

THE SEA BREEZE.

VOL. 9.

NORTHPORT, MAINE.

EXTRA.

MIDWINTER EDITION, 1887.

MIDWINTER EDITION

—OF—

THE SEA BREEZE.

A Weekly Seaside Season Journal.

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SEA BREEZE,

BELFAST, MAINE.

INVITATION.

Where the waves of the ocean are singing and bringing
Their white lances back to the shimmering shore,
Is a sheltering roof, where the wood-bine is clinging,
And golden rods swing at the wide open door,
"The latch string is out." What a nice invitation!
How fresh are the breezes! How bracing and free!
And whatever our tongue—and whatever our station,
Here is rest for us all, by the beautiful sea.

MY PICTURE: PENOBSCOT BAY.

I.

With wonderful power the picture grew,
Under her skilful hand;
A cloud-flecked sky of violet blue,
And sea with a silver strand.

II.

A lark rose up from a grassy nook,
The dew on its bright brown wing—
A lithesome sparrow its feathers shook,
Where the gloom was opening.

III.

A sea-bird watched from a clinging crag,
A fisher, half concealed,
Who flung from his boat a starry flag,
And a light-house was revealed.

IV.

Then an island rose in the lovely bay,
And laughed in the face of the sun,
While the waves crept up at its feet, to lay
The crested crowns they had won.

V.

Come with me when the summer's heat,
And dust is over the way,
And taste the pleasures passing sweet,
Of bright Penobscot Bay?

P. C. D.

A hammock swinging alone in the shade,
And roses over the way;
And shining shells where a path is made;
And sea-songs all the day.
We gather the roses with willing hand,
And the sea-shells at our feet,
And a power we may not understand
Is filling our cup with sweet.

LOJOSIS:

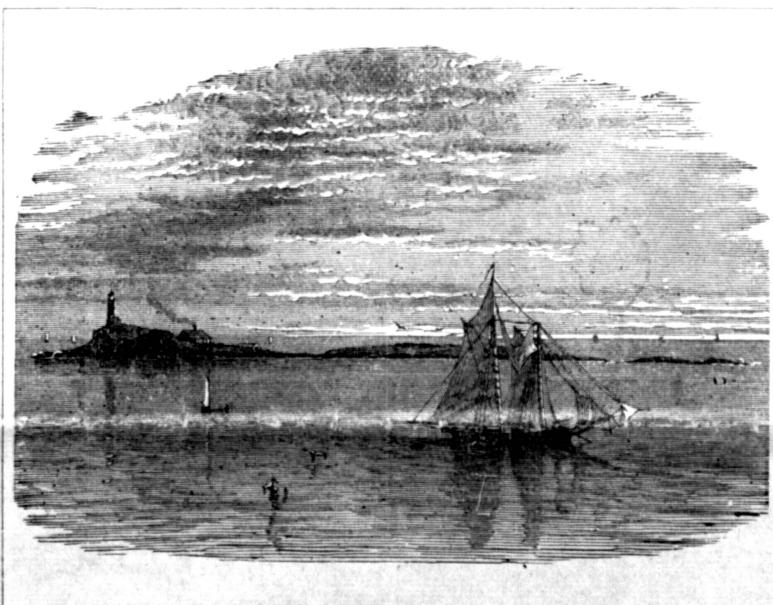
A LEGEND OF PENOBSCOT BAY.

The shores of Maine are rich in aboriginal legendary lore, and Northport is not lacking in half forgotten legends respecting those dusky dwellers upon the shores of our bay, whose canoes cleft our waters, and from whose wigwams the smoke curled heavenward, in the days gone by a hundred years and more.

Lojosis was said to be the only daughter of the chief of this region whose lodge was lo-

upon his suit, while Ono, baffled, discarded, and vowing bitter revenge upon his successful rival, slunk away into the forest fastness to chew the bitter cud in silence.

The opportunity for revenge was not far distant. One night in August, just one hundred years ago, when the moon shone in all her fulness and glory lighting up the shore and bay and forest with splendor, the rivals met for the last time, not as of yore in friendly contest, but as enemies in deadly combat. Long and furious was the struggle in the quiet of the



IN PENOBSCOT BAY.

ated here, somewhere near the site of the Waverley House, and whose canoe and clam shell pile was at the point of land on which the Campground wharf is built. She was a lovely maiden of twenty, at the time the legend runs, and was the idol of the young braves from the Saxwakeag river to Megunticook mountains, but there were two who, though fast friends, were ardent wooers for the hand of the dusky maiden, and for awhile, woman-like, she seemed to be unable to decide upon which she should bestow her charms.

Ono, the salmon catcher, lived northerly at the mouth of the Passagassawaukeag, where is now Belfast, while Kebo had his lodge at the foot of Megunticook, where nestles the pretty little village of Camden, on whose shores he hunted the muskrat and beaver. The wooing went on apace and many were the gifts of spoils of the forest and the bay which found their way to the wigwam of old Kenabis, the father of Lojosis, and many the moonlight evenings when the placid waters around Penobscot shores, were rippled by the graceful birches of the two braves turned Northportward.

Of course then as now, this state of things could not long continue, and soon a coldness arose between the friends, which as time went on, under the pangs of jealousy, changed to hate, and the rivals met and parted with angry words and sullen looks. Fair Lojosis was not unmoved. Her heart in all its maiden fondness and purity went out to Kebo and she smiled

night, and it ceased not till the foes lay bleeding, dying, dead, upon the turf near the home of the maiden, where she found their lifeless bodies in the morning. Kebo's body was carried to his father's lodge, but Ono was buried where he fell, on the point, and a few years ago while building the steamboat wharf, the mound was leveled, and his skeleton exposed, much to the wonder of the workmen who knew not the sad history.

Lojosis never recovered from the shock. She lingered along a few months, but as the snows of a winter passed away she gradually drooped and faded, heart-broken and hopeless, and when the leaves again shimmered in their freshness in the lovely groves of Northport, she sank lower and lower, and passed away. But the legend says her spirit, ever restless, haunts the place of her joys and sorrows, and like a weird, flashing meteor may be seen on lovely moonlit nights flitting along shore by the Bluff, passing to and fro between the last resting places of her lovers.

They were from "Bosting" and coming ashore from the boat. He: Better let me carry the poodle, my dear, and you can carry the baby. She: No, no; you carry the baby. I cannot trust you with Gyp; you might drop him.

You mean to send us to Temple Heights Heights in that horrid old boat, with that little boy!" "Tis all right, mum. Sure, an' the b'y can swim loike a dook!"

RECREATION.

There is a great difference of opinion in regard to what constitutes recreation, if we may judge by the actions of that great mass of humanity which annually search for that valuable commodity. The common sense definition of the term seems to be that which goes to re-create, or build up, renew and strengthen the system, physical and mental. That is the way we look at it, but others think differently if their acts are to be placed in the scale of judgment.

Take for example the great body of visitors to Maine from the western cities during the summer season and it would seem as if their object was anything else than recreation, and yet no doubt they will insist that it is of which they are in pursuit. What are the facts. The man comes from the crowded streets, the busy office, and the excitement of business life, and the woman from the whirl of fashionable society, to the great hotels of Old Orchard or Bar Harbor and only to join in a continuation of excitement, in dressing, dancing, eating all on the same high pressure style as at home. What is gained, and where comes in the recreation. Really the only gain is in changing to the clear pure air of down east which they must breathe whether or no.

This does not apply to all. There is a smaller sensible class which we think is every year growing larger, a class which evidently have learned the true definition and act accordingly. They come to the summer resorts for the purpose of resting both the body and the mind and they go about it in a sensible way. They keep clear of the large hotels, and fashionable watering places, and seek the quiet seaside resorts, and country places, where excitement does not keep life at fever heat, but where they can lounge, rest, read, sleep, bathe, and let the system both bodily and mentally gather tone, vigor and strength for the work of the year.

Common sense ought to tell a person that what is to be sought for recreation during the few weeks of vacation is a change from the routine of the years' work and experiences. Let the business man forget so far as possible the duties and responsibilities he has left at home and insist on the mind taking a vacation with the body, free from the conventionalities of society, and unbound by fashion's laws, and if he is fortunate enough to fix on a place free from imported excitements he will not have spent his outing in vain.

To such seekers for true recreation the State of Maine presents hundreds of tempting localities, afar from the crowds, excitement, and fashion's decrees, and where the fortunate season dweller will find all that the body or the mind needs to aid and strengthen it for renewed effort.

Girl—I will look at your hammocks, please. Dealer—Yes, miss. Now there is something nice. Girl—It doesn't look very strong. Dealer—I will guarantee it to sustain a weight of 300 pounds, miss. Girl—Let me see; 120 and 165 would be just 285—very well, I will take that one.

THE BEAUTIES OF PENOBSCOT BAY.

Dr. W. H. Winslow, in "The Cruise of the Pilgrim" published in *Forest and Stream*, pays the following tribute to Penobscot Bay:

Penobscot Bay is, in my opinion, the best and most interesting cruising ground upon the Atlantic coast, but there is not a yacht club from Whitehead to Mt. Desert, except one lately formed at Rockland. A chain of small mountains lies along the western side from Northport to Rockland, a distance of about sixteen miles, and there are numerous high promontories upon the eastern side until the eye rests upon Green Mountain, the highest portion of that magnificent island, Mt. Desert.

There are hundreds of pretty woodland islands, worth from one dollar apiece to many thousands, in the lower bay, and many of them are being bought up by city men for summer homes. There are many of the cutest little coves, harbors and camping places along the shores that one can conceive of; the water is deep and the shores are bold for the most part; low tide uncovers flats in which one can dig large, sweet, tender clams by the bushel, and the line of tide is covered with great quantities of drift wood, the refuse of many saw-mills up the river, which will get up a good hot bed of coals for a clambake in the shortest possible time. Flounders, tom-cods, cunners, salmon, lobsters and the frisky sculpin are there in abundance. Crows, gulls, loons, ducks, snipe, partridge, squirrel and seal are in sufficient quantity to keep the guns from rusting. There are many places of picturesque beauty worth visiting, and a few of historic interest, of which Fort Point and Castine are the most celebrated. Within easy sail of everywhere, one can find cities or villages where he can get letters, newspapers and supplies. Everything is good and cheap, the people are kind and hospitable, and there are few tramps to molest things.

But the crowning glory of the place is the magnificent sheet of sheltered water for comfortable and safe cruising. I climbed to the top of Mt. Percival, one of the aforesaid chain upon the western shore, and looked down and away at one of the very finest views I had ever beheld, and that is saying much, for I have eaten bread in seven kingdoms. The shore line could be followed to the right as far as Owl's Head, to the left to Belfast, Searsport, Fort Point, then crossing the noble Penobscot, down to Castine, Cape Rosier and away east into Eggemoggin Reach. Islands of every size and shape, cultivated or heavily wooded, lay upon the blue water, as far as the eye could reach seaward. Before us was the long, narrow Islesboro, with the lighthouse and inlet of Gilkey's Harbor. Beyond the eastern shore, Blue Hill shone blue and high above the surrounding land. Eastward, the misty peaks of Mt. Desert could be perceived, and southeast a dark heavy cloud upon the horizon represented Isle au Haut. It was like looking down upon a map of blue and green and gray—beautiful scenery, bold shores, few ledges, sheltered channels and straightaway courses, all in view from the excellent roads along the water line. My companion gazed at the magnificent sheets of water upon each side of Islesboro, the western and eastern ship channels, stretching from Belfast twenty-eight miles to the open sea, and exclaimed, "What a splendid sheet of water, and what a glorious place for yacht races."

Is it only a year
Since we stood by the sea?
I remember the tear
Falling sadly for me.
Ah! the touch of your hand,
As we followed the sand;
Is it only a year by the sand and the sea?

TEMPLE HEIGHTS.

A twin camp-ground has grown at Northport within a few years. It is located below the Bluff, near Saturday Cove, and is named Temple Heights. A score of fine cottages have been built and more will at once be added, a large and permanent wharf has been built into tide waters, streets laid out and graded, and three annual campmeetings have already been held by the Spiritualists who are owners of the grounds.

The meetings this year will commence Aug. 13th and continue ten days. The following are the officers of the Association: President, G. H. Rich; Vice Pres., H. C. Berry; Treas., F. H. Black; Sec., F. A. Dickey, of Northport. Directors: Benj. Colson, Prospect; F. H. Black, Belfast; Miles Pease, Belmont; H. C. Berry, Portland; James Babcock, Lincoln Centre; G. H. Rich, Thorndike; Hiram Butterfield, Bradley; Lydia Garland.

METHODIST CAMPMEETING ASSOCIATION.

The following are the officers of the Northport Campground Association:—H. B. Dunbar, Pres., Bangor; Rev. A. A. Lewis, Sec., Winterport; H. Ruggles, Treas., Bangor. Trustees:—H. Ruggles, Stephen Gould, Leander Martin, W. B. Conant, James M. Swett, H. B. Dunbar, Everett Bragg

The regular annual campmeeting of the E. M. C. Association will be held here this year during the week commencing Monday, Aug. 22.

The veterans of the 14 Maine Vols. will again hold their annual reunion at Northport in August, and will probably locate here permanently, and build a regimental barracks, as the Methodist Association has generously placed a fine lot at their disposal to be used by them for a local habitation and a home.



SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

**F. H. FRANCIS & CO.,
Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,**

Howes' Block, cor. Main & High Sts.,
BELFAST, - - - MAINE.

**SOLE AGENTS FOR
—FORSYTH'S—
INFALLIBLE CORN CURE!**

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED TO DO JUST AS REPRESENTED.

Public attention is hereby called to a remedy which acts in the speedy and painless removal of HARD AND SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES AND BUNIONS. It is put up in vials and packed in wooden boxes, and can be sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price, 25 cents, provided your shoe dealer cannot supply you. Prefer supplying the demand through shoe men only.

TESTIMONIALS.

H. N. KEENE, Boot and Shoe Dealer,
Rockland, Me.

Have used several kinds of corn salves and solvents which did not amount to much, and before I offered your solvent for sale, tried it on a corn of my own, and the result is far beyond my expectations. I consider it all you claim for it.

WM. M. PARSE, Boot and Shoe Dealer,
Searsport, Me.

The corn cure I got of you has given perfect satisfaction. Have sold all but one bottle and there has not been one returned yet. I can recommend the Infallible Corn Cure as a safe and sure cure.

**SWAN & SIBLEY BROS.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS.**

Receivers and Jobbers of
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED
AND PROVISIONS.

**IMPORTERS OF SALT.
DEALERS IN COAL, &c.**

**33, 35 & 37 FRONT ST.,
WM. B. SWAN,
EDWARD SIBLEY, BELFAST, ME.**

**HARRIMAN'S
NORTHPORT
Camp-Ground Express.**

Passengers carried between Northport and Belfast at all hours of the day. Baggage and light freight taken at reasonable rates. Errands promptly attended to. A. J. HARRIMAN.

**H. J. LOCKE,
PRACTICAL
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
No. 65 Main Street, Belfast.**

**OCEAN HOUSE,
SO. SHORE AVENUE,
Northport Camp-Ground, Maine,
L. W. BENNER, Proprietor.**

BOARD BY THE DAY, WEEK OR SEASON.

This house has been newly fitted up and furnished, and is the coziest hotel at Northport.

**WAVERLY * HOUSE,
Northport Camp-Ground, Maine.**

Daily Steamers between Boston, Bangor, and intermediate towns, touch here, and backs connect with M. C. R. R. at Belfast.

**Cove House
For Summer Boarders,
SATURDAY COVE, NORTHPORT, MAINE.**

No more desirable residence can be found on the coast of Penobscot Bay than this, situated at Saturday Cove, on an eminence which commands an extended view of the Bay, Islands, Mountain Ranges, and the Ocean. The visitor may, without effort, enjoy the most magnificent scenery.

A pleasant drive of three miles takes the tourist to the celebrated Northport Camp-Ground; two miles to the foot of Pitcher Pond, which is stocked with an abundance of fine fish. The Bay will also afford him opportunity to test his skill in deep sea fishing.

Boats, with competent seamen, are always to be had on short notice.

APPLICATION FOR ROOMS will be promptly answered. Our terms are reasonable, to compare with the times.

J. B. HERRICK, Proprietor.

**Penobscot House,
Brown's Corner, East Northport, Maine.**

Parties looking for a pleasant place to spend the heated term, where prices are LOW, are invited to write for particulars.

**TERMS REASONABLE.
F. G. BENNER, - Prop'r.**

**SHAW HOUSE,
Saturday Cove, Northport,
JOHN J. SHAW, - Proprietor.**

This is the oldest and best located house at the Cove, and is well known to a large number of summer visitors who have made it their home for years past. Terms reasonable. Write for particulars.

**WINDSOR HOTEL
(Formerly New England House,)**

BELFAST, MAINE,
WM. G. COX, Proprietor,
FRED G. COX, Clerk.

This Hotel, under the new management, has been repaired, painted, and renovated, and put in first-class condition for the accommodation of the traveling public, and the proprietor hopes to give entire satisfaction.

Livery connected with the hotel.

**BROOKS HOUSE
CHURCH ST., BELFAST.**

Several rooms in this house will be reserved for SUMMER BOARDERS.

It has been refurbished and is in excellent condition for the accommodation of guests. The house is pleasantly located, has large, airy rooms, and modern improvements, and for healthiness and convenience is not excelled. Belfast, 1887.

COTTAGE FOR SALE.
SHADY COTTAGE, and lot, on So. Shore Av., Northport, within a few feet of tide waters, will be sold at a bargain if taken before the season opens.
For particulars apply or write to this paper, Belfast, Me.

A PEN PICTURE.

SUNDAY SUMMER MORNING AT NORTHPORT.

A restful calm pervades all nature. The sun has been up for hours, but his rays though warm and piercing are softened by shielding leaves and cooling sea breezes. The morning is perfect in its loveliness, and earth, sea and sky seem to blend into one magnificent whole, forming a picture worthy the artist's pencil or the poet's inspiration.

From the veranda of Clear View cottage we look out upon a panoramic view as varied, extensive and beautiful as can be found upon the coast of Maine. In the foreground is the broad Penobscot bay in all its wide expanse, calm, placid, hardly a ripple breaking its glassy surface, on which float lazily the various craft rising and falling gently to the motion of the ever restless tide which breaks softly with a musical swash upon the pebbly beach almost at our very feet.

Directly in front but a half dozen miles away to the N. E. is Brigadiers Island like a tongue thrust into the waters of the bay, across the very point of which further in Fort Point sparkles in the sunshine, and still farther across and veering to the east on the further shore, a dozen miles from Northport, lies Castine—old, dull, romantic, historic Castine, with its ante-revolutionary relics and legends.

On the right and facing Brigadiers is Islesboro, "Turtle Head," with granitic battlemented wall which has successfully resisted the storms and breakers of old ocean for centuries. Over its spruce crowned head looms up in the far off shore distance Bluehill mountain, whose summit is wrapped in a hazy mist of blue which gives to it its name, and at its base are many shafts and mines where humanity is delving in the very bowels of the earth for mineral treasures.

Due north rises Mosquito Mt. with its granite quarries, while seemingly at its feet nestle the pleasant little villages of Stockton and Searsport, jewels in the crown of Penobscot bay. Following the shore westerly along the sloping verdure carpeted fields, we see the spires and outlines of the city of Belfast three miles away at the mouth of the Passagassawaukeag river, one of the most pleasantly situated and picturesque little cities of New England. Adown shore the hull of a huge vessel on the stocks looks like some leviathan sentinel guarding the city's doors.

In the immediate foreground looking north-erly is the lower shores of the Camp-ground with the wharf pushing like a spur into the water, the curved pebbly beach, with the boats rocking idly at their moorings.

Silence reigns supreme, but anon the quiet is broken by the subdued roar and splashing

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD,

The Great Railway Thoroughfare of Maine,

Forms with its own lines and branches the only Rail Route to all the Summer Resorts east of Portland: NORTHPORT, BELFAST, SEARSPORT, ISLESBORO, POLAND SPRINGS, Rangeley Lakes, and Dead River Section, BATH, BOOTHBAY, ROCKLAND and CAMDEN, BANGOR and BAR HARBOR, MOOSEHEAD LAKE and KINEO, the fine salmon fishing on PENOBSCOT RIVER, the KATAHDIN REGION, and in connection with the New Brunswick Railroad, all parts of Aroostook County and Maritime Provinces.



M. C. R. R. OFFICE, PORTLAND.

They also own the Portland, Mt. Desert & Machias Steamers, which make two trips a week between Portland and Bar Harbor, touching at Rockland, Castine and intervening points. And besides being the best route to the resorts already mentioned, this line runs through or within easy distance of numbers of picturesque and healthful villages along the sea-coast, and in the interior, which, with their attractive scenery and invigorating atmosphere, are so rapidly and widely becoming known and appreciated as Summer Resorts, and drawing increased numbers of visitors each year.

F. E. BOOTHBY,
Gen'l Passenger Agt.

PAYSON TUCKER,
Vice-President and Gen. Manager.

of the paddle wheels of the Sunday morning steamer as she comes up the coast and rounds the bluff, signalling the wharf with a shriek which echoes through the groves and brings down a crowd to the landing as the huge steamer majestically moves in to the wharf, where she discharges her freight and passengers and with a clanging bell steams on to her up-river destination.

This is the only break in the calm, quiet, lazy, sunny morning, and while the distant city church bells sound musically faint on the air, we doze, dream, read, rest, or while away the morning in our hammock at Clearview with nought to molest and no cares to fret, neath the blue sky and the clean, dense, ashen

foliage, breathing in the cool, salty, invigorating air, and thanking God for the beautiful world at Northport and the privilege of enjoying it.

They wandered by the sad sea waves
And talked in tender tones of love,
He vowed that he would be her slave,
And prize her all the world above.

But she replied not, only sighed,
And seemed depressed, awaried;
She sadly eyed the flowing tide
And heeded not the words he said.

"Oh; why so sad, love, tell me pray?"
He said, and gently pressed her hand;
She turned her tear dimmed eyes away,
And sobbed: "My boots are full of sand!"

MORNING AT NORTHPORT.

I.
The salt, cool air blows in to the west,
And the beautiful day is dawning;
There's a rosy light on the mountain' crest,
The light of the summer morning.

II.
The cliffs that climb from the restless sea,
Are touched with a tender glory,
And we walk where the waves are tossing free
Telling the old-time story.

III.
Behind us the sea-sand stretches white,
Before us the ships are going;
We are blest, and refreshed, in the morning
light,
Where the cool, salt air is blowing.

P. C. DOLE.

EXTRA COPIES. We have a few hundred extra copies of this midwinter SEA BREEZE which will be sold at the office at three cents apiece, or sent to any address by mail.

AUGUSTA HOUSE. While attending the annual meeting of the Press Association at Augusta last month, we had occasion to test the hotel keeping abilities of Mr. Milliken the proprietor, and Charlie Sturtevant the clerk, of the Augusta House. The members are under obligation to them for their efforts to make our stay pleasant even during a legislative crowd. They will both please accept the regards of the two "Georges" and their better halves, for courtesies extended.

NORTHPORT MINERAL SPRING.

We have several times referred to the mineral spring belonging to Jesse T. Priest, of Northport, and at our suggestion he has had a carriage road built to it, and had the water analyzed by the State Assayer, Prof. Carmichael. The spring is located on Mr. Priest's farm in Northport, and about five miles S. W. from the Camp-ground, and two miles west from Temple Heights. Its curative properties have long been known locally, it having proved highly beneficial in cases of salt rheum and skin diseases.

The State Assayer in his analysis says:—
The solids obtained by evaporation amounts to 6.96-100 grains to the gallon, consisting of carbonates, chlorides, sulphates of lime, magnesium and alkalies; also silica, and traces of iron and aluminum. The water is comparatively free from nitrogenous compounds, and the principal constituent appears to be carbonate of lime. Being soft and pure it is beneficial as a beverage. "I should not be surprised to learn that the water is highly appreciated by those hitherto accustomed to the impure waters of city and town supplies."

Mr. Priest will make arrangements to furnish it in quantities to hotels and other parties requiring a nice drinking water so highly impregnated with medicinal qualities.



MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

Flour, Corn, Meal, Shorts, Middlings.

A. A. HOWES & CO.,
BELFAST, MAINE,

Call attention to their LARGE STOCK of

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
AND EVERYTHING WANTED FOR THE TABLE.

FINEST TEAS AND COFFEES. QUALITY.

Special attention given to selecting these goods.

CANNED GOODS, All kinds of PICKLES, KETCHUPS and TABLE SAUCES,

A large variety of Kennedy's celebrated Plain and Fancy Biscuit.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT AND NUTS. FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

We also carry a large stock of carefully selected DRUGS and MEDICINES, and have a competent man in charge of that department.

COLGATE & CO.'S TOILET SOAPS.

All orders receive our personal attention. Goods sold at the lowest prices and delivered to all parts of the city free of charge. Call and see us.

A. A. HOWES & CO.



A HIDDEN TROUTBROOK.

PENOBSCOT
BAY
SUMMER
RESORTS.



NORTHPORT BY THE SEA.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE. HOW TO REACH THERE, AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Among the many pleasant little summer seaside resorts with which the coast of Maine is dotted, there is no one more pleasantly located, easily and quickly reached, thoroughly drained and shaded, or possessing more quiet and yet all the conveniences of life, than our little Northport by the sea. It is but a few years since our quiet, cosy, little seaside resort where old ocean rolls in his waves at our feet, and the cooling breezes sigh through shady groves on the shores of the grand old Penobscot bay, was little more than an unbroken wilderness.

Thirty-five years or so ago the Methodists located here in the beautiful grove for camp-meeting purposes and have held annually ever since, but it is within a few years, and with the growing fashion for spending summer vacation at the seaside that attention was turned toward Northport, as a desirable place for summer residences.

As the place became better known, and its attractions of pure air, cleanliness, quietude, conveniences of access, and all other virtues which go to make up a pleasant and needful place of resort, were fully understood, it began to grow, until it has become so thickly studded with cottages as to resemble a city, while all along the shore, the movement has kept pace, and the shore, almost from Belfast city to Saturday Cove down the bay, is thickly dotted with cottages of summer residents, many of them being costly and valuable as well as stylish.

The original Methodist Camp-ground has been outgrown, South Shore has grown up, and still further down the shore below the "Bluffs" another little village has sprung up termed Temple Heights, where the Spiritualists have located a camp-ground, built a fine wharf, nice cottages, &c., and a new town road connects the two Grounds, and all along shore from Belfast to the "Cove," furnishes a most beautiful drive along the sea shore.

The view from Northport seaward, is beautiful and romantic, for the whole broad expanse of Penobscot Bay lies before us—a bay which travelers say rivals the far-famed Bay of Naples, dotted here and there with the white sails of lumberladen vessels from Bangor, or swift flying sailboats, and daily with majestic steamers plowing past and sending billowy, surfy waves breaking with hollow roar against the shore, while at the south the islands stand guard to keep out the rough Atlantic storms.

One of our greatest advantages is our location and the conveniences for reaching here or leaving at short notice, which will be fully appreciated by business men. The large steamers touch at our wharf twice daily, small steamers connect us with up river, across the bay, and the islands, and the Maine Central

Railroad reaches and leaves Belfast, just above here, three times daily, making close connections with all trains from east or west, and connecting here by hack or steamer. One can start from as far west as Boston after a day's work is done, and reach here in time for breakfast the next morning. Telephonic connection with all parts of the country.

The drives in the vicinity are not excelled, the fishing even along shore is fine, bathing good, rowing safe and roomy, and the sailing privileges cannot be surpassed. The sudden and dense fogs which render the eastern shore so disagreeable to many, are not common here.

Among the places of interest in the vicinity are:—Belfast four miles up shore, a very pretty New England village with its tasty residences, broad, shaded streets, and fine drives; Fort Point 15 miles to the northward and at the mouth of the Penobscot where it is always cold enough to wear an overcoat; Camden 14 miles down shore via the turnpike road through the mountains, a route only surpassed by the White Mts.; Bluehill across Penobscot bay, with its copper mines now largely deserted; Castine also across to the eastward with its forts in ruins and its almost primeval solitude; Islesboro, and other islands down the Bay, beautiful lakes and villages in the near inland, and not the least our own Mt. Percival located between the two Camp-grounds, towering hundreds of feet above the sea level, and so near that its summit can be reached easily by foot or carriage, and from which a view looking seaward can be obtained which travellers say cannot be surpassed and has but few equals in the world.

BELFAST ON THE PENOBSCOT.

Is one of the cleanest, fairest, purest and healthiest little cities on all the New England coast. It is to be the liveliest also the coming summer, as besides its usual improvements and industries, it will treat itself to a system of water works, will have an extension built to its custom house and post office, and also a new public library building, and last though not least, we hope a new first-class hotel, which latter by the way is one of its great needs.

If Belfast possessed a first-class hotel it would become a place of much importance as a summer resort, and its pleasant, shady streets and superb drives would be filled with visitors during the summer season. It is easily reached by land or water, and it is the terminus of the Belfast branch of the M. C. R. R. in this direction, which gives it every desirable facility by way of frequent trains to meet all the wants of the citizens and the traveling public.

Since the close of the last season the old "Pioneer" cottage on Merithew square, which was the first cottage erected at Northport, has been moved back and a modern two-storied front added, which makes it the peer of its neighbors.

SEA SHORE FUN.

AN OPERETTA IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

Scene—The Bluffs, Northport.

Beautiful mermaids discovered along shore.
Chorus. We're daughters of Neptune
And think it good fortune
To bask in the sun with a comb and a glass;
For nature has blessed us—
Yes, kindly possessed us
Of beauty (or vanity) seldom surpassed.
Tho' bred in the water
We think it no matter
Occasionally to flirt with the men.
Such beautiful faces
And exquisite places
We never saw here and will ne'er see again.

ENTER REGINAQUAE.
Reg. My lot is unhappy,
My hopes are forlorn;
I've frequently wished
I never was born.
On land I will wander,
Create a *furor*;
I'll crush all the young men—
The old ones will awe.

First Maid. Beware! beware!
Second Maid. Of beauty you're possesse'd,
But Pater Neptune says 'tis sacrilege
For water-maids to dwell upon the land.

Third Maid.
And at Northport, 'tis said, is worse than all
To lose a heart, to stumble and to fall.

Reg. Why speak such words to me?
I'll go in spite of them and have my fun.
[Exit Reg.]

Chorus. Yes, she's gone to have some fun,
Foolish maid!
We're afraid she'll be outdone
With no aid.
Female beauty on the land
Is so scarce, we understand,
That she may, we apprehend,
Be dismayed.

(The chorus of mermaids slowly sink beneath the waves.)

ACT II.

SCENE—Breezy Point.

Enter REGINAQUAE looking disconsolate.
Reg. Alas! alas! my lot
Was hard enough before,
But now 'tis doubly hard—
I know not what's in store.
An unprotected male
Misfortune would not see,
But female that I am,
Oh, dear—to be a *he*.

(She seats herself, covers her face with her hands, and weeps.)

Enter a DUDE, with stinky pantaloons, red necktie, and poodle. He discovers her.

D. O, my eye! what is that I see?
'Tis a mermaid—yum! yum! tra-la-lee!
But a mermaid with no
Crimson jersey (and beau)
Is no mermaid at all—he-he-he!
I will speak to this mermaid, by gad!
For, upon my de-ah soul, it's not bad!
Dearest mermaid, *Wie Gehts!*

Reg. How that voice animates!
If I can't make a mash 'twill be sad.
(She slyly turns around.)

Reg. My heart pants beneath my breast,
My face is hot and I'm possessed
Of what to me has hitherto
A stranger been. Pray tell me true
What is my malady.

D. Recline,
My dear, and rest your head on me
And I will tell you presently.
(He softly sings to her.)

When a woman is young—say about sixteen—
And her spirit is careless and free,
There are moments of yearning for something
unseen,

There are touches of what is to be.
But be still, my dearest maid, I've not made it
known

What that is, which the rain from above,
Nor the fog, nor the wind, nor a western
cyclone

Can appease. Well, I'll tell you: it's love.
(Chorus of mermaids in the distance. The
couple flee.)

Enter CHORUS.
First Maid. She's near, I vow, for voices two
I heard,

And what convinces more—this rock is warm.
In warming rocks she'd waste no time, unless
in company.

Second Maid. Discover her we must.
(Exit Chorus, singing, "Tho' bred, &c.")

ACT III.

SCENE—So. Shore.

Enter two DUDES, apparently twins, followed
by attendants with swords, etc.

DUET.

Our affections, like minds that are great,
In the same channel seek an egress,
But the way to decide
Who with her will abide
Is to fight at a hundred—no less.
First D. A hundred yards with swords! ah,
me!

To think 'twould come to this! to be
The victim of a bloody fray!
The only blood I've seen to day
Is that of cunners skinned alive.
I'll rest awhile—and when arrive
The fatal swords—

Second D. They're here, you fool!
First D. Great heavens! let Shylock have his
tool. (Whets his knife on his
boot.)

Attendant. Why whet's thy knife so, mil-
lionaire?

First D. To cut the gizzard from that student
there.

Enter REGINAQUAE disguised as Mrs. Lo,
with a basket on her arm. She seats herself
at a respectful distance. In the meantime a
hundred yards have been measured off and
the duelists have taken their positions.

First D. A drink of—quick! I'm faint!
My courage fast is oozing out;
My love, as well, for her is not
So strong as 'twas.

Second D. Nor mine! let's shake
And prick each other with a pin
And swear it was a wound.

First D. She's not so pretty after all. And
Soon we'll find another.
[They shake.]

DUET.

We are mashers of Northport,
We're important and in great demand.
It is one on that day,
It is one on that day,
And we laugh at them all—in our hand.
(They discover Reginaquae.)

First D. Who is this?
Second D. I cannot tell;
No doubt some one with goods to sell.
Now let us swear about this spree,
Be ever veil and mystery.
(They swear and start to go.)

Reg. When a woman is young—say about
sixteen—

D. Goodness me! What was that? Don't
you hear?

Reg. There are moments of yearning for
something unseen—

D. By gad! 'tis the mermaid, I fear.
(Reginaquae unmasks and stands before
them more beautiful than ever.)

Reg. (Sings) Tho' my lot at sea
Was evidently

Very hard for me to bear,
I'll never complain,
Seek a home on the main,
Or otherwise pull my own hair.

Tho' on Northport's shore
The climate and style
Are everything one could desire,
You men are unsafe,
For a mermaid waif,

Her happiness must be sought higher.
(She waves her hand, and out of the water
appear the chorus of mermaids. They sing,
"We are daughters of Neptune, etc.")

Reg. Now, sisters dear, in penitence
I crave your pardon and your grace.

Chorus. Tho' bred in the water
We think it no matter
Occasionally to flirt with the men.

But listen, young ladies,
Of whatever ages—
If you've flirted but once, don't do it again.

CURTAIN.

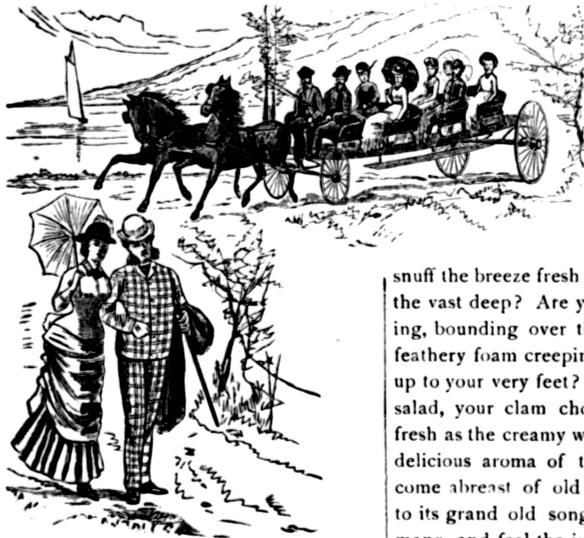
—Adapted from the *Squid*.

MAINE CENTRAL TIME-TABLE—BELFAST.

The following is the present time-table of
the M. C. R. R. at Belfast station. The same
number of trains will be continued during the
summer, with some slight changes as regards
hours of leaving and arriving:—Passenger
trains leave 7:05 A. M., 3:45 and 7:45 P. M.
Freight at 6:00 A. M. Passenger trains arrive
5:30 and 10:20 A. M., 7:00 P. M. Freight
at 6:10 A. M. Standard time.

With old Boreas whistling down from the
norward, and the mercury hugging the zero
point, how we long for the sunny days of
August when the thermometer marks 90° in
the shade. Extremes meet. Get ready to en-
joy yourselves when the season for outdoor
enjoyment comes.

THE SEA BREEZE.



ON THE ROAD TO THE BLUFFS AND MT. PERCIVAL.

Northport can boast of Mt. Percival, from whose summit can be obtained one of the most charming seaward views to be found in this country. This is the uniform opinion of the thousands of travellers who have visited it during the past ten years, and many who have visited foreign places of note say it is not second to any in the world.

By the generosity of its owner a carriage road has been built, and is kept in repair from the main road over the bluff to its very summit; a register in a weather proof desk is provided, in which are written hundreds of names of visitors from all parts of the country; a spring has been opened, and many little comforts for visitors have been freely prepared.

The ride to Mt. Percival on a pleasant day by buckboard, as shown in our heading, is one of the most agreeable episodes of a visit to our little summer resort, and one which well repays the time spent. The following card from the owner is characteristic of the man:

WANTED! To see the man who will pay a reasonable price to possess the most desirable and enchanting spot on earth, of seventy acres, located in the State of Maine, upon the **SUMMIT OF MT. PERCIVAL**, Northport, whose shores are washed by the Atlantic.

Tourists from all quarters of the globe say the view from its summit is more ravishing than can be obtained from any other mountain. Looking landward from the South to Northwest and horizon are seen city and hamlets, mountains, forests and fields, cattle, horses and sheep, upon a thousand hills and meadows grazing. Seaward from Northwest to South and Atlantic Ocean can be seen mountains, rivers, villages, and the most beautiful bay in the world. Also over three hundred islands where sailing vessels and steamers of all classes are seen cruising in their channels and harbors. Near the summit is a **MINERAL OR WELL-SPRING** of life, where those that desire perfect health and length of days should drink of its waters. **Belfast, 1887. H. E. PEIRCE.**

The M. C. station at Belfast has been putting on airs lately. What with its extended platforms, enlarged offices and waiting rooms, and large amount of pavilion roofing over the platforms, &c., it approaches the best in the State.

The great need of Belfast is an A No. 1 hotel for summer guests and vacation season visitors—and it's got to come. We are glad to state that late indications are that a hotel will be built next summer.

The new game at Northport the coming season is to be called "Matrimony." Hearts are trumps, diamonds are in prospective, and sometimes clubs win, but spades are left at home.

WANT AN INVITATION?

If you do, then pack your grip and strike out for Penobscot shores when the next heated season sets in. We ask you nothing for the advice, but you will nevertheless thank us if you try it on. Do you desire to behold the ocean in its grandeur; to see the crested waves roll mountains high; to snuff the breeze fresh and health-inspiring from the vast deep? Are you fond of boating, bathing, bounding over the sandy beach, and the feathery foam creeping, sparkling, shimmering up to your very feet? Do you like your lobster salad, your clam chowder, and rock cod, as fresh as the creamy wave and flavored with the delicious aroma of the sea? Do you love to come abreast of old ocean in its glory, listen to its grand old songs, lay your hand on its mane, and feel the inspiration which its waste of waters, its poetry, its mysteries impart? Do you love to watch the white sails floating over it, the rain cloud and the rainbow crowning it above? Do you enjoy new scenes, new life, new prospects, new ideas, new sensations? Then visit this enchanting shore. You will find diversion from your cares, a warm reception from its kind hearted inhabitants, and ocean sights and sounds, sublime and magnificent in the extreme.

SEA SIDE TONIC.

It isn't all a mistaken idea in regard to the advantages of a visit to the salt water by invalids, and the great class of fagged out, jaded and tired out humanity, which sends them on their annual pilgrimages to old ocean.

It is a fact in a certain sense the old tradition which attributed healing powers to the sea on a certain day was true; its power is not limited to one day, however, but holds sway throughout the year. There is health and vigor in the winds which blow along the shore and in the waves breaking upon the beach. Their touch can bring back the color to the cheek, and send the life blood dancing through the veins with new and increased energy. The pale and listless child from the city finds at the beach the very medicine he needs. Nature and not the doctor does the work here, and does it in a thorough manner.

A few days pass, and then a change takes place. The child sleeps and is refreshed; a hearty appetite gives relish to its food, and the sun tans the child's pale cheek till she looks a veritable Indian maid. This picture is not overdrawn, and it is quite a common thing to hear an expression of satisfaction over a returning appetite or a quiet night's rest, the first, perhaps, for many months.

Come, then, ye weary in mind and tired of body and spend your outing, be it a day, week, or month, where you can breathe the saltness and inhale strength and vitality with the food you eat and the air you breathe. There is room for all.

Our regular annual seaside season edition, Vol. 9 of the **SEA BREEZE** will commence next July, and continue for six weeks as usual. Subscriptions and advertisements may be forwarded any time to the publishers, Brackett & Co., Belfast, Me.

For any and all particulars relating to R. R. trains locally, routes of travel, east or west, &c., refer to Frank Crowley, the gentlemanly station agent at Belfast.

The two days temperance campmeeting here last year was a success, and will no doubt be continued the coming season.

THEY DIDN'T GO.

He was a young man from up river with a twenty dollar suit of clothes on, and he had planned to take his girl and her mother over to Turtle Head. He left them on the yacht while he ran up to the Waverly to get some cigars, and scarcely had he disappeared when a man with a hatchet face and a red goatee approached the ladies, and inquired of the mother:

"Going over to Turtle Head?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never seasick; eh?"

"Why! Is it going to blow?" she asked, in alarm.

"Madam, the—the young man who just left here is—you know—that is, he loves your charming daughter."

"He waits upon her, sir."

"Ah! exactly. If you want him for a son-in-law, don't you go on this trip!"

"Sir!"

"I'm telling you honest, madam. Your daughter will be seasick first. She will call for a lemon, and some pickles, and she will sigh and groan, and her hair will come down, and her bows skew around, and in half an hour you won't know her. She'll be a faded flower—a crushed blossom. The young man won't know whether it is his darling or a bundle of rumbled muslin."

"Dear me! but I'm alarmed!"

"And then you'll begin to hate the thought of fried pork and baked potatoes and rib roasts, and ten minutes later you'll thump down and clutch and cling and groan and lament."

"But, George will be kind to us."

"Madam, George will have plenty of business on hand. Chaps with his set of ears and full face are apt to be very sick. Before he can get a lemon for Susie and a pickle for you, he'll flop down and call himself names, and wonder how he was ever struck on her, why he ever wanted you for a mother-in-law. He'll heave up and he'll heave down, and he'll wish you and Susie in Halifax and himself in Belmont, and the upshot will be no wedding—no cards—no cottage with a clematis trailing over the front door. Madam, I am a stranger to you, but I warn you from a heart filled with the milk of human kindness. The only woman I ever loved went with me on a seasick excursion. My love was turned to gall, and I gave her the shake."

He then left. In three minutes mother and daughter were on the wharf. In three more they were at the House, and as they met George and turned him back, his countenance had the color of a boiled lobster and his voice betrayed a cruel determination as he said:

"I'll see you by and by, and then I'll find and lick that man if he weighs fifteen tons!"

But they didn't go all the same.

Only sixteen weeks to 80°.

In time of peace prepare for war.

Midwinter now—midsummer then.

The clams are getting fat for the forthcoming bakes on the shore.

Hay fever is unknown at Northport, and there are no "a-chees" or "a-choos" on Penobscot's shores.

For full information in regard to Maine's summer resorts and how to reach them, write to F. E. Boothby, G. P. & T. Agt., M. C. R. R., Portland, Me.

Among the events of the season in Penobscot bay next summer should be a sailing regatta. There is no sheet of water under the sun better situated for such a contest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Emery, of Belfast, are occupying their cottage on Maple St. on the Camp-ground this winter, and A. P. Benner occupies the Ocean House, So. Shore.

HOW TO GET HERE.

Improved Train Facilities Over the M. C. Railroad.

Visitors and travellers to the shores of Penobscot Bay are now and will be during the coming season in possession of additional and improved facilities over the Maine Central railroad from the West and East, to the terminus at Belfast. The late addition of the train over the branch to connect each way with the night Pulman through train from or to the West on the main line, has been fully appreciated by the traveling public, as is shown by the increase of travel, and its great convenience cannot but give a boom to the summer travel into the Penobscot bay region.

During the summer season trains connecting with the regular 9 A. M. train from Boston will reach Belfast at about 6 P. M., and the train leaving Boston at 7 in the evening reaches Belfast at about 5:30 the next morning, so that the tourist or traveler can take tea in Boston and breakfast in Belfast, Searsport or Northport. Again one can leave Belfast at about 7 A. M. and reach Boston in the P. M.; on leaving Belfast at 7:45 in the evening be in Boston the next morning. All these trains make direct through connections.

There will also be a 3 P. M. train from Belfast specially connecting with Bangor, Bar Harbor and the East, and a train arrives at Belfast about 10 A. M., which accommodates travel from Waterville, Bangor and way. We fail to see how the public can be better accommodated than by this arrangement, and when the new facilities are fully understood there must be a greatly increased local as well as general business over the route.

One of the most earnest and sanguine friends of Northport's capacities, capabilities and successful future, is L. T. Boothby, of Waterville, who spends his annual vacation at his "Buckeye" cottage on the Grounds. What he don't know about our cosy little summer resort isn't worth knowing, and a score of such interested, pushing advocates as he, would give a boom to Northport which would soon place it in the front ranks.

We wish our readers one and all a merry Christmas, a happy New Year, a patriotic 4th of July, and a pleasant satisfactory summering be your outing spent by the shore or on the water, at lake side or in the country, neath mountain breezes, or by the salty, tonic breath of old ocean.



"Whither art going my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to Northport, Sir," she said
 "Why art thou going my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to enjoy myself," she said.
 "Shall I go with you my pretty maid?"
 "Not if I know myself," sir, she said.

TWILIGHT AT NORTHPORT.

When sunset leaves her purple gates ajar,
Letting his fires shine out across the sea,
And all the while is full of melody—
Songs of the tide, and winds that sweep afar,
Bees humming softly where the blooms are
bright,
And wild-birds singing low in leafy bowers,
We climb the sea-worn cliffs, to watch the
hours
Throwing their shuttles through the web of
night.
And when the day is lost forevermore—
Our missing jewels hid upon its breast,
We say, "Dear Lord, give us thy peace and
rest,
Forgive us—keep us on the starry shore."
MRS. P. C. D.

TENT ECHOES.

The annual Methodist Camp-meeting at Northport brings a crowd of many thousands, who dwell in cottage and tent for the week allotted to the session, and during the day-time thousands more come by rail, steamers, and carriages, returning the same night, so that on the "big days" there are from 7,000 to 10,000 present.

All through the groves are scores of tents filled with the temporary crowd, and especially during the evening they are alive with sound and humanity. There is much seriousness, more fun, and plenty of chatter. Tent walls are thin, and passers by cannot well help overhearing what is said inside, especially if it is projected in the strident tones peculiar to some female voices. A visitor who perambulated the Grounds at the last meeting gives his auricular experience in the following medley report:—

"Come, Sarah, hurry up the grub, I'm most starved. Seems as tho' I hain't ate anything for a week."—"Don't you spose Fred will come? Oh, dear, it's too bad."—"I tell you she's beauty, two white feet and a spot in her face, and she's a clipper on the road. I wouldn't look at \$200 for her."—"Yes, pretty close election in our county but we're sure to carry the State. They ought to give us a speech from Blaine tho' to help out."—"Well, I guess we were crowded, three to a bed and narrow at that."—"Hurry up, Mae, supper's waiting." "Yes, coming right along soon's I fix up a little."—"We had just a splendid swim. Jim ducked me twice and I got his mouth full of salt water, and didn't he sputter. It's awful fun though and I'm going in again to-morrow morning at high water."—"Oh, May, don't be so old maidish. Of course we've got to pack close, so many in a little tent, but I think it's jolly."—"One of the best sermons I ever heard on the Ground. Hope he'll speak again before the meeting is over."—"Pass the milk; say, it's curdled."—"All in black with white trimmings and a linen stomacher; stunning, you bet."—"Bread's all gone."—"A whole drive of us are going over to the pavilion to-night."—"It's enough to make anybody sick to see the airs widder—puts on down here, and in mourning too, and her husband dead only six months. You'd think she's a girl of 20. She ought to be church malled."—"If I'd a known things were so high priced I'd a brought down all we needed. Won't catch me so next time."—"No, we're not going home till Tuesday; we are going to see the whole thing out."—"Most to o'clock, get ready to dowse the glin."—"Tom, have you fed the mare?"—"I'm sleepy as a dog; stop your noise, young ones, and go to bed."

"Which do you like best, Miss Ada, rowing or driving?" he asked, as he looked in her azure eyes. "Oh, driving, by all means." "Why?" "Because you have to use both hands to row." They drove to Mt. Percival.

CASTINE.

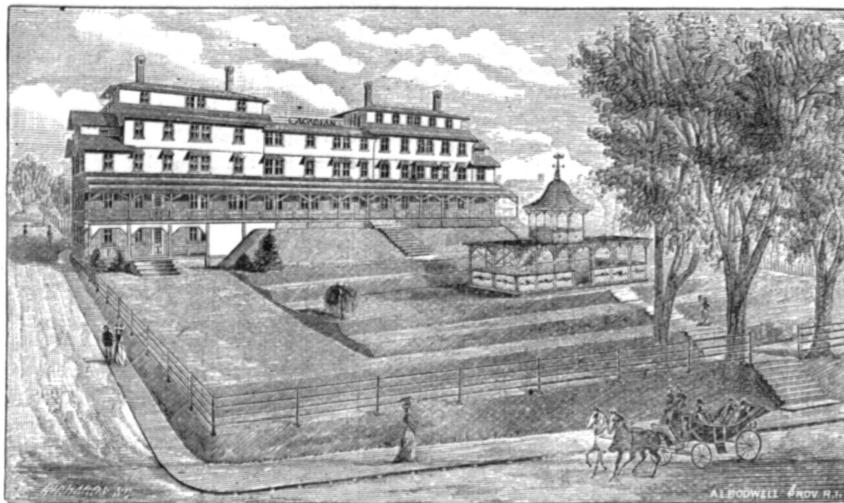
The quaint, romantic, old historical village of Castine on the east side of Penobscot bay, is known the country over, as one of the most quiet and picturesque nooks in Maine, which is so full of pleasant places. Years ago, and in fact more than a century of years, Castine was a place of much importance to this portion of our to be Uncle Sam's dominion, and was a military post of no mean pretensions, occupied by French and English garrisons as the varying tides of war flowed in and out, and even to-day the ruins of the old fort are distinctly visible, marking the scene of military prowess and the pomp and vanity of war.

In later years it was a flourishing village and place of no mean importance as a fishing port and shipbuilding center, but those times have long since departed, and to-day the wharves have rotted down, the store houses have long since been empty, the ship yards are silent, and a peaceful quiet and rest has settled down upon the old village, whose life flows on in the unbroken even tenor of its way unin-

vaded by the outside world except during the vacation season, when scores of summer travellers who have learned to love its quiet and enjoy its natural beauties, return to spend a season of rest and recuperation.

For the benefit of these visitors the Acadian house, a cut of which is given in this number, has been provided, within whose spacious grounds and pleasant rooms the traveller and visitor finds all that can be desired. The method of reaching Castine is by the steamer City of Richmond of the Portland & Bar Harbor route, or by train over the Maine Central R. R. to Belfast, thence across the bay by steamer, either route being one of interest and convenience.

The "Sportman's Paradise" is what Geo. H. Haynes, of Camden, calls his book lately issued, describing the Rangeley Lakes of Maine and thereabout. It is well gotten up and "booms" the Lake region in grand style. Visitors to that haven of sportsmen will find the Maine Central R. R. route fully equipped to meet their wants in the season thereof.



ACADIAN HOUSE, CASTINE, - - MAINE.

A Summer Hotel, Enlarged and Improved.

Finely situated in the old legendary and historic town of CASTINE, and on three different lines of Steamers, including that of the Steamer CITY OF RICHMOND to Mount Desert.

SPACIOUS AND ELEGANT GROUNDS,

BOARD \$10.50 TO \$14.00 PER WEEK.

Continued under the Management of MAJOR C. B. GREENHALGH.

E. P. WALKER and M. WEBSTER, Proprietors.

R. H. COOMBS & SON, Undertakers & Furniture Dealers

COTTAGE FURNITURE A SPECIALTY.

UPHOLSTERING

In all its branches, promptly attended to.

BRACKETS, BOOK SHELVES, HAT RACKS,
TOWEL RACKS, &c., WILLOW CHAIRS and
ROCKERS, BABY CARRIAGES CRIBS,
CRADLES, &c., CURTAIN POLES
and LAMBREQUINS.

If in want of anything in the FURNITURE
LINE call at

R. H. COOMBS & SON'S,
70 MAIN STREET, - BELFAST, MAINE.

W. C. TUTTLE, PHOTOGRAPHER

MAIN GALLERY

IN HOWES' BLOCK, - BELFAST.

Branch Galleries at Castine, Kents Hill,
AND AT

NORTHPORT CAMP-GROUND.

PICTURES of all kinds, SINGLE or in GROUPS,

Taken in the best style at short notice.

VIEWS OF THE GROUNDS FOR SALE.

Views of Cottages, Private Parties, &c., made
at short notice.

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

Stations, Portland to Bar Harbor.

M.	Portland.	M.	Waterville.
	B. & M. Janet.		84 Benton.
3	Woodford's.		90 Clinton.
4	Westbrook.		95 Burnham.
8	Falmouth.		102 Pittsfield.
11	Cumberland.		106 Detroit.
15	Yarmouth.		109 Newport.
21	Freeport.		112 E. st Newport.
25	Oak Hill.		118 Etou.
29	Brunswi k.		122 Carmel.
30	Topsham.		126 Hermon Pond.
37	Bowdoinham.		136 Bangor.
41	Harward's.		138 Brewer Janet.
45	Richmond.		147 Holden.
48	Camp Ground.		164 Ellsworth Falls.
52	South Gardiner.		166 Ellsworth.
56	Gardiner.		172 Franklin Road.
60	Hallowell.		176 Hancock.
62	Augusta.		180 Mt. Desert Ferry.
70	Riverside.		186 Bar Harbor.
74	Vassalboro.		
80	Winslow.		

*Burnham to Belfast 31 m. Belfast to Northport
3½ m., and to Searsport 6 miles.

Drs. Stoddard & Stoddard, DENTISTS,

Masonic Temple, - Belfast, Maine.

DR. G. W. STODDARD, DR. A. O. STODDARD.
Belfast, 1887.

D. P. PALMER

MASONIC TEMPLE,
BELFAST, - MAINE.

The Largest and Finest Assortment of

Gents' Furnishing Goods

To be found in the City.

UNDERWEAR,
WINTER AND SUMMER.

BOYS' SUITS.

FULL STOCK OF

FANCY GOODS,

Which will be sold at WAY DOWN PRICES.

STATIONERY,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

SEASIDE GOODS

IN THEIR SEASON.

EVERYTHING NEEDED.

Goods all New, Fresh, & Latest Styles.

CALL AND SEE.

E. F. BRAMHALL.

CITY FISH MARKET,

HOWES' BLOCK,

HIGH STREET, - BELFAST, MAINE.

Every Variety of Fresh Fish in their Season,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pickled Fish, also Canned Goods.

We keep on hand all kinds of Fish fresh from the markets, and sell as low as can be bought in the city. We do not intend to be undersold by any party.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free. Special attention given to Jobbers.

Our country friends are requested to call and get a fresh fish before going home.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR MILK.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

F. BRAMHALL.

WE MEAN IT!

WE GUARANTEE IT!

If you are FEELING TIRED, or if your Blood Needs Cleansing, And nearly every one's does, especially at this season of the year, one bottle of

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

Will convince you of its superior merits to any of the Blood Purifiers on the market.

It gives Good, Honest Value for your Money.

This is not a Patent Medicine, but as GOOD a REMEDY as

Medical Science can Compound.

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SEARSPORT.

Located at the head of Penobscot Bay is one of the model New England villages of which Maine can boast so many. It is largely made up of the homes of retired shipmasters and those interested in mercantile affairs, and one of the most enterprising villages on the beautiful bay.

Messrs. Grinnell & Son, of the Searsport House, a cut of which is given in this number, make a specialty of summer boarders. Read their notice for particulars. They can be reached twice daily via the Maine Central R. R. to Belfast, at which station connection is regular by hack and stage, and the drive of less than a half dozen miles along the head of the Bay is one of the most charming in Maine.

TURTLE HEAD. This is the name of the northerly head of the island of Islesboro in Penobscot Bay, half way across from Northport, and on whose rocky crest Dr. A. S. Davis of Chelsea, Mass., has his summer home, where for many years with his family and friends he has spent the entire summer season, being one of the first to come and the last to return. The Dr.'s hospitality is proverbial, and many is the excursion party, large and small, which calls on him during the season.

Our readers will notice several musical little poems in this number from the pen of our valued contributor, Mrs. Dole, of So. Windham. Her poetical writings are full of simplicity and true rhythmic flavor. We hope to see them gathered into a dainty little volume ere long.

Heard at a seaside boarding-house, not at Northport. "Did you have any spring here this year?" "Oh, yes, a very pleasant one." "I wish you had caught it and put it on my bed."

BLACK VALLEY R. R.

The Black Valley R. R. is a line which can not be found among those listed in the *Official Guide*, yet if the statement of interested people is to be believed, it is a very important trunk line, and carries annually hundreds of thousands of passengers, both through and local. It is not a member of the *Trunk line Pool* nor the *Central Traffic Association*, but establishes its rates and pays its commissions, and "cops" them independent of their joint action. There is but one pool with which it affiliates, and that is *free whisky*. It has an enterprising management, which works early and late. Its trains can be taken from town, at any time of the day, and its tickets are continuous passage or permit of stop-overs. T. H. E. Devil is its general passenger agent, and every saloonist is its city solicitor. Here are the main line stations, together with its business statement, with which a temperance friend has furnished the *SEA BREEZE*.

Black Valley B. V. R. R. Business Statement

RAILROAD STATIONS.		U. S. DIVISION	
LEAVE	300,000 Common Drunkards, (mostly young men.)	ALONE CARRIES	Misery and Wretchedness to 15,000 PERSONS, mostly women and children.
Sippleton 6 A. M.			
Topersville 7 A. M.			
Drunkard's Curve, Rowdywood,			
Quarrelsville, Prisonburgh, Beggartown, Deliriumville			
Demonland, Dismal Swamp, Black Valley, Dead River.			
ARRIVE	150,000 paupers in almshouses.	KEEPS	75,000 criminals in prisons and annually dispatches 30,000 into Eternity.
AT DESTRUCTION			
At Midnight.			

TICKETS FOR SALE By all Barkeepers. A. APPETITE, Agt. Z. W. I. LAGER, Ass't.

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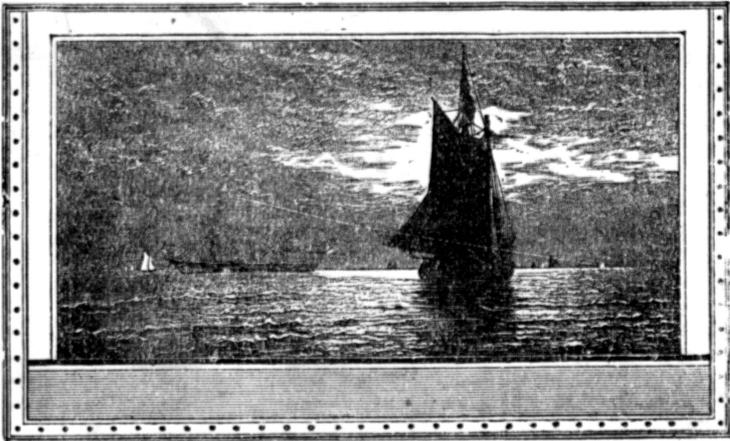
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Here in our bonnie boat,
Rocked by the sea,
Bounding along
Where the billows are free,
With never a sorrow
And never a care,
To break up our visions
So wondrously fair;
We glide and we ride
And we chatter with glee,
For the love of our life
Is a home on the sea.

MRS. P. C. D.

Oh, to be
By the sea, the sea,
While a brave nor' wester's blowing,
With a swirl on the lee,
Of cloud foam free,
And a spring tide deeply flowing!
With the low moon red and large
O'er the flushed horizon's marge,
And a little pink hand in mine,
On the sands in the long moonshine!

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SUMMER DECEIT.

Now the festive husband sendeth
To the beach his trusting wife;
While she's absent he pretendeth
His will be a lonely life.
Tearfully from her he parteth—
Gladly he would go, but can't—
When she's gone he gaily starteth
Out to see the elephant.

A PLACE OF SAFETY.

When lovely woman throws a rock,
A contumacious hen to scare,
It gives th' artistic eye a shock
To mark her attitude and air.
But be not to your danger blind,
If you should be beside her then;
At once a place of safety find,
That is to say, stand near the hen.

A SEA SONG.

Hurrah for the sea, where the chowders be,
And the sculpin winds his horn!
Where the star-fish shine through the spumy
brine,
And the mammoth oysters yawn!
For the barnacle blows and the conger crows
As we chase the pickled prawn.
Then roll out the captain's gig, my lads,
Let the bobstay harnessed be!
With the breeze abaft, and fore, and aft,
We'll drive o'er the wind-whipped sea.

THE PICNIC.

CHAPTER I.

Come let us jump aboard the train,
Oh, hear the whistle blow!
All nature seems to smile on us,
Let's to the picnic go.
We'll drink the sparkling lemonade,
The sandwiches we'll munch,
Base ball we'll play, likewise croquet,
And dally with the lunch.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, what a jolly time I've had!
I dance and laugh with glee.
A beetle has crawled down my back,
I feel him round my knee.
A bumble-bee has toyed with me,
And in my shoes are ants.
I sat upon a lemon pie,
And spoiled my Sunday pants.

THE LOBSTER'S TALE.

On the pebbly beach, in the bright noon-tide,
A lobster sat at his ease,
And he gazed about with an air of pride,
And a smile that was certain to please.

He leaned his head on his graceful claw,
And sang in a tenor high:
"Oh, joyful day, when that blessed law
Gave freedom to such as I!
Far down in the depths of the briny deep
All safely we lobsters may roam,
While fishermen tear their locks in despair,
As they sail o'er our watery home.

"Ha! ha He! he!"
(Thus the lobster sang he,
With a voice that approached a roar,)
"Oh, don't you wish
You were a fish
That nothing could hurt you any more?"

On that pebbly beach, in the moonlight dim,
A fisherman wrung his hands;
A lobster-pot, like a great black spot,
Lay out on the yellow sands.
But the fisherman writhed in anguish dire
And sighed till it seemed he would surely
expire,
For the iron hand of the law, you know,
Was ready to grasp that fisherman, so.

"Alas! ah, me,"
(Thus the fisher sang he,
With a sickly glance at the moon),
"Oh, who would be
A fisher like me,
When the laws shut down so soon?"

And out in the silvery moonlight bay
The lobsters shrieked in their boisterous play;
A rush—a plunge from the startled shore,
And the mournful fisherman sighed no more!

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