



WARDEN O. B. NORTON, THOMASTON, ME.

I KNOW a man in Thomaston,
 No better lives beneath the sun.
 I want it plainly understood
 This friend of mine is very good.
 Yet this is strange, for I am told
 He oft is seen with robbers bold.
 All murderers, now mark this whim,
 He promptly takes right home with him.
 (So pleased are they with their new home,
 They seldom from its confines roam.)
 Beneath his roof ten forgers dine.
 (And yet I thought him very fine!)
 A man cuts up in drunken brawl;
 My friend bestows on him his awl.
 Some swindlers robbed the helpless poor,
 Then hied them straightway to his door.
 Explain this riddle, ye who can,
 I thought him, sure, an honest man!