

HASH.
Hash of all kinds is too often put together carelessly, hence this kind of food—though it will prepared as acceptable as any—has fallen into disrepute. The cooking schools do not confine themselves to elaborate dishes, but try to elevate and show the importance of the "little things," which make so much difference in the comfort of everyday life.

Miss Parlova is one of the leading lecturers on cooking, yet we see she gives very minute directions for dishes which every one is supposed to know how to prepare.

From Kitchen Economy.
In a recent lecture on cookery, Miss Parlova laid special stress on the importance of washing nothing, and making the most of the odds and ends which abound in every family, whether rich or poor. She suggested ways of making palatable, bits of cold meat, cold potatoes, cold sausage, etc., and the first dish which she prepared was a savory hash, for which she gave the following recipe:

MEAT HASH.
Cut up any kind of cold meat (before chopping dredge with pepper and salt. This is always the best manner of seasoning hash, and by this means all parts will be seasoned alike.) If you have cold potatoes, chop fine and mix with the meat; if they are hot, mash. Allow one-third meat to two-thirds potato. Put this mixture in the frying pan with a little water to moisten it, and stir in a spoonful of butter, or if you have nice beef drippings use that instead of butter. Heat slowly, stirring often, and when warmed through, serve, and let it stand on a moderately hot part of the stove or range twenty minutes. When ready to serve, fold as you would an omelet and dish. Save all the trimmings and pieces that are left of all kinds of meats, and have a hash once or twice a week. It does not hurt a hash to have different kinds of meat in it.

Some cold potatoes were next warmed over according to the following recipe:

LYONNAISE POTATOES.
Put one large tablespoonful of nice dripping in the frying pan, and when hot, add one tablespoonful of chopped onion. Fry until a light straw color; then add one cup of chopped potatoes, seasoned with pepper and salt. Stir frequently with a fork till hot. Serve in a warm dish. Use as little fat as possible in warming over potatoes, and cook them only enough to heat them thoroughly.

CONVENIENT MEASURES.
Many people have no scales, so a table of comparative weights and measures may be convenient:
An ordinary cup holds half a pint. A set of tin measures from a gill to a quart are very helpful in cooking.
One quart of sifted flour is one lb.
Indian meal one quart is 1 lb. 2 oz.
Two cups of butter closely packed is 1 pound.

Sugar granulated 1 pint is 1 lb.
Five cups sifted flour is 1 lb.
Eight even teaspoonfuls a gill.
Forty drops are 1 teaspoonful.

One tablespoon of salt is sufficient for 1 quart of milk in custards, puddings, etc.
One teaspoonful of soda is the right proportion for a quart of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar to one of soda. These are rounded full—not heaped.

Two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder to a quart of flour.
MAKING KATIE OR DAISY TIDY.
Cut out rounds of white cotton cloth, marked out by a goblet; turn in the edges and gather; draw up closely and fasten the thread. Fill the space with fluffy worsted to resemble the centre of a daisy. Arrange the daisies in any shape liked; a full of lace around the edge improves.

These tidies can be washed, but it is better with all such things to pull into shape and dry with the fingers rather than attempt to iron them.

RECIPES.
CORN POPCORN.
1 pint sweet milk scalded, stir in a coffee spoonful of corn meal, better half the size of an egg, salt. 3 eggs well beaten stirred in before the milk.

CORN STARCH LEMON PUDDING.
(Portland Transcript.)
1 cup of sugar, a little salt, 3 tablespoonfuls of corn starch; wet up with a little water to which add 1 pint of boiling water. Boil ten minutes, stirring constantly.

Remove from the fire and add the juice of a lemon; cool in molds.
Serve with rich cream.

—Similar puddings are made and poured over strawberries, cut peaches, etc. Or are served with a boiled custard sauce.

BUNS.
3 cups new or scalded milk, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of milk. Flour to make a batter; let it rise over night; in the morning add 1-1/2 cups of sugar, 2-3 cup of butter, 1 cup of currants or chopped raisins. Flour enough to handle easily.

Make into cakes, put close together in a tin. Let them rise about three hours or until they double in size. Bake in a moderate oven. When taken from the oven, brush with sugar dissolved in milk or water, or the white of an egg, or rub with butter.

ODDS AND ENDS.
—A pie which shows an inclination to run over, may sometimes be stopped by putting a chip or piece of folded paper under the plate on the weaker side, so causing the juice to run the other way. A very little wedge is usually enough.

—A good way to warm over roast beef is to cut in slices, put between the wire toaster and hold over coals—a very few minutes will broil, then turn the toaster and do the other side. Serve at once.

—A cup of strong coffee may be used instead of either milk or water in making spice, molasses or fruit cake with good effect.

—Stale bread cut in dice or small squares and fried till brown in hot fat is nice served with soup in place of dumplings. These may be fried at any time and heated just before serving.

—Miss Parlova says the quicker food cooks the better and longer it keeps.

—One egg beaten thoroughly and stirred into a cup of coffee when just warm after roasting is enough to settle it all when used.

—Or wash eggshells before breaking them and keep them for settling, as enough of the white will adhere to the shell to accomplish that result.

RICE CUSTARD.—Boil rice slowly, without stirring much, until it is tender; turn it into a mold to cool; make a boiled custard thin and sweet, and pour over the rice before it is served.

The Oxford Democrat.

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For the Democrat.
ELM TREES.

FROM A SUNSET VIEW AT SNOW'S FALLS.

Gothic arches of wonderful beauty,
Living temples, fair, fashioned and graceful,
That against the sky's fiery billows
Reared their domes—dome-dustily traced.

And along by the clear, shining river,
On the banks draped in velvet green,
Tall elms like soldiers on duty
Stood guarding its silvery stream.

Their branches reached out o'er the stream,
Like friendly hands clasping in love,
While the white foam of the rapids
Waiting their magical waves.

And above their low-piled canopies
Of those stately, noble trees,
Musical tones, melodious, entrancing
Came on the soft summer breeze.

The light of the sun's waiting glow
Shed round such a heavenly glow,
That it seemed those noble monarchs
Shed their heads in humility low.

Still closed the night's sable curtains,
Were folded o'er mountains and dale,
Till all the more kindly and regal,
Seemed the elms on the shadowy vale.

More dim grew the long, winding vista,
Hush! the night bird is calling his mate,
Like dark wings of love lay the branches
Of the elms against the sunset gate.

LYNN, C. C. AUG. 19, 1884.

For the Democrat.
THE LAST ROLL-CALL.

When the roll is called in heaven,
To find you also on earth forgiven,
And the great King of glory see.

Dear friends, do you desire to meet him,
And thus regret his long delay?
Not then at once prepare to greet him;
And share the joys of endless day.

Do not say not think so vainly
You need not Jesus, you will do,
Or he one day will tell you plainly,
He has no need of such as you.

For the Democrat.
DISAPPOINTED HOPE AND TRUST.

I sit alone and foolishly mope,
Yet scarcely ken the forcing reason why,
I wish within my very soul to die,
And breathe, and love, and hate no more, no more.

For love is like a mist that leads you by,
The world you know not where, you little spy,
And sure at last away will fly,
And leave you near some rock or barren shore.

And hate, I hate, and all that hounds our days,
No like a dream in which we live half-dead,
No little good at last we find to praise,
No much we wish to see, to see, to see.

A curse I cast on all this dreary road,
My heart with anguish torn and grief profound.

W. N.

MATTARD'S ESCAPE.

Mr. Mattard of the Indian civil service was a very susceptible little man, but he was genuinely heart broken when Miss Mainwaring refused his offer of marriage.

His affection for that young lady was no ephemeral fancy, and he had put off proposing to her till almost the last moment before his return to India from sheer trepidation and anxiety as to the issue of his courtship. The answer he received was so unmistakable that it left him no hope, and he abandoned himself in despair.

He went to spend the remainder of his leave at Southsea, where he made the acquaintance of a Colonel Creep, a man of three daughters. It would be unjust to say that Mr. Mattard consoled himself for his disappointment in the society of these damsels, but he certainly paid them considerable attention. The fact was that he was constitutionally addicted to mild flirtations, though it was chiefly owing to pique and wounded pride that he exerted himself to fascinate his new friends.

But he had no serious intentions, else he would never have escaped an unengaged man from the accomplished blandishments of the Misses Creep. What might have happened but for his early departure from England there is no knowing, for, though his acquaintance with Colonel Creep's daughters was comparatively slight, he nevertheless carried away with him to India, the portrait of the prettiest and loveliest of the trio.

Now the portrait of a pretty girl is rather a dangerous possession for a jilted lover whose frame of mind is inclined to desperation and self-deception. He had looked forward to returning to India, with the object of his blighted affections, and his bachelor's solitude weighed a good deal upon him during the voyage. It happened that the lady passengers on board the ship were singularly uninteresting, and Mr. Mattard was too much downcast to engage in flirtation without a little encouragement.

He had nothing, therefore, to distract his thoughts, which were centered on Miss Mainwaring and his own unhappiness, except the portrait of Miss Annie Creep. He found himself gazing upon it rather sentimentally in his leisure moments, and there is no denying that it represented a pretty face and figure. He began to persuade himself that he was in love with the original; and the upshot was that, upon his arrival in India, after some weeks of melancholy dejection, he suddenly cheered up and wrote to Miss Creep, with a proposal of marriage.

When he had done so, he felt like a new man, and worked himself up into quite a fever of joyous anticipation while awaiting Miss Creep's reply. He guessed instinctively that his second venture would be more successful than the first, and, sure enough, by the return mail came a letter accepting his offer. There was a demureness about Miss Annie Creep's answer that surprised Mr. Mattard, considering that the young lady had certainly done her best to make herself agreeable to him at Southsea.

She professed astonishment at the honor he had paid her, as though he had not particularly singled her out from her sisters when in England by his attentions. However, a little coyness is not unbecoming in a pretty girl, and Mr. Mattard had no serious fault to find with the tone of his fiancée. By the same post came a letter from Colonel Creep, readily accepting Mr. Mattard as his son-in-law, and consenting to his daughter going to India, to be married at the earliest opportunity.

Mr. Mattard eagerly looked forward to the advent of his bride. Unfortunately, as the cold season had just passed, some months would have to elapse before the young lady could safely face the Indian climate. Meanwhile, the lovers corresponded regularly. Mr. Mattard became more than ever convinced that his future happiness was secured, and Miss Annie Creep seemed quite reconciled to say the least—to her approaching marriage.

One unlucky day Mr. Mattard chanced to come across a young officer newly arrived from England, whom he had met at Col. Creep's house at Southsea. When they had exchanged salutations Mr. Mattard inquired, with pleasing embarrassment, if his companion had seen anything of their mutual friends.

"Yes, by jove!" said the young fellow, with a laugh. "I came overland, you know, and as I passed through Paris, where I met but pretty Mrs. Hobson."

"Who is Mrs. Hobson?" inquired Mr. Mattard, blankly.

"Oh! I forgot. You haven't heard of course. One of the girls—I'm not sure which, but the prettiest, bolted with Tom Hobson, of the marines the other day. I met them on their honeymoon. Tom, you know, is up to his ears in debt, and has had to send in his papers in consequence. How the deuce he is going to keep a wife I don't know. However, they seemed perfectly happy and contented. I expect old Creep is tearing his antiquated locks by the handful."

"I am engaged to one of Col. Creep's daughters," said Mr. Mattard, stiffly.

"Bless me! you don't mean it? I haven't been to Southsea since I met you there. Congratulate you, old fellow—which is it?"

"The second one, Miss Annie Creep," replied Mr. Mattard complacently.

"The second one? Why, that was the one I met in Paris—at least I always thought so," said Mr. Mattard's companion.

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed Mattard, with a sudden misgiving. "You have made a mistake. This is the future Mrs. Mattard," he added, producing a photograph from the region of his heart.

"This is the one I mean," said the young man, the instant he set eyes upon it. "That's the pretty one—now Mrs. Hobson."

"But I tell you that is Annie—Miss Annie Creep!" cried Mr. Mattard, turning crimson.

"Not now, my dear fellow. She may have been Miss Annie Creep once, but she is now Tom Hobson's wife. You may take my word for it," said the young man, convincingly as he restored the photograph.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mattard, sinking into a chair; "can it be true? When did it happen?"

"By jove! I'm awful sorry," returned the other, apparently realizing the situation for the first time. "It never struck me till this instant! I'm afraid I've brought bad news."

"When did it happen?" repeated Mr. Mattard furiously.

"Quite recently—only a day or two before I left England. I don't know the particulars, for I only heard the story by chance. If I hadn't met him in Paris, I shouldn't have believed it. I didn't think Tom was such a fool."

India, to be married at the earliest opportunity.

When a man has hardly recovered from an unsuccessful love affair, he is not inclined to take a lenient or hopeful view of suspicious circumstances pointing to a repetition of his first experience. Mr. Mattard found it impossible to resist the conviction that he was once the victim of woman's proverbial fickleness. His lingering hopes were crushed by the ominous circumstance that the next mail from England brought no letter from his faithless sweetheart.

He was seized with a sort of frenzied recklessness which impelled him to return home by the earliest steamer in order to set his doubts at rest. This, at least, was the excuse he made to himself for his abrupt departure; but the real reason probably was that he shrank from being pointed at and condescended with as a man who has been jilted. His engagement was known all over the station, and it would be vain to attempt to conceal what had happened.

It was certainly a great relief to Mattard to escape from the gossip and little tattle which would be sure to ensue when it became known that Miss Annie Creep had married some one else. He realized this when, after being a day or two at sea, he recovered his spirits in a very remarkable manner. Before the end of the voyage it had dawned upon him most unmistakably that he was already getting over his disappointment. In fact, there were moments when he fancied he could not have cared for Annie Creep as much as he imagined.

He certainly soon overcame his original desire to confront her and demand an explanation. When he recollected that her husband might object to such a proceeding, he immediately decided to treat her desertion with contemptuous silence. But, having arrived at this determination, he felt a little foolish, and wondered what he should say to his friends to account for his unexpected return to England.

At Malta he obtained all the confirmation he needed of the truth of the story of Annie Creep's elopement. On going ashore there for a few hours he met a brother officer of Captain Hobson, who knew all about the affair. Mr. Mattard's disappointment and resentment had reached such a modified stage that it was positive relief to him to learn, on undeniable authority, that he was a free man again. He destroyed the young lady's photograph, consigning her memory to oblivion, and had serious thoughts of remaining at Malta and returning to India by the next outward bound steamer.

However, he had paid for his passage to England, so he determined to proceed to his destination, and by way of giving a colorable object to his journey the idea occurred to him of once more proposing to Miss Mainwaring. His recent unlucky attachment had served to bring into sharper relief the superior charms of his first love, and it was possible the young lady might be touched by his devotion. He finally made up his mind to try the experiment, and certainly the project gave a singular zest to the remainder of his trip.

When he reached England he immediately sought an interview with Miss Mainwaring, and to his joyful surprise, was accepted without demur.

Mr. Mattard's happiness knew no bounds, especially as the young lady raised no objections to a speedy wedding, in order that she might return with him to India, as he wished. The crumpled rose leaf which disturbed him was the recollection of his recent engagement to Annie Creep, concerning which he had been permitted a discreetly silent. Indeed, he had permitted Miss Mainwaring to believe that the journey to England had been undertaken for no other purpose than to repeat his previous offer.

It was to this impression that Mr. Mattard attributed the favorable answer he had received, and for that reason he had not courage to undeceive her. When they were married he meant to confess the truth, and meanwhile, considering the disappointments he had suffered, he might perhaps be pardoned for taking advantage of the subterfuge.

He had been in England about six weeks when his agents forwarded to him a packet of letters which had been sent home from India after him. The first that caught his eye was in Annie Creep's handwriting, and it gave him an unpleasant shock. He saw at a glance that the postmark bore date only a day or two after his departure. His nervousness vanished as he reflected that it was probably the letter announcing her marriage, and he opened it with grim satisfaction, rather curious to see how she would address him.

He glanced at the date and the signature with a sudden and unaccountable misgiving. The first was subsequent to her marriage with Captain Hobson, and yet the latter was her maiden name. Mr. Mattard caught his breath as he scanned the first lines, and then hastily rose from his seat as pale as the paper he held in his trembling hand. The sentence which caused his alarm was the following:

"We have all had such a dreadful upset! Papa is furious, and we dare not go near him. Amelia has run away and married Tom Hobson, an old flame of hers, who is a dear fellow, but several degrees poorer than Job."

Mr. Mattard read no further than this. He glanced again at the signature, and sunk helplessly on the sofa. It was clear to him that there had been a hideous mistake, and that it was not Annie who had married Captain Hobson, but Amelia. Annie, evidently, still considered herself engaged to him—as, in fact, she was; and hence it followed that he was in the

awkward position of being engaged to two young ladies at once.

Mr. Mattard turned hot and cold by turns and for a moment felt completely mystified. He had shown Annie Creep's photograph to both his informants, and each had recognized it unhesitatingly as Mrs. Hobson. There had been no stupid mistake about names, for he had read entirely upon the evidence afforded by the identification of the photograph. The only possible explanation was—

Mr. Mattard wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead as the solution of the mystery flashed across his mind with painful clearness. It must have been the photograph which had misled everybody. He had been carrying next to his heart the photograph of Amelia, thinking it was the counterfeit presentation of Annie. Or rather, to be strictly accurate, he had fallen into the error of supposing that Annie was the name of the original of the photograph, when all the while he had been in love with Amelia.

Mr. Mattard's horror at the startling discovery cannot be described. To make matters worse his friend at Malta had told him a great deal about the Creep's which he had not suspected before, so that he had reason to believe it would be rather to rely upon their consideration and proper feeling. The old Colonel had rather a doubtful reputation, it appeared, and his daughters were the kind of girls who would not object to figure as plaintiffs in an action for breach of promise of marriage.

It was clear that it would be dangerous to reveal his approaching marriage with Miss Mainwaring, and under the circumstances he concluded that his wisest course would be to make no communication whatever, to Miss Annie Creep. He saved his conscience by the reflection that whatever might happen, nothing would induce him to marry her and if an action for breach of promise was inevitable he would rather the scandal arose after his marriage than before.

Being a fidgety man, of highly nervous temperament, it may be imagined that the anxiety which he suffered completely robbed his courtship of its pleasures. Every day he expected that Miss Mainwaring would hear of his dual engagement, and he regarded it as a forgone conclusion that the discovery would ruin all his hopes. He began to look so ill and haggard that his appearance alarmed all his friends, and though weeks passed without bringing about the dreadful revelation, he was haunted by a dismal presentiment that his unlucky secret would be revealed in time to prevent his wedding.

All went well, however, until a few days before the auspicious event, when he chanced to look in at his agent's one afternoon for letters. As he was entering the doorway he ran against a portly gentleman who was descending the steps, and looking up to apologize, he found himself face to face with Colonel Creep.

Mr. Mattard was too bewildered and confused to speak, until he perceived that the colonel, absolutely purple in the face, was staring at him in speechless indignation.

"What the deuce are you doing here, sir?" roared Colonel Creep, with a very strong expletive. "I thought you were in India."

"I returned unexpected," gasped Mr. Mattard.

"Shake hands, Mr. Mattard," said the warrior, abruptly. "I am glad to have met. I wanted to have a talk with you."

"I suppose Annie—I mean Miss Creep—is surprised at not hearing from me lately," said Mr. Mattard, extending a very limp hand.

"Don't ask me about her, Mattard. She has treated you devilish badly, and that is the truth. However, it wasn't my doing. She knows my sentiments on the subject."

"I—I don't quite understand," murmured Mr. Mattard, beginning to perceive that the expression on the colonel's face was confused rather than indignant.

"When did you leave India?" inquired Colonel Creep, apparently struck by Mr. Mattard's look of bewilderment.

"Oh! some weeks ago now," said Mr. Mattard, evasively.

"Is it possible then, that you haven't heard? I'm sorry to say Annie has followed Amelia's example, and married without my consent. She surprised me—grieved me, I should say—by announcing one morning at breakfast that she had been before a registrar and married Jack Howard, of the Blues."

"You don't say so?" cried Mr. Mattard, with an expression of heartfelt joy illuminating his expressive countenance.

"Good heavens! This is amazing!"

"You must bear up, Mattard; bear up!" exclaimed Colonel Creep, soothingly, no doubt believing his companion was staggering under the shock.

"I will," said Mr. Mattard, stoutly.

HOW HE RUSTICATED.
A young man in the country, who is apparently head-over-heels in love with a farmer's life (in a horn), writes as follows:

"You know this is my birthday, and I have not been celebrating it; though I have not told any one but mother that it is my birthday. I have got my work up square now and am taking a vacation. After having and mowing is all done with, you know, there is quite a lull for the farmer. He can compose himself to rest and have a good time generally."

"Now, after getting my general round of chores out of the way this morning (which is but an anthem of joy), I commenced my celebration. I went and helped Mr. A. get in six large loads of

oats. I don't think betwixt the two, it is quite so dangerous as base-ball playing, but it beats tennis all out and out. There is more life in one forkful of oats than there is in forty tennis. Well, after getting in the oats I came home and thought I had celebrated almost enough, and would take the rest of the day in a quiet way with my mother. In the meantime I took my horse and went out and ran the cultivator between all the rows of my potato field, and tried to shoot a woodchuck, but he was too quick for me. Then I concluded to sit down and talk to mother. So I took the milk pail (after I had gone and cut a wheelbarrow load of grass way down side of the road next to Mr. A.'s pasture bars, for the horse), and went down to the pasture and milked the cows, and did the rest of the little chores, and then came back to talk to mother.

"I intend to continue my vacation for a number of weeks, and enjoy myself as I have to-day. When the harvest comes, I shall be in good trim, bright as a dollar, and ready to settle into the harness again. I am going visiting to-morrow afternoon up to Mr. B.'s to help him get in his oats. I helped Mr. A. throw off a couple of loads of oats early in the morning."

"My goodness! how lovely it would be to have a dear wife to enjoy my vacation with me; but I have no one to blame for that but myself, for we all know that the farmer can have the object of his heart's adoration by asking."

For the Oxford Democrat.
NOTES OF A NEW ENGLAND TRIP.

NO. XIII.
PORTLAND, ME.,
August 13, '84.

Mr. Editor:
This letter will have to do mostly with Casco Bay and the Islands, with which it is studied more thickly than any waters of similar extent on the coast of the United States.

The name of the bay is said to be a corruption of the Indian word *Assawomutt*, thought to mean "a resting place;" and truly "the green shores of its forest-crowned islands" is a place of rest and retreat from care, for many weary people during the summer season. An afternoon trip to the Islands seems to be an every-day recreation to the people of Portland. There are many from other places, also, who own cottages or board on some one of the many islands of this "miniature archipelago," or along the shores of the beautiful bay.

Casco Bay extends from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Small Point, a distance of about twenty-five miles; and in its waters, according to the popular tradition, are 365 islands, one for every day in the year except leap years. The editor of the *Portland Transcript*, Mr. E. H. Ellwell, in his book "Portland and Vicinity," explodes this notion by counting the islands; he says that, taking the islands of all sizes, from the little rocky islet covered with water at high tide, to those containing thousands of acres and hundreds of inhabitants, and including rocks and reefs, there are only about 150 islands in Casco Bay.

Among the principal islands are Peaks, Long, Cushing, Great and Little Chebeague, Great and Little Hog Islands, Bailey's, Ore's, Horse Island, etc. The largest is Great Chebeague, containing 2,000 acres. Peak's Island is the most popular, and its two lines of steamers are busy all day carrying people to and from it. Hundreds of people in excursion parties, from city and country, are going there every day now; and after a pleasant sail, and a day's enjoyment on the island, in the Garden, Pavilion, and Skating Rinks, they return to their homes at night. Yesterday occurred the annual excursion of the Mount Mica Lodge I. O. O. F., of South Paris, and a large party from that place and other points of Paris and Norway, some 500 in all, were here. Hon. Frederick Douglass was at Peak's Island yesterday, the guest of Mr. Pickard of the *Transcript*. To-day the Marketmen of Lewiston had their annual excursion to Peak's. The party numbered some 1,400; but a drizzling rain prevented them from enjoying the occasion or "seeing the sights." One of them thought it "the worst day the Lord ever made for a picnic."

Hog Island is the unromantic and in-elegant name given 250 years ago to one of the most beautiful islands in the bay, "the gem of Casco's lovely isles." Diamond Cove—"that dimple of beauty in a hog's snout"—a favorite place for picnics, has lately given its name to the island and it is now called Little Diamond Island.

Many peninsulas and capes extend into Casco Bay. At its western side is the peninsula of Portland, while the long, narrow neck of Harpswell stretches out into its eastern waters, with islands on either side. These "fingers of the mainland," as well as the islands, are indented with many beautiful coves, while the shores are pinked with picturesque "points," between which flow creeks, inlets and tidal rivers.

On Jewell's Island it is said that Captain Kidd buried some of the ill-gotten treasure, which tradition seems to have made him leave on every coast, and the island has been nearly dug over at different times by the credulous.

The waters of Casco Bay abound with nearly all kinds of edible fish, such as cod, pollock, halibut, hake, haddock, etc. Here also, occasionally, is found the pugnacious sword-fish and the sleek, squalid porgy, while cunners or sea perch are

found along the shore, and the inlets contain smelt, etc. Ducks, plovers, coots and other sea fowls are plenty and attract the attention of sportsmen, particularly during April and May.

Portland Harbor is one of the largest, deepest, safest and best on the coast, and is capable of accommodating many vessels.

It is defended by Forts Preble on Cape Elizabeth and Scammel on House Island. Besides in the harbor is a large octagonal shaped stone structure, known as Fort Gorges. It was named after Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the proprietor of this part of Maine, who granted the peninsula, and neighboring islands to George Cleves the first settler. It is said that this fort has never been fully completed, nor has it ever been garrisoned.

One of the prominent features of Portland Harbor is the Breakwater extending from a point on Cape Elizabeth shore, to protect shipping from southerly gales. It has a harbor light on its outer end, known as "Bug Light," to protect ships from the breakwater itself.

On Cushing's Island is a high, rocky bluff or headland, known as White Head, towering 125 feet from the sea and seeming the natural protector of the eastern entrance of the harbor. Between Cushing's and Peak's Islands is White Head Passage, and on the rocky outer shore of Peak's, where the surf beats heavily, the waves frequently dash 15 to 20 feet high.

The sinuosity of the town of Harpswell is said to give it more sea coast than any State on the Atlantic coast, excepting Maine of course. Between Bailey's Island and Small Point Harbor is Ragged Island, supposed by some to be the "Elm Islands" of Kellogg's stories. Whittier preserves a legend of the Harpswell islands in his poem, "The Dead Ship of Harpswell." According to tradition this is a phantom or spectre ship which comes driving in as an omen of death, but never reaches land.

Some thirty wharves extend into Portland Harbor, affording even the largest ships ample facility for receiving and discharging cargoes.

Beyond the Portland Company's Works, and the station and round house of the Grand Trunk Railway are the wharves and ocean sheds belonging to the latter, having magnificent accommodations for its immense foreign freight. Here

