

Mr. G. S. Bassett of Alton is an authorized agent for the Farmington News in Alton, Alton Bay and vicinity, and business pertaining to subscriptions, etc., can be transacted through him as well as at Farmington. Mr. Bassett will also receive terms for publication, advertisements, etc.

ALTON.

Rev Mr. Borchers will supply again next Sabbath, at the (congregational) church.

"Aunt Juda" Clough, aged 90 years, died a few days ago at the residence of Jlad Gilman.

Come and see those elegant gent's suits at Bassett's, a custom and ready-made, and fit guaranteed. Nice suits from \$8 to \$15, and we back up all we say.

Mrs Andrew P Gilman, a widow, aged 80 years, took her first ride on the cars, Memorial day, from Alton Bay to Alton, to attend the services of the day.

Mr and Mr George Crain, of Hill-side cottage, has received many orders for summer board, and a few guests are already enjoying the comforts of Hill-side.

Moses Twombly has launched his steam yacht, which sets in the water like a duck. All who want to make pleasure trips will find this boat first class.

The Mt Washington made her trial trip for the season Tuesday, and will commence to make her regular trips from Centre Harbor to Alton Bay on June 25.

D. E. Wheeler has recently secured Miss Ida Gray as cook, who gave such universal satisfaction last year, and with Nellie at the head of the table waiters, the most fastidious will be pleased with the bounty of good things.

The tax-collector for 1888, Mr A B Flanders, of West Alton, will be at the postoffice from 11 30 a m to 1 30 p m, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and after August 1, every Saturday until you have all paid up.

The sound of the carpenter's hammer is heard in every direction on the camp ground. The large lodging house is going up, many new cottages are being built, and scores of others being repaired. This promises to be one of the most lively seasons at Alton Bay for a number of years.

Anson Ross, who was carried to the insane asylum at Concord, died, after a few days confinement, and his body was brought back to Guilman by undertaker Evans and buried from the Congregational church, the funeral services being conducted by Rev E H Borchers, and singing by D M. Mooney, Mrs. G S Gilman and Mrs P H Wheeler of Alton.

Mrs Geo Tilton and Mrs John Card will speak at Temperance hall, New Durham, next Sunday afternoon at 3 p m. These ladies are fine speakers and everyone should go to hear them. We are glad to learn that the temperance work is to be revived under the management of Mr Joseph Ayers, president of the reform club, and many of the earnest workers.

If you want to take a pleasant ride any of these pleasant June days, hitch up your best turnout and leisurely drive to Stockbridge's Corner, thence to New Durham depot, and back to Alton by the old post-road. The round trip is about ten miles, and by-the-way, don't forget to call on Frank Ayers and family and have an ice cream that will make you smile and feel so refreshed, and after you have partaken of the exquisite, cooling dish, Frank will write you a policy on your life for \$2 or \$3 on \$500, and you will go home with your family feeling happy and contented, and when you lie down to rest and pleasant dreams there will be nothing to disturb your slumbers.

NEW DURHAM.

Next week the News will contain an article of special interest to every resident of New Durham.

Miles Soruton, an old resident of Farmington, who has been living at his son-in-law's, Joseph Y. Berry, for some more than a year, has gone to Stratford to make his home with his son, George.

Sarah F. Stanton a maiden lady, aged 61 years, 2 months and 17 days, was found dead Sunday evening, June 10, by Asa Hall and his wife who is a sister of the deceased. Mr. Hall at once notified the town authorities, and Dana P. Jones and Eben E. Berry, selectmen, met Mr. Hall and wife and J. P. Tibbetts, undertaker, of Farmington the next morning at the residence of the deceased, and after learning all they could from the appearance of the body and statements of the neighbors, they were satisfied that she died on or about June 4, and as there was no suspicion of any foul play in relation to her death, deemed any further inquest unnecessary, and Town Clerk Ricker gave permit to Mr. Tibbetts to remove and bury the body. Miss Stanton has not been very well for some little time, and several of the neighbors have been to her house, last week, but did not see her and could get no answer from her since June 4. But as she was very eccentric, they supposed that she had rather not see them and so did not open her house or make her appearance, and, knowing her eccentricity, they did not mistrust anything was wrong.

The opening of the concert season by the band, Tuesday evening, from the band stand, was a very enjoyable affair and attracted quite an audience. The selections were very good and their rendering excellent, considering the limited practice that the boys have had. We would suggest, however, that a policeman be on hand at future concerts and put a stop to the disagreeable "tato" or "timp" as rendered by the small boy. It is the height of impertinence to beat, and no boy with common regard for good manners should be guilty of such a thing. It is annoying not only to the spectators, but also to the players.

OLD-TIME FARMINGTON.

No. 17.

THE FIRST CHURCH. I have alluded so many times in my sketches to the old church on Meeting-house hill, that I feel as if I could not complete the series, which I am soon to do, without giving a little history of it, not to benefit the elderly people who know its history well, but for the younger portion of the community who, ere long, will take their places, and who ought to know something about the dear old meeting house in which our fathers first worshipped. It would be very interesting if I could give many important historical facts which I shall be obliged to omit, simply for the reason that I do not possess them.

Two miles below the ancient Dock rose that high elevation of land now known as Meeting-house hill. To be sure there were loftier hills in Farmington, but I have thought at various times in my long life that I did not care to try a steeper ascent, particularly when young and decked out in my best Sunday rig, with a pair of new shoes on my feet, though it was the rare exception and not the rule that I walked to church on a Sunday, since I usually accompanied my grandparents on such interesting occasions, who invariably rode to meeting there. And it was this somewhat steep hill that caused a great deal of discussion among the wise old heads who first thought to erect a house of worship in Farmington, immediately after the incorporation of the town.

I beg my readers to remember that this, the first church, was something in which the people of the whole town were interested, yet it was not built by the town itself since I believe a society composed of the prominent good old residents of Farmington, assisted by Congregationalists, erected it, but in after years the town owned an interest in it, and it may have done so from the start. So you will observe that there were many minds thinking about it on one particular period. And may I digress? Is it not invariably the case whenever a building is to be erected for the public benefit, whether a town house for a town or court house for a county or perchance a county jail that there is a vast amount of needless opposition agitation and discussion over it? Too often are the churches built for God added to the catalogue. Yet as long as there are "many men of many minds," just so long will the like occur. I was much amused upon reading in a recent Rochester paper of the efforts of the old mother town to build a new town hall there. The trouble seemed to be about the location, and it was then I thought of the early days in Farmington, and the cases are similar. It was desired by all early residents of Farmington to have a meeting-house, and I think it will be conceded by everybody who visits Rochester that she needs a new town house badly. Yet, really, she hasn't made much progress, if after 88 years I compare her trouble with that of Farmington in 1800. And now I will hasten and tell you about the difficulty which she experienced and which was all about the meeting house lot, so many years ago.

The first site selected by the society for the first church was on top of the hill now known as Meeting-house hill, where the church eventually stood and the lot, about 100 feet front by 75 feet deep, was purchased of Samuel Jones, an early settler of Farmington, who, in 1770, located near where General Roberts now resides. It was satisfactory presumably, to every one, being near the centre of the town as near a location as could be selected. It was a beautiful place—lofty, airy, sightly, and best of all, the edifice would stand on a hill, where our ancestors thought it should properly be built. But it afterwards appeared that everyone was not satisfied. I think they grew to be dissatisfied with the proposed church lot, and as I have before said, the hill furnished the subject for much disagreeableness. Perhaps, at first, all thought to accept, but the Dock residents and early Chestnut hills people, with others residing above the village looked upon the effort required to toil up the steep hill as too great, and that the early settlers of the borough, or southern part of the town, would be possessing an advantage over them. But dear me! did not they have nothing but hills to travel over there? Gen Furber, prominent in town affairs of ancient days, knew very well they did, and the old general, afterwards one of the building committee, so expressed himself.

The timber for the building of the church was purchased and deposited on the church lot, when the opposition members to the location called a meeting of the society and everybody interested, probably, at which they decided it to be best that the new meeting-house should stand at the foot of the hill, but in what a curious way they brought this about I am unable to say. Unfortunately there is but little recorded, and I think we shall have to guess. Another lot was purchased at the foot of the hill, quite near the railroad track, and the two church lots were within plain sight of each other.

The second church site was an acre and one fourth in size, and it was the design of the party opposed to the first to erect a parsonage with the church. Now comes the nearest transaction of all. I have said the timber was deposited on the site first decided upon, and everything was being pushed forward as rapidly as possible; the framing of the church had been completed and the day set for raising the frame, when lo! in the darkness of night preceding raising day the frame and some timber was quietly drawn, by parties to us unknown, to the lot located at the base of the hill. It was a complete surprise to nearly everybody, and that the act caused much excitement in Farmington it is needless to say, and a good deal of gossip. It seems hardly possible that it could be so, yet truth stands out to-day in this old history as strange as fiction, and perhaps more so.

It was a droll state of religious zeal, building a house, in which to worship God, and wrangling about it and almost fighting over it like naughty children at

play, but please remember that these were the "good old times" of our ancestors. Still, men divided into two parties, as were these two old Farmington worthies, do to-day as strange acts, particularly when anything is being agitated for the public good.

South, Farmington, or the borough folks, as my grandfather denominated the early residents there, won the day in the great fight over the old meeting-house lot, yet how they did it I am again unable to tell you, but the great heavy frame was hauled up the steep hill in the day time, and a second time deposited on the lot first chosen. Very soon after this the church frame was raised, which called together all the townspeople, both men and women, and a great and happy event it proved to be, save for one occurrence. A young man at work upon the frame, named Meader, "Lemmy," I think the people called him (he was the father of Elder Jesse Meader), fell from the eaves, receiving serious injuries, and my grandfather, who was present on that momentous day, has related that he was taken up for dead, also, that he held a broad-ax in his hand in his descent from the frame to the ground. But after a long time he fully recovered, and but for this sad little incident everything went off gloriously, harmony having been restored between the two parties.

As usual on such occasions, a dedication hymn was read, the author standing on the ridge pole of the building, but poet and poetry are buried in oblivion two lines only of the hymn having luckily come down to us by tradition. That poet had a witty brain, since he said:

For this timber has had no rest, It has been dragged about from east to west. I believe the dimensions of the first church were 40x50 feet and two stories in height, with windows in both stories. They were the largest windows, I remember, that I had ever seen, and I know I used to sit in the old box-pew of my grandfather's and count the panes of glass in a certain window every Sunday. I recollect that there were sixteen in the upper part and twelve in the lower part of the ash frame of every window in the lower story, but those in the upper part of the house contained less lights. And how I wish I could draw with my pen a picture of the handsome old meeting-house just as it appeared when I was young, since I know that you would be delighted with it. It could not compare with our modern houses of worship yet it was very nice and quaintly beautiful. Grandfather used to say that it was constructed out of the best materials obtainable, and the finest old timber, pine, with never a trace of knot, was used in the elegant workmanship that adorned the edifice.

The worshippers could enter the church through five doors. One was on the north side of the building one on the south side, my favorite, since it led to my grandfather's pew in the west corner, a door on each side of the porch which was in front of the church, and another door just beyond the east porch door and which faced the east. There were suitable wooden steps to each door except the north one, which was never provided with any and was to me a sort of jumping off or down place, possibly four feet in depth.

There were two aisles in the meeting-house, very broad and handsome, and these led up to the pulpit. I think a fat couple could have passed arm in arm along the walk without brushing the pew doors for we had doors—lovely paneled ones—to every box pew. They were securely fastened by small buttons, fashioned after some pretty bevelled pattern, and were about two inches in length and one in width, attached by screws. We never descended to haasps, as did some of the early churches, since everything about the first Farmington church was artistic and elegant. I have said the aisles led up to the pulpit, and what a glorious old pulpit it was. Quite nearly octagonal in shape, it had a beautifully paneled front and sides, and a broad moulding, fancifully beaded, projected a little over the top, and in this elevated place the preacher stood. One had to look up to see him, for it was very high. I think I never saw a higher pulpit in my life. The interior of it could only be reached by going up six steps, when one came to a broad stair, then two more steps, which made a turn, and brought him into a room (almost, it was), where there was a broad seat arranged something like a bay window ledge. Indeed, the pulpit and oval-topped window placed back of it as nearly resembled a modern bay window as one could devise, stretching the imagination a little. I should have said that these six steps leading up to the pulpit were placed at the left side.

Over the sacred desk hung the sounding-board, fastened by an iron rod to a great beam above. It was a curious old piece of church architecture, resembling somewhat a Tam-O-Shanter cap, and was always suspended over the pulpit to prevent the sound of the preacher's voice from ascending. It was made of wood. You see, in old times, scarcely any of the New Hampshire churches were ceiled overhead, for plaster was not used at all. The deacons' seat, large enough for two persons to sit comfortably together, was directly beneath the pulpit and in front of it. The deacons faced the audience, and as they were always worthy men, they could well bear the scrutiny of the people.

Then there were the galleries, where the singers always sat. They extended across one end and two sides of the meeting-house. The pulpit occupied the fourth. We used to reach the galleries by ascending a flight of stairs in the porch or vestibule, which graded the front, as I have said, and there was a queer little window in this porch, sort of dormer in style, I think it was, and lighted the entrance to the church and galleries. The floor of the galleries was elevated a little toward the walls of the church, and the space was very wide up there. Ah, me! what a charmingly designed old church that was, but it has passed away, like nearly all the old worshippers. OLD RESIDENT.

(To be Continued.)

BASE BALL.

Cloutman's Lesters and the High School nine crossed bats for the third time Saturday and the game turned out in favor of the latter. The lesters were compelled to make some changes, but the changes strengthened them. They won the toss and took the field, and at just three o'clock and five minutes White faced the great left-handed twirler and the game began. White opened with a base hit and stole second; Haynes struck out, and White advanced to third on Barker's out. A Card was the next man to bat. He hit for a base, but was out trying to steal second. For the lesters, Farwell pounded the six three times and sat down; Connor hit to short and was thrown out—A. Card to Tibbetts, and Kelley struck out.

In the second, Tibbetts and Parker struck out, Hayes missed Marston's third strike and the batter got to first, stole second and came in on a wild throw, Burrows struck out. Roberts, the great left fielder of the lesters, was hit and took his base, stole second, went to third on Marston's low throw, which passed the second baseman, and skipped home on Cook's base hit. While Davis and Hayes were striking out, Cook got to third. The next batter was Henry Dunlap Fletcher, who was satisfied with a base hit. Henry flew to second and came home on Dixon's two-bagger. Farwell struck out. Score, 3 to 2, in favor of the lesters.

The school boys went out in one, two, three order in the third, while Connor added one for the lesters on his hit, a steal, a passed ball and Parker's muff of Cook's fly, Kelley Roberts and Davis striking out. The fourth inning saw the "kids" again blanked and one of the "tackers" got home. In the next Marston hit one that Fletcher failed to get, stole second and third and came in on White's hit, Burrows, O Card and Haynes striking out. Roberts struck out in the fifth, Cook made a hit and Davis performed the strike-out act for the third time. Hayes hit one that was too hot for Haynes and "Dunlap" Fletcher came to the rescue with a hit which brought in the "tackville" twirler. Dixon struck out again. Score, 8 to 3, in favor of the shoemakers. Both sides were blanked in the sixth, and in the next inning the A B C boys scored one and the lesters didn't.

The fun began in the eighth, when the young fellows "mauled" Cook for five runs, obtaining a good lead. Bum was first to bat and he made a two-bagger, went to third on Tibbetts' hit and came in on a hit by Parker. Marston got his base on balls, Burrows and O Card struck out. White was the seventh batter in this inning, and he added to the fun by a base hit, on which Marston scored, and the side was finally retired on Haynes' out. In came the nail drivers, but they failed to score. The high school scored two in their half on singles by A. Card, Tibbetts and Parker, a passed ball and a steal. The lesters came in and tried hard to score, but could not. Cook was the first striker and he went out—Parker to Tibbetts. Davis made a hit, Hayes and Fletcher struck out and the game was finished. The batting of A. Card, White, Cook and Fletcher and the third base play of Connor was noticeable.

Table with 11 columns: Name, A, B, R, H, E, T, P, O, A, E. Rows include White, C. Card, Dixon, Burrows, O. Card, Marston, Parker, Hayes, Connor, Fletcher, and Totals.

Table with 11 columns: Name, A, B, R, H, E, T, P, O, A, E. Rows include Farwell, Kelley, Connor, Cook, White, Marston, Parker, Hayes, Fletcher, and Totals.

Passed balls, White 6, Hayes 1, Fletcher 1, Base on balls, Cook 3, Two-bagger, White, A. Card, Dixon, Burrows, out, by Cook 13, by Marston 13, Umpire, Phil Hawkes.

CHANGE IN MANAGEMENT.

Mr and Mrs. William Welch, after an experience of twenty-four years in keeping boarders and running a hotel, have leased the Central House to a firm of capable young business men of this village, who, while not personally taking an active part in the management of the hotel, will at the same time shape its course and endeavor, by true courtesy and an excellent cuisine, combined with the comforts of home life, to make the Central House the ideal hotel of the traveling public. The lessees are Dr. Albert Garland, Dr. W. P. Blake and F. G. Tebbetts, and their lease of the premises runs for four years. The new proprietors will each attend to the business in which they are now respectively engaged in, Dr. Garland as a dentist, Dr. Blake to healing the sick and manufacturing Sanitine, and F. G. Tebbetts to giving the people "fits" at his clothing house, but they will put an experienced hotel clerk and a first-class cook in the hotel, and prepare to spare no expense or pains to please its patrons. Of Mr. and Mrs. Welch we think it can truly be said that they retire from the business with the best wishes of hosts of friends, both in the village and on the road.

As soon as the boiler and paraphernalia for heating the house by steam is completed, which will be within a few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Welch propose to pass a few months visiting friends and relatives throughout the state. Here's good luck to the old and better to the new proprietors.

THE FIRST TO PAY.

The honor of paying the first poll tax in town this year belongs to Horace F. Fall, and W. O. Roberts pays the first property tax in fall. John F. Cloutman, Jr., has the honor of paying the smallest tax—10 cents. The collector says the poll tax payers are responding generously.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A Traveler's Description of His Own Golden Gate, San Francisco, and Its Disappearance—Approach to the City by the Golden Gate.

Never does the wanderer come to a full realization of the sense of the above caption until, after a sojourn of more or less duration amid scenes and customs that are foreign to the old home associations, he begins to gather himself together preparatory to setting his face towards home once more. Then, if ever, does the fact dawn upon him that "There's no place like home." At times the swiftly-moving train seems literally to drag its weary length across the boundless waste and groaningly ascend the sharp divides to crawl, seemingly, at a snail's pace down the opposite slope. And then the endless waits at some "no-nothing" station, apparently as long again as when en route over the scanty meals, inefficient service, poor hotels, and in fact a general disposition to find fault all round are facts that may be set down to the credit, or discredit of the returning traveler from a long journey. Many of these complaints may be, and my own observation and experience leads me to think that they are in a greater or less degree imaginative and uncalled for.

The fact of the case is the traveler is homeward bound, he is surfeited almost to the bursting point with sight-seeing. Bah! The very mention of the word in a drawing-room car of a returning excursion party as it draws near its termination is almost enough to lift its monitor top in disgust. What the tired traveler most desires is a sight of home and home friends, together with a good square meal of honest New England cooking. At least that was about the sense of our wants as we began to near the confines of home once more on our recent return from the Pacific coast, and, judging from the remarks of our traveling companions, they were all close seconds to the same idea.

The writer commenced the long homeward journey the nineteenth of April and did not reach home until May 23d. It can hardly be said, however, that I really started for home on the above-mentioned day when I left Los Angeles in Southern California, for instead of setting my face towards the rising sun, I went northward up the coast 500 miles to visit the cities and take in at a hurried glance the beauties of Northern California before finally leaving the coast. My objective point and the center from which I radiated throughout the northern portion of the state was the famous city by the Golden Gate—San Francisco, or, as it is most commonly designated all along the coast, "Frisco." The journey of 500 miles is made via the Southern Pacific route, and lies through an interesting and for much of its extent a picturesque region, several of the great interior counties of the state and one of its great valley sections being traversed. Several tunnels are passed, one of which, the San Fernando, is nearly 1 1/2 miles in length. On the northern edge of the mountain range of the same name, we come to a more elevated tract, being the western portion of that great Mojave desert, the same we traversed further south on the outward trip by the Santa Fe line. It presents here, as there, the same scene of wildness and desolation. But even here is the truth of that old say, "Nothing is made in vain," verified, for the Yucca palm, which is found here in great abundance, is utilized by a London newspaper company in the manufacture of printing paper. Here, also, is to be seen one of the many of those wonderful feats of civil engineering that are found in this western country, in a group of mountain peaks that form the terminating southwestern spur of the Sierra Nevada range. The further advance of the iron horse is here most strenuously disputed, but by a series of complex and bewildering curves, and finally by actually crossing its own line—forming the celebrated "loop"—a pathway was made.

At Madera, some 800 miles from Los Angeles, is the point of departure for the famous Yosemite Valley, about 80 miles distant. As the writer's ticket did not include the valley, we missed the "Big Trees" and other attendant beauties. But we have no disposition for fault-finding, as we have seen enough, seemingly for a life-time.

Just after leaving Mojave, we were treated to the first, last and only thunder shower of the trip. It was a magnificent spectacle to watch from the car window the dense, black clouds as they rolled down from the surrounding mountains and advanced rapidly across the immense plain we were traversing. The most weird and fantastic forms of lightning were being constantly vomited forth, accompanied by incessant volleys of thunder that went rolling and reverberating down the valley in a manner truly majestic and inspiring. At first, such was the course of the storm that it ran along (to use a nautical phrase) somewhat upon our quarter, giving us a chance to view from the open car windows its wonderful and varying beauties without the discomforts of a wetting, but soon a curve in the railway ran us suddenly and directly into its outer edge, when there was hustling and quick closing of windows and doors. So strong was the accompanying wind that at times it very perceptibly retarded the speed of the train. To one who could divest himself of the natural timidity incident to such occasions, the scene was indeed magnificent, and I may truly say that I never before had any such conception of the magnitude and awfulness of a heavy thunder shower. It cannot be adequately described. One must see it in order to appreciate its full powers. The San Joaquin (Waquine) Valley, in which the shower occurred, is some 250 miles in length, and apparently as level as a floor. It is a very fertile section, and an immense quantity of grain is raised here.

The approach to the city by the Golden Gate is along the shores of Suisun bay, just below the delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers; and soon after the straits of Carquinez and San Pablo bay, and thence into San Francisco bay, where one can look

WELL-FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

Well, the Great Art is finally consummated, and we have that darling little fountain right on the square in everybody's way. "It's pretty," one says. Yes, quite pretty and ornamental, and very much in keeping with numerous other ornamental structures that we have. It also has a dandy lamp on top that is, likewise, very pretty and desirable. The water, you know, will taste so much better because of it, and then the square will be so nicely lighted, it (the square) is of such immense extent that it has become an absolute necessity to have a lamp in the exact geographical center. The one far away, on the eastern extremity, near R. K. Pearl's, (distance all of 20 feet) is entirely inadequate for the procession. A blind man couldn't see to get round the corner unless we have that lamp hoisted up light-house fashion on the square.

Another beautiful feature of the affair is the ease and facility with which the poor, patient ox is to slake his thirst some of these hot, August days. The fountain will be a little high, and the poor fellow will have to reach for all he is worth, and then he won't get anything unless he is put in a sling the same as for shoeing, and hoisted up. As but one under the yoke can get at the water at a time, of course the other, half dead with thirst mayhap, will stand patiently (?) by while his mate is having all the fun. In fact, you farmer boys, with the sad-eyed ox, will, like the Pharisee of old, have to "pass by on the other side" and leave our beautiful fountain in peace. It's not intended for such as you, and as you don't help pay for it, you are not supposed to handle it.

The absurdity of the whole affair was amply proved the very day on which the fountain was being set, in the passage of an ordinary load of logs that only got by with, as the saying is, "a squeeze and a grunt." The whole thing is wrong from the start, and we claim now, as we did when the matter was first agitated, that the square is no fit place for it, from the fact that it is not large enough for a fountain and leave room for the usual traffic. Every team that drives to it from the Main street side, in either direction, will cover the Central street crossing, thus forcing pedestrians, in wet weather, out into the mud. The only one that can be used here to advantage is one similar to that in front of the Methodist church at Rochester, or in front of the police station at Dover, both of which are placed beside the street and are easily accessible for both horses and cattle. If we are to have any, the one that we had at first is far more preferable, and the proper place for it is opposite R. K. Pearl's residence on Main street, or near the band stand on Central street. As it now is, we may expect a lawsuit for damages to some one.

Another feature that the stranger observes of San Francisco, while passing across the bay from Oakland by ferry, is a peculiarly appearing, dun-colored cloud hanging over the city. Upon inquiry (which, by the way, he never need repeat after being a few days in the city), he is informed that it is dust, and such indeed it proves to be, and the finest, most penetrating and persistent kind of dust that one will seldom meet. Lichen will become as solid there with one day's wear as it would here in three or four. It gets into the eyes, nose and ears, and permeates one generally, giving you a most uncomfortable prickly like feeling. I was in and out of the city several times during my stay there, and at no time on approaching the city did I fail to note this pall-like cloud hanging over it.

The wind here, the same as in the southern portion of the state, rises about 9 a. m., and then the dust goes racing through the streets at a rate unparalleled in our eastern cities, from the fact that it is so fine and light. In my next I will attempt some description of this famous city, together with some side trips to the historic cities of San Jose (Hosay?), Santa Cruz and California's ancient capital—Monterey. Gzo.

A SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT PORTSMOUTH.

A soldiers' and sailors' monument is to be dedicated in Portsmouth on the Fourth, to which all G. A. R. posts in the department have been invited. Arrangements have been made with all the railroads in the state for transportation at the rate of 1 1/2 cents a mile, each passenger, when a post goes as an organization. It is not understood that a like reduction will be made to a single person. Considering the low rate of fare, the occasion and the day, there seems to be no good reason why a large number of posts should not attend.

Commanders of posts that vote to attend are directed to instruct and drill their posts in the special form of salute given on page 31 of the Service book.

MR. EDITOR:—I see by the Rochester Leader that:

E. F. Cloutman has given the town notice that he shall sue them for \$125.00 which he claims is due him. I am not going to enter into any controversy at the present time in regard to this matter any further than to explain it. I presented a certain account to S. S. Amazeen against the town for services, amounting to \$125.25, whereby the town received some \$600 to \$600, covering some five years. I was told by Mr. Amazeen that he was in favor of paying the bill, but did not want to on his own responsibility, and, as I understand, it was referred to F. G. Tebbetts, who refused to pay unless he was obliged to do so. I told Mr. Amazeen that the question of legality of the claim came up I would sue it, and it would decide the matter. I have done so, and given the proper notice for trial at the next term of court. E. F. CLOUTMAN.

YOU MAY REMOVE.

Those unsightly blotches, pimples, and sores by a faithful and persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best and most reliable Alternative and Blood-purifier ever discovered. I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor, which appeared on my face in

and blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me.—Orestes H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt. "Until recently," writes Alice E. Charles, of Bath, Me., "my face has been covered with pimples ever since I was fifteen years old. I took four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and my skin became as fair as could be desired."

The capacity of the new water reservoir on Garrison hill, Dover, will be about 20,000,000 gallons. The need of merit for promoting personal continence is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose Hair Ointment is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective and agreeable, it ranks among the indispensable toilet articles. Rochester people have petitioned the postmaster-general for a postal route between Rochester and Northwood Narrows. Be wise to-day. "Is madness to neglect a cough or cold, however slight. Consumption may follow, and though Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has frequently cured this much-dreaded disease, it almost invariably cures the primary diseases of the throat, lungs and chest, where other remedies fail. The soldiers monument, to be erected at Tilton will be of granite, 13 feet high and surmounted by a statue. For chronic catarrh, induced by a scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It stops catarrh discharge, removes the sickening odor, and never fails to bring every effluvia every trace of the disease from the blood. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Found Dead.—An unknown man who has, apparently for several days been suffering very much from a corn went into the drug store and procured a box of "Ca-cornin," which, after once using, stopped all the pain, and in three days the offender was found dead. F. R. Wadleigh, proprietor, Alton, N. H.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known. Cures Croup, Diphtheria, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomachic, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Inflammations, and all the various ailments of the throat, chest, and lungs. Sold by all dealers in medicine.