



### H. G. TRIMBLE, CALAIS, MAINE.

**D**OWN where the eastern shore of Maine comes to an end like this—  
 And the eagle's screech is muffled by the roar of the Abyss,  
 Where, rising sheer from nowhere, every morning comes the sun  
 To signify the daily grind must once more be begun,  
 Where the St. Croix dashes madly down upon its foam-flecked rocks,  
 There they've reared and choicely nurtured a peculiar paradox.

He says he is a Redman and has proof to show he's right,  
 Yet his neighbors' long inspection seems to indicate he's white.  
 He is honest to the utmost, but would sell his SOLE I fear,  
 A man well known as "slipper-y" yet without a doubt sincere.  
 Hustling and progressive, he's by rivals seldom passed;  
 Yet the first thing he attends to is quite sure to be the LAST.  
 He is sociable and kindly, loves his fellow men, to boot,  
 And tho never underhanded, oft will treat them underfoot.  
 Through the sunshine of his face a hearty optimism gleams,  
 He is careful e'er to do right, and regardful how he SEAMS.  
 His system to the status of an Art he tries to raise,  
 Carried Method unto Madness, yet is Calais in his ways.