

# The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 4.

COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 888.

### COLUMBUS STATE BANK.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Cash Capital - \$75,000.

DIRECTORS:  
LEANDER GERRARD, Pres.  
GEO. W. HULST, Vice Pres.  
JULIUS A. REED,  
R. H. HENRY,  
J. E. TARKER, Cashier.

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.

Collections Promptly Made on all Points.

Pay Interest on Time Deposits.

### COLUMBUS Savings Bank.

LOAN & TRUST COMPANY.

Capital Stock, \$100,000.

OFFICERS:  
A. ANDERSON, Pres.  
O. W. SHELDON, Vice Pres.  
O. T. ROSEN, Treas.  
ROBERT UHLIG, Sec.

Will receive time deposits, from \$1.00 and any amount upwards, and will pay the customary rate of interest.

Will particularly draw your attention to our facilities for making loans on real estate, at the lowest rate of interest.

City, School and County Bonds, and individual securities are bought.

### FOR THE WESTERN COTTAGE ORGAN.

CALL ON—  
**A. & M. TURNER**  
Or G. W. KIBLER,  
Traveling Salesman.

These organs are first-class in every particular, and so guaranteed.

### SCHAFFROTH & PLATH,

DEALERS IN—  
**CHALLENGE WIND MILLS, AND PUMPS.**

Buckeye Mower, combined, Self Binder, wire or twine.

Pumps repaired on short notice.

One door west of Heintz's Drug Store, 11th street, Columbus, Neb.

### HENRY GASS, UNDERTAKER.

COFFINS AND METALLIC CASES.

AND DEALER IN—  
Furniture, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Tables, Safes, Looms, &c., Picture Frames and Mouldings.

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

### PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS.

Obtained, and all other business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to for MODERATE FEES.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those made from WASHINGTON.

Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge, and make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.

We refer to the Postmaster, the Surgeon, the County Clerk, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars, address, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or country, write to—  
**C. A. SNOW & CO.**  
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

#### SOUTH SEA IMAGES.

**Gigantic Relics Found on Ponape and Easter Islands.**

The success of one of our men-of-war in securing one of the above images from the island of the Sandwiches has given fresh interest to the peculiar remains on this little island on the coast of Chili. The origin of these images has been the puzzle of savants for years, but it is only recently that it has been discovered that similar erections exist upon the island of Ponape or Assension, one of the Caroline group, situated in north latitude 6 degrees 52 minutes and east longitude 158 degrees 21 minutes in the Pacific ocean. But little is known to the general public regarding islands in the Pacific out of the beaten track of voyagers. The attention, however, is drawn to the large octacean known as the sperm variety, in the tropical seas, visit these delightful nooks to replenish their stock of provisions and to lay in a store of fruits, pigs, and other provisions before proceeding on their Arctic cruise. The large fish that the islanders lead, the enervating climate, and a desire to escape the work on board ship have been the causes of many sailors deserting at the points touched. Lured by the dark eyes and graceful forms of the dusky island women, they remain and lead a dolce far niente life. Upon many of the islands that dot the vast Pacific these "beach-combers" are to be found, every Jack and Jill and a host of children around him.

The Caroline group of islands belong to Spain, but, as is characteristic of the Spanish, nothing has been done in the way of exploration and little is known of them, except by traders or whalers. Guam is the port, but at the islands of Salpau and Ponape whalers stop to recruit. From information obtained by a chronicler proceeding from one of the whaling captains the following account of the ancient ruins, situated upon Ponape, was obtained:

The beach of glistening white sand and coral remains has a growth of rank grass, reaching almost to the water-line. Dense groves of palm, cocconut and cloth trees surround a village of thatched huts, which the pathway to the ruins runs. Over basaltic rocks and volcanic debris, intermingled with obsidian, visitors are forced to climb, until a distance of over ten miles from the shore is reached. Surrounded by a series of terraces of stone, each a series of terraces of stone rise, step by step, up the hillside. These terraces are probably three hundred yards in length and vary from twenty to thirty feet in width. The size of these terraces is insignificant, but when the topmost structure is reached:

A wall of whitish stone rises at the summit, nearly thirty feet high, and forming an irregular rectangle. The stones composing the wall are from five to six feet in length and eight to ten feet thick, each stone weighing several tons. Although the sides of these gigantic stones are perfectly smooth and of nearly equal proportions there is not the faintest sign of a chisel mark. No cement has been used to lay them in position and gaps occur at intervals. At the single gateway or entrance stand two stone monoliths over thirty feet high, each having at the top an immense bowl. Passing through the entrance a stone altar is to be seen in the center of the inclosure. This altar is also composed of stone, but the texture seems to differ from that used to build the wall, although similar in color. Two flights of steps surround this elevation, which has an immense tree growing in the center. In its growth the tree has displaced the huge stones of the altar, and the north side is now at its level. The entrance is a narrow and underground run over the walls, through the crevices, and hang in graceful festoons from the branches of the trees. Alarmed at man's approach, beautiful golden green lizards with their glistening scales, the bright sunlight, dash and fro through the brush, but no venomous reptiles are found.

By what race these buildings were constructed is a mystery. The natives do not know; neither have they any tradition, which might give them some cyclopaedic stone monuments have required immense labor and appliances, and unless the progenitors of the present race of natives were possessed of a knowledge of the mechanical arts it is difficult to imagine who were the builders. Similar gigantic stone images are known to exist in the Pacific islands only on Easter Island. The origin of these structures is surrounded with mystery, and archeologists attribute their raising to a forgotten race. Among the ruins and yam fields on Salpau and Ponape, the natives find bowls on their tops, but of small dimensions. The natives call these stones *onacos*, and state that their uses are for landmarks.

The only recorded visit to Ponape by any scientific individuals was in 1866, when the Austrian frigate, the *Sierre Nevada*, was sent to the island. Other than this the existence of these interesting ruins is hardly known to the general scientific world.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

#### An Odd Character.

An odd character is Maj. C. C. Bennett, who was sent to the city hospital late one evening recently by Dr. Priest. He is well advanced toward the allotted four-score years and ten, and is now broken in spirit and physique. For sixteen years he was a resident of Honolulu, and only recently returned to his own country. He is now in that condition which is technically termed "on his uppers," but, although the drafts on his pocket are protested, his fund of information is still replete.

"I first went to the Sandwich Islands for my health," said the major. "In 1851 I started across the plains to California, and when I got to the Sierra Nevada mountains I was caught in a snow-storm that came raining my life. When rescued I could not speak, and as a result sustained a severe paralytic stroke. After stopping in Frisco several years I went to the Sandwich Islands, but my stay was a short time. I returned to Honolulu in 1865, and among my fellow-passengers on the steamer was Sam Clemens, who had already gained a reputation on the coast as a humorist. He was then writing for the *Atlas Californicus*, and he was with me when I was sent to the Sandwich Islands. He was about 30 years of age, and as jolly a fellow as you ever saw, brimful of funny stories which he was continually telling, and whenever he heard a funny one he broke it in, and told it in the funniest style he could hear of.

#### The Polite Reporter.

When the Princess Louise, accompanied by her brother, Prince Leopold, visited Niagara Falls about seven years ago, she was for the first time acquainted with the quality of a genuine American reporter's check. Half a dozen lackeys and a score of Canadian newspaper men accompanied the distinguished tourists from Montreal. Two Buffalo reporters were at the Prospect House, adjacent to the Horse Shoe Falls, to meet the visitors. One of the Montreal reporters, apparently the chosen leader of the Canadian press delegation, patronizingly offered to take the American knights of the pen into his wing. He proudly affirmed that he was "solid" with the man who looked after royalty's baggage.

"Thank you, old boy, I guess we can get along," said one of the Buffalo porters, handsomely cheered, and gentlemanly lad, to whose check the flush of diffidence had never come. When Louise and Leopold drove up to the hotel the lackeys and the Canadian reporters respectfully drew back and uncovered their heads. The necessary young American reporter advanced to the carriage, tipped his hat gallantly, and gracefully assisted the Queen's daughter to alight.

"Oh, where are the Falls?" the Princess exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of great but long-deferred expectations.

The young man from Buffalo, coolly assuming that the question was directed to him personally, said: "The best sight can be obtained a few rods down the road. Allow me to show you the way." Bowing politely, Buffaloian placed himself at the Princess's side, and that rare and irritable nerve force that forms the basis of monumental cheek, he impelled the two children of royalty to trudge down the dusty road with him. There are the falls! What do you think of them?" said the reporter as they reached a commanding eminence on the river's bank.

"Very fine," said Leopold.

"Beautiful! Grand! Sublime!" said the Princess earnestly. "What a wonderful manifestation of power!"

replied the reporter, with an effort to place himself in rapport with the Princess. For several minutes the two stood looking at the great cataract, and a few more adjectives were uttered.

The courteous interviewer plied his arts skillfully, and succeeded in putting both the Prince and Princess in a very good humor. He supplied them liberally with "facts" concerning the Falls, the whirlpool, the Suspension Bridge, and Table Rock, near which they stood, and then, in one or two neatly-told funny stories by way of seasoning.

"By the way, who are you?" said Leopold, after he had laughed for the fourth or fifth time at the reporter's drolleries.

"Oh, am a reporter for the Buffalo for fifteen years, a resident of the Sandwich Islands, will give one of his intensely instructive and deeply interesting lectures on the subject of 'Life in the Sandwich Islands.' Mention will be made of the origin of the Hawaiian race, their discovery, overthrow of idolatry, missionaries, curse of Chinese leprosy and opium, the great volcano, goddess of fire, great eruption of 1868, and the lost continent."—*St. Louis Republican.*

#### Rarefied Air and Mania.

"It is strange how some people are affected by the light air and 6,000 feet altitude of Cheyenne," said Policeman Bean in a recent conversation, as recorded in the *Cheyenne Sun*.

"A short time ago a book agent reached here from Denver. He was rather a cadaverous-looking chap, who didn't seem to pack around more blood in his constitution than the lead in his teeth. He had a good deal of the same way, and I had a good deal of both in soothing him.

"When he wasn't flighty he told me that he had often been troubled that way when he reached any tolerably high altitude. The least excitement brought on a fresh spell. I learned afterward that he never had any such attacks at home. In my experience at the depot here I have known of many people who have been troubled in the same way. This seems to be especially true of those who grow weary until they begin to descend the hill from Sherman to Laramie City, and on inquiring from the trainmen I learn that afterward they go through all right."

"You remember that little fellow from Nevada, who cut up such tantrums at the depot here a few months ago?" asked the Judge.

The listener intimated that he hadn't forgotten the circumstances.

"Well, that fellow began to show the effects of the altitude as the train neared Cheyenne. By the time he had reached here he had barricaded himself in the retiring-room and was about to throw himself out of the window when the trainmen forced their way in and caught him. He was sure somebody was going to kill him. I got him away from the crowd and told him I'd protect him, and finally got him quieted down. The trainmen looked after him until they began to descend from Sherman, and soon afterward he seemed to be as sane as anybody."

"I was only a few days later that the old lady on the train was taken in the same way. She got it into her head that a colored woman in the far end of the car had foul designs upon her. Until the train reached Cheyenne the unfortunate daughter of Africa did not dare move a muscle for fear of throwing the old lady into convulsions. Cases of this sort turn up often."

"What sort of people seem to be most affected that way?" was asked.

"They are generally thin-blooded, nervous people, who, if they are in fair health, have got but little vitality left of them," was the reply. "Very nervous old women are very often the victims. A slight jar or shock sets them to going, and then the depot-rustler has a picnic on his hands and no mistake. Their mania always assumes the same phase—they always believe somebody is going to kill them."

"What a queer world we live in!"

#### Two Balloon Stories.

In a talk with John Forrepaugh last night, says a writer in the *Philadelphia News*, I heard several interesting stories of adventures with hot-air balloons.

"We used to inflate the balloons and send them flying at every stopping point of the Forrepaugh show," he said, "and I remember now one incident in regard to these balloons which occurred in 1874 at Chester. There was a large crowd on the grounds, and a man we called Big Smith was inside the bag which was being inflated. At last the balloon bulged out, nearly full, and Big Smith crawled from under. Twenty-five men were holding the balloon, and Smith, after he got outside the machine, saw a canny butcher named Mitchell standing near him. Before any one could draw the balloon, Mitchell, clutching his knife, threw him in the basket, and yelled, 'Let go!' The man dropped the ropes, the balloon shot aloft like a rocket, and ten thousand people strained their eyes as they saw it grow smaller and smaller, until it was out of sight.

"When the balloon was first skipping toward heaven Mitchell's head could be seen over the edge of the basket, as he yelled, 'Help, for God's sake!' When the big bag floated beyond the range of vision a dozen men started northward—the way the wind carried the balloon in teams. They drove eight or ten miles, and they found the balloon with the wretched Mitchell lying helplessly in the basket on the bank of a creek. Mitchell's head had actually turned white from fright in his hour's ride in the clouds.

Several years after that, in another town, Big Smith was inside another balloon while it was being inflated. After it was full of hot air he crawled over the edge of the basket and another man got in for a trip through the ozone belt. Some one yelled, 'Let go!' The balloon rose, but one man got on the side on which Smith was getting out, took a turn around his leg, clutching him tightly, and as the balloon shot skyward it took Smith with it by the ankle. His terrified companion in the basket, who heard the cry of horror that swept over the crowd, could not help him, for if he changed his position the chances were that the basket would upset or that the rope would uncoil. After about ten minutes the balloon came down with Smith unconscious and his head full of blood. However, he recovered, and is yet in the show business."

**From a Woman's Letter.**

"Alas! the sarcasm of it all! I am not sure that I have many months of life! But if I have—what then? Dieu sait! I can never work again! Shall I not then pray for death as I now pray for life? Enough! But I say it is very sad to be taken when one is in the very flower of possibilities, at the desirable time when ambition may justly look for gratification. If I could tell you of this hourly contemplation of what I most dread, what I most hate, what I most loathe and dread. There are times when I feel as if I were rebelling against my situation. I could fight anything but this execrable malady. And I love life, and am so young in heart and mind. I cannot measure myself by years, I feel, or rather feel my youth. God bless you! dear friend!"

Let me kiss it a moment, then put it away. From a beautiful woman of days that she was, who is now in the land of the living.

It was not long ago that I read in your issue, a letter of remembrance that said: 'As I think of the past there's a sigh on the breeze, as I try to forget there's a wail in the air.' For the darkness is closing around as we move on, and the light of the future is dim and far.

Ah, the days were so sunny, the sky was so blue, and the apples so readily fell to the hand.

Of the women who once were so pure as she wandered like Eve in Eden's garden. There was something so tender and true in the voice of the Serpent who guided and lured her away.

Concealing the fruit that a minute destroys, Milan, and lives in plenty, and jewels galore, he deepened her dark eyes to twin in the hair.

Of the woman who drank her joy at a banquet, and called for the pleasure of a Vandy Fair!

And now it is ended, the apples are gone, and the serpent in solitude grins on the tree.

But the days of Love, that was all in the world, is as sad as the desolate moon of the sea.

So the heart is silently praying for Death who never preys once in their hearts.

For the dull pain of dying, it whitens the face, as the past to the heart out it may risk in the air.

Ah! the sigh of regret that sinks into the soul, and the heart that aches with the pain of the past.

For the curfew bell that rings the play's at an end, and the lights are extinguished in Vandy Fair!

—*Geneva Scott in the Theatre.*

**Getting Ahead of the Lawyer.**

In a Vermont county court an unpromising looking witness was being badgered by a clean-cut lawyer, who stands high in his profession, and who, although well advanced in years and completely bald, prides himself on his youthful appearance and personal presence.

The point aimed at was to determine which of two bars, one of which was destroyed by fire, was covered by insurance; and the method of the witness in distinguishing them as the grass roots before I was, and the new bar caused the lawyer to branch out in a series of confusing questions, winding up with 'What is the age of the one you define as the old' barn, and what are the distinguishing marks that attest its age?'

"Wall," said the badgered witness, looking the lawyer straight in the eye, "the old barn must have been as old as you are, and needed shingling full as bad."—*Boston Budget.*

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

"I have a theory about the dead languages," remarked a Brown Union City freshman. "I think they were killed by being studied too hard."—*Providence Telegram.*

"Well, Count, any sport this morning?" "Hells! non ami, very sad sport. I've shot three beautiful misses!" (He means he has missed three beautiful shots.)—*Punch.*

An eminent scientist claims that a sober man and become intoxicated by passing half an hour with a drunken man. He can if the latter's money holds out.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A big gopher snake in Florida recently swallowed a rattlesnake and was killed by it from the inside. This fact teaches that it is not often safe to gopher a rattlesnake.—*Boston Post.*

Resident (facetiously).—What do you think of water as a beverage, Colonel? Kentucky Colonel.—As a beverage? As a drink, do you mean? Resident.—Yes, Colonel.—Why, I try not to think of it at all in that connection.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

That couple who has just passed us reminds me of a sort of fruit which is neither palatable nor desirable," said a gentleman to a friend. "What makes them so objectionable?" asked the friend. "They are a prickly pair."—*National Weekly.*

"Maud has taken a severe cold," remarked Clara. "She is threatened with pneumonia." "How did she take cold?" asked Ella. "She went sleigh-riding last evening, and she got her brother." "With her brother? How imprudent."—*New York Sun.*

M. Spuller, the Deputy who represented France at the Bartholdi statue dedication, declares that in the United States there is more liberty and less license than anywhere else. True, O'Keen-eyed Spuller! more liberty to get drunk and less high license to get drunk.—*Whitcomb Times.*

**The Man About Town.**

I fell to thinking of the rounders and men-about-town as I leaned over the edge of a box and saw them file past me in platoons. They go to pieces at a faster rate than any other set of men in the world. Many a head was gray that did not show a sign of age five years ago, and many a man after passed by with a careless carriage and blue face who had not passed thirty, but who looked and acted the man of fifty years. Some of the men who were turning gray when I was a boy, and who are perhaps now forty or forty-five years of age, are round-shouldered, bent and querulous, their faces white and their heads bald and gray. They were admirably dressed, their manners easy and agreeable, and everybody knew them, but they were the oldest men in the world that I met. The average man-about-town seems to go to pieces all at once. He is suave, well dressed, agreeable and apparently healthy for a few years, and then suddenly he goes all to pot. It never changes his manner or his habit. It holds him up as an appalling example to younger men, but I doubt if it ever does any good.—*N. Y. Letter to San Francisco Argonaut.*

In a recent issue the *Arizona Howler* says: "We have received from John Smallwatt, of Grab Hollow, the following enclosed, first 50 cents for which per your premium offer in last week's issue send me your valuable paper for one year, and also one sewing machine with latest improvements, one oil painting of the President and family, one barrel of flour, XXXXXX brand in preference, and one complete guide to poker. In his eagerness to send us his wealth, Mr. Smallwatt forgot to notice that in addition to the above valuable premiums, we also send to our new subscribers a deed for a corner lot in Dead Man's Gulch. Step up lively, gentlemen; now is the time to subscribe."

Italy does better than the United States in the matter of monuments. One has been erected to Victor Emmanuel at Turin costing \$200,000, all of which was paid by King Humbert. Another is going up in the Janiculum in Rome to Garibaldi, to cost as much. Milan, Naples, Genoa, Palermo, and Bologna are putting up monuments to Victor Emmanuel costing from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each, and Genoa is spending \$300,000 on one to Mazzini.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt was one of the strongest men we ever knew, and yet he labored under the delusion that a clairvoyant whom he had once met was able to tell from the mere inspection of a lock of hair the trouble that the owner of the hair suffered from. We repeatedly heard him avow his belief in the clairvoyant, and know him only too well to send a member of congress to her for treatment.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

After the opera: Twelve year old miss.—The opera was very long, wasn't it mamma?—Mamma.—Yes, daughter, and very stupid. Miss.—The ballet girls don't sing, do they mamma?—Mamma.—No, daughter. Miss.—Why do they have the ballet, then, mamma?—Papa.—To make the opera as broad as it is long, daughter. Don't ask any more questions.—*Washington Critic.*

One of the most striking figures in New York city is that of Mr. David Dudley Field. Old enough to be a grandfather to half the folks he passes, he is one of the most vigorous and active politicians in the throng. It is said he lives mainly for one thing, and that is to see his codification of the laws adopted by the state.

The menu of an afternoon tea given recently by the daughter of a Murray hill millionaire consisted only of black tea served in common blue china and potato cakes on tiny tin plates.

Alexander Dumas, the younger, is now in his 63d year and his hair is silvery white.

#### THE FIRST National Bank!

COLUMBUS, NEB.

HAS AN—  
and the largest Fund in Cash Capital of any bank in this part of the State.

Authorized Capital of \$250,000, A Surplus Fund of - \$20,000.

Deposits received and interest paid on time deposits.

Drafts on the principal cities in this country and Europe bought and sold.

Collections and all other business given prompt and careful attention.

STOCKHOLDERS:  
A. ANDERSON, Pres.  
HERMAN P. H. OEHLEICH, Vice Pres.  
O. T. ROSEN, Cashier.  
J. P. MEYER, HERMAN OEHLEICH,  
W. S. HUFF, G. W. KALLISTER,  
J. S. WELCH, JOHN W. KERR,  
P. ANDERSON, G. ANDERSON,  
ROBERT UHLIG, CARL REED,  
APR 28-87

**Business Cards.**

D. T. MARTIN, M. D. F. J. SCHUB, M. D.  
**DR. MARTIN & SCHUB,**  
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEONS,  
Local Surgeons, Union Pacific, O. N. A. B. H. and R. M. E. R's.

Consultation in German and English. Telephone office and residence.

Office on Olive street, next to Broadfurther's Jewelry Store.  
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

**HAMILTON READE, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Platte Center, Nebraska.

**W. M. CORNELIUS,**  
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE.  
Upstairs East building, 11th street.

**SULLIVAN & REEDER,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office over First National Bank, Columbus, Nebraska.

**C. B. EVANS, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Office and rooms, Clark building, 11th street. Telephone communication.

**MCALLISTER BROS.,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office upstairs in Henry's building, corner of 11th and 12th streets. W. A. McAllister, Notary Public.

**JOHN EUBANK,**  
COUNTY SURVEYOR.  
Office in building adjoining our old address on Columbus, Neb., or call at my office in Court House.  
May 18-87

**NOTICE TO TEACHERS.**

W. H. TERRY, Co. Supt.  
I will be at my office in the Court House the third Saturday of each month for the examination of teachers.

**D. E. CHAN, WELLY,**  
DEUTSCHER ARZT,  
Columbus, Nebraska.

Office, 11th Street. Consultations in English, French and German. (22-87)

**JOHN G. HIGGINS, C. J. GARLOW,**  
Collecting Attorneys.

**HIGGINS & GARLOW,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
Specialty made of Collections by C. J. Garlow.

**F. M. REUNERT, M. D.,**  
HOMOEOPATHIST.  
Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Children a Specialty.  
Office on Olive street, three doors north of First National Bank.  
2-17

**F. H. REUBEN,**  
11th St., opposite Lindell Hotel.

Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, Trunks, valises, luggage, trunks, cushions, carriage trimmings, &c., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs promptly attended to.

**J. M. MACFARLAND,**  
ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE  
OF  
**J. M. MACFARLAND,**  
Columbus, Nebraska.

**R. C. BOYD,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware!**  
Job-Work, Roofing and Guttering a Specialty.  
Shop on 11th Street, 2 doors north of Broadfurther's Jewelry Store.  
22-17

**A. J. ARNOLD,**  
DEALER IN  
**DIAMONDS, FINE WATCHES, Clocks, Jewelry**  
AND  
**SILVER WARE.**  
Strict attention given to repairing of watches and jewelry. Will not be undersold by anybody.  
22-87

**Job-Avance, Opposite Clothing House.**

**YOU** can live at home, and make more money at work for us than at any other place. Apply now to the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costs nothing to learn. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine.

**NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.**

A book of 100 pages, advertiser to advertiser, will be experienced. It contains a list of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar, finds in it the information he requires, for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in advertising a scheme is indicated which will cost him every cent. It is a book that should be in every advertiser's pocket. It is sent free of charge, and is not to be sent by mail. It is sent by mail, and is not to be sent by mail. It is sent by mail, and is not to be sent by mail.

**NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.**

A book of 100 pages, advertiser to advertiser, will be experienced. It contains a list of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar, finds in it the information he requires, for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in advertising a scheme is indicated which will cost him every cent. It is a book that should be in every advertiser's pocket. It is sent free of charge, and is not to be sent by mail. It is sent by mail, and is not to be sent by mail.

**NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.**

A book of 100 pages, advertiser to advertiser, will be experienced. It contains a list of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar, finds in it the information he requires, for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in advertising a scheme is indicated which will cost him every cent. It is a book that should be in every advertiser's pocket. It is sent free of charge, and is not to be sent by mail. It is sent by mail, and is not to be sent by mail.