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STORY.

MY COUSIN JAMES.

BY E. LYNN LYETON.

[CONCLUDED.]

What any one knew or noticed of me this time I neither asked nor cared; was not myself, not my own mistress. was shame and grief to me that I had rolled down so helplessly; but so is me, and I could not retrieve myself. I could not call back my lost cheerfulness, my vanished self command. But the midst of all this despair and gony I saw from my bedroom window where I generally sat, now straining y eyes to the south—I saw crossing bridge that tall, commanding figure hich my eyes and heart were aching see. There he was—the slouched at drawn close over his eyes, the velet coat belted round his waist, the notted stick, the air of proprietor of he saw yet stranger to all we valued; d had be been a god, as he was my ero, he could not have been more elcome, more glorious to me.

Why not? Was he not my only friend? saw him coming with his quick movents and swift Red Indian stride ross the bridge, down the little turn-, and along the path that skirted e meadow by the garden.

I was in my own room, as I say, when first saw him; but before he had left bridge behind him and while he s still in the little lane, I was down the hedge, waiting for him in the nlight.

The wind took my hair and blew it out my head and across my face; it ck my purple dress and eddied it inlight gauzy clouds; it was refreshnt to my parched lips and feverish eks; and when, as on the first day, crossed the meadow to the hedge, I, o, as on the first day, reached out my nds to him over the sweetbriar and wering privet; but I could not speak, heart was too full; I could only ld out my hands and look down; I ld not look at him for more than t that one glance.

In a moment he had leaped the dge; in a moment I felt his heart ating against mine, as he took me in arms.

"You love me, Ida?" he said, in his ll, rich voice; "and as the Lord lives, ove you."

I do not need to die to know what aven is—I knew it then.

It was all done in the open air, and e drawing room windows looked on the lower terrace where he stood; d I thought of nothing: I cared for thing; I was in cousin James's keepnow, and I felt that I was safe. He uld let nothing harm me and no one me from him.

Suddenly I was pulled violently, and eard Mr. Tagart cry hoarsely:

"Shameless, abandoned girl! do you e to carry on your abominable inues before our very eyes?"

The next insant he was on the ground. e blow from cousin James' strong had laid him there.

I had been content to keep my hands sped together and resting on my sin's breast, but now I threw my ms round him as far as they would , saying:

"Do not let them take me from you, sin James! do not let them take me ay!"

"They shall take my life first I guess," d my cousin, in a low, concentrated ice.

Presently, Mr. Tagart picked himself

"You will hear of this again, sir," d he with scowl.

"Expect I shall," said cousin James, nd you have not done with me yet."

"I have done with you so far that I bid you to enter my house again, ere I can and will keep Miss Beech safe," said Mr. Tagart. "The law es me that power."

"I don't care a curse for your old w," said cousin James. "Ida is mine, d I mean to keep her."

"We shall see about that," said Mr. gart; then turning to me he added thoritatively, speaking as if I had n a dog: "Go into the house, do hear! go in this instant, I say!"

He put out his hand as if to take ld of me.

"Do you want to feel the earth again, u mean cur!" cried cousin James, king down his arm; and my brotherlaw shrank back.

"You are aware of the penalty for saulting a clergyman!" he faltered, ying to bluster, but in reality very ightened.

"I neither know nor care," said cousin James; "but if you touch her, I'll do again. Now, Ida, my girl, listen to . You know after this I can't go to r house again; but I'll take lodgings the town and look after you. I'll st you and you'll trust me, and all ll come right. And as for the coil u've got into with the man you've omised, you must tell him you've ade a mistake, and that you are coming to me as my wife; and I'll tell him , too."

"I will, cousin James," I said.

"I'm sorry to disturb your pleasant tle arrangement," said Mr. Tagart, eeringly; "but I am your master, ise Beecham, till you are of age; and ntil then, I absolutely forbid all intercourse whatsoever with your cousin mes. You have engaged yourself Mr. Lawrence; and I warn you I will e all my influence over him to hold m to your bond."

"I know Guy too well for that!" I exaimed. "He will give me up the mo nt I ask him."

"For yourself perhaps he might; I uld if I were in his place," said my ther in law; "but your money may useful. Apparently more than Guy wrence think so."

My cousin's bronzed cheek flamed at insolence, and he made a stride to rds Mr. Tagart, with a look on his that I did not like to see. I laid my hands on his arms, and placed self in his way.

"Do not touch him, dear," I said, pleadingly; "we can afford to let him

"Ida, it is hard," said my cousin, between his teeth; but he obeyed me and turned his back abruptly on my brother-in-law.

I knew it cost the quick, hot, Californian blood somthing to subdue itself to our tamer manners; but cousin James was too brave to be a brawler, and if he might not strike he would not condescend to wrangle; so he left Mr. Tagart to himself and took me away to the summer-house, where my brother-in-law was obliged to leave us in peace, having by this time become nervous and alarmed.

Here we made our plans; plans indeed they were not; only that we were both to declare ourselves to Guy and to remain faithful to each other and hopeful, until cousin James should see his way to my effectual deliverance from what we both knew would be a tyrannous bondage. And when the evening had come I tore myself away—I going into prison, while cousin James stood motionless on the terrace, watching me to the end. And when I got into the house he was standing there still; but I was in the power of my brother-in-law and guardian.

And now my trial began in real earnest. All that could be thought of to break down my love, my pride, my resolution, was put in force; but I stood firm.

Guy was induced—Heaven knows by what shameful misrepresentations of my cousin!—to refuse to see me and to maintain his claim on me. He wrote me a long letter; and I was not unjust enough not to see the real love and tenderness in it. He held me for my own good, he said, and until my madness had subsided; if, in the future, when I had grown calmer and could see things as they were, I still wished to break off my engagement, I should; but for my own sake, as matters were now, he must keep me to my word.

So there was no help there; and as I was kept a close prisoner in my room, denied every kind of liberty, I had nothing for it but to be patient, to rely on circumstances, to hope, and not to believe what both Nora and Mr. Tagart told me, which was that cousin James had left Crecoft, and that no one knew where he had gone or what had become of him, and that he had probably washed his hands of the affair altogether, and returned to California, or be in the mining districts and was now lying dead at the foot of some precipice. I did not believe either one or the other story; still it is not easy to keep up one's courage while one is in such a position as mine—an absolute prisoner and unable to hold any kind of communication with any one but one's jailors and tormentors.

It was a wild autumn night. The rain was falling in torrents; the wind was howling through the trees; the waterfall at the back of the Vicarage roared and rushed as though it would tear the very roots away; and I sat in the dark, in my own room, listening and waiting.

It was past midnight, and all the house had gone to bed; but I sat by the window looking out into the darkness. All I could see were the outlines of the trees and mountains, and sometimes the white sheet of seething water in the distance, by the lightning that streamed across the sky.

Suddenly I heard a muffled kind of noise against the side of the house, and then a gentle tapping against the window, and I thought I saw by a vivid flash the figure of a man standing dark against the pane. I was frightened at the first, but I soon recovered myself. When you are very miserable, even danger comes as a relief.

The tapping was repeated softly; and I cautiously opened the window.

Light and supple as a panther there sprang into my room—something; in the darkness I did not know what or who it was. I only felt a large mass of wet velvet; then two arms that took me up from the floor bodily; and a warm bearded face that kissed mine.

"Ida!" whispered a voice.

And then I knew what my heart had already told me. It was my cousin James—my beloved, my deliverer!

"Can you brave the night?" he said.

He did not ask could I trust him! He knew that.

"With you! Yes, I could brave anything!" I answered.

"Put on your hat and cloak, then, and come," said my cousin. "Never mind what you leave behind you; you shall have double all you lose."

"I have no things," I whispered. "They have taken away everything except what I am wearing. No hat, no cloak, no boots!" And I tried to laugh.

My cousin swore between his teeth.

"The night will kill you," he said. "Oh, the damned cruel tigers!"

Just then a driving gust of wind and rain shook and deluged the room. The lightning flashed more vividly, the flashes were more frequent, and the thunder roared with more tremendous power. I clung to my cousin.

Even I, strong nerved as I was, shrank from the idea of facing such a storm in a thin muslin dress and with only bedroom slippers.

"You are afraid, my darling, my beauty!" he said tenderly.

I trembled as I clung to him; I was cold, only half clad, and I had been for a fortnight so poorly fed that I was more than half starved; besides the moral anguish I had gone through had shaken me; so no wonder I trembled.

"I cannot even ask you in such weather," he went on to say, soothingly. "We must bide our time and wait for a fairer opportunity; but I have a carriage at the foot of the hill, the ship sails tomorrow, and our passage is taken."

"I will go, cousin James," I said, lifting up my head. "It is only one trial, and then I shall be safe."

He pressed me to him rapturously.

"I thought I knew my brave girl," he said. "One effort, Ida, and you are free."

Quick as thought he wrapped me in his velvet coat, and buckled it round my waist so that it did not inconvenience me; then he stepped out into the darkness, holding my hand and softly telling me not to fear. I followed him and groped my way on to the ladder that was placed against the window, and in few seconds I was on the gravel walk—slipperless! But I did not tell him this.

We felt our way in the dark through the garden to the gate by the summer house, where, at the foot of the hill, the carriage was waiting.

Turning back to look at the Vicarage for the last time, I thought I saw a small red flame flicker out of one of the windows. I looked again, and saw it more distinctly. Another, and another; then came the smell of burning wood, then the hissing of the rain as it fell on the rapidly increasing flames, while wreaths of red smoke wound up into the air and were lost in the blackness of the night.

There was no doubt now, the house was on fire.

"We must go back to save the poor cusses," said cousin James, quietly. "My darling, we will not be parted even for this."

He kissed me, and rushed back to the house just as the flames were licking up to the floor of my sister's bedroom, and I saw him disappear into the smoke and the fire. I could not stay where I was. Like a wild thing I too rushed up to the house, but the heat drove me back. I called out to my cousin.

Above the din and tumult of the fire and the night, my voice flung up with the shrill sharpness of agony, reached his ear. He was then carrying down the insensible form of my sister, Mr. Tagart clinging to him, crying, and as soon as he had placed them in safety he came back to me, saying cheerily:

"Have I not, [illegible]

the worse."

He did everything so coolly, so much as a matter of course!—but though he said he was no worse, there was a great gash in his strong arm, and the blood was streaming from it.

"Tie it up, my beauty," he said to me pleasantly, as if it were a mere scratch; "let me see if you are fit to be a Californian's wife."

And when I had tied up the wound, which I did as bravely as I could—for I knew that would please him more than sympathetic tremors and tears—he kissed me again, and said with such love in his voice that my very brain reeled for joy.

"God bless you, my girl! I thought you were clear grit all through, and now I know it."

Oh, you great heavens, how I loved him at that moment!

By this time the fire had become seen from the town, and the place was alive. But cousin James having done all that he cared to do—saved Nora and Mr. Tagart, and assured him that the servants were safe—took me aside, and in the confusion we were lost and made our escape without attracting notice.

The next day we embarked on board the boat bound for California, and a clergyman on board married us. And as he read the service I looked up with a strange sensation, and—do not think me absolutely insane—I declare to you, on my word of honor, and as I hope to be saved, I saw Guy Lawrence, beautiful as a glorified angel, and as if floating in mid-air, gazing down on me with a tender but well pleased smile.

As I looked, the vision faded away; but I saw him as distinctly as I see you now, and I knew in my heart that he was dead.

And so he was. When we got to California we found a telegram to arrest my cousin and me on a charge of arson and manslaughter; though I don't know how they made that out exactly. But it seems that poor Guy, hurrying to the burning house and not able to find any tidings of me, dashed headlong into the flames, calling out my name, and—I cannot end the sentence.

"Poor Guy! poor, loving, faithful Guy! I wonder if I am a wretch, as Mr. Tagart says.

It was a poor kind of a reward, however, to my hero for his bravery in saving my sister and her husband from such an awful death, to be arrested the moment he set foot on his native land. But California is not quite like England, and cousin James made it right somehow with the Consul and the Judge, and to make assurance doubly sure, he took me away the next day to a solitary ravine among the mountains, where no one could find us, and where we lived absolutely in the wilderness till everything had blown over and I was my own mistress and of age.

Up to that time Mr. Tagart did not cease to persecute me, but we were too far off to be touched, and when cousin James told our story, the popular feeling went so entirely with us that it would have been more than a man's life was worth to have attempted to molest us.

So here I am at last living—free, blessed, and beloved; and though some times my heart turns back to dear old England with love and yearning, I have only to look at my hero—only to take my boy, and his, to my heart, and I forget then everything but that I am cousin James' wife and the happiest mother in the whole of this bright, beautiful, grand New World!

MISCELLANY.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

WHAT TOOK THE FRILLS OUT OF ONE MAN WHO WENT TO WASHINGTON.

He was a shrewd, white-headed old gentleman tourist who sat sipping a lemonade in the Baldwing bar room the other day, and who remarked, as a self-important looking individual came in and ordered a whiskey straight:

"Now I s'pose that's one of your business fellows, and owns about two thirds of the real estate round here."

"No," we replied, he's a much greater personage. He is one of the successful candidates of the late election."

"I might have known it!" exclaimed the old gentleman, emphatically. "He acts just as I did when I was elected to congress."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I was elected member of Congress from the Fourth district just after the war. We had a pretty lively campaign of it, and as I had never been in politics before I somehow got the idea that the whole country had quit work and was watching my contest with quivering anxiety. Every time the other side accused me of being a chicken thief, or a bigamist, or something, and I'd back at them with a card in the Redville *Warwhoop* headed, another Lie Nailed!' I'd send a marked copy to every leading paper in the country."

"Did you?"

"Yes; and I was disgusted to find that they never paid the slightest attention to me either. What surprised me the most was that although I kept the President and Cabinet advised of everything that occurred, I never got the slightest sympathy from any of them. I was an Administration man, too, and I thought it was blamed singular."

"Didn't notes you at all?"

"Not at all, sir; and when I was elected, and the boys lighted a bonfire in the main street, and serenaded me, and I spoke six hours in the open air as to my future course on the tariff and finances, the New York papers merely said that 'a Mr. Gunn had been elected by a small majority,' my name being Gonley, as you all know."

"That was bad."

"Well I put that all down to envy and malice, and I started for Washington. I expected at least the Speaker of the House and committee appointed by the Senate would be down at the depot to welcome me to the Capital."

"They did so?"

"The only persons that met me were a committee of hackmen, who tore my overcoat half off, rammed me into a hack, and robbed me, with the aid and assistance of the hotel clerk, who then gave me a dark room on the top floor, and asked me the first week's board in advance; said it was the rule of the house with Arkansas members."

"The impudent rascal."

"That's what I thought. Well, the next morning I got away from the bed bugs as well as I could, and went to the White House to see if the President would like to take a stroll down to the House to introduce me and see me sworn in. I sent up my card, and in an hour or two some Secretary or other sent back word that the President was at breakfast and couldn't be bothered."

"That was pretty short, wasn't it?"

"Well, I was dumbfounded. However, I went down to the Capitol and told the Sergent-at-arms to go in and announce to the members I had arrived. He grinned and said, 'That's good, that is,' and rushed off. I expected of course that the members would come crowding up to congratulate me, and say something like, 'Magnificent speech of yours, that last one, Gonley. Beat 'em by forty-eight votes, too, old fellow.' And then mebby they'd give me three cheers and all that sort of thing."

"And did they?"

"No, sir; hope I may never stir again if they didn't give me a back seat in the cloak room until my name was called, and a door keeper fired me out into the corridor twice on the impression that I was a lobbyist. Well, after I had been put on the joint committee on Spittoons and Window Washing, and spent a couple of months in trying to wedge in my great four hour speech on the match tax, something occured that let down my cheek rein, and took all the frills out of me for good."

"What was that?"

"Well, I was taking a drive out to the Soldiers' Home one afternoon with three other members, when a light buggy went by like a streak of greased lightning, the trotter driven by a solemn looking man in a rusty plug hat who was smoking a cigar, and steadying a small terrier on the seat with his elbow. 'That's Butcher Boy,' said one of my companions with great interest; 'trots two twenty.' He's a rattling good stepper, bet your life."

"Did you notice that dog?" said another. "Best bred pup in town tall no longer than a rat—infernal fine dog that."

As I had nothing else to say I casually inquired who the driver was.

"Why, that's the President," said one of them with a yawn. "By Jove, how I'd like one of them pups!"

That settled it. I've been as meek and sad as a car horse pulling a picnic every since.

The Peacock and the Oyster.

One day an oyster set out to cross a neck of land to save himself a long swim around it, and as he jogged along the dusty highway, content with the weather, the climate and his surroundings, he suddenly heard a harsh voice calling out for him to halt. As he rolled into the shade of a pigweed, a peacock advanced with lordly strut and demanded:

"How, now, sirrah? Where are you going and what is your errand?"

"I am simply crossing from water to water, and tired enough I am. I believe I have been three good hours making half a mile."

"Three hours? Why, I can strut over the distance in three minutes!" Ah, me, but you don't amount to much for size."

"No; a child can swallow me at one gulp."

"And you aren't the least bit pretty."

"That's true. My shell is coarse and full of ridges."

"And you can't sing!"

"Not a note."

"Nor fly!"

"Not a fly."

"Well, well; I really pity you. Now then, if you want to see something gandy, just gaze on me."

The bird strutted up and down, head and tail spread out, and the oyster was compelled to say it was a sight to do more eyes good.

"While you creep, I walk, strut and fly."

"Yes."

"While you whisper I sing."

"Yes."

"While you tumble around in the mud and sand, I reflect all the colors of the rainbow."

"I must admit it," sighed the oyster.

"And while a pigweed shelters you, it takes a whole apple tree to give me shade. You see—"

And the oyster saw. An eagle had been attracted to the spot by the splendid oyster, hidden away under the weed, escaped his piercing glances, but the gorgeous peacock was instantly seen and spotted. There was a whir, a scream, and the eagle had ascended with the vain-glorious bird fast in his claws.

"Come to think it all over," said the oyster, as he squinted his larboard eye aloft, "it is about as well to be an oyster under a pigweed, as a gaudy peacock in the claws of an eagle. I guess I'll move on."

MORAL.—Those who are born to strut should not exult over those who were born to creep.

☞ Suppose she did give you a beautifully embroidered foot-rest for a Christmas present; all you need do in return is to offer your shoulder for a head-rest. It will be quite agreeable to her.

☞ A little girl living down town was saying her prayer the other evening and had just finished "give us this day our daily bread," when a precocious four-year-old brother exclaimed, "say tookies, Mamy!"

☞ South End maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage and takes a young lady to the theatre and a supper afterwards, and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away with than we have.

[New Albany Ledger-Standard.]

Speaking of Governors suggests the mention of an item we received from Mr. Henry A. Knight, Foreman at Chas. Waters & Co.'s Governor and Valve Works, Boston, Mass.: I have used St. Jacob's Oil among our employees, and find that it never fails to cure. The men are delighted with the wonderful effects of the Oil, as it has cured them of bruises, burns, etc.

☞ A Doctor, passing a marble-yard, called out: "Good-morning, Mr. D. Hard at work? I see you finish your grave-stones as far as 'In the memory of,' and then wait to see who wants a monument next!" "Why, yes," replied the old man; "unless somebody's ill and you are doctoring him; then I keep straight on."

☞ An old batchelor was rather taken aback a day or two since, as follows; Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman, "before I would kneel at the feet of a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young lady, he inquired: "Do you think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would undoubtedly be the best thing for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

[Elgin (Ill.) Daily Leader.]

The subjoined opinion, we perceive, is by J. A. Daniels, Esq., of Messrs. Stogdill & Daniels, attorneys, La Crosse, Wis., and appears in the La Crosse *Chronicle*: Sometime since I was attacked with pain in and below my knee joints. A few applications of St. Jacob's Oil quieted the pain and relieved the inflammation. I regard it as a valuable medicine.

The Old Man's Ghost.

Several days ago, says the *Gazette*, a celebrated spiritualist came to Little Rock and stated that before giving an entertainment he would give a seance, where any member of a small invited circle could call up the spirits of their friends and converse with them. By mistake a man from down the river was admitted; a man whose violence would not place his spirit above par in the soul market. After listening a while to rapping, horn-blowing and gauze veil materialization, the man arose and said:

"Say, cap'n, what's the old man's ghost?"

"What old man?" asked the medium.

"My old man, the Governor. Call him up"

"What is his name?"

"Tom Bealis; call him up!"

"I don't think we are in communication with him to-night."

"What's the matter; wire down?"

"No, the old gentleman is off on a visit."

"Now, here, just shut up your wardrobe and turn out your light. If you don't give the old man's ghost a show, the thing shan't run."

"Wait, I'll see if he'll come," said the spiritualist. "If he raps three times he is willing; if only once he has other engagements."

"A sharp rap sounded. "He is unwilling," continued the spiritualist.

"Now, here," said the best man, "that wan't my old man's knock. Why, if he'd hit that table he'd splintered it. Call him up," and then drawing a revolver the affectionate son cast a severe look at the medium.

"To tell you the truth, I can't call him up."

"Tell him that I want to see him. That'll fetch him."

"No, he won't come; but I beg of you to be patient. Wait; ah! he will come presently. He is here and desires to talk with you. He says he is perfectly happy, and that he longs for the time when you will be with him. He is one of the rulers in the spirit land."

"Cap'n, you are the infernalist liar in Arkansas."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because the old man is in the city prison, drunk as a fool."

It is Worth a Trial.

"I was troubled many years Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old worn out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)

2w57

She Washed on a Sunday.

He only whispered to a lady friend who sat beside him in church, but it cost considerable trouble.

"There comes Mr. Proud's wife. Do you know she washes on Sunday? I've seen her do it," is what he said.

"Heavens! can it be possible! said the lady.

"Yes but please don't say anything about it.

She didn't.

In exactly seven days by the clock everybody in church knew it. It came to the ears of Mr. Proud, and he sat about tracing the story to its origin. Mrs. Proud was being snubbed by nearly everybody in the congregation. Even the minister forgot to take off his hat when he passed her in the street.

There was some talk of dropping Mrs. Proud's name from the roll of church membership.

Mr. Proud became furious. He went about town with a pistol in his pocket.

He finally found the lady who had started the report, and asked her who her informant was. She referred him to the gentleman who mentioned it to her in church. Mr. Proud jammed his hat over his eyes and and sought the miscreant.

"Did you say that my wife washed on Sunday? asked Mr. Proud, with murder in his eye.

"Certainly," responded the man, without moving a muscle.

"I want you to take it back."

"I can't, it's a fact, and I don't see anything to get mad about. I wouldn't let a wife of mine come to church without washing, would you?"

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be wrong and wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuff called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing that they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

2w57

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C.

☞ "John, what are your boots made of?" "Oil leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

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1881.

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PUBLISHED THURSDAY

BY JAMES J. GUERNSEY

Editor and Proprietor

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Attorneys.

L. D. Edwards,

ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Office, 2d floor, Waldo block, Waterville, N.Y. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M. On Saturdays from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. 1y1m3

Utley & Howe,

ATTORNEYS and Counselors at law, Waterville, N. Y. Office, Main St., over National Bank of Waterville.

H. T. UTLEY, C. E. HOWE.

Frank D. Nash,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW; office with G. H. Church, J. P., at junction of Main and White Streets. 1m3

E. H. Lamb,

ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, Waterville N. Y. Office in Babbott Building, 3d floor.

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3y4-11y41 W. WALDO.

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BRICK, Main Street, opposite Grace Church.—Rev. E. W. White, Pastor. Services at 10½ A. M., and 7 P. M. Sabbath School immediately after morning service.

Welsh Congregational.

SOUTH side of White Street. Rev. Mr. Williams, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P.M. Sabbath School 9½ A. M.

St. Bernard's.

EAST side of Avenue. Rev. J. J. McDonald, Pastor. High Mass every Sunday at 11½ A. M. Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 7½ P. M. Sunday School at 9½ A. M. and 6 P. M.

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Sanger Lodge No. 129, F. & A. M.

COMMUNICATION at 7½ P. M. every second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

WM. SUTERS, W. M.

C. BENSON, Secy.

Warren Chapter No. 24, R. A. M.

CONVOCATION at 7½ P. M. every first and third Wednesday in each month.

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