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**Zam-Buk**

**Was It a Failure.**

(Youth's Companion.)

Deacon John Kellogg sat in the second pew from the front on the left side of the church, and was commonly the first man to take the hand of the young minister after the sermon. His words of commendation were hearty, and they brought with them a particular sense of knowledge and discrimination, for the old man had lived for a few years in town, and had heard the preachers.

His experience in the city gave to him, among his country neighbors, a certain distinction; but at the same time it involved a certain disparagement, for John Kellogg had not made a success of his life in the city, and had come back to his farm because had to do so.

He had had ambitions. He had been a successful farmer, with money in the bank, but all the neighbors knew that he was ambitious to move to town and go into business. After many years of hard work, when he was somewhat past middle age, he rented his farm and went to town, and entered into partnership with two other men. The story of that outset he furnished the money and they had the experience; before very long he had the experience and they had the money.

So he came back to the farm and set himself to paying off his debts. The neighbors admired his courage, but they smiled when they told how his pride had gone before destruction, and his ambition for town life had proved the ruin of his fortunes.

It took him long to pay his debts, and when they were paid he was an old man, and his ambition to live in town or to accumulate wealth was gone. Nothing remained for him but his farm home and his seat in church.

The young minister came gradually to a knowledge of those few years in the city, and after a time, while attending a meeting there, he became acquainted with some who had known John Kellogg while he resided there. What he learned thrilled him to admiration for the man who had returned to plow corn and bury his ambitions. He resolved that the minute he returned home he would go and tell him what sort of a man he had learned him to be.

But before the meetings were over, he received a telegram, and he hastened back to find that John Kellogg was dead. But what he learned too late to tell to his face, he told beside his coffin. Part of the people knew already—but not all.

It was not the fault of John Kellogg, but distinctly that of his parents, that wrecked his business in town. Legally each partner was liable for the entire indebtedness, but the others hid their wealth. There was a way for him to have escaped by the payment of the third, but he refused to do it, because he said the people who had trusted the firm had trusted him. So he assumed the whole of the debt.

The face of the debt was three times what he might have paid, and it took him five times as long to pay it. But for honor's sake he did it, and year by year he plowed corn till he had paid the last dollar. When it was done, he was an old man. But had he failed?

**Not What He Wanted.**

A Scotsman walked into a Montreal bookshop and, as the assistant thought, asked for Robert Burns. On being told this the proprietor of the shop himself got down three or four editions of the poet and took them to the waiting Scotsman. The customer, however, shook his head hopeless and said, "It's nae Robert Burns I askit for but rubber bands!"

**Mrs James Colwell.**

The death occurred at Northampton on Monday, August 9th, of Mrs. Colwell, widow of the late James Colwell, at the age of 90 years, 3 months and 5 days. Mrs. Colwell is survived by eight children, three sons and five daughters. Their names are, Mrs. A. Chapman, California; Mrs. Harmon Shaw, Rockland; Mrs. John W. Grant, Woodstock; Mrs. Don Dulan, Milltown, Me.; James-Burton, Aiken, Minn.; George, of Northampton; Joseph Hatfield, California.

She also had a large number of grand children, great grandchildren and one great great grandchild.

Mrs. Colwell lived on the homestead with her eldest son, Henry, who died last February. In the absence of her pastor, her funeral sermon was preached at the house on Wednesday afternoon, by Rev. E. C. Turner, Methodist.

**Gen De Galliffet's Bravery.**

It was, says the Westminster Gazette, even on that fatal day, September 1, 1870, that he (Gen. de Galliffet,) distinguished himself by commanding the cavalry charges intended to clear the elevation at Illy, with the view of opening a passage towards Floing, where it was hoped the army might retreat. The first charge overthrew the Eighty-bird Regiment of the Prussians and penetrated among the German troops; but the latter formed again rapidly after the retirement of the French cavalry.

Gen. Ducrot then asked if they could renew the charge with what remained of the light cavalry and bussars, and then Galliffet answered in the words that have become historic: "As often as you wish, general, as long as a man remains!" The second charge was not so successful as the first, only a few men, with their general at their head, succeeded in penetrating the first ranks of the enemy. It is known that the King of Prussia, who was watching the battle from the top of the hill of Marfee, exclaimed with admiration. "Oh, les braves gens!"

Just at this moment an astonishing event occurred in the midst of the battle. As Galliffet was returning with the few survivors, their horses for the most part wounded or foundered, he passed before the Nassau Regiment, the Prussian officers ordered their men to cease fire, and even struck up some of their guns. The French saluted, shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" and the German officers acknowledged the salute, some of them applauding.

**Curse of Advancing Prices.**

(New York Journal of Commerce.)

Reverting to the present tendency to a rapid increase of prices and advancing cost of living, there is no doubt that it is mainly due to combinations of capital and labor, which throttle competition and interfere with the normal operation of the law of supply and demand. As soon as the demand for iron and steel shows an effective increase the producing companies make haste to advance prices all along the line so far as it seems feasible, and the same is true of various other large producers between whom concert of action is practicable. Price agreements and "understandings" among manufacturers and wholesale dealers have a like tendency, and there has come to be association on a large scale among retailers of various staple commodities to keep prices up and add to profits all the traffic will bear, or all that consumers will stand. It is said that this is an era of combination for increased and more economical production, but in its present stage it is more a combination for increased profit through high prices than of enlarged and cheapened production with diffusion of the benefit throughout the community. Cost of living is advancing with the great mass of people more than the means of living, and it is because organized and associated forces in control of processes of industry and trade are drawing more and more to themselves the earnings produced by the unorganized and competing forces. The result is not only abnormal inequality of condition, but spasmodic industrial progress, "booms" and reactions in place of steady advance and normal improvement through increased facilities of production and distribution. Those who are striving to stimulate activity and are eager for higher prices are in danger of overdoing and working to another climax and another collapse.

**Imperishable Cedar.**

(Seattle Post-Intelligencer.)

An extraordinary illustration of the almost imperishable nature of Washington's red cedar is furnished in some shingles recently cut in a Washington mill and sent east for exhibition purposes. Those shingles were cut from a moss-covered cedar log lying on the ground, and which had growing over it another cedar tree, the roots of which encircled the fallen log. The growing tree had 750 rings, which indicate, according to the accepted theory, that it was 750 years old. Yet its growth started after the tree from which the shingles were cut had fallen to the ground.



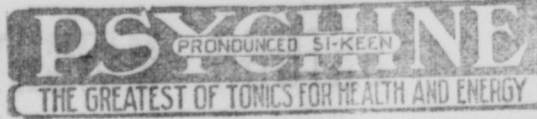
**MY LUCKY DAY**

Mr. Thomas Wylie (Box 384), Galt, says:—"It was the luckiest day of my life when I struck PSYCHINE, for I truly believe I shouldn't be alive now but for that."

"A neglected cold was the beginning of my trouble, and what seemed to be a simple ailment, soon developed into a serious and dangerous condition. I got so low that it was scarcely possible for me to walk around, and I lost so much flesh that I looked like a skeleton. I was just about ready to 'hand in my checks,' although only 20 years of age. The medicine the doctor gave me made me worse and I got disgusted. Then I struck PSYCHINE."

"PSYCHINE did miracles for me. The first bottle gave me new life and courage, and in less than no time I began to put on flesh rapidly, and I felt I was on the high road to recovery. My appetite returned, and I 'ate like a hunter,' as the saying goes. My friends were surprised, and hardly knew me. In three months I was as strong and well as ever, and returned to work in the mill. I have not had a day's illness since. Nobody could wish for better health than I enjoy, and it is all owing to PSYCHINE. It should be in everybody's hands."

For Coughs, Colds, Loss of Appetite, Throat, Lung and Stomach Trouble, take Psychine. Druggists and Stores sell at 50c and \$1.00. Send to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, for a TRIAL FREE.



Here was a cedar log, fallen and lifeless, which had lain exposed to the weather for not less than 750 years, and yet was free from rot to the extent that merchantable shingles could be sawed from it.

Every man who has worked in the woods or in clearing land in this State has seen similar instances of the ability of red cedar to avoid the ravages of time. In alluvial soil along the river banks, in digging ditches, cedar logs have been found covered by four or five feet of alluvium, which were yet sound save for a few inches on the extreme outside, although under similar conditions, almost any other wood would have decayed in a few years. Conjecture halts at any attempt to estimate the length of time which might have elapsed since those logs were growing trees.

**Starving in St. Helena.**

What is to be the fate of St. Helena is the question asked by the Hon. H. W. Solomon, of the executive council of the island, who has issued a plea on behalf of the distressed inhabitants.

"It is over two years since the garrison was removed," says Mr. Solomon in a letter to A. G. Wise, secretary of the St. Helena committee, "and although we appreciate the action of the Colonial Office in giving a subsidy to start a hemp mill, as well as a grant for teaching the girls lace making, yet more remains to be done. At the request of former governors the farmers improved the breed of their live stock, being assured that they would always be required for military purposes. The result is that the farmers are to-day left with some 2,000 cattle on their hands which are practically useless, as on account of the great poverty, the people have no money to purchase meat. These cattle also are a great impediment to the growing of hemp, occupying pasture lands which would otherwise be used for hemp cultivation. Money is also needed for the upkeep of the roads."

"Large numbers of children who are unprovided for. There is, besides, the question of the children who are growing up, and for whom employment must be found when they leave school."

Financial assistance is needed from the authorities at home if this island, which has played a conspicuous part in British history, is to be saved from decay.

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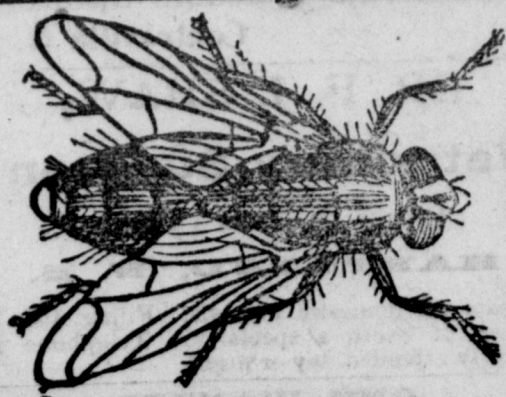
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