The Waterville Times
AND HOP REPORTER.
PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
FRANK J. CUTTER,
EDITOR.

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THE WATERVILLE TIMES

AND HOP REPORTER.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS, BY JAMES H. CUTTER, AT $1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXVIII., NO. 43. WATERVILLE, ONEIDA COUNTY, N. Y., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1886. WHOLE NO., 1,553.

Waterville Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

Coggeshall & Nash, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Office corner of Main and Mill streets.

E. H. Lamb, ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, Waterville, N. Y. Office in Babbott Building, Main Street.

W. J. Shields, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Also Notary Public. Berrill Block, Main St.

H. T. Utley, ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Office over National Bank, Main street, Waterville, N. Y. Successor to Utley & Hoyt.

L. D. Edwards, ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Office, 36 four, Waldo Block, Waterville, N. Y.

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C. H. Bennett, OFFICE on second floor of Bennett Block, next door of the Tower Block, on Main Street, Waterville, N. Y.

HOTEL.

American Hotel, THAT OLD ESTABLISHED AND EVER popular and well-known Hotel, located in the business center of Waterville, is convenient to all railroad stations. Under its new owner and landlord,

IRA L. REED, Formerly of the Willett House, Rome,

it has been refitted and refurnished throughout, and it will be kept as a first-class house in every respect. Good sample room. Free 'bus to and from all trains.

PHYSICIANS.

C. Wilson, M. D. (Successor to Cleveland & Wilson.) OFFICE and residence, 14 Putnam Avenue. Hours till 9 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Geo. Allen, M. D., (Successor to Munger & Allen), OFFICE at his residence one door east of the Post-office, on Main Street, Waterville. Hours till 9 a. m.; 12 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Dr. H. W. Jones, OFFICE as head of stairway in Grange Hall, Waterville. Office hours 7 to 8 a. m.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Dr. T. Z. Jones, OFFICE at residence, opposite Union School, White St. Hours from 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

J. L. R. Minor, Gallery on Mill street. All styles of pictures now taken by the Instantaneous Process. Frames of all kinds made to order.

STONE DEALERS.

Salisbury & Marvin Will continue to furnish all kinds of Flagging and Cut Stone. Coping for Cemetery lots a specialty. Call on or address, SALISBURY & MARVIN, Waterville, N. Y.

TANNERS, &c.

C. Beall & Son, TANNERS and Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, Main street, Waterville, N. Y. Cash for Hides and Hemlock Bark.

UNDERTAKERS.

W. H. Singleton, UNDERTAKER and Furniture Dealer, Waterville, N. Y. Warerooms on Main street, one door east of Park Hotel; residence in same building.

John Smith, UNDERTAKER, Waterville, N. Y. Warerooms on Main street, one door west of Town Hall. Residence on east side of Chenango street.

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C. M. TIMAN, Announces to the public that his Barber Shop and Bath Rooms, in the International Building, are now in complete order, and open at all reasonable hours, by day and day, Sundays included. In his

BARBER SHOP

he employs none but the best help. Dyeing, Shampooing and Cutting are specialties. Give me a call. Also good Billiard and Pool Tables.

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Desirable farming lands, Utica city property, and houses and lots in surrounding villages for sale.

MONEY LOANED ON SAFE SECURITY.

W. WALDO, Waterville, N. Y.

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But be decided to locate in the West, I offer for sale my

HOUSE AND LOT

Situated on White Street.

One square of Waterville, opposite Mr. G. M. Rowley's. The house is nearly new, and in good repair.

Further particulars, price &c., call upon or address CHAS. THERY, Jr., Waterville, OR PORTER D. TERRY.

For Sale!

—MY—

F-A-R-M

—ON THE—

Cherry Valley Turnpike,

one half mile east of

MADISON VILLAGE.

The said farm contains ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE ACRES.

It is well watered, buildings good; farm fertile. There is a HOP YARD of ten acres on the farm.

S. HENDERSON.

Inquire of or address, the Levi Dick farm.

Utica Directory.

ARCHITECTS.

Fred H. Gouge, ARCHITECT, Genesee Block, Utica, N. Y.

W. H. SYMONDS, Architect, 36 Main Street, Utica, N. Y.

Jacob Agus, Jr., ARCHITECT, No. 18 Arcade, Utica, N. Y.

O. Edward Cooper, ARCHITECT. Plans, specifications, and superintendence in the building of private dwellings, furniture, fixtures, &c. Advice in the selection of wall hangings, carpets, drapery and other decorations. Office 17 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

ATTORNEYS.

Emmett J. & Willard D. Hall, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, No. 170 Genesee Street, corner of Liberty, Utica, N. Y.

DRESSMAKING.

Miss M. E. Gaynor, FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING, 70 Genesee street, Utica, N. Y. Entrance through Taylor's Jewelry Store.

HAIRDRESSING.

Mrs. Tarbell, HAIR GOODS OF EVERY VARIETY, 130 and 132 Genesee street, Utica. Shell and other Fancy Articles. Stamping. Prompt attention paid to letter orders.

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WHEELHOUSE & VAN KEUREN, Manufacture to order all kinds of Fine Jewelry. Precious Stones reset and remounted, also designs furnished if required. 102 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y. Fine Rubies, etc., made to order.

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L. B. WILLIAMS, Photographic Studio, No. 52 Tibbits Block, Between Genesee and Bleecker streets, UTICA, N. Y. Photographs of every description, Oil Paintings, Photographs finished in India Ink or Water Colors, etc., etc.

C. H. Schofield, PHOTOGRAPHER, Visit Schofield's Splendid New Photograph Gallery, No. 33 COLUMBIA STREET, UTICA, N. Y., six doors west of the old stand. I give my personal attention to every customer. Everybody says they get the best natured man in Utica with children, and I don't propose to let the best of them get the start of me on five weeks. Same old prices and still on the first floor. Come and see me or I shall be disappointed. C. H. SCHOFIELD, New Studio, 33 Columbia Street.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. R. F. Jones, DENTIST, 52 Genesee Street, Carlile Building, Utica, N. Y. Artificial Teeth without plates. Gas administered. Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.

Boston Dental Co. OFFICE, 30 Arcade, UTICA, N. Y. A good set of teeth for $5. Gold fillings, $1 and upwards.

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Utica Rubber Co. HEADQUARTERS for Rubbers, Rubber Coats, Circulars, Toys, Hose, Hot Water Bottles, etc. Rubber Goods and Clothes Wringers repaired. 47 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.

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Fred. Schmidt, RESTAURANT and Saloon, No. 79 Genesee street, Utica, N. Y. The Choicest and Rarest wines, liquors and cigars always supplied with the best the market affords.

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McLEAN'S CLEANSING & DYEING ESTABLISHMENT. The oldest, most reliable and best equipped in Central New York. Specialty, feathers cleaned, dyed and curled on short notice. 92 & 94 Washington Street, Utica, N. Y.

Utica Business College

Practical instruction for both sexes and all ages. ALL PRACTICAL BRANCHES in regular course. Shorthand Department, Telegraph. Send for Circulars. McCREADY & SHIELDS, Principals.

L. W. KONEKE, WIG MAKER, And Dealer in Human Hair, 94 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

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Plants and Cut Flowers at all times, and floral work arranged on short notice. Funeral Flowers a specialty.

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Orders left with A. C. Stebbins at Waterville for floral pieces and designs of any kind; also for plants in pots, bedding baskets, and to fill window gardens, vases, etc., will be promptly filled. Send for catalogue.

ALONZO F. MILLER, BOOK BINDER, Blank Book Manufacturer, PAPER RULER, etc., corner of Broad and John streets, opposite new Government Buildings, UTICA, N. Y.

YOU CAN FIND

Baby Carriages, Base Ball Goods, Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Hammocks, Bird Cages, Fishing Tackle, Sporting Goods, Tricycles, Velocipedes, Express Wagons, Carts, And a great variety of

Household Goods

At very low prices, at BROWNS VARIETY STORE, 120 GENESEE STREET, UTICA.

ALFRED J. PURVIS, Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, Paper Ruler, etc., EXCHANGE BUILDING, UTICA, N. Y. Plain and Fancy Paper Boxes made to order. Orders and Books sent by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Millinery, Fancy Goods, and Infant Wear. Madame Moisier's Celebrated Corset. Egyptian Underwear, for ladies, misses and children. Stamping and Embroidering.

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For School & Other Stationery —GO TO— ROBERTS'.

Cash Meat Market.

SAVE MONEY BY GOING TO E. J. Stanton's CASH MEAT MARKET, Corner of Mill and Main Sts., For Meat, Eggs, Etc.

Notice.—Pursuant to an order of William H. Bleecker, Surrogate of the County of Oneida, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of William W. Backman, deceased, late of the town of Sangerfield, in said county, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to George W. Bailey, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at the office of E. B. Edwards, in Waterville, in said County, on or before the 23d day of December next.

Dated June 16, 1886.

GEORGE W. BAILEY, Executor.

MEAT MARKET!

At C. H. Race's

You can find at all times a full selection of the best meats, such as

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal,

Mutton, Ham, Beef Tongues, etc.

Goods Promptly Delivered.

The market is under Mr. Race's personal supervision, and he endeavors to please all.

CALL AT RACE'S MARKET.

FRENCH'S HOTEL, CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK. Opposite the City Hall and the Post Office. This fine house of the most complete in its appointments and furnishings of any House in New York and is conducted on the EUROPEAN PLAN. Rooms only 75c. Dollar per day. Elevator's walk from Brooklyn Bridge and Elevated R. R. All lines of cars pass the door. Most convenient Hotel to New York for Merchants to stop at. Dining Rooms, Cafe and French Counter rejoice with all the luxuries at moderate prices.

IF YOU WANT A NEW MOWING MACHINE

Call and see our stock of

NEW MODEL BUCKEYES.

The Old Buckeye was one of the best machines for many years, but the Improved New Model

HAS NO SUPERIOR,

If an equal for doing nice work, light running and durability.

BENNETT & SNELL, AGENTS.

For Sale!

I offer for sale the

AMERICAN HOTEL BARN AND PREMISES,

On the South Side of White St., WATERVILLE, N. Y.

I will sell at a low price and two-thirds can remain on bond and mortgage or other good security. Pay to suit of the buyer. Inquiry of Dr. E. Edwards or the undersigned. This is a excellent water in building and other conveniences. Would be valuable for livery or hay storage.

EDWARD MASON, WATERVILLE, N. Y.

FOR FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO, —GO TO— ROBERTS'.

NOTICE.—Pursuant to an order of William B. Bleecker, Esq., Surrogate of the County of Oneida, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Edwin Abbey, deceased, late of the town of Sangerfield, in said county, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to Edwin Abbey, Jr., executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at his residence in Sangerfield, in said County, on or before the 20th day of November next.

Dated May 11, 1886.

EDWIN ABBEY, JR., Executor.

For Fresh Roasted Peanuts And Other Nuts, go to ROBERTS'. In the Berrill Block.

CENTRAL NEW YORK BRICK AND DRAIN TILE

OFFICE AND WORKS SANGERFIELD, N. Y.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

Drain your wet land and increase your crop from 25 to 50 per cent.

For a limited time we offer Drain Tile, for cash at the following prices:

50 Rods of 4 Inch Tile for $15.00.
50 " " 6 " " $12.00.
50 " " 3 " " $18.00.

BRICK! BRICK! BRICK!!!

Having a large stock on hand we will sell Brick in large quantities at prices to correspond with the times. Address

P. B. HAVEN & SON.

DEANSVILLE Marble & Granite Works

D. C. YALE, Proprietor.

Will furnish all Cemetery Work, in Eastern and Foreign Granites and Marbles, AT LOW RATES. LETTERING ON ERECTED MONUMENTS.

DR. KILMER'S INDIAN COUGH CURE AND CONSUMPTION. 25¢ SAVES YOUR LIFE. Stop that cough, Cough and Throat in the Throat. Arrest that Night Sweat. Stop that Night Sweat. This Remedy relieves quickly. Cures permanently. Prevents Decay. Sold everywhere. Sold by Druggists.

MINOR'S CABINETS $3 Per Doz. First-Class Work.

A.L. SMITH'S CRYSTAL SPECTACLES. TRADE MARK. GENUINE. CRYSTAL ON EVERY PAIR. THEY ARE CLEAR BRILLIANT PERFECT. MADE OF CRYSTALLIZED QUARTZ & HIGHLY POLISHED. TRY THEM AND YOU WILL BUY THEM. SOLD ONLY BY W. S. WHITE, Jeweler, Waterville.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

"My hair is all out of time; the pins keep boring into my cranium like a shrill treble, instead of their usual soft bass, and it rains and—"

"And what, child?" said the pleasant voice of Aunt Mary Brisman, as she critically examined the countenance of her niece.

"And I wish I was dead, or had never been born—or something—I cannot know what," and Maggie Meredith's beautiful lips were pouted, and a strange cloud of sulkiness and dissatisfaction hung pertinaciously over the fresh young face.

"I dislike very much, Maggie," said auntie, "to hear such remarks as those you have just uttered from any lips; much more, my dear, from yours. Life is not all sunshine and sweetness; but it remains with us, as God-loving, God-fearing individuals, to be content with the part assigned us, and live it out patiently and unflinchingly."

"Oh, yes; that's all very nice to talk about; but suppose one wasn't given any patience to start with? Does a body possess a little root or slip of anything, why one can cultivate it, of course; but patience can't be manufactured. You might as well tell me to go into the garden and make a blade of grass or a sprig of mignonette. Now, just listen, and I will tell you what's the matter. Harvey is all the time lecturing me. If it be necessary to find so much fault now, the probabilities are that we shall never be happy; for I can not and will not endure so much badgering. I told him so last night, Auntie, and gave him back our engagement ring," and Maggie held up her little forefinger dubiously, "and I told him never to come near me again. I vow I won't be sterlingly talked to; so there."

"You have tried, Maggie Merridith, with one of the noblest men God ever made; thrown away the costliest pearl He will ever offer you. Maggie, I am astonished."

"Oh, mercy! if this isn't tedious. You talk, auntie, like a crazy person. Do you imagine for a moment that I count this everlasting tirade and drumming I am compelled to listen to, at home and abroad, from relatives, friends and lover? Do you suppose that I do not, from the bottom of my heart, deplore the fate that 'sent me into this breathing world,' scarce half made up, and that so lonely and unfashionable that dogs bark at me as I halt by them?" Richard, I suppose, was talking about the bringing on his back. I refer to my mental and moral deformity. Someway everybody seems to feel at liberty to descant on my infirmities, and right before my face and eyes, too. I didn't tell Harvey Crittenden to take love to me and run after me two years before he got a chance to whisper a word of it. He has got impudence; there is no mistake about that."

"Is that the trouble between you and Harvey, my dear," inquired auntie, endeavoring to calm herself for Maggie was very dear to her. Ever since the death of her parents, some five years previous, Aunt Mary had had the sole care of her niece. She was keenly alive to the faults of the impulsive girl, but believed that time, experience and the love of the really worthy man to whom Maggie was betrothed would round off the rough edges of her character, and bring out, like gold from the refiner's fire, the traits of true nobility she knew she possessed.

"Like the majority of quarrels," replied Maggie, "it originated from just nothing. I said that I hated beggars, that's all."

"Why, Maggie, are you deranged?" said aunty, who could with difficulty repress a smile. "You of all others to say such a thing!—you who keep the kitchen constantly filled with the objects of your charity! How could you tell such a falsehood?"

"Well, the other night, just as we were getting out of the carriage at Pike's—I was in a hurry, I knew the opera had commenced—a forlorn old beggar, his breath smelling horribly of whisky, stopped us. It was awful cold, and Harvey kept me standing a minute or two on the walk while he fumbled in his pocket for money to give the old vagabond to buy more rum with. I was vexed and cold, and if he had let me alone and not kept asking questions and looking as if he'd just come from the funeral of all his friends, I should not have said the dreadful words. I declared it would have altered the case had the man not been a drunkard. Harvey insisted that society was to blame for that sin, and he, as a member of it, would never turn his back upon a man who he knew was cold and hungry. All he could do was to help mitigate the evils that society allowed. He could not abolish rumselling, but a starving drunkard was just as much an object of charity to him as a starving minister. Good gracious, didn't his eyes snap though! He's as much too radical as I am too willful. Then I said I hated beggars, anyway."

Aunt Mary could say nothing, advise nothing. She saw that, by a little injudicious management on the part of the lover, this grand finale might have been averted; but men are not natural diplomats. And so, with a careless observation in regard to the weather, she withdrew, perfectly aware, from previous experience, that all remonstrance would be useless. Several days passed, and not a word from Harvey. Aunt Mary felt sure that he would call on or write her, but no tidings of any description had reached her. Maggie moped, denied herself to company, and the beautiful home on Murray Hill was as still and deathlike as though some dear spirit had taken its flight from thence to the Eternal City.

"Oh, dear! how lonely that poor little finger looks," said Maggie one day sadly to herself. "It had been there long enough to leave a ridge, too.

"I reckon the next girl Harvey Crittenden is engaged to will have an easier time with him than I have. He has learned a lesson from this, as true as you live, Maggie," still surveying the finger, stripped of its dear symbol. "It's always the way with men; one woman has to be victimized in order that another may be deceitfully treated. Well, I'm glad for somebody! Harvey is good-looking sometimes. If that fellow don't send home my photograph by to-morrow I'm just going to send for it. And now, Maggie Meredith, if you make a fool of yourself another minute for any biped under the sun you deserve the rack. You do hate beggars, stick to it," and Maggie, surveying herself in the mirror, pronounced she would.

"Miss Maggie," said the cook, breaking in upon her reverie, "there's an old man down to the door who wants something to eat and a job of light work. Ooh, he's a sickly-looking fellur entirely. Will ye be after coming down, Miss?"

"Another beggar," mused Maggie. "I'm thankful auntie is out, or I might receive a lecture on the beauties of consistency. I wasn't born with a sup of that, either. Well!" said she, opening the back area door, where the old man stood, "what can I do for you? Cook tells me you are ill and hungry and want work."

"Yes, miss," said the old bundle of tatters, in low, trembling tones.

"What is the matter with you?" and Maggie's voice was full of sympathy.

"Oh, nothing but the rheumatiz. I've had it all winter. It's all I can do to take a step. But for the love of mercy give me a mouthful to eat. I'm almost starved."

"Come into the kitchen and we'll see what we can do for you. Cook, get him a warm cup of coffee and whatever you have got good to eat. Wouldn't you like to wash your face and hands?"

"Oh, yes ma'am, if you please," replied the beggar. "I was trying to put in some coal for the folks below, but I was obliged to leave it; I hadn't got the strength."

Maggie saw with her own hands placed a basin of water, soap and towels before him, poured out his coffee, and set the chair to the kitchen table.

"Now eat just as much as you can," said she, filling his plate.

"How much coal did you put in for the family below?"

"Six, about a ton."

"Well, and didn't they pay you for it?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," he replied. "How could I expect it when I didn't do as I agreed to?"

"Well, that man deserves hanging. I'd take my affidavit that it was a man who made that bargain with you, and allowed you, hungry and sick, to work without being paid; no woman would dare serve a human being so scurvy a trick."

The old man pressed his hand to his face a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, my dear miss, it was a man, but then there are very few like you in the world."

"That's so," she replied, and leaving him ate a hearty lunch. "Very few like me, indeed! You wouldn't believe how I hate beggars, would you? That I have no patience with anybody who is poor, ill or unfortunate? Oh, gahaw, what in the world am I talking about? Why, bless my soul, good man, you haven't eaten enough to keep a mouse alive. Now tell me about this rheumatism. Where does it trouble you?"

"In my knee, miss," and the old man again hid his face in his hands.

"Go to my closet," said she to the servant, "and bring me that big bottle of liniment. I'll give them a good rubbing myself, and then you can take the bottle home and bathe them two or three times a day. Rheumatism must be terrible."

Bridget returned with the desired article. Maggie took her seat on the floor.

"Oh, no, miss," said the beggar, a strange tremor in his voice; "I can not permit that."

"Why, you old goose," said Maggie, laughing, "I can do it more good in five minutes than you can do yourself in an hour. I am used to these things. I've a dozen on my sick list now, for whom I have to perform just such offices. What are our hands made for, if they are not to do good with? Come, don't be foolish!"

"Maggie! Maggie! Maggie!" and in the twinkling of an eye the old gray wig, whiskers and eyebrows were removed, and Harvey Crittenden, his face irradiated with joy, love, and a peculiar soul satisfaction which Maggie had never seen there before, confronted her.

Maggie was like one stunned for a moment, but quickly rallied, and as soon as she could find breath between the kisses showered upon her remarked, saucily:

"Humph! Don't you suppose I knew it was you all the time? Just doing it to show off, that's all."

But a good, genuine burst of tears told a different story, and Maggie clasped fondly in her lover's arms, sobbed out her joy and repentance. Maggie is now a wife, but whenever the mountain or a bottle of liniment is quite sufficient to send her blushing from the room.—New York Daily News.

The Battle of Sempach.

The semi-millennial celebration of the battle of Sempach, which Switzerland recently held, makes our Revolutionary fields, whose centenaries occurred a few years ago, and even our Civil Lexington and Allonzy settlements, appropriations, seem modest by comparison. Yet, ancient as was that combat of spears and bows, fought in 1386, it will always remain fresher in the world's memory than many an engagement on a larger scale in these days of breech-loading guns, the deed attributed to Arnold Winkelried, whose wide-armed sweep of American pikes to his breast, in order to open a way for his comrades into the compact phalanx of his country's enemies, is still told of in the declamation of schoolboys in a hemisphere not till a century later made known by Columbus.—New York Sun.

Story Told of Everett.

Of the American speakers that I have heard hardly one, I think, has been free from a grave defect, attributable perhaps partly to college training in elocution. You always feel that they are speaking for effect; whereas, when you are listening to Mr. John Bright you feel that his single object is to communicate and impress his convictions. The fault was more conspicuous in Everett, whose language and delivery were perfect, for he gesticulated not only with his arms, but with his legs. It was supposed that he even played little stage tricks to enhance the effect. Once, it was said, when he entered the hall to deliver a Fourth of July oration, a veteran soldier respectfully rose from his seat. "Sit down, venerable man," cried Everett in his most impressive tone; "it is for me to rise in your presence." "Why, sir," replied the simple-minded veteran, "you told me I was to stand up when you came in."—Goldwin Smith, in Macmillan's Magazine.

Grief Anticipates Age.

Dwelling on the inevitable past, forming vain hypotheses as to what might have been if this or that had or had not been, acquiring a craze for recounting what has occurred—these acts do more harm to future health and effort than many things conducted with real calamity. Occupation and new pursuits are the best preventives for mental shock and bereavement.—Herald of Health.

Pigeons as a Consoling Diet.

Pigeons as a diet were always regarded by Marshal de Nouchy as having powers of consolation, and he would always order pigeons for dinner when he met with adverse experience.—Exchange.

Archæological Find in Germany.

Some excavations lately carried out at Flonheim, near Worms, have brought to light some most interesting specimens of Frankish antiquity. In and around the old Roman-Gothic church Franconian chiefs and nobles had their burial places. The new church does not stand exactly on the same ground as the old one, and so it was possible to undertake explorations that would otherwise have been difficult. In one grave a necklace of fine pearls was found around the neck of a female skeleton, with small gold plates adorned with filigree work inserted as pendants between each pair of pearls. There were heavily gilt silver ornaments, with filigree work, lying on the breast; beside the skeleton a piece of yellow topaz, a silver buckle, and a comb of bone. In another woman's grave there were similar ornaments, and also some pieces of glass unusual in Frankish graves, and keys of a form hitherto unknown in Germany. In a man's grave there were found a gold ring of exquisite workmanship, which could have belonged only to a woman, a pot of singular shape, arrows, a shield, a heavy javelin, a sword, a drinking cup, a beautiful buckle of gilt bronze, and a piece of chain of twisted wire.—London Times.

Automatic Improvement of Rivers.

Professor Lewis M. Haupt, of the university of Pennsylvania, proposes to apply his new system for the automatic improvement of rivers and harbors to the deepening of the water over the bar in Gedney's channel in New York harbor. The plan is for a floating dam, anchored by heavy guys to the bottom, with two or more shields arranged in a direction either transverse or oblique to the line of the current. The system has the advantage of being comparatively inexpensive and also capable of ready application.—New York Mail and Express.

Preventing the Escape of Criminals.

The difficulty of preventing the escape of criminals has at all times grieved the friends of justice, but the most radical solution of the problem has probably been devised in Gaul, a seaport town claimed by both the Emir of Belang and the sultan of Zanzibar. According to a correspondent the municipal authorities, who enjoy a local autonomy, have for years saved the expense of burglar-proof jails by manufacturing their malefactors and teaching them to earn a living by some sedentary occupation. Besides being useful, the consequent lameness prevents a relapse, or at least the flight of a suspected backslider.—Exchange.

MORE BALLOON TALK.

Lottie Suits as a Balloonist.

The Camden *Advance* says: Many people in Camden know Miss Charlotte Suits, who about a year ago was a dressmaker in this village. She is a daughter of Walter Suits of McConnellsville, is 23 years of age, intelligent and fair looking and from her quiet and modest life among us creates a surprise by the amount of nerve and daring she exhibited in making a balloon ascension from the Rome fair grounds. Mr. Myers is in need of another aeronaut and will probably employ Miss Suits. She told the following story of her voyage:

"I realized my position perfectly, and was not the least bit nervous. As I was leaving the ground a neighbor of ours, Charles Coates, said: 'Good-by, Lottie.' I answered that I would not say good-by, because I was coming back again. My idea in throwing out sand so soon was because I was not high enough. I wanted to go higher. I could see the people waving their handkerchiefs and hear them shouting. I did not mind going up and more than I would getting into a carriage. I have often dreamed of going up in a balloon, and the reality seemed like a dream. The scene below me reminded me of an oil painting of a beautiful landscape. In passing over Floyd Corners I saw people looking at the balloon and talking, but could not understand what they said. The highest point I reached according to the barometer I carried with me, was 4,000 feet, or 1,200 feet less than a mile. I had hoped to go higher. I could hear people at different farm houses talking about the balloon. One man said: 'I guess that balloon is coming down here.' I enjoyed the trip very much. I was not at any time while in the balloon as excited as when Prof. Myers seemed inclined not to let me go up. Near Floyd the balloon began to descend. I wanted to go farther so I threw out more sand. I saw a good place to land this side of Floyd and had a good mind to land there. Then I changed my mind three out more sand and crossed the village. Near Stittville I saw a good place to land and pulled the valve once and came down very nicely in a field on the farm of Mr. Bills, quite near his house. I threw out the anchor but it did not catch. The balloon bounded twice in making the landing. I was not hurt in the least. Mr. Bills and his daughter, aged 16, came to the balloon. Mr. Bills said: 'Good afternoon,' and remarked that it was a nice day to make an ascension, a number of other men came and helped me pack up the balloon. William Clark of Stittville brought me and the balloon to Rome, arriving at 6:40. After I got out of the balloon I trembled just a little. I did not use all the sand I had but had half a sack when I landed. I did not think I had traveled more than three or four miles and was half ashamed to land so quickly, but when I came to pay for the transportation back here I found I had sailed ten miles. I have had an idea of going up in a balloon for several years, and had spoken to my people about it. When I got the message to come to Rome to-day I told my parents I was going up in a balloon. I do not think they thought I really meant to go because my mother said she would tie me up with a rope if necessary to keep me from going up. I had seen but three accensions before yesterday. I never made application to go up before.

For the Exempt Firemen of Waterville.

The trustees of this village have obtained at this office 200 handsome "Exempt Fireman's Certificates," printed upon parchment paper, to be issued to those who have served as active firemen for five or more years in the department of Waterville. As such an exempt certificate relieves its possessor from doing jury duty and paying poll tax. It is to him of value as well as an honor. The certificates read as follows:

WATERVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

EXEMPT FIREMAN'S CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify, That —— has regularly served as a member of the WATERVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT, of Waterville, Oneida County, N. Y., in good standing, for upwards of five consecutive years, and that he is entitled to THIS CERTIFICATE OF EXEMPTION under the LAWS of the STATE of NEW YORK for such service.

In witness whereof, this Certificate has been attested by the Corporate Seal of said Village, and executed by the President and Secretary thereof.

Dated ——, 188—

——, Sec'y. ——, Pres.

The certificates are each numbered in red by a numbering machine and a stub also numbered is attached to each one. On the stub a duplicate record will be kept. The certificate and stub are nicely bound in a durable book properly marked. As no exempt certificates have ever been prepared for the exempt members heretofore, there are a large number entitled to them. The certificates are 13x8¾ inches, and are embellished in one corner with a picture of a hose cart, in the other with a picture of a fireman's hat, torch, ladder, trumpet, axe, grappling hooks and chain, pike and pole, lantern, pick, etc. Near the centre of the certificate is a finely-engraved cut of a Silsby steamer and a spirited team of horses in full run. The certificates can be obtained of the trustees upon the presentation of proper vouchers, which vouchers can be had of the secretary of the department.

Hamilton's Water Supply.

At the special corporation meeting called for to consider the question of a water supply for the village, the water commissioners reported through President Manchester, first that there is no available supply of water for gravity pressure near the village; second, that the water commissioners recommend the Holley system of water works, the supply to be obtained from Woodman's pond. This report was accepted, but no further action was taken upon it. The committee appointed to ascertain the price of land and stone in and about lock 80 also reported. The meeting voted to buy a strip of land twenty feet wide on the east side of the lock, and extending from Mill street to a point ten feet north of the lock; and also as much land as the stone rested on on the west side together with all the stone.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Many of the good things of this life are sorrowfully left alone on account of Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation; sold on a positive guarantee at 25 and 50 cents, by F. H. Coggeshall, Druggist.

WHY THEY MARRIED.

Reasons Given by a Number of Benedicts in a New York Town.

Tid Bits lately sent out postal cards to the married men in a small town in Western New York with the enquiry, "Why did you marry?" We give a few of the replies:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out. X."

"Married to get even with my wife's mother, but never did. W."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her. C."

"The father thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough. B."

"I was tired of buying ice cream and candies and going to theatres and church and wanted to rest. Have saved money. J. C."

"Please don't stir me up. J."

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one. E."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now. G."

"That's the same question that my friends ask me. C. H."

"Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money with. B. D."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite. A."

"Because it is just my luck. P. J."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time. KARL."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family and distraction, in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at. OLD MAN."

"I married to get the best wife in the world. SIMON."

"Because I asked her if she would have me, she said she would. She got me. BLIVINS."

WHY THE LADIES MARRIED.

Reasons Given by a Number of Waterville Matrons.

"Because I was an unsophisticated goose. L."

"Married to take George out of his misery. He was staying out late nights and getting terribly thin. Was afraid people would think he was boarding at our house. T."

"To get a man, of course. SUSIE."

"Ice cream, theaters, sleigh rides, etc., seemed to be so free, I hoped to secure a him and have a plenty. Alas! by marriage I killed the goose that laid the golden egg. P. P."

"Married to spite Mary Jane. Never indulge in spite. MILLY."

"Oh, don't ask me. CAROLINE."

"To run a nursery. H. B."

"For money and position. Would now give the money to change the position. SARAH."

"Because Hal was such an exquisite waltzer. He now spends his time dancing around trying to find bread and butter for his family. S. C."

"For just what I got, a pleasant even-tempered husband and a cosy home. ALICE."

"Because I was too young to know better. I thought he was a hero. I believe he is a he-row—always making a fuss. LIZZIE."

"I was in love and not responsible for my acts. MARGARET."

New Hartford Industries.

Of two New Hartford industries, the New Hartford Canning company and J. M. Porter's vinegar factory, the Utica *Press* says: It is not many years since the canning business was established in New Hartford on a small scale as an experiment. It has proved more than sucesful. Early in the season the company began putting up peas, and when the last of these had been gathered no less than 33,000 cans had been put up. Tomatoes followed, and of these 7,000 cans were made. Then came beans, of which 3,000 cans were sealed, and then a new departure in the shape of the manufacture of red currant jelly. The amount of jelly made by it this year is 12 tons, and in the manufacture no less than six tons of pure granulated sugar were used. The jelly is put up in neat jelly tumblers as well as in small gass pails. For consumption in hotels, hospitals, etc., it is put up in neat wooden pails containing respectively 12 and 25 pounds.

Of plums the company canned about 150 bushels.

The canning of corn at this factory began September 7, and closed Oct. 15. The kind of corn used is known as Stowell's evergreen sweet corn, and it is grown by farmers in the vicinity. About two hundred hands have been employed at the factory, some of them from Utica and others from New York Mills, but the majority of them from New Hartford. From 12,000 to 26,000 cans of corn have been put up daily, and when the work was finished Friday the whole number of cans put up was 400,000. This represents the product of about 350 acres. The process of corn canning is quite interesting to those who have never seen it before. The machine for cutting the corn off the cob does its work very rapidly, as rapidly as two men can feed the ears to the hopper of trough. The husks and cobs are carried away by the farmers. The company this season paid out about $6,000 to its employes, and over $10,000 to the farmers.

J. M. Porter, who has been engaged in the manufacture of vinegar in the southern part of the town of New Hartford for some years, has just built a new vinegar factory of more than double the capacity, on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, near the Genesee street crossing. It consists of two frame buildings, one 40x80 feet four stories high, and the other 36x40 feet high, with cellars under both. The smaller building is used for making the cider. The apples are bought by weight, the wagon being driven upon a platform scale, so arranged that it dumps the load of apples into the cellar. From here they are taken by an elevator into the second story, where they are ground, a 10-horse power engine furnishing the power. The ground pulp then falls into the cider presses of which there are two on the ground floor. It is pressed through canvas instead of straw, as in the old process. It is then pumped into large vats in the third story, from whence it runs by a pipe line to the large storage building about 100 ft. distant. Here it is placed in large casks and barrels. The process of making vinegar here is the common one or nature's process. The cider is allowed to stand until it becomes sour, no generators being used. The building is furnished with furnaces,