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—Such as—
Pamphlets, Handbills, Programmes, Law Cases, Posters, Maps, Circulars, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Business, Invitation and Wedding Cards, &c.
Our Types, Borders, Ornaments, Etc. are of the Latest and Best Styles, and we are confident we can please our patrons in regard to both quality and price.

THE NEAPOLITAN.

THE NEAPOLITAN,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON
BY
S. L. DEYO,
At Naples, Ontario County, N. Y.

OFFICE IN UNION BLOCK.
East side of Main Street, stairway between S. & S. S. Sullivan's jewelry store and J. C. B. Sullivan's clothing store.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per year in advance.

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Business notices are uniformly 5 cents per line, and no insertion less than 20 cents. Large advertisers will have rates according to amount done. Advertisements changed monthly if desired. Settlement required quarterly. For legal notices, satisfactory terms can be made at the office or by mail. Marriage and death notices, free.

Town Officers.
Supervisor—E. A. Griswold.
Town Clerk—A. W. Dunton.
Justice of the Peace—C. L. Lewis, W. L. Sprague, I. M. Lyon.
Highway Commissioner—Henry H. Torrey.
Assessors—Isaac Goodbody, Lewis S. Thrall, Frederick French.
Overseer of Poor—S. H. Sawyer.
School Director—John Maguire, W. H. Arnold.
Collector—J. A. Lewis.
Comptroller—J. E. Lewis, Wm. S. Johnson, G. W. Geo. Whittington, George Swick.
Notary Public—J. E. Lewis.
Examining Commissioners—B. A. Hamlin, B. M. Lee, John Earl.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. L. SPRAGUE,
Attorney & Counselor.
Office in Union Block, second floor. Loans and insurance effected.

F. W. BEERS, W. W. MUNSSELL,
BEERS & MUNSSELL
BANKERS,
NAPLES, N. Y.

Do a general banking business—buy and sell, etc.—discount paper and loan money on 6% interest.
ROCK BOTTOM.

I have just received a large stock of **FALL & WINTER GOODS** at my store in Italy Block, and can give bargains that will not be elsewhere.
Good Stoga Boot for \$2.20, and make specialties of Boots and Shoes that for quality and cheapness cannot be beaten.

CALICOES
From 5 to 8 cents, and all very goods cheaper than ever.

Our stock of **Choice Family Groceries** is complete, and cheap as the cheapest, and our **FIFTY CENT TEA** will "hold the fort."

Tobacco and Cigars
of all grades, and very cheap for the quality, in a specialty. We also have a large stock of the best cigars and a chance to prove that it will pay to take a trial and call on us.

Produce taken to exchange for goods. We produce taken to exchange for goods. We produce taken to exchange for goods. We produce taken to exchange for goods.

FRESH ARRIVAL
OF
HURR
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EVERY WEEK!

AT
SHURBIN'S
Furniture Warerooms.

My assortment is large, styles are new, and prices very low. I have a fine assortment of furniture and goods in that line.
J. B. SHURBIN,
Naples, N. Y.

LEGAL.

Notice to Creditors.
PURSUANT to an order of the Surrogate's Court of the County of Ontario, made on the 17th day of April, 1882, in and to the effect that the estate of the late John J. Devo, deceased, be administered by the undersigned, on or before the 30th day of April, 1882.

PONDER!
If you have disease of the Liver, or if you have jaundice, yellow skin, liver spots, diarrhoea, indigestion, pain in side of shoulder, loss of appetite, etc.

DR. ABRAMS' LIVER SPECIFIC
is a pure, natural, and powerful medicine, acting on the liver, stomach, and bowels, and driving out the impurities of the system, etc.

Dr. Abrams' Seven Bars and Diarrhea
will cure you if you have rheumatism of any kind, or if you have indigestion, or if you have diarrhoea, or if you have any other ailment of the bowels.

Dr. Abrams' Liniment
will cure you if you have rheumatism of any kind, or if you have indigestion, or if you have diarrhoea, or if you have any other ailment of the bowels.

CANANDAIGUA GRANITE
AND
MARBLE WORKS.

J. J. LOONIE,
MONUMENTAL CARVERS AND DESIGNER.
Monuments, Marble-Piece and Grates Complete.
Grave Stones, Mural Tablets, Furniture Tops, &c., &c. 151

THE STROBRIDGE WASHER
is the best machine in the market, and is an improvement on the "Express Washer" and has the following advantages:
ROCKING RUBBER BOARD.
The Strobridge Washer is adapted to all sizes of clothes, and is adapted to all sizes of clothes, and is adapted to all sizes of clothes.

Carriages and Wagons
at prices and in style to compete with any other shop.
I am also agent for all kinds of first-class CARRIAGE & BUGGY SPOKES at the Wald Factory on Vine Street.

Produce Taken in Exchange.
All Work Warranted!
Factory on Vine Street, Naples, N. Y.
Cider Vinegar for 10 cts. per gallon.

Geo. W. Strobridge.
GROCERY AND VARIETY STORE!
I wish to inform the public that I have just received a large lot of
5 and 10 cent Goods.
You can save from 30 to 50 per cent by buying these goods.

Every Article Warranted
to be a genuine bargain and of good intrinsic value and to be kept constantly on hand a full line of goods.

Groceries & Provisions,
Lamps & Fixtures,
Gloves & Mittens,
Paper Collars, Notions, Etc.,
Choice Cigars,
Tobacco, Pipes.

OYSTERS
by the measure in their season. I am bound to LIVE AND LET LIVE. CALL IN.
A. M. WOOD,
HONOLULU, N. Y.

OPPOSITION
the life of business.
I am now prepared to sell to responsible parties,
ORGANS,
PIANOS,
Sewing Machines,
and goods in the line of the
BEST MAKE,
at the
Lowest Possible Prices.

Call on my regular agent, Mrs. C. W. Wood, at her store, 151 N. E. B. Sullivan's store, or at my store, 151 N. E. B. Sullivan's store, or at my store, 151 N. E. B. Sullivan's store.

J. B. SHURBIN,
Naples, N. Y.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

It Rings of a Grateful Heart and gives Honor where Honor is Due.
Mr. William W. Chadwick, of Bataavia, Cob., writes under date of June 14, 1882, to Dr. Kennedy, to say that the use of "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" has cured him of Gall Stones.

Mr. Chadwick writes that he has had a great deal of trouble with his liver, and that he has been suffering from Gall Stones for a long time. He writes that he has been suffering from Gall Stones for a long time, and that he has been suffering from Gall Stones for a long time.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a powerful medicine, acting on the liver, stomach, and bowels, and driving out the impurities of the system, etc.

GOLD
Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the market, and who always take advantage of the market, and who always take advantage of the market.

HARNESSES.
For the next three months I will sell Harnesses Cheaper! than any Shoe Shop or Harness Shop in two counties.

Look over the Goods!
Wm. HUBBERT, Middlesex.

JUST RECEIVED!
A general stock of splendid NEW GOODS, old reliable and long established.

JEWELRY STORE
ROGERS & BRO.'S
Triple-Plated Knives, &c.
at prices as low as the lowest.

WATCH REPAIRING
In all its branches a specialty.
D. FECK & SON.

A NEED SUPPLIED.
I have netted up a first-class RESTAURANT in the basement of my block, and shall keep everything belonging to it for the benefit of the public.

CRACKERS, BOLOGNA, SARDINES, CIGARS, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.
REFRESHMENTS
of all kinds day and night.

Call on "HANK,"
H. F. TYLER.

GET THE BEST!
ACORN
STOVES & RANGES

LEAD ALL OTHERS!
Every Style & Price.
Guaranteed Unequaled FOR
OPERATION, ECONOMY, DURABILITY and WORKMANSHIP.
Improvements and Conveniences found in no others.
Always Reliable.

POPULAR EVERYWHERE.
For Sale in Every City and Town in the United States.
AND BY
JORDAN BROTHERS,
NAPLES, N. Y.

Small Kindnesses.
Those of something kind to do. Never mind if it is small. Little things are lost to view. Be God seen and his seen all.

MISCELLANY.
When Mary Clarimont's engagement was proclaimed to the world, there was a general expression of surprise.

MISCELLANY.

When Mary Clarimont's engagement was proclaimed to the world, there was a general expression of surprise. People generally are surprised at matrimonial engagements. There is always some cogent reason why things should have been adjusted otherwise—why John should have married Lucy, and Peter should yet be married to suit everybody.

But in Mary Clarimont's case it did really seem as if the course of true love had interfered seriously with the current of common sense and prudence.

Miss Clarimont was only one-and-twenty, a tall, imperial beauty, with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as daisy-blossoms, and dark brown hair, coiled in shining bands at the back of her head.

Moreover, Miss Clarimont had a "career" before her. She had just graduated from Medfield Medical University, and taken out her diploma as an M. D.

"And only to think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she needs to go and waste all her power, and get engaged to Harry Marlow, down in New York!"

"It does seem strange, Aunt Jo, when I sit down and think of it," said Doctor Mary, laughing and blushing. "Six months ago, my profession was all the world to me, and I was just as much in love with it as I am now."

"Humph!" growled Aunt Jo. "Any brainless idiot can get married, and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you were made for something higher and more dignified, Mary."

"Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you are mistaken. There is no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true loving wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding ring didn't say the same thing! You've disappointed me, Mary Clarimont, and I'm ashamed of you, and that's the long and the short of it."

"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me. Harry has his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we are to marry. In the mean time, I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury Almshouse, and practice my profession in Aldenbury, just the same as if there were no engagement."

"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "If I tell you what, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall."

Still Doctor Mary Clarimont kept her temper. "I am sorry Aunt Jo," she said, pleasantly. "But I hope that you will eventually change your mind."

"I used to keep a thread-and-seed store when I was a young woman," said Aunt Jo, drily, "and I could always tell the ring of a counterfeit half-dollar when a customer laid it on the counter. I could then, and I can now—and I tell you what, there's base metal about Harry Marlow!"

Mary bit her lips. "Perhaps," she will not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity, and the old lady said no more.

"Aunt Jo is wrong!" persisted the pretty young M. D. to herself. "Mary is making a fool of herself!" thought Aunt Jo.

Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village, with a main street paved with flagstones, a "west end," where people who had made their fortunes lived comfortably in roomy old houses surrounded by velvet lawns and terraced gardens, and an "east end," where people fought desperately, and not al-

ways successfully to keep soul and body together on the merest pittance. And a little way out of the village, the almshouse, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised its gray stone gables to the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape.

Doctor Mary Clarimont made something of a sensation at Aldenbury. Up to this time, all the resident M. D.'s had been stuffy old gentlemen, with wigs, or pert young ones, with eye-glasses.

A beautiful young lady, who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and potions, was a novelty in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one. People rather liked the idea, since they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor thoroughly understood herself and her patients.

And the poor old people at the almshouse loved Doctor Mary, and listened with eager ears for the sound of her carriage wheels over the blue gravel drive which led up to the portico.

It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly carpeted reception-room drawing on her fur gloves, previous to entering her neat phaeton once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions respecting old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Doctor Clarimont," she said, "but I clean forgot the new old woman!" repeated Doctor Mary, with a smile.

"That is," exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night—a quiet old soul, half blind and quite bad with asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go. She brought a card of admission from Dr. Merton, the New York clergyman, who is one of our directors, you know. And she seems a decent body enough."

So Doctor Mary went cheerfully into the little brick-paved room, with its white pallet-bed, cushioned rocking chair and neatly draped easement, where sat a poor, little shriveled-up woman, wrapped in a faded shawl.

"She looked up timidly, as Dr. Mary came in, from under the borders of her cap. "I'm a poor body, miss," said she, "and I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world. But the Lord don't take us, miss, when we'd like to go."

"That is the doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham. The little woman would have risen up to make a courtesy, but Doctor Mary motioned her to keep her seat.

"What is your name?" said she, pleasantly. "Louise Marlow, miss." "Marlow? That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clarimont, coloring in spite of herself.

"We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling bravely with her asthma. "There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might be proud of."

"A son!" echoed Mrs. Cunningham, "and you in the almshouse!" "Not that it's his fault, ma'am," said the old woman, with a gasp. "My son is to be married to a fine, proud young lady as is for any prince in the land, and of course he couldn't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me. He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I am sick, or anything, he'll try to come and see me, and he'll try to get hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But of course I could not lay up anything for a rainy day—who could? And Harry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad! So I went to Doctor Merton and asked him did he know of a decent place here an old woman like me could end her days in peace. And he gave me a card to come here, and some money to pay my traveling expenses—God bless him—and here I am."

Mary Clarimont had listened quietly to the garrulous tale, but the color had varied in her cheek many times as she stood there.

"If your son's name Harry Marlow?" she said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible courtesy.

"Is he like this?" asked Doctor Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket. The old woman, with trembling hands, fitted on her iron-bowed spectacles, and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.

"Sure, miss, it's his own self," she cried. "You're acquainted with him, then?" "Somewhat," said Doctor Mary. "Composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place. "And now I will leave you something to relieve this difficulty in breathing."

But the old crone eyed her wistfully. "Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry?" "Yes," said Doctor Mary, writing something in her prescription book. "I have seen her."

"Perhaps, miss," said the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to look at her for once and see what she is like. There is no fear of my end my days here. But I would like to see her just once. And if it wouldn't be asking too much, miss, would you please write to my son, and tell him where I am?—for I'm no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all."

"I will write to him," said Doctor Mary, quietly; and so she went away. "I never see a lady doctor above," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh. "But she is a pretty creature, and it seems good to have her around. I hope she'll come again soon."

"You may be very sure of that," said the matron, brusquely. "Doctor Clarimont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor."

That evening, Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen-fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in all wrapped in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty winter air.

"Bless me! this ain't never you?" said Aunt Jo, peering over the rim of her spectacles. "I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The metal was counterfeited."

"Oh!" said Aunt Jo, mechanically, lading out the brown, curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.

"I have written to Harry Marlow, canceling our engagement," said Doctor Mary, calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little. "The man who will heartlessly let his old mother go the trouble to maintain her, can be no fit husband for any woman!"

And then she sat down by the fire, and told Aunt Jo everything; and she crabbled crusty old Aunt Jo had been like a mother to her niece, and the girl's heart was full to overflowing.

"When she had ceased speaking, Aunt Jo nodded her head. "You have done well and wisely," she said. "Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter, in Aldenbury Almshouse, with her head on Doctor Mary Clarimont's arm, and never knew that her garrulous old mother had deprived her son of his promised wife."

And Mary says, quietly and resolutely, that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforth. "Just what it ought to be," says Aunt Jo. "No woman ever yet succeeded in doing two things at once."

A Man who had Honey.
Eastern people do not appreciate the scale upon which Californians lay out their work. If they could see a few of the fifty thousand or one hundred thousand acre ranches and note the manner in which they were carried on upon them, they would be better posted. A case in point is that of an eastern merchant who wrote to a Los Angeles County bee man for a sample of his extracted honey. His request was complied with, and the merchant was so well pleased with the appearance and good quality of the honey that he sent an order for to the bee man had received a telegram telling him: "Keep your honey, I only want a case or two.—Los Angeles Times.

Some one says: Bread and butter is the dress of this world; love and kindness its trimming. We'll bet \$400 the man who wrote that isn't married. Any married man knows that the trimmings always cost four times as much as the dress.

A Scotch preacher, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, said, "I suddenly stopped and exclaimed: 'Eh, then, it's na fair. Wait till I get along; and then if I'm worth listening to, gang to sleep; but dinna gang before I get commenced.' Give a man a chance.

The New Orleans Picayune notes that a yellow dog followed in the wake of a snowflake. "About a dozen yellow dogs in an aesthetic parlor might break up the whole business—but there is no telling.

Fun and Wisdom.

Non-union men—Bachelors.
The place for hungry people—The Sandwich Islands.
Get gold if you can, young man; but beware of guilt.

This world belongs to the energetic, says Emerson.
The best railway for a bridal trip—The Union Pacific.
When is a soldier like a carpenter?—When he is going to drill.

To be sure of good weight—go to the barber shop Saturday night.
When a pretty Irish girl is stolen away they suspect some boycotter.
Fritz has named his dog Non Sequitur, because he does not follow.

Why is there nothing like leather? Because it is the sole support of man.
The man who feel certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.
Love laughs at locksmiths, but it has a perfect respect for the plumber.

Money in the hands of a spendthrift is like a sword in the hands of a fool.
An Illinois paper called a young man a washer and now has a libel suit on hand.
As any man may be compelled to eat his words he should never indulge in bitter speeches.

Clara Louise Kellogg will not sing any more after she is married. It is said she will lecture.
Lying in the sun is said to be good for a sore back; but a sore back is good for lying in the sun.

Much of the talk about the great quantity of wheat in Kentucky is mere matter of moonshine.
The good that men do may be interred with their bones, but the coffins of some men are not crowded.
Kind-hearted editors now allow contributors to the waste-paper basket to write on both sides of the paper.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him reasonably water the one and destroy the other.
Two marriage notices in a recent number of a Philadelphia paper were headed "Birch-Twiggs" and "Price-Given."

The Tribune says that a base ball club has been organized in Denver, but that in other respects the city is prospering.
"What is that man yelling at?" inquired Tommy of his younger brother.—"At the top of his voice," replied the little one.

"I like to hear a baby cry," said a crusty old bachelor. "Why?" "Because when he little nuisance is taken out of the room."
Some one who has been there remarks that a young author lives in an attic because one is rarely able to live on his first story.

"Economy begins at home," muttered old Slobson as he bought a box of fifteen cent cigars for himself and a dollar pair of shoes for his wife.
Copy of a notice on the beach at Brighton: "In case of ladies in danger of drowning, they should be seized by the hair, and not by the hair, which generally comes off."

The chap who sent us a poem beginning "When twilight dews are falling fast upon the rose leaf," has since married Rosa Lee, and now the weekly dews are falling fast on him.
A California paper regards the harmless and useful umbrella as "a moral and physical blight upon humanity," and declares that "it creates an irresistible tendency to kleptomaniac."

Mistress (horrified)—"Good gracious, Bridget, have you been using one of my stockings to strain the coffee through?" Bridget (apologetically)—"Yes, mum; but shure I didn't take a clane one!"
The crying want of this country seems to be a gun or a pistol that will exercise reason in the matter of going off. It is plain that the average bearer of these weapons does not possess the reason necessary to regulate them.

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News of the Week.
Coal has been discovered at Perry, N. Y.
The timber cut, generally, is short for 1882.
Utica is to have the next state fair, in September.
The tax on whiskey and tobacco is to be left as it is.
Peach crops in the eastern part of the state reported killed.
A whale 40 feet long was captured off Long Island, last week.
The toll sheet, for the canals, is the same for 1882 as for 1881.
Edward Stokes, Fiak's murderer, keeps a gay saloon in New York.
Ex-president Hayes is now president of a bank at Fremont, Ohio.
St. Patrick's Day—17th inst.—was generally observed in the larger places.
Over two tons of potatoes a week are brought from Europe to our shores.
Crops looking good according to the statistics of the agricultural department.
Striking among railroad men seems to be fashionable; but it is getting a little stale.
"Billy the Kid"—the Albany escaped jail bird, has been taken at Minneapolis, Minn.
Rents have advanced 15 per cent in New York City, and have advanced throughout the state.
Eight millions is asked of congress, to remedy the navigation of the Mississippi River to Sioux City.
The St. James Episcopal Church of Long Branch will erect a memorial window for Gen. Garfield.
Martin Flannigan, the Buffalo murderer, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.
Judge Blatchford has received and accepted the appointment of associate judge, refused by Conkling.
Fashionable were being signed, after the usual for the benefit of Mason—the man who did not kill Giteau