

(Concludes from sixth page.)

Table with columns for description, section, town, acres, year, and amount. Lists various land parcels.

Farm Lands.

Table with columns for Description, Sec., T. R., Acres, Year, and Amt. Lists farm land parcels.

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JAMES BLAINE, OF MAINE.

PICTURE OF HIS SEASIDE COTTAGE AT BAR HARBOR.

The Reception Room of Blue and Gold. An Important Point in His Sebago Lake Speech for the Labor Organizations to Consider.

Whether rivals like to admit it or not, as long as he lives, James G. Blaine will be the head of the Republican party. He is like Gladstone with the Liberal party of England in that respect.

But at the first gun which sounds the note of the fall political campaign in Maine the leader must emerge from his quietude and upon the ball. He has always taken part in the state campaign of Maine, and he knew of no reason why he should not do so now. He said: "I know no reason why I should sit silent now. I am a citizen of the United States, without office or responsibilities. There is nothing to fetter me in any way."

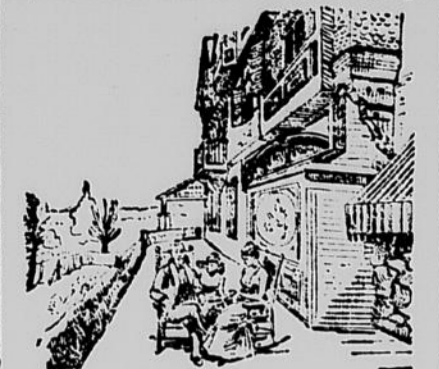
His simple, carefully prepared speech at Sebago lake, has beyond doubt found more readers than any other within a year. Mr. Blaine is always alive, very much alive. Prohibition he considers an issue to be settled by each state for itself.

One passage in the address commends itself to the judgment of all races and all parties. It is the part calling the attention of the various labor organizations to the colored artisans of the south. He says: "They (the labor organizations), seem to have taken little or no heed of the existence of more than 1,500,000 able bodied laborers in the south with dark skins, but with expanding intellect, increasing intelligence and growing ambition. While these men were slaves, working in the corn and cotton fields, in the rich sugar plantations of the south, the skilled labor of the northern states felt no competition from them. But since they became freemen there has been a great change in the variety and skill of the labor performed by colored men in the south. The great mass are, of course, still engaged in agricultural work, but thousands and tens of thousands, and in fact hundreds of thousands, have entered and are entering the mechanical and semi-mechanical field. They are making pig and bar iron in Tennessee and Alabama. In fact, they are generally entering all the avenues and channels of skilled labor.

Of course they are underpaid. They receive far less than has been paid in years past to northern mechanics for similar work. They are able to take no part in making laws for their own protection, and they are consequently and inevitably unable to maintain a fair standard of wages, or to receive a fair proportion of their proper earnings. I do not dwell on this subject at length, though it could easily be presented in aggravating detail. I mention it only to place it before the labor organizations of the north, with this question addressed to them: Do you suppose that you can permanently maintain in the northern states one scale of prices, when just beyond an imaginary line on the south of us a far different scale of prices is paid for labor?

From this striking and artistic nook the visitor enters a large square room with furnishings rich and dark. The woodwork is of oak. A very large oval window looks out upon the water. A newspaper correspondent says of the view and of the life at the cottage:

upon the water. A newspaper correspondent says of the view and of the life at the cottage:



ON THE VERANDA.

"Through this window the beauties of Frenchman's bay present a constantly shifting scene of color and light. The blue waters of the bay contrast sharply with the soft grayish blue line of the distant shores. In the foreground is the abrupt, rocky, pine-covered Bar Island. A wide, covered veranda runs around the entire side of the house upon the side toward the bay. Here during the morning or afternoon will always be found a group of visitors. Cottage people drop in informally, and nearly every one of any prominence who come to Mt. Desert makes a pilgrimage to the Blaine house. The life at the cottage partakes of the easy informality of the general life at Bar Harbor. The visitor who rings the bell is quite as apt to be met at the door by some member of the family as by a servant. Mr. Blaine moves about the house, showing it with great pride to his visitors, chatting about the topics of the day, but rarely discussing politics unless he meets some old political associate who comes to talk or consult."

Mr. Blaine looks remarkably well and in good spirits this summer. He has made a large sum of money with his books. "Them that has gie, the Bible says," was a remark made by a certain quainter a long time ago.



THE EARLY BIRD. —Harper's Bazar.

A Lesson Lost.

H. M. Hoxie, of the Missouri Pacific railway, is noted in railway circles for his proneness to give his inferiors good, sound lectures on the slightest provocation. Hoxie is a hard worker, and all who have seen him know how round-shouldered he is. One day a brakeman called on him with a letter, request for a pass in his pocket, leaving the door wide open as he entered the office, and wearing his hat on his head in true brakeman style. In a loud voice he called out: "Is Hoxie in?"

At this stage the general manager looked up from his desk and replied: "Yes, sir, Mr. Hoxie is in." The brakeman took his letter out of his pocket, grabbed the corner of the envelope between his thumb and forefinger, and sent the missive spinning and whirling upon his superior's desk. Hoxie looked up in amazement, and said: "Now, young man, would it not look better for you, when coming into a gentleman's office, and especially so when asking a favor, to remove your hat, wipe your feet, and inquire in a quiet voice: 'Is Mr. Hoxie in?'"

The brakeman looked at the general manager a moment, asked for his letter, got it, went out, closed the door, and in a moment marched in again, closed the door softly after, wiped his feet, put his hat under his arm, and in the most polite manner possible, inquired: "Is Mr. Hoxie, the general manager, in?"

"I am Mr. Hoxie," replied the general manager; "what can I do for you?"

"You can go to h—, you round-shouldered son of a gun!" retorted the brakeman. "I don't want none of your favors—I'm from Texas." —Chicago Herald.

Bringing it Home.

He was an undersized man, with burning eyes and fierce gait, and he danced around the saloon on one leg and cursed the Chicago jury which condemned the Anarchists, and danced around on the other and yelled about free speech and free press, and waltzed up to be blown and vowed that capitalists ought to be down from the mouths of cannon. "Shay" said a big hulk of a chap who had his head on the table and was aroused by the racket, "free speech? all right, ain't she?" "It is! Free speech or blood?" "Shay, you're a liar! You're a thief! You're a scoundrel and swindler and robber! Shay, you're children are fools, and your wife don't know 'nuff 't pound sand! You are the meanest, most contemptible looking cur I ever shaw! I wouldn't be found dead on your land!"

"I'll kill him!" howled the little one as he peeled off his coat.

"Shay, hold on! Don't go back on 'er consitution, you know? I see you've got 'simoney. I haven't got 'er red shirt. You're one of 'em infernal capitalists, an' I'm going to blow you sky high!" He rushed the little man over a beer table and jammed his head against the wall, and when four or five men pulled him off and hustled him out doors he turned and shook his fist and yelled: "Shay! what sort of a crowd are you, any how? Minit I whoop 'er up on free speech and try to down monopoly you go back on me and fling me out! Rah! for 'er consitution! Rah for 'er free speech! Free country for everybody—whoopee!" —Detroit Free Press

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