STILL WAITING.

How Stubbs' Landing, Me., Clings to Its Last Straw.

A Picture of the Fate That is Overtaking Many a Down-East Town—Stockings Once Filled by West India Trade Are Now Emptied.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890.]

When I first saw Stubbs' Landing, Me., I supposed that the place had been so named because nobody but Stubbs had ever been fool enough to land there. Later, however, I discovered that a considerable number of people had followed Stubbs' unfortunate example, and thus there had grown up a thriving village. On second thought I will withdraw the adjective, and call it just plain village. I would like to please the inhabitants, but I can not tell a lie.

Stubbs himself does not live there now. It fact, it was about 1780 when he arrived, and he went away very early in this century. The village had begun to grow at that time, owing to the West India trade, and Stubbs was one of those

THE LANDING OF STUBBS.

men who can not stand prosperity. Nature produces a certain number of such men for the purpose of securing settlements in places which are not fit to sustain life. Just as soon as Stubbs found that his Landing was getting popular, and there was a chance for him to make a little money by cheating Indians in the fur trade, he grew uneasy, and moved on to Goose Falls, where the conditions were less favorable. By and by something like trade showed itself in Goose Falls, and Stubbs folded his tent and withdrew to Clam Cove, which promised eternal desolation if ever a place did. But, before long, somebody got to digging clams and selling them for bait; then somebody else started a store; and all this activity grated on poor old Stubbs. He couldn't think of a worse place than Clam Cove, and he was getting rather old to move, anyway, so he died.

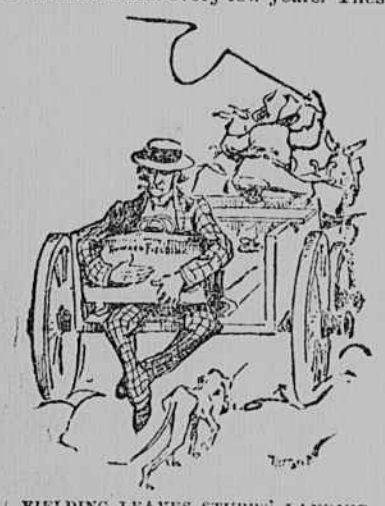
But to return to Stubbs' Landing. The town boasts of a very broad, deep harbor which doesn't freeze over in the coldest winter, so that vessels of the largest size could come in at any time if there were any thing to bring or take away. But there isn't. The West India trade is dead, leaving no signs but the half obliterated lettering on a few old stores, and an inherited liking for Jamaica rum in the inhabitants.

If anybody supposes, however, that

ARTHUR'S MAP AMAZES THE CITIZENS.

there is no progressive spirit in Stubbs' Landing he is much mistaken. The question of building a railroad has been discussed there for over thirty years; and will be discussed for thirty years more, so far as I can see. I really think that a branch line had one chance in ten thousand of being built there about twenty years ago, but the people wouldn't have it that way. They wanted to be a terminus. They were quick to see the remarkable terminal facilities of Stubbs' Landing. A railroad would simply have to terminate there unless the company should decide to bridge the Atlantic Ocean.

The first time I ever landed in the place where the immortal Stubbs grounded his bark and the hopes of his posterity, was in the summer of 1880. No rails were laid in 1880, nor in 1885, when I visited Stubbs' Landing again, but in each of these years considerable railroad excitement had been stirred up by a young man named Blake, who was born in the town but escaped from it at an early age. Blake's exact place of residence is unknown to the townspeople, though they have the advantage of a visit from him every few years. These



FIELDING LEAVES STUBBS' LANDING.

are the times when, in his remote indefinite abiding place, visions of his dear old home steal upon the sensitive soul of Blake, and show him the great possibilities of the town and the advantages it would derive from a railroad.

Then he talks it over with his intimate friends, all of whom are capitalists, and having interested them in the project, he comes down to the landing and stirs things up. His arrival never fails to make talk. When he drives up in the stage, imaginative people fancy that they hear locomotive whistles blowing back in the woods.

Then Blake (who is familiarly called "Arth" because his front name is Arthur), throws out a few hints about the railroad, including the mention of vast sums of money, and thus acquires an importance in the eyes of the people, which seems to make him feel good. I can't find that he has any other object in his railroad talk.

"Arth" turned up again last August while I was at the Landing, and he made the wheels of "the keers" rumble louder than ever before in the ears of the inhabitants. He had brought little maps of Maine, whereon Stubbs' Landing and its harbor, and the adjacent territory occupied a space proportionally far greater than nature has allotted. Also the name of Stubbs' Landing was printed in large letters, while Portland and Bangor were typographically out of the race. The map further showed how easy it would be for the Canadian Pacific to locate its principal seaport at the Landing. There was a picture of an ocean steamer sailing out of the harbor, which was palpably a very natural thing for an ocean steamer to do, as quickly as possible, if she ever sailed into it.

These maps made quite a flutter, which grew to a real sensation when it was learned that "Arth" had asked the landlord of the little hotel to be ready at twenty-four hours' notice to serve a dinner to four capitalists, and afterwards provide them with a private room for a session with plugged keyholes.

I heard all about this from the barber. He was so interested in the subject that he drew a map of the proposed road on my lathered face with his thumb nail, and while I was finding out that he wasn't using his razor for that purpose I worked up quite an interest too. Afterwards I asked him to shave me with that thumb nail instead of with his razor, because I thought it was sharper. But he hacked away just the same, talking about the railroad all the time; and I grew to wish more and more that it would come, and come soon, and that he would be run over by a freight train of seventeen cars, and thus get some idea of how it feels to be shaved by a man who doesn't know his business.

"I tell ye, it would be goldarned handy to have a railroad here," said the barber. "I want to go some'rs 'most every year, and I 'spose there's others 't feels the same way. Ye can't stay allers in a little place like this, an' it ain't handy to take the stage or go 'crost the bay in a bo't. 'Arth' told me yesterday, kind o' confidential, but I guess 'taint no harm tellin' you, that there was only two questions to be decided now. One was whether the road could be built for $25,000 a mile, and the other was whether they'd put an $80,000 bridge across the Penobscot river."

The railroad had not made its appearance when I left, so I took the stage and eventually reached a place which had some communication with the outside world. The driver talked railroad into my ear all the way. He said that it would be the "ruination" of the place. I told him that I didn't believe it ever would.

All over the country there are men who have got out into the living world from such places as Stubbs' Landing. They can not wholly sever the ties of sentiment which bind them to their birthplace, and they watch the advance of its ruin with real sorrow. But if any mother's son of them knows what to do to check it, I am not he.

HOWARD FIELDING.

Mixed Motives.

Pete Jacksing—No, 'pon my word, I won't steal no moah of Kurnel Austin's chickens.

Rev. Paul Johnson—Dat's right, Pete; I hope my sermons hab made an impresshun on you, my fren!

Pete Jacksing—Oh, yes! 'deed dey has; an' besides, Mistah Hocks's chickens are better eatin' den de Kurnel's.—Light.

On an Express.

Philadelphian (on railway train)—So you are from Chicago? Ah, yes. I have heard of Chicago. It's in Illinois, I believe, and quite a sizable place, I understand. Is this your first trip East?

Chicago Man—Yes. I am going to Philadelphia; and, by the way, I must hurry forward and see if the conductor will show up at Philadelphia so I can get off.—N. Y. Weekly.

One of the Workers.

Moneybags—But I'm told you are very idle, Mr. Newstyles.

Cholly Newstyles—I assure you that that's not true, dontchewknow. I do a great deal of very hard work.

Moneybags—What work?

Cholly Newstyles—I smoke fifteen packages of cigarettes every day.—West Shore.

Well Done.

Mr. Manners (to his hostess, who is carving the roast beef)—O! Mrs. Grayvey, does your husband allow you to do the carving?

Mr. Grayvey—Yes; you see I did not do it well enough for her.

Mr. Manners (as he receives the outside cut)—But some do not like it well done!—Puck.

A Determined Man.

Johnson—When are you going to paint that fence for me, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Well, sah, I reckon I'll do it Saturday, if de Lawd's willin'; or if not, I'll do it Monday, any way, suah.—West Shore.

In a Chicago Restaurant.

Customer—Look here, waiter, I asked you five minutes ago for a napkin.

Waiter—Yes, sah; I heerd ye, sah; but de gent at de next table isn't through wid it yet, sah.—Judge.

A Neglected Opportunity.

"I see," remarked one Minneapolis man to another, "that Salt Lake City has doubled its population in ten years."

"Is that so? Why didn't we introduce Mormonism here?"—The Jury.

GREELEY'S INITIALS.

Carved in the Door of an Humble Village School-House.

Where the Great Editor Learned Readin', Writin' and Cipherin'—Primitive Customs Prevailing in the Rural Districts of Quiet Vermont.

In the Champlain valley near the Vermont shore of the lake lies the quiet hamlet of West Haven. This little village, writes a New York Tribune correspondent, is made up of a few farmhouses, an abandoned power mill in a hollow by the roadside, an inn, known as Wood's Tavern, and the village school-house, standing at the junction of two cross-roads. Like many other villages and farms in New England, West Haven has its feature of interest, which is the little old school-house attended by Horace Greeley when he was a boy. When the fall and winter term opens some twenty-five or thirty pupils are registered on the school-master's roll-book.

The school-house is a one-roomed, one-storied frame building that has watched over the destinies of several generations. Here the grandparents of the village children of to-day learned "readin', writin' and cipherin'," and on the old nail-studded door the aspiring youth of past generations have carved their names in rude letters, and their posterity is fast filling up the remaining spaces.

Every thing smacked of age when the school-house was seen by the writer—the well-whittled desks and benches that stretched half way across the room, leaving only a narrow aisle that led to the back row of seats. The walls blotched here and there with glaring new clapboards and an old jute bag that took the place of one of the window-panes. On several places were stuck the ragged remnants of notices of town meetings or "lost or stolen" placards. In the center of the room was an old box stove, full of cracks and contrariness, and in one corner near the master's desk was a pile of hard maple logs, sawed three feet long, for the stove.

Among the many names and initials cut into the school-house door was one that arrests attention at once and instantly makes the old door the most interesting feature of the room, the magic charm of which is felt wherever merit is known and recognized. It was the name of a hero who won the love and admiration of his countrymen by virtue of his sterling integrity, the honest simplicity of his nature and the broad reach of his commanding genius. It was the name of Horace Greeley.

At the time the writer visited West Haven there were people living in the district who had been his school-mates and who delighted in showing to every new-comer the desk in one corner of the room where he sat when a boy at school, and also the road he traveled when he left his home to learn the printer's trade at the neighboring village of Poultney.

Modern progress seems to have neglected West Haven. The inhabitants still retain all the primitive customs and traditions of their ancestry. Some of their methods are exceedingly ingenious, especially in their social gatherings.

Every other Friday evening an old man from a neighboring village conducted a singing-school in the school-house. Singing-school night was looked forward to as the main opportunity that presented itself to break the dull monotony of a lonely Vermont winter. Here the old folk gathered to exchange the gossip of the settlement, and here the love matches of the year were started or completed. Here a girl of the village was privileged to show her preference for her chosen swain for the first time in public, and here the writer saw practiced an ingenious method of getting out of a possibly embarrassing situation.

It is the scheme employed by a bashful youth to avoid the mortification of a refusal when he offers himself to a girl as her escort home!

He waits until the time comes for the usual ten minutes' intermission; then, sauntering up to the girl and taking a huge "pound sweet" apple out of his pocket, offers it to her. If she takes it he is accepted; if not he is refused. But if he has come too late, by reason of some other fellow getting ahead of him, she shows him the apple or the core accepted from the first comer and he then understands the situation perfectly. Thus a communication has been carried on without a word having been spoken by either one on the subject. Meanwhile they have been chatting about something utterly foreign to the matter uppermost in their minds.

All this can be done so slyly that no one is the wiser and the sting of a positive refusal is prevented.

Everybody brings their own candle or lamp, and a turnip or potato serves as a candlestick by simply cutting a hole in which to place the candle.

A Family with an Appetite.

An Adrian doctor says that down in Palmyra, Mich., resides a family of seven. Every Monday regularly a three-hundred-pound hog is butchered and by the following Sunday the hog has been eaten up. Besides all this there is the usual quota of beef and other meats disposed of during the week, which is about forty-five pounds of raw hog to each person.

The World's Diamonds.

The world's stock of diamonds has increased enormously in the last fifteen years. In 1876 the output of the African mines was about one million five hundred thousand carats. Last year it was over four millions, and the great "trust" which controls all the principal mines asserts that it has sixteen million carats "in sight" at the present time.

[illegible]

A friend [illegible] a widower since twenty-[illegible] poor friend, you [illegible]

Z[illegible] I was married six-[illegible] as though [illegible] nightmare.

SPOTTING THE LOVE-SICK.

The Infallible Test Adopted by the Knowing Parlor-Car Porter.

"Hardly a week goes by," said a parlor-car porter to an Echo reporter, "that I don't see a bridal couple just starting on their honeymoon. I don't exactly know how I can tell them, but they are as plainly marked to my eyes as if they had the words 'bride' and 'bridegroom' stamped in big letters on their foreheads. There is something about them that gives the whole situation away—a kind of cling-next-to-me-darling air. Of course, I have made a mistake now and then, but it's very seldom I do, and I've often found out, after changing my mind two or three times, that I was right after all, though certain appearances were against it. We have one test which never fails, and when a doubtful party comes we try it on them, just to be sure, you know."

"What is the test?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Not many weeks ago a couple got into a car and sat down very quietly, as if they had been used to it all their lives. These didn't seem to have the bride and bridegroom air about them at all, and from external appearances they might have been brother and sister, or married for years, but still there was something there that made me suspicious; so when I saw them together I went to the newsboy, and I says: 'Bill, here's a double party; get out the sample copies.'

"So Bill got his tests and walked through the car. He offered books or newspapers to everybody, and when he came to the suspected party he took out of his pile two little books and said, so that nearly everybody could hear him: 'Very useful books, sir; hints on housekeeping and hints to newly-married people. Only twenty-five cents.'

"That did it. The girl got as red as a rose, and the man blushed and said a weak sort of 'N-n-n-no.' Then they looked at each other and sort of sniggered, and I caught him full in the eye and smiled a sweet smile, giving him a respectful wink at the same time. It was all settled in a minute; there was no doubt about it.

"There are plenty of other ways by which I can spot a bride and bridegroom, and they are as safe generally as the test.

"The custom of throwing rice after a bridal couple always makes it unpleasant for the party, as lots of rice is almost sure to stick to their clothes, hats, and in their hair."

"Why do you take such pains to find out whether they are newly married or not?"

"Oh, when they see me tumble to it we generally get a good tip just for luck, you know."

WITH THE DOCTORS.

Suggestions of Popular Interest Made by Physicians of Note.

The parched tongue in fever, a physician suggests, may be much relieved by the application of glycerine in water.

It is reported that a diet of fresh, sweet buttermilk has often been found favorable, and even effectual, to the cure of Bright's disease.

Foreign bodies in the alimentary tract, such as pennies, bullets, etc., may be removed more easily by large amounts of pulverized slippery elm taken into the stomach.

The Chinese, who reject scornfully nearly every application of Western medical science, are, according to the Governor of Hong Kong, firm believers in the advantage gained from vaccination, and submit to the ordeal with a cheerfulness and philosophy which are characteristic of this wily Oriental. Protection by vaccination is especially required in Hong Kong, owing, as Sir William des Vœux points out, to the frequency with which small-pox is introduced by steamers coming from all parts of the world, and to its fatal prevalence when it has once obtained a footing.

Dr. G. W. Barr writes in the Therapeutic Gazette that iced tea has none of the physiological action of theine if it is kept ice-cold for a short time. He says that he has known a man of nervous temperament, who is kept awake all night by a single cup of tea, to drink a half-gallon of iced tea during the evening and sleep soundly at his usual time of retiring. Others, made very "nervous" by hot tea, have been able to drink large quantities of iced tea with no appreciable effect. If the tea grounds are allowed to remain in the liquid the iced tea is usually kept long enough before drinking to dissolve more tannin than is usual in hot tea; hence the tea should be strained as soon as removed from the fire.

SATIRE IN WILLS.

Queer Documents Left Behind Them by Eccentric Old Fellows.

One might suppose that will-making was any thing but a merry occupation, and yet the drollery of the wills that some eccentric old fellows have left behind them could hardly be surpassed, says the New York Ledger. Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after reciting the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of his will ten thousand —— dollars, of course, thought the delighted legatee; but, on turning the leaf, the bequest was discovered to be ten thousand thanks. What a wet blanket for "great expectations!"

Just as odd was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area inclosed by the track of the center of the oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun to be twenty-one thousand six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago; and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a *mean distance* from the property all their lives.

A very neat reproach was conveyed in the will of an uncle who bequeathed eleven silver spoons to his nephew, with the remark: "If I have not left him the dozen he knows the reason;" the young scapegrace having stolen the twelfth spoon some time before.

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Schedule in effect June 2, 1890.

ARRIVE AT ROANOKE.

5:00 p. m. Daily—Memphis Express, from Hagerstown and the North. Through Pullman sleeping cars from New York and Philadelphia to Chattanooga and Memphis via Harrisburg, Hagerstown and Roanoke.

7.40 a. m. Daily—New Orleans Express from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, making connection through to the South. Carries through Pullman palace buffet sleeping car from Philadelphia to New Orleans, without change, via Harrisburg, Hagerstown, Roanoke, Cleveland, Calera and L. & N. R. R.

LEAVE ROANOKE.

5:15 a. m. Daily—Baltimore Express from all points south for Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York. Carries Pullman palace buffet sleeping car from Roanoke to Philadelphia without change, via Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

7:20 p. m. Daily—New York and Philadelphia Express, from Memphis, Chattanooga and all points south. For Philadelphia and New York. Carries Pullman palace buffet sleeping cars through to Philadelphia and New York via Roanoke, Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

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WEST BOUND.

LEAVE ROANOKE.

10:05 a. m. Daily; arrive Bristol 4:09 p. m. Stops at all stations, connecting at Radford with trains on New River Branch; arriving at Pocahontas at 3:35 p. m.

5:45 p. m. Daily, arrives Radford 7:20 p. m., connecting with New River Branch at 7:35 p. m., for Bluefield and Pocahontas; arrives Pocahontas 10:55 p. m. Arrives Bristol 11:20 p. m., connecting with E. T. V. & G. R. R. for all points south and west. Has Pullman Palace Sleeper, Roanoke to Memphis, without change.

7:55 a. m. Daily, arrive Radford 9:15 a. m., connecting with New River Branch, leaving Radford 12:10 p. m. Arrives Bristol 12:40 p. m., connects with E. T. V. & G. R. R. for all points south and west; has Pullman Palace Sleeper from Roanoke to New Orleans without change.

EAST BOUND.

LEAVE ROANOKE.

5:25 a. m. Daily; for Lynchburg, Petersburg, Richmond, (via Petersburg and R. & P. R. R.) Norfolk and intermediate points; Connects at Lynchburg with V. M. R. R. for Washington and the East, leaving Lynchburg 7:40 a. m. daily. Arrives Norfolk 2:00 p. m., connecting with steamer lines to Baltimore and New York.

10:10 a. m. Daily; arrives Lynchburg 11:59 a. m., connecting with V. M. R. R. for all points north, arriving Washington 7:05 p. m.; arrives Petersburg 4:20 p. m.; arrives Richmond, via R. & P. R. R., 5:05 p. m.; arrives Norfolk 7.00 p. m.

3:45 p. m. Daily; for Lynchburg and intermediate stations; arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m.

7:20 p. m. Daily; for Lynchburg and intermediate stations; arrives Lynchburg 9:20 p. m.

Cripple Creek Extension—Leaves Pulaski 8:15 a. m. Daily, except Sunday, and 3:00 p. m. Daily, arrive Ivanhoe 9:45 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

Clinch Valley Extension (in operation Aug. 3, to St. Paul, 81 miles)—Leave Bluefield 8:10 a. m., daily; arrive St. Paul 12:55 p. m.

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AUCTION SALE OF HOUSES.—On SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890, at 2 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, the Roanoke Development and Guarantee Company will sell at private auction a number of houses now situated on the lots in the square bounded by Holliday, Randolph, Robinson and Campbell streets. Said houses to be removed from the premises by the buyer within five days after date of sale. GEO. L. BENNETT, Superintendent. oct26-1wk