

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 43.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1876.

NUMBER 40.

## Oxford Democrat

Published Every Tuesday Morning, by  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Terms.  
\$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

Rates of Advertising.

Local Notices.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Legal Notices.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Deaths.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Obituary Notices.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

Advertisements.  
First week, \$1.00  
Each subsequent week, .25

## Poetry

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.  
**My Boyish Days I Think of Yet.**

You should have seen the merry times  
We boys had had on Summer days,  
In building ponds wherein to swim  
And sport around in various ways;  
The fun we had to reach the mill,  
Within the woods and pasture wild;  
And makes him pleased, as boys the child,  
The fun we had to play the child.  
My boyish days I think of yet!

'Twas Frank and I, and Martin, too,  
That went and roamed from field to field,  
And scared the birds with "Beauty" dog,  
And sought the fruit the trees did yield;  
Then with a shout we entered the brook,  
And wandered up and down its side,  
To find the place we called the best,  
Where we might stop the rippling tide.  
Those happy days I'll never forget!  
My boyish sports I think of yet!

Then with a dam we set to work,  
And put a dam, the brook across,  
With heavy stones piled in a row,  
And packed full with dirt and moss;  
With ladders and shovels we did our task,  
And got it fixed in order good;  
Then in a dash and splash about,  
All in a gay and joyous mood.  
Those merry times I'll never forget!  
My boyish days I think of yet!

The dog would bark as we did,  
The sun did gleam between the trees,  
The mist upon the bank was sweet,  
And everything about us seemed to please;  
And back we strayed to call the birds,  
And eat and talk as boys delight,  
O! 'twas a time of perfect bliss,  
When all the earth was calm and bright!  
Those boyish times I'll never forget!  
My boyish days I think of yet!

## Selected Story.

THE SUNKEN TREASURE.

A TRUE STORY, TOLD BY HAWTHORNE.

Picture to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite to a tall looking glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished and adorned with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In this chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests, and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage; and his waistcoat, likewise, is all flowered over and bedded with gold. His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and saw, are half covered by the delicate lace ruff at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-budded sword, and in the corner of a room stands his gold-headed cane, made of beautifully polished West Indian wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phips present, when he sat in grandfather's chair, after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion, in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent looking personage.

But Sir William Phips had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at ease as he did now in grandfather's chair. He was a poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills, in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep he next apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into keels of vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-one years old, he came to Boston, and was soon afterwards married to a widow lady who had property enough to set him up in business.

It was not long, however, before he lost all the money he acquired by his marriage, and became a poor man again. Still, he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, some time or other, he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house," in the green lane of Boston.

Do not suppose, children, that he had been to a fortune teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy, and spirit of enterprise, and his resolution to lead an industrious life, that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phips had not yet gained the riches he promised to himself. During the time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684, he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phips went to the place in a small vessel, hoping he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of the voyage.

But, before he returned, he was told of another Spanish ship or galleon, which had been cast away near Porto de la Pinta. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth; and,

hitherto, nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea, which was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phips resolved that the sunken treasure should be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his Treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phips to be captain of the vessel, called the "Rose Algier," carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Capt. Phips of the English navy.

Capt. Phips sailed from England in the "Rose Algier," and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to find the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small; and most people would have thought that Captain Phips was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as he was while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the "Rose Algier" became discouraged and gave up all hopes of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phips to turn pirate. There was much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed the sea, than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke into open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phips and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and, besides, the "Rose Algier" was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phips judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies, he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from Porto de la Pinta.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Capt. Phips solicited the king to let him have another vessel, and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected the "Rose Algier" would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair. Phips might have been unable to renew the search if the Duke of Atermarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship and gave the command to Capt. Phips. He sailed from England and arrived safely at Porto de la Pinta, when he took an adze and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the Captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers, and could go great way into the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of those precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see; nothing more valuable than a curious sea-shrub which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the rock reefs. It flaunted to and fro in the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as its leaves had been made of gold.

"We went go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find!"

Down plunged the diver and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea-shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side, and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them rose above water, with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. That single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Capt. Phips of his good luck. But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet now that it was really found the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cries Capt. Phips. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the Captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel, which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the long hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup, and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes or fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver tallow. There were also and precious stones among the treasure glittering and sparkling so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have been left with skeletons of the ancient Spaniards, who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Capt. Phips and his crew were troubled with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money bags. By remaining so long in the salt water they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate, bullion, precious stones and all, was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous even to look at such a vast amount of wealth. A seaman, who had assisted Phips in the enterprise, at once lost his reason at the sight. He died two years afterwards, still raving about the treasure that lay at the bottom of the sea. It would have been better for this man, if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Capt. Phips and his men continued to fish up plates, bullion and dollars as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver any more than old King Midas could, they found it necessary to go in search of better sustenance. Phips resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the Duke of Albermarle and the other English lords who had fitted out the vessel. Well might they rejoice, for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was to make him comfortable for the remainder of his days. It also enabled him to keep his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albermarle sent Mrs. Phips a magnificent gold cup worth five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phips left London, King James made him knight; so that instead of the obscure ship carpenter that dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him, on his return, as the rich and famous Sir William Phips.

## Miscellany.

TATTLERS.

Oh! I could there in this world be found  
Some little spot of happy ground  
Where village pleasures might go round.  
Without the village tattle—  
How doubly bliss that spot would be,  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery  
Of gossip's endless grating!

Philadelphia Correspondence.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,  
Oct. 17, '76.

Saturday was the last of the twenty-five cent days, and the admissions numbered 103,000. As the weather becomes cooler the number of admittances increases, and we do not hear so many complaints of fatigue as during the summer. The days are delightful, and one could not choose a more propitious time than now, or during this month, to visit the Centennial.

Lauber's restaurant, in the Centennial grounds, was almost totally destroyed by fire on Thursday evening. The fire broke out shortly after six o'clock, and spread with such wonderful rapidity as to entirely destroy the eastern wing and kitchen before the engines could be brought into use. The restaurant was a handsome structure, erected by Mr. Lauber, who is one of the most popular and experienced caterers in Philadelphia. It is stated that in addition to his erecting the building, he paid \$50,000 for the concession. It was considered one of the finest saloons on the grounds. The building stood alone in a grove of trees, and the flames were thus prevented from communicating to others. Mr. Lauber will repair damages immediately, until then it is a most serious loss to the visitors. Of course Mr. Lauber himself, has lost heavily by the fire, and we sincerely hope he will soon have the opportunity to make it up.

One of the most important of the assemblages that have convened here during the past summer, is now in session, the council of bankers. J. D. Hayes, Vice President of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank of Detroit, delivered an able address upon panics before

council, and after relating the cause which led to the great panic of 1873, which absorbs so much of the wealth of the nation in the construction of railroads and cessation of which, put a stop to so many industries, he presented our condition in the following words: "But there is a settled principle, that unproductive capital, which produces no income to its owners, must reduce those owners to the necessity of living without it; therefore they must curtail their expenses to meet the emergency. In many instances those supposed to be rich are virtually poor, and have been compelled to become producers in the place of consumers, while the poorer classes feel the pinching hand of poverty upon them, because of the unproductive condition of the capital that must furnish employment. Let us take an inventory of the unproductive representation of capital in the United States taking only the great losses:

Chicago fire in 1871, about	\$125,000,000
Boston fire in 1872, about	25,000,000
Railroad stock paying no dividends, 1,800,000,000	1,800,000,000
Railroad bonds in default, about	70,000,000
Vessel property paying nothing, about	500,000,000
Manufacturing establishments, about	500,000,000
Total, about	\$2,875,000,000

"This amount of property is just now dead and buried to its present owners. Its proprietors expected a fair interest, upon capital. Let us suppose that the above total of unproductive value is reduced to \$5,000,000,000, and a six per cent. income replaced upon it would give its owners \$180,000,000 a year. What wonderful impetus to prosperity that would yield! Hard times would not be heard in the land, except from the prodigal and the outcast. But it is beyond the power of any government or any set of men to undo what has been done, and make productive what is not capable of production. The great upheaval must have time to settle; the people must go back to first principles; they must learn the lesson over again that a dollar represents a hundred cents worth of property which will produce a fair average income, instead of its pictured representation on a bond or stock certificate that produces nothing—except anguish and remorse every time it is looked at."

The next order of conventions is a council to consider the best means of propagating and increasing fishes. The first session was held yesterday. The propagator of fish is now being successfully carried on in some of the rivers of Pennsylvania. The piscatorial department of the Exposition cannot be considered a perfect success. The plaster casts are complete. The Smithsonian sends numerous varietals and several foreign nations contribute *jac similes* of the most noted fish belonging to their water. They are substantially mounted and to all scientific intents and purposes, or to the student of natural history, convey a good idea of the appearance of the different species. They are of considerable value.

AMICUS.

Custer's Fight.

The western papers publish an interview with an old trapper named Ridgely who has been a long time in the Yellowstone country and claims that he witnessed the Custer massacre, being a prisoner in Sitting Bull's camp and seeing every movement of the troops. He was taken prisoner last March and has been in the camp of the Indians ever since until the Custer massacre. He says Sitting Bull did not organize to fight the whites, but to drive the miners from the Black Hills.

Previous to the Custer attack, mounted couriers from Sitting Bull's camp had for 8 days watched his forces, its division into small detachments being noted with manifestations of extreme delight. Ambushes were immediately prepared and while the Indians stood ready for an attack, many of them clambered on the side of the hill overlooking Custer's line of march. The Indian camp was divided by a bluff, a point of which ran toward the Rosebud river and in the direction of one of the available fords on the river to the camp. By this ford Custer followed their trail down to the water's edge. There were but twenty-five lodges visible to Custer, but seventy-five double lodges were behind the bluff. Custer attacked the smaller village and was immediately met by 1500 or 2000 Indians in regular order of battle. Every movement was made with military precision. Ridgely says he stood on the side of the hill and had a complete view of the battle, which was not over a mile and a half distant. Custer began the fight in a ravine near the ford, and half his command seemed to be unhorsed at the first fire. The soldiers then retreated towards him in the rear and were shot down with astonishing rapidity. The commanding officer fell from his horse in the middle of the engagement which commenced at 11 A. M., and did not last more than 45 minutes. After the massacre of Custer's force, the Indians returned to camp with six soldiers prisoners, and delirious with joy over their success. The six prisoners were tied to stakes at a woodpile in the village and burned to death.

Sitting Bull after the fight exultingly remarked that he had killed many soldiers and one damned General, but didn't know who he was. The squaws armed with knives visited the battle field and robbed and mutilated the bodies of the soldiers. While the prisoners were being burned, the Indians turned their attention to the force (eventually Reno's) attacking the lower end of the village. Ridgely says Custer's command had been slaughtered before a shot was fired by

Reno's force, which attacked the lower end of the camp about 2 P. M.

The Indians returned in the evening and said the men had fought like the devil, but they made no statement of their losses. They said the soldiers had been driven back twice and then they piled up stones and the attack was unsuccessful. The prisoners were kept burning over an hour but Ridgely was not permitted to speak with them and is unable to say who they were. One was noticeable from his small size and gray hair and whiskers.

Reno killed more Indians than Custer. The night after the massacre, the Indians were wild with delight. Many were drunk on whiskey stolen from the whites. Squaws performed the duty of guards for the prisoners and as they became drowsy Ridgely and two companions escaped, securing ponies and began the long journey homeward. The party ate game and laid in the woods four days to avoid the Indians. On the way Ridgely's horse stumbled and he broke his arm, but the party finally reached Fort Abercrombie thence Ridgely came here. He describes Sitting Bull as a half breed of large size, and very intelligent. He has a peculiar gait.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

In our town there are two families of Cadwalladers, and until a few weeks ago the head of each of them was named Henry. One Henry was a storekeeper and the other Henry was a butcher, and neither was in any way related to the other. About the middle of June the butcher died rather suddenly, but somehow the impression got round town that it was the other Henry. Late one evening a man in a wagon drove up in front of the living Cadwallader's house and rung the bell. Cadwallader was in bed. He arose opened the window and shouted, "Who's there?" "Me; Toombs!" "Toombs! Who's Toombs? What d'you want?" "Why, I've just run around with a load of ice for the old man. Let me in, so I can fix him."

"Dunno what you mean. Nobody around here that wants fixing with ice. We're temperance people."

"No, no! I'm the undertaker. I brought it around to pack the old man in, so he'll keep for a couple of days. Harry up, sonny, I want to get done."

"What old man?"

"Why, Cadwallader. Don't you know if he isn't laid in ice, he'll spoil before morning, and silt his family like thunder."

"I guess you've struck the wrong house."

"Isn't this Henry Cadwallader's house?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, he's my man. I've got a coffin in here that'll fit him like a glove, after he's frozen him up a while. I dunno if anybody can get him up better for the sepulchre than I can; but I don't think so. Let me in quick's you can, and I'll show you the silver-plated handles and the mahogany trimmings. Queen Victoria don't want anything more gorgeous than them."

While Toombs was speaking, another man came up and rang the bell, and Cadwallader asked him what he wanted.

"Want to see Mrs. Cadwallader about the tombstone?"

"Tombstone! This is getting solemn! What tombstone?"

"Old Cadwallader's. Mr. Mix sent me round to ask whether he should cut the name 'Henry Cadwallader' in a straight line or a curve, and whether she wants to put on the stone a broken rosebud or a torch upside down. You tell the widder to take my advice and go in for the rosebud and straight line. It's cheaper, and 'twont make any difference to the corpse."

"I'll mention it to her. When's the tombstone to be done?"

"Wednesday after the funeral. Weighs about a ton. Mix says Mrs. Cadwallader probably wants it heavy, so's to be sure it would hold Henry down. He will have his fun."

During the conversation, and while Mr. Toombs was removing his funeral appliances from the wagon, a third man arrived. He asked for Mrs. C.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Cadwallader.

"How is the widow taking it? Hard?" he asked.

"Not so very."

"Well, you tell her for me, not to go on about it. Plenty of fish in the sea's good as any ever caught. Tell her the company is all right. I'll pay her in full and then she can get on her feet again, and may be consolidate with some better man."

"What company do you mean?"











