satin. Diamonds.

Miss Fanny Wilson, yellow India silk.

Miss Chapman, blue cashmere combined with white silk.

Mrs. C. A. Gibson, garnet velvet with handsomely embroidered white satin front.

these fellows in  
all probability had  
a little Something to take,  
that made up the Ball

[Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page]  
[Newspaper clipping]

An Obliging Peddler.  
He Makes a Point to Supply Purchasers  
With Anything Wanted.

"Mornin', madam! Want any combs, brushes, hairpins, table-cloths, towels, lead pencils, tooth brushes, or chewing gum?"

The peddler put his hat on the floor, and opened his pack as he asked the question.

"No, sir," said the woman sharply, "and I don't want any dime novels, nor chalk eggs, nor five cent calico, nor tooth powder, nor pigs-in-clover puzzles, nor lamp wicks, nor eye salve, nor corn plaster, nor liquid blue."

"Just so. And I suppose it's no use to ask whether you'd like to look at a bottle of wrinkle fillin' for old complexions?"

"Not a bit, sir, and I know you haven't any books on good manners, or you'd read 'em yourself occasionally."

"None of the people I call on would appreciate 'em madam. And now if you think you have no use for the celebrated invisible ear trumpet that you can fasten in your kitchen window and hear everything your neighbors say, or the famous long-range kitchen telescope that will bring every backyard within half a mile of your house so close to you that you can almost smell the pipes the men are smokin' on the back stoops, I'll be goin'."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the woman of the house. "I don't know but I would like to buy those two articles, if they don't cost too much."

"All right, madam," rejoined the peddler "if I see anychap that's got 'em to sell

I'll steer him round this way. Mornin', madam."

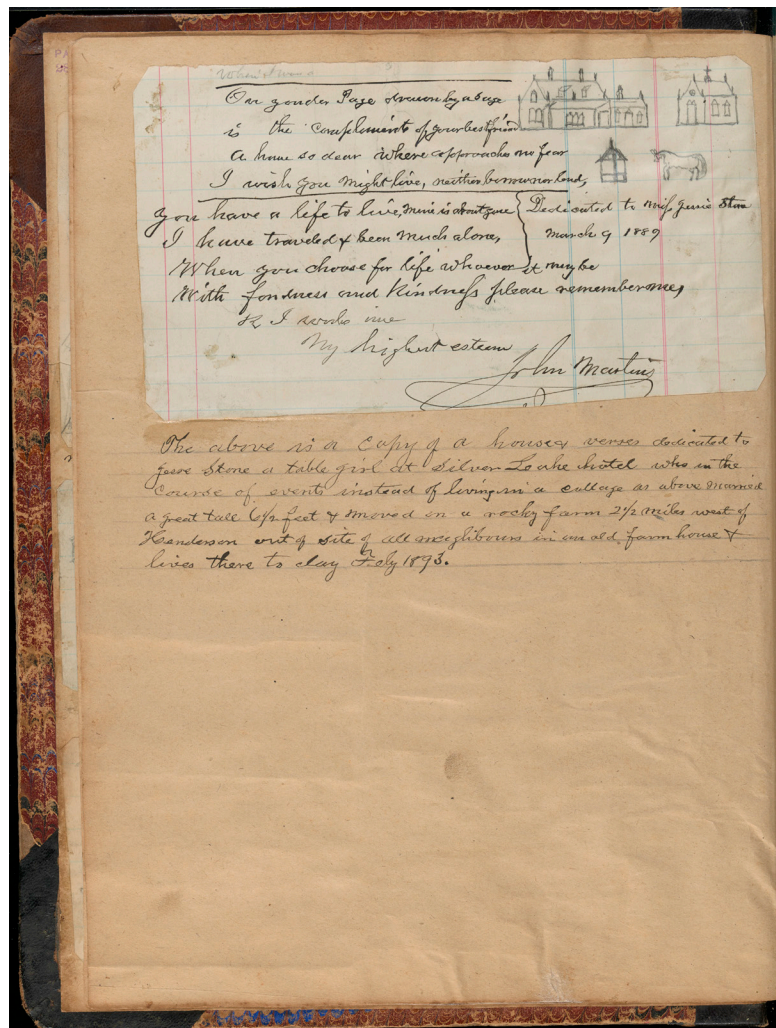
He picked up his hat put it on his head sidewise, and went down the steps whistling "Little Annie Rooney," leaving a large, crooked-nosed, raw-boned woman standing on the porch gasping in inarticulate rage.

[Continued on next page]



Wanted. Any respectable working out girl can hear of a comfortable home for the summer months free with Sunday's board. Apply by letter," K. 102," Herald Office, giving name and address.





On yonder Page drawn by a sage  
is the Compliments of your best friend  
A home so dear where approaches no fear  
I wish you might live, neither borrow nor lend,  
You have a life to live, mine is about gone,  
I have traveled & been much alone,  
When you choose for life whoever it may be  
With fondness and kindness please remember me,  
K I works inc  
My highest esteem  
John Martin

The above is a Copy of a houses verses dedicated to  
Jesse Stone a table girl at Silver Lake hotel who in the  
course of events instead of living in a collage as above married  
a great tall 6 1/2 feet & moved on a rocky farm 2 1/2 miles west of  
Henderson out of site of all neighbours in an old farm house &  
lives there to day Feby 1893.

When I was a

[illustrations]

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is the compliments of your best friend  
a home so dear where approaches no fear  
I wish you might live, neither borrow nor lend,

You have a life to live, Mine is about gone, } Dedicated to Miss  
Jessie Stone

I have traveled & been much alone, } March 9 1889

When you choose for life whoever it may be  
With fondness and kindness please remember me,

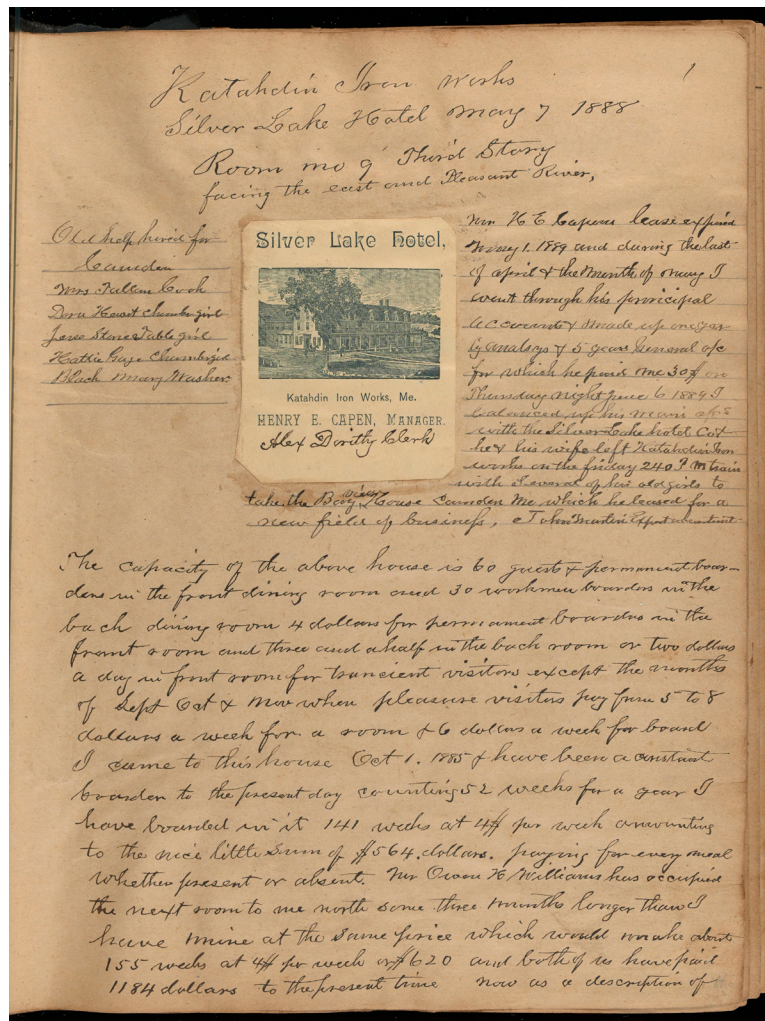
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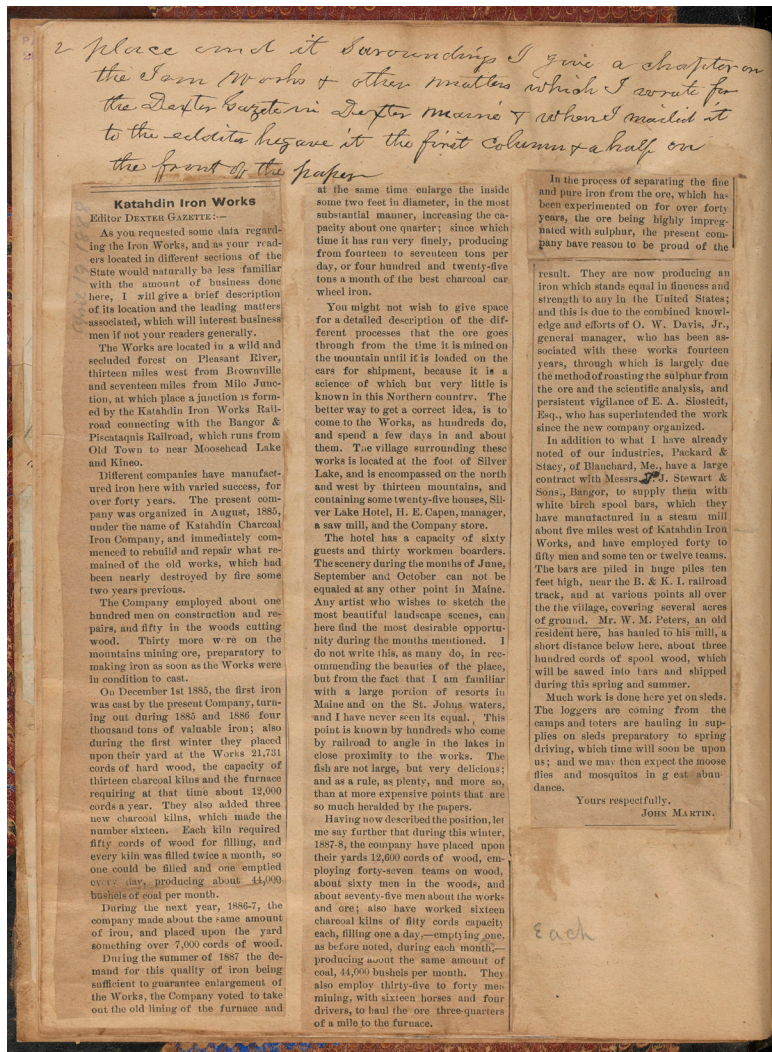




Katahdin Iron Works 1  
 Silver Lake Hotel May 7 1888  
 Room No 9 third Story  
 facing the east and Pleasant River,  
 Old Help Hired for Silver Lake Hotel,  
 Camden [illustration]  
 Mrs Fallon Cook  
 Dora Hewet chamber girl  
 Jesse Stone, Table girl Katahdin Iron Works, Me.  
 Hattie Gage Chamber girl Henry E. Capen, Manager.  
 Black Mary Washer Alex Dorithy Clerk  
 [column at right]

Mr H E Capens lease expired  
 May 1, 1889 and during the last  
 of april & the Month of May I  
 went through his principal  
 accounts & made up one year  
 ly analys & 5 years General a/c  
 for which he paid Me 30\$ on  
 Thursday night June 6 1889 I  
 balanced up his main a/c  
 with the Silver Lake hotel Co &  
 he & his wife left Katahdin Iron  
 works on the friday 240 P M train  
 with Several of his old girls to

view  
 take the Bay ^ House Camden Me which he leased for a  
 new field of business, John Martin Expert accountant  
 The capacity of the above house is 60 guests & permanent board-  
 ers in the front dining room and 30 workmen boarders in the  
 back dining room 4 dollars for permanent boarders in the  
 front room and three and a half in the back room or two dollars  
 a day in front rooms for transient visitors except the months  
 of Sept Oct & Nov when pleasure visitors pay from 5 to 8  
 dollars a week for a room & 6 dollars a week for board  
 I came to this house Oct 1, 1885 & have been a constant  
 boarder to the present day counting 52 weeks for a year I  
 have boarded in it 141 weeks at 4\$ per week amounting  
 to the nice little Sum of \$564. dollars. paying for every meal  
 whether present or absent. Mr Owen H. Williams has occupied  
 the next room to me north Some three months longer than I  
 have mine at the same price which would make about  
 155 weeks at 4\$ per week or \$620 and both of us have paid  
 1184 dollars to the present time now as a description of



2

place and it Surroundings I give a chapter on the Iron Works & other matters which I wrote for the Dexter Gazette in Dexter Maine & when I mailed it to the editor he gave it the first column & a half on the front of the paper.

[Left column]

[sideways]

April 19, 1888]

Katahdin Iron Works

Editor Dexter Gazette:—

As you requested some data regarding the Iron Works, and as your readers located in different sections of the State would naturally be less familiar with the amount of business done here, I will give a brief description of its location and the leading matters associated, which will interest business men if not your readers generally.

The Works are located in a wild and secluded forest on Pleasant River, thirteen miles west from Brownville and seventeen miles from Milo Junction, at which place a junction is formed by the Katahdin Iron Works Railroad connecting with the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad, which runs from Old Town to near Moosehead Lake and Kineo.

Different companies have manufactured from here with success, for over forty years. The present company was organized in August, 1885, under the name of Katahdin Charcoal Iron Company, and immediately commenced to rebuild and repair what remained of the old works, which had been nearly destroyed by fire some two years previous.

The Company employed about one hundred men on construction and repairs, and fifty in the woods cutting wood. Thirty more were on the mountains mining ore, preparatory to making iron as soon as the Works were in condition to cast.

[Continued on next page]

In the process of separating the fine and pure iron from the ore, which has been experimented on for over forty years, the ore being highly impregnated with sulphur, the present company have reason to be proud of the

result. They are now producing an iron which stands equal in fineness and strength to any in the United States; and this is due to the combined knowledge and efforts of O. W. Davis, Jr., general manager, who has been associated with these works fourteen years, through which is largely due the method of roasting the sulphur from the ore and the scientific analysis, and persistent vigilance of E. A. Slaten, Esq., who has superintended the work since the new company organized.

In addition to what I have already noted of our industries, Packard & Stacy, of Blanchard, Me., have a large contract with Messrs. J. A. Stewart & Sons, Bangor, to supply them with white birch spool bars, which they have manufactured in a steam mill about five miles west of Katahdin Iron Works, and have employed forty to fifty men and some ten or twelve teams. The bars are piled in huge piles ten feet high, near the B. & K. I. railroad track, and at various points all over the village, covering several acres of ground. Mr. W. M. Peters, an old resident here, has hauled to his mill, a short distance below here, about three hundred cords of spool wood, which will be sawed into bars and shipped during this spring and summer.

Much work is done here yet on sleds. The loggers are coming from the camps and toters are hauling in supplies on sleds preparatory to spring driving, which time will soon be upon us; and we may then expect the moose flies and mosquitos in great abundance.

Yours respectfully,  
JOHN MARTIN.

Each

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During the next year, 1886-7, the company made about the same amount of iron, and placed upon the yard something over 7,000 cords of wood. During the summer of 1887 the demand for this quality of iron being sufficient to guarantee enlargement of the Works, the Company voted to take out the old lining of the furnace and

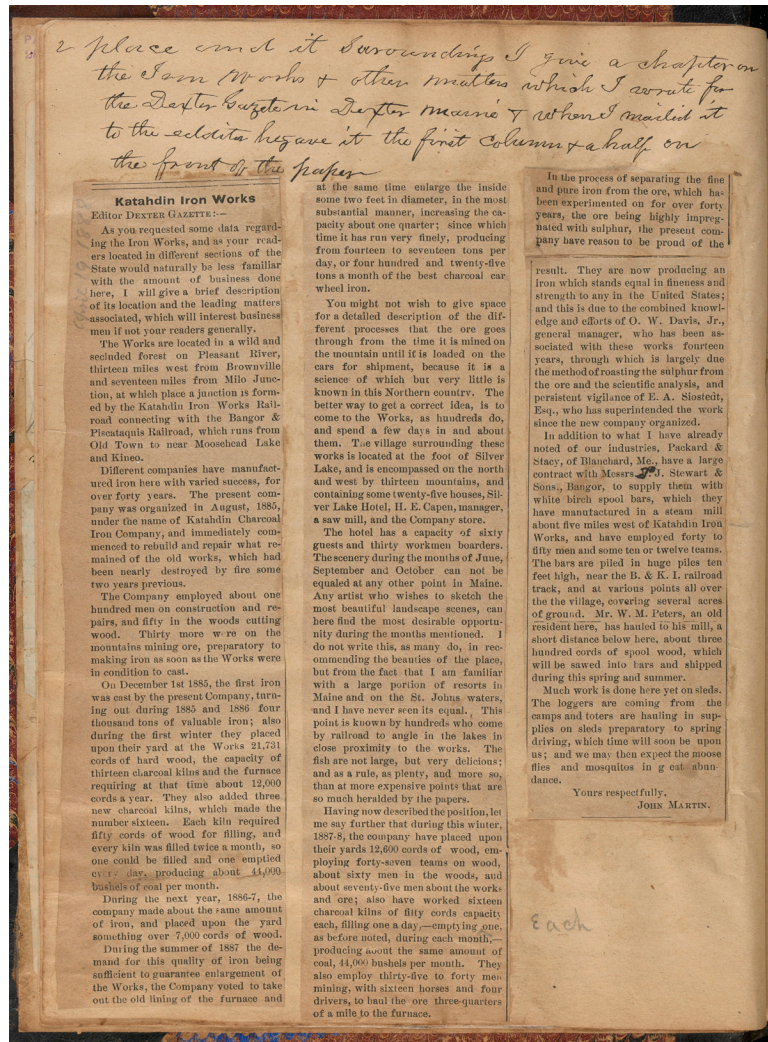
at the same time enlarge the inside some two feet in diameter, in the most substantial manner, increasing the capacity about one quarter; since which time it has run very finely, producing from fourteen to seventeen tons per day, or four hundred and twenty-five tons a month of the best charcoal car wheel iron.

You might not wish to give space for a detailed description of the different processes that the ore goes through from the time it is mined on the mountain until it is loaded on the cars for shipment, because it is a science of which but very little is known in this Northern country. The better way to get a correct idea, is to come to the Works, as hundreds do, and spend a few days in and about them. The village surrounding these works is located at the foot of Silver Lake, and is encompassed on the north and west by thirteen mountains, and containing some twenty-five houses, Silver Lake Hotel, H. E. Capen, manager, a saw mill, and the Company store.

The hotel has a capacity of sixty guests and thirty workmen boarders. The scenery during the months of June, September and October can not be equaled at any other point in Maine. Any artist who wishes to sketch the most beautiful landscape scenes, can here find the most desirable opportunity during the months mentioned. I do not write this, as many do, in recommending the beauties of the place, but from the fact that I am familiar with a large portion of resorts in Maine and on the St. Johns waters, and I have never seen its equal. This point is known by hundreds who come by railroad to angle in the lakes in close proximity to the works. The fish are not large, but very delicious; and as a rule, as plenty, and more so, than at more expensive points that are so much heralded by the papers.

Having now described the position, let me say further that during this winter, 1887-8, the company have placed upon their yards 12,000 cords of wood, employing forty-seven teams on wood, about sixty men in the woods, and about seventy-five men about the works and ore; also have worked sixteen charcoal kilns of fifty cords capacity each, filling one a day,—emptying one, as before noted, during each month,—producing about the same amount of coal, 44,000 bushels per month. They also employ thirty-five to forty men mining, with sixteen horses and four drivers, to haul the ore three-quarters of a mile to the furnace.





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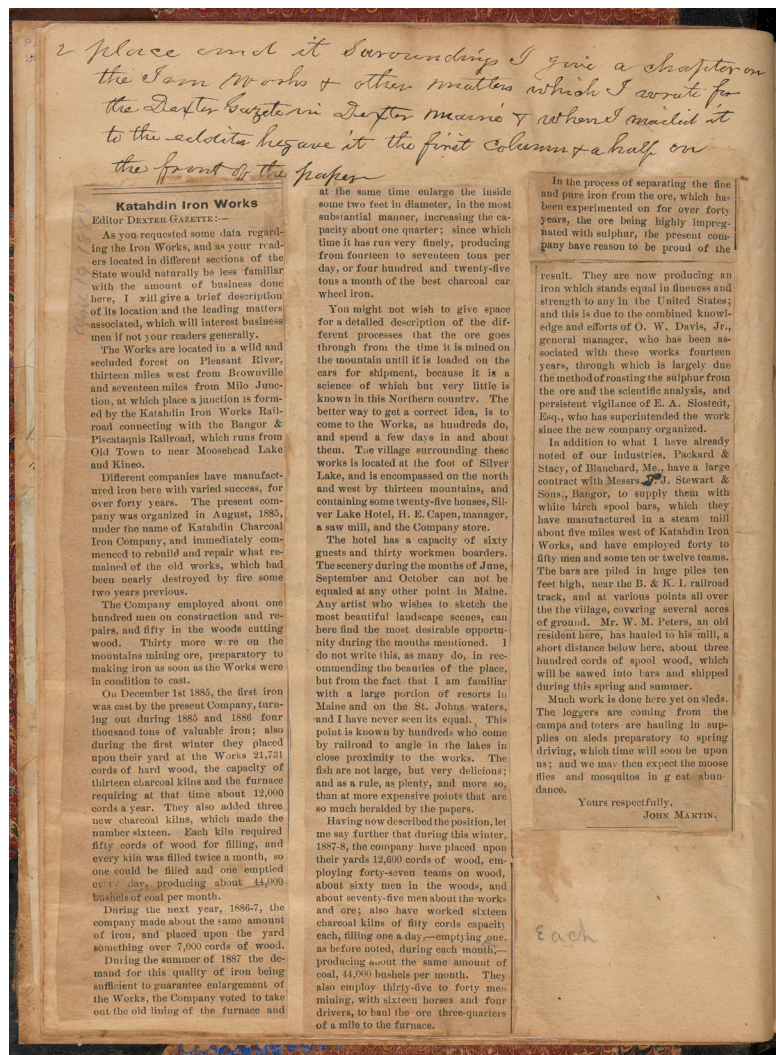
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In the process of separating the fine and pure iron from the ore, which has been experimented on for over forty years, the ore being highly impregnated with sulphur, the present company have reason to be proud of the

result. They are now producing an iron which stands equal in fineness and strength to any in the United States; and this is due to the combined knowledge and efforts of O. W. Davis, Jr., general manager, who has been associated with these works fourteen years, through which is largely due the method of roasting the sulphur from the ore and the scientific analysis, and persistent vigilance of E. A. Slaton, Esq., who has superintended the work since the new company organized.

In addition to what I have already noted of our industries, Packard & Stacy, of Blanchard, Me., have a large contract with Messrs. Stewart & Sons, Bangor, to supply them with white birch spool bars, which they have manufactured in a steam mill about five miles west of Katahdin Iron Works, and have employed forty to fifty men and some ten or twelve teams. The bars are piled in huge piles ten feet high, near the B. & K. I. railroad track, and at various points all over the village, covering several acres of ground. Mr. W. M. Peters, an old resident here, has hauled to his mill, a short distance below here, about three hundred cords of spool wood, which will be sawed into bars and shipped during this spring and summer.

Much work is done here yet on sleds. The loggers are coming from the camps and toters are hauling in supplies on sleds preparatory to spring driving, which time will soon be upon us; and we may then expect the moose flies and mosquitoes in great abundance.

Yours respectfully,  
JOHN MARTIN.

Each

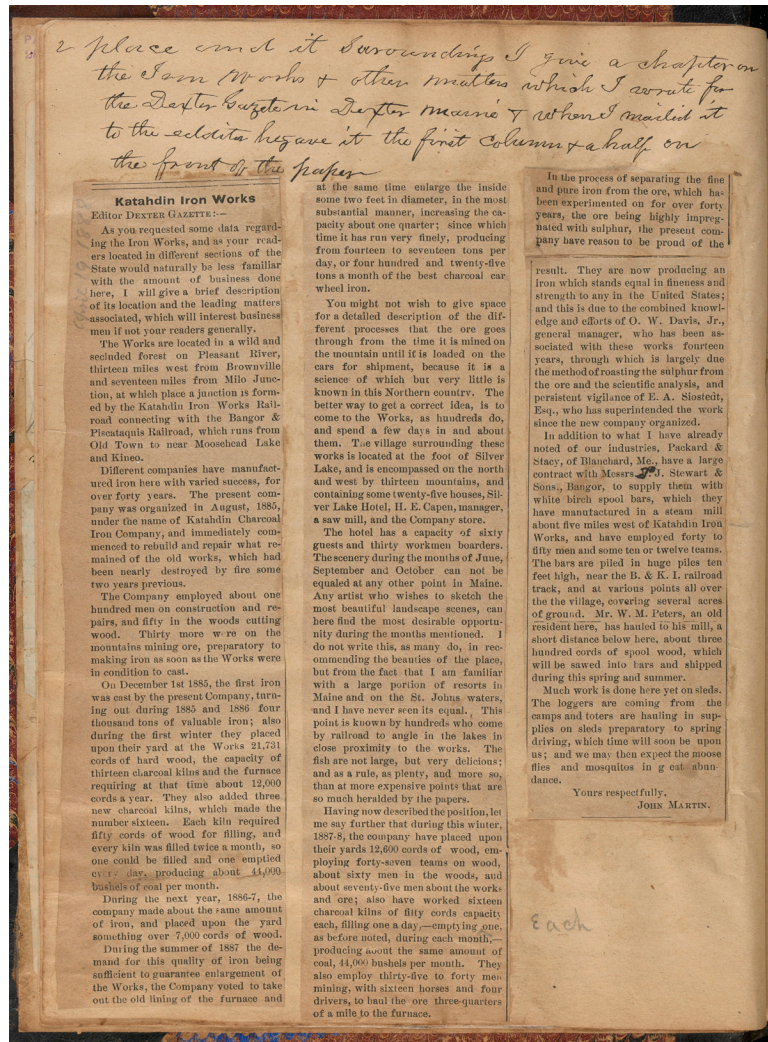
[Continued from previous page]  
and spend a few days in and about them. The village surrounding these works is located at the foot of Silver Lake, and is encompassed on the north and west by thirteen mountains, and containing some twenty-five houses, Silver Lake Hotel, H. E. Capen, manager, a saw mill, and the Company store.

The hotel has a capacity of sixty guests and thirty workmen boarders. The scenery during the months of June, September and October can not be equaled at any other point in Maine. Any artist who wishes to sketch the most beautiful landscape scenes, can here find the most desirable opportunity during the months mentioned. I do not write this, as many do, in recommending the beauties of the place, but from the fact that I am familiar with a large portion of resorts in Maine and on the St. Johns waters, and I have never seen its equal. This point is known by hundreds who come by railroad to angle in the lakes in close proximity to the works. The fish are not large, but very delicious; and as a rule, as plenty, and more so, than at more expensive points that are so much heralded by the papers.

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[Continued on next page]





### Katahdin Iron Works

EDITOR DEXTER GAZETTE:—

As you requested some data regarding the Iron Works, and as your readers located in different sections of the State would naturally be less familiar with the amount of business done here, I will give a brief description of its location and the leading matters associated, which will interest business men if not your readers generally.

The Works are located in a wild and secluded forest on Pleasant River, thirteen miles west from Brownville and seventeen miles from Milo Junction, at which place a junction is formed by the Katahdin Iron Works Railroad connecting with the Bangor & Penobscot Railroad, which runs from Old Town to near Moosehead Lake and Kineo.

Different companies have manufactured iron here with varied success, for over forty years. The present company was organized in August, 1885, under the name of Katahdin Charcoal Iron Company, and immediately commenced to rebuild and repair what remained of the old works, which had been nearly destroyed by fire some two years previous.

The Company employed about one hundred men on construction and repairs, and fifty in the woods cutting wood. Thirty more were on the mountains mining ore, preparatory to making iron as soon as the Works were in condition to cast.

On December 1st 1885, the first iron was cast by the present Company, turning out during 1885 and 1886 four thousand tons of valuable iron; also during the first winter they placed upon their yard at the Works 21,731 cords of hard wood, the capacity of thirteen charcoal kilns and the furnace requiring at that time about 12,000 cords a year. They also added three new charcoal kilns, which made the number sixteen. Each kiln required fifty cords of wood for filling, and every kiln was filled twice a month, so one could be filled and one emptied every day, producing about 33,000 bushels of coal per month.

During the next year, 1886-7, the company made about the same amount of iron, and placed upon the yard something over 7,000 cords of wood.

During the summer of 1887 the demand for this quality of iron being sufficient to guarantee enlargement of the Works, the Company voted to take out the old lining of the furnace and

at the same time enlarge the inside some two feet in diameter, in the most substantial manner, increasing the capacity about one quarter; since which time it has run very finely, producing from fourteen to seventeen tons per day, or four hundred and twenty-five tons a month of the best charcoal cast iron.

You might not wish to give space for a detailed description of the different processes that the ore goes through from the time it is mined on the mountain until it is loaded on the cars for shipment, because it is a science of which but very little is known in this Northern country. The better way to get a correct idea, is to come to the Works, as hundreds do, and spend a few days in and about them. The village surrounding these works is located at the foot of Silver Lake, and is encompassed on the north and west by thirteen mountains, and containing some twenty-five houses, Silver Lake Hotel, H. E. Capen, manager, a saw mill, and the Company store.

The hotel has a capacity of sixty guests and thirty workmen boarders. The scenery during the months of June, September and October can not be equaled at any other point in Maine. Any artist who wishes to sketch the most beautiful landscape scenes, can here find the most desirable opportunity during the months mentioned. I do not write this, as many do, in recommending the beauties of the place, but from the fact that I am familiar with a large portion of resorts in Maine and on the St. Johns waters, and I have never seen its equal. This point is known by hundreds who come by railroad to angle in the lakes in close proximity to the works. The fish are not large, but very delicious; and as a rule, as plenty, and more so, than at more expensive points that are so much heralded by the papers.

Having now described the position, let me say further that during this winter, 1887-8, the company have placed upon their yards 12,400 cords of wood, employing forty-seven teams on wood, about sixty men in the woods, and about seventy-five men about the works and ore; also have worked sixteen charcoal kilns of fifty cords capacity each, filling one a day—emptying one, as before noted, during each month,—producing about the same amount of coal, 40,000 bushels per month. They also employ thirty-five to forty men, with sixteen horses and four drivers, to haul the ore three-quarters of a mile to the furnace.

In the process of separating the fine and pure iron from the ore, which has been experimented on for over forty years, the ore being highly impregnated with sulphur, the present company have reason to be proud of the

result. They are now producing an iron which stands equal in fineness and strength to any in the United States; and this is due to the combined knowledge and efforts of O. W. Davis, Jr., general manager, who has been associated with these works fourteen years, through which is largely due the method of roasting the sulphur from the ore and the scientific analysis, and persistent vigilance of E. A. Siostedt, Esq., who has superintended the work since the new company organized.

In addition to what I have already noted of our industries, Packard & Stacy, of Blanchard, Me., have a large contract with Messrs F. J. Stewart & Sons, Bangor, to supply them with white birch spool bars, which they have manufactured in a steam mill about five miles west of Katahdin Iron Works, and have employed forty to fifty men and some ten or twelve teams. The bars are piled in huge piles ten feet high, near the B. & K. I. railroad track, and at various points all over the village, covering several acres of ground. Mr. W. M. Peters, an old resident here, has hauled to his mill, a short distance below here, about three hundred cords of spool wood, which will be sawed into bars and shipped during this spring and summer.

Much work is done here yet on sleds. The loggers are coming from the camps and toters are hauling in supplies on sleds preparatory to spring driving, which time will soon be upon us; and we may then expect the moose flies and mosquitoes in great abundance.

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Each

[Continued from previous page]

[Right column]

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Yours respectfully,

John Martin.

[illustration]

[ Sideways at left]

Facimile of O H Williams as he  
appeared in 1887 while waiting upon  
Geo. Knowles nephew

Bits of Facts and Gossip Gathered by  
Our Reporters.

New Hats for Old.

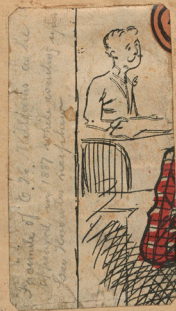
[illustration]

"Have you seen my hat, waiter? A  
new one with" —

"Too late, sir. The best ones 'ave been  
gone this 'arf hour." — London Judy.

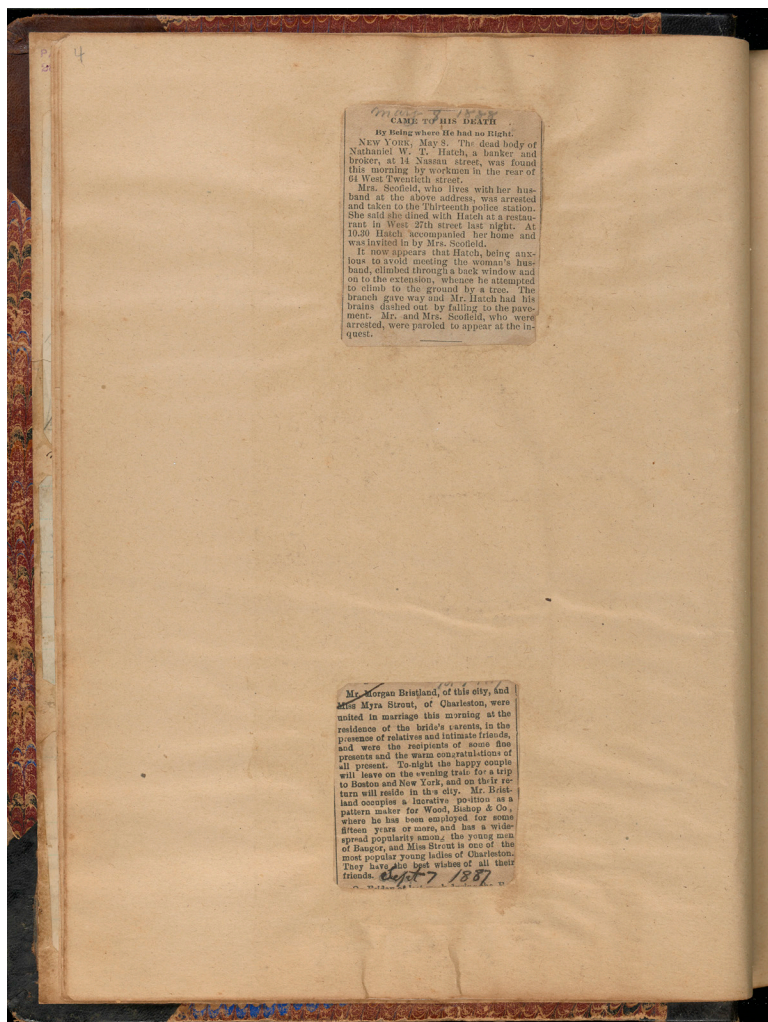
[Newspaper clipping]

A York county farmer thought that a  
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ably on his place, and so he wrote to a  
millman to know what kind of a saw mill  
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**CAME TO HIS DEATH.**  
By Being where He had no Right.  
New York, May 8. The dead body of Nathaniel W. T. Hatch, a banker and broker, at 14 Nassau street, was found this morning by workmen in the rear of 64 West Twentieth street.  
Mrs. Scofield, who lives with her husband at the above address, was arrested and taken to the Thirtieth police station. She said she dined with Hatch at a restaurant in West 27th street last night. At 10:30 Hatch accompanied her home and was invited in by Mrs. Scofield.  
It now appears that Hatch, being anxious to avoid meeting the woman's husband, climbed through a back window and on to the extension, whence he attempted to climb to the ground by a tree. The branch gave way and Mr. Hatch had his brains dashed out by falling to the pavement. Mr. and Mrs. Scofield, who were arrested, were paroled to appear at the inquest.

**Mr. Morgan Bristland, of this city, and Miss Myra Strout, of Charleston, were united in marriage this morning at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends, and were the recipients of some fine presents and the warm congratulations of all present. To-night the happy couple will leave on the evening train for a trip to Boston and New York, and on their return will reside in the city. Mr. Bristland occupies a lucrative position as a pattern maker for Wood, Bishop & Co. where he has been employed for some fifteen years or more, and has a wide-spread popularity among the young men of Bangor, and Miss Strout is one of the most popular young ladies of Charleston. They have the best wishes of all their friends.**  
Sept 7, 1887

[Newspaper clipping]

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## TWENTY FREE EXCURSIONS To Fort Point and Northport.

The Publisher of the MONSON SLATE has made arrangements with the managers of the elegant steamship Mary Morgan, to run twenty grand excursions to Fort Point and Northport, commencing Monday August 8th, and going every day except Saturdays and Sundays till September 2d.

These tickets will be good to go on any of the days named above that the holder chooses, and good to return on any excursion day during the twenty excursions. This will enable parties who wish to stop

at the seashore one or more weeks or days as they choose.

The boat will leave Maine Central Railroad wharf, in Bangor, at 7 o'clock standard, reaching Fort Point at 9.10 and Northport at 10.30 A.M. Returning leaves Northport at 2.40 and Fort Point at 4.00 reaching Bangor at 7.30 o'clock P.M.

The B & P Railroad will sell to holders of these excursion tickets a ticket to Bangor and return for one fare for the round trip, on Aug. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, good to return till the 13th.



The Morgan is a steamer of 300 tons burden, with iron hull, wheels and paddle boxes, built in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1878. Her boilers and engines have been thoroughly overhauled and made as good as new, she has been newly painted and put in first class shape. On her main deck she has a large hall in the rear of her shaft, back of which is the ladies' cabin. On the upper deck is the grand saloon, eighty feet long, unbroken except by a small space amidships occupied by the machinery. In this hall is placed a fine piano built in Boston expressly for the boat. In the rear of the saloon is a large fantail, capable of seating two hundred persons. Below decks is a large cabin used as a dining room, with a capacity of seating sixty persons at the tables at a time. This is lighted by side lights so far above the water that they can be left open all the time, giving perfect ventilation.

Forward of the dining room is a large and well appointed kitchen and forward of this are two state rooms and twelve berths for the crew. In the rear of the main cabin leading from the main deck to the saloon is a splendid ice cream and confectionery room. The forward main deck has a cloth awning. The promenade deck forward of the saloon is large and roomy and above this is the hurricane deck and pilot house. The steamer has proved herself an excellent vessel, being very stiff on the water riding very easily. At full speed the wheel makes thirty-two revolutions, which is equivalent to twenty miles an hour, which proves her to be the speedy boat which she has been claimed to be. She is allowed to carry 1200 passengers.

Arriving in Bangor, excursionists who have no friends to visit will be accommodated at the popular Al Hotel, the Penobscot Exchange, at reduced rates for this excursion, she dealer for supper, lodging and breakfast. Tickets must be shown to get this price. This house has been

entirely renovated and refurnished this season and under the management of its new proprietor, Mr. Walter B. Johnson, (well known to nearly every one in Piscataquis as a former popular hardware drummer) only assisted by J. Prescott Randall, formerly of Mattawamkeag, and C. W. McCausland of Pittsfield; it is the most popular house in the city with Up-River people.

The Exchange with its 130 rooms has ample accommodations for 300 people. Centrally located and nearest to the Exchange Street Station, its fine new coaches, hacks and barges will be at all trains and steamers.

### THE ROUTE.

The sail down the Penobscot is one of the grandest and most picturesque on the American Continent, and has been compared by many to a trip on the beautiful blue Danube. Leaving Bangor, the boat glides swiftly past high cliffs to the beautiful dark waters of Hamden Narrows whose towering banks, covered with evergreen trees to their very tops seem to shut in and bar further progress, but as you speed on, open again to the broad river and soon the Morgan's whistle starts the Sabbath-like quiet of the old, historic town of Hallowell, where the memorable battle of the war of 1812 was fought and several ships were burned at the wharves. Making a flying landing here, you are soon on the way again, passing Orrington on the left, and arrive at Winterport, just an hour's sail from Bangor.

Here the river widens out into a beautiful bay that never freezes. It is the winter port of the Boston steamers and is quite a shipping point at that season of the year. Leaving Winterport, you reach Fort Knox Cove and Mr. Waldo on the right, and passing Prospect, Fort Knox room house is sight, the granite bastion and freestone cannons guard the entrance to the river.

### Twenty Free Excursions

To Fort Point and Northport.

[left column]

The Publisher of the Monson Slate has made arrangements with the managers of the elegant steamship Mary Morgan, to run twenty grand excursions to Fort Point and Northport, commencing Monday

day August 8th, and going every day except Saturdays and Sundays till September 2d.

These tickets will be good to go on any of the days named above that the holder chooses, and good to return on any excursion day during the twenty excursions. This will enable parties who wish to stop

[illustration]

The Morgan is a steamer of 300 tons burden, with Iron Hull, wheels and paddle boxes, built in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1878. Her boilers and engines have been thoroughly overhauled and made as good as new, she has been newly painted and put in first class shape. On her main deck she has a large hall in the rear of her shaft, back of which is the ladies cabin. On the upper deck is the grand saloon, eighty feet long, unbroken except by a small space amidships occupied by the machinery. In this hall is placed a fine piano built in Boston expressly for the boat. In the rear of the saloon is a large fantail, capable of seating two hundred persons. Below decks is a large cabin, used as a dining room, with a capacity of seating sixty persons at the tables at a time. This is lighted by side lights so far above the water that they can be left open all the time, giving perfect ventilation.

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The Exchange with its 130 room has ample accommodations for 300 people. Centrally located and nearest to the Exchange Street Station, its fine new coaches, hacks and barges will be at all trains and steamers.

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[Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page]

## TWENTY FREE EXCURSIONS To Fort Point and Northport.

The Publisher of the MONROE STATE has made arrangements with the managers of the elegant steamship Mary Morgan, to run twenty grand excursions to Fort Point and Northport, commencing Monday August 5th, and going every day except Saturdays and Sundays till September 21st.

These tickets will be good to go on any of the days named above that the holder chooses, and good to return on any excursion day during the twenty excursions. This will enable parties who wish to stop

at the seashore one or more weeks or days as they choose.

The boat will leave Maine Central Railroad wharf in Bangor, at 7 o'clock standard, reaching Fort Point at 9:10 and Northport at 10:20 a. m. Returning leaves Northport at 2:40 and Fort Point at 4:00 reaching Bangor at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

The B & P. Railroad will sell to holders of these excursion tickets a ticket to Bangor and return for one fare for the round trip on Aug. 5th, 9th, 10th, 11th, good to return till the 18th.



The Morgan is a steamer of 200 tons burden, with iron hull, wheels and paddle boxes, built in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1878. Her boilers and engines have been thoroughly overhauled and made as good as new, she has been newly painted and put in first class shape. On her main deck she has a large hall in the rear of her shaft, back of which is the ladies' cabin. On the upper deck is the grand saloon, eighty feet long, unobscured except by a small space midships occupied by the machinery. In this hall is placed a fine piano built in Boston expressly for the boat. In the rear of the saloon is a large dining room, capable of seating two hundred persons. Below decks is a large cabin, used as a dining room, with a capacity of seating sixty persons at the tables at a time. This is lighted by side lights so far above the water that they can be left open all the time, giving perfect ventilation.

Forward of the dining room is a large and well appointed kitchen and forward of this are two state rooms and twelve berths for the crew. In the rear of the stair case leading from the main deck to the saloon is a splendid ice cream and confectionery room. The forward main deck has a cloth awning. The promenade deck forward of the saloon is large and roomy and above this is the hurricane deck and pilot house. The steamer has proved herself an excellent seaboat, being very stiff on the water, riding very easily. At full speed the wheel makes thirty-two revolutions, which is equivalent to twenty miles an hour, which proves her to be the speedy boat which she has been claimed to be. She is allowed to carry 1200 passengers.

Arriving in Bangor, excursionists who have no friends to visit will be accommodated at the popular old hotel, the Penobscot Exchange, at reduced rates for this excursion, one dollar for supper, lodging and breakfast. Tickets must be shown to get this price. This house has been

entirely renovated and refurnished this season and under the management of its new proprietor, Mr. Walter B. Johnson, well known to nearly every one in Penobscot, as a former popular hardware druggery, ably assisted by J. Prescott Russell, formerly of Mattawamkeag, and C. W. McCausland of Pittsfield. It is the most popular house in the city with the River people.

The Exchange with its 120 rooms has ample accommodations for 200 people. Centrally located and nearest to the Penobscot Street Station, its fine rooms, coaches, hacks and barges will be at all times and seasons.

### THE ROUTE.

The sail down the Penobscot is one of the grandest and most picturesque on the American Continent, and has been compared by many to a trip on the beautiful Blue Danube. Leaving Bangor, the boat glides swiftly past High Head, to the beautiful dark waters of Hampden Narrows whose towering banks, covered with evergreen trees to their very tops, seem to shut in and bar further progress, but as you speed on, open again to the broader river and soon the Morgan's whistle startles the Sabbath-like quiet of the old, historic town of Hampden, where the memorable battle of the war of 1812 was fought and several ships were burned at the wharves. Making a flying landing here, you are soon on the way again, passing Orrington on the left, and arrive at Winterport, just an hour's sail from Bangor.

Here the river widens out into a beautiful bay that never freezes. It is the winter port of the Boston steamers and is quite a shipping point at that season of the year. Leaving Winterport, you see Bald Hill Cove and Mt. Waldo on the right, and passing Prospect, Fort Knox soon looms in sight, the granite bastions and frowning cannons guard the entrance to the river.

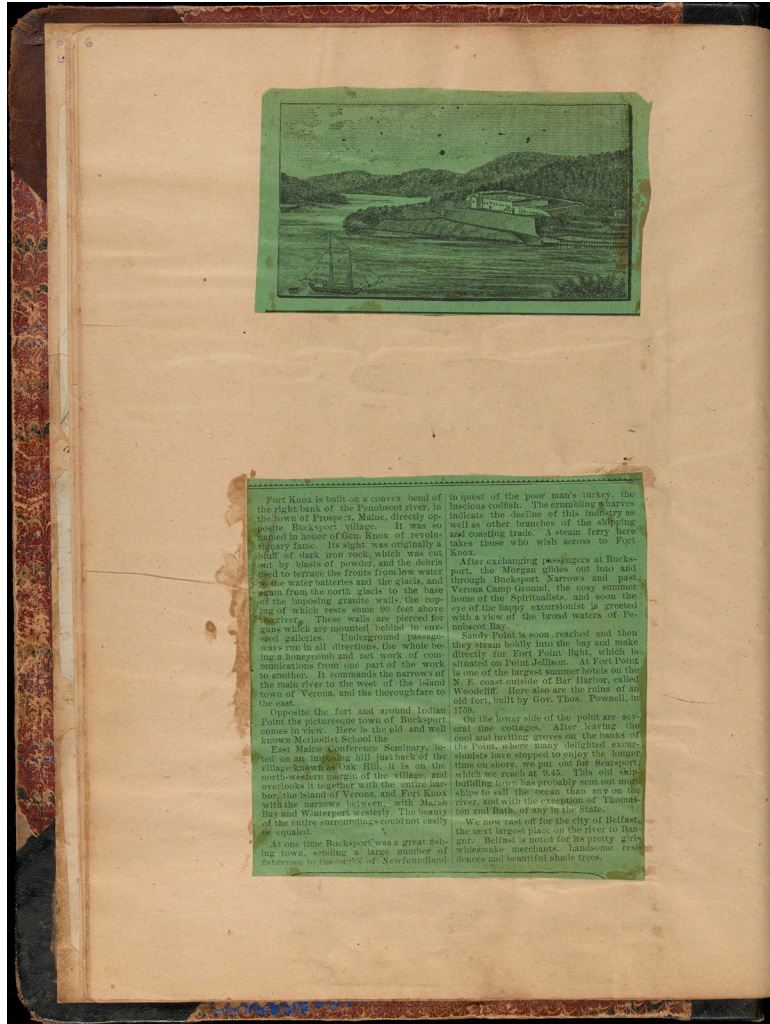
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[illustration]



Fort Knox is built on a convex bend of the right bank of the Penobscot river, in the town of Prospect, Maine, directly opposite Bucksport village. It was named in honor of Gen. Knox of revolutionary fame. Its sight was originally a bluff of dark iron rock, which was cut out by blasts of powder, and the debris used to terrace the fronts from low water to the water batteries and the glacis, and again from the north glacis to the base of the imposing granite walls, the coping of which rests some 90 feet above the river. These walls are pierced for guns which are mounted behind in covered galleries. Underground passageways run in all directions, the whole being a honeycomb and net work of communications from one part of the work to another. It commands the narrows of the main river to the west of the island town of Verona, and the thoroughfare to the east.

Opposite the fort and around Indian Point the picturesque town of Bucksport comes in view. Here is the old and well known Methodist School the

East Maine Conference Seminary, located on an imposing hill just back of the village known as Oak Hill, it is on the north-western margin of the village, and overlooks it together with the entire harbor, the island of Verona, and Fort Knox with the narrows between, with Marsh Bay and Winterport westerly. The beauty of the entire surroundings could not easily be equaled.

At one time Bucksport was a great fishing town, sending a large number of fishermen to the banks of Newfoundland

in quest of the poor man's turkey, the luscious codfish. The crumbling wharves indicate the decline of this industry as well as other branches of the shipping and coasting trade. A steam ferry here takes those who wish across to Fort Knox.

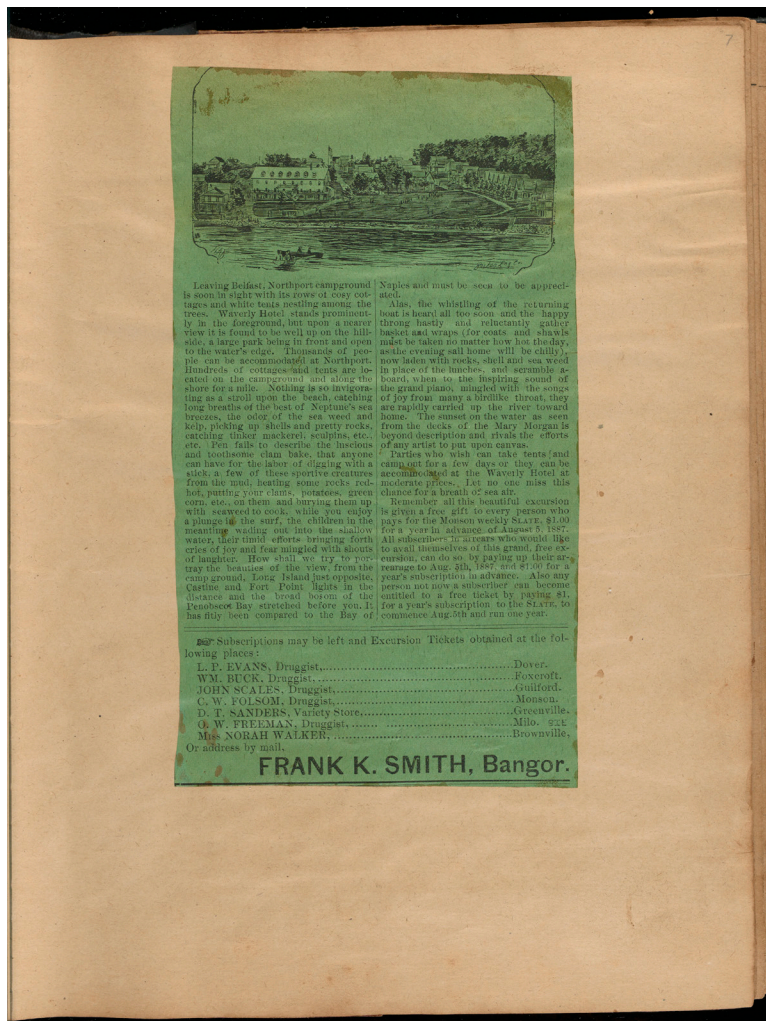
After exchanging passengers at Bucksport, the Morgan glides out into and through Bucksport Narrows and past Verona Camp Ground, the cosy summer home of the Spiritualists, and soon the eye of the happy excursionist is greeted with a view of the broad waters of Penobscot Bay.

Sandy Point is soon reached and then they steam boldly into the bay and make directly for Fort Point Light, which is situated on Point Jellison. At Fort Point is one of the largest summer hotels on the N. E. coast outside of Bar Harbor, called Woodcliff. Here also are the ruins of an old fort, built by Gov. Thos. Pownell, in 1759.

On the lower side of the point are several fine cottages. After leaving the cool and inviting groves on the banks of the Point, where many delighted excursionists have stopped to enjoy the longer time on shore, we put out for Searsport, which we reach at 9.45. This old ship-building town has probably sent out more ships to sail the ocean than any on the river, and with the exception of Thomaston and Bath, of any in the State.

We now cast off for the city of Belfast, the next largest place on the river to Bangor. Belfast is noted for its pretty girls, wideawake merchants, handsome residences and beautiful shade trees.





Leaving Belfast, Northport campground is soon in sight with its rows of cosy cottages and white tents nestling among the trees. Waverly Hotel stands prominently in the foreground, but upon a nearer view it is found to be well up on the hill-side, a large park being in front and open to the water's edge. Thousands of people can be accommodated at Northport. Hundreds of cottages and tents are located on the campground and along the shore for a mile. Nothing is so invigorating as a stroll upon the beach, catching long breaths of the best of Neptune's sea breezes, the odor of the sea weed and kelp, picking up shells and pretty rocks, catching tinker mackerel, sculpins, etc., etc. Pen fails to describe the luscious and toothsome clam bake, that anyone can have for the labor of digging with a stick, a few of these sportive creatures from the mud, heating some rocks red-hot, putting your clams, potatoes, green corn, etc., on them and burying them up with seaweed to cook, while you enjoy a plunge in the surf, the children in the meantime wading out into the shallow water, their timid efforts bringing forth cries of joy and fear mingled with shouts of laughter. How shall we try to portray the beauty of the view from the campground, Long Island just opposite, Castine and Fort Point lights in the distance and the broad bosom of the Penobscot Bay stretched before you. It has fully been compared to the Bay of

Subscriptions may be left and Excursion Tickets obtained at the following places:  
L. P. EVANS, Druggist.....Dover.  
WM. BUCK, Druggist.....Foxcroft.  
JOHN SCALES, Druggist.....Guilford.  
C. W. FOLSOM, Druggist.....Monson.  
D. T. SANDERS, Variety Store.....Greenville.  
O. W. FREEMAN, Druggist.....Milo.  
Miss NORAH WALKER.....Brownville.  
Or address by mail.

**FRANK K. SMITH, Bangor.**

[illustration]

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Naples and must be seen to be appreciated.

Alas, the whistling of the returning boat is heard all too soon and the happy throng hastily and reluctantly gather basket and wraps (for coats and shawls must be taken no matter how hot the day, as the evening sail home will be chilly), now laden with rocks, shell and sea weed in place of the lunches, and scramble aboard, when to the inspiring sound of the grand piano, mingled with the songs of joy from many a birdlike throat, they are rapidly carried up the river toward home. The sunset on the water as seen from the decks of the Mary Morgan is beyond description and rivals the efforts of any artist to put upon canvas.

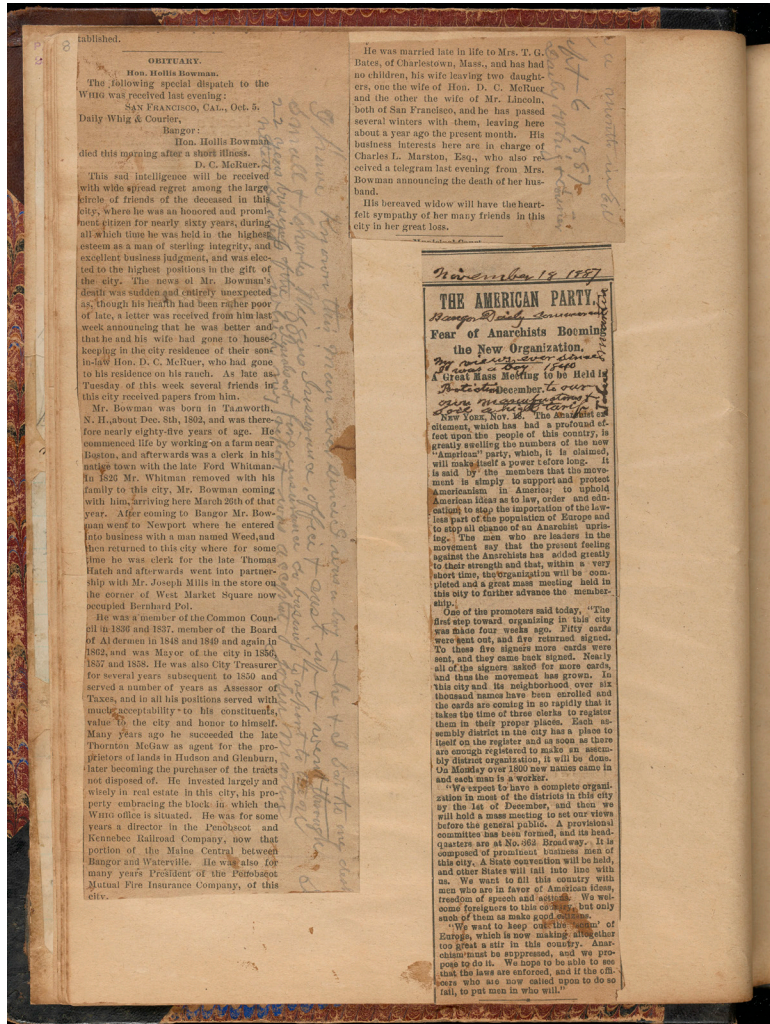
Parties who wish can take tents and camp out for a few days or they can be accommodated at the Waverly Hotel at moderate prices. Let no one miss this chance for a breath of sea air.

Remember all this beautiful excursion is given a free gift to every person who pays for the Monson weekly Slate, \$1.00 for a year in advance of August 5, 1887. All subscribers in arrears who would like to avail themselves of this grand, free excursion, can do so by paying up their arrearage to Aug. 5, 1887 and \$1.00 for a year's subscription in advance. Also any person not now a subscriber can become entitled to a free ticket by paying \$1, for a year's subscription to the Slate to commence Aug. 5th and run one year.

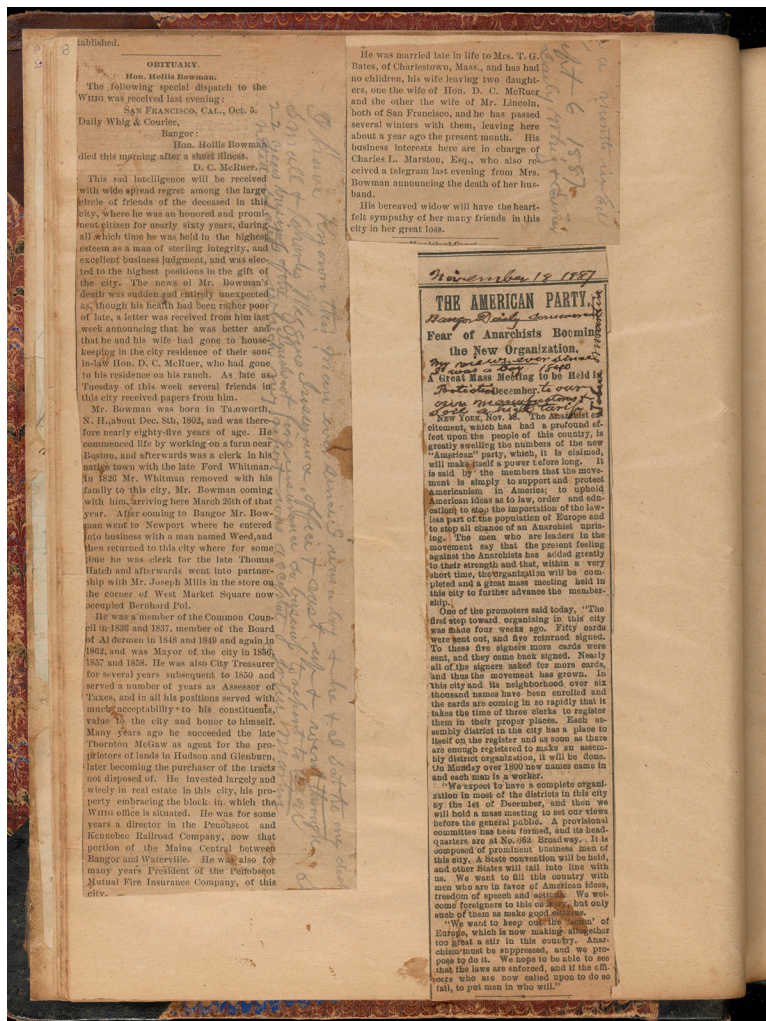
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Or Address By Mail.

Frank K. Smith, Bangor.







[Continued from previous page]

the corner of West Market Square now occupied Bernhard Pol.

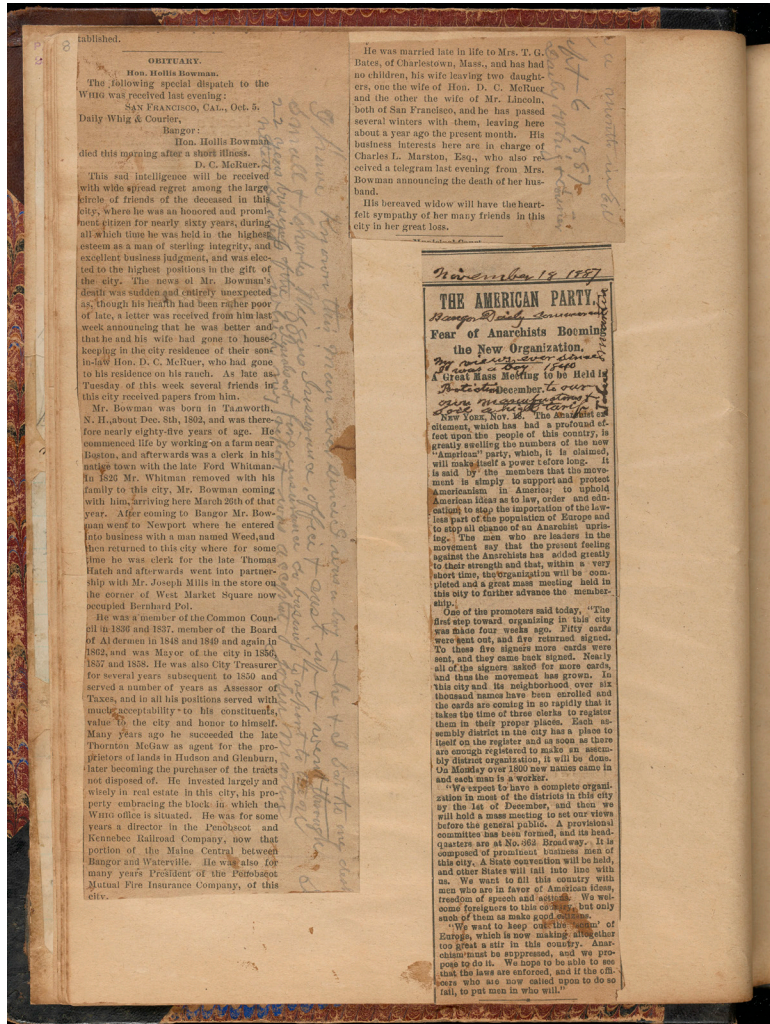
He was a member of the Common Council in 1836 and 1837, member of the Board of Aldermen in 1848 and 1849 and again in 1852, and was Mayor of the city in 1856, 1857 and 1858. He was also City Treasurer for several years subsequent to 1850 and served a number of years as Assessor of Taxes, and in all his positions served with much acceptability to his constituents, value to the city and honor to himself. Many years ago he succeeded the late Thornton McGaw as agent for the proprietors of lands in Hudson and Glenburn, later becoming the purchaser of the tracts not disposed of. He invested largely and wisely in real estate in this city, his property embracing the block in which the Whig office is situated. He was for some years a director in the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad Company, now that portion of the Maine Central between Bangor and Waterville. He was also for many years President of the Penobscot Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of this city.

[sideways]

I have Known this Man ever since I was a boy & he & I sat to my desk Small & Charles Wiggins Insurance office & cast up & went through 22 years business of the Penobscot fire insurance co. business to report to the United States which my report was accepted John Martin [Right column]

He was married late in life to Mrs. T.C. Bates, of Charlestown, Mass., and has had no children, his wife leaving two daughters, one the wife of Hon. D. C. McRuer and the other the wife of Mr Lincoln, both of San Francisco, and he has passed several winters with them, leaving here about a year ago this present month. His business interests here are in charge of Charles L. Marston, Esq., who also received a telegram last evening from Mrs. Bowman announcing the death of her husband.

[Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page]  
His bereaved widow will have the heart-felt sympathy of her many friends in this city in her great loss.  
[partial text sideways at right]  
a month in Ed  
ept 6 1887  
Daily Whig & Courier

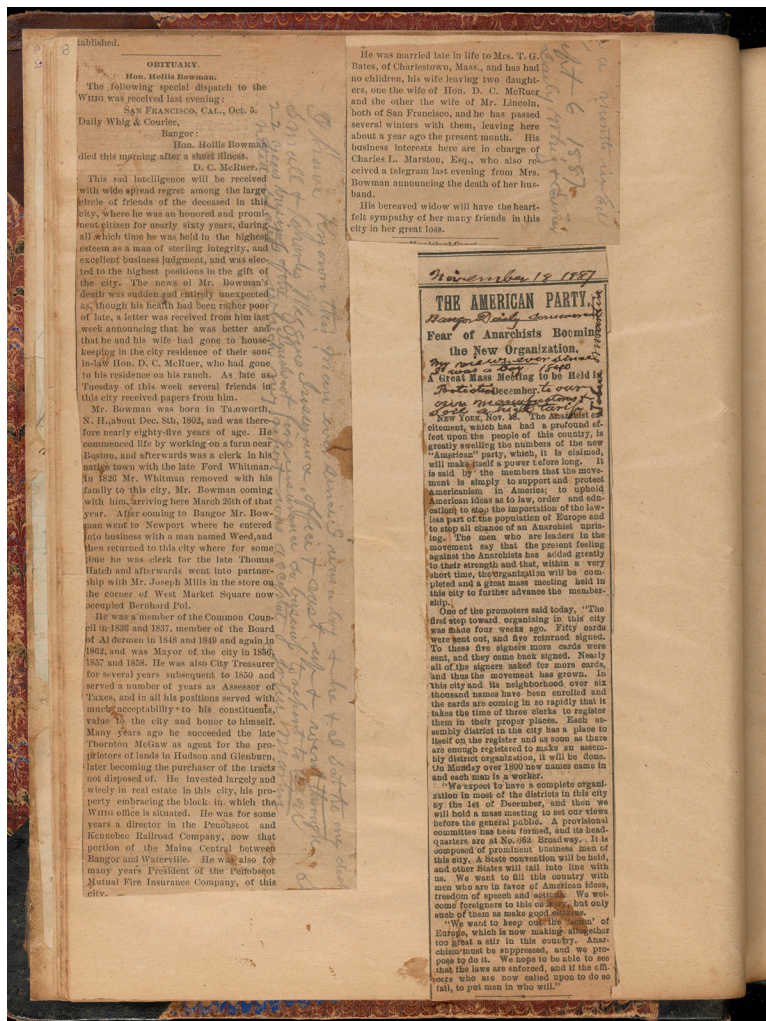
November 18 1887  
The American Party.  
Bangor Daily Commercial  
Fear of Anarchists Booming  
the New Organization.  
My views ever since  
I was a boy 1840  
A Great Mass Meeting to be Held in  
Protection December. to our  
own manufacturers &  
Soil a high tariff  
[Sideways] John Martin

New York, Nov. 18. The Anarchist excitement, which has had a profound effect upon the people of this country, is greatly swelling the numbers of the new "American" party, which, it is claimed, will make itself a power before long. It is said by the members that the movement is simply to support and protect Americanism in America; to uphold American ideas as to law, order and education; to stop the importation of the lawless part of the population of Europe and to stop all chance of an Anarchist uprising. The men who are leaders in the movement say that the present feeling against the Anarchists has added greatly to their strength and that, within a very short time, the organization will be completed and a great mass meeting held in this city to further advance the membership.

One of the promoters said today, "The first step toward organizing in this city was made four weeks ago. Fifty cards were sent out, and five returned signed. To these five signers more cards were sent, and they came back signed. Nearly

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]

all of the signers asked for more cards, and thus the movement has grown. In this city and its neighborhood over six thousand names have been enrolled and the cards are coming in so rapidly that it takes the time of three clerks to register them in their proper places. Each assembly district in the city has a place to itself on the register and as soon as there are enough registered to make an assembly district organization, it will be done. On Monday over 1800 new names came in and each man is a worker.

"We expect to have a complete organization in most of the districts in this city by the 1st of December, and then we will hold a mass meeting to set our views before the general public. A provisional committee has been formed, and its headquarters are at No. 862 Broadway. It is composed of prominent business men of this city. A State convention will be held, and other States will fall into line with us. We want to fill this country with men who are in favor of American ideas, freedom of speech and actions. We welcome foreigners to this country, but only such of them as make good citizens.

"We want to keep out the 'scum' of Europe, which is now making altogether too great a stir in this country. Anarchism must be suppressed, and we propose to do it. We hope to be able to see that the laws are enforced, and if the officers who are now called upon to do so fail, to put men in who will."

[illustration]

Embrace

## A Story About Beecher.

Abraham Lincoln once told a good story about Henry Ward Beecher, who, dressed in very common clothes, was studying human nature as exhibited in the highways and byways of New York. In the course of his philosophic peregrinations he went into a mock auction shop. He stood a while on entering and reflected, doubtless, how any one could be so lost to all sense of truth and honesty as the auctioneer in question, endeavoring to palm off his worthless trash to the inexperienced in city ways as good and valuable, and finally the auctioneer called out: "Mr Beecher, why don't you bid?" He was greatly astonished, as can be imagined, at finding himself known in this place, and, as he had supposed, in his purposely careless dress. He immediately left, and started for the residence of one of the members of the church in the neighborhood, and requested him, as an act of kindness, to go down and inquire of that person who had sold himself to Satan for the love of gain how it was he knew him in his disguise. The neighbor kindly consented, and on entering the "Peter Funk" shop he addressed the auctioneer:

"How is it that you know Henry Ward Beecher so well as to be able to recognize him in his disguise?"

"How do I know him? Why, I have been a prominent member of his congregation for the last five years, and lease the fifth pew from the front." — Ben: Perley Poore's Letter. [In right margin] Nov 20 1887



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John Jourdon's story as told by him he being a  
 religious man Katahdin Iron Works Oct 4 1887  
 A missionary was visiting families in the forests  
 and called at a house some distance from other  
 inhabitants, the man being absent, the minister  
 asked the woman how she felt about her  
 spiritual existence &c, when he asked her  
 if she was aware that Christ died to save  
 sinners. at which she asked him if Christ  
 was dead, he told her <sup>he</sup> was & asked her again if  
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John Martin

[Left column]

[Image]

March, MARY HOWE. 1891

Miss Howe has, it is said, the distinction of being able to sing one note higher than any living vocalist. She is a Vermont girl, and when she was 19 years old Herr Engel, late musical director of Kroll's garden, in Berlin, said she gave more promise of filling Patti's place than any woman in the world.

Her Little Joke.

Fashion for 1892

[Image]

"Why did you toss young Chapley overboard?"

"Oh I was tired of him: I wanted to renew my youth, don't you know."—Life.

[sideways at right]

This looks exactly as girls look

[sideways at left]

traveling in the street this year

A large number of young ladies and gentlemen attended the matinee at Andrews' Hall this afternoon. A very pleasant time was passed by all present. As Lent comes in next week this will be the last matinee held until Lenten season is over. February 1891 when Andrews did not care about an Irish dollar he paid no heed to lent, but when he took their patronage he changed his mind.

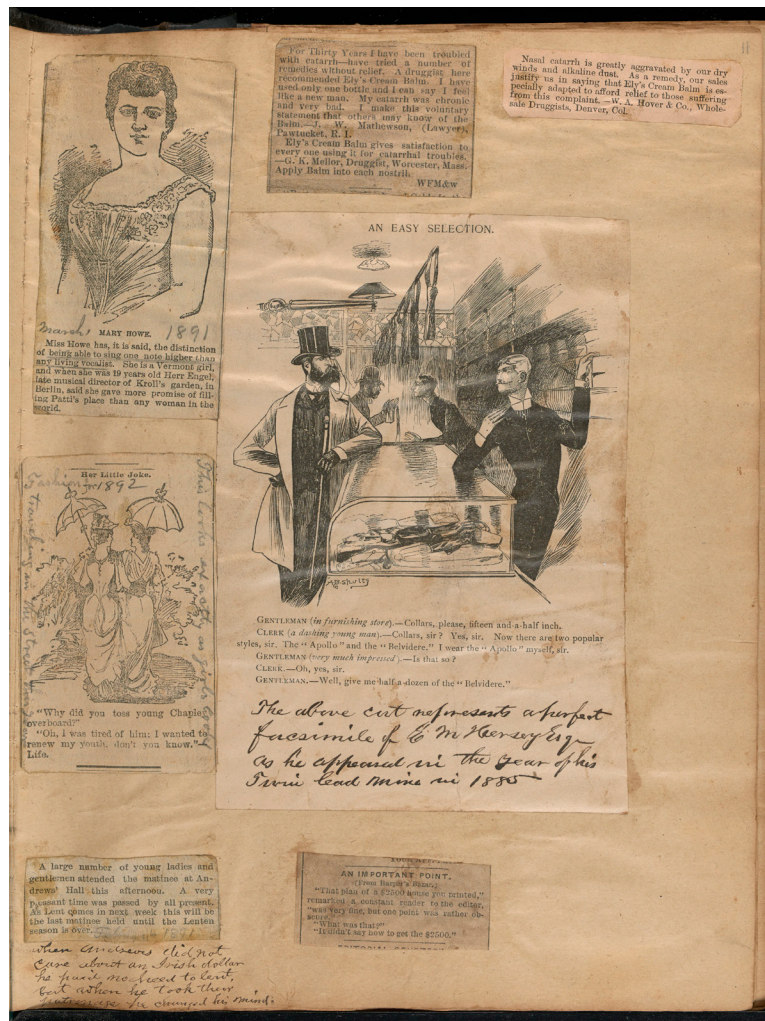
[Center column]

For Thirty Years I have been troubled with catarrh — have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist here recommended Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. My Catarrh was chronic and very bad. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm. —J.W. Mathewson, (Lawyer), Pawtucket, R.I.

[Continued on next page]







[Continued from previous page]

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.

—G.K. Mellor, Druggist, Worcester, Mass.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

WFM&w

[At right]

Nasal catarrh is greatly aggravated by our dry winds and alkaline dust. As a remedy our sales justify us in saying that Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted to afford relief to those suffering from this complaint. — W.A. Hover & Co. Wholesale Druggists, Denver, Col.

[Center]

An Easy Selection

[Illustration]

Gentleman (in furnishing store) – Collars, please, fifteen and a half inch.

Clerk (a dashing young man) Collars, sir? Yes, sir. Now there are two popular styles, sir, The "Apollo" and the "Belvidere." I wear the "Apollo" myself, sir.

Gentleman (very much impressed) – Is that so?

Clerk – Oh, yes, sir.

Gentleman – Well, give me half a dozen of the "Belvidere."

The above cut represents a perfect facsimile of E. M. Hersey Esqr as he appeared in the year of his Twin lead Mine in 1885

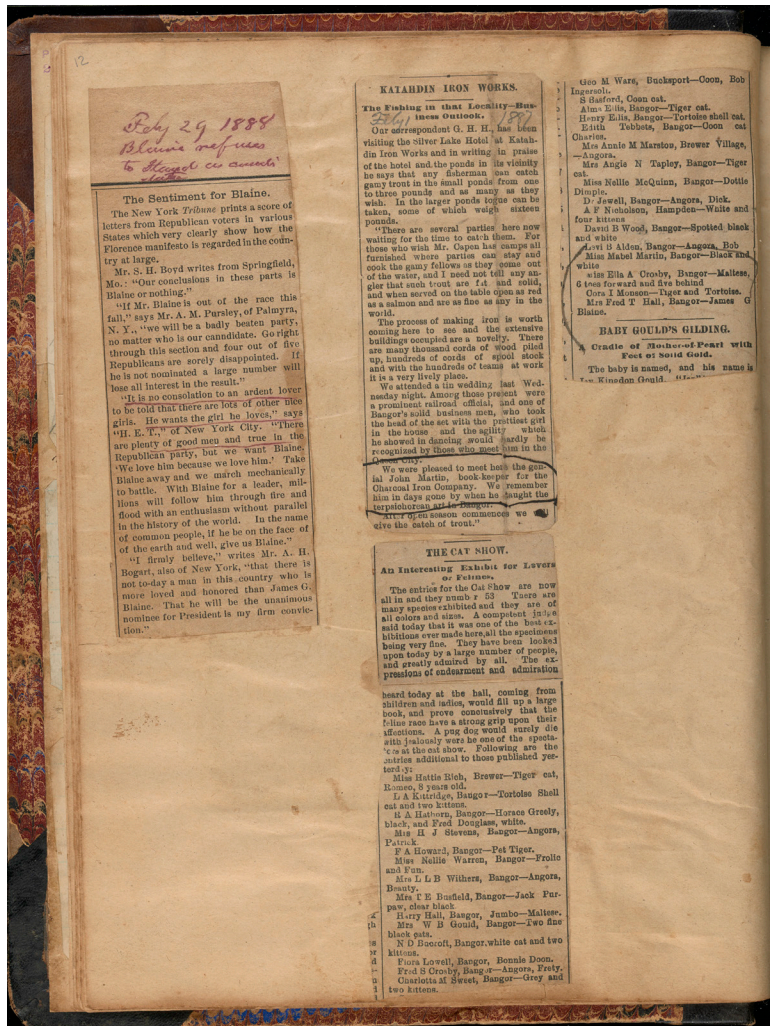
An Important Point

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"That plan of a \$2500 house you printed," remarked a constant reader to the editor. "was very fine, but one point was rather obscure."

"What was that?"

"It didn't say how to get the \$2500."



12

[Left column]

Feb 29 1888  
Blaine refuses  
to stand as candi  
date

The Sentiment for Blaine.

The New York Tribune prints a score of letters from Republican voters in various States which very clearly show how the Florence manifesto is regarded in the country at large.

Mr S. H. Boyd writes from Springfield, Mo: "Our conclusions in these parts is Blaine or nothing."

"If Mr Blaine is out of the race this fall," says Mr A. M. Pursley, of Palmyra, N.Y., "we will be a badly beaten party, no matter who is our candidate. Go right through this section and four out of five Republicans are sorely disappointed. If he is not nominated a large number will lose all interest in the result."

"It is no consolation to an ardent lover to be told that there are lots of other nice girls. He wants the girl he loves," says "H. E. T.," of New York City. "There are plenty of good men and true in the Republican party, but we want Blaine. 'We love him because we love him.' Take Blaine away and we march mechanically to battle. With Blaine for a leader, millions will follow him through fire and flood with an enthusiasm without parallel in the history of the world. In the name of common people, if he be on the face of the earth and well, give us Blaine."

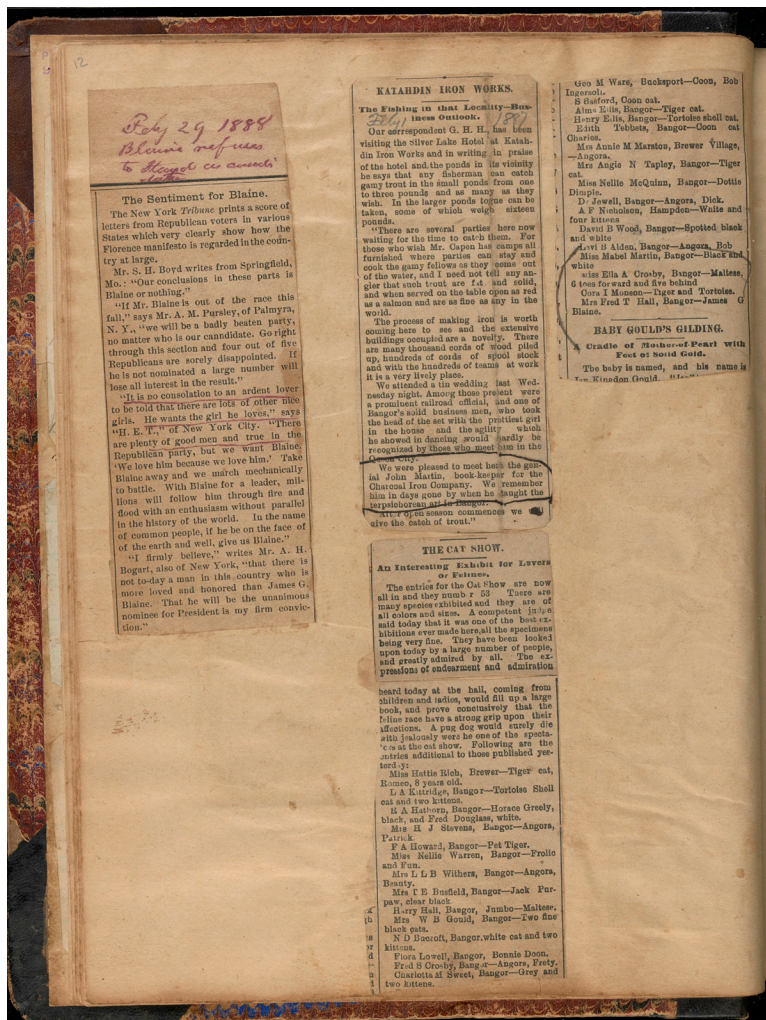
"I firmly believe," writes Mr A. H. Bogart, also of New York, "That there is not to-day a man in this country who is more loved and honored than James G. Blaine. That he will be the unanimous nominee for President is my firm conviction."

[Center ]

Katahdin Iron Works.  
The fishing in that Locality -Bus-  
Feb 1 iness Outlook. 1887

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]

Our correspondent G. H. H. has been visiting the Silver Lake Hotel at Katahdin Iron Works and is writing in praise of the hotel and the ponds in its vicinity he says that any fisherman can catch gamy trout in the small ponds from one to three pounds and as many as they wish. In the larger ponds togue can be taken, some of which weigh sixteen pounds.

"There are several parties here now waiting for the time to catch them. For those who wish Mr Capen has camps all furnished where parties can stay and cook the gamy fellows as they come out of the water, and I need not tell any angler that such trout are fat and solid, and when served on the table open as red as salmon and are as fine as any in the world.

The process of making iron is worth coming here to see and the extensive buildings occupied are a novelty. There are many thousand cords of wood piled up, hundreds of cords of spool stock and with the hundreds of teams at work it is a very lively place.

We attended a tin wedding last Wednesday night. Among those present were a prominent railroad official, and one of Bangor's solid business men, who took the head of the set with the prettiest girl in the house and the agility which he showed in dancing would hardly be recognized by those who meet him in the Queen City.

We were pleased to meet here the genial John Martin, book-keeper for the Charcoal Iron Company. We remember him in days gone by when he taught the terpsichorean art in Bangor.

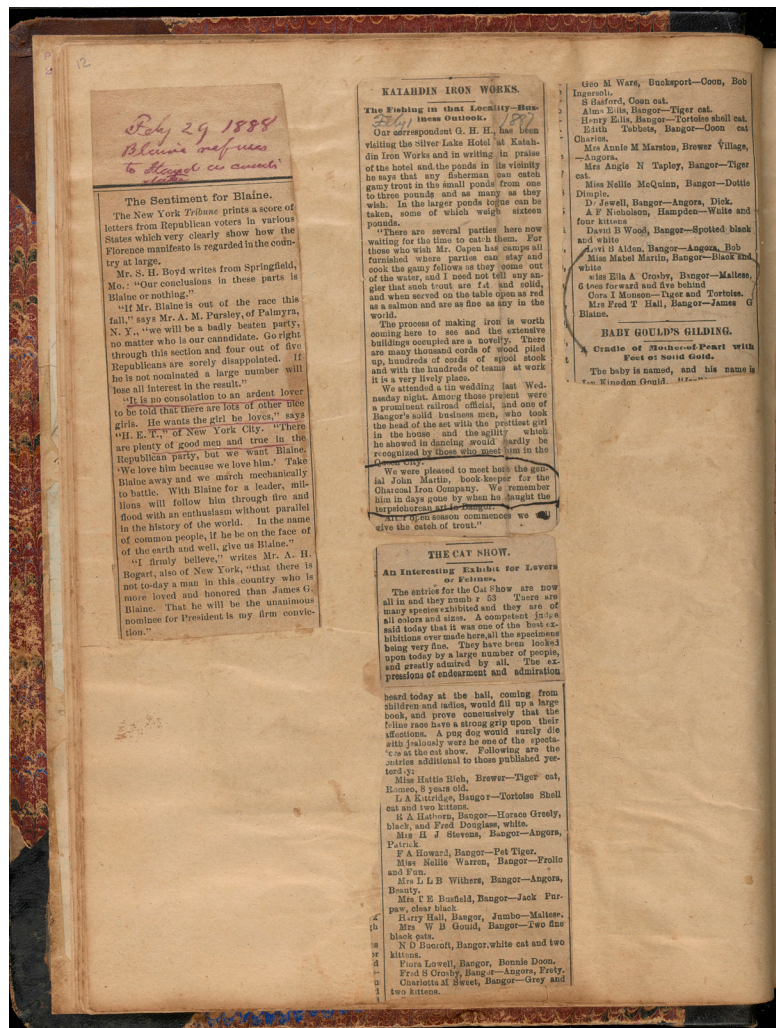
"After open season commences we will give the catch of trout."

The Cat Show.

An Interesting Exhibit for Lovers of Felines.

The entries for the Cat Show are now all in and they number 53. There are

[Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page]  
 many species exhibited and they are of all colors and sizes. A competent judge said today that it was one of the best exhibitions ever made here, all the specimens being very fine. They have been looked upon today by a large number of people, and greatly admired by all. The expressions of endearment and admiration heard today at the hall, coming from children and ladies, would fill up a large book, and prove conclusively that the feline race have a strong grip upon their affections. A pug dog would surely die with jealousy were he one of the spectators at the cat show. Following are the entries additional to those published yesterday:

Miss Hattie Rich, Brewer – Tiger cat, Romeo, 8 years old.

L A Kittridge, Bangor – Tortoise Shell cat and two kittens.

R A Hathorn, Bangor – Horace Greely, black, and Fred Douglass, white.

Mrs H J Stevens, Bangor – Angora, Patrick.

F A Howard, Bangor – Pet Tiger.

Miss Nellie Warren, Bangor – Frolic and Fun.

Mrs L L B Withers, Bangor – Angora, Beauty.

Mrs. T E Busfeld, Bangor – Jack Purpaw, clear black

Harry Hall, Bangor, Jumbo – Maltese.

Mrs. W B Gould, Bangor – Two fine black cats.

N D Bocroft, Bangor, white cat and two kittens.

Flora Lowell, Bangor, Bonnie Doon.

Fred S Crosby, Bangor – Angora, Frety.

Charlotta M Sweet, Bangor – Grey and two kittens.

[Right column]

Geo M Ware, Bucksport, – Coon, Bob Ingersoll.

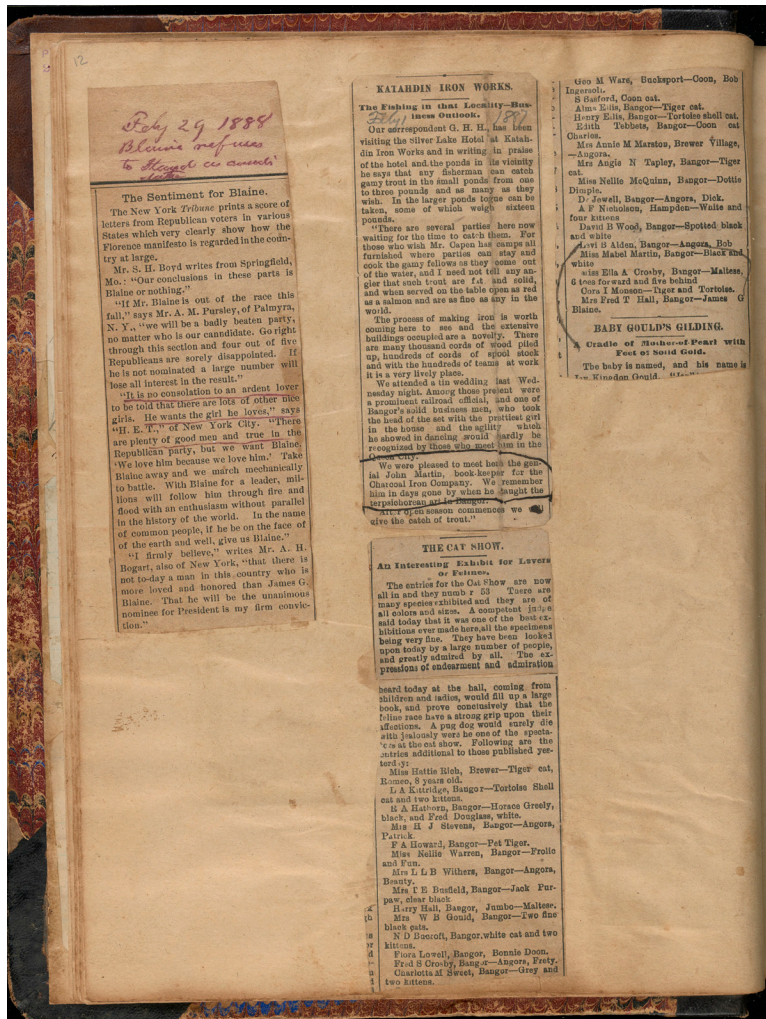
S Basford, Coon cat.

Alma Ellis, Bangor – Tiger cat.

Henry Ellis, Bangor – Tortoise shell cat.

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]

Edith Tebbets, Bangor – Coon cat  
Charles.

Mrs Annie M Marston, Brewer Village,  
– Angora

Mrs Angie N Tapley, Bangor – Tiger  
cat.

Miss Nellie McQuinn, Bangor – Dottie  
Dimple.

Dr Jewell, Bangor – Angora, Dick.

A F Nicholson, Hampden – White and  
four kittens

David B Wood, Bangor – Spotted black  
and white

Levi B Alden, Bangor – Angora, Bob  
Miss Mabel Martin, Bangor – Black and  
white

Miss Ella A Crosby, Bangor – Maltese  
6 toes forward and five behind

Cora I Monson – Tiger and Tortoise.

Mrs. Fred T. Hall, Bangor – James G.  
Blaine.

[fragment of article]

Baby Gould's Gilding  
A Cradle of Mother-of Pearl with  
Feet of Solid Gold.

The baby is named and his name is

[left column]

Sept 30 1887

A large gathering of the relatives and friends of Mr and Mrs. Elbridge S. Fifield, of Brewer, met at the residence of Mr and Mrs. Pollister, (Mrs. Pollister being their daughter) on Union Street, last Tuesday evening, September 27th, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and at 8.30 P.M. Mr and Mrs. Fifield, accompanied by their children and grand-children, entered one of the parlors and took their position under a beautiful floral design representing a heart, made of carnations and roses, bearing the monogram, Fifty, in purple immortelles, furnished by Mrs. Bailey, of Freeport, Maine. The services were conducted by Rev. A. A. Lewis, of the M. E. Church, and consisted of a poem written by him for the occasion, and reading congratulatory letters from friends not present, after which he offered prayer and the aged couple renewed their vows of fifty years ago, and the friends present were invited in and presented their congratulations, after which the following nicely arranged and well rendered musical programme was presented: March, "Christmas Bells," Mrs. Nettie Eldridge; Song, "Lullaby," Miss Merrill; Duet, "The Picnic Polka," Misses Weeks and Sawyer; Piano Solo, "The Zephyr," Miss G. R. Bennett; Piano Solo, "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Miss Long, of Bangor. After the entertainment refreshments were served in the dining room under the direction of Mr and Mrs. Pollister. Among other presents was seventy-four dollars in gold. Mr and Mrs. Fifield were married in Hampden in 1837. They have lived in one house in Brewer for thirty-three years. The boarding house at Ayer's Mill, Brewer village, caught fire Wednesday afternoon, but was extinguished without raising a general alarm.

The boarding house at Ayer's Mill, Brewer village, caught fire Wednesday afternoon, but was extinguished without raising a general alarm.

1887 Business items. Sept 30

[Continued on next page]

**PASSED AWAY.**

**General Sherman's Life's Battle Ended.**  
*July 1891*

**The Old Soldier Breathes His Last This Afternoon.**

**Stirring Life Story of the Hero Who Marched From Atlanta to the Sea.**  
*while we go on our way through*

**New York, Feb. 14.**—Gen. Sherman died at 1.50.

Gen. Sherman's last appearance in public was on Wednesday night of last week, when he occupied one of the presidential boxes at the Casino and watched William Russell and the Casino chorus girls in "Poor Jonathan" with undiminished interest. The general caught a bad cold that night, and has not left his house since.

His wife, Mrs. Ellen Boylston Sherman, who had been applied of his condition from time to time, was advised to come on.

The general's entire family, with the exception of his son, the Rev. T. E. Sherman, a student in the Jewish Theological Seminary, joined of Jersey, were about him. They include his other son, P. T. Sherman, a lawyer of this city, his daughter, Mrs. A. M. Thacker, of Rossmore, Pa., Mrs. T. W. Fitch of Pittsburgh, and two unmarried daughters who live with him.

Dr. C. G. Alexander, a United States army surgeon, was Gen. Sherman's attending physician. On Monday Dr. Edward G. Loring of 36 West Fourth street was called in consultation.

Wm. T. Sherman was born at Lancaster, O., Feb. 8, 1829. He entered West Point in July, 1852, and graduated four years later, ranking sixth in a class of 42. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the third artillery and was sent to Florida. In 1855 he was sent to Fort Mifflin, Pa., where he was promoted to first lieutenant. He resigned from the army in 1855, and entered into the life of a civilian. He was the leading spirit of the Civil War, and was in command of the division of the Mississippi. In 1868 he was appointed lieutenant general, and when Grant was elected President, Sherman succeeded him as general.

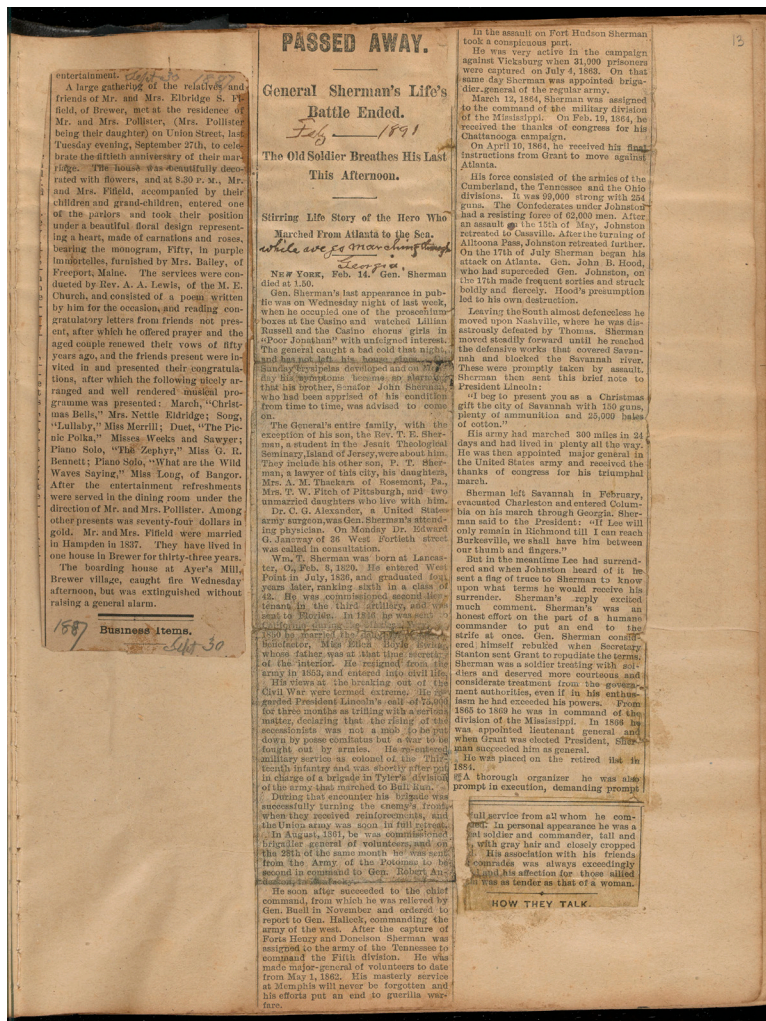
He was placed on the retired list in 1874.

A thorough organizer he was also prompt in execution, demanding prompt service from all whom he commanded. In personal appearance he was a tall soldier and commander, tall and with gray hair and closely cropped.

His association with his friends was always exceedingly cordial, and his affection for those called to his aid was as tender as that of a woman.

**HOW THEY TALK.**





[Continued from previous page]  
[Center column]

Passed Away.  
General Sherman's Life's  
Battle Ended.  
Feb. 14, 1891

The Old Soldier Breathes His Last  
This Afternoon.

Stirring Life Story of the Hero Who  
Marched From Atlanta to the Sea.  
while we go marching through  
Georgia

New York, Feb. 14. Gen. Sherman  
died at 1.50.

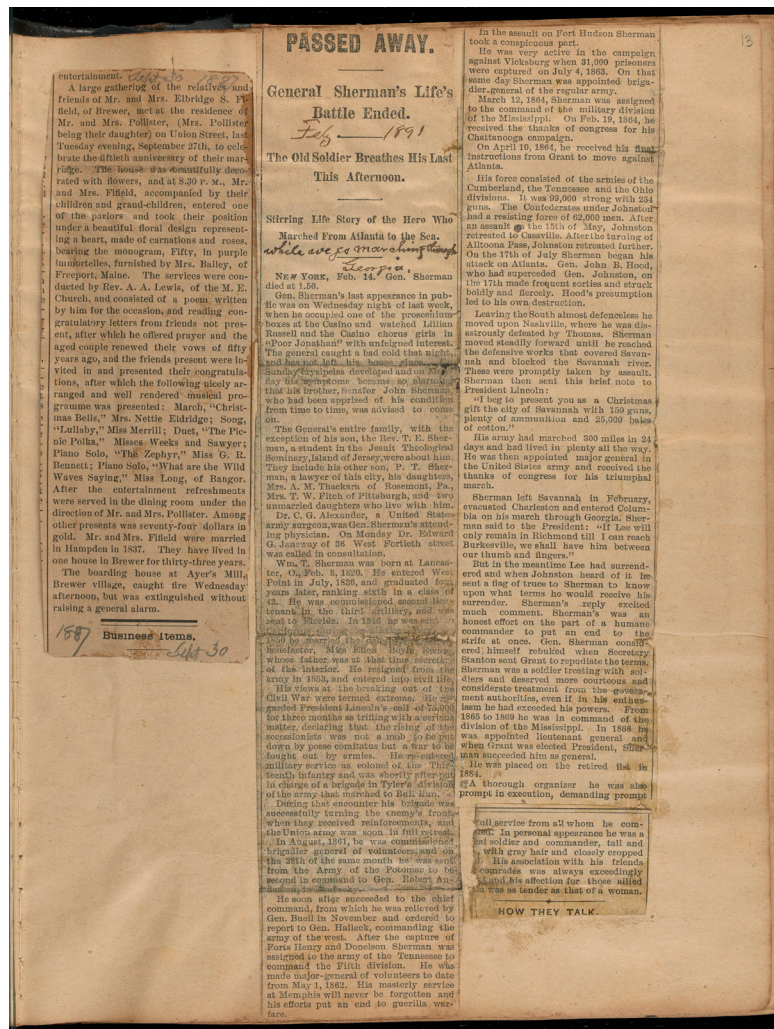
Gen. Sherman's last appearance in public was on Wednesday night of last week, when he occupied one of the proscenium boxes at the Casino and watched Lillian Russell and the Casino chorus girls in "Poor Jonathan" with unfeigned interest. The general caught a bad cold that night and has not left his house since. On Sunday erysipelas pains developed and on Monday his symptoms became so alarming that his brother, Senator John Sherman, who had been appraised of his condition from time to time, was advised to come on.

The General's entire family, with the exception of his son, the Rev. T. E. Sherman a student in the Jesuit Theological Seminary, Island of Jersey, were about him. They include his other son, P. T. Sherman, a lawyer of this city, his daughters, Mrs. A. M. Thackers of Rosemont, Pa., Mrs. T. W. Fitch of Pittsburgh, and two unmarried daughters who live with him.

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[Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page]  
California during the Mexican War [torn]  
1850 he married the daughter [torn]  
benefactor. Miss Ellen Boyle Ewing,  
whose father was at that time secretary  
of the Interior. He resigned from the  
army in 1863, [?] and entered into civil life.

His views at the breaking out of the  
Civil War were termed extreme. He re-  
garded President Lincoln's call of 75,000  
for three months as trifling with a perilous  
matter, declaring that the rising of the  
secessionists was not a mob to be put  
down by posse comitatus but a war to be  
fought out by armies. He re-entered  
military service as colonel of the Thir-  
teenth infantry and was shortly after put  
in charge of a brigade in Tyler's division  
of the army that marched to Bull Run.

During that encounter his brigade was  
successfully turning the enemy's front  
when they received reinforcements, and  
the Union army was soon in full retreat.

In August, 1861, he was commissioned  
brigadier general of volunteers, and on  
the 28th of the same month he was sent  
from the Army of the Potomac to be  
second in command to Gen. Robert An-  
derson, in Kentucky.

He soon after succeeded to the chief  
command, from which he was relieved by  
Gen. Buell in November and ordered to  
report to Gen. Halleck, commanding the  
army of the west. After the capture of  
Forts Henry and Donelson Sherman was  
assigned to the army of the Tennessee to  
command the Fifth division. He was  
made major-general of volunteers to date  
from May 1, 1862. His masterly service  
at Memphis will never be forgotten and  
his efforts put an end to the guerilla war-  
fare.

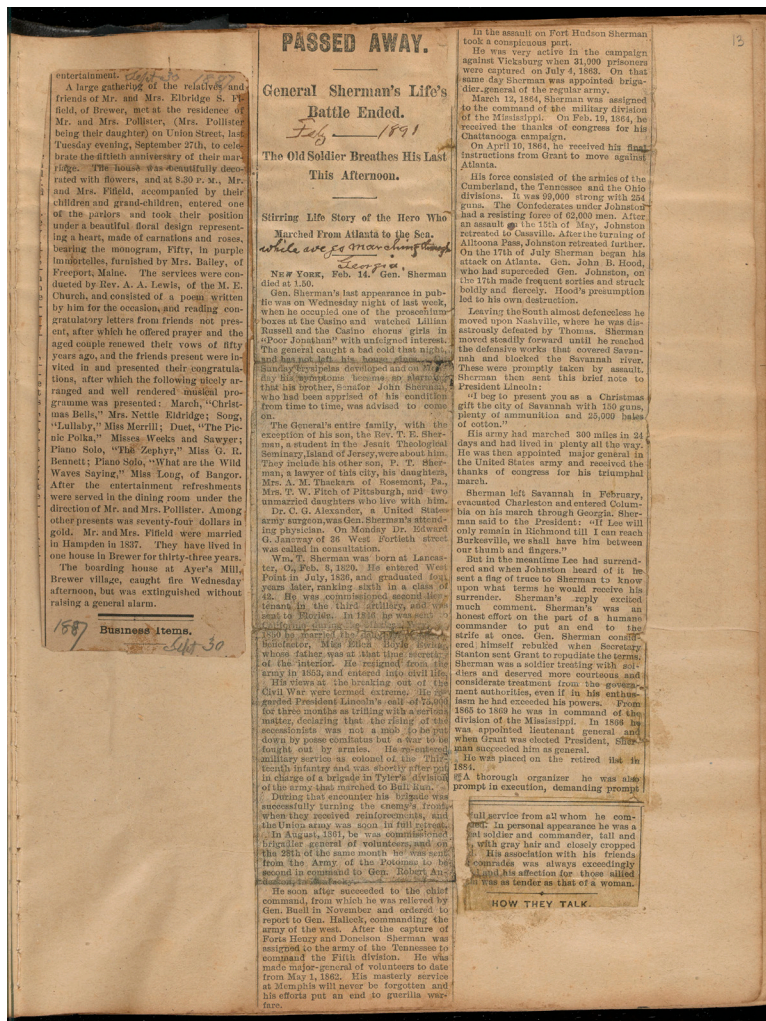
[Right column]

In the assault on Fort Hudson Sherman  
took a conspicuous part.

He was very active in the campaign  
against Vicksburg when 31,000 prisoners  
were captured on July 4, 1863. On that

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]  
same day Sherman was appointed brigadier general of the regular army.

March 12, 1864, Sherman was assigned to the command of the military division of the Mississippi. On Feb. 19, 1864, he received the thanks of congress for his Chattanooga campaign.

On April 10, 1864, he received his first instructions from Grant to move against Atlanta.

His force consisted of the armies of the Cumberland, the Tennessee and the Ohio divisions. It was 99,000 strong with 254 guns. The Confederates under Johnston had a resisting force of 62,000 men. After an assault on the 15th of May, Johnston retreated to Cassville. After the turning of Allatoona Pass, Johnston retreated further. On the 17th of July Sherman began his attack on Atlanta. Gen. John B. Hood, who had superceded Gen. Johnston, on the 17th made frequent sorties and struck boldly and fiercely. Hood's presumption led to his own destruction.

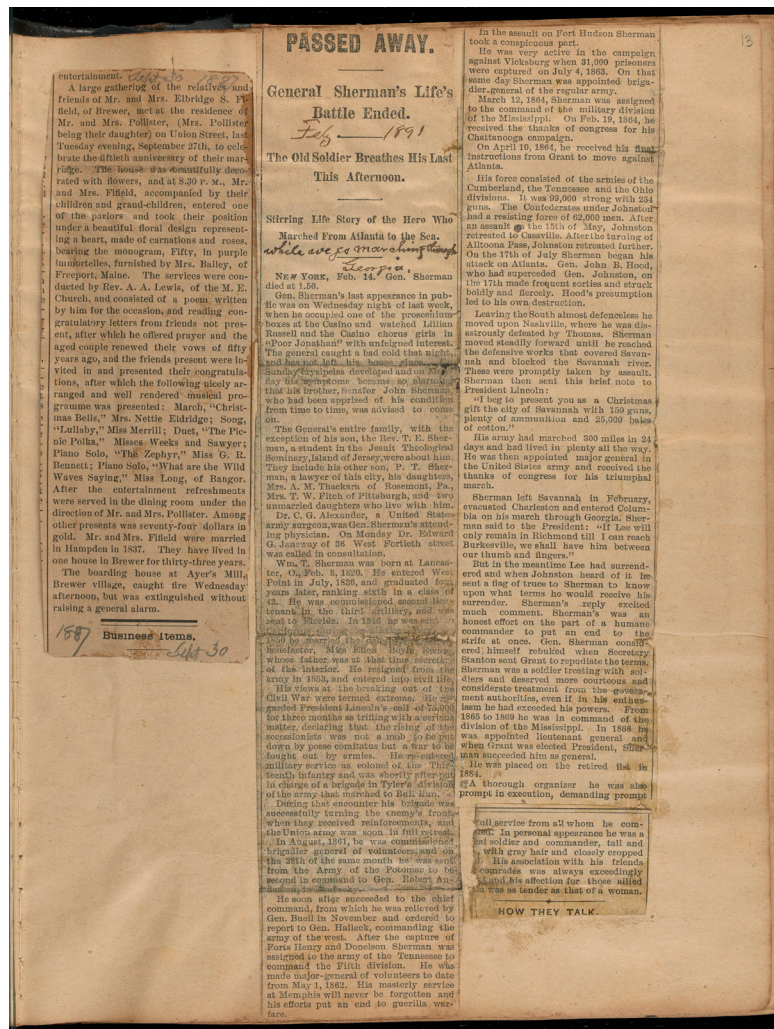
Leaving the South almost defenceless he moved upon Nashville, where he was disastrously defeated by Thomas. Sherman moved steadily forward until he reached the defensive works that covered Savannah and blocked the Savannah river. These were promptly taken by assault. Sherman then sent this brief note to President Lincoln:

"I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah with 150 guns, plenty of ammunition and 25,000 bales of cotton."

His army had marched 300 miles in 24 days and had lived in plenty all the way. He was then appointed major general in the United States army and received the thanks of congress for his triumphal march.

Sherman left Savannah in February, evacuated Charleston and entered Columbia on his march through Georgia. Sherman said to the President: "If Lee will

[Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page]  
only remain in Richmond till I can reach  
Burkesville, we shall have him between  
our thumb and fingers."

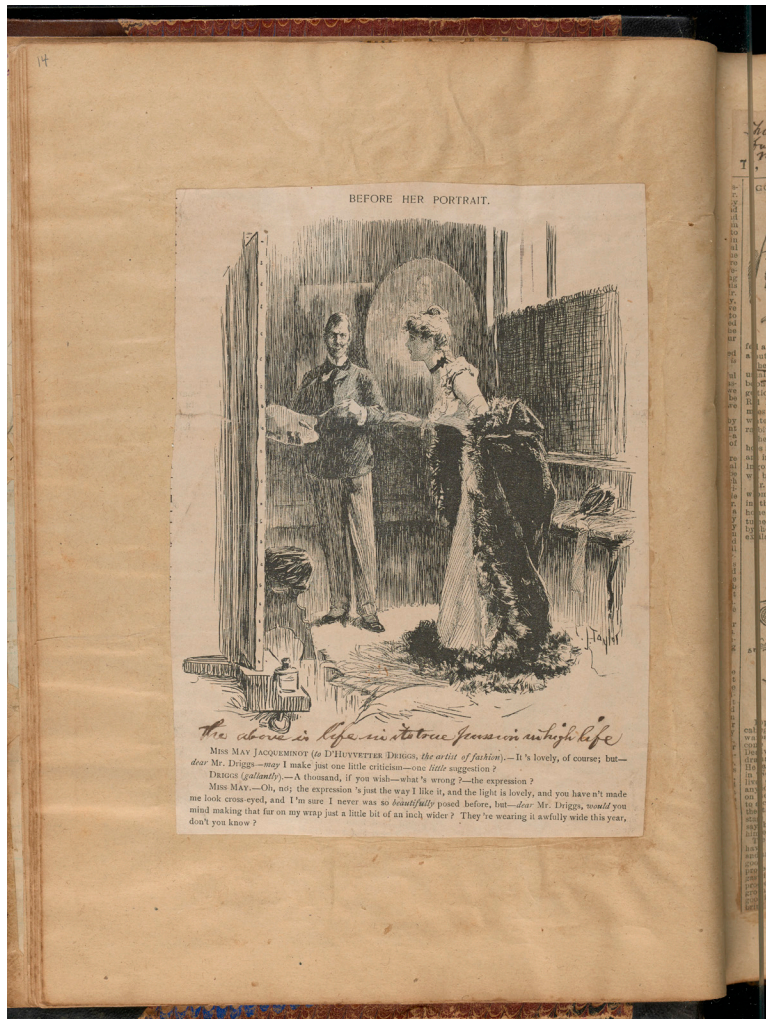
But in the meantime Lee had surrend-  
ered and when Johnston heard of it he  
sent a flag of truce to Sherman to know  
upon what terms he would receive his  
surrender. Sherman's reply excited  
much comment. Sherman's was an  
honest effort on the part of a humane  
commander to put an end to the  
strife at once. Gen Sherman consid-  
ered himself rebuked when Secretary  
Stanton sent Grant to repudiate the terms.  
Sherman was a soldier treating with sol-  
diers and deserved more courteous and  
considerate treatment from the govern-  
ment authorities, even if in his enthus-  
iasm he had exceeded his powers. From  
1865 to 1869 he was in command of the  
division of the Mississippi. In 1866 he  
was appointed lieutenant general and  
when Grant was elected President, Sher-  
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He was placed on the retired list in  
1884.

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[torn] comrades was always exceedingly  
[torn] and his affection for those allied  
[torn] was as tender as that of a woman.

How They Talk





## BEFORE HER PORTRAIT.

[Illustration]

The above is life in its true passion in high life

Miss May Jacqueminot (To D'huyvetter Driggs, the artist of fashion), — It's lovely, of course; but — dear Mr Driggs — may I make just one little criticism — one little suggestion?

Driggs (gallantly) — A thousand, if you wish — what's wrong? — the expression?

Miss May. — Oh, no; the expression's just the way I like it, and the light is lovely, and you haven't made me look cross-eyed, and I'm sure I never was so beautifully posed before, but — dear Mr Driggs, would you mind making that fur on my wrap just a little bit of an inch wider? They're wearing it awfully wide this year, don't you know?

This chapter is a take off of summer & fall visitors as they travel about the country now, of which Silver Lake is full at this date  
Sept 17, 1887 it is life as it is

[Left column]  
GOSSIP FROM UTE SOCIETY.

[Image] The following Ute society gossip, says the New York World, is full of interest to those who have personal acquaintances and friends among that set. I have only just received them, and hasten to give them as early as possible, knowing that many readers will

feel an interest in what is going on in and about the reservation.

The season at White River will be unusually gay this winter, and soon there will be one continuous round of hilarity, indigestion, mirth, colic, and social hatred. Red Horse, the smoke-tanned horse-fiddle maestro, will play and call off again this winter for Germans, grub dances, and jack-rabbit gorges as usual.

The Curay War club will give a series of hops in November under its own auspices, and in December it will hold two Germans in going through these Germans no favors will be shown by the club.

Mr and Mrs. Mexican-Hairless-Dog-upon-whom-there-are-no-Flies have been spending the summer at their delightful hostile home near White River. They have just returned for the winter, beautifully bronzed by the elements, and report one of the most exhilarating outbreaks they ever were to.

[Image]

INDIAN DUDE.

Lop-Ear-Son-of-the-Cyclone received a cablegram last week, on his return from the warpath, offering him a princely salary to

[Continued on next page]







[Continued from previous page]  
come to London and assist in robbing the Deadwood coach. He says the legitimate drama is certainly making wonderful strides. He has heard the American Opera company in "Nero," and says that no one who has lived on the reservation all his life can have any idea of the strides that are being made on the stage. He has not decided whether to accept the offer or not, but says that if the stage they are going to rob is the operative stage he will not assist at any price. He says he knows what it is to suffer for clothes himself.

The members of the Chipeta Canoeing club have just returned from a summer jaunt, and are in good spirits. They report that a good time was had and health greatly improved. The club will give a sociable and gastric recital at the grounds next week. The proceeds will go toward beautifying the grounds of the club and promoting a general good feeling. Each member is permitted to bring one cash friend.

[Center column]

Tall-Man-Who-Toys-with-the-Thunderbolts will start to-morrow for the home of the great white father in Washington. He goes to make a treaty [?]weed [illustration] Cleaveland

#### MAKING THE TREATY.

or two and be awed by the surplus in the treasury. He will make as many treaties as possible, after which he will invite the great white father to visit our young and growing reservation, enjoy our crude hospitality and cultivate the Ute vote.

A select scalp-dance and rum sociable will take place at the foot of the gulch at the middle of the present moon, after which there will be a presentation speech and resolutions of respect tendered to the board of outbreaks and the sub-committee on hostility.

The following will be the menu:

Reservation soup, strengthened with rain-water; condemned sardines, codfish balls, fish plates, railroad frogs' legs, sage hen a la Colorow, jerked jack-rabbits, roasting

[Continued on next page]



[Continued from previous page]  
ears à la massacre, hot-house clams, rattle-  
snakes' tongues à la fire-water, prickly  
pears, fruit of the loom, dried apples and  
whisky. Dancing will be kept up till a late  
hour.

The approaching nuptials of Fly-by-Night,  
a partial widower of Snippeta, daughter of  
Wipe-Up-the-Ground-with-His-Enemies, will  
be the occasion of quite a tout ensemble and  
blow-out. He will marry the surviving  
members of the family of Wampo-the-Wailer-  
that-Wakes-Up-in-the-Night. He will on this  
occasion lead to the altar Mrs. Wampo-the-  
Walker, etc., her two daughters, and the  
hired girl. The wedding will take place at  
the residence of the bride. Invitations are  
already out and parties who have not yet  
received any, but who would like to be pre-  
sent and swap a tin napkin-ring for a square  
meal, will be invited if they will leave their  
address with the groom.

Crash-of-the-Tempest, a prominent man of  
the tribe, laid a large tumor on our table  
last week, weighing four pounds, from  
which he was removed on Wednesday. So  
far, this is the largest tumor that has been  
brought in this summer to apply on sub-  
scription. Call again, Crash.

Soiled Charle and Peek-a-Boo, delegates  
of the Ute nation went to the great white  
father at Washington, returned yesterday  
from Red Top, the great tepee of the pale  
chief. They made a great many treaties  
and both are utterly exhausted. Peek-a-Boo  
is confined to his wigwam by the hallucina-  
tion that the air is full of bright-red bumble  
bees with blue tails. He says that he does  
not mind the hostility of the white man,  
but it is his hospitality that makes him  
tired.

A full-dress reception and consommé was  
tendered to the friends of labor at the home  
of Past Worthy Chief Fly-up-the-Creek of  
White River by his own neighbors and Un-  
compahgre admirers on Tuesday evening.  
At an early hour guests began to arrive and  
crawl under the tent into the reception  
room.

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]

A fine band, consisting of a man who had deserted from the regular military band, played Boulanger's march on the base drum with deep feeling.

The widow of Wampo-the-Walker and affianced of old Fly-by-Night wore a dark coiffure, held in place by the wish-bone of

[Right column]

a sage hen, and looked first-rate.

Miss Wampo, the elder wore a negligé costume, consisting of a red California blanket, caught back with real burdock burs and held in place by means of a hame-strap.

[Image]

COLOROW AND THE DOG.

The younger Miss Wampo wore a Smyrna rug, with bunch grass at the throat.

Mrs. D. W. Peek-a-Boo wore a cavalry saddle blanket, with Turkish overalls and bone ornaments.

Miss Peek-a-Boo wore a straw-colored jar-diniere, cut V-shape, looped back with a russet shawl-strap and trimmed with rick-rack around the arm-holes. Her eyes danced with merriment, and she danced with most anybody in the wigwam.

Little Casino, the daughter of Fly-Up-the-Creek of the Uncompahgres, wore the gable end of an "A" tent, trimmed with red flannel rosettes. It had veneered panels and the new and extremely swell sleeves, blown up above the elbow and tight the rest the way, in which, as she said in her naive way, they resembled her father, who was tight half of the time and blown up the rest of the time. Little Casino was the life of the party, and it would be hard to

opine of anything more charming than her bright and cheery way of telling a funny story, which convulsed her audience while she quietly completed a fractional flush and took home the long-delayed jack-pot to her needy father. She is an intellectual exotic of which the Uncompahgres may well be proud, and is also one of those rare productions of nature never at a loss for something to write in an autograph

[Continued on next page]

Mrs. Roll-on-Silver Moon has a painful bullet wound in the shoulder, but feels so grieved about the loss of Little Cholera-Infantum that she does not make much fuss over her injury. The funeral of the little one will take place this evening from its late residence and friends of the parents are cordially invited to come and participate. Wailing will begin promptly at sundown.

Turn Over

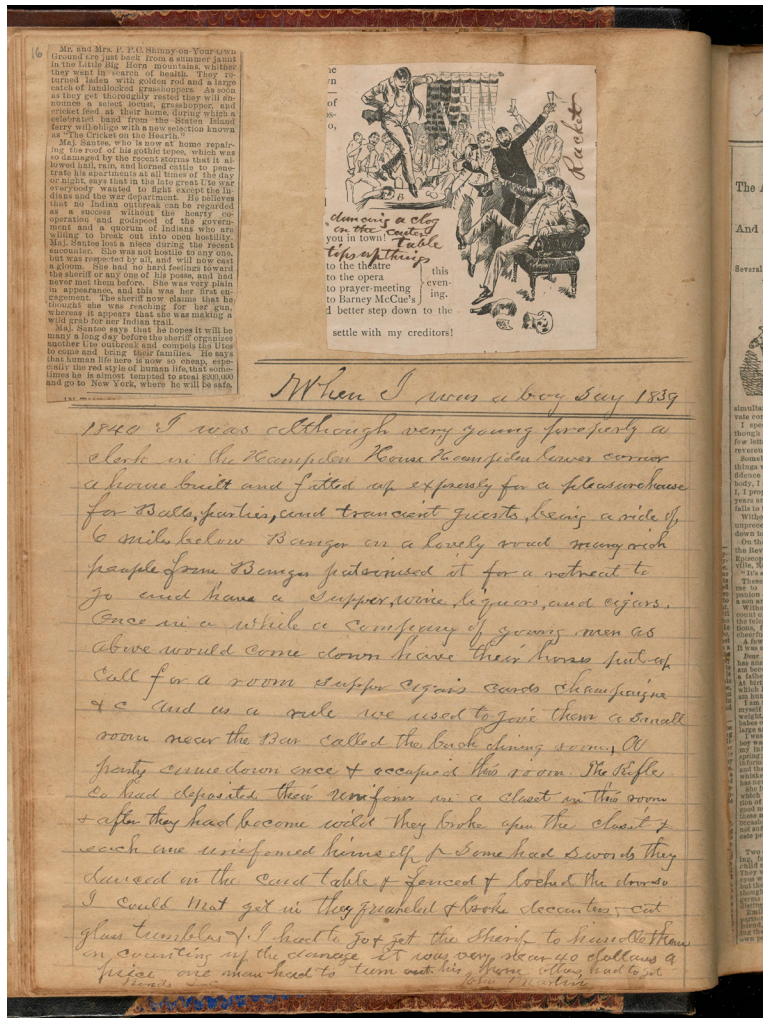


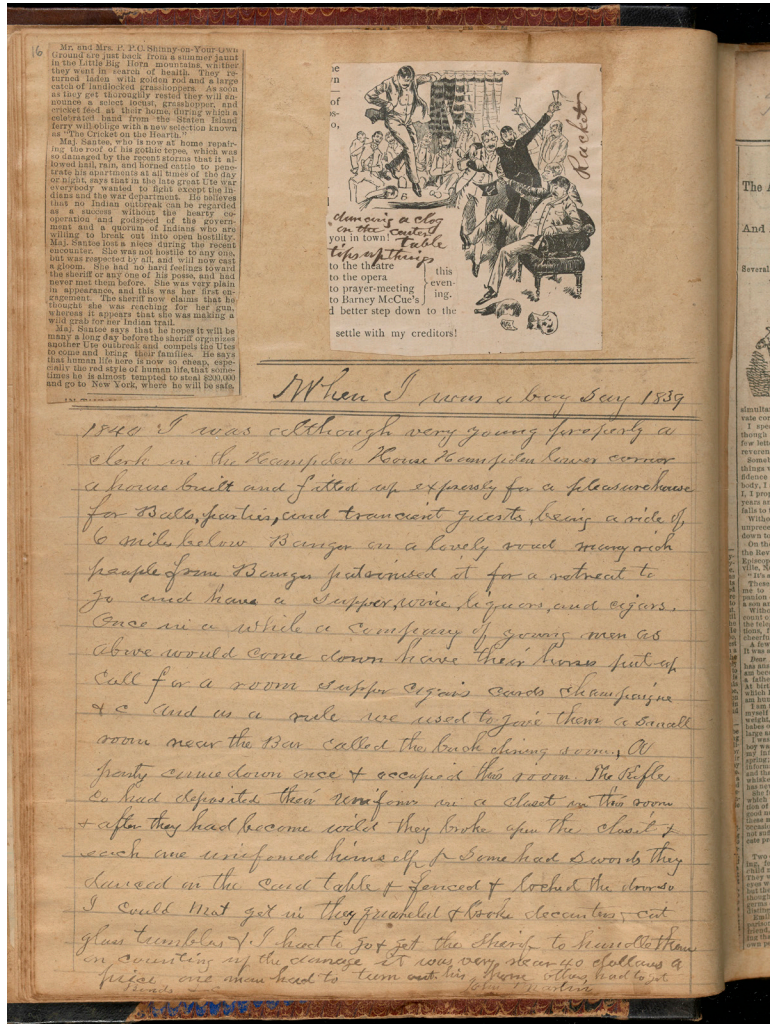


Mr and Mrs. P. P. C. Shinny-on-Your-Own-Ground are just back from a summer jaunt in the Little Big Horn mountains whither they went in search of health. They returned laden with golden rod and a large catch of landlocked grasshoppers. As soon as they get thoroughly rested they will announce a select locust, grasshopper, and cricket feed at their home, during which a celebrated band from the Staten Island ferry will oblige with a new selection known as "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Maj. Santee, who is now at home repairing the roof of his gothic tepee, which was so damaged by the recent storms that it allowed hail, rain, and horned cattle to penetrate his apartments at all times of the day or night, says that in the late great Ute war everybody wanted to fight except the Indians and the war department. He believes that no Indian outbreak can be regarded as a success without the hearty co-operation and godspeed of the government and a quorum of Indians who are willing to break out into open hostility. Maj. Santee lost a niece during the recent encounter. She was not hostile to any one, but was respected by all, and will now cast a gloom. She had no hard feelings toward the sheriff or any one of his posse, and had never met them before. She was very plain in appearance, and this was her first engagement. The sheriff now claims that he thought she was reaching for her gun, whereas it appears that she was making a wild grab for her Indian trail.

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]

Maj. Santee says that he hopes it will be many a long day before the sheriff organizes another Ute outbreak and compels the Utes to come and bring their families. He says that human life here is now so cheap, especially the red style of human life, that sometimes he is almost tempted to steal \$200,000 and go to New York where he will be safe.

[at right]

[illustration]

dancing a clog

on the center

table

tips up things

[sideways at right] Racket

When I was a boy say 1839

1840 I was although very young properly a clerk in the Hampden House Hampden lower corner a house built and fitted up expressly for a pleasure house for Balls, parties, and trancient guests, being a ride of 6 miles below Bangor on a lovely road many rich people from Bangor patronised it for a retreat to go and have a Supper, wine, liquors, and cigars. Once in a while a Company of young men as above would come down have their horses put up call for a room supper cigars cards champagne &c and as a rule we used to give them a small room near the Bar called the back dining room. A party came down once & occupied this room. The Rifle co had deposited their uniforms in a closet in this room & after they had become wild they broke open the closet & each one uniformed himself & some had swords they danced on the card table & fenced & locked the doors I could not get in they quareled & broke decanters & cut glass tumblers & I had to go & get the Sherif to handle them on counting up the damage it was very near 40 dollars a piece one man had to turn out his home others had to get

Bonds &c

John Martin



March 23/87

This chapter on the Spirit of the times I preserve.

[Left column]

By The Way.

The Author Corresponds with the Rev. Hezekiah Flint And Advises Him How to Educate His Son.

Several Valuable Hints to Unsuccessful Parents with Whom the Author is Entitled to Sympathize.

[Image] Tis the fashion nowadays when a great man dies to collect as many as possible of the letters that he has written and to give them to the world in a neat gilt-edged volume.

The burial of a great man is usually simultaneous with the unearthing of his private correspondence.

I speak of this matter to-day because, although not yet dead, I am about to publish a few letters that have passed between me and a revered friend of mine.

Somebody is bound to make money out of the things which I have said under the seal of confidence and the pledge of secrecy, and as nobody, I am sure, is more in need of money than I, I propose to antedate my biographer by a few years and to gather in the reward which always falls to the lot of an enterprising business man.

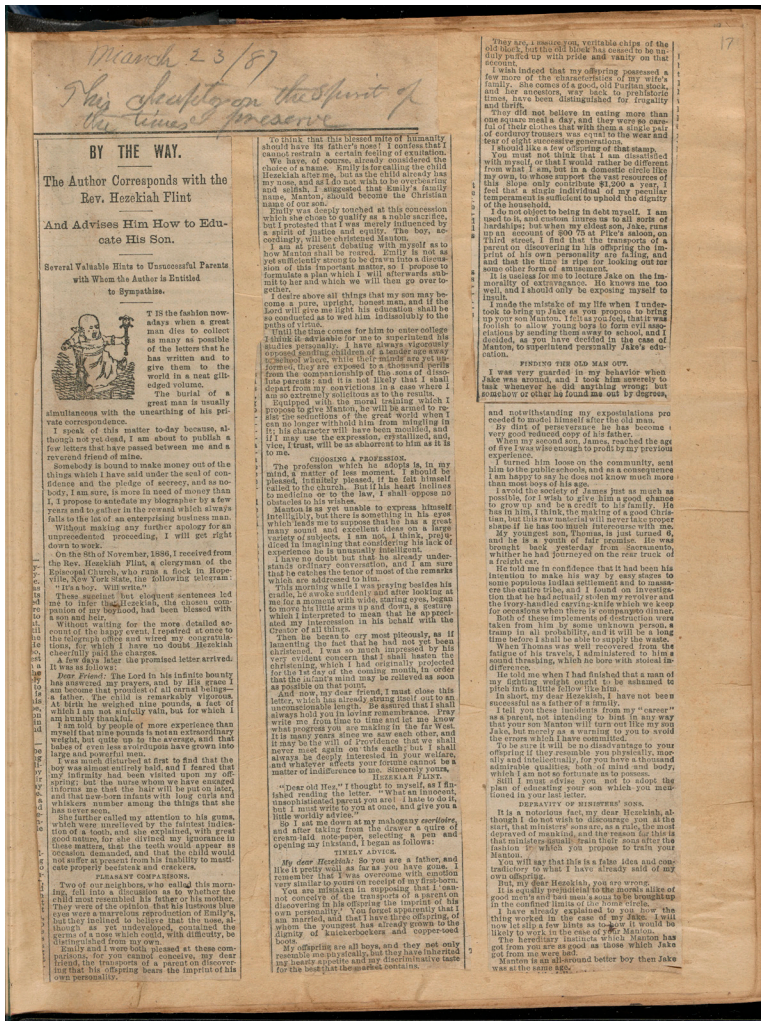
Without making any further apology for an unprecedented proceeding, I will get right down to work.

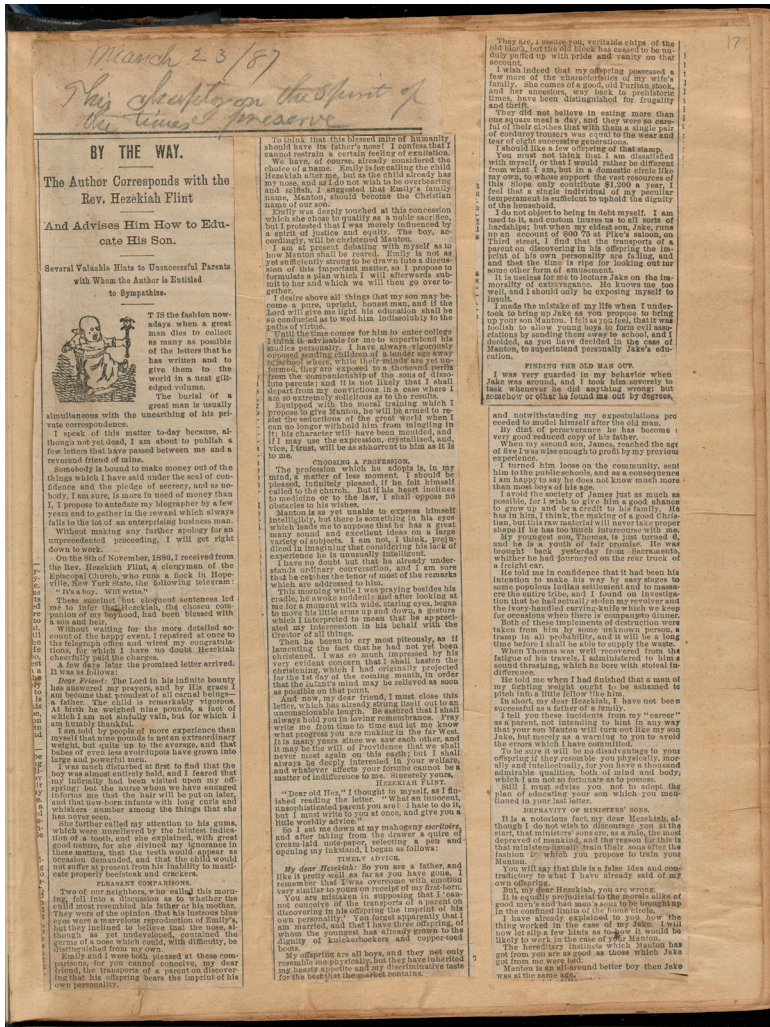
On the 8th of November, 1886, I received from the Rev. Hezekiah Flint, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who runs a flock in Hopeville, New York State, the following telegram:

"It's a boy. Will write."

These succinct but eloquent sentences led me to infer that Hezekiah, the chosen companion of my boyhood, had been blessed with a son and heir.

[Continued on next page]





### BY THE WAY.

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And Advises Him How to Edu-  
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Several Valuable Hints to Unsuccessful Parents  
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years and to gather in the reward which always  
falls to the lot of an enterprising business man.

Without making any further apology for an  
unprecedented proceeding, I will get right  
down to work.

On the 24th of November, 1886, I received from  
the Rev. Hezekiah Flint, a clergyman of the  
Episcopal Church, who runs a dock in Hope-  
ville, New York State, the following telegram:

"My dear Mr. Flint—  
These earnest but eloquent sentences led  
me to infer that—perhaps, the chosen con-  
solation of my boyhood had been blessed with  
a son and heir."

Without waiting for the more detailed ac-  
count of the happy event, I replied at once to  
the telegram and wired my congratulations,  
for which I have no doubt, Hezekiah  
cheerfully paid the charges.

A few days later the postman delivered to me  
a letter as follows:

"Dear Friend: The Lord in his infinite bounty  
has answered my prayers, and by His grace I  
am become that proudest of all carnal beings—  
a father. The child is remarkably vigorous.

At birth he weighed nine pounds, a fact of  
which I am not insuflly vain, but for which I  
am humbly thankful.

I am told by people of more experience than  
myself that nine pounds is not an extraordinary  
weight, but quite up to the average, and that  
babes of even less avoirdupois have grown into  
large and powerful men.

I was much disturbed at first to find that the  
boy was almost entirely bald, and I feared that  
my infirmity had been visited upon my off-  
spring; but the nurse which we have engaged  
informs me that the hair will be put on later,  
and that new-born infants with long curls and  
whiskers number among the things that she  
has never seen.

She further called my attention to his gums,  
which were unrelieved by the faintest indica-  
tion of a tooth, and she explained, with great  
good nature, for she devined my ignorance in  
these matters, that the teeth would appear as  
occasion demanded, and that the child would  
not suffer at present from his inability to mas-  
ticate properly beefsteak and crackers.

Pleasant Comparisons.

Two of our neighbors, who called this morn-  
ing, fell into a discussion as to whether the  
child most resembled his father or his mother.

They were of the opinion that his lustrous blue  
eyes were a marvelous reproduction of Emily's,  
but they inclined to believe that his nose, al-  
though as yet undeveloped, contained the  
germs of a nose which could with difficulty, be  
undistinguished from my own.

Emily and I were both pleased at these com-  
parisons, for you cannot conceive, my dear  
friend, the transports of a parent on discover-  
ing that his offspring bears the imprint of his  
own personality.

To think that this blessed gift of humanity  
should have no father! I confess that I  
cannot restrain a certain feeling of exultation.  
We have, of course, already considered the  
choice of a name. Emily is recalling the child  
Hezekiah to me, but as the child already has  
my name, and as I do not wish to be overbearing  
and selfish, I suggested that Emily's name  
should be given to the child.

Emily and I were both pleased at these com-  
parisons, for you cannot conceive, my dear  
friend, the transports of a parent on discover-  
ing that his offspring bears the imprint of his  
own personality.

I desire above all things that my son may be-  
come a pure, upright, honest man, and if the  
Lord will give me light his education shall be  
so conducted as to meet him. Indiscreetly in the  
path of virtue.

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path of virtue.

They are, a man, a woman, a child, the edge of the  
old black, the old black has ceased to be nu-  
merically pulled up with pride and vanity on that  
account.

I wish indeed that my offspring possessed a  
few more of the characteristics of my wife's  
family. She comes of good old Puritan stock,  
and her ancestors, way back to presidents  
time, have been distinguished by piety,  
industry and thrift.

They did not believe in eating more than  
one square meal a day, and they were so care-  
ful of their clothes that with them a single pair  
of corduroy trousers was equal to the wear and  
tear of eight average generations.

Should I as a father of that stamp  
be so much of a dandy as to dress in a different  
from what I am, but in a domestic circle like  
my own, to whose support the vast resources of  
this slope only contribute \$1,000 a year, I  
feel that a single individual of my peculiar  
temperament is sufficient to uphold the dignity  
of the household.

I am not so much of a dandy as to dress in a different  
from what I am, but in a domestic circle like  
my own, to whose support the vast resources of  
this slope only contribute \$1,000 a year, I  
feel that a single individual of my peculiar  
temperament is sufficient to uphold the dignity  
of the household.

I am not so much of a dandy as to dress in a different  
from what I am, but in a domestic circle like  
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### [Continued from previous page]

Without waiting for the more detailed ac-  
count of the happy event, I repaired at once to  
the telegraph office and wired my congratula-  
tions, for which I have no doubt Hezekiah  
cheerfully paid the charges.

A few days later the promised letter arrived.  
It was as follows:

Dear Friend: The lord in his infinite bounty  
has answered my prayers, and by His grace I  
am become that proudest of all carnal beings—  
a father. The child is remarkably vigorous.

At birth he weighed nine pounds, a fact of  
which I am not insuflly vain, but for which I  
am humbly thankful.

I am told by people of more experience than  
myself that nine pounds is not an extraordinary  
weight, but quite up to the average, and that  
babes of even less avoirdupois have grown into  
large and powerful men.

I was much disturbed at first to find that the  
boy was almost entirely bald, and I feared that  
my infirmity had been visited upon my off-  
spring; but the nurse which we have engaged  
informs me that the hair will be put on later,  
and that new-born infants with long curls and  
whiskers number among the things that she  
has never seen.

She further called my attention to his gums,  
which were unrelieved by the faintest indica-  
tion of a tooth, and she explained, with great  
good nature, for she devined my ignorance in  
these matters, that the teeth would appear as  
occasion demanded, and that the child would  
not suffer at present from his inability to mas-  
ticate properly beefsteak and crackers.

Pleasant Comparisons.

Two of our neighbors, who called this morn-  
ing, fell into a discussion as to whether the  
child most resembled his father or his mother.

They were of the opinion that his lustrous blue  
eyes were a marvelous reproduction of Emily's  
but they inclined to believe that the nose, al-  
though as yet undeveloped, contained the  
germs of a nose which could with difficulty, be  
undistinguished from my own.

Emily and I were both pleased at these com-  
parisons, for you cannot conceive, my dear  
friend, the transports of a parent on discover-  
ing that his offspring bears the imprint of his  
own personality.

### [Continued on next page]



BY THE WAY.

The Author Corresponds with the  
Rev. Hezekiah Flint

And Advises Him How to Edu-  
cate His Son.

Several Valuable Hints to Unsuccessful Parents  
with Whom the Author is Entitled  
to Sympathize.

[illegible][illegible]

[Center column]

To think that this blessed mite of humanity should have its father's nose? I confess that I cannot refrain a certain feeling of exaltation.

We have, of course, already considered the choice of a name. Emily is for calling the child Hezekiah after me, but as the child already has my nose, and as I do not wish to be overbearing and selfish, I suggested that Emily's family name, Manton, should become the Christian name of our son.

Emily was deeply touched at this concession which she chose to qualify as a noble sacrifice but I protested that I was merely influenced by a spirit of justice and equity. The boy accordingly, will be christened Manton.

I am at present debating with myself as to how Manton shall be reared. Emily is not as yet sufficiently strong to be drawn into a discussion of this important matter, so I propose to formulate a plan which I will afterwards submit to her and which we will then go over together.

I desire above all things that my son may become a pure, upright, honest man, and if the Lord will give me light his education shall be so conducted as to wed him indissolubly to the paths of virtue.

Until the time comes for him to enter college I think it advisable for me to superintend his studies personally. I have always vigorously opposed sending children of a tender age away to school where, while their minds are yet unformed, they are exposed to a thousand perils from the companionship of the sons of dissolute parents; and it is not likely that I shall depart from my convictions in a case where I am so extremely solicitous as to the results.

Equipped with the moral training which I propose to give Manton, he will be armed to resist the seductions of the great world when I can no longer withhold him from mingling in it; his character will have been moulded, and if I may use the expression, crystallized, and,

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vice, I trust, will be as abhorrent to him as it is to me.

### Choosing A Profession.

The profession which he adopts is, in my mind, a matter of less moment. I should be pleased, infinitely pleased, if he felt himself called to the church. But if his heart inclines to medicine or to the law, I shall oppose no obstacles to his wishes.

Manton is as yet unable to express himself intelligibly, but there is something in his eyes which leads me to suppose that he has a great many sound and excellent ideas on a large variety of subjects. I am not, I think, prejudiced in imagining that considering his lack of experience he is unusually intelligent.

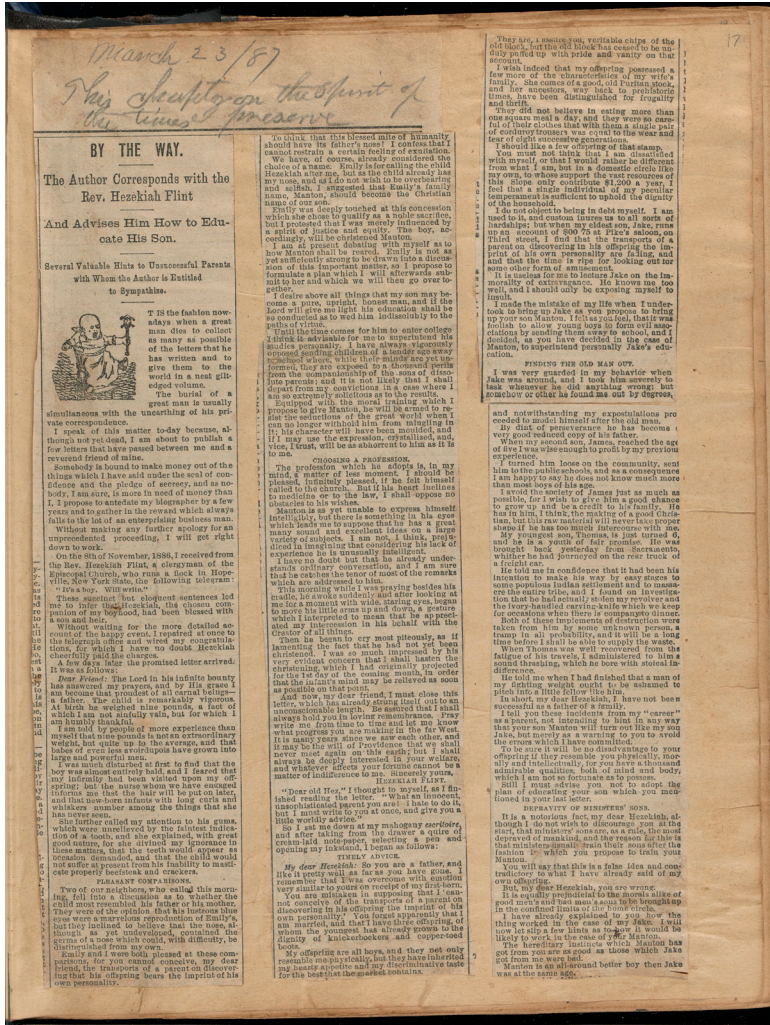
I have no doubt but that he already understands ordinary conversation, and I am sure that he catches the tenor of most of the remarks which are addressed to him.

This morning while I was praying besides his cradle, he awoke suddenly and after looking at me for a moment with wide staring eyes, began to move his little arms up and down, a gesture which I interpreted to mean that he appreciated my intercession in his behalf with the Creator of all things.

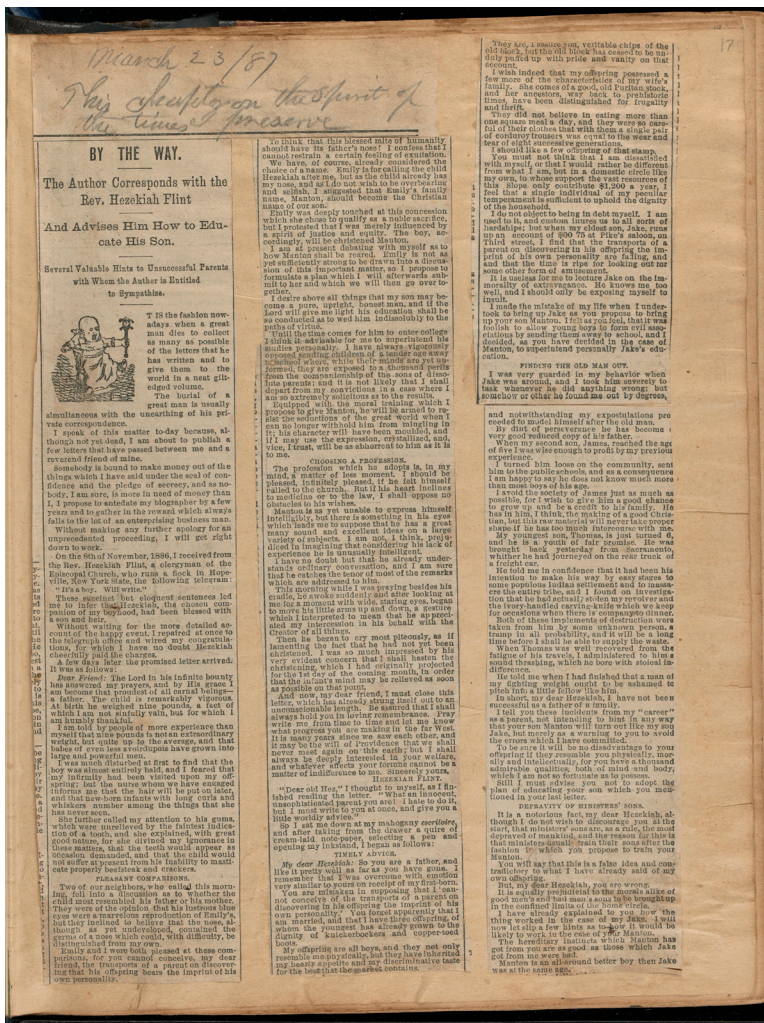
Then he began to cry most piteously, as if lamenting the fact that he had not yet been christened. I was so much impressed by his very evident concern that I shall hasten the christening, which I had originally projected for the 1st day of the coming month, in order that the infant's mind may be relieved as soon as possible on that point.

And now, my dear friend, I must close this letter, which has already strung itself out to an unconscionable length. Be assured that I shall always hold you in loving remembrance. Pray write me from time to time and let me know what progress you are making in the far West. It is many years since we saw each other, and it may be the will of Providence that we shall never meet again on this earth: but I shall always be deeply interested in your welfare, and whatever affects your future cannot be a matter of indifference to me. Sincerely yours,  
Hezekiah Flint.

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"Dear old Hez," I thought to myself as I finished reading the letter. "What an innocent, unsophisticated parent you are! I hate to do it, but I must write to you at once, and give you a little worldly advice."

So I sat me down at my mahogany escritoire, and after taking from the drawer a quire of cream-laid note-paper, selecting a pen and opening my inkstand, I began as follows:

Timely Advice.

My dear Hezekiah: So you are a father, and like it pretty well as far as you have gone. I remember that I was overcome with emotion very similar to yours on receipt of my first-born.

You are mistaken in supposing that I 'cannot conceive of the transports of a parent on discovering in his offspring the imprint of his own personality.' You forget apparently that I am married, and that I have three offspring, of whom the youngest has already grown to the dignity of knickerbockers and copper-toed boots.

My offspring are all boys and they not only resemble me physically, but they have inherited my hearty appetite and my discriminative taste for the best that the market contains.

[Right column]

They are, I assure you, veritable chips of the old block, but the old block has ceased to be unduly puffed up with pride and vanity on that account.

I wish indeed that my offspring possessed a few more of the characteristics of my wife's family. She comes of a good old Puritan stock, and her ancestors, way back to prehistoric times, have been distinguished for frugality and thrift.

They did not believe in eating more than one square meal a day, and they were so careful of their clothes that with them a single pair of corduroy trousers was equal to the wear and tear of eight successive generations.

I should like a few offspring of that stamp.

You must not think that I am dissatisfied with myself or that I would rather be different from what I am, but in a domestic circle like my own, to whose support the vast resources of this Slope only contribute \$1,200 a year, I

[Continued on next page]

They are, moreover, veritable chips of the old block, but the old block has ceased to be unduly puffed up with pride and vanity on that account.

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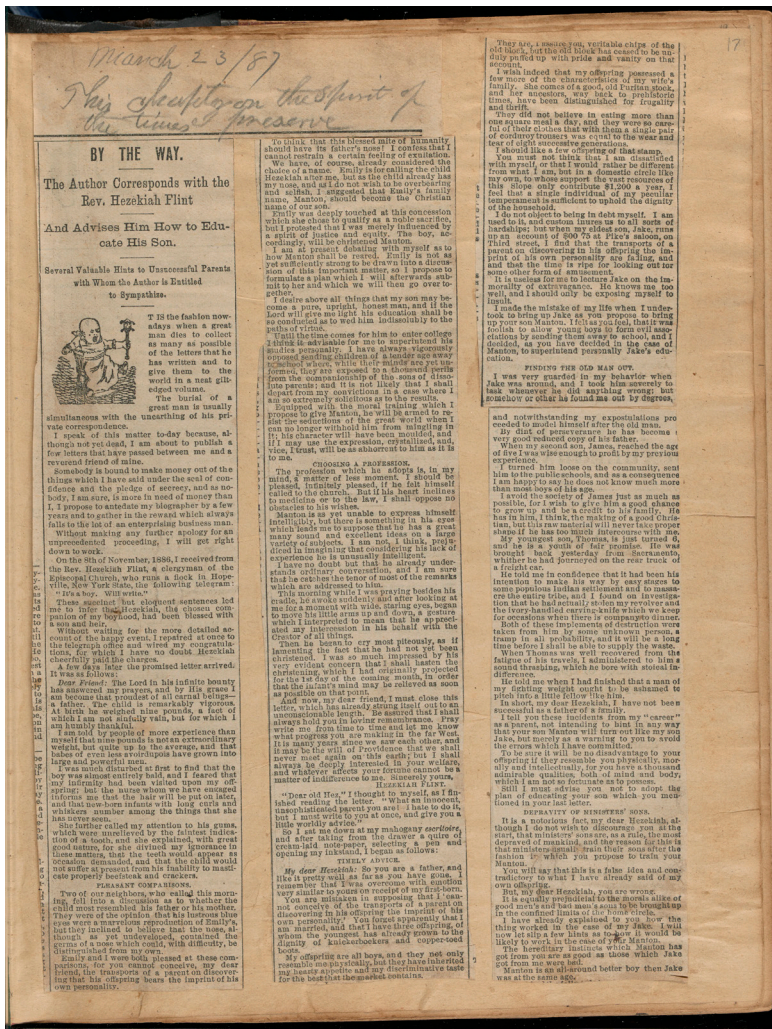
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feel that a single individual of my peculiar temperament is sufficient to uphold the dignity of the household.

I do not object to being in debt myself. I am used to it, and custom inures us to all sorts of hardships; but when my eldest son, Jake, runs up an account of \$00 75 at Pike's saloon, on Third street, I find that the transports of a parent on discovering in his offspring the imprint of his own personality are fading, and that the time is ripe for looking out for some other form of amusement.

It is useless for me to lecture Jake on the immorality of extravagance. He knows me too well and I should only be exposing myself to insult.

I made the mistake of my life when I undertook to bring up Jake as you propose to bring up your son Manton. I felt as you feel, that it was foolish to allow young boys to form evil associations by sending them away to school, and I decided, as you have decided in the case of Manton, to superintend personally Jake's education.

#### Finding The Old Man Out.

I was very guarded in my behavior when Jake was around, and I took him severely to task whenever he did anything wrong; but somehow or other he found me out by degrees, and notwithstanding my expostulations proceeded to model himself after the old man.

By dint of perseverance he has become a very good reduced copy of his father.

When my second son, James, reached the age of five I was wise enough to profit by my previous experience.

I turned him loose on the community, sent him to the public schools, and as a consequence I am happy to say he does not know much more than most boys of his age.

I avoid the society of James just as much as possible, for I wish to give him a good chance to grow up and be a credit to his family. He has in him, I think, the making of a good Christian, but this raw material will never take proper shape if he has too much intercourse with me.

My youngest son, Thomas, is just turned 6, and he is a youth of fair promise. He was

[Continued on next page]

They are, a man, yet, veritable copies of the old man, and the old man has ceased to be merely pulled up with pride and vanity on that account.

I wish indeed that my offspring possessed a few more of the characteristics of my wife's family. She comes of good, old-fashioned stock, and her ancestors, very back in tradition, time, have been distinguished by industry and thrift.

They did not believe in eating more than one square meal a day, and they were so careful of their clothes that with them a single pair of corduroy trousers was equal to the wear and tear of eight successive generations.

Should I be a very different kind of man, you must not think that I am dissatisfied from what I am, but in a domestic circle like my own, to whose support the vast resources of this slope only contribute \$1,000 a year, I feel that a single individual of my peculiar temperament is sufficient to uphold the dignity of the household.

I am not so much as I was when I was a boy, and custom inures us to all sorts of hardships; but when my eldest son, Jake, runs up an account of \$00 75 at Pike's saloon, on Third street, I find that the transports of a parent on discovering in his offspring the imprint of his own personality are fading, and that the time is ripe for looking out for some other form of amusement.

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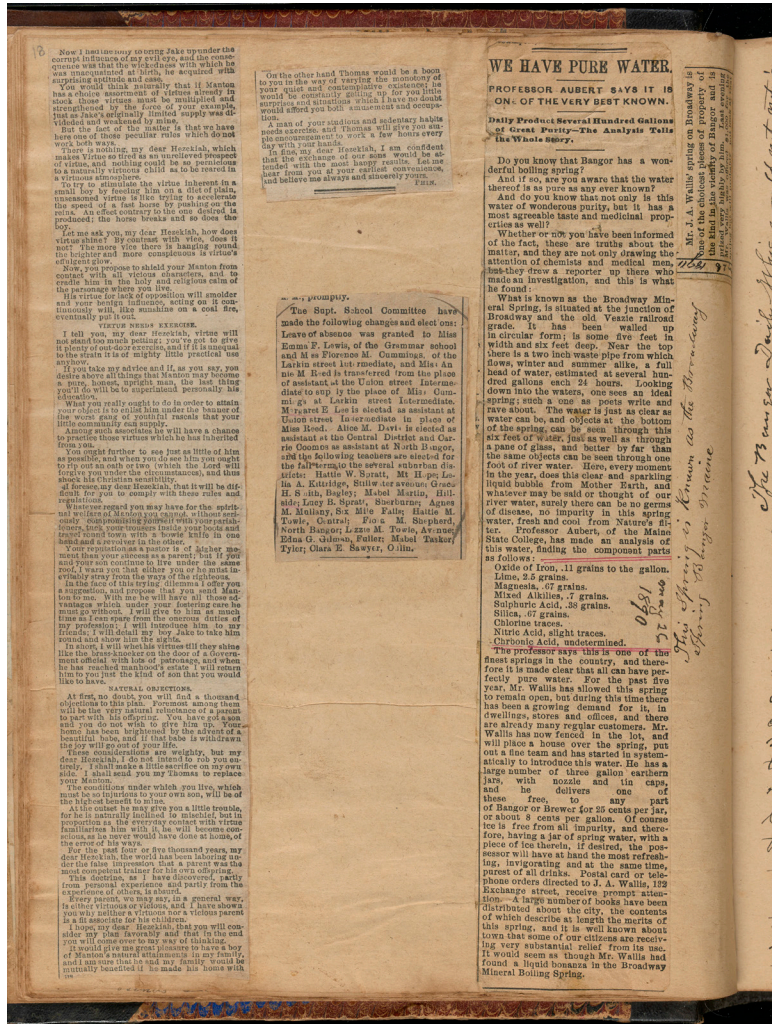
You will say that this is a false idea and contradictory to what I have already said of my own offspring.

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you'll do will be to superintend personally his education.

What you really ought to do in order to attain your object is to enlist him under the banner of the worst gang of youthful rascals that your little community can supply.  
Among such associates he will have a chance to practice those virtues which he has inherited from you.

You ought further to see just as little of him as possible, and when you do see him you ought to rip out an oath or two (which the Lord will forgive you under the circumstances), and thus shock his Christian sensibility.

I foresee my dear Hezekiah, that it will be difficult for you to comply with these rules and regulations.

Whatever regard you may have for the spiritual welfare of Mantou you cannot, without seriously compromising yourself with your parishoners, tuck your trousers inside your boots and travel round town with a bowie knife in one hand and a revolver in the other.

Your reputation as a pastor is of higher moment than your success as a parent; but if you and your son continue to live under the same roof, I warn you that either you or he must inevitably stray from the ways of the righteous.

In the face of this trying dilemma I offer you a suggestion, and propose that you sent Mantou to me. With me he will have all those advantages which under your fostering care he must go without. I will give to him as much time as I can spare from the onerous duties of my profession; I will introduce him to my friends; I will detail my boy Jake to take him around and show him the sights.

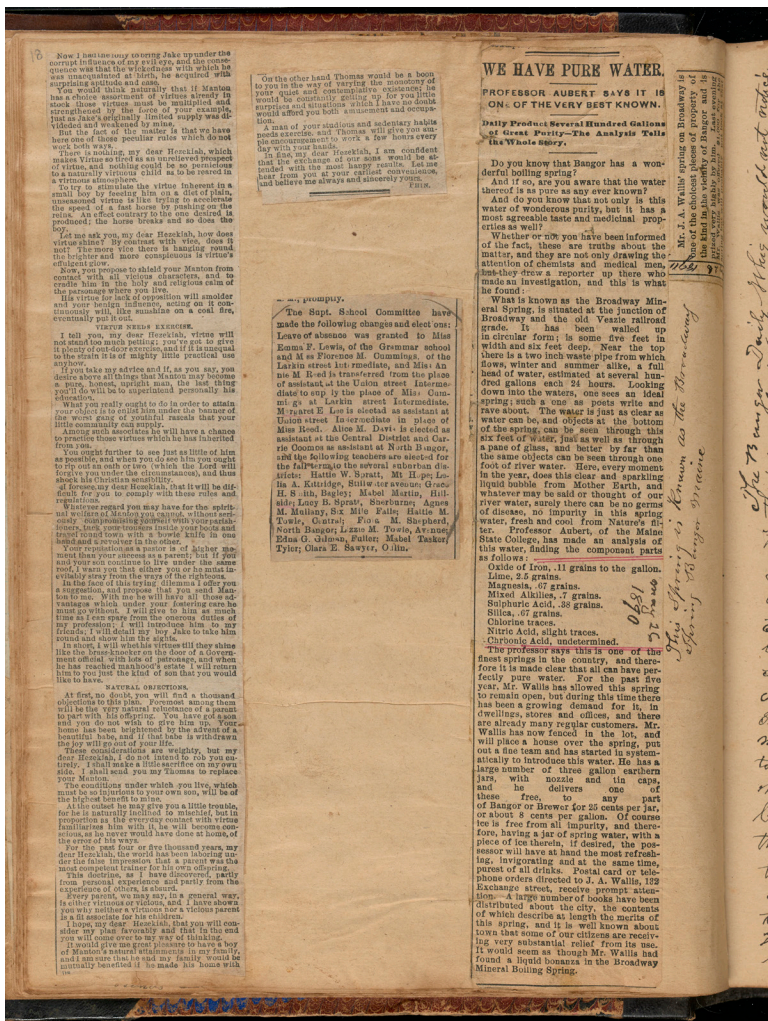
In short, I will whet his virtues till they shine like the brass-knocker on the door of a Government official with lots of patronage, and when he has reached manhood's estate I will return him to you just the kind of son that you would like to have.

Natural Objections.

At first, no doubt, you will find a thousand objections to this plan. Foremost among them will be the very natural reluctance of a parent to part with his offspring. You have got a son

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and you do not wish to give him up. Your home has been brightened by the advent of a beautiful babe, and if that babe is withdrawn the joy will go out of your life.

These considerations are weighty, but my dear Hezekiah, I do not intend to rob you entirely, I shall make a little sacrifice on my own side. I shall send you my Thomas to replace your Manton.

The conditions under which you live, which must be so injurious to your own son, will be of the highest benefit to mine.

At the outset he may give you a little trouble, for he is naturally inclined to mischief, but in proportion as the everyday contact with virtue familiarizes him with it, he will become conscious, as he never would have done at home, of the error of his ways.

For the past four of five thousand years, my dear Hezekiah, the world has been laboring under the false impression that a parent was the most competent trainer for his own offspring.

This doctrine, as I have discovered, partly from personal experience and partly from the experience of others, is absurd.

Every parent, we may say, in a general way, is either virtuous or vicious, and I have shown you why neither a virtuous nor a vicious parent is a fit associate for his children.

I hope, my dear Hezekiah, that you will consider my plan favorably and that in the end you will come over to my way of thinking.

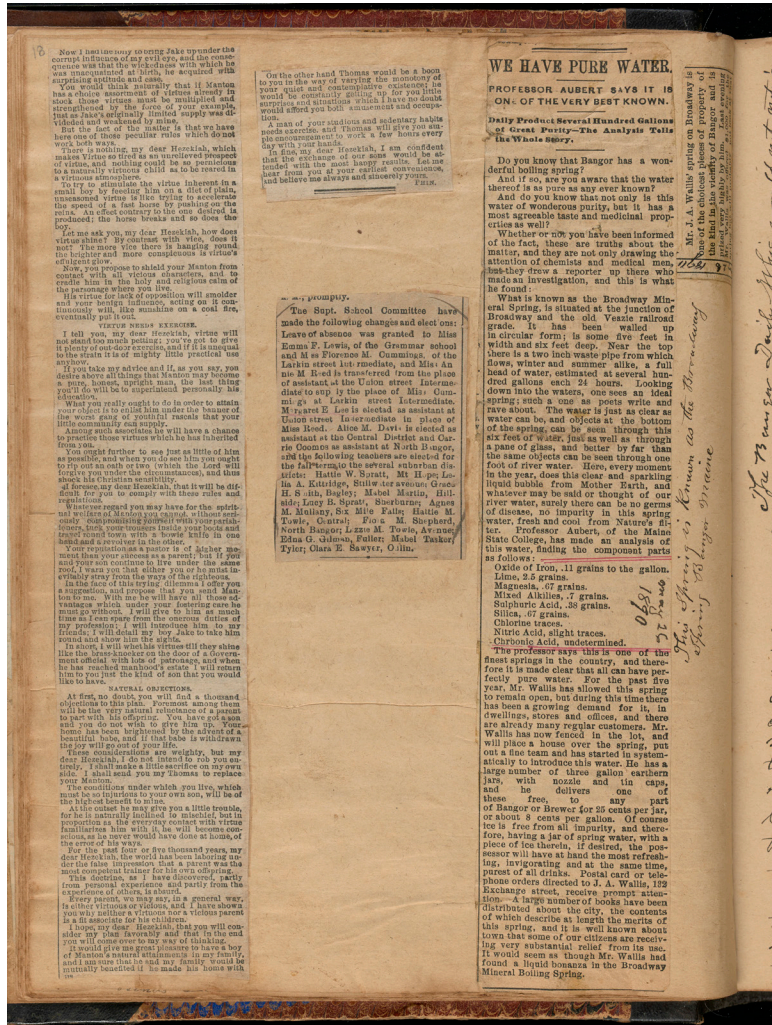
It would give me great pleasure to have a boy of Manton's natural attainment in my family, and I am sure that he and my family would be mutually benefitted if he made his home with us.

[Center column]

On the other hand Thomas would be a boon to you in the way of varying the monotony of your quiet and contemplative existence; he would be continually getting up for you little surprises and situations which I have no doubt would afford you both amusement and occupation.

A man of your studious and sedentary habits needs exercise and Thomas will give you ample encouragement to work a few hours every

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day with your hands.

In time, my dear Hezekiah, I am confident that the exchange of our sons would be attended with the most happy results. Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, and believe me always and sincerely yours,  
Phin.

The Supt. School Committee have made the following changes and elections: Leave of absence was granted to Miss Emma F. Lewis, of the Grammar school and Miss Florence M. Cummings, of the Larkin street Intermediate, and Miss Annie M Reed is transferred from the place of assistant, at the Union street Intermediate to supply the place of Miss Cummings at Larkin street Intermediate. Margaret E Lee is elected as assistant at Union street Intermediate in place of Miss Reed. Alice M. Davis is elected as assistant at the Central District and Carrie Coombs as assistant at North Bangor, and the following teachers are elected for the fall term to the several suburban districts: Hattie W. Spratt, Mt. Hope, Lelia A. Kittridge, Stillwater avenue, Grace H Smith, Bagley; Mabel Martin, Hillside; Lucy B. Spratt, Sherburne; Agnes M. Mullany, Six Mile Falls; Hattie M. Towle, Central; Flora M. Shepherd, North Bangor; Lizzie M. Towle, Avenue, Edna G. Gilman, Fuller; Mabel Tasker, Tyler; Clara E Sawyer, Odlin.

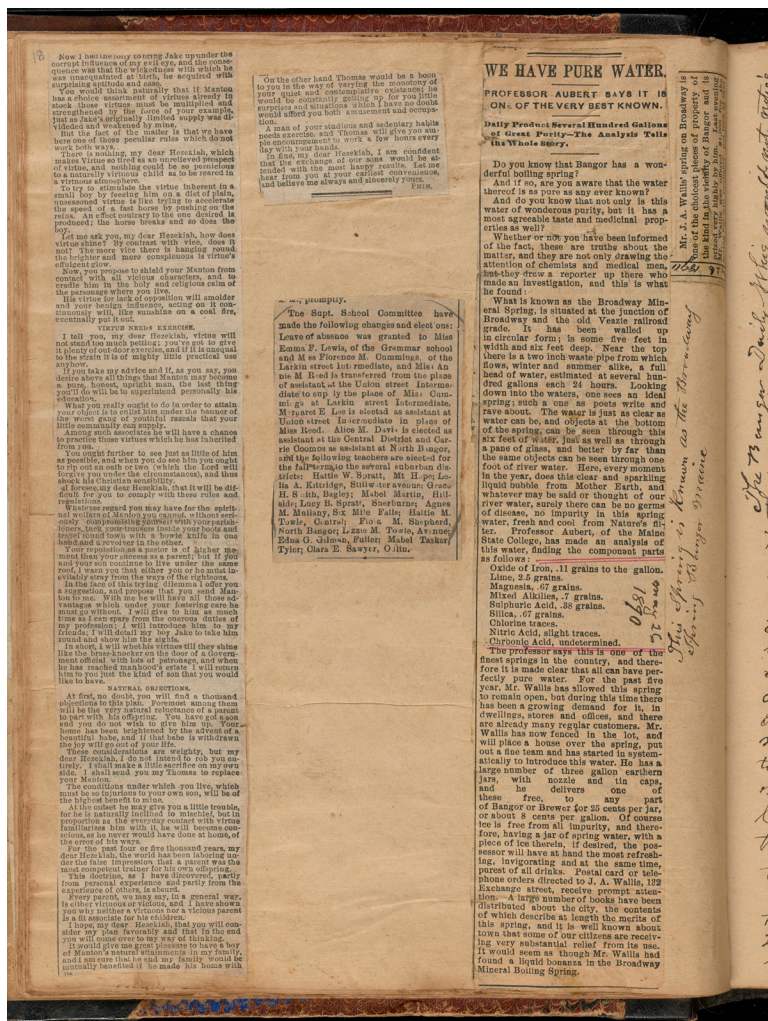
[Right column]  
WE HAVE PURE WATER  
Professor Aubert Says It Is  
One Of The Very Best Known.  
Daily Product Several Hundred Gallons of Great Purity — The Analysis Tells the Whole Story.

Do you know that Bangor has a wonderful boiling spring?  
And if so, are you aware that the water thereof is as pure as any ever known?  
And do you know that not only is this water of wonderous purity, but it has a most agreeable taste and medicinal properties as well?

Whether or not you have been informed of the fact, these are truths about the matter, and they are not only drawing the attention of chemists and medical men, but they draw a reporter up there who made an investigation, and this is what he found:  
What is known as the Broadway Mineral Spring, is situated at the junction of Broadway and the old Veale railroad grade. It has been walled up in circular form; is some five feet in width and six feet deep. Near the top there is a two inch waste pipe from which flows, winter and summer alike, a full head of water, estimated at several hundred gallons each 24 hours. Looking down into the water, one sees an ideal spring, such a one as poets write and poets sing of. The water is just as clear as water can be, and objects at the bottom of the spring, can be seen through the six feet of water, just as well as through a pane of glass, and both by far the same objects can be seen through one foot of water. Here, every moment in the year, does this clear and sparkling liquid bubble from Mother Earth, and whoever may be sick or thought of our river water, surely there can be no germs of disease, no impurity in this spring water, fresh and cool from Nature's filter. Professor Aubert, of the Maine State College, has made an analysis of this water, finding the component parts as follows:  
Oxide of Iron, 11 grains to the gallon.  
Lime, 2 1/2 grains.  
Magnesia, .67 grains.  
Mixed Alkalies, .7 grains.  
Sulphuric Acid, .26 grains.  
Silica, .67 grains.  
Chlorine traces.  
Nitric Acid, slight traces.  
Chromic Acid, undetermined.  
The professor says this is one of the finest springs in the country, and therefore it is made clear that all can have perfectly pure water. For the past five years, Mr. Wallis has allowed this spring to remain open, but during this time there has been a growing demand for it, in dwellings, stores and offices, and there are already many regular customers. Mr. Wallis has now fenced in the lot, and will place a house over the spring, put out a fine team and has started in system- atically to introduce this water. He has a large number of three gallon earthen jugs, with handles and tin caps, and he delivers one of these to any part of Bangor or Brewer for 25 cents per jar, or about a cent per gallon. Of course he is free from all impurity, and therefore, having a jar of spring water, with a piece of ice therein, if desired, the possessor will have at hand the most refreshing, invigorating and at the same time, purest of all drinks. Postal card or tele- phone orders directed to J. A. Wallis, 129 Exchange street, receive prompt attention. A large number of books have been distributed about the city, the contents of which describe at length the merits of this spring, and it is well known about town that some of our citizens are ready to get very substantial relief from its use. It would seem as though Mr. Wallis had found a liquid bonanza in the Broadway Mineral Boiling Spring.

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WE HAVE PURE WATER.

Daily Product Several Hundred Gallons  
of Great Purity—The Analysis Tells  
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And do you know that not only is this water of wondrous purity, but it has a most agreeable taste and medicinal prop-

but they drew a reporter up there who made an investigation, and this is what he found:

in circular form; is some five feet in width and six feet deep. Near the top there is a two inch waste pipe from which some water and some mud will come out.

spring, such a one as poets write and rave about. The water is just as clear as water can be, and objects at the bottom of the spring, can be seen through this

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of about 8 cents per gallon. Of course ice is free from all impurity, and therefore, having a jar of spring water, with a piece of ice therein, if desired, the pos-

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Mr. J. A. Wallis' spring on Broadway is  
one of the choicest pieces of property of  
the kind in the vicinity of Bangor and is  
appraised very highly by him. Last evening  
I was in the neighborhood of the spring and

9 is known as the Bore-Lumy  
Major Machine

*This Spring  
Spring 1882*

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing dark stitching or thread. The right edge shows the adjacent page, which is partially visible and contains some faint, illegible markings.

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Chronic Acid, undetermined.

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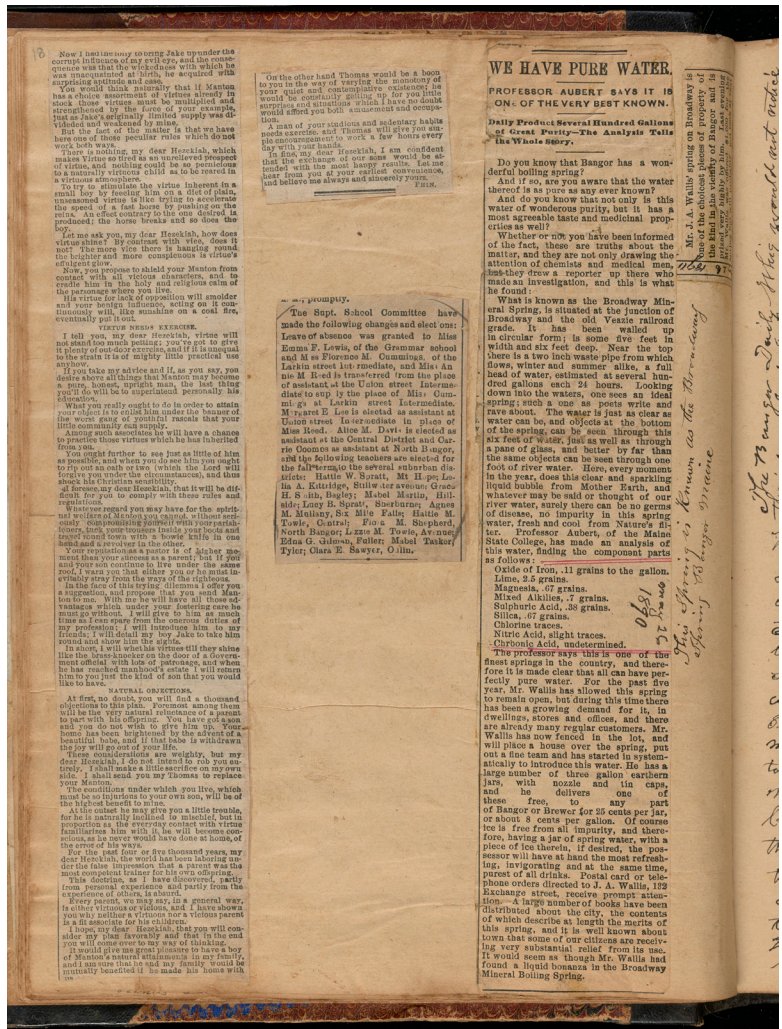
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fectly pure water. For the past five years, Mr Wallis has allowed this spring to remain open, but during this time there has been a growing demand for it, in dwellings, stores and offices, and there are already many regular customers. Mr Wallis has now fenced in the lot, and will place a house over the spring, put out a fine team and has started in systematically to introduce this water. He has a large number of three gallon earthen jars, with nozzle and tin caps, and he delivers one of these free, to any part of Bangor or Brewer for 25 cents per jar, or about 8 cents per gallon. Of course ice is free from all impurity, and therefore, having a jar of spring water, with a piece of ice therein, if desired, the professor will have at hand the most refreshing, invigorating and at the same time, purest of all drinks. Postal card or telephone orders directed to J. A. Wallis, 132 Exchange street, receive prompt attention. A large number of books have been distributed about the city, the contents of which describe at length the merits of this spring, and it is well known about town that some of our citizens are receiving very substantial relief from its use. It would seem as though Mr Wallis had found a liquid bonanza in the Broadway Mineral Boiling Spring.

[Sideways at right  
May 26  
1890  
This Spring is Known as the Broadway Spring Bangor Maine

Mr J. A. Wallis' spring on Broadway is one of the choicest pieces of property of the kind in the vicinity of Bangor and is praised very highly by him. Last evening Mr Wallis was [?]





Ston Daily Globe — Thursday, April  
[Left column]  
East Boston's Fairest.

— 1888

Fitton Literary Institute's  
First Annual.

Anniversary of St. Stephen's Young  
Men's Catholic Association.

West End Ladies' Leap Year — Riverside  
Ladies at Union Park.

Lyceum Hall, East Boston, had within its walls last night, a gay throng of pretty girls, whose bewitching smiles and merry laughter testified only too well the amount of pleasure they were experiencing. The evening's success was very gratifying to every member of the Fitton Literary Institute, the occasion being their first annual ball.

The association, although but a few months old, has developed rapidly. It was formed for the express purpose of perpetuating the honored dead — Rev. Father James Fitton — whose examples and teachings will ever be before the people of East Boston, and is strictly a Catholic representative organization. Amongst its members are many representative men of the island, and the objects of the organization are to afford the members opportunities of advancing in knowledge by means of lectures, debates, essays, etc., to cultivate a social and fraternal spirit among young men; and also, to provide them with lawful recreation, by means of social conversation, music, singing, and all other proper and legitimate amusement.

[Right column]

Edward F. Leahy, chairman; Daniel J. Sheehan, secretary; William J. Hayes, George P. Creamer, Frank F. McManus, Michael J. Driscoll, William J. Miller, John F. Gillespie; floor director, E. F. Leahy; assistants, W. J. Hayes, M. J. Driscoll; aids, D. D. Rourke, G. P. Creamer, W. J. Miller, F. P. McManus, W. J. Williams, C. F. O'Brien, E. F. Byrne, J. F. Crowley, J. J. Keating, J. J. Robinson.

[Continued on next page]

*See Boston Daily Globe. It has printed out notice that I have a picture taken to which I have been lately published in the paper & shall participate in the next Leap Year ball to show how people's personal feelings in a very short time of years.*

**STON DAILY GLOBE—THURSDAY, APRIL**

**EAST BOSTON'S FAIREST.**  
1888  
Fitton Literary Institute's  
First Annual.

**Anniversary of St. Stephen's Young Men's Catholic Association.**

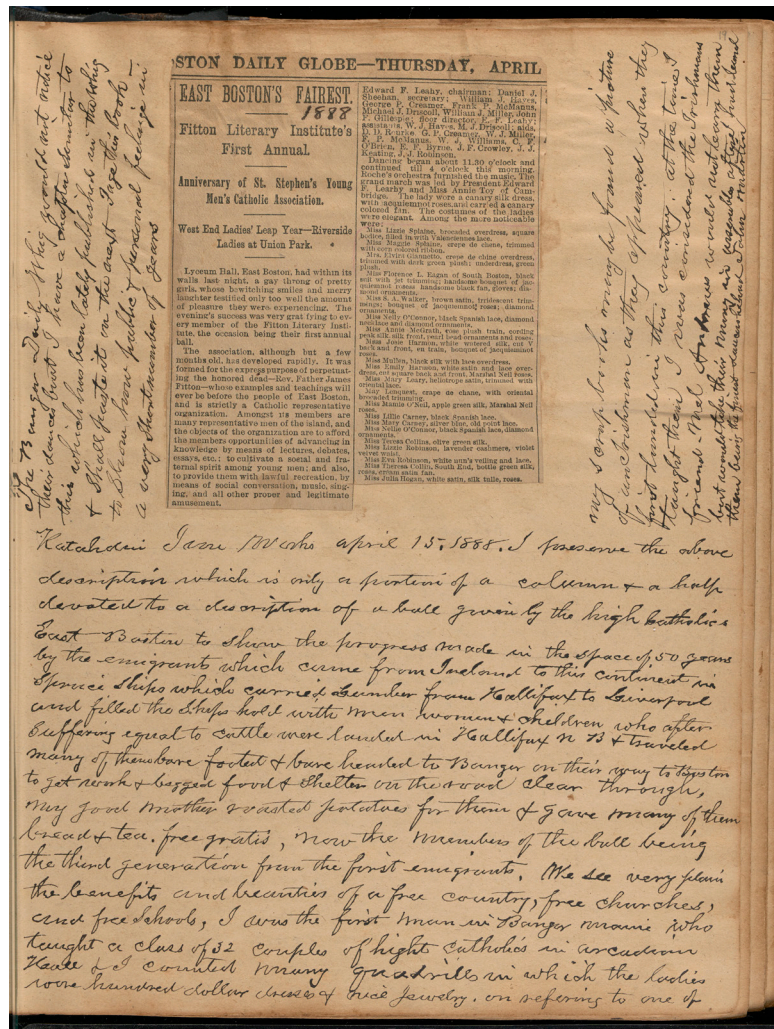
**West End Ladies' Leap Year—Riverside Ladies at Union Park.**

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*my soup, looks much like a picture of an old man as they appeared when they first landed in this country. at the time I heard that I was to be the first to land in this country, I was not at all surprised, as I had heard that I was to be the first to land in this country.*

*Katahdin Jan 17th April 15, 1888. I possess the above description which is only a portion of a column & a half devoted to a description of a bull given by the high Catholic's East Boston to show the progress made in the space of 50 years by the emigrants which came from Ireland to this continent in specie ships which carried them from Killybeg to Liverpool and filled the ships with men women & children who after suffering equal to cattle were landed in Killybeg in 1838 & traveled many of them bare foot & bare headed to Bangor on their way to Boston to get work & begged food & shelter on the road. I saw the men, my good mother & visited potatoes for them & gave money of them bread & tea, free grates, now the members of the bull being the third generation from the first emigrants. We see very plain the benefits and beauties of a free country, free churches, and free schools, I was the first man in Bangor man who taught a class of 52 couples of high Catholics in an academy & I counted many graduates in which the ladies were named & all of which I am referring to one of*



[Continued from previous page]

Dancing began about 11.30 o'clock and continued till 4 o'clock this morning. Roche's orchestra furnished the music. The grand march was led by President Edward F. Learhy and Miss Annie Toy of Cambridge. The lady wore a canary silk dress with jacquemnot roses, and carried a canary colored fan. The costumes of the ladies were elegant. Among the more noticeable were:

Miss Lizzie Splaine, brocaded overdress, square bodice, filed in with Valenciennes lace.

Miss Maggie Splaine, crepe de chine, trimmed with corn colored ribbon.

Miss Elvira Gianetto, crepe de chine overdress, trimmed with dark green plush; underdress, green plush.

Miss Florence L. Eagan of South Boston, black suit with jet trimming; handsome bouquet of jacquemnot roses, diamond ornaments.

Miss S. A. Walker, brown satin, iridescent trimmings, bouquet of jacquemnot roses, diamond ornaments.

Miss Nelly O'Connor, black Spanish lace, diamond necklace and diamond ornaments.

Miss Annie McGrath, rose plush train, cording pink silk, silk front, pearl bead ornaments and roses.

Miss Josie Harmon, white watered silk, cut V back and front, en train, bouquet of jacquemnot roses.

Miss Mullen, black silk with lace overdress.

Miss Emily Harmon, white satin and lace overdress, cut square back and front Marshal Neil roses.

Miss Mary Leary, heliotrope satin, trimmed with oriental lace,

May Lenquest, crape de chane with oriental brocaded trimming.

Miss Mamie O'Neil, apple green silk, Marshal Neil roses.

Miss Lillie Carney, black Spanish lace.

Miss Mary Carney, silver blue, old point lace.

Miss Nellie O'Conner, black Spanish lace, diamond ornaments.

Miss Teresa Collins, olive green silk.

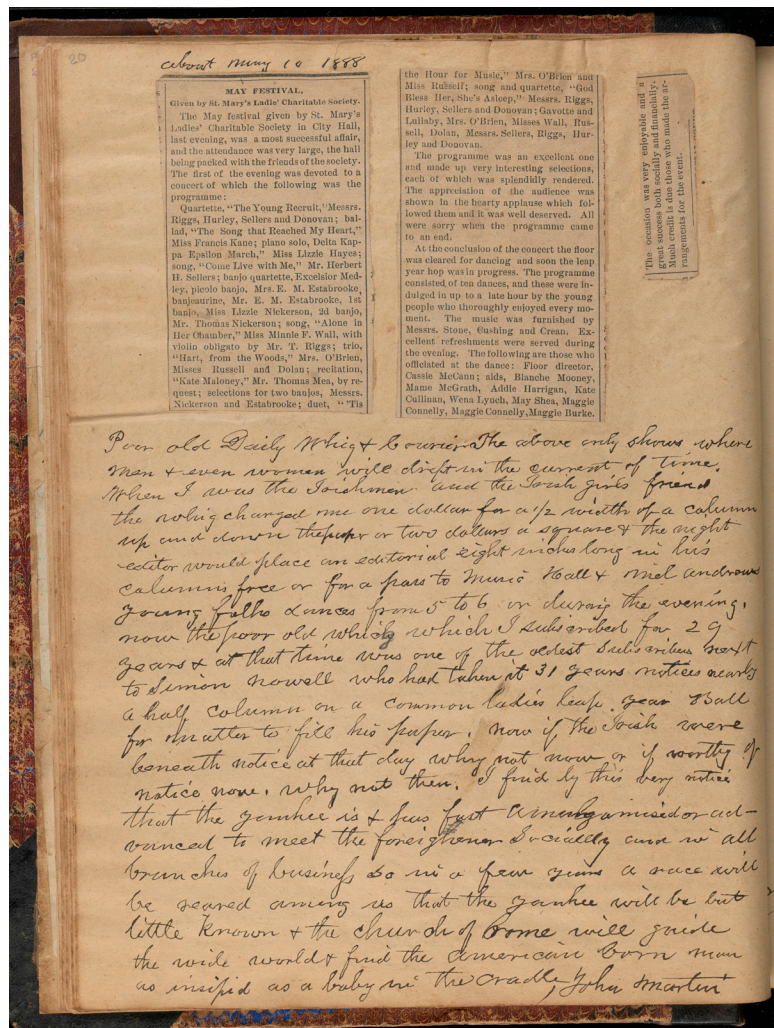
Miss Lizzie Robinson, lavender cashmere, violet velvet waist.

Miss Eva Robinson, white nun's veiling and lace.

[Continued on next page]







20 [Left column]

about May 10 1888

May Festival.

Given by St. Mary's Ladies' Charitable Society.

The May festival given by St. Mary's Ladies' Charitable Society in City Hall, last evening, was a most successful affair, and the attendance was very large, the hall being packed with the friends of the society. The first of the evening was devoted to a concert of which the following was the programme:

Quartet, "The Young Recruit," Messrs. Riggs, Hurley, Sellers and Donovan; ballad, "The Song that Reached My Heart," Miss Francis Kane; piano solo, Delta Kappa Epsilon March, Miss Lizzie Hayes; song, "Come Live with Me," Mr Herbert H. Sellers' banjo quartette, Excelsior Medley, piccolo banjo, Mrs. E. M. Estabrooke, banjeaurine, Mr E. M. Estabrooke, 1st banjo, Miss Lizzie Nickerson, 2d banjo, Mr Thomas Nickerson; song, "Alone in Her Chamber," Miss Minnie F. Wall, with violin obligato by Mr T. Riggs; trio, "Hart, from the Woods," Mrs. O'Brien, Misses Russell and Dolan; recitation, "Kate Maloney," Mr Thomas Mea, by request; selection for two banjos, Messrs. Nickerson and Estabrooke; duet, "'Tis

[right column]

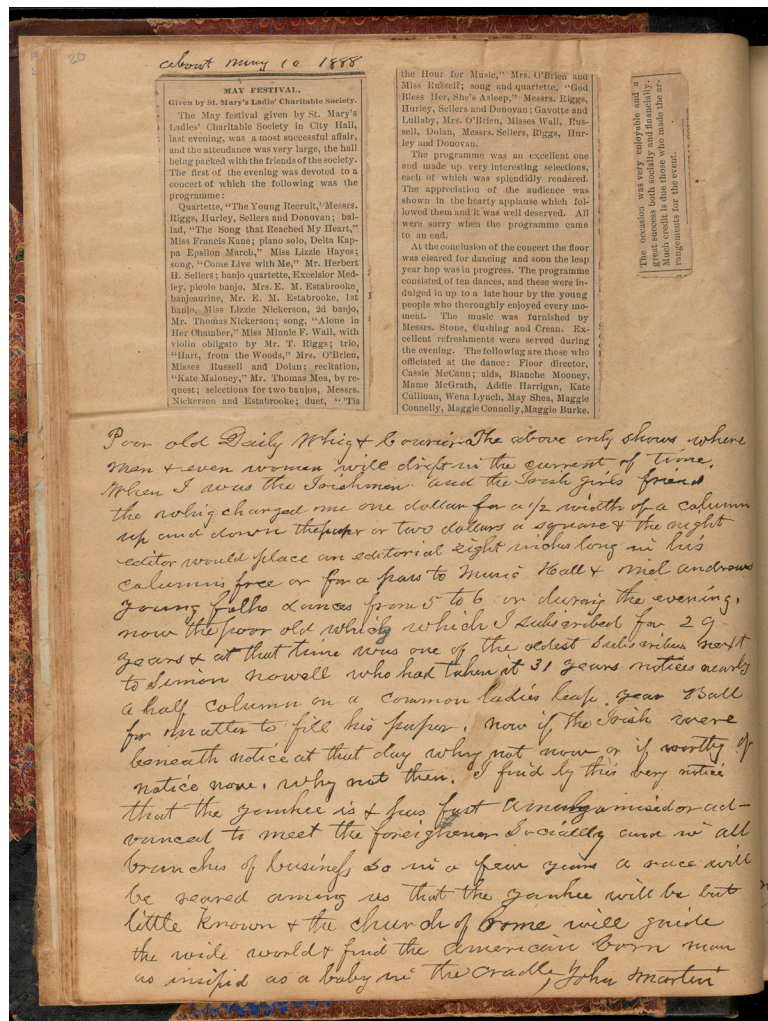
the Hour for Music." Mrs. O'Brien and Miss Russell; song and quartette, "God Bless Her, She's Asleep," Messrs, Riggs, Hurley, Sellers and Donovan; Gavotte and Lullaby, Mrs. O'Brien, Misses Wall, Russell, Dolan, Messrs. Sellers, Riggs, Hurley and Donovan.

The programme was an excellent one and made up very interesting selections, each of which was splendidly rendered. The appreciation of the audience was shown in the hearty applause which followed them and it was well deserved. All were sorry when the programme came to an end.

At the conclusion of the concert the floor was cleared for dancing and soon the leap year hop was in progress. The programme

[Continued on next page]





[Continued from previous page]

consisted of ten dances, and these were indulged in up to a late hour by the young people who thoroughly enjoyed every moment. The music was furnished by Messrs. Stone, Cushing and Crean. Excellent refreshments were served during the evening. The following are those who officiated at the dance; Floor director, Cassie McCann; aids, Blanche Mooney, Mame McGrath, Addie Harrigan, Kate Cullinan, Wena Lynch, May Shea, Maggie Connelly, Maggie Connelly, Maggie Burke. [sideways at right]

The occasion was very enjoyable and a great success both socially and financially. Much credit is due those who made the arrangements for the event.

Poor old Daily Whig & Courier. The above only shows where men & even women will drift in the current of time. When I was the Irishmen and the Irish girls friend the whig charged me one dollar for a 1/2 width of a column up and down the paper or two dollars a square & the night editor would place an editorial eight inches long in his column free or for a pass to Music Hall & Neil Andrews young folks dances from 5 to 6 or during the evening. now the poor old whig which which I subscribed for 29 years & at that time was one of the oldest Subscribers next to Simon Nowell who had taken it 31 years notices nearly a half column on a common ladies leap year Ball for matter to fill his paper. Now if the Irish were beneath notice at that day why not now or if worthy of notice now, why not then. I find by this very notice that the yankee is & jus fast arriving [?] or advanced to meet the foreigner socially and in all branches of business so in a few years a race will be reared among us that the yankee will be but little known & the church of Rome will guide the wide world & find the American born man as insipid as a baby in the cradle, John Martin

[At left]

Weekly

Monson Slate

A Pleasant Occasion.

Katahdin Iron Works, May 4, 1888.

Dear Editor:

Dear Sir: - The ladies of this small out-of-the-way, but smart and business-like, place held a leap year ball at the village hall, on the evening of the 3d, under their own management which was an honor to them and all who partook of their generosity. Some half a dozen ladies started out to get subscribers of their own sex, with the idea that if enough tickets could be sold to guarantee expenses, they would treat their gentlemen friends to a dance, cake and sherbert and manage the affair themselves wholly, financially and otherwise. I understand that in one afternoon they sold to their lady friends twenty-seven tickets, the capacity of the house. They then immediately telegraphed to Misses Farris and Snow of Dover, both whom are great favorites here, especially among the railroad fraternity, to come Thursday evening. As this was to be a new thing here many of the gentlemen provided themselves with new suits, some of them quite tony, to show their esteem for the ladies and the ladies, on the other hand, made somebody open their pocket books and appeared in dresses which for neatness and fashion would be a credit to a much larger place than this where a larger hall and better accommodations are to be attained and enjoyed.

The weather being fine but cold, at 8 o'clock the march and circle was called and enjoyed. The ladies chosen to manage the floor were Miss Sadie Russell and Lizzie Wray, who left no point or favor for the enjoyment of the evening unnoticed or unattended to. Then came the Saratoga lancers quadrille and third a waltz, after which a course of contras, schottische, polka, etc., were indulged in until 11 o'clock when every lady served her gent with sherbert and cake. Such an event should not pass without noticing some of the efforts of the ladies to make the evening enjoyable and as you would not wish to devote too large a space in specifying each costume I must limit it to a few and those whom I do not mention must not take offense because they are not noticed. The ladies as a whole dressed in white, cream color, blue, black and red. Some dresses were made for the occasion which were very finely trimmed with lace, satin, extra ribbon and velvet. Miss Lizzie Wray, manager, and Miss Mary Wray, cream color as twin dresses, were fine; Ella Wray, white was fine; Miss Powers, Miss Morrill, white, very fine; Sadie Russell, black, very fine; Mrs. Alex Dority, blue trimmed with white lace was a daisy; Miss Maggie Gillis, who has charge of the dining room at Silver Lake Hotel, pink sateen with puffed sleeves and trimmed with white lace and ribbon, was acknowledged by all to be the belle of the evening. Several gentlemen made a fine appearance, Mr. O. H. Williams, postmaster, in full suit, was just as cunning as he could be; Mr. William Henghen, Messrs. Russell, Mr. P. A. Langdon, our respected engineer on the R. & C. I. Railroad, in full dress the evening. We all tender our sincere thanks to the ladies for the entertainment and hope they will all succeed on similar events.

# Weekly Monson Slate

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Respectfully,  
JOHN MARTIN.

more consequence than their mothers who as a rule stay a very or go to see their daughters appear in the brightest colors & abide by their mother's decision whose youngest daughter came the nearest to acting the part of a woman on an occasion like this.

In describing this notice I have to say that some people do not know when they are generously & politely used. I had like a candlestick in a small village in California nothing to make a description out of but what set forth the scene. I speak of new getting up local matters & he went out to describe the market & as the roads but loads of hay coming in different ways so he counted the roads & put those loads of hay coming in in every road which made roads of hay in the market & all other produce the same which give the public the idea that the village was a great market growing rapidly & was just the place for a young man to settle down in & of course he could not help thinking, The building this entertainment was held in was a school house built mostly by subscription to use as a hall village school, cheap shoes, Sunday school & preaching, so of course a really nice dress or suit would have had as to dust & the inconvenience. Then the men are very tall and large most of them heavy & not light in the foot & as a rule gloves of any kind in doors are strangers to them. The women & girls more particularly girls become women at a very early age in such cases they know considerable more of it.

[Continued on next page]



# Weekly Monson State

A PLEASANT OCCASION.  
Kathlin Iron Works, May 4, 1888.

Mr. Editor:—The ladies of this small out-of-the-way, but smart and business-like, place held a long year hall at the village hall, on the evening of the 3d, under their own management which was an honor to them and all who partook of their generosity. Some half a dozen ladies started out to get subscribers of their own sex, with the idea that if enough tickets could be sold to guarantee expenses, they would treat their gentlemen friends to a dance, cake and sherbert and manage the affair themselves wholly, financially and otherwise. I understand that in one afternoon they sold to their lady friends twenty-seven tickets, the capacity of the house. They then immediately telegraphed to Misses Farris and Snow of Dover, both whom are great favorites here, especially among the railroad fraternity, to come Thursday evening. As this was to be a new thing here many of the gentlemen provided themselves with new suits, some of them quite tony, to show their esteem for the ladies; and the ladies, on the other hand, made somebody open their pocket books and appeared in dresses which for neatness and fashion would be a credit to a much larger place than this where a larger hall and better accommodations are to be attained and enjoyed. The weather being fine but cold, at 8 o'clock the march and circle was called and enjoyed. The ladies chosen to manage the floor were Miss Sadie Russell and Lizzie Wray, who left no point or favor for the enjoyment of the evening unnoted or unattended to. Then came the Saratoga lancers, quadrille and third a waltz, after which a course of cotillions, schottische, polka, etc., were indulged in until 11 o'clock when every lady served her gent with sherbert and cake. Such an event should not pass without noticing some of the efforts of the ladies to make the evening enjoyable and as you would not wish to devote too large a space in specifying each costume I must limit it to a few and those whom I do not mention must not take offence because they are not noticed. The ladies as a whole dressed in white, cream color, blue, black and red. Some dresses were made for the occasion which were very finely trimmed with laces, satin, satin ribbon and velvets. Miss Lizzie Wray, manager, and Miss Mary Wray, cream color as twin dresses, were fine; Ella Wray, white was fine; Miss Powers, Miss Morrill, white, very fine; Sadie Russell, black, very fine; Mrs. Alex Dority, blue trimmed with white lace was a daisy; Miss Maggie Gillis, who has charge of the dining room at Silver Lake Hotel, pink sateen with puffed sleeves and trimmed with white lace and ribbon, was acknowledged by all to be the belle of the evening. Several gentlemen made a fine appearance, Mr. O. H. Williams, postmaster, in full suit, was just as cunning as he could be; Mr. William Heughen, Messrs. Russells, Mr. F. A. Laughton, our respected engineer on the B. & C. I. Railroad, in full dress took the voice as the belle gentleman of the evening. We all tender our sincere thanks to the ladies for the entertainment and hope they will all succeed on similar events.

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[Continued from previous page]  
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[Continued on next page]

[Continued from previous page]

3

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