



RICHARD P. HARRIMAN OF BUCKSPORT.

I NEVER knew a printer who could not "lay down a case,"
 Who wasn't something of a type—no matter what the "face;"
 Who didn't "set" a lot by "forms" full-pleasing to the eye,
 Who failed to take all kinds of cake, except a piece of "pi."
 The plums that politicians seek, he has no wish to pick,
 For printers all are business-men and to their cases "stick."
 So Harriman, in politics, staked out his policies
 And "followed copy" to the end and minded q's and p's;
 He won his fight, on issues square, much easier than you think,
 Because he told his story straight in honest printers' ink;
 And, in his legislative seat, when others "went to press"
 He held to Democratic faiths, in helpful manliness.
 He can't have known what printers call "financial printers' cramps,"
 Since, when in Orland he did dwell, he had a lot of stamps.
 As postmaster of that busy town, he made a record good:—
 Who better could for "letters" care than what a printer could?
 In board of health, as selectman, he's served—has Harriman—
 And ever has success achieved—a first-class business man.