



KEYES H. RICHARDS, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

WHEN a man has built a fortune, by the edges of the sea;
 And has made his life successful, to an unusual degree,
 It is doubly to his credit, if he started at "hard pan"
 And won his arduous way by working, as becomes the self-made man.
 In the life of Boothbay Harbor there is quite a lengthy list
 Of the men who've picked up fortunes, that the other men have missed.
 Some in ships, a deep-sea faring, some in fishing off her shores;
 Some in real estate and building, some in ice and some in stores;
 But I know of no one other who like Richards, as you see,
 Made his wealth a feeding Squirrels, on an island in the sea.
 His the prescience of a student, of the time, the place, the plan—
 Of the call the sea is making, for the weary business man;
 So he banked it on the future, by the "what it must have been,"
 And he fixed the name of Richards to the beauteous "Squirrel Inn."

But it's not alone as landlord that he's won his business name;
 As a trader and a banker, he has prospered, just the same;
 It's an axiom of his business "to be sure, then go ahead"
 And it works out to perfection, as I hitherto have said;
 Tho I've noticed, up the harbor, when certain throbbings curtly cease
 And "K. H." is stoutly churning with a heap of elbow-grease
 And his motor-boat is drifting on the wavelets, to and fro
 That, after all, one thing's essential,—the oil to make 'em go.
 Hence this moral I'm applying to the case we have in hand;
 It takes the stuff to stand the pressure, to get your business safe to land.