

The **Erving Gazette**

And

Millers Falls News

For the Year

1884, 1885, **1886**, 1887

From the annals of the

Montague Historical Society

Compiled by
Ed Gregory
For the M.H.S.
December, 2023

Albeit, the collection is incomplete, we offer what's available for your perusal, enjoyment, and a look into the determined effort of a local man on a steadfast mission.

All issues are two-sided.

An introduction from John Adams Taggart



COPY OF ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN THE
GAZETTE COURIER IN JULY 1931

By J. A. Taggart

"It may be of interest to some, it certainly was to the writer, to know that the town of Erving and the village of Millers Falls were each at one time the home of a newspaper. Not long since, the writer discovered a sizable book bound in an embossed morocco, on the outside cover of which appeared in gold letters "The Erving Gazette--The Millers Falls News". A perusal of the book revealed that it contained complete files of the above named papers together with a short history of their editor and publisher, William Lester Strong.

The history is here partially given. "Seldom does the life of so young present so much that is so worthy of record as that of the subject of this sketch. Although he had not reached his twenty-eighth birthday at the time of his death, he had attained a position in the community which would be counted success for a man in middle life.

William Strong was born at the home of his parents in Erving, Massachusetts, midway between Erving village and Millers Falls, on January 25, 1874. His education began in the district school near his parents' home, where he very early gave evidence of the brilliant intellect and tenacity of purpose which were marked characteristics of his short but successful life. Here, a little before his tenth birthday, he established the

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Erving Gazette, which he published regularly each week, until he began its successor, the Millers Falls News.

These little papers were published each week for over four years. William acted as editor, proof reader, and publisher. The printing is better than that of the average County newspaper of that time. The proof-reading is excellent and the original and selected items show the workings of an unusually bright young mind and the quaint modesty with which he veiled his own personality. In November, 1885, he moved with his parents to Millers Falls where he continued to attend the public school. Here he published the Millers Falls News, a little paper similar to his previous venture, and did quite an amount of job printing. He was also the correspondent of the Gazette & Courier and the Orange Enterprise. After graduating from the schools in Millers Falls, he attended Powere Institute in Bernardston, where he graduated in 1892.

He then attended Hinmans' Business College in Worcester, where he graduated on April 24, 1893. William Strong was now a young man nineteen years of age, active and unusually intelligent, with a thorough business education and a well grounded habit of industry and thrift, inherited from a long line of New England ancestry reaching back to William Strong, a passenger on the Mayflower. June 1893, he accepted a position as clerk in the freight office of the Boston & Maine railroad at Worcester. In the fall of 1894, he resigned his position in Worcester to become agent and cashier in the freight office of the Fitchburg R. R. at Millers Falls, where he remained a little over five years. January 12, 1900, he became station agent of

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the B. & M. R. R. at Marlboro, Mass. From Marlboro, he was transferred to the freight office of the B & M at Troy, New York, where he quickly became popular with all. On Nov. 27, 1901, he was taken to the hospital suffering with typhoid fever, where he passed to the higher life on Jan. 10, 1902.

The first issue of the Erving Gazette was dated Dec. 10, 1883, the last Dec. 15, 1884. First issue of the Millers Falls News on Dec. 22, 1884, the last issue on Dec. 31, 1887. Price per year twenty-five cents. The one and only ad appearing in the News was as follows: "Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen. had devised and prepared a medicine composed of fluid extracts of medicinal roots for the cure of Costiveness, indigestion dyspepsia, loss of appetite, rheumatism, catarrh, bronchitis, malaria, liver and kidney complaint, and all impurities of the blood, kept and sold at his office, 43 Main Street, Greenfield, Mass. There might have been other ills which that medicine would cure but the News was a small sheet and evidently had no space for more than were mentioned.

And so the News was born, flourished for a time, and died a natural death like many another enterprise of like nature. Had William not submitted to the lure of railroading, who knows but Millers Falls might not at this time boast of a dangerous rival of the Gazette & Courier, that honorable publication which has survived the vicissitudes of well over a century, and has played its helpful part in the lives of several generations.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JANUARY 2, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 1.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

POEM.

Annual Christmas Birthday Poem by Dr.
C. L. Fisk, Sen., Dec. 25th, 1885.

To-day my age is eighty-one;
How swift the years have flown away!
Like a winged arrow time has run,
And brought again my natal day.

Few of my youth are living now,
And ere another year has sped,
Many grey heads will have to bow
And mingle with the mighty dead.

As I look back on the long past,
But few there are who now remain;
All swept away by death's cold blast
To dwell no more on earth again.

Soon I must follow in their wake
And ford the stream so dark and drear,
And all the scenes of earth forsake,
As there is no abiding here.

This thought oft fills my mind with gloom
As what the future is unknown;
And what of life beyond the tomb
Has not to me been clearly shown.

But hope and trust inspire the thought
That earth is not our final home,
That the dark grave is but the cot
*Parturient** of the life to come.

The human soul is not a clod
Resultant from the laws of earth;
Its outstretched wings reach up to God,
Refulgent in immortal birth.

The wintry days are on me now,
And my work here is nearly done;
To Nature's mandate I must bow,
And close a life but just begun.

Now, if while here the mind doth grow,
Or long or short the time may be,
Let numbers fix the ratio,
What, then, of long eternity!

What, then, to range from star to star,
In endless space suspended hung,
Rolling and whirling on afar
In harmonies of music strung!

All that exists, matter and mind,
By Nature's strong and sure control,
Changeless are kept, by laws designed
By the Eternal Over Soul.

Now let our mental vision soar
To suns, and moons, and orbs of light,
And range the constellations o'er,
'Till *Andromeda*† rolls in sight.

Inspiring thought, the conscious mind
Is destined to advance, and grow
In knowledge, and still ever find
More and more to learn and know.

Aspiring soul, come back and wait
'Till clearer light illumines the way;
Then through high Heaven's pearly gate
Shall shine pure light in endless day.

Now shall this birthday message end;
But should I live another year,
If my old muse his aid will lend,
Another poem shall appear.

*Being born.

†The newly discovered Nebula.

—o:~:~:~:—
Live so as to hold your-
self prepared either for a
long life or a short one.

Millers Falls.

Mrs. Booker has lately moved into the house owned by E. Conant on Franklin Street.

The boys begin to think that their prospects for sliding are not very good this winter.

Rodney Gunn has purchased the farm owned by L. O. Gunn of Erving, where he expects to move in the spring.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Sweetser, accompanied by the Millers Falls Band, gave them a surprise last evening.

Erving.

H. H. Holton has sold his farm to Mr. L. O. Gunn, and Mr. Samuel Holmes is to have the wood and timber.

A PRISONER OF WAR.

Pat came into camp with a goose under his arm.

"Didn't you know it was against orders to forage on the enemy? Explain your-

self," said the sergeant.

"Yes," said Pat, but the goose hissed the American flag and I took him a prisoner of war."

HOME.

Disobedience lost us an Eden of flowers, but God has replaced it by an Eden of love. We sometimes wander from its shades; but when weary and worn by the conflicting cares of this world, we creep back again with thankful hearts to that one spot, forever green in the great desert of life.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the hen, when she found a porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a brick-layer next."

A happy New Year to all.

DR. C. L. FISK, SEN.,

Has devised and prepared a medicine composed of the fluid

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for the cure of Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Malarial Diseases, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Affections, and all **Impurities of the Blood.**

Kept and sold at his office,

43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JANUARY 9, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 2.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Some friendships are not what they seem;

Some only live 'mid glare and noise,
Some glide through life as 'twere a dream,

Pleased with new faces as with toys.

And some are quiet, cold, and stern—
Will calculate before they please;

Their bosoms seldom kindly yearn:
I would not own such friends as these.

Mine is not thus, I hope, dear friends,
But faithful, pure, and free from guile.
If friendship here *must* have an end,
It still in Heaven shall on you smile.

Adam Smith was a cattle dealer, and was a very wicked man. A camp meeting was in progress in his locality, and among many others who were converted were several members of the family. At last he consented to visit the meeting, and during the progress of the service one of his daughters came around to where her

father was sitting, and in tears she said to him: "Father, I am wedded to the Lord." "Wedded to who, did you say Mary Ann?" "The Lord, father." "If that's so, b' gosh, the Smiths have got into a good family at last."

A horrid old bachelor, speaking of the ladies' fashions, says the people could get out of church a great deal better if there was not so much bustle at the door!

How can it be proved that a horse has six legs? Because he has fore legs in front and two behind.

The key note of good breeding—B natural.

Well-managed faults often make a better figure than ill-managed virtues.

Millers Falls.

Now is the time to get out your sleds, boys.

Peck's Bad Boy was played at Union Hall on last evening.

The building in which Mr. Gilbert has his store has lately received a new coat of paint.

Quite a company of children gave Sarah Mahony a birthday surprise on last Thursday evening.

Erving.

Rev. J. H. Parmelee closed his pastorate here last Sabbath.

Frank H. Holton was taken to the Insane Asylum at Northampton on Friday.

Last Wednesday, as H. D. Reynolds of this town, and Dexter and Daniel Benjamin of Millers Falls, were riding in the north part of this town near the Northfield line, one wheel dropped into a hole in the road and broke both springs of the carriage. They were all thrown out and Daniel Benjamin had

his shoulder badly dislocated, Dexter Benjamin received some bruises, and all were well covered with mud. The horse ran some distance with the fore wheels, but was finally caught by Mr. Reynolds.

A shark caught off Charleston, had a pair of boots, a scalp, two cannon balls and a package of Sunday school tickets in his stomach. Some poor boy had played truant from Sunday school, probably. Warning to boys.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal.

Few people are so selfish as to keep their opinions to themselves.

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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JANUARY 16, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 3.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

POEM.

To Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen. The following verses were written by Mr. G. S. Cheney of Boston, on his eighty-first birthday poem, Dec. 25, 1885.

Hail to the chief, whose days have run
And years now number eighty-one!
Still marching on with front as bold,
And step as nimble as days of old.

With eye as clear as in his youth,
With heart as pure and full of truth;
His purpose still to do his best,
And to his Maker, leave the rest.

Yet many years may he remain
To heal the sick, relieve their pain;
Let his past life illumine the way
That leadeth to the endless day.

The conscious mind, aspiring soul
Through time and space forever roll,
Yet at the end, man here below
Will then exclaim, *I do not know.*

There is a class of men
ever ready to pump you to
any extent, if you only give
them a handle.

Something of a wag—
The tip of a dog's tail.

What is the size of this place?" gravely asked a New Yorker of the conductor, just after the brakeman had sung out, O-pe-li-ka, at a southern station, where not a house was visible among the pines except a rambling shell called an "eating saloon." "It's about as big as New York," was the ready answer, "but it isn't built up yet."

Dr. Johnson, when in the fullness of years and knowledge said: "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen—never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

The only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

Fight your own battles.

Born.

In this town, 8th, a son
to Joseph Waite.

In Erving, 12th, a
daughter to Jude Smith.

—o:~o:—
Married.

In Hinsdale, N. H., 12th,
Willie G. Stebbins of
Millers Falls and Stella L.
Britton of Hinsdale.

—o:~o:—
Millers Falls.

Mr. Towne of Orange is
to start a dancing school in
Union hall this evening.

Miss. Angie Bullard of
New Salem is spending the
week with her aunt, Mrs.
A. T. Tenney.

There was an Old folk's
concert in the church last
evening which all present
seemed to enjoy.

The Temperance Union
are to hold a dramatic enter-
tainment in Union hall on
next Saturday evening.
The proceeds are to go for
street lamps. All are cor-
dially invited.

People seem to be making
the most of the sleighing,
though it is not very good
in some places.

Levi Huntoon was arrest-
ed in Wendell yesterday for
stealing a harness of E. H.
Spring of Erving, and taken
to jail.

Little Susie, poring over
a book in which angels were
represented as winged
beings, suddenly exclaimed
with vehemence, "Mamma,
I don't want to be an angel,
and I needn't, need I?"
"Why not, Susie?"
"Humph, leave off all my
pretty clothes, and wear
feggders like a hen?"

Oliver Goldsmith once re-
marked that true merit con-
sisted not in a man's falling
but in rising as often as he
falls.

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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JANUARY 23, 1886.
VOL. 1. NO. 4. PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

MORTALITY.

Graveward tending, till our shadows
Will be lost amid the gloom
Of the night that surely gathers,
Round the stern, rapacious tomb.
Even though our footsteps falter,
As we near the future goal,
And a shrinking fear oppresses,
With its weight—the untried soul,
Still we journey on forever,
Never tarrying on our way,
And the flow of Time's swift river,
Will not let us pause nor stay.
Far beyond the grave's low darkness,
Or the gloom of life's short even,
Beams of fade-less light are shining,
Earth is merging into Heav'n.

THANK YOU.

“Mother,” said a little girl, “I gave a poor beggar child a drink of water and a slice of bread, and she said ‘Thank you’ to me so beautifully, and it made me so glad, I shall never forget it.”

Now children can do a great many things worth a

“thank you.” Kind offices are everywhere and at all times needed; for there are always sick ones, sorrowful ones, poor ones, besides dear ones, to make happy by kindness; and it goes further towards making home happy than almost anything else. Kind offices are within everybody's reach, like air and sunshine.

“To step aside is human”—especially when a runaway team is coming down the street.

Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of.

Bad books are worse than bad words. Like evil deeds, they mould the thought and will of future generations.

Born.

In this town, 18th, a daughter to Frank Putney.

—o—o—o—
Millers Falls.

Remember the entertainment this evening.

Lee Weatherhead accidentally cut his knee quite severely with a hatchet last Wednesday. It was attended by Dr. A. V. Bowker.

Mrs. W. D. Strong has been spending a few days with her cousin, Mrs Albert Stebbins of Deerfield, the past week. Mrs. Stebbins, who has been an invalid and great sufferer, being confined to her bed nineteen years, is now so far recovered as to be able to be about the house and has rode out several times. Since July she has been under the treatment of Miss. Fannie Clark of Northampton.

—o—o—o—
Erving.

Samuel Holmes has commenced cutting the timber on the H. H. Holton place.

BE ALIVE.

This world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout; bury yourself, and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity, there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained in this world, must be attained on the wing. Each day brings its own benefit; but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day, is escaped forever. To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the lost yesterdays.

What is 20 per cent of 30 per cent of 50 per cent of \$66.66 $\frac{2}{3}$?

— — —
The latest thing in boots — Stockings.

— — —
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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JANUARY 30, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 5.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road
As we journey each day,
Far, far more sunshine
Would brighten the way
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will, and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer;
Each day to our lives
Some pleasure 'twould add,
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a word
Of solace and cheer;
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad.

The following good one is told of an Irishman, who was sent by a gentleman into the stable to saddle his horse. Now, there were two horses in the stable, and our Irishman did not know which belonged to the gentleman. Wishing to avoid the imputation of ignorance, he saddled both horses and brought them to the door. The gentleman recognizing his horse, pointed to him and said, "That's my nag." "Shure, yer honor," replied Pat, "I know that well enough, but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's!"

The young man who went out to serenade his sweetheart, and was kicked over the wall by her angry father, says he knows that music has an elevating influence.

Thinking makes the man.

Millers Falls.

Messrs. Brown and Marvell are to start a meat cart next week.

James Ryan, our landlord, expects to leave Millers Falls soon. We hear he is to go to Palmer.

D. W. and S. D. Benjamin have lately purchased a wood lot on the plain and are about to cut off the timber.

The entertainment given at Union hall on last Saturday evening was a great success. The proceeds amounted to over \$40.

Jones is proud of his wife, and with reason, for Mrs. Jones is pretty as well as smart. She was lecturing on temperance reform in Whitechapel, and got naturally worked up as she rehearsed the many things that should be done, but which nobody seemed ready to do. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I wish I were a man!"—"I object!" exclaimed Jones, rising from his seat. It brought down the house.

A shirt has two arms the same as pantaloons have two legs. Yet one is called a pair and the other only one. Isn't it time that we let up on astronomy and pay more attention to the every day trifles that vex the clearest minds?

Evolution as it really is—"the missing link found." Man did not descend from a baboon, or a monkey, but degenerated to one.

It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury than by argument to overcome it.

Courage is the sinew and muscle of success.

The greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 7.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson for me to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task with a resolute
will,

Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

—o-o-o—

The curious man goes
about to gratify his curiosi-
ty, but he will probably
never travel far enough to
find anything more curious
than himself.

Avoid temptation, through
fear that you may not with-
stand it.

“I believe that mine will
be the fate of Abel,” said a
devoted wife to her husband,
one day. “How so?” re-
plied the husband. “Be-
cause Abel was killed by a
club, and your club will kill
me if you continue to go to
it every night.”

A gentleman whose cus-
tom was to entertain very
often a circle of friends, ob-
served that one of them was
in the habit of eating some-
thing before grace was
asked, and determined to
cure him. Upon a repetition
of the offence, he said:
“For what we are about to
receive, and for what James
Taylor has already received,
the Lord make us truly
thankful.” The effect may
be imagined.

Why is the sun like a
good loaf? Because it is
not light till it rises.

Died.

In Buckland, 8th, Alvin Dunham, grandfather of Henry M. Goff, of this place, aged 92.

Millers Falls.

School on the Erving side of the river closed yesterday.

F. H. King has been busy the past week filling his ice-houses.

Northfield Farms.

M. C. Miller's house caught fire Monday morning, and was considerably damaged. The fire took from a defect in the chimney.

William Stratton's family were awakened Sunday morning by the smell of smoke. It was soon ascertained that their house was on fire, but by prompt attention was extinguished before doing much damage.

It is not what people gain, but what they save that makes them rich.

"Say, Pomp, where you get that new hat?"

"Why, at the shop ob course."

"What is the price ob such an article as dat?"

"I don't know, nigger; de shopkeeper wasn't dar!"

An Indiana editor complains that times are so hard that he can't even collect his thoughts.

Men like to see themselves in print. Men are modest. Women like to see themselves in silk or velvet.

The flattery of others would not injure us if we did not flatter ourselves.

A coat of arms—the garment bestowed in charity.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., FEBRUARY 27, 1886.
VOL. 1. NO. 9. PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

A SCENE OF SPELLING IN POMFRET LANDING SCHOOL, 1776.

By Mary T. Hammond.

A long time ago, in the days of yore
It is said there were scholars
As perhaps you may have heard before
And such big words as served to unpin
their collars.

Each class was arranged according as
their age should require
From A. B. C. D., Baker and Crucifix
In one of these was a daughter of the old
village Squire
Who, when the words were to be pro-
nounced was in a terrible fix.

As the reading and recitations were o'er
The old oak framed slate filled with
sums to explain,
The fourth class was then called out on
the floor
With an injunction to read and spell up
loud and plain.

The head word in the lesson was "tulip"
Which the master put to Kate in a hurry,
But the demands of keen appetite made
turnip
To be spelt and pronounced in a flurry.

The words were spelt in this line,
The next one again came to Kate,
Who thought to parry this time,
The first one's awkward mistake.

The next word for our genius was
"gospel"
Then thinking with what she should
write

Spelt and pronounced the word goosequill
With a swell that she'd done it up right.

Spelling went on, and the next word that
came

To puzzle this queer specimen of letters
Was "pilot"—she then racked her brain
How to excel and put down her laugh-
ing betters.

Then carefully rolled each word upon her
tongue,

And turned it out piecrust for this time;
The story was told me by old grand-sire
young
And given me to put into rhyme.

—o-o-o—
"As busy as a bee" means
just about the right thing.
The bee labors about three
hours per day, and has a
staving good time during
the other twenty-one.

—
The only thing about a
hog that packers can't use
are the eyes, and no doubt
another season will see them
packed, shipped and sold to
some market as dried green-
gage plums.

—
A California hen-ranch
keeps three girls busy
gathering in the eggs.

Millers Falls.

School closed yesterday.

There will be a masquerade ball at Union hall next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Moore, who for some time has been visiting her friends in Connecticut, returned home last Wednesday.

We were visited by one of the most severe storms of the season yesterday. People are now out with their sleighs again.

Erving.

H. H. Holton is to sell his stock, hay and farming utensils, etc., at public auction next Wednesday.

Shall we vote for liquor license? Vote to have our young men debased, ruined, lost to every thing noble and good? Shall we vote to have our country filled with wretched, miserable homes, our streets with poor neglected children? Oh, will you not now vote against this evil which has become such a curse to our nation?

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy, bills are not always paid when due." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on "the single state." "Yes, madam," rejoined an obstinate old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

Exercise and temperance are the best promoters of health.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.

DR. C. L. FISK, SEN.,

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EXTRACT OF MEDICINAL ROOTS

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Kept and sold at his office,

43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., MARCH 6, 1886.

VOL. I. NO. 10.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

DON'T BE CONTENT TO RUST.

Some, rouse and shake yourself, my friend!

Shake off the sluggard's dust;
Unfold your hands and wake your eyes;
Don't be content to rust.

Away with the indolence, and rise
Above the brutish sloth,
And health and ease will come if thou
Be not to labor loth.

Come out and show your better self,
Nor lag while others run;
There's not an hour, or day but
Something that may be done—
Some thing, my friend, that you can do,
If but to earn a crust,
And better that, than sit and mope,
And be content to rust.

The world won't help you if you fail
To give yourself a lift,
And shunned, and spurned, through life
you'll go,

Left in its cold to shift.
So, up and leave the sluggard's bench;
Shake off its sloth and dust,
And find some honest work and be
No more content to rust.

Have nothing to do with
men in a passion, for men
are not, like iron, to be
wrought upon when hot.

It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the teens, and had thoroughly wearied his hearers, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, and looking about over his audience, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?"

A voice from the congregation, more suggestive than reverent, earnestly responded, "Say Amen."

Don't get married if you wish to go to heaven. All matches end in brimstone, you know.

Somebody thinks time is like a mule, in that it is better to be ahead of it than behind.

Married.

In Millers Falls, 3rd,
by Rev. H. C. Alvord,
Isaac Kenerson of Barre
Plains and Mrs. Kate
Brown of this place.

—o—o—o—
Miller's Falls.

W. A. Griffins has late-
ly moved into the house
owned by John Hayes.

Mrs. Stebbins who has
been sick for some time is
now able to be about again.

Osgood Leach has moved
his steam mill from Deer-
field to Gill Station, where
he intends to set it up ready
for business.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenerson
who were married at the
house of J. H. Mahoney,
Wednesday, started for
their home in Barre this
morning. We wish them
much happiness.

—o—o—o—
Erving.

L. L. Perry has sold his
house on Main Street to A.
G. Bugbee, and has
purchased the house on the

opposite side of the road,
lately owned and occupied
by Mrs. Phebe Wheeler,
and is to commence repair-
ing it at once.

H. H. Holton is moving
his goods into his brick
house at Millers Falls.

—o—o—o—
“Curious world this,”
said an old man to a fellow
traveler on a bridge car.

“Very,” was the laconic
reply.

“And it’s strange,” con-
tinued the venerable philos-
opher, “very strange that
so few of us get out of it a-
live.”

—
Leisure is a very pleasant
garment to look at, but it is
a very bad one to wear.
The ruin of millions may be
traced to it.

—
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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

Millers Falls News. March 13, 1886 is a two-leaf, four-sided issue.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., MARCH 13, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 11.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE LAST DAYS OF WINTER AND
FIRST DAYS OF THE SPRING, 1886.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

A cold wave of winter steals into the
spring,
With the hard frozen breath of the cruel
Storm King;
It sweeps through the land in dark, scowl-
ing wrath,
And destroys in its fury what comes in its
path.
The telegraph wires from their fast'nings
were torn,
Tall steeples demolished, and houses were
shorn;
Their roofs and their chimneys to frag-
ments were rent
As on to the ocean the tornado went.
High piled were the drifts by the furious
blast;
And the streams were again held ice-
bound and fast;
Highways and railroads were blocked up
with snow,
While old Boreas his bellows continued to
blow.
And so to the sea shore it gave a wild
blast;
Tearing sails into fragments when rett
from the mast.
When the foaming surge-waves dashed
high on the shore,
Till the reign of the terrible Storm King
was o'er.

Soon may we behold a sweet, smiling
Spring,
When we hear the birds chirp and the
lov'd robin sing;
And the grass on the lawns and door yards
be seen,
To spread a new carpet all fresh and green.
How perfect is Nature when right under-
stood!
These storms and tornadoes are all meant
for good:
Spring, Summer and Winter, that makes
up the year,
Are the varied lessons we are taught here.

In the oil countries large quantities of gas are used for fuel. A man who uses it in his cook-stove was asked the other day why he did so, and replied: "Because it splits so much easier than wood."

He who can irritate you whenever he likes, is your master. You had better turn rebel by learning the virtue of patience.

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost, in which we do evil.

Born.

In Millers Falls, 8th, a daughter to Fred and Lucy Ryther.

—o—o—o—
Millers Falls.

Luther Cole is adding a coat of paint to his house.

—o—o—o—
Erving.

George and Elliot Briggs, while hunting near the Hermit's last Tuesday, shot a large wildcat.

L. Perry is repairing his house at the top of the hill, and expects to move into it the first of May.

L. O. Gunn fell from a scaffold in his barn, a distance of about sixteen feet one day last week, and was quite severely injured.

—o—o—o—
PITY THE DRUNKARD.

We pray you, do not hate the drunkard; he hates himself. Do not despise him; O, he cannot sink so low in your opinion, as he is sunk in his own. Your hatred and contempt may rivet, but never rend his chains.

Lend a kind hand to pluck him from the mire. With a strong hand to shatter that bowl—remove the temptation which, while he hates, he cannot resist. Hate, abhor, tremble at his sin. And for pity's sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for humanity's sake, rouse yourself for the question, "What can be done?"

Without heeding others—whether they follow or stay, rush down to the beach, throw yourself into the boat, push away, and bend on the oar like a man, to the wreck. Say, I will not stand by and see my fellow-creatures perish.

—o—o—o—
A San Francisco clothing merchant displays the sign "Do not go somewhere else to be robbed; step in here."

—
"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

—
How do lawyers often prove their love to their neighbors? By attachment.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. L. STRONG,

PRINTER,

Would announce that he
is prepared to do job print-
ing, such as

Cards,

Dodgers,

Labels,

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads,

Envelopes, etc.

Prices will be very low,
and no pains will be spared
to do good work.

DR. A. V. BOWKER,
PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST.

OFFICE ON BRIDGE STREET,
Millers Falls, Mass.

A. T. TENNEY,
—DEALER IN—

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, &c.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.
Tenney's Block, Millers Falls.

T. B. STRATTON,

—DEALER IN—

Choice Family Groceries!

FLOUR,

Tea, Coffee and Spices,

—ALSO—

Medicines Hardwares, &c.

Union Block, Millers Falls.

W. J. PHELPS,

—DEALER IN—

Grain, Meal, Wood, &c.

Bridge Street, Millers Falls.

JOHN GOODNOW,

—DEALER IN—

Meat, Poultry, Vegetables,

HAM, LARD, SAUSAGES, &c.

Franklin Street, Millers Falls.

A. GILBERT,

—DEALER IN—

Sugar, Tea, Coffee,

Spices, Canned Goods,

FLOUR, &c.

Main Street, Millers Falls.

INTELLECT AND DRESS.

Not long ago a lady, a graduate of one of the most famous schools in the land, upon an anniversary, was asked to return to the school for a day and read an essay upon an important topic. The essay was rarely beautiful and inspiring. On their way from the hall one of the listeners asked another, "Was not that fine?"

"Yes," replied her friend; "but what a mean little trail she wore."

Fancy a man remarking, at the close of an oration by Daniel Webster, "It was fine, but his coat-tail was too short by an inch and a half."

A talented lady, who lectured before a Brooklyn literary association a few evenings since, speaking of Job, and his patience, remarked that all her sympathies went out to Mrs. Job who made the poultices.

To love and be loved is the greatest happiness in existence.

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M. M. STEBBINS,

Sells the best and newest style

Prints.

Cotton Cloths.

—-and all—-

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Family Flour

—-at the—-

LOWEST PRICES.

Main Street,

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H. D. REYNOLDS,

—-DEALER IN—-

LUMBER.

Sawing and Planing done at reasonable prices.

Mill about one mile north of Erving village on road leading to Northfield.

DR. E. T. LITCH,

PHYSICIAN AND DENTIST.

OFFICE ON MAIN STREET,

Erving, Mass.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., MARCH 20, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 12.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

SPRING.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
As coursers swift they run,
And move we fast or move we slow,
Our tread of life is spun.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
And Spring is smiling here,
And all of high and all of low
Are full of heart and cheer.

The merry birds by southern rill
Are chatting an adieu;
The crocus and the daffodil
A dress are making new.

The busy bee her coat of mail
Again is brushing up;
She longs to spread her little sail
And fill her honey-cup.

The maiden snaps her rougish eye,
As May-day near is seen;
Of all the maids that hope and sigh,
She knows she shall be queen.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
And Spring is smiling here;
And all of "life and limb" below
Is full of right good cheer.

—
"About the greatest tail-bearer I know," said the farmer's boy, "is our old peacock."

Miss. R. had a nose which was perceptibly retrouse, and when she went on a visit to Johnny's one day the boy observed it. After taking in the situation fully, he said: "Papa, you said for me to wait till something would turn up and I should have a velocipede. There's Miss. R's nose, now give me the velocipede." What he got might have been called a velocipede, because it went so fast, but it looked more like a strap flying through the air in the far corner of the woodshed.

—
There is a young lady up town who says that if a cart wheel has nine fellows attached to it, it's a pity that a woman like her can't have one.

—
How to produce a telling effect—Communicate a secret to a woman.

Millers Falls.

Mr. J. A. Taggart is quite sick.

Mrs. Severance is putting a stock of millinery into her store.

Miss. Lucy F. Field is selling out her goods at cost. People will do well to give her a call.

There was a sociable at W. J. Phelps' last evening, and although it was somewhat stormy, a good number were present, and all had a pleasant time.

If the gentleman who was so unfortunate as to lose his hat on the plain last Thursday night, will call at No. 2 Bridge Street, and prove property, it will be restored to him.

HAPPINESS.

This forever looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what we know of it, we would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the

drops of happiness as God gives them to us, every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice when he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

Why is the letter i like a good Sunday school teacher? Because it is always in time.

Why is a man in a balloon like the Atlantic cable? Because a great swell is rolling above him.

Where the hedge is lowest the devil leaps over.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., MARCH 27, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 13.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

WHAT IS A YEAR.

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream;
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel:
Or but a page upon the book
Which time must shortly seal.
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er:
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown,
As rushing onward o'er the earth
We hear his weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn--
As transient as the mist of morn
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft-changing scene:
Youth's happy morn comes gayly on,
With hills and valleys green:
Next summer's prime succeeds the
spring,
Then autumn with a tear;
When comes old Winter—death and all,
Must find a level here.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

A writer whose life has passed its meridian, thus eloquently discourses upon the speedy flight of time: "Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to make. It now seems but a step; and yet along the way are broken shrines, where a thousand hopes wasted it to ashes, footsteps sacred under the drifting dust, green mounds where the grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we would not forget. We garner the sunshine of those years and with chastened steps and hopes push on toward the evening whose signal light will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat."

It is best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

Born.

In Barre, March 25th, a son to Elmer Warner and Hattie L. Brock.

—
Millers Falls.

Mr. George Foss is in town.

A. T. Tenney has a hen which laid an egg $7\frac{1}{2}$ x $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches round.

Miss. Netta Sheldon gave an interesting concert at Union hall last evening.

Three persons of Greenfield were taken to the Northampton Insane Asylum, last week.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

While John Barret's dog was crossing the railroad bridge last Monday, he was struck by a train and killed instantly.

Erving.

School in district No. 3 commences next Monday.

Owing to the late snow storm, the travelling is very bad in most places.

A woman in a Missouri town who had suffered from a husband's neglect, traced him to a bar-room, where he was playing cards with several companions. Setting a covered dish she held in her hands down upon the table, she said: "Presuming, husband, that you were to busy to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed. With a forced laugh, he invited his friends to dine with him, but, on removing the cover from the dish, found only a slip of paper, on which was written: "I hope you will enjoy your meal; it is the same your family have at home."

For what reasons does a fisherman blow his horn?
For sel-fish reasons.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., APRIL 3, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 14.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

APRIL 1ST, 1886.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

Bleak March is past—the war-god Mars
Has lost his grip. He gives away
His power to rule, to other stars
To have control of night and day.

Now April comes to open the spring
And with her warm and gentle showers
To start in bud the plants to bring
In time, the choicest blossomed flowers.

Soon shall we hear the robins sing
And see the blue birds on the trees;
While other birds are on the wing
And buzzing are the honey bees.

Now the broad landscape all around
In verdant freshness, may be seen,
While herb, and plant, and tree, are found
Superbly clothed in garments green.

Then see the lambs to skip and play,
And hear them bleat to mother dear,
Who watches o'er them night and day
And guards them from all danger near.

Now list the croaking of the frogs—
Their language hear—*cachoog*, they say,
While they are sporting on the bogs
In brooks and meadows, through the
day.

And so all nature animate
Will spring to life and start anew,
To re-create and re-instate
The life it has before gone through.

So then there is no real death—
'Tis only but a change of state,

Waking from sleep with vital breath
In new tenements, animate.

There is a life, not conscious life—
And there is breath, not conscious
breath—

But all created things are rife
With certain changes: but no death.

“Never mind, my young
kid, I’m going up to see
your mother about this.”
“That’s all right,” yelled
back the small boy, “you
just go right along up there.
Pa filled a man full of buck-
shot the other day for going
to see my ma.”

Mike says the deepest
snow storm he ever knew
to fall, melted as fast as ever
it came.

Why are musicians for-
tunate? When they want
a change of air, they can
change it.

The best method of dis-
posing of a duty, is to do
it.

Born.

In Erving, 1st, a daughter to Jones and Mary Briggs.

Married.

In Athol, 27th ult., by Rev. J. H. Cox, Clarke M. Howland of this place, and Mary E. Graves of Orange.

In Greenfield, 28th ult., by Rev. John Shepardson, Robert Wheeler of Brattleboro, Vt., and Mrs. Eliza Bangs of this place.

Died.

In Erving, 1st, Dwight Woodard.

Millers Falls.

The pews in the church were sold last evening.

The high water has caused a small break in the north end of the dam.

It is reported that Dr. A. V. Bowker and Joseph Bean are about to start cutlery works, in the brick shop owned by James H. Waite of Orange.

There seemed to be a general moving the 1st. H Holton moved to this place. L O Gunn moved to the Holton farm, and Rodney Gunn moved to the farm vacated by L O Gunn. Mr Clark moved into Lee Weatherhead's tenement.

They, who, in these hard times are afflicted with a "load of sorrow," are earnestly recommended to dump it.

A great many people who try to make you think that they are the great and only woolly elephant in the circus of life, ain't any more when you come to know them than a common tent-pin.

Don't smoke, boys!

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., APRIL 10, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 15.

PRICE, 25. CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE PATH ACROSS THE FIELDS.

How sharp the spires upon the hill!
They rise against the sunset sky
Like masts of ships, that sailing past
A sea of flame, now anchored lie.

But lo! a pilgrim in the path,
That dimly traced along the ground,
Through orchard, meadow, pastures bare,
Winds upward to the hilltop town.

Ah, what is life save just a path,
A hasty walk for only one?
And childhood, manhood, age, are fields
Between us and the setting sun.

That toiling traveller gains the hill,
He weary walks the village through;
And now he seems amid the clouds,
As if to heaven an angel flew!

Oh, bless the life that holy here
Beyond the ridge of death has passed,
A shaded footpath now, but merged
In everlasting life at last.

General Court—Waiting
on three or four girls at the
same time.

When is a literary word
like smoke? When it rises
in volumes.

TIME.

Be avaricious of time; do not give any moment without receiving it in value; only allow the hours to go from you with as much regret as you give to your gold; do not allow a single day to pass without increasing the treasure of your knowledge and virtue. The use of time is a debt we contract from birth, and it should only be paid with the interest that our life has accumulated.

The difference between a suit of clothes and a suit at law is this—one provides you with pockets and the other empties them.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain.

Millers Falls.

Edward Lester of South Hadley is in town.

Miss. Sheldon gave a concert at Union hall last evening.

Miss. Mary Moore has gone away to spend a few weeks with her friends.

Efforts are being made to secure the services of Rev. Mr. Jones, the coming year.

Quite a number from this place visited the scene of the sad railroad disaster on the Deerfield river, Thursday. The sufferers have the heartfelt sympathy of all.

Erving.

Rev. F. B. Phelps preached his farewell sermon last Sunday.

F. G. Severance has moved into E. H. Spring's house on Church Street.

Leon H. Sprague and Joseph L. Rankin came home from Boston last Wednesday to spend the remainder of the week.

SILLY HERO WORSHIP.

The last time Mr. Dickens was in this country he happened, one morning, to breakfast at the common table of the hotel where he was stopping. When he had eaten his egg, he dropped the empty shell into his egg-cup, and, after finishing his breakfast, he left the table. As soon as he had gone, a lady who had sat next to him arose, and, taking up the cup, went to the hotel proprietor and offered to purchase it of him at any price; and the unwashed egg-cup, containing the broken shell, is now kept by her as a souvenir of the great novelist.

The woman's oldest club—the broomstick.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., APRIL 17, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 16.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

LET IT ALONE.

Here is a capital lesson that may be impressed upon the memory of both old and young: Mr. Spurgeon, in walking a little way out of London to preach, chanced to get his pantaloons quite muddy. A good deacon met him at the door and desired to get a brush and take off some of the mud. "Oh, no," said Mr. S., "don't you see it is wet, and if you try to brush it now, you will rub the stain into the cloth. Let it dry, when it will come off easy enough and leave no mark." So, when men speak evil of us falsely—throwing mud at us—don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Too great eagerness to rub it off is apt to

rub it in. Let it dry; by and by, if need be, a little effort will remove it. Don't foster scandal about yourself and others, or trouble in a society, or in a church, by haste to do something. Let it alone; let it dry; it will be more easily eradicated than you think in the first heat of excitement. Time has a wonderful power in such matters. Very many things in this world will be easily got over by judiciously "letting them dry."

Who was the strongest man? Jonah. How so? 'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down.

First impressions are lasting, as the gentleman remarked when the trip-hammer came down on his fingers.

Died.

In Millers Falls, 11th, suddenly, Earl W., only son of James and Ada May, aged 1 yr, 7 m.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

They are going—only going;—
Jesus called them long ago!
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

Little hearts forever stainless,—
Little hands as pure as they,—
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way!
They are going,—ever going!
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them,—
Suffer, and forbid them not.

—o-o-o-o—
Millers Falls.

The young people and children will give an entertainment at Union hall, this evening. As the proceeds are to be used for the benefit of the Sabbath School Library, it is hoped there will be a good attendance.

Erving.

Wallace Morgan of Northfield Farms has hired W. D. Strong's farm, and moved his family there last Saturday.

"Go it, old fellow," said two idle scapegraces to an honest laborer at work. "Work away while we play; sow and we'll reap." "Very likely, my lads," replied the old man, coolly; "I'm sowing hemp."

—
A little girl in Bangor, last Sunday, astonished her Sunday-school teacher with "Blessed are the dress-makers."

—
A lady of a certain age says the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat, is that, not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

—
FOR SALE.— Ten Fine Laying Hens. W. L. Strong, Millers Falls, Mass.

—
DR. C. L. FISK, SEN.,

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EXTRACT OF MEDICINAL ROOTS
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Kept and sold at his office,
43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., APRIL 24, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 17.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

A SPRING VISITOR.

Just as the grass was turning green,
A sprightly rogue, I had never seen,
Came right into the croquet-ground,
Peeping and spying all around.

He never troubled himself to say,
"Good-morning, friend!" or, "A pleasant
day!"

But gazed about with a saucy air,
As if quite sure he was welcome there.

He looked exactly as if he'd come
Intent on making himself at home:
You'll hardly believe me, when I say,
The rascal had really come to stay.

At first, I could not well make out
What it was he had come about;
But soon I saw he was working hard,
Building a house in my father's yard!

Without so much as an "If you please,
Good sir, I'll just make use of these!"
He quietly helped himself to all
He happened to want for roof or wall.

Perhaps you will hear, with some surprise,
We rather liked it than otherwise,
To hear him cheerily all the day,
Chirp and sing as he worked away.

Do you hear him now? Just peep and see
That lively wight in the apple-tree—
With brownish coat and an orange vest—
Finishing up the robin's nest!

A youth who attended a Scotch revival meeting for the fun of the thing ironically inquired of the minister "whether he could work a miracle or not?" The young man's curiosity was fully satisfied by the minister kicking him out of the church, with the maledictory, "We cannot work miracles, but we can cast out devils!"

An Arkansas man sentenced to be hanged, is in a bad way. The neighboring carpenters refuse to build the gallows, and the Sheriff don't know how. The prisoner is a carpenter himself, and the Sheriff has tried several times to have him build it, but he says "he'll be hanged if he will."

Deep waters move in silence, but shallow brooks are noisy.

Died.

In Millers Falls, 20th, suddenly, of scarlet fever, Leon, only son of Elwin L., and Alice Stockwell, aged 6 yrs. 9 m. 10 days.

Yes, Death has call'd thee, lovely flower,
From kindred hearts away;
Not fondest love or human power
Could lure on earth thy stay!

Now, 'neath yon little church-yard mound
Thy precious dust shall sleep,
While angels o'er that hallowed ground
Their watches long shall keep!

Millers Falls.

Hermon Wheeler has been giving his house a new coat of paint.

William H. Corner of Orange has commenced repairing the break in the dam.

A house on Bridge Street, owned by John Lynch, has been purchased by the church society, for a parsonage.

The church here, who for some time have been without a pastor, have now secured the services of Rev. I. S. Jones of Eastport, Me. Mr. Jones brought his family here one day this week.

There will be a Sabbath School concert at the church to-morrow evening.

Old Mrs. Putterkin says she has been threatened with brain fever in the head, and the doctor told her that was the very worst place she could have it in.

When a naughty little boy breaks a window, he should be punished on the principle that panes and penalties go together.

A Poetical New Hampshire editor, speaking of trees, says, "Every tree is a feather in the earth's cap, a plume in her bonnet, a tress upon her forehead; wherefore, plant trees."

The man who is without an idea, generally has the greatest idea of himself.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., MAY 1, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 18.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

MAY-DAY.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

How charming is the month of May,
The month of blooming flowers!
How pleasant 'tis to spend a day
Amid ambrosial bowers!

Now swollen buds begin to bloom
With fragrance rich and rare,
Shedding their choice and sweet perfume
On the surrounding air.

This is the time for youth to meet,
To share their early love;
To feel their hearts in union beat,
Like as the cooing dove.

And thus remain till riper June
More strongly binds the chain;
Their morn is past, and now their noon,
Then Autumn comes to reign.

Now manhood comes with strength ma-
tured,
And youthful days are fled;
The toils of life must be endured,
While flowers are dying,—dead.

Next comes the frosty, wintry age,
When heads are blossomed white,
Passing right onward to the stage,
When manhood takes its flight.

So youth and manhood have their day,
And flowers their time to bloom,
Though Nature's laws crowd them away,
To give successors room.

Will there not be another May,
When roses never die,

But live and bloom in endless day,
"In the sweet bye and bye?"

CURIOUS FACTS.

Fishes swallow their food whole. They have no dental machinery furnished them.

Frogs, toads and serpents never take any food but that which they are perfectly satisfied is alive.

When a bee, wasp or hornet stings, it is nearly always at the expense of its life.

In South America there is a prolific honey bee which has not been furnished with a sting.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalm them.

Conversation is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

Died.

In Northfield, 28th ult.,
Martha Maria, wife of Shep-
ard Holden, aged 74.

Mourn not for me, but whisper
"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

Millers Falls.

The base ball club had a
match game with the Ren-
few's of Adams, to-day, and
came out ahead, 7 to 2.

Leroy Weatherhead, who
has been living in Boston
for some time, has returned
to his home in this place.

There will be an auction
of personal property, at the
farm lately occupied by W.
D. Strong, in Erving, next
Saturday afternoon, at 1
o'clock.

As Cephas Martin and
James May, accompanied
by John Callegher and wife
were returning from Turn-
ers Falls one evening this
week, they ran over a stone
heap which was carelessly
left in the road, and both
parties were thrown out.
They received some bruises,
and the carriages were con-
siderably damaged.

Daniel W. Benjamin and
J. H. Mahoney have been
shingling their houses.

Rev. A. S. Orne of Bow,
N. H., has been visiting
his sister, Mrs. Henry Goff,
this week.

Two women stole Fred Rug-
gles' boat one day this week.
Neither boat nor men have
been seen since.

There will be a sociable
at F. H. King's next Fri-
day afternoon and evening.
A cordial invitation is given
to all.

The officiating clergyman
at the marriage of a deaf
and dumb couple, wittily
and gallantly wished them
unspeakable bliss.

It is not the sharpest peo-
ple who succeed the best.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., MAY 22, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 21.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

"LET THEM LIVE."

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Tolling, striving, day by day;
Journeying painfully and slowly
On the dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown;
Strink not, fear not—live them down.

Though to vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to virtue thou may'st kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not slander—
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel—
Jest of witting—curse of clown—
Heed not either—live them down.

Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead—
Envy's spear may pierce thy side,
Lo! through cross shall come the crown—
Fear not foemen—live them down.

A RIDDLE.

Upon what occasion did fruit swear?
When Adam was in Eden placed,
He planted there a tree,
Which he supposed his garden graced,
And led up Eve to see,
This shrub quoth he is apple-wood,
Its fruit is very fair,
Both then partook and called it good,
The apple *cursed* the pair.

Better break thy word
than do worse in keeping it.

A Vicksburg paper says that a negro of that city fell from a steamboat, was sucked under a coal barge, came up in time to take breath before he slid under a raft about a mile long, and finally scrambled ashore at Warrenton, seven miles below, with the triumphant remark, "No use tryin'; you can't drown a deep-water Baptis' now!"

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

Never despise a man who wears a paper shirt front. He may have no mother to support him.

When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

SERVICES

—at the—

Congregational Church

Millers Falls, Mass.

SUNDAY.

Sunday School at 12.30 m.
Preaching at 2 p. m.
Gospel Service at 7 p. m.

TUESDAY.

Young People's Meeting at 7.30 p. m.

THURSDAY.

Regular Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p. m.

Rev. I. S. Jones, Pastor.

Millers Falls.

Rev. Mr. Gunn of Sterling has been visiting friends in town.

The Telephone office has been moved to A. J. King's store.

Quite a number of this place attended the Franklin Co., Sunday School Convention, which was held at Montague, on last Tuesday and Wednesday.

The people from this place and Northfield Farms, were invited to a reception at the parsonage, by Rev. I. S. Jones, last Wednesday evening. They, accompanied by the band, at the same time gave him a surprise, by each one carrying a pound package and refreshments, consisting of cake, oranges, nuts, etc. The house was filled to overflowing. Mr. Jones made some pleasant remarks, and expressed his pleasure at meeting so many there. All had a pleasant time.

—o—o—o—
Anecdotes first heard at a mother's knee are never forgotten. It is the same with some other things received at a mother's knee, which will readily occur to our readers.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JUNE 5, 1886.

VOL. I. NO. 23.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

BUBBLES.

A bubble rises on the stream,
And dances down the tide;
Beneath the sun bright colors gleam,
And glisten on its side.
What though, before a moment's past,
It all must burst in air,
The little while that it may last,
The sunshine makes it fair.

I will not care although my dream
Be what I ne'er may see;
My hope at least can make it seem
As though it yet might be.
A little longer, and I know
It all may pass away;
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,
But keep it while I may.

An old gentleman who had provoked the hostility of a fashionable lady, whom he had known in boyhood, was asked by his wife what he had done to incur the lady's displeasure. "Nothing at all," replied the innocent old man; "on the contrary, I was cordial to her,

and spoke of the time when I used to draw her to school on a go-cart, nearly half a century ago!" His wife threw up her hands and murmured, "How stupid men are!"

A wealthy gentleman, who owns a country-seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

Scene, the church door on Sunday: Frederick: "There, now, how very provoking, I've left the prayer books at home!" Maria: "Well, never mind, dear; but do tell me, is my bonnet on straight?"

Millers Falls.

A. E. Whitney has been painting his house.

Mrs. Moore is giving her house a new coat of paint.

Two performing bears passed through town last Monday, which greatly amused the children.

A. J. King's store was broken into, last Monday night, and quite a number of small articles taken.

Rev. I. S. Jones and Daniel W. Benjamin attended the dedication of the chapel at Mount Hermon, last Tuesday. The exercises, including an excellent address by Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, was said to be very interesting.

Austin H. Ward, a former resident of this place, who has been living for some time in South Montague, has lately sold out his interest in his saw-mill there, to his partner, Chas. Billings, and returned back to this place.

TO THE BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.

— Horace Mann.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JUNE 12, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 24.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

JUNE.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen. .

This month from *Juno*, goddess, came,
So mythic story tells,
And while from her June took its name
The sun to **Cancer* dwells.

This goddess now in dress of gold
Makes the earth all aglow
In roseate beauty, to unfold
What charms it can bestow.

This is the month of longest days
Of all the solar year;
When the sun pours his scorching rays
To heat the atmosphere.

Now does the earth begin to groan
All pregnant with her load,
As field and forest thick are strown
With nature's gifts bestowed.

Now husbandmen must till the soil
And swelter in the sun
Through the long days will dig and toil
To do what must be done.

So on will vegetation grow
And soon will come July
When farmers will their meadows mow
And cause the hay to dry.

Soon will the product of the fields
For man and beast be stored
As the rich earth so amply yields
A good supply to hoard.

*The northern tropic.

And thus as time is rolling on
And months and year pass by
We'll join in one united song
Of gratitude for aye.

A Quaker, on hearing a man swear at a particular bad piece of road, said:—
“Friend, I am under the greatest obligation to thee. I would myself have done what thou hast done, but my religion forbids me. Don't let my conscience, however, bridle thine; give thine indignation wings, and suffer not the prejudice of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long suffering. Yea, verily.”

The right kind of a boy, with a pea-shooter, can take a man's mind off his business troubles and politics quicker than anything else in this bleak, cold world.

When does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring.

Born.

In Erving, 5th, a son to Charles and Carrie Bates.

Millers Falls.

Mrs. Newton Wright has gone to Boston to spend a few weeks with her friends.

The children of the Sabbath School will hold a concert at the church to-morrow evening.

The sociable met with Mrs. A. E. Whitney last evening, and all had a pleasant time.

S. D. Benjamin has been spending a week with his daughter, Mrs. Leroy Lester, of Gardner.

HOW HE WAS DISCOURAGED.

"So you want to marry my daughter, do you?" said the father to twenty-two years of trembling manhood.

"Yes, sir! I like her, and—and—"

"How can you support her? What salary do you get?"

"O, my salary's small, but I'd come and—and—"

live—with—you!"

"Come and live with me, eh?"

And something as hard as an Egyptian pyramid struck the young man amidships, and gathering himself up, he concluded to board with his mother a few weeks longer.

A man in Danbury discovered that powder fried in lard was good for boils. He tried it. The stove cover is in the second now, though most all the rest of the stove has been collected. He was deceived in his lard, he says.

Only two sorts of persons are worth being intimate with—those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learned.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JUNE 19, 1886.

VOL. I. NO. 25.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

WHY DAUGHTERS ARE SO "DEAR."

How dear to my purse are the bills of my daughters
When mill'ners and dry goods clerks bring them to view;
The ruinous prices, the charge for their bonnets,
Shawls, dresses, bows, stockings and gloves not a few;
The wide spreading skirts and the ribbons to loop them,
The furbelows, gew-gaws, and things of like kind;
The fans, lace and corsets, belts, collars and sashes,
And e'en the big bustle they hang on behind—
The long wiry bustle, the horrid shaped bustle,
The outrageous bustle they hang on behind.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present time his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

GRIEF.—We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

"Liberty!" said a Quaker to a furious politician, "friend, thee hast liberty enough."—"No, I haven't," retorted the agitator; "I am not at liberty to make you do as I like."

An Emeraldler, in writing his life, says, "He ran away early from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle."

The cucumber is getting ready to take a twist at the inner American.

If a boy is found to be untruthful, most other vices are near at hand.

Married.

In Amherst, 12th, Shumway Goldthwait and Cora Webster, both of this place.

Millers Falls.

School closes next Friday.

The school on the Erving side of the river closed yesterday.

Mr. E. W. Brock and family of Barre spent last Sabbath in town.

L. O. Gann who has been quite sick seems to be improving slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldthwait returned home from Amherst last Tuesday.

A. B. Parker is improving his house by adding another story.

Daniel W. Benjamin has been busy picking his strawberries the past week.

The ladies of the Congregational society will hold a strawberry festival at Union hall, next Tuesday evening.

Mr. James H. Rose of Gardner is visiting at W. D. Strong's.

Quite a number of this place have gone to the picnic at Turners Falls to-day.

Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen., the "old doctor," had for his dinner Sunday, peas and new potatoes from his early and excellent garden of which he takes much pride.

Clara (looking at the bonnets, etc.): "Don't you think they are very handsome?" Amy (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street): "Very, specially the one with the black moustache."

A Ladies' Club—The broomstick.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JUNE 26, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 26.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

ONE TALENT.

Only one talent of little worth —
What would you do with the trifle, pray!
Try to improve its crude design,
Or bury it safely out of the way.

Only one talent! — dimly enough
It shows by the others radiant blaze!
One little rushlight amid the stars —
Who will discern its humble rays!

One small diamond, crude and rough,
Meanly it looks by the polished pile;
One weak bark on a freighted sea —
One pale blossom under the stile.

Only one talent! Of what avail
Are simple strivings in simple ways —
That have never a fruitage rare and sweet,
Or ever a tender word of praise.

Peace! O doubter, it is not for thee
To judge the apportionment of grace;
Only with water clear and sweet,
To fill up the measure of thy vase.

Know, O soul, that the good God gives
The plant and glow-worm each their
light;

So, though thy talent be mean and small,
It is thine to render it aright.

We cannot earn genuine
manhood except by steadily
serving out the period of
boyhood.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE
A GENTLEMAN.—Two emi-
nent members of the Irish
bar, Messrs. Doyle and
Yelverton, quarreled some
years ago so violently that
from words they came to
blows. Doyle, the more
powerful man—at fists at
least—knocked down his
adversary twice, exclaiming
with vehemence:—“You
scoundrel! I'll make you
behave yourself like a
gentleman!” to which Yel-
verton, rising, answered
with equal indignation,
“No, sir, never. I defy
you! You can't do it.”

A young man, who has
recently taken a wife, says
he did not find it half so
hard to get married as he
did to get furniture.

We are more apt to use
spectacles to behold other
men's faults than looking-
glasses to survey our own.

Millers Falls.

There was a change of time on the Fitchburg railroad last Sunday.

Quite a number of houses on the Erving side of the river have been newly painted.

Major Whittle and Ira D. Sankey will hold services at Northfield Farms tomorrow, commencing at 10.30.

Miss Mary Moore, who for a number of weeks has been away, visiting her friends, returned home yesterday.

The strawberry festival at Union hall last Tuesday evening, passed off very pleasantly. The proceeds amounted to about \$50, and are to be used in repairing the church.

Erving.

Elbridge and Lena Holmes are going to visit their friends in Weymouth next week.

There is a great deal of misjudging among us regarding the wants of others; but let us do all we can in love for them, and thus their real wants may become known to us, so that we may assist them in the growth heavenward, and not hinder by our coldness and indifference.

A man, in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he often passed, said, "It cries 'Stop that fool!' so naturally, that when I hear it, I always stop!"

Ancient Greece—Old butter.

The widow's might—Her beauty.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JULY 3, 1836.

VOL. 1. NO. 27.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE LABORER'S SONG.

My bread is earned in the sweat of my brow.
I wield with my sinewy arm
The axe, the crowbar, the shovel and plow—
For either my touch has a charm.

I am early to rest—to labor the same;
And breathing the pure morning air
New vigor imparts to spirit and frame,
The toils of my calling to bear.

My food unalloy'd by condiments rare,
I relish at morn, noon and night.
With labor, nor wine nor sauces compare
For sharp'ning a man's appetite.

Though jolly when toiling, 'twere vain to deny
I welcome the time of release,
And take the good of my leisure till I
Lie down with a conscience at peace.

Right soundly I sleep till dawning of day,
And soon as the skylark takes wing,
I don my garments and hasten away
To work while I merrily sing.

My bread is earned in the sweat of my brow.
I wield with my sinewy arm
The axe, the crowbar, the shovel and plow—
For either my touch has a charm.

“There’s an impression abroad,” said the irate parent, as he kicked his daughter’s young man out of the house.

A gentleman lately kept the following meteorological journal of his wife’s temper: Monday, rather cloudy; in the afternoon, rainy. Tuesday, vaporish; brightened up a little towards evening. Wednesday, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. Thursday, high wind, and some peals of thunder. Friday, fair in the morning, variable till afternoon, cloudy all night. Saturday, a gentle breeze, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning. Sunday, tempestuous and rainy; towards evening somewhat calmer.

Whatever else you borrow never borrow trouble. It never does any good, and when you return it, you get no thanks.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

Millers Falls.

John Lynch is quite sick with pneumonia.

Blueberries have made their appearance in the market.

H. H. Holton who has been absent from home several weeks returned home last Thursday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Delvy and daughter of Warwick have been visiting friends in town the past week.

Jefferson Davis sprained his ankle quite severely while playing ball last Thursday afternoon.

Thomas Cuff was quite severely injured last night, while jumping from the cars when they were in motion.

The "lean" and "fat" men of the shop played ball last Thursday afternoon. The "fat" men came out ahead 20 to 17.

A dexterous pickpocket never fears a crowd, for he can easily pick his way through it.

Uncle John Morris was a chronic toper. One day while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and brought up in the corner of a worn fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along.

"Uncle John, said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"

"If I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John.

What part of a bed transposed will name a fish? Bolster (lobster).

Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Because it makes ear hear.

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Kept and sold at his office,

43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JULY 10, 1886.

VOL. I. NO. 28.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

GOODMAN GREY.

Good Farmer Grey was awkward and plain,
His manners were rude and rough,
And for the matter of that his gude wife too,
Was homely and coarse enough.

He toiled from earliest dawn till dark,
On his acres scant and poor,
And his jaunt to town on market days,
Was all his summer tour.

She raised the fowl, and fed the pigs,
Made butter and cheese—good store,
And kept the count of her summer gains
On the back of the pantry door.

To the village church each Sabbath morn
They went with their neighbors to pray;
She clad in her gown of pongee silk,
And he in his homespun array.

Of science and art they knew no more
Than the veriest child untaught;
And money spent for pictures and books,
Was a terrible waste—they thought.

Now there chanced to live in this country town
A woman, whose husband had died
In a drift of snow—died drunk—at least
So the coroners' testified.

The Deacon said "Twas all for the best,"
In a sort of consoling way;
And the 'Squire advised her to take in work,
When he called for his rent, next day.

And the Parson urged her to save her soul;
But never a word they said,
Of her fireless hearth, and her weeping babes,
That had supperless gone to bed.

Now Farmer Grey was an awkward man,
Fine talk he never understood,
So he simply carried a barrel of flour,
And a generous load of wood.

And he turned away when the widow caught
At his hand, and his voice was rough—
As he said "pshaw!" but his heart I trow,
Was gentle and tender enough.

And I tell you, friends, I would give my life,
For the grasp of his rough red hand
On the shining rounds of the ladder of love—
And to stand where his feet stand.

A sick man, slightly convalescing, was in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking who his physician was. He replied, "Dr. Smith brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well," he replied, "may be he did; but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it."

A well-wisher—A thirsty man.

A water course—A series of temperance lectures.

Died.

In Millers Falls, 8th,
Willie Breslin, aged 14.

Millers Falls.

P. M. Moran and William
Hamilton started for Europe
last Tuesday.

Chas. T. Wheelock, the
lame musician, will give a
musical entertainment at
Union hall, this evening.

Mary Dunaven had her
arm quite severely injured,
last Thursday, by her sleeve
being caught in the ma-
chinery at the shop.

PANIC IN A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

An ignorant woman open-
ed a car window while the
train was passing through a
tunnel in Illinois, the other
day because she wanted
fresh air. In a moment the
car filled with smoke and
gas, and came very near
smothering every person in
it. She couldn't understand
where the smoke came from,
and yelled "Fire, Fire! mur-
ther! we're all kilt! For
God's sake, don't let me

burn up!" By this time the
passengers were coughing
spasmodically, and tum-
bling over each other as they
rushed to the car doors in a
most ludicrous manner. The
car doors were locked, and
they found themselves in a
helpless condition. The old
lady fainted, while the other
passengers yelled for help,
and carried on like madmen.
By the time they reached
the end of the tunnel they
were exhausted and almost
suffocated. The old lady
recovered, and told the con-
ductor that she thought she
was "kilt," adding that she
would never go through an
underground gas works a-
gain, not for anything.

Deep rivers move in si-
lence, but shallow brooks
are noisy.

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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JULY 17, 1886.

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PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

JULY.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

In Julius Cæsar's cruel reign
Who was by noble Brutus slain,
And when the sun in Leo came
From *Julius*, this month took its name.

Of the twelve Cæsars, Nero, worst,
By whom humanity was curst
And Caligula steeped in crimes
In terror reigned in Roman times.

The July flower is now in bloom
When early flowers have met their doom
To gillyflower the name is changed,
As botany is now arranged.

Now as the sun in Leo dwells
And its warm beams the harvest swells,
The choicest fruits that earth can yield
Is plucked from garden and the field.

See strawberries blushing on the vine;
Currants and cherries nice and fine
With raspberries and berries blue
And huckle, and blackberries too.

Now for the sauce of various kinds
The gardener in his garden finds,
That please the taste, and relish good
With his common daily food.

So while these blessings we enjoy
We should our time and means employ
In helping others in their needs
With kindly words and generous deeds;

And so fulfil the law of love,
Made by the Infinite above,
Who guards with all a father's care
His needy children everywhere.

Greenfield, July 6th, 1886.

We have never before known that parrots could be utilized for building purposes. While a large store was in process of construction Polly, who was stationed near by, kept crying out, "More brick," only alternating the awful command with the words, "More mortar." An Irishman who was earning his living by the sweat of his brow hurried in his toil and filled the platform on the fourth story with hod after hod, first of the one and then of the other. Still the cry was heard, and heard again, until the Irishman's spirit of rebellion was stirred within him, and at the risk of losing his place he put both hands to his mouth and yelled at the top of his voice, "Is it mor-r-tar mad that ye are? Sure a man ought to have the legs of a centipig (centipede) to wait on the likes of yez."

Millers Falls.

The much needed rain has come at last.

Preparations are being made for a Sabbath School picnic.

The Millers Falls Co. are about to add another story to the south end of the shop.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was played at Union hall, last Thursday evening, to a full house.

Mr. Albert Tenney and family of Boston, are spending a few weeks with their relatives.

A company of about 50 of this place attended the lawn party at E. C. Nash's at Northfield Farms, last Tuesday evening.

OLD MAN AND OLD WOMAN.

We often hear the young when they speak of their parents, call them the old man and the old woman. How can they speak so disrespectfully of them? How can they so far forget that their kind father has toiled

early and late to procure food and raiment for them as to call them thus? or be so ungrateful to their mother for all her patience with their faults and all her un-failing love for them, as to speak of her as the "old woman," instead of the ought to be loved name of mother. They often remind us by their disrespect to their parents, of the boy who ran away from home, and when asked the reason for so doing, replied, "That the old man and the old woman were getting so saucy he couldn't stand it with them any longer."

Adversity, like winter weather, is of use to kill those vermin which the summer of prosperity is apt to produce and nourish.

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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JULY 24, 1886.

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PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

CONTENTED JOHN.

One honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare—
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said,
"If I cannot get meat, I'll be thankful for bread:
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness and pain,
He wished himself better, but he did not complain,
Nor lie down and fret, in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better tomorrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,

Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And 'twere well if some folk, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher.

A cautious wife refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion because he was very apt to get drowned when he went upon the water, and, moreover, did not know how to swim any more than a goose.

The best case of absent-mindedness of which we have heard was that of a professor. While he was crossing the street a watering-cart let its flood loose upon him. The professor quietly raised his umbrella and walked two streets before he discovered that the sun was shining brightly.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

Millers Falls.

S. D. Benjamin went to Gardner to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Gunn are going to Norwalk, Ct., next Tuesday, to be gone a month.

The L. J. Gunn's baseball club played with the Fitchburg's last Saturday afternoon. The L. J. Gunn's came out ahead, 6 to 3.

The lawn party at Alden Grout's last Wednesday evening was well attended, and all had a pleasant time. The proceeds, which are to be used in the Sabbath School library, amounted to over \$20.

Mr. Albert Stebbins of Deerfield was in town yesterday. Mrs. Stebbins, who has been visiting her relatives in this place, the past four weeks, has gone to Montague city to visit friends there.

—••••—
Envy—punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors.

At a recent Sunday school meeting in Chicago, a long-winded clergyman consumed too much of the time with a wordy address. When he sat down the leader of the meeting unwittingly announced the hymn beginning, "Hallelujah! 'tis done?"

—
The West is a great place for brag. The people blow about their country, and even the cyclones blow about the people and the houses and the barns.

—
The man who goes to the seashore and takes his business along with his baggage had much better leave both at home.

—
Something fresh in corsets—A dude.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., JULY 31, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 31.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

AN "OLD BOY'S" ADVICE.

My boy, you're soon to be a man;
Get ready for a man's work now,
And learn to do the best you can
When sweat is brought to arm and brow.
Don't be afraid, my boy, to work;
You've got to, if you mean to win!
He is a coward who will shirk;
Roll up your sleeves, and then "go in!"

Don't wait for chances; look about!
There's always *something* you can do.
He who will manfully strike out
Finds labor—plenty of it, too!
But he who folds his hands and waits
For "something to turn up" will find
The toiler passes Fortune's gates,
While he, alas, is left behind!

Be honest as the day is long;
Don't grind the poor man for his cent.
In helping others you grow strong,
And kind deeds done are only lent;
And this remember, if you're wise,
To your own business be confined.
He is a fool, and fails, who tries
His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged and get blue
If things don't go to suit you quite;
Work on! Perhaps it rests with you
To set the wrong that worries right.
Don't lean on others! *Be a man!*
Stand on a footing of your own!
Be independant, if you can,
And cultivate a sound backbone!

Be brave and steadfast, kind and true,
With faith in God and fellow-man,
And win from them a faith in you,
By doing *just the best you can!*

When is coffee real estate?—When it is ground.

A little Columbus girl who had always attended the Episcopal Church, and had never remained through the service, stayed this summer at a well-known Congregational church in Massachusetts. It was communion Sunday, and little Julia viewed the proceedings with great wonder. After a time she said in a whisper to her sister, who sat next to her: "Will there be ice cream?"

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Fight life's battle bravely.

Born.

In Millers Falls, 31st, a son to Robert Hamilton.

In Millers Falls, 27th, a son to James and Florence Forsyth.

—
Married.

In Athol, 29th, Charles Buckman of this place and Abby Graves of Athol.

—
Millers Falls.

Seba Holton and family are visiting at H. Holton's.

George Goodrich moved into the Col. May house last Tuesday.

A good many people of this place have visited the jam of logs in the Connecticut river.

The hardest thunder-storm of the season came last Thursday night, doing considerable damage in neighboring towns.

The barn in this place, owned by Frank King, of Guilford, Vt., was struck by lightning last Thursday night, but was only slightly damaged.

Mrs. H. M. Goff gave an ice cream party to a small company of her friends last Thursday evening. The ice cream was fine, and was enjoyed by all.

—
Erving.

Quite a number are spending their vacations at the sea-side.

Albert Briggs has commenced digging the cellar to his new house.

Edward Hunter is building a two story addition on the east end of his house.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Gunn started on their journey to Norwalk, Ct., last Tuesday.

It usually falls out that those who seek others' destruction find their own.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.
VOL. 1. NO. 37. PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

PUSSIE LIGHTFOOT AND FRONSIE.

"Oh, Pussie Pussie Lightfoot
Where are you going?"
"To hunt the little field-mice
Down in the mowing."

"Oh, Pussie Pussie Lightfoot
I give you fresh warm milk,
How can you eat the field-mice
Whose coats are soft as silk?"

"Then I will hunt the squirrels
In the green wild-wood
I've tasted them before this
I like them for food."

"Oh, Pussie Pussie Lightfoot
I give you bread and meat,
Why need you hunt the squirrels
When you have enough to eat."

"If you will let me Fronsie
I'll take a little bird
There's a nest in the elm-tree
A morning song I heard."

"Oh, Pussie Pussie Lightfoot
That is the worst of all
If you go hunting birds nests
I do just hope you'll fall."

"Dear little mistress Fronsie
I might as well be lame,
You pet the little squirrels
The little birds you tame—

"You never thing of Pussie
Who likes to hunt for game
You eat the chicks and goslings
Isn't it just the same?"

Envy no man's talent,
but improve thy own.

HOME.

If there is one word that fills the heart with joy it is "home." Home is an old word, yet it has invincible power that can never lessen or wear out. There is no other word in language that clusters so many pleasing affections, and that so powerfully excites our feelings. We are bound to it by ties of early affection, by years of childhood, by a father's and brother's friendship, by a mother's and sister's love.

An eminent scientist says that when a lady cannot sit down without her nose becoming red, it shows there is an imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight-lacing. The Republic adds that the same well applies to men. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

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PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE SWEETEST SOUNDS.

There's music in the little brook
That winds through the meadows fair—
That ripples through the shady nook
And sings sweet carols there;
There's music in the gentle breeze
That fans the autumn flowers,
That wafts the fragrance of the trees,
And revels 'mid green bowers!
There's music in the cheering voice
Of friends, whom time has tried,
That bids the wounded heart rejoice,
And cast all fears aside;
Yes, dearer far, and sweeter yet,
All earthly sounds above,
Are the ever-welcome voices
Of friends we dearly love!

Whenever we find a man who enjoys a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has some good qualities in an eminent degree.

Why is an adjective like a drunken man? Because it cannot stand alone.

On a rainy winter evening a gentleman travelling in a hack, found, on nearing his destination, that he had no money with him; so thinking he would try the honesty of the driver, he called out as he ran up the steps:

“Wait a minute—I have dropped a ten dollar bill in the coach, and I must obtain a light and search for it.”

The words were hardly uttered, when the Jehu gave the horses a furious lash, and drove off at a violent rate. The gentleman, heartily amused at the result, called after him repeatedly, but never saw hack nor rider again.

Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles, when they have little to carry they raise a prodigious clatter, when heavy laden they neither creak nor rumble.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 46.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE DEVIL IN COURT.

The devil came up to the earth one day,
And to the court-house wended his way,
Just as an attorney, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue "the points of a case."

Now, a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For in his dominion none ever had been.
And he felt very angry the reason to know
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his majesty thought,
That none of these lawyers had ever been caught
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire,
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consummate knave,
And the Devil himself was greatly amused
To hear how the other was loudly abused.

But as soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The council opposing him fiercely arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first
As made him a villain—of either, the worst.

Thus they quarreled, contented, and argued so long,

That 'twas hard to determine which of them was wrong;
And concluding he'd heard quite enough of this fuss
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus:

"If what they say of each other be true,
The Devil has surely been robbed of his due;
But I'm thinking now it's all very well,
For these lawyers would ruin the morals of hell.

They have puzzled the court with their villainous cavil,
And I'm free to confess they have puzzled the Devil;
My agents are right to let lawyers alone;
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne."

—o—o—o—
ATTRactions.—All is not attractive that is good. Iron does not sparkle like the diamond, yet it is useful. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower, yet it is valuable. So different persons have different graces of excellence, and to be just we must have an eye to all.

—
Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

Born.

In this place, 11th, a son to Charles and Susie Stebbins.

—
Millers Falls.

Mrs. Winnie Hayes is dangerously ill.

The earth seems to be clothed in white this morning.

Rev. I. S. Jones expects to exchange with Rev. Mr. Haysen, of Deerfield, tomorrow.

Mrs. Moore and daughter, who have been away for several weeks, have returned home.

Mr. Keefe, our new butcher, is about to move his market into the front part of the building.

Emelus Miller, who has gone out of the livery business, sold his horses, harnesses, wagons, etc., at public auction, last Thursday.

—
A day of idleness tires more than a week of work.

Robert Kettle, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a young lady, one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them.

"Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left wi' ye; but," he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye have patten them on the wrong side o' your head, my woman."

—
He who would command must first learn to obey, and the boy who would learn to paddle his own canoe must first be paddled, and very frequently.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

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The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE FIRST SNOW STORM, NOV. 12TH,
18.6.

By Dr. C. L. Fisk, Sen.

The trees are now leafless, the branches
all bare
And the rude winds are blowing the cold,
frosty air,
A snow-storm has come like a ghost in the
night
And plumed all the trees in a feathery
white.

Fell blight and decay are seen all around
And winter approaches to lock up the
ground,
That seed plants might rest in quiet re-
pose
All safely protected with a garment of
snows.

And so may they sleep 'till spring opens
their eyes
And the warm sun shall bid them arise
To vegetate and grow to make the earth
green
With the freshness and beauty the lovely
"May Queen."

And so in a circle life goes round and
round,
But is seen no beginning and no end is
found
And so the same order will ever remain—
To live, then to die, and then live again.

Is there then a life death cannot control—
A spirit immortal the life of the soul—

That may dwell in a temple not made of
clay—

A house for the spirits that cannot decay,
Where flowers are blooming and roses in
bloom,

To refresh and regale us, as we rise from
the tomb

Where, as spirits immortal, not death can
invade,

But live 'mid the bowers of ambrosial
shade?

If this be only fancy, and nothing real
If 'tis but the thought of a brain ideal,
It is better to look on the bright side of
things

Than on the dark side, as only sorrow it
brings.

It has always been a mys-
tery to us where all the
Smiths came from ; but while
visiting in a neighboring
city, the matter was satis-
factorily explained by the
appearance of a large sign
over the door of a factory,
with the announcement that
this was the "Smith Manu-
facturing Company."

Harsh words are like hail-
stones in summer, which,
if melted, would fertilize the
tender plants they batter
down.

Millers Falls.

May all enjoy a pleasant Thanksgiving.

S. D. Benjamin is still very low.

Leroy Lester of Gardner was in town yesterday.

There was a dance at Union hall, last evening.

We had a heavy rain on Thursday which took off all the snow.

—
A strictly orthodox old gentleman, in this State, on his return home from church on Sunday, was extolling to his son Frank the merits of the sermon. "I have heard, my son," said he, "one of the most truthful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the very gates of heaven."

"Well, father," replied Frank, "you'd better have dodged in then, for you'll never have another such a chance."

—
Study wisdom, and you will reap pleasure.

A PERFECT MAN.

The man deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.

—
What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

—
The "bump of destructiveness."—A railway collision.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

VOL. I. NO. 48.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE INFLUENCE OF HOME.

There let the young be taught to tread
In wisdom's way and virtue's path;
For good or ill, our homes will shed
An influence o'er their days on earth.

If homes were made what homes should be,
The young would learn to love them
well;

For pleasant homes we sometimes see,
And children there delight to dwell.

To them, there is no place like home —
The purest pleasures there are found,
And such will seldom seek to roam,
Or tread upon forbidden ground.

Will they their evenings spend abroad,
To some low, drinking place resort,
Where men profane the name of God,
And almost every vice is taught?

Such haunts are fed and kept alive
By food from homes impure supplied,
Nor could they long exist and thrive,
If all our homes were purified!

If we had no faults our-
selves, we should not take
pleasure in observing those
of others.

Pleasure is precarious;
but virtue is immortal.

A clergyman was prepar-
ing his discourse for Sunday,
stopping occasionally to re-
view what he had written,
and to erase that which he
was disposed to disapprove,
when he was accosted by his
little son, who had number-
ed but five summers: "Fa-
ther, does God tell you what
to preach?" "Certainly,
my child." "Then what
makes you scratch it out?"

Evangelist Moody objects
to church fairs where "any
girl can be kissed for twen-
ty-five cents." He is right
to object. Twenty-five
cents is too cheap.

A good many flying ru-
mors of the day would be
more appropriately desig-
nated by taking off the F.

Happiness is perfume
that one cannot shed over
others without a few drops
falling on one's self.

Born.

In this place, 22nd, a daughter to William and Maggie Forsyth.

Died.

In this place, 21st, very suddenly, Patrick Breslin, aged 45. Remains were taken to Brattleboro for interment.

Millers Falls.

We had quite a hard rain last Tuesday.

Mrs Leroy Lester of Gardner is in town.

Mrs Hoyt, a former resident of this place, is visiting friends in town.

Rev A. S. Orne and family of Bow, N. H., are spending a week with his sister, Mrs H. M. Goff.

Charles Sawyer, who is attending school at Shelburne Falls, is at home spending a few days.

Rev. A. S. Orne will preach to-morrow, by the invitation of the pastor, Rev. I. S. Jones.

Mr O. A. Moffat and family have gone to Winstead, Conn., to spend the week.

Thanksgiving service was held in the church Thursday evening. It being very stormy, but few were present.

Rev. S. H. Pratt and Mr Birdsell, the singer, will hold a series of revival meetings in the Baptist church at Turners Falls, commencing to-morrow and continuing through the week.

A schoolmaster in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday School twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Nature outraged avenges itself slowly but surely.

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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., DECEMBER 4, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 49.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

THE WINTER IS COMING.

Winter is coming—cold and drear—
See ye the poor around?
O, when the wrathful storms career,
And snows o'erspread the ground;
Will ye not take them by the hand,
Or to the hovel go,
And around the dying embers stand,
And wipe the tears that flow?

Winter is coming—hear ye not,
The mother's earnest cry?
For dark and dreary is her lot—
No real friend is nigh.
For wood and bread she asketh now,
O, shall she ask in vain?
See sorrow stamped upon her brow,
And mark the orphan train.

Winter is coming—every drawer
Should be unlocked to-day;
Whom do you keep that clothing for?
Why not give it away?
Come pull it out—a cloak, a vest,
Whatever you can give,
Wrapped snugly round the orphan's
breast,
Will make the dying live.

What's in your garret? Have the moths
For months been busy there?
Ah, they have quite destroyed the clothes
You've saved with prudent care,
Come pull them out, perhaps we may
Find something, that will make
A poor man rich if given to-day,
And bless the hearts that ache.

Winter is coming—give, oh give
Whatever ye can spare,
A mite will make the wretched live,
And smooth the brow of care,
When plenty smiles around your door,
And comfort dwells within;
If you forget the worthy poor,
'Twill be a grievous sin.

“Hallo, my little man,”
said a gentleman from a
window in the second story
of a mansion, to a little ur-
chin passing by, who was
gazing up with apparent
wonder. “I guess you
think there is a little heaven
up here, don't you, bub?”
“Well yes, sir, I should, if
I hadn't seen the devil stick
his head out of the win-
dow.”

— —
Nature is a rag merchant,
who works up every shred
and odd end into new crea-
tions.

— —
A great change in life is
like a cold bath in winter—
we all hesitate at the first
plunge.

Millers Falls.

Mr. Edward Lester was in town yesterday.

Evangelist Taft is expected in this place soon.

There was a dance at Union hall last evening.

The windmill at the Artesian well on the hill is now up.

Preparations are being made for a course of lectures.

Rev. A. S. Orne and family started for their home in Bow, N. H., last Wednesday.

The new hall on the Erving side of the river was dedicated the evening of the 1st. It is to be called Society hall.

The railroad bridge on the New London Northern R. R. was entirely destroyed by fire last night, at about 12 o'clock. The fire was first discovered at the south end of the bridge. The flames spread rapidly, and in a few moments the whole bridge was in flames.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may look over it altogether.—So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

“Are those bells ringing for fire?” inquired Simon of Tiberius. “No, indeed,” answered Tibe, “they have got plenty of fire, and the bells are ringing for water.”

Genius is a plant, whose growth you cannot stop without destroying it.

First 'bus in America—
Christopher Columbus.

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43 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., DECEMBER 11, 1886.
VOL. 1. NO. 50. PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

Are there spirits hovering o'er us
In the hour of woe—
Souls of loved ones gone before us
From this world below—
Spirits ever lingering near,
Soothing pain and calming fear?
Do pure spirits watch our pillow
In the midnight hour—
Or, when tossed on life's rough billow,
Do they show their power,
When dark fear our bosom's fill,
Do they whisper "Peace, be still?"
Yes, I know that round us linger
Spirits pure and bright,
Pointing up with silent finger
To Hope's shining light;
Breathing softly words of love—
Saying, "there is rest above."
Spirits fair are ever near us
When we wake or sleep;
When we're sad they're here to cheer us,
Soothe us when we weep.
And, as o'er life's sea we glide,
They our frail weak bark will guide.

Virtue has its pains, but
the greatest happiness still
abides with it, as the great-
est unhappiness ever abides
with crime.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

Many a man is rich with-
out money. Thousands of
men with nothing in the
pocket, and thousands
without even a pocket, are
rich. A man born with a
good, sound constitution, a
good stomach, a good heart
and good limbs, and a pretty
good head-piece, is rich.
Good bones are better than
gold, tough muscles than
silver, and nerves that flash
fire and carry energy to
every function, are better
than houses or lands.

"This is the rock of
ages," said a tired father who
had kept the cradle going
two hours, and the baby
still awake.

He who fishes in the sea
of matrimony need not
trouble himself to put any
bait upon his hook—if the
hook is gold.

Died.

In this place, 6th, Samuel D. Benjamin, aged 52 yrs. 6 mos. Remains were taken to South Hadley for interment.

No fearful form is thine, oh, Death!
To the deep and earnest heart,
When thy summons comes with its spell
of power,
And bids it with earth to part;
No fearful form is thine, to those
Who live with a watchful eye,
For faith doth gaze through the dark-
ling clouds,
To a happier world on high!

Millers Falls.

Mrs. Samuel Sawyer has gone to Winchester, N. H., to spend a few days.

People are now out upon runners, although the sleighing is not the best.

A large company of men are at work building a trestle-bridge across the river in place of the bridge that was lately burned.

Mr. Taft, the Evangelist, is holding a series of meetings in this place. The meeting this evening will commence at 7 o'clock. It is hoped there will be a good attendance.

Messrs. King and Ryan convey the passengers to and from the depot.

As Phil Hastings was going home from the shop last Thursday night, his horse became frightened on the railroad crossing, and leaving Mr. Hastings in the road, he kept on until he had about demolished the sleigh.

A few days since a town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied:

“Here’s an orphan child, ma’an, and I’m trying to find its parents.”

Health constitutes the happiness of the body; knowledge and virtue that of the mind.

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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., DECEMBER 18, 1886.
VOL. 1. NO. 51. PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIE L. STRONG,
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa Claus sat all alone in his den,
With his leg crossed over his knee;
While a comical look peeped out at his eyes,
For a funny old fellow is he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig, it was all awry;
But he sat and mused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy could be,
In filling his pack with toys;
He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies,
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips
for the boys,
With wheelbarrows, horses and drays;
And bureaus and trunks for dolly's new
clothes;

All these in his pack he displays.
Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plentiful store;
While raisins and figs, and prunes and
grapes,
Hung up, on a peg, by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he,
"And Christmas is almost here;
But, one thing more—I must write a book,
And give to each one, this year."

So he clapped his specs on his little round
nose,
And seizing the stump of his pen,

He wrote more lines in one little hour,
Than you ever could write in ten.

He told them stories, all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rhyme;
Then packed them away, with his box of
toys,

To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas eve, when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew;
And stretching the stocking-leg out at the
top,

He clapped in a book for you.

—o—o—o—
One pleasant day last summer a clergyman repaired to a sequestered part of a wood to enjoy a quiet smoke all by himself. A member of his congregation discovering him in the act, sarcastically asked him if he was offering up incense to Satan, to which the clergyman made answer, "Yes; but I didn't know he was so near."

—
"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

Millers Falls.

Mr. Keefe has purchased the place lately owned by Ira Woods.

Henry Bullens started for New York and Philadelphia last Tuesday.

Mr. Mundell is about to move into the house owned by H. H. Holton.

Mrs. James Parsons, who was injured by a fall last Monday, is slowly recovering.

Paul Mooney has lately purchased a building lot near the house owned by Mr. Keefe.

Three men were injured by a falling timber last Sunday, while working on the trestle-bridge.

Quite a number from this place attended the Institute which was held in the church at Erving, yesterday.

—••••—
A suitable opening for many choirs would be: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers."

An Ohio stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly replied, "I think, sir, I do indeed, sir,— I think if you and I were to stump the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word during the whole time, sir."

—
Boasting is something out of place. We were once amused at hearing a gentleman remark that he was a bachelor, as was his father before him.

—
Never leave home with unkind words.

—
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The Millers Falls News.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS., DECEMBER 25, 1886.

VOL. 1. NO. 52.

PRICE 25 CTS. A YEAR.

The Millers Falls News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIE L. STRONG,

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Blessed old Santa Claus! king of delights,
What are you doing these long winter
nights?

Filling your budgets with trinkets and
toys—

Wonderful gifts for the girls and the boys?
While you are planning for everything
nice,

Pray let me give you a bit of advice.

Don't take it hard if I say in your ear,
Santa, I think you were partial last year;
Loading the rich folks with everything
gay,

Snubbing the poor ones who came in your
way:

Now, of all times in the year, I am sure
This is the time to remember the poor.

Plenty of children there are in our city,
Who have no fathers or mothers to pity;
Plenty of people whose working and heed-
ing

Scarcely can keep all their dear ones from
needing.

Now, if I came every year in December,
They are the ones I should surely remem-
ber.

Once, on a beautiful Christmas, you know,
Jesus, our Saviour, was born here below:
Patiently stooping to hunger and pain,
So He might save us, His lost ones from
shame.

Now, if we love Him, He bids us to feed
All His poor brothers and sisters who
need.

ROUGH.—The boarders in one of the fashionable houses in Boston were assembled in the public parlor, one stormy evening, when a rather antiquated maiden lady, who never seems to have any employment but admiring her jewelry and dresses, lisped out the remark that she loved a rainy day, and always availed herself of it to arrange her drawers.

“So do I,” growled an old sea captain. “I overhaul my drawers, and shirts, too, sometimes sewing on a button, or a string where it is needed.”

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those more than lost in which we do evil.

It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart that makes you rich.

Millers Falls.

We wish all our readers a happy Christmas, and a good dinner.

F. H. King has commenced filling his ice-house.

Mary Ann Strachan has returned home from Boston.

Evangelist Taft is expected to return to this place to-night.

There was a Christmas tree at Union hall, last evening.

The trains passed over the new trestle-bridge for the first time, last Wednesday.

Charles Sawyer, who is attending school at Shelburne Falls, is at home on a week's vacation.

John Goodnow moved his family to Orange last Wednesday, where he expects to engage in the meat business.

Mr. Hollace Campbell of Agawam, was ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational church at Montague, last Tuesday.

A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the post-office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said: "Guess I've done the thing slick. I seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

A wag, passing a house, observed on the door the separate names of a physician and a surgeon, and facetiously remarked that the circumstance put him in mind of a double-barrelled gun—for if one missed, the other was sure to kill.

An unprincipled bachelor says troubles never come single.

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