

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—First Quarter, For Jan. 9, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts ii, 1-13—Memory Verses, 3, 4—Golden Text, I Cor. iii, 15—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The event of this lesson, the coming of the Holy Spirit, was on the day of Pentecost, or the fiftieth day after the resurrection of Christ. It was fore-shadowed, as was all else, in the law. In Lev. xxiii there is a record of the feasts of the Lord (verses 4, 44) in which anointed eyes may see His death and resurrection, the coming of the Spirit and His return in glory. When He was here in the days of His flesh these feasts had become merely feasts of the Jews with the Lord left out, like much of the worship of today which is only outward form without reality.

The passover typified the death of Christ, our passover. The sheaf of first fruits on the morrow after the Sabbath clearly indicates His resurrection, Christ the first fruits. The other first fruits fifty days after the former suggests the lesson of today, the anointing of believers, the beginning of the church story, and the feast of tabernacles points to His coming again in glory and the conversion of all Israel. There is great profit in a special study of all these. See how sin in believers is typified by the leaven in the second first fruits (verse 17). Returning to our lesson, from which we wandered to Lev. xxiii because of the fiftieth day, note the expression "with one accord" which, if I have counted correctly, is used in Acts just eleven times, seven times in a good connection, as in chapters 1, 4; ii, 1, 46, and four times of the enemies of the Lord, as in vii, 57. If but a few believers could be heartily of one accord in the Lord's service great things might be accomplished, as when the disciples continued in prayer and supplication, about 120 men and women (i, 14, 15).

When the time was fully come the promised comforter, the Holy Spirit, came upon them and filled them all (verse 4; i, 8; Luke xxiv, 49). There was a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind, and cloven tongues like as of fire sat upon each of them (verses 2, 3), both the wind and the fire being symbols of the Holy Spirit (Matt. iii, 11; John iii, 8; Ezek. xxxvii, 9, 10). The Spirit on this occasion enabled them to speak in the different languages of the people named in verses 9-11, but note carefully that they all understood what the disciples said, and they all talked of the wonderful works of God. Contrast this with the so called tongues movement of our day, much of which consists of strange sounds which no one on earth can understand.

See also what the Spirit says by Paul concerning the necessity of speaking words easy to be understood and that he would rather speak five words that could be understood than ten thousand that no one could understand (I Cor. xiv, 9, 19).

Note that the only epistle that makes mention of tongues is one in which those to whom the epistle was written were spoken of as babes and carnal (I Cor. iii, 1-4). See also how love is exalted above all else, the love that is kind and thinketh no evil (I Cor. xiii), and contrast such love as is there described with the seeming lack of love which says that, if sick, we have no faith, and if we do not speak in tongues we are not Spirit filled. It does seem to me that tongues which do not glorify God by helping some one to know Him better cannot be of God, however well intentioned and zealous the people may be. Our Lord said that the Holy Spirit, whom He would send, would enable them to bear witness unto Him (i, 8), and the one only thing for which believers are on earth is to bear witness to the fact that Jesus Christ is alive and that He is living His life in us, that those who know us may want to know Him because they know us and that we may help to make Him and the glorious story of His great salvation known to the ends of the earth.

We said in last lesson that the coming of the Spirit was in no sense the coming again of "this same Jesus," for He said that the Spirit would be "another comforter" (John xiv, 16), and "another" cannot mean "the same." He said that the Spirit would abide with us, dwell in us, teach us all things, bring His words to our remembrance, testify of Him, guide us into all truth, show us things to come and glorify Christ (John xiv, 16, 26; xv, 26; xvi, 13, 14).

These things the Spirit loves to do, as well as to convince of sin and of righteousness and of judgment (John xvi, 8).

Whatever is not along the lines of the work which the Spirit came to do must be the work of some other spirit. These Spirit filled people were accused of being drunken, and there is somewhat of an analogy, or a contrast, if you prefer, between a drunken person and a Spirit filled person. The man filled with wine is indifferent to what others think and acts as if he owned the whole thing; the man filled with the Spirit knows that all things are his and is not moved by what others think or say of him. See Eph. v, 18. According to chapter i, 14, Mary, the mother of Jesus, was one of those Spirit filled people, and that is the last time we read of her.

Mutual Benefit Column.

EDITED BY "AUNT MADGE".

Its Motto: "Helpful and Helpful."

The purposes of this column are sincere y stated in the title and motto—it is for the mutual benefit, and aims to be helpful and helpful. Being for the common good, it is for the common use—a public servant, a purveyor of information and suggestion, a medium for the interchange of ideas. In this capacity it solicits communications, and its success depends largely on the support given it in this respect. Communications must be signed, but the name of writer will not be printed except by permission. Communications will be subject to approval or rejection by the editor of the column, but none will be rejected without good reason. Address all communications to

THE AMERICAN,
Ellsworth, Me.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

Somebody said that it could not be done. But he, with a chuckle, replied: "That may be true, but he would be one who would not say so till he tried. So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin on his face. If he worried he hid it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing that couldn't be done, and he did it."

Somebody scoffed: "Oh you'll never do that; at least no one has ever done it." But he took off his coat and he took off his hat.

And the first thing he knew he'd begun it. With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin. Without any doubting he did it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing that couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to prophesy failure; There are thousands to point out to you one by one

The dangers that wait to assail you, But just buckle in with a bit of a grin, Then take off your coat and go to it; Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing that "can't be done," and you'll do it.

Sent by L. E. T.

Dear Mutual Friends:

I am wondering why the motto "It can be done," isn't a good one with which to start in on another new year. If we are half-hearted about anything we undertake, we do not put our best energies into it, and mentally we predicted failure before it came.

I doubt not many of us have seen some piece of work, something we knew ought to be done, and we put it off and parleyed until we found we must attack it, and when it was accomplished we asked ourselves why we had not done it before. It was much more easily done than we imagined. Quite likely every M. B. has had an experience like that.

The belief that a certain thing can be done is the faith that makes it sure of accomplishment. This motto is not intended to lead us to undertake impossible things, things beyond our strength. We need to have an honest estimate of our ability to perform with safety to ourselves certain tasks which it may seem desirable to have done.

So, it is with a grain of warning, I commend the motto to you, suggesting also that what we can do if we make up our minds to do it, may not always mean physical feats, or skill, or strength. There are mental problems for which many have to find a solution. There are trials and discouragements in the path of some, which must be met, and it seems as if they have not the courage and self-control to face them. Then is the time to marshal the mental forces and the will-power of the individual, though it would be easier to follow the line of least resistance.

"I can do it," is a strong call to the weak and to the wavering. "It can be done" puts us into a "Here am I, send me" attitude. I hope the new year's motto will help and strengthen any who may be placed in a position where there is need of courage and the spirit it expresses.

Most sincerely I wish to express my thanks to each and all the many Mutuals who remembered me at Christmas time. As I look over your greetings and kindly tokens of regard, it seems almost selfish that I should have a friendly reunion all to myself, but some of the pieces see them, too, and Uncle Madge, of course.

And what did we do Christmas? Dined with the same good friends who so hospitably entertained us Thanksgiving day and served us in like manner Christmas.

Now, Susan, just as I predicted, that last letter has started the cooks into action, not with the mixing-spoon but with the pen. A good niece starts the discussion this week.

Sisters of the M. B. C.

How are we to meet the question, "What's the matter with people's stomachs?" Susan, you have asked a question that I have long been interested in, and as "Petroleum V. Nasby" would say, opened up a "varied field for conjecture". I shall give just a few things I decided on long ago, for I have sat opposite a man "with a stomach," for twenty years, or I should have said, for twenty years I have sat opposite a man with stomach trouble.

What is good for it? I am sure I don't know. I believe every individual suffering from a bad stomach is the only one to blame for it. I have catered to this stomach for years. Now, I quit that years ago, and find they can eat anything as well as I can, and I hear no more talk of it. It's there, just the same, and others are told they can't eat this or that food when every day they take in the same food.

I firmly believe it is not so much what we eat, as the way we eat it. If we sit down at the table and look glum and dissatisfied with all the world but our own self and take knife and fork in hand and pitch in, (yes, that is just the word) as though we had not time to eat or speak, and begin to make the food fly so fast that you don't know which hand is feeding, as both seem to be going at the same time, and then down with your tea, or coffee, or whatever it may be (ours is water pure and simple) in great gulps, and that, too, with your food not half chewed—do you,

For Rheumatism.

As soon as an attack of Rheumatism begins apply Sloan's Liniment. Don't waste time and suffer unnecessary agony. A few drops of Sloan's Liniment on the affected parts is all you need. The pain goes at once.

A grateful sufferer writes:—"I was suffering for three weeks with chronic Rheumatism and Stiff Neck; although I tried many medicines, they failed. Fortunately I heard of Sloan's Liniment and after using it three or four days am up and well. I am employed at the biggest department store in S. F. where they employ from six to eight hundred hands, and they surely will hear all about Sloan's Liniment."—H. B. Smith, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1915. 25c at all Druggists.

wonder: stomach trouble develops? I don't. I have heard people say, "Oh, I have eaten too much!" and then go and lie down. Why did they eat too much? If we could look into that stomach, we should see a pack that it would be more than one strong arm could grip out with a food chopper.

I think plain, simple food is the proper thing to eat—coarse food, if you will—but even that would give stomach trouble if too much is taken, and half-chewed. I have done lots of mollycoddling trying to find something to fit a weak stomach, but have that up long years ago, for just this one reason. One thing is just as good as another, so I don't believe we, as women, are at the bottom of all this mischief.

Any kind of food properly cooked and taken into the stomach properly will give no trouble unless the stomach has been torn all to atoms in the vain endeavor to digest the food that has been crowded into it so solid that it is impossible to get rid of it. For myself, I have no idea what a bad stomach is from experience of my own. A mince pie is good for me, also doughnuts. A breakfast is not complete for me unless I have a slice of nicely-browned toast, a glass of cold water, or, if the morning is too crisp, a cup of hot water and a doughnut. But I take my time to eat that. I like to sit at table and eat leisurely, and have some pleasant conversation going on, not feel you must not talk.

This glumness is another cause of dyspepsia. Leave all business and worries behind you when you come to table, and talk and laugh, tell stories, and when you leave the table forget to take up the worries again, and your stomachs will be better.

I am much interested in the subject Susan has put before us, and I hope every one of the clan will talk on this. It is a large question, and you wives who put before your husbands the pipe and tobacco, or gave him a cigar set last Christmas, and thereby put before him temptation to take up the smoking and chewing habit, to bring on a heart trouble—a tobacco heart, they call it—you ought to be ashamed of it. You have put a "stumbling block and occasion to fall" in your husband's way.

Now, Susan, after all have said all they could, will you kindly tell us what we shall eat? I agree with you in one thing, however, that you mentioned in one of your letters a long time ago: The iron gem pan is the only pan for gramin gems—they can be cooked in other dishes but not as well as in the iron pan.

IRISH MOLLY.

HIS VIEW OF TIPPING.

It Was Not the Mere Money That the Old Waiter Craved.

Tips are said to be an evil of our times, but the man who has to give them makes the statement. That vast number that receives the largest has probably found it no crime. There is much to be said on both sides, but I cannot think that it is a system which should be, indeed, can be abolished, for the giving of a tip is the recognition of personal service. It is the only way a man can thank a man who is not, in his present capacity at least, in the class of the one who dispenses the coin. And there is another reason—to argue for the other side—that was most beautifully exemplified in a story which came to me recently.

A friend of mine took into service as indoor man one who had attracted her attention as a most perfect waiter in a hotel. She paid him the same amount that he averaged as a waiter, and she found him as satisfactory in her own home as she had expected him to be. Yet at the end of a few months he begged to return to his more exhausting duties in a great caravansary.

"I don't know as I can make it plain to you, madam," he said to her earnestly, "but it's the tips that I look forward to. Not that they are any more, on the whole, than I get here, but there's always an uncertainty about it. I keep wondering if I am to get a good deal or very little, and it makes the day interesting. It's a kind of an adventure, in a manner of speaking, madam."—Louise Closser Hale in Century.

Leading Up to It.

"Please, Mrs. Brown," said the little boy at the kitchen door, "ma wants to know if you'd be so kind as to lend her an egg beater to beat some eggs with."

"Why, certainly," replied Mrs. Brown. "Here it is."

"And if it ain't too much trouble," continued the boy, "would you mind lending her a couple of eggs to beat with it?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Very Thoughtful.

Customer (at railroad restaurant)—Here, boss, this coffee is cold.

Proprietor—Yes, sir; you see, the train only stops a few minutes, and if the coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Llama.

About the heaviest load that a llama will allow to be placed on its back is a weight of 125 pounds. If any heavier load be placed on the animal's back the wise beast lies down, and no amount of coaxing or beating can make it move an inch.

Two Views.

"Would you like some views of the hotel to send to your friends?" "Sir," said the disgruntled guest, "I presume it will be better for me to keep my views to myself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

I worked with patience which means almost power.—Mrs. Browning.

Many People Don't Know A sluggish liver can cause a person a awful lot of misery. Spells of dizziness, headaches, constipation and biliousness are sure signs that your liver needs help. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills and see how they help tone up the whole system. Fine for the stomach too. Aids digestion. Purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

Among the Grangers.

This column is devoted to the Grange, especially to the granges of Hancock county. The column is open to all grangers for the discussion of topics of general interest, and for reports of grange meetings. Make letters short and concise. All communications must be signed, but names will not be printed except by permission of the writer. All communications will be subject to approval by the editor, but none will be rejected without good reason.

Friday, Jan. 21—Meeting of Hancock Pomona grange with North Sedgwick grange.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, 484, WEST EDEN. The newly-elected officers are as follows: George W. Mayo, master; Clarence Hopkins, overseer; Dexter Swazey, lecturer; James Hamor, steward; Raymond Tripp, assistant steward; Mrs. Nellie Cowing, chaplain; Mrs. Edith Rich, treasurer; Mrs. Gertrude Clark, secretary; G. N. Rich, gatekeeper; Florence Rich, Ceres; Della Lurvey, Pomona; Nancy Woodbridge, Flora; Vilda Lurvey, lady assistant steward.

SCENIC, 529, WALTHAM. Although the last meeting night was stormy, twenty-two members and visitors had an enjoyable grange meeting. The program was very interesting, consisting of readings, and a short story of the master's trip to State grange. The installation of officers will be held Jan. 12, with Martin Garland as installing officer. Refreshments will be served.

BROOKLIN, 251. The newly-elected officers are as follows: Roswell Eaton, master; Prin Allen, overseer; Anna Herrick, lecturer; Fred Herrick, steward; Kendall Allen, assistant steward; Raymond Allen, chaplain; Emory Bracy, treasurer; Laura Gray, secretary; Lawrence Kane, gatekeeper; Mrs. Hattie Joyce, Ceres; Mrs. Naomi Allen, Pomona; Mrs. Carrie Flye, Flora; Laura Joyce, lady assistant steward.

DEER ISLE, 286. The newly-elected officers are as follows: Jack Stinson, master; Ralph A. Gray, overseer; Myra F. Browne, lecturer; Guy H. Gray, steward; Elwyn Hardy, assistant steward; Flora O. Stinson, chaplain; Geo. L. Hardy, treasurer; Ada H. Hardy, secretary; Emory Gray, gatekeeper; Carrie E. Pressey, Ceres; Ethel M. Howard, Pomona; Louise E. Gray, Flora; Charlena Lowe, lady assistant steward.

BAYSIDE, 476, ELLSWORTH. Bayside grange held its regular meeting Dec. 29, with twenty-two members present. The treasurer and lady assistant steward resigned their offices, and S. S. Estey and Bertha Estey were elected to fill their places. The installation of officers will be held Jan. 5, with supper after installation.

LA MOINE, 264. The retiring officers furnished an interesting and entertaining program on Tuesday evening. A musical cake-walk was a novel means of serving refreshments. Games were enjoyed at recess. The report of State grange will be given by the worthy master, T. R. Hodgkins, at the next meeting. There will also be installation of officers and supper.

MARIASVILLE, 441. Dec. 25 only a few members were present. The master gave an interesting report of the State grange meeting. All business for the close of the year was attended to.

Mariasville grange held its meeting Jan. 1 to install officers for the year. The officers present were installed by Past Master Martin A. Garland. Although not many were present, it was one of the most interesting meetings held for some time. The speeches of the retiring master, Martin A. Garland, and the new master, Roland Salisbury, were the interesting parts of the installation. The new master responded in an able manner, taking hold of the work with an enthusiasm that is bound to make the year 1916 a successful one for Mariasville grange.

MASSAQUA, 477, SOUTH BLUEHILL. Massaqua grange worked the first and second degrees on two candidates Dec. 29. At the next meeting the third and fourth degrees will be worked and the harvest feast served. A New Year's program was given and a social hour was enjoyed by all. Jan. 12 is the date set for installation. Sister Edith Candage will install.

RAINBOW, 233, NORTH BROOKVILLE. Rainbow grange met in regular session Dec. 30, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Master, Andrew Grindle; overseer, Walter Clement; lecturer, Glen Hamilton; steward, Harold Dow; assistant steward, Arthur Gray; chaplain, Josephine Gray; treasurer, Roscoe D. Gray; secretary, Phoebe D. Wesel; gatekeeper, Carl Green; Ceres, Annie Grindle; Pomona, Mabel Bradeen; Flora, Grace Stover; lady assistant steward, Helen Gray. At the next meeting the officers will be installed by Brother Grindle, followed by a supper. About fifty members were present.

SEDGWICK, 244. Seventy were present at the regular meeting, Dec. 31. The third and fourth degrees were conferred on a class of six. One application was received. A very interesting report of the State grange was given by the worthy master, who attended that meeting. The roll-call was well responded to, many paying a fine of five cents, which furnished a good treat of candy and peanuts. On Jan. 7 there will be installation of officers, who will be installed by Bro. John Wood, of East Bluehill.

JOHN DORRITY, SULLIVAN, 381. The newly-elected officers of John Dorrity grange are as follows: E. E. Bragdon, master; F. A. Noyes, overseer; George A. Hatch, lecturer; J. A. Stover, steward; Maurice E. Bragdon, assistant steward; Cora E. Stover, chaplain; L. E. Wilbur, treasurer; Julia E. Noyes, secretary; Raymond Orcutt, gatekeeper; Jessie N. Bragdon, Ceres; Minnie M. Hatch, Pomona;

Addie V. Orcutt, Flora; Doris M. Hatch, lady assistant steward.

NARRAMISSETT, 234, ORLAND. Narramissett grange convened in public session Saturday, the first evening of the new year.

Order was called by W. M. Cant. E. L. Dorrity. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, and song selections were rendered by a choir directed by Miss Mildred Cooke (Gross). G. M. A. R. Hutchins and Mrs. Hutchins installed the officers as elected, to serve for the year.

Suggestions were made for the good of the order by Dr. C. W. Brown, Past Master A. B. Hutchins and Mrs. Hutchins, Past Masters C. R. Ripley and Fred Buck, the worthy master and I. R. Saunders, Mrs. Jennie Gross, Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Mildred Gross and others.

All present seemed in helpful spirit, and white pages, by promise, were presented for the 1916 record.

An expression of thanks was given to Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins for their efficient aid.

The meeting was then declared closed, and guests and patrons were served a bountiful supper in the dining-room. Music, games and social enjoyment closed the evening.



PIQUANT RHUBARB.

The sprightly flavor of the rhubarb makes it a favorite with nearly every one. Its medicinal qualities are well known, the acid being especially beneficial in the springtime. Here are several formulas for preparing rhubarb which will meet with much favor when tried.

Rhubarb and Prune Sauce.

This makes a delicious combination, the acid of the rhubarb being an offset to the mild flavored prune. Wash the prunes well and put them into clean, cold water to soak overnight, using no more water than what the prunes will absorb. In the morning add twice the quantity of rhubarb cut in small pieces, place all in a double boiler and cook until perfectly tender. Sugar to suit the taste should be added shortly before removing from the fire. Or, the fruit may be placed in a covered dish, set in a pan of boiling water in the oven and baked until tender, or placed in the fireless cooker.

Plain Stewed Rhubarb.

If very tender young stalks are used they will not need peeling, simply washing thoroughly, but if the skin is tough it must be removed except where the stewed fruit is to be rubbed through a sieve or strainer, as in certain of the recipes. Cut the stalks in very short pieces and stew in a small quantity of water, adding a good piece of dried orange or lemon peel; when perfectly tender add sugar to taste, removing the lemon peel, and let scald for a few minutes longer.

Rhubarb Dessert.

Cook one quart of finely chopped rhubarb in a very little water until soft, press through a sieve, sweeten to taste, flavor with lemon extract, or stew a few slices of lemon with the rhubarb and let get very cold. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff with two tablespoonsfuls of powdered sugar, whisk lightly into the sifted rhubarb, dust the top with sugar and sprinkle with finely chopped almonds and serve at once.

Rhubarb Jelly With Whipped Cream.

Cut one pound of rhubarb into short pieces and put in a granite baking pan with one cupful of sugar, the thin yellow rind chopped from half a lemon and one and one-half inches of ginger root. Cover and bake until tender. Have one-half ounce of gelatin soaked in one-half cupful of cold water until soft, add it to the rhubarb, set the dish in a pan of boiling water and stir until thoroughly dissolved; add one tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour all into a fancy mold that has been dipped in cold water. Keep on ice until time to serve; then turn out on a glass dish, fill the center with whipped cream and place small mounds of it around the jelly.

Rhubarb Sponge.

Stew some rhubarb and strain off the juice. To one pint of juice add about one-half ounce of gelatin soaked in a little cold water until softened, stir until dissolved, then sweeten to taste and add any flavoring desired. When the rhubarb begins to thicken whisk in the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs and beat thoroughly.

Anna Thompson.

Feed the Birds.

The snow covers their usual food—insects' eggs and larvae and the seeds of weeds—and they will starve unless we feed them.

Give them hayseed, chaff from the barn floor, crumbs, scraps of meat, bones and suet, anything eatable, and they will repay you a thousand fold by their work in the garden and orchard in the spring.

Do it now. Fasten the meat scraps and suet securely to the trees and see how eagerly the chickadees and woodpeckers go to it. Tread the snow down hard and scatter the hayseed and crumbs there, or put it on a board or box and watch the juncos and tree sparrows fill up.

Keep it up while the snow lasts. It is not only a fine philanthropy but a paying investment for each one of us. If you want to know more about feeding and protecting birds, write to Winthrop Packard, 66 Newbury street, Boston, Mass.

Ample Grounds. "My wife made me what I am today." "You could get a divorce for that."—Boston Transcript.

HOME ECONOMICS.

Extensive Work Done by the University of Maine.

During the year ending July 1, 1915, 5485 people throughout the State were reached by lectures and demonstrations given by representatives of home economics from the college of agriculture, University of Maine. This work was done in cooperation with the granges, cow-test associations, fairs, churches, community meetings and women's clubs and the various State conventions.

Among the subjects discussed were the following: Home Economics as a Profession, Food and Its Uses, School Lunches, Three Meals a Day, The Convenient Kitchen, Protein in the Diet, Girls' Club Work, and Laundering. The demonstrations dealt with apple cookery, use of left-overs, meat substitutes, cheese, meats, milk and eggs, doughs and batters, canning.

The work of the department has not been confined merely to lectures and demonstrations, but has included judging at fairs, aid in planning school equipment, correspondence with individual persons wishing advice and information, social service work in the immediate vicinity, and school lunches.

The University of Maine is one of the few State institutions conducting a correspondence course in home economics. Bulletins dealing with varied phases of the work have been published for general distribution.

One of the features of the year's work was the women's section of farmers' week, which is held at the university. The registration of women numbered 165 at this meeting.

The work for the year ending July 1, 1915, was carried on by the members of the home economics faculty of the university and by the State leader of girls' clubs, who is employed by the Central education board, under the supervision of the extension department, to organize and conduct girls' club work in this State. All the work is under the supervision of Dean Leon S. Merrill, director of extension work.

An extension representative of home economics, who has been employed under the Smith-Lever act, has been added to the above force for the coming year.

In addition to the extension work already being done in home economics, plans are being made for conducting extension schools for women similar in plan of operation to those in agriculture held during the past two years.

Advertisements.

HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?

Do colds settle on your chest or in your bronchial tubes? Do coughs hang on, or are you subject to throat troubles?

Such troubles should have immediate treatment with the strengthening powers of Scott's Emulsion to guard against consumption which so easily follows.

Scott's Emulsion contains pure cod liver oil which scientifically strengthens the respiratory tract and improves the quality of the blood; the glycerine in it soothes and heals the tender membranes of the throat.

Scott's is prescribed by the best specialists. You can get it at any drug store. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

ROAD TO HEALTH IS THROUGH THE KIDNEYS.

No person alive is stronger than his kidneys. The minute the kidneys become disarranged or clogged with waste the warning is flashed throughout the entire system. The greater part of all sickness today can be avoided by keeping the kidneys working properly.

G. A. Pacher, the popular druggist, can tell you of many well known people in this city whom Solvax, the standard kidney remedy, has restored to health, often after they have tried many other methods of treatment with little or no benefit.

This remarkable kidney remedy is guaranteed to help the worst case of lazy, sluggish, or clogged-up kidneys, or the general headache, kinky-backed, general, played-out condition that afflicts people suffering with kidney trouble. Solvax does not simply relieve. It aims to cure.

No other kidney remedy has such a large percentage of cures as Solvax. It is so large that G. A. Pacher is perfectly safe in standing ready to refund the price to any customer whom it does not help.

Railroads and Steamboats.



QUARRIES, FACTORY LOCATIONS, MILL SITES, FARMS, SITES FOR SUMMER HOTELS and CAMPS

Located on the line of the MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD

Advertisements

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

his real cause of Kidney and Blood troubles, by restoring right action of Stomach, Liver and Bowels, overcoming indigestion and constipation dangers (Auto-Intoxication); thus Kidneys and Bladder are aided, the blood purified. Unbroken record of wonderful success.

Write Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free trial. Large bottles, all druggists.

SIMPLE REMEDY

FOR CATARRH

Just Breathe Hyomei Four Times a Day and Be Relieved.

If a few years ago some one had said you could treat catarrh by breathing air charged with a healing balsam, the idea would have been ridiculed, and it remained for that eminent investigator, R. T. Booth, to discover in Hyomei this wonderful method of treatment.

Hyomei has performed almost miraculous results in treating catarrh and is today recognized by thousands of people as the only advertised remedy for catarrh that can be relied upon to do just what it claims. The complete outfit of Hyomei is inexpensive and consists of an inhaler, a medicine dropper and a bottle of Hyomei.

Breathe the air of Hyomei through the little inhaler four times a day and it will help the worst case of catarrh. It soothes and heals the mucous membrane of the air passages, prevents irritation, and effects complete and lasting relief.

In Ellsworth there are scores of well-known people who have been relieved of catarrh by Hyomei. If it does not help you G. A. Parcher will return the money you paid for Hyomei. This is the strongest evidence that can be offered as to his faith in this remedy.

The Same In Old Town

Old Town Residents Speak Out for the Welfare of the Public.

It is just the same in Old Town as here in Ellsworth; our friends there speak out in same glad, earnest way as so many grateful Ellsworth men and women have spoken in these columns for years past.

William A. Tear, prop. of grocery, Bradbury St., Old Town, Me., says: "An injury resulted in disordered kidneys and I suffered intensely. I used Doan's Kidney Pills with better results than any other kidney medicine I had ever tried. The pains through the small of my back were relieved and my kidneys were strengthened."

Over three years later, Mr. Tear said: "What I said in recommendation of Doan's Kidney Pills before holds good and I can recommend them as the best kidney medicine on the market."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Tear had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAIR AND SCALP NEED DAILY CARE

If you value the appearance of your hair you should treat your scalp as often and well as you brush your teeth, and rub into the scalp pores twice daily a little Parisian Sage. This treatment is not a mere "hair tonic." It is bottled nourishment for the hair roots and it is simply wonderful what an improvement its use for even a week will make in the appearance of anyone's hair. It never injures, is delightfully cool and pleasant to the scalp, and takes out the dull, lifeless look in the hair, making it soft, fluffy, glossy and beautiful. Two or three applications remove every trace of dandruff, and daily use will prevent its return. G. A. Parcher and the leading druggists everywhere can furnish you with Parisian Sage—it costs but a trifle.

SAVE BY MAIL!

Many hundreds of our patrons find it simple and safe to do business with us by mail. So will YOU. Ask for details.

Han. Co. Savings BANK, Ellsworth

The Iscaria Steel Works

A Story Illustrating the Difference Between the Old and the New.

By JOHN Y. LARNED

There are in Europe a number of petty kingdoms, principalities and dukedoms that in the various changes of the map which have occurred during ten or a dozen centuries have for one cause or another been left out of the great divisions. One of these is the duchy of Iscaria, which several centuries ago, on readjusting the boundary between Italy and Austria, became independent. It consists of seventeen square miles in a mountainous region, the capital, Arancon, lying in a beautiful valley in the center of the dukedom. This little state has always maintained all the ceremony of an empire. The duke, being a reigning sovereign, associates on equal terms with the crowned heads of the world. He has a prime minister and a cabinet, and his army numbers 400 men. On state occasions he sits on a throne and wears a crown. The royal family, being members of the family circle, find it difficult to gather about them sufficient persons within the dukedom of high enough rank to form a court society.

Bob Anderson was a young American whose grandfather had established a foundry which had grown to be the Pemberton Steel company. Bob a few years ago came of age to find himself the sole owner of these extensive works. He retained the control of the concern, but there was an efficient manager who relieved the owner of the responsibility.

The young man, having a taste for adventure, on completing his education set out to see the world. During three years he traveled, returning only at long intervals to satisfy himself that all was going well with his steel works, for he had inherited from his father a natural gift for administrative action. He not only knew what kind of man to get to carry out his ideas, but took care to make an examination of what he was doing at such intervals as he deemed essential. After each investigation he would start out again on another ramble.

One day Bob found himself in Arancon, the capital of Iscaria. It happened to be a field day, and the reigning duke, Michael III., reviewed his army. Bob tried to hire a presentable livery rig in which to view the spectacle, but found everything engaged except the most rattletap cab in the dukedom. He was obliged to be content with this and drove on to the grounds where the review was to take place.

During the ceremonies Bob's cabby got on to grounds reserved for royalty, and his old trap, desecrating a space on which stood the splendid equipage of the duchess, was ordered off by a policeman. Bob slipped a fistful of gold pieces into the man's hand, who straightaway, pretending that there was no way for the cab to get out of the tangle of vehicles, permitted him to remain. The duchess looked daggers at the official and at Bob, but said nothing.

Beside the wife of the sovereign was her daughter, Eudoxia. There was something so discordant between the cab and the carriage in which she sat that she could not repress a smile. That smile brought a resolve to the American to show her royal highness that he was used to better equipages than a cab that was ready for the scrap heap.

Now, the dukedom of Iscaria was like a Parisian shop, where about all the stock is in the window. The duke was financially the poorest sovereign in Europe. His territory, being mountainous, was unproductive, and his subjects were gradually going elsewhere to make a living. Smarting under the young duchess' smile at his rig, Bob, as soon as the troops had passed, returned to his hotel to think over a plan whereby he might show those impoverished royalties that he was able to ride in as fine a coach as they. The result of his thought and investigation was as follows:

Through the city of Arancon ran a mountain torrent directly before the hotel in which Bob was stopping. While cogitating a plan to show his power through his wealth he was looking on this stream.

"I have it," he said suddenly. "That's a splendid water power. I will line the stream with mills. I will show these people that I can turn the flow of emigration to immigration. I will build up the dukedom. Then I will ride through the capital in a donkey cart if I choose and they will have something to laugh at."

Anderson spent some time inquiring what manufacture would be best suited to the locality and found that there were undeveloped iron mines in mountains near by that were very rich. His first move was to buy a large tract of land on both sides of the waterway below the city. Then he sent to America for a corps of engineers and mechanics, and buildings began to go up, enormous dams were constructed, and machinery by the hundreds of tons began to arrive.

Meanwhile the builder of this water power plant went off on his travels, leaving instructions with his managers that they should keep the ownership a secret. The duke, seeing what was

being done, sent his grand chamberlain to inquire what it all meant. He was told that the Iscaria Steel company was building a plant to smelt the iron to be taken from the mines in the mountains, but as to who or what was the Iscaria Steel company the chamberlain was given no satisfaction.

The building of the works, the opening of the mines, caused the influx of workmen to the capital. A park was laid out a few miles from the city, but near the plant, on which long rows of laborers' cottages sprang, as it seemed, out of the ground. Hundreds of men who had left their families to go elsewhere in search of employment returned. It seemed as if Iscaria had been dead and some unseen power had breathed into it the breath of a new life.

The government reaped a substantial pecuniary benefit. Those who were in arrears for their taxes paid them, and there were thousands more to be taxed. The duke discarded the tarnished tinsel of a hundred years and purchased new and modern articles. The duchess and Eudoxia sent to Paris for gowns of the latest fashion. Families of the head men of the steel company came to live at the capital, and a social circle was formed similar to that existing in the capital of a democratic monarchy.

But who was at the bottom of this prosperity? No one but the president of the steel company knew, and he would not tell. But what had been done was only the beginning. The large force that was employed in opening the mines, preparing the water power for use, building the vast city of machine shops, was as nothing to the influx of workmen that took place on the completion of the plant and the commencement of manufacture. Certain property belonging to the crown was sold in town lots, bringing in a sum of money that enabled the reigning sovereign to pay his debts and invest the balance at an interest that brought him a truly dual revenue.

Shortly before the works were started Robert Anderson returned to the capital, bringing letters of certain persons influential in various governments to members of the cabinet of Iscaria. Being a young man of good appearance, tall and well built, he progressed rapidly in a social way in the court circle. He made no display of wealth, dressed plainly, and no one suspected that he was very rich. One of the important functions he attended was a ball at the palace, the first given since the royal ladies had put off their old fashioned gowns and appeared in their Parisian costumes. Anderson was taken to the royal family for introduction and, on giving place to others before the sovereign, joined the young Duchess Eudoxia.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I have seen you before somewhere."

"And your highness' face is familiar to me," replied Bob.

"I have it," said the lady. "I saw you at the last review of the troops." The remembrance of his rattletap cab brought back the smile that Bob had seen on that occasion. It was a becoming smile, and now that Bob had prepared the way for his revenge he returned the smile in kind.

"The steel works are to be opened tomorrow," he replied. "I confess that my equipage was out of place at the review of the army. Tomorrow it will be more appropriate. We Americans are representatives of commerce and manufacture. We do not put on much style."

"The court attends the inaugural ceremony. My father has been invited to press the electric key that starts the machinery."

"I shall be present." Anderson passed on, but after the brief interview with her highness Eudoxia had no further interest in the assembly and soon took his departure.

The next day a procession of the managers and the operatives of the Iscaria Steel company started from a given point and marched to the building where the duke was to press the electric key. The route led them past the palace, and the young duchess viewed it from a balcony. At the head of the procession, in the same rattletap cab in which he had attended the review, was Bob Anderson. Next behind him was the president of the steel works. Following them were the managers of the different departments and their subordinates. Last came the vast body of workmen.

What Anderson's presence at the head of the procession meant Eudoxia was at a loss to know. She descended to a carriage waiting below and was driven to the building where her father was to open the works. Shortly after her arrival the managers entered, followed by representatives of the workmen. Two seats were placed on the platform, one on each side of the electric key. Anderson took the one on the left. When, in a few minutes, the duke entered Anderson arose and, with a profound bow, said:

"I feel honored, your royal highness, that you have consented to open the plant that I have built in your dukedom. May it give work to your people when I shall have passed to another existence!"

The duke, not wishing to betray his astonishment before so many people, bowed and pressed the key.

The Duchess Eudoxia rose from her seat in the royal compartment and left the hall. What prompted her to do this before the ceremonies were finished was not known. The next day Bob Anderson, hearing that Mount Aetna was sending up a column of flame and smoke, left the capital for Sicily.

Nevertheless there is a report that the Duke of Iscaria has offered to make Ned a baron and give him the hand of his daughter in order to secure Ned's vast wealth. It is also rumored that Ned is willing to accept the daughter, but not the title.

You've hit the right tobacco

when you fire-up some Prince Albert in your old jimmy pipe or in a makin's cigarette. And you know it! Can't get in wrong with P. A. for it is made right; made to spread-smoke-sunshine among men who have suffered with scorched tongues and parched throats! The patented process fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch. All day long you'll sing how glad you are you're pals with

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You take this testimony straight from the shoulder, men. You can smoke a barrel of P. A. without a kick! It hands out all the tobacco happiness any man ever dreamed about, it's so smooth and friendly. It's a mighty cheerful thing to be on talking-terms with your pipe and your tongue at the same time—but that's what's coming to you sure as you pin your faith to Prince Albert!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Advertisements



It's an easy job

to change the shape and color of unsalable brands to imitate the Prince Albert tidy red tin, but it is impossible to imitate the flavor of Prince Albert tobacco! The patented process protects that!

Everywhere tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert waiting your cheerful visit. Buy it in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound humidor—and—in that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco so fit!

KITTERY TO CARIBOU.

Mildred Hersey, aged thirteen, daughter of Elmer Hersey, of Oakfield, was drowned Thursday night while skating near her home.

Former Postmaster Daniel J. Hauer, of Perry, was found guilty of misappropriating government funds by a jury in the United States district court at Portland Friday. According to the testimony, there was a shortage of about \$200 in his accounts. Hauer claimed he had the right to take his commissions out of the postal funds; also that money had been taken by another.

The potato house of T. T. Michaud at Soldier Pond was burned Friday, with a loss of 10,000 barrels of potatoes valued at over \$20,000. At New Limerick two potato houses were burned Thursday night, with a loss of 4,000 barrels.

The valuation of the cities, towns and plantations of Maine on the first of last April was \$447,712,122, an increase over the previous year of \$8,182,964, according to the annual report of the State assessors.

Skowhegan bids fair to be the location of the new State reformatory for women. The trustees have so recommended. The law under which the reformatory is established provides an appropriation of \$20,000 for land and buildings in 1915, and \$30,000 for 1916. The proposed site is about one-half mile from Skowhegan station, on a hill overlooking the Kennebec river.

DEER ISLE.

Hoyt Foster and Maurice Gross returned Monday to University of Maine.

Several have been ill with the grip the past week, some of them quite seriously.

A heavy snow storm came Saturday and Sunday, and sleighs were out for the first time this year.

B. E. Cook and wife, who have been on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Small, left for Sebago Thursday.

Mrs. Grace Small and children, of Stonington, are spending a few days with Mrs. Mamie Pickering.

Dorothy Lufkin, who has been spending her vacation with her mother, returned to her school Thursday.

Deer Isle high school basketball team played Rockport high school at the town hall Friday evening. It was one of the liveliest games ever played here, score, 15 to 19, in favor of the home team.

Jan. 3. REX.

Advertisements

Saves Boy From Grave.

Mrs. Jennie Bowe, of Meredith, N. H., writes this kind letter: "You have helped my little boy. He would have been in his grave before long."

Some symptoms of worms are: Deranged stomach, swollen upper lip, sour stomach, offensive breath, hard and full belly with occasional gripings and pains about the navel, pale face of leaden tint, eyes heavy and dull, twitching eyelids, itching of the nose, itching of the rectum, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, little red points sticking out on tongue, starting during sleep, slow fever.

If you have the least suspicion that your child is troubled with worms or pinworms, put him on the road to good health by using Dr. True's Elixir, the Family Laxative and Worm Expeller. This remedy has been on the market for over 20 years. Good for adults also. At all dealers, 35c, 50c, and \$1.00. Advice free.

An Old Kentucky Home Since I Began Taking Peruna I Weigh 120 Pounds for the First Time in My Life. My former weight was 102 lbs. My Mother who is 76 Years Old Had Grown so Weak She could scarcely walk. She also took Peruna and is fleshier and looking well.



The above splendid woman is Mrs. Hattie Hamilton, of 918 Glen Ave., Latonia, Ky. She recommends Peruna to all housewives. Address The Peruna Co., of Columbus, Ohio, for a free copy of the "His of Life."

PARMENTER & POLSEY FERTILIZERS

POWERFUL & PRODUCTIVE

Always Reliable

When you put Parmenter & Polsey Animal Fertilizers into your fields, they start right off to work restoring the fertility of the soil, and feeding your crops to an abundant yield. But these powerful fertilizers do not stop with that—they keep right at work putting the land in best condition for next year's crops.

That's because they're animal fertilizers, made out of BONE, BLOOD, MEAT and high-grade chemicals. The very thing that ought to be in your fields—natural plant food in its most powerful and productive form.

Animal food is what plants need. It makes the most natural, most sensible and the best fertilizer. And the richest kind of organic food is the BONE, BLOOD and MEAT Animal Fertilizers made by the Parmenter & Polsey Company.

Get our booklet showing results in 1915 without potash. Have you seen our dealer? It'll pay you to meet him.

PARMENTER & POLSEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Don't Forget to Get Ballard's Golden Oil

The greatest throat and lung remedy. No opiates; no alcohol. On sugar, pleasant to take. 25c and 50c at all dealers.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE AMERICAN

AMERICAN ADS PAY

Advertisements

Advertisements

Bijou Theatre Hancock Hall

Twice Daily: 2 and 8 p. m.

THE 8th WONDER of the World

The Most Fasinating Story of Civil War and Reconstruction Days
EVER UNFOLDED BEFORE AMERICAN EYESThursday, Friday and
Saturday, Jan. 13-14-15

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

SEE

Lincoln's Assassination. Lee's
Surrender to Grant. Sherman's
March to the Sea. Battle of Get-
tysburg. Last Stand at Petersburg
North and South Re-united

War as it Actually is

Evening Prices, 50-75-\$1

Mail Orders Received

Be SURE to SEE the GREATEST SENSATIONAL SUCCESS in STAGE ANNALS of the WORLD

Same Full Production and Music Effects as Played in Bangor
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF 15 PIECESThe MERCHANTS of ELLSWORTH are giving "Birth of a Nation"
BARGAIN DAYS. See their ads. See their window display of bargains

COST \$500,000

5,000 scenes, 18,000 characters, 3,000 horses

Cities Built Up and then Destroyed by Fire
Biggest Battle Scenes of the Civil War Re-enacted
Ford's Theatre, Washington, Reproduced to the
Smallest Detail, for the Lincoln Assassination
Tragic and Wild Ku-Klux "RIDES"
Wonderful Artillery Duels in Which Real Shells
Were Exploded

More than 6,000,000 have seen it

Matinee, - 25-35-50

Special Notices.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union River Telephone Company will be held at the banking rooms of the company in Ellsworth on Tuesday, January 11, 1916, at 2 p. m. for the transaction of the following business:

1. To choose a board of directors of the company for the ensuing year.
2. To choose an executive board of the company for the ensuing year.
3. To transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

O. W. TAPLEY, Clerk.
Ellsworth, Me., Dec. 29, 1915.

SHAREHOLDERS' MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Ellsworth Loan & Building Association will be held on January 17, 1916, at 7:30 p. m., at the office of the association in the Taylor block, Ellsworth, Maine, for the following purposes:

1. For the election of a board of seven directors.
2. For the election of an auditor.
3. For the transaction of any other business that may properly come before said meeting.

O. W. TAPLEY, Secretary.
Ellsworth, Maine, Dec. 28, 1915.

CARD OF THANKS.

WE extend sincere thanks to all friends and neighbors for their kindly interest and sympathy during the last illness of our dear mother.

VIOLA J. DAVIS.
LINCOLN P. DAVIS.
WARREN A. DAVIS.
AGUSTINE E. DAVIS.
HERBERT A. DAVIS.
ADDIE L. GALEY.
MAURIE E. RAYBURN.
NADIE E. OLSEN.
East Lamoine, Jan. 3, 1916.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Union River Telephone Company will be held at the office of the clerk in Aurora at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday the 17th day of January, 1916, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business which may legally come before said meeting.

H. T. SILVER, Clerk.
Aurora, Dec. 22, 1915.

Pauper Notice.

HAVING contracted with the City of Ellsworth to support and care for those who may need assistance during five years beginning Jan. 1, 1916, and are legal residents of Ellsworth, I forbid all persons trusting them on my account, as there is plenty of room and accommodations to care for them at the City Farm house.

ARTHUR B. MITCHELL.

Legal Notices.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.
In the matter of
JOSEPH V. DANEY, { In Bankruptcy.
Bankrupt.

To the Hon. Clarence Hale, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine.

JOSEPH V. DANEY, of Eden, in the county of Hancock, and State of Maine, in said district, respectfully represents that on the 6th day of November, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property, and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said acts and of the orders of court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays that he may be decreed by the court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 25th day of December a. d. 1915.
JOSEPH V. DANEY, Bankrupt.

Order of Notice Thereon.
DISTRICT OF MAINE ss.
On this 1st day of January, a. d. 1916, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 11th day of February a. d. 1916, before said court at Portland in said district, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Ellsworth American, a newspaper printed in said district, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the court, that the clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the Honorable Clarence Hale, Judge of the said court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said district, on the 1st day of January, a. d. 1916.

JAMES E. HAWES, Clerk.
A true copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: JAMES E. HAWES, Clerk.

The mail-order house is waging war on the local merchants with advertising as its ammunition. The local merchant who doesn't fight back with the same ammunition is bound to lose out.

HE GUESSED RIGHT.

Now See if You Can Tell Which Fair One He Selected.

A certain Turk, according to the story, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared.

The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him.

"If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit."

The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice.

"You have only a minute left," yelled the sultan in anger. "Choose at once!"

Ten of the ladies, the man noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of the remaining two frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. 'No,' he said to himself; 'it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her.'"

After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she—the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

Machine Guns.

Machine guns are really rifles with a mechanical feed, which supplies them rapidly with cartridges. In all modern patterns they are automatic in action. The gas produced by the explosion or shock of the recoil opens the breech, ejects the spent cartridge, loads the rifle, closes the breech and fires the charge. These complicated operations are carried out with extraordinary speed. To give an example: The Maxim can fire at least 450 rounds a minute, or more than seven shots per second, and if in exceptionally good order and cleverly operated can discharge 600 rounds a minute.—London Tit-Bits.

The River Tigris.

The river Tigris appears in the book of Genesis as Hiddkel, one of the four "heads" into which the river of Eden was parted. The name by which we know it does not exactly "mean" tiger, for the correct way of putting it is that both "tiger" and "Tigris" mean in Persian swift as an arrow. "Euphrates" is a Greek version of the Persian Hāfrat, which signifies "the good abounding" and represents the old Asiatic Būrat or Purat, akin to our verb "pour."

Long Lived Tennysons.

The Tennyson family was noted for its longevity. Miss Matilda Tennyson died in her ninety-ninth year; Charles was seventy-one at the time of his death; Mary, seventy-four; Emilia, seventy-eight; Alfred, poet laureate, eighty-three; Frederick, ninety-one; Arthur, eighty-five; Horatio, eighty, and Cecilia, ninety-two.

All Wrong.

The popular actor had become a soldier. In a hotly contested skirmish he distinguished himself by his courage and gallantry.

"Well, well," said he at the end of the action, "what do you think of that? Not a soul's applauding."—New York Post.

FROM WAR-WRACKED POLAND.

Capt. Ernest Hart, Recently from Russian Front, Now in Ellsworth.

Capt. Ernest Hart, recently arrived in the United States from the Russian battle-front, is in Ellsworth this week. Capt. Hart is now engaged in writing a book about Russia, filling in his spare time with lectures in aid of the war refugees of Poland.

The people of Ellsworth will have an opportunity to hear Capt. Hart Sunday evening, at 7:30, at the Unitarian church. No admission will be charged, but a silver collection will be taken.

Capt. Hart is widely known as a traveler, explorer and writer, but this is his first visit to the United States. He has recently been contributing special war articles to the London Times, Boston Globe, Boston Herald and Saturday Evening Post.

Early last year Capt. Hart went to Russia to inquire into the army medical and Red Cross organization in the Russian army, and to superintend the distribution of relief to Polish refugees, on behalf of an influential British committee.

During his recent stay in Russia, extending over ten months, he has been on the front with three armies: near Warsaw, at the Rakva and Bzura; at the Carpathian front, including Przemyśl and Lemberg; and at the Caucasus.

This is the first opportunity the people of Ellsworth have had to hear at first hand from the battlefields of Europe, and that the story is brought by a recognized authority will make it doubly interesting.

ELLSWORTH FALLS.

Eben and Reuel Whitcomb and Robert Haynes, who have been home over the holiday recess, returned to Bowdoin Monday.

Mrs. Nellie Davis went to Boston Monday where she will visit several weeks among relatives.

Mrs. Dwight FitzMorris and infant daughter, who have been here for several weeks with Mrs. FitzMorris' parents, W. H. Brown and wife, returned to Boston Monday.

Ernest White and family have rented the Wentworth house, and moved in this week.

Henry Lord and wife, who have been on a ten days' visit with their daughter, Mrs. Hubbard C. Newell, at South Portland, returned Monday.

C. A. Higgins and Waldo H. Higgins went to Green Lake Tuesday where they will haul wood from the woods to the station.

Lewis I. Gray, who is working in the woods at Spectacle pond for Hollis D. Jordan, was home over Sunday.

Mrs. Leonard R. Jordan spent Monday and Tuesday in Bangor with her son, Bert Miles, who is attending school there.

Mrs. D. E. Loweree and family, who recently moved here from Boston, have rented the house of George P. Dunham for housekeeping.

A colored minstrel troupe numbering nine arrived here Saturday night from Washington county where they have been showing for two weeks. They were without funds and were dependent upon the generosity of the community over Sunday and Monday. They gave creditable shows in the Gerry casino on Monday and Tuesday evenings, which were liberally patronized.

Frank Saverano went to Waltham Tuesday where he will work for the winter for Howard L. Jordan.

"Mother," said little Mabel, "do missionaries go to heaven?" "Why, of course, dear," her mother replied. "Do cannibals?" "No! I'm afraid they don't." "But, mother," the little girl insisted, "if a cannibal eats a missionary he'll have to

PARTRIDGE COVE.

Francis Smith has moved back to Surry. Friends of Mrs. Allie McDonald gave her a chopping match Thursday, and a party was enjoyed in the evening.

Henry Bartlett and family spent Christmas at Reuel Bartlett's in Ellsworth. Mrs. Bartlett remained until the next Thursday.

Jan. 3. HUBBARD.

MARINE LIST.

Hancock County Ports.
West Sullivan—At Dec 30, sch Mattie Newman, Mt Desert Ferry.

Sid Dec 31, sch Abbie Bowker, Boston.
Northeast Harbor—In port, Dec 27 schs Harry Morris, (Br) Bath for St John, N B; Puritan.
Southwest Harbor—At Dec 29, sch Manie Saunders, Sullivan for Boston.

In port, Jan 3, schs Elma, (Br) Herbert, N S, for New York; Moama, (Br) Boston for St John, N B.

BORN.

ANDERSON—At Sedgwick, Dec 19, to Mr and Mrs Edward A. Anderson, a daughter.

COUSINS—At Bucksport, Dec 26, to Mr and Mrs Kenneth V. Cousins, a daughter.

GRAY—At Sedgwick, Dec 5, to Mr and Mrs Orrin W. Gray, a son.

GRINDLE—At Sedgwick, Dec 29, to Mr and Mrs John W. Grindle, a son.

WELLMAN—At South Penobscot, Dec 26, to Mr and Mrs Ole D. Wellman, a son. (Ole Wilbur.)

MARRIED.

FRIST—NICKERSON—At Bangor, Dec 28, by Rev George C. Sauer, Miss Iva Frost, of Bangor, to Harry Royal Nickerson, of Bangor.

GENN—KENNEY—At Bucksport, Jan 1, by Rev Henry W. Webb, Miss Annie B. Genn, of Bucksport, to Fred L. Kenney.

GRAY—EMERTON—At Bucksport, Jan 1, by Rev William Forsyth, Mrs Nettie Gray to George B. Emerton, both of Bucksport.

DUNBAR—CLEAVES—At Sullivan, Jan 1, by Rev R. H. Moyle, Miss Katherine Dunbar to Herbert L. Cleaves, both of Sullivan.

HODGKINS—MARSHALL—At Bar Harbor, Dec 18, by Rev A. C. Learned, Miss Helen L. Hodgkins to Arno W. Marshall, both of Bar Harbor.

HOOPER—BROWN—At Sedgwick, Dec 11, by Rev Daniel Kimball, Miss Velma L. Hooper to Dwight Brown, both of Sedgwick.

LEACH—BEDE—At Bangor, Dec 29, by Rev S. Gahan, Miss Frances Mabel Leach to Frederick Eugene Bede, both of Bangor.

LINSCOTT—WYMAN—At Bangor, Dec 28, by Rev Ashley A. Smith, Miss Ethel M. Linscott, of Bar Harbor, to Samuel D. Wyman, of New Castle.

MORSE—LOCKE—At Bar Harbor, Jan 1, by Rev H. M. Purinton, Miss Lizzie Helen Morse, of Bar Harbor, to William Isaac Locke, of Bangor.

PIPER—CHAPMAN—At Ellsworth, Dec 25, by Rev T. S. Ross, Miss Frances E. Piper, of Bangor, to Edmund E. Chapman, of Ellsworth.

RANKINS—BARNES—At Bangor, Dec 17, by Rev J. J. Beatty, Mrs. Mabel Gray Rankins, of Bucksport, to Fred M. Barnes, of Bangor.

RUMBLE—SPRAGUE—At Manset, Jan 1, by Rev F. P. Dresser, Miss Beta Rumble, of West Tremont, to Walter Sprague, of McKinley.

SMITH—BRYANT—At Stonington, Dec 24, by Rev George H. Knowlton, Miss Elsie L. Smith, of Stonington, to Roy D. Bryant, of Stonington.

THOM—LONG—At Bluehill, Dec 6, by Rev Charles Hargrave, Mrs. Flora Thom to Solon A. Long, both of Bluehill.

DIED.

ADAMS—At Castine, Dec 25, Alfred F. Adams, aged 87 years, 11 months.

BOWDEN—At South Penobscot, Dec 29, Mrs. Ellen M. Bowden, aged 71 years, 7 months, 2 days.

BURNESS—At Verona, Jan 1, Mrs. Helen E. Burgess, aged 85 years, 35 days.

CANDAGE—At Bar Harbor, Dec 30, Arthur H. Candage, of Seal Harbor, aged 44 years, 8 months, 17 days.

DAVIS—At East Lamoine, Dec 30, Mary J. Davis, widow of Samuel F. Davis, aged 78 years, 28 days.

DOUGLASS—At Sedgwick, Dec 12, Mrs. Mary P. Douglass, aged 70 years, 3 months, 2 days.

FIFIELD—At Stonington, Dec 30, Mrs. Abbie F. Fifield, aged 68 years.

FRAZIER—At Los Angeles, Cal, Dec 25, Abby J. Frazier, wife of Milton Frazier, formerly of Ellsworth.

HIGGINS—At Bar Harbor, Dec 30, Alceus Higgins, aged 81 years, 10 months, 12 days.

MILLS—At Castine, January, John Mills, aged 86 years, 2 months, 28 days.

MITCHELL—At Bar Harbor, Dec 27, Joseph F. Mitchell, aged 62 years.

OBER—At Woodstock, Vt, Dec 30, Howard J. Ober, formerly of Seal Cove, aged about 45 years.

PERKINS—At Castine, Dec 29, Mrs. Jeanette W. Perkins, aged 68 years, 11 months.

STOVER—At Bluehill, Jan 1, Mrs. Eliza A. Stover, aged 90 years, 10 days.

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An Opportunity to Have Your House
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THE PLAN IN BRIEF: We will have an estimate for wiring made for you, or you may have your own estimate made, and when price is agreed upon, we pay the bills for wiring and fixtures selected by you, and you pay us in twelve monthly payments. This is an opportunity you have been looking for. For further particulars, telephone or write our local superintendent, L. H. Cushman, and he will be glad to call.

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SPECIALTIES: NERVOUS DISEASES,
DISEASES OF STOMACH.

Treatment and Consultation, by Appointment, in Ellsworth on Fridays.
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Telephones 1568 and 708-1

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Hot Water Heating, Furnace
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Twenty Years' Experience.
Personal attention to all details. Telephone or mail orders promptly attended to.

EDWARD F. BRADY,

Grant St., Ellsworth, Me.
Telephone 5-5.

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Whether it's a range or a furnace—if it is a "Clarion", it is sure to meet every requirement. Made by the Wood Bishop Co. Bangor. Sold by

J. P. ELDRIDGE,
Main Street, - ELLSWORTH.

Sinclair's Orchestra

Music furnished for all Occasions
Violin and Mandolin taught by conservatory method.

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Hancock Co. Savings Bank Ellsworth

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Electrician and Contractor
Electric Supplies and Fixtures

Estey Building, - Ellsworth
Tel. phone 38-11

The local merchant who does not advertise is throwing open the door to the mail-order house, which does advertise, and which is looking for just such openings.

COUNTY NEWS.

WEST FRANKLIN.

Mrs. Eugene Butler has been on the sick list.

Mrs. H. G. Wooster is visiting her son Harry in Old Town.

Both the high and common schools resume work to-day.

Jesse Rollins is visiting his brother Irving at Gouldsboro.

D. E. Smith is doing blacksmith work in Clarence Morse's shop.

Mr. Farnsworth, of Jonesport, is visiting his son John and family.

Poster Marston went to Bar Harbor Monday where he exchanged horses.

Guy Chick, of township 33, recently visited his brother-in-law, Lewis Shuman.

Winfield Hodgkins and Clyde Clark were here from Lamoine one day last week.

Henry Butler and Wallace Foss, of Hancock, were business visitors in town Saturday.

J. T. Clark, of Beechland, who has been visiting relatives here, returned home Sunday.

Miss Adah Savage has been spending a week in Skowhegan, called there by the death of her aunt.

Several checks have been received here recently by the boys, the result of pickering fishing at Great Pond.

Mrs. Cummings and Mrs. Carpenter, with their sons, of North Sullivan, have been visiting Mrs. Caleb Bradbury.

A flock of wild geese alighted on the ice in Great pond Dec. 31—the latest date on record for geese to be seen going South in this locality.

Duncan McVicar, of Bar Harbor, is visiting relatives here. He was given the glad hand at the installation Saturday night. It was his first visit for thirteen years to the Court, of which he was formerly a valued member, when a resident here.

Mrs. Margaret Bunker, who has been visiting relatives in Gouldsboro for two weeks, returned Friday to take up her duties again as nurse for Mrs. Clarence Morse. Mrs. Morse's daughters, Miss Maud and Mrs. Harry Lincoln, were with their mother during the nurse's absence.

Court Tugwassaah and Companion Court Sunlight, I. O. F., held a semi-public installation Saturday evening in the grange hall. The exercises were followed by remarks by many of the members of both courts. A chicken supper was served at the close. Afterwards a social hour was spent, interspersed with music. At a late hour the gathering broke up after its most successful entertainment of the year.

Jan. 3. ECHO.

LAMOINE.

Mrs. Lydia Hodgkins is ill. Mrs. Belle Giggins is caring for her.

Mrs. Lewis Anderson and family have moved to Brockton, Mass.

Rev. E. A. Davis, State evangelist, who is holding special meetings here and at North Lamoine, will remain over another Sunday.

Jan. 3. R. H.

OBITUARY.

This community was saddened, on Dec. 30, by the passing away of Mary J., widow of Samuel P. Davis and daughter of the late Capt. John and Barbara Pierce Bracy.

Mrs. Davis was born at Seal Harbor, Dec. 2, 1837, where she resided until thirty years ago, when she moved with her family to Lamoine.

Her pleasant and cheerful disposition and dignified manner won for her many friends who regret her departure. Up to a few days before her death she retained all her faculties to a remarkable degree, being active and interested in everything going on about her. She was deeply concerned about the European war, and her heart went out to all who were in trouble or sorrow.

Mrs. Davis spoke always with pride of her Revolutionary ancestors. She was the last member of a family of seven children. She united with the church at fourteen years of age, and had led a devout and consistent Christian life, whose influence will continue to live on. She leaves to mourn her loss four sons and four daughters, all of whom, with the exception of one son, were with her constantly, and did all that loving hands could do.

The funeral service was held Saturday, Rev. P. A. A. Kilham speaking words of consolation to the bereaved family. Exquisite flowers bore silent testimony of love and devotion. She was laid to rest in the East Lamoine cemetery.

SALISBURY COVE.

Mrs. Willard H. Liscomb, of Bar Harbor, was the guest of Mrs. Lucy Liscomb last week.

Charles, Earle and Newell Emery, students at the U. of M., have been at home during their vacation.

A Christmas cantata was given by the Sunday school and others Friday evening, Dec. 24, under the direction of Mr. Smith.

Advertisements.

To Stop a Cold Quick.

The minute you feel you have caught cold take a two to four grain quinine pill or some rhinitis pills—any druggist will tell you how.

Then take a dessert spoonful of sugar and pour on it several drops of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment—enough to soak the sugar. Eat this, letting it melt in your mouth and slowly trickle down your throat. Repeat this dose of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sugar say about every three or four hours.

Keep warm and don't get in a draft, but have plenty of fresh air in the room.

Probably you have heard of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, but maybe you didn't know that old Doctor Abner Johnson, a Maine doctor, discovered the formula. It is a fine liniment. Whenever you need a real good liniment to rub on for muscular "rheum-tis," aches, sprains, bruises and so on, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is the thing to use. All druggists sell it. Sometimes it does wonders for muscular rheumatism, and it will take the pain out anyway and reduce the swelling. You better use it. It will give you real help whenever you need a liniment for any ache, pain or bruise.

superintendent of the Sunday school, and Miss Searle, the school teacher. The children, together with Miss Searle, looked very pretty in their fancy costumes, and Santa and his attendant, "St. Nicholas," had their share of honors as well. The Sunday school appreciates the work of Miss Searle in helping so hard to make the entertainment such an enjoyable one.

Miss Searle Haynes DeLaitre, teacher at Indian Point, spent the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Nettie DeLaitre.

Fred Dalton and family, of Hall Quarry, spent several days last week with Mr. Dalton's sister, Mrs. Lester McFarland.

Mrs. Chester Johnson and daughter Pauline have been in East Sullivan the past week, visiting Theodore Johnson and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon Emery and daughter, Miss Hilda, have been enjoying the past week with relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Dec. 30. R.

CAPE ROSIER.

Maurice Gray is building an ice house. Albert Gray has bought an automobile.

Thomas Gray is working for Percy Clifford.

Oliver Bakeman shot a large bob-cat recently.

Henry Bakeman spent Christmas in Belfast.

Rollins Gray and Pearl Wardwell are working on the Rosier mine.

Mrs. James Redman is acting as nurse at the Webster hospital in Castine.

There was a well-attended shooting match at Valerius Black's Christmas.

Work on the Rosier mine is progressing rapidly. A small shipment will be made in a short time.

Van Black and wife, who have been making an extended visit in Deer Isle, returned home Saturday.

Wilbert Crockett, who has been on shore duty three years at Norfolk, has been ordered to sea, on the battleship New York.

Jan. 1. G.

BAR HARBOR.

Alcenus Higgins, one of Bar Harbor's oldest citizens, died suddenly Thursday, of heart trouble. He was in the eighty-second year of his age. He leaves two sons—Allen P. and George H. Higgins, both of Bar Harbor.

Joseph F. Mitchell died Monday, Dec. 27, aged sixty-two years. He leaves a widow and five sons—Samuel, Charles, James, Joseph and Alonzo.

The selectmen have designated the road from Leon Smith's store at Salisbury Cove to Liscomb's corner as State-aid road for 1916.

Selectman George B. Dorr has presented to the town eight enlarged photographs of local landscapes, framed, to be hung in the new municipal offices in the Odd Fellows block.

NORTH LAMOINE.

Mrs. Harry Bordeaux, of Somes Sound, spent several days the past week with her mother, Mrs. Roland Carter.

Miss Vera Wakefield and her brother Francis, of Bar Harbor, spent the past week at Walter Young's.

Mrs. Susan Salisbury, who has spent some time with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Hodgkins, at East Lamoine, returned on Friday.

Rev. E. A. Davis, State missionary, has been assisting the pastor, Rev. W. H. Rice, in special meetings at the school-house. Considerable interest has been manifested.

Jan. 3. Y.

SOUTH PENOBSCOT.

There will be a teachers' meeting at the Clark high school building Thursday, Jan. 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Clement, who have been in Bangor, returned home on Sunday.

Mrs. Maurice Gray, who has been at home for a few weeks, returned to Bath Thursday.

Berwyn Beal, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Herbert Gray, in Bangor, returned home Friday.

Miss Nan Grindle, who has been spending her Christmas vacation at home, returned to her school in Brookline, Mass., Saturday.

Jan. 2. L.

SEAL HARBOR.

Arthur H. Candage died at Bar Harbor hospital last Thursday, of pneumonia. He entered the hospital a little more than a week before his death for an operation for a carbuncle. The attack of pneumonia, which followed, was too much for his weakened condition. Mr. Candage was forty-four years of age, the son of Byron W. Candage and wife, of this place. He was in business with his father and brothers under the firm name of B. W. Candage & Sons, contractors. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Meda Gray, of Mt. Desert.

EAST SURRY.

Mrs. Mary E. Gray has gone to Brooklyn to visit her son Edward.

Marshall Olds received news a few days ago of the illness of his father at Dexter.

Mrs. Margaret Wazant has gone to Kittery to spend the winter with her son Charles.

Mrs. Julia A. Chatto, who has been suffering from erysipelas, the past two weeks, is improving.

C. C. Johnson and wife, of Machiasport, are spending the winter with their daughter, Mrs. E. E. Swett.

Jan. 3. C.

Any skin itching is a temper tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema—any skin itching. Get it at all drug stores.—Advt.

For dyspepsia, our national ailment, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strengthening digestion, purifying the blood. At all drug stores. \$1.00 a bottle.—Advt.

An Italian Girl's Vengeance

A Story of Sorrento

By F. A. MITCHEL

Sorrento, the famous Italian seaside resort, is built on a cliff several hundred feet high. The cliff is curved, the northern end flanked by Mount Vesuvius, the southern end pointing to the Mediterranean sea. The town is composed chiefly of hotels and villas, some of them set in the center of orange groves. At the base of the cliff are the homes of fisher folk, their boats moored on a narrow beach. There is no sea view in the world more beautiful than that from Sorrento. One may gaze upon the ever changing hue of the waters beneath, the islands of Ischia and Capri, here and there a ship or the little white steamer that carries passengers between Naples and the islands, while shoreward to the right is the cone Vesuvius with its mist of smoke about its summit.

Julian Hemstreet, a young American of fortune who was traveling abroad previous to settling down to the management of his estate, went to Sorrento and was so charmed with it that he was in no hurry to move on. Having sailor instincts he was drawn toward the shore directly beneath where the fleet of fishing craft was either hauled up on the beach or nodding at anchor.

Entering a wine shop, he asked a girl he found there how he should proceed to hire a boat. He knew enough of the Italian language to converse fairly well, and she gave him the necessary information. While she was doing so Julian ordered a liter of wine, which she brought and set on a table before him. There was nothing in the shop to look at except the girl, so Julian fixed his eyes upon her, and the longer he looked the more he found food for admiration.

Lita—that was her name—was dressed in the costume of Italy, which has in it a good deal of color. Like all, or nearly all, Italians, she was brunette, with a wealth of black hair and eyes of a dark brown. She was comely in her way, but not beautiful; nevertheless there was a novelty for Julian in her makeup, especially her costume. It was not long before he was paying her compliments, which meant little to him, but meant much to the girl.

Julian, having learned where he could get a boat, went for a sail on the bay, for he was accustomed to handling such craft, and when he returned called at the shop for another liter of wine. He was a handsome fellow, entirely different from the men to whom the girl served him had been accustomed. It is a question how far a man is responsible for a girl's falling in love with him. In this case Julian would not have prevented it even by refraining from the little compliments that he considered due any woman. She was confronted by that which dazzled her and was dazzled.

Possibly if Julian had realized the damage being done he would have withdrawn, though later, when it became plain to him, he did no such thing. But then it would have been much more difficult to withdraw than at the beginning.

One morning Julian was in the orange grove that surrounded his hotel plucking the ripe fruit, when from another part of the grove came a ripple of feminine laughter, and a moment later a girl appeared from among the trees. On seeing a young man her features changed from mirth to seriousness and she passed on into the hotel.

There could be no greater difference between two women than between this girl and the Italian at the foot of the cliff. The former was a blond whose complexion was still soft as that of a child, a rose tint mingled with its whiteness. The eyes were blue, the hair what is commonly called golden. She was Mildred Twining, a member of an American family who were touring in Europe. Julian, who was of an age to be easily impressed with feminine beauty, was much pleased at the sudden change on the face of the girl, on coming upon him so suddenly. Several other persons with whom she had been in the grove, including a child, followed her into the house, passing him closely, but so charmed was he with the girl that he took no note of the others.

Americans abroad are as prone to make friends with one another as they are to stand apart at home, and it was not long before Julian formed the acquaintance of the party of which Mildred Twining was a member. The ease with which tourists become friends is extended to the sexes, and there is no more prolific source of uniting hearts than sightseeing in foreign lands. Julian Hemstreet attached himself to the Twining party, or, rather, to Mildred Twining, and everywhere they went he went.

One day Julian proposed to his new found friends to take them to sail on the bay. They accepted his invitation and, having descended to the beach, stood waiting while Julian was making preparation for the debarkation. Lita, the wine shop girl, saw the party and went out to watch them. When Julian handed Mildred on to the boat Lita was watching him and saw an expression on his face as he looked down into the blue eyes that caused within the Italian's bosom a commotion of jealousy, hate, revenge. But no one knew

of it except herself. Julian was so wrapped in the girl he was handing into the boat that he did not even see the other. When the party returned from the sail Lita was screened from them by a window, through which she looked at Miss Twining with the eyes of a tigress.

Julian after his meeting with Miss Twining made no more visits to the wine shop. He did not realize the hold his personality had taken upon Lita, but was aware that he should have withdrawn from the latter's company sooner. Nevertheless he did not look upon the sudden flame he had inspired in her as of much importance. The fierceness of southern women in such matters did not occur to him. When he looked on Vesuvius, with its crest of smoke hanging lazily on its summit, he did not realize that down in the breast of the Italian girl there lurked a fire equal in intensity if not in force to that in the mountain.

One day when Julian and Mildred were rambling about the grounds of the hotel where they stopped they came upon a passage way leading down to the water. They concluded to go through it. On reaching the lower end they came upon a dock. There they stood looking out on the water. They were some distance from the wine shop, but Lita saw a couple on the dock and with the keen scent of love surmised that they were Julian and the girl who had stepped in between her and him.

Catching up a dirk knife and thrusting it into her bosom, she ran along the shore, now clambering between the water and the cliff, now stooping beneath some object to conceal her approach till she came near the dock on which the couple were standing unconscious of her approach; then, ducking under the side of the dock, she ran along it till she reached the margin of the water. There she stood listening to the pair on the dock, who were above her and a little farther out from the shore.

Hemstreet was talking to his companion in English, a language the Italian girl did not understand. He was well educated, and the ancient Romans had always interested him. He was pointing out different objects of interest within view—the island Capri near by, Ischia in the distance to the north, and opposite what in old Roman times was a city of summer residences called Balaie, owned and occupied by wealthy Romans. He described the scene on that night nearly twenty centuries before when the bay spreading before them was dotted with galleys shooting here and there in the lurid light of the fires emitted by Vesuvius, those upon them engaged in trying the dangerous work of saving the fleeing Pompeians, who were struggling in darkness under the cloud of ashes raining upon their devoted heads and burying their city, which now, after having been buried for twenty centuries, is being uncovered, to be visited every year by thousands of a civilization far different from that which passed slowly out of existence from the Italian peninsula.

Then Hemstreet spoke of the partings that took place on that eventful night, when parents, children, lovers lost one another in the darkness.

The only English word Lita knew was "love," and this she heard spoken by the man with whom she had become infatuated to her rival. Finally she drew out from under the dock where she could see them and, drawing the dirk from her bosom, aimed it at Mildred. Whether a slight sound she made was heard by Julian or whether there arose within him a premonition of danger he turned just as Lita started to throw the knife and barely in time to place himself between it and the intended victim. The knife entered his side, from which the blood gushed over the white summer suit he wore.

Lita stood aghast at what she had done, then with a cry sprang up the side of the dock just as Julian, sinking, was caught in Mildred's arms. Mildred, who had not seen the knife thrown, only knew that it was in her companion's side, but before she could act Lita pulled it out and threw it into the water, then with a kerchief she wore about her shoulders began to stanch the blood.

"Who did it?" cried Mildred.

"It was an accident," said Julian faintly.

Some men were working on a boat not far distant and Lita beckoned them to come. When they reached the dock Julian had fainted, but he soon revived and was carried to one of the houses on the beach. There he remained for a time, the surgeons undecided whether or not he would recover. No persuasion could induce him to declare how he had come by the wound, and Mildred Twining had not seen the knife thrown. Julian gave out a theory that some one concealed near him had thrown the knife at him for the purpose of rendering him a prey for robbery. But although there are many criminals in Italy the theory was not believed, for it would not be easy for any one to have lurked near him and get away after stabbing him without being seen.

Julian as soon as he was able to be moved was carried to the top of the cliff and lay at his hotel till he recovered. Miss Twining left with her party soon after he was out of danger, being the only one who did not suspect that the girl who had been near her and Julian at the time he was wounded had been his assailant. Julian joined Miss Twining later in Switzerland, and there resulted an engagement between them. But he kept his secret from her. Whether he ever saw Lita after the attempt on her rival's life is not known; probably not, since her people, knowing that she had committed a crime, sent her up into the mountains where she would not be attainable if called to an account.

A Lifelong Obligation.

In the January Woman's Home Companion the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, says: "Whatever else a grown-up son may be released from, he never outgrows the obligation of honoring his parents. So long as they live, he owes them a reverence which he owes to no one else. However busy he may be, he owes them some of his time. Whatever may be his attainments, and however exalted his position, the law of God holds him to filial veneration and love.

"If the son, having become a man, continues to live under the parental roof, he must not forget that he is in his father's house, and that at many points his father's wish should be considered law. No son, in the twenties or thirties or forties, is justified because of his age in recklessly disregarding the expressed wishes of his parents, and in declaring by his conduct that he will exercise his legal right of doing what he pleases. Attention to the parental voice is beautiful in sons of whatever age. Considerateness is always lovely, especially when shown to one's parents. Boorishness is never so ugly as when manifested by grown sons to their father or mother. Little boys can be boisterous and rude without lacerating the hearts of their parents, but when boys become men, they cannot speak harshly to their father or mother without having their words hurt worse than a stab or a blow. A grown son who acts the boor in the home of his parents is a barbarian, however polite he may be in society."

Wet Blanket Saved Crop.

"It was late in autumn," says a writer in Farm and Fireside, "when a sagegrass field caught fire just over the fence from my crop. As it was a very dry season, the fire spread rapidly and my whole crop was in danger, also my buildings. The fire started from a neighbor's clearings. A strong wind was blowing and the fire was soon beyond control. Several men came to help me, and we tore down the fences to save the buildings. But all our efforts to check the fire proved unsuccessful until some one suggested this method: 'A large blanket was soaked with water; then two men on horseback took opposite ends and dragged it across the field, and back again in front of the fire. This was on the side next my crop and buildings. After the grass was wet it would not catch fire easily, and we had no trouble to put it out.

"To prevent this fire I should have had furrows around my field and buildings, three furrows to protect a crop and ten to protect buildings."

Entire Court of Women.

Los Angeles boasts of a court for women conducted by women. It is the first of its kind in California, and is intended to keep young girls from the harmful influence of the ordinary courts. The judge, bailiff, clerks and reporters are all women.

The tribunal tries juvenile cases only, and sits once a week. Boy defendants up to the age of nine years come under its jurisdiction. Of the fourteen cases tried so far, all but one of the defendants confessed and threw themselves upon the mercy of the court.—The Suffragist

Advertisements.

Kidney Medicine Dissolves Gravel Stones

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root sells well with us because it invariably produces good results in Kidney, Liver and Bladder troubles. We sold a dollar bottle to one of the inmates of our Soldiers' Home near here, and after using it he brought in about one dozen gravel stones, some as large as a pea, which he had passed. He states that he obtained wonderful relief from the use of Swamp-Root.

ERNEST A. BROWN,

Lafayette, Ind. Personally appeared before me this 28th of July, 1909, Ernest A. Brown, of the Brown Drug Co., who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

DAVID BRYAN, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Ellsworth Weekly American. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Advertisements.

Don't Worry
about your digestive troubles, sick headache, tired feeling or constipation. The depression that induces worry is probably due to a disordered liver, anyway. Correct stomach ailments at once by promptly taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They aid digestion, regulate the bile, gently stimulate the liver, purify the blood and clear the bowels of all waste matter. Safe, sure, speedy. Acting both as a gentle laxative and a tonic, Beecham's Pills help to

Right The Wrong

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Blue Ribbon Flour

Don't waste time with ordinary flour when your grocer can give you William Tell, milled from Ohio Red Winter Wheat. Order a sack today and do some blue ribbon baking. You can win domestic science prizes with the good things baked from William Tell, the flour that goes farther.



Cut out winter Go to summery

California



What you save in coal and extra clothes bills, and other winter necessities in the East, will pay for a few months' stay in California.

You can go there on the California Limited train of luxury, or travel economically in a tourist sleeper.

Fred Harvey meals, too.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is on your way. Ask me for folders.

S. W. Manning, Gen. N. E. Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 336 Washington Street, Boston.



Enrich the Soil

Year by year the natural fertility of the soil is taken away by growing crops. This natural fertility can only be restored by feeding nature's plant food made of animal substances.

Essex Fertilizers give this plant food in available forms—BONE, BLOOD and MEAT and high-grade chemicals. They restore the natural fertility to the soil and produce abundant yields.

BONE, BLOOD and MEAT Fertilizers act quickly. They are fine and run freely through fertilizer drills or planters.

Due to the lack of potash this year, reliable manufacturers have either been compelled to charge exorbitant prices for potash or to make fertilizers without it. Essex High-Grade Fertilizers have always grown profitable crops. We made extensive experiments without potash and now offer you Essex Animal Fertilizers that will permanently enrich your soil.

Ask your local dealer about them or write the

ESSEX FERTILIZER CO., Boston, Mass.

ESSEX BONE BLOOD MEAT Fertilizers

Advertisements.



LOWELL ANIMAL FERTILIZERS

To Progressive Farmers:

Due to the great European war, there is practically no potash in this country available for agricultural purposes. This scarcity makes those commercial fertilizers which depend on potash far too expensive for the majority of farmers.

Extensive experiments have been carried on by the Lowell Fertilizer Co. in conjunction with farm experts. The results have proven that larger amounts of organic ammonia and phosphoric acid than are ordinarily used will practically act in the place of potash.

We have made fertilizers from nature's own prescription—animal matter, consisting of Bone, Blood and Meat. These fertilizers have been tested, and in every instance they have proven that good crops can be grown without the added expense of potash.

Read this letter from a progressive farmer who has tried the Animal Fertilizer on his farm:

"In regard to fertilizers without potash, I used the three kinds you sent me, with good results. They were compared with a few tons of last year's goods containing 8 percent potash. These I planted in plots throughout the field, a ton or so in the plot, and when I dug my potatoes, I could see very little difference in the yield. I shall probably use 30 or 40 tons of your fertilizer next year, and if I cannot get potash at a fair price, will use without potash."

E. J. PARKER, Patten, Maine.

You can make your crops good without paying abnormal prices for potash. See your nearest Lowell dealer or address

LOWELL FERTILIZER CO., Boston, Mass.

How a Desperado Was Eliminated

By OSCAR COX

Devil's parlor was probably the worst congregation of toughs, both for men and women, in that wild and woolly west, which may be said to have passed out with the nineteenth century. The Devil part of the name came from the number of crimes committed in the place. The parlor was intended to be ironical.

With the gradual rolling westward of civilization even Devil's parlor underwent a change. Some of the men married respectable women who in time caused the exit of those who were not respectable. The cabins took on a more reputable appearance, white curtains appearing at the windows and flowers in the front yard. A court was established for the trial of offenders and there was even talk of a church. All good citizens were interested in the reform, and those who were not made no counter effort.

This does not mean that all the bad characters were at once eliminated from Devil's parlor. Nevertheless there came a time when but one man of the original devils was left. Bill Tomkins had killed more adversaries than any other man at the place and he seemed bent on keeping up his record. The court that had been established could not handle his case, for no sheriff could be found who dare attempt to arrest him. The men held a meeting and offered a reward to any one who would eliminate him either by arrest or death, but no one seemed willing to try for the prize.

The men having failed to carry out their design the women took hold. They were all by this time respectable, except one of the old stock called Redhead Kate, and she was as bad for a woman as Bill Tomkins was for a man. "Ladies," said Mrs. Rogers, "it's my opinion that if you want to get rid of Bill Tomkins you'd better hire Redhead Kate to do the job. I propose that we offer her the reward subscribed by our husbands to circumvent Bill and fix him so he can't do no more damage to this yere community. Redhead Kate isn't bad looking when she's well dressed, and being about my size I don't fear if I lend her some of my torgery to set her off."

The suggestion was approved. Redhead Kate was sounded, and the reward having been raised from \$500 to \$500, she agreed to eliminate Mr. Tomkins. She was arrayed in Mrs. Rogers' best dress and a hat so magnificent that it would have been envied by a drum major of a band. When asked if she would need a revolver she said she would need "any sich noisy thing." If she wanted to do Bill Tomkins she'd "mix a little pisen in his liquor."

Redhead Kate was paid \$250 down, the balance to be handed her upon her satisfying the ladies that Bill Tomkins would not trouble the town any more, though by this time his name had been changed to Angelus. Kate waited till Mr. Tomkins had gone off on an expedition for the purpose of plunder, when she also disappeared. Nothing was heard of her for two weeks, when she returned to Angelus, and with her, looking like a lamb led to the slaughter, was Bill Tomkins. Immediately on her return she asked for an interview with the ladies of Angelus, and on their coming together thus addressed them:

"Ladies, there's no need for me to tell you how I managed this case, for you've doubtless all practiced what I've done on your husbands. I played soft on Bill Tomkins, lettin' on he was the apple o' my eye, givin' him his way about everything till he was ready to marry me. A jestice o' the peace done the business, and as soon as I'd got Bill where the law give me all the privileges and him none of 'em I just came down on him with both feet. He took it hard at first, then tried fight. I met his fight with nag, and it didn't take no time to bring him under. But I'm bound to confess that I was obliged on various occasions to use sarcasm. Once I lifted one of his eyes from its socket with my thumb; once I bit a piece off his nose, and once I made him sick with diluted ratbane. But I wishes to say to those of you who's lookin' for methods to manage husbands that I found stiddy talkin' the most wearin' on him. I just talked and talked and talked. The finality of it was he said, 'Oh, gimme a rest and I'll come down.'"

"And now I wants to tell you ladies that I really believes there's the makin' of a man in Bill Tomkins. I done with him what we have to do with the bronchos. I got him under, then he was easy to the bit. I'll pledge my word that he won't trouble Devil's—I mean Angelus—any more, but will live with me as a respectable citizen. I'm willin' to leave the balance o' the reward in your hands till you're satisfied that what I'm tellin' you is true. If at any time there's reason for complaint ag'in my husband I'll mention the fact to me. You needn't take no action yourselves. You've got all you can do managin' your own husbands, but gimme a tip and I'll show you that we wimmen don't need no help in doin' them. We got it all our own way if we know how the trick is done."

So perfect an illustration was Bill Tomkins of the value of Redhead Kate's taming methods that the very next day the balance of the reward was paid her, and now Beacon Tomkins is one of the most respected citizens of Angelus. His wife meanwhile has been advanced to the circle of the ladies.

MINING ROMANCES

Seekers After Gold Who Had Riches Thrust Upon Them.

"SWEDE LUCK" IN ALASKA.

Stories That Are Told of the Way Some Prospectors Stumbled Into Claims That Put Them on Easy Street. Good Fortune Plus Hard Work.

It is literally true that some men who went to the north had fortunes thrust upon them. There is Charley Anderson, who was prospecting on the Yukon. Shortly after the Klondike strike was made by George Marmack and Shookum Jim, Anderson, trail weary, ambled into the frontier Camp of Dawson—then known as Loustoun—from Circle City. He had developed a taste for a primitive beverage of local manufacture known as "hooch," and promptly proceeded to gratify it. When he came to be discovered that his alcoholic companions had gone through his clothes, extracted \$800 and left in lieu thereof a deed to a claim on Eldorado creek, which was thought to have no other value except which pertains to a grazing for moose.

Anderson almost wept. It was true he was the owner of a location, but a claim isn't necessarily a mine, and also there is a lot of difference between a deed to a piece of frozen ground and \$800 in real money, which was all he had possessed. But he was not bereft of credit. Taking the deed to a trader, he pledged it for a grubstake, which he hauled to the creek on a hand sled. He burned wood to thaw the frozen muck and discovered that the gravel underneath was thickly permeated with gold. The moose pasture proved to be worth more than \$2,000,000. There are some wonderful real estate records in Alaska!

Depressed and discouraged because he had been unable to find values in a quartz mine which he had been sent to examine, John Treadwell sat in a log cabin hotel in Harrisburg, now Juneau, waiting for a steamship to take him back to San Francisco. French Pete Erussard drifted in and told Treadwell a hard luck story. Treadwell was sympathetic. The tale was well told; so well that he was induced to put up \$500, taking therefor a deed to a half interest in a claim. Treadwell returned the following year and examined the property. Then he bought the other half and it became known as the Treadwell mine. It has produced more than \$50,000,000, and there is sufficient ore blocked out to keep the big stamp mills working for many years.

Erik Lindblom went to Alaska on a whaling vessel—shanghaied from San Francisco, some people say. With Jafet Lindeburg and John Brynteson he discovered the Nome goldfields and laid the foundation for a big fortune.

Two of the richest placer claims in Western Alaska were traded for comparative trifles—one for a gasoline engine that wouldn't chug, and another for \$30 and a bottle of brandy distilled from prune juice. There are thousands of similar instances, common in the history of every mining camp.

But there is another side to the story. Thousands of men in Alaska, with privation and hardship for their teammates, have toiled bravely and assiduously for many years and have failed to find the golden fleece. Perhaps they lacked what the north terms "Swede luck."

"Swede luck" is so called because many of the rich strikes have been made by Scandinavians. In Alaska every Scandinavian is a Swede. Personal observation, however, has shown me that "Swede luck" means hard work and enduring fortitude under adverse circumstances.

Several years ago at the mouth of a creek where a strike had been reported and an incipient stampede was in progress I met a prospector.

"Who made the strike?" I asked.

"Who do you think made the strike?" he countered disgustedly, as though I had propounded foolish question No. 4062. "Did you ever hear of anybody having luck in this darned country unless he was a Swede?"

I walked fourteen miles up that creek and found six holes to bedrock. Pay had been encountered in the sixth. Every shaft had been dug by the Swede who made the strike, and who, by the way, happened to be a Norwegian.—Sunset Magazine.

How Toucans Roost.

Nothing could be more eccentric to our eyes than the way in which toucans go to roost. The bird does not "tuck its head under its wing, poor thing!" and so settle down, but packs itself up in most orderly fashion. The tail is turned forward over the back, in the soft feathers of which the gigantic bill is hidden. Then the tail shuts down, all semblance of a bird is lost, and one can see nothing but a ball of feathers.—London Standard.

Exceptions.

"Do you believe that all's fair in love and war?"

"I used to, but I don't any more."

"I suppose the horrors of war have changed your opinion."

"No, it isn't that. I lied to my wife, and she caught me at it."—Detroit Free Press.

He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.—Old Proverb.

THE TARRANTINES.

VISIT TO THE LAST OF GREAT TRIBE AT OLD TOWN.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT ERECTED IN HONOR OF INDIAN PATRIOTS OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

[Portland Express.]

About a year ago a yachting party off on a summer's cruise along the coast of Maine, finding necessary a few days' interruption, visited one of the largest of the Penobscot river towns, making from there side trips to places of interest nearby. One of the party expressed a wish to visit Indian island at Old Town, and as there was soon to be a patriotic celebration upon the island, we of the party whose former homes were nearby chose that day for our visit, as we knew the tribe would be out in full force and gala attire, and that whatever there was of interest to a stranger would be much in evidence, for at such times the Indian feels himself to be the King on the King's land and is careful that any remaining vestige of ancient glory shall be brought forth and given its full value.

We left Bangor early on a fair June day for the trolley ride of twelve miles to Old Town. The road winding along the Penobscot is bordered by green fields and peaceful-looking little farms until Orono is reached, where we find larger and more stately residences, secluded by fine old trees befitting the dignity of a "college town," and soon we are passing through the beautiful campus of the University of Maine.

As we near Old Town, a member of the party asks to be told what manner of people we are going to visit; having read the terms governor and lieutenant and the names Jo Attie, Pete Sockalexis and Jim Sockabason as among the most noted of the Indian residents, her ideas had become confused, and ranged all the way from wigwags to gubernatorial mansions, so we in turn related what is known regarding the history of this tribe.

Early in 1600 there were 37,000 Indians living in what is now the State of Maine, but famine and disease reduced their numbers, and later, after a war with the Mohawks in which they suffered defeat, these survivors of the Aborigines, the Tarrantines, were driven to the Penobscot river where they settled on Indian island about the year 1600.

The tribe was Roman Catholic, and in 1688 a mission was established among them named Pananski, meaning "old town," and they are often spoken of as Old Town Indians though they do not live in that city but on their island opposite the town.

When one wishes to visit them he goes to Indian ferry, at the upper end of Old Town's principal business street, and if the ferryman is not there the signal flag is, and as soon as it is hoisted, the big batteau starts out from the opposite shore propelled by the powerful arm of some big brown islander, who shoots the great boat straight to your feet, no matter how strong the current nor how high the wind, and in five minutes has you safely landed on the other side.

In former years the Indians, both men and women, were frequent visitors to the residence section of Bangor, going about from house to house carrying immense bundles of baskets, and also articles made from birch bark and deer hide. If a housekeeper chanced to see, coming up the path about noontime, Sol Neptune or Mollie Molasses or Sabatis Mitchell, called "Big Sabatis," she would hasten to set out a substantial luncheon upon a porch table, for unless this precaution were adopted, the visitor (who always expected to be fed and was rarely disappointed) might invite himself to join the family circle.

They usually seemed desirous, however, of making some return for their food, and would offer a basket of "swastika grass" or, if they saw children in the family group, a toy canoe or bow and arrow.

The squaws wore tall beaver hats with bell tops, and bands of gay ribbon tied about the crowns. Their gowns were ill-fitting and slouchy, but they were sure to have strings of beads and bright gewgaws of various kinds hung about their brown necks, and an old clay pipe tucked away in some pocket.

Now, however, conditions are changed and they stay more closely at home. An agent appointed by the State acts for them and sells their work at a store in Old Town close by the ferry, so there is no longer need for them to carry it about the streets.

When Maine, in 1820, became a State, she assumed all obligations remaining between Massachusetts and the Indians; they then became wards of the State of Maine.

They are allowed to elect a governor, a lieutenant and a representative to the legislature from their own people, of whom there remain about 300, and as the years move on they become—outwardly—more civilized.

Their dress has followed, in a crude way, the prevailing fashions, and many of their houses are supplied with pianos, graphophones and showy curtain draperies.

The young people, fortunately for them, are compelled to attend school, the resident priest seeing to it that they are early placed under the teaching of the good "Sisters" who exercise a care also over their spiritual welfare and are zealous in all ways for the betterment of their condition. There have been some instances where young men and women of the island have acquired advanced positions in the outside world of business, but as a rule they do not take kindly to higher education of any sort.

They inherit a love for the "open" and excel in out-of-doors games and contests; the men are often listed among the best guides known to sportsmen of the big Maine woods, but the women are not domestic nor are they inclined to adopt modern ideas of sanitation. Whatever advance has been made in their manner of living has been due to their isolation from others of their kind and an attempted imitation of their white neighbors across

the river, rather than to any intelligent purpose or desire to improve their condition.

Among the records of the Revolutionary war is the pay roll of about forty Indians of the Penobscot tribe, and the patriotic Daughters had a short time previously erected a monument to their memory on the village green of Indian island; the dedication of the monument was to take place that day and was the celebration we had timed our visit to attend.

The stone, which is of Maine granite, stands on the site of the old fort, Mauka-lona, and is inscribed "In honor of the Indian Patriots of the Penobscot and other tribes of Maine, for their loyal service during the Revolutionary War. Erected by the Maine Daughters of the American Revolution."

The scene is most impressive; rarely indeed has a celebration of any kind, had so unique a setting. The island itself lies like a great emerald on the bosom of the river, whose glittering waves can be seen through the trees.

The resident priest, attended by acolytes, blesses the monument and thanks the Daughters for their gifts.

Governor Nicola and former Governor Francis are present in gubernatorial array, and express their thanks, and one member of the tribe delivers an address in his native tongue. Groups of stolid-looking, brown-faced men and women move about among the guests, their children in festive attire sing songs, wave flags, and even give in costume a quaint old Indian dance to the weird singing accompaniment furnished by Johnny Neptune, while everywhere go the gentle sisters, gliding quietly about, intent upon the comfort of their visitors and adding a deft touch now and then to perfect the arrangements.

After the exercises are over we partake of a bountiful repast and are then free to linger for an informal visit among the people. Many invite us into their houses, and there we find some of the very aged members of the tribe—those who have not been able to take active part in the day's festivities—and from them hear many an interesting tale of ancient island tradition and are shown a variety of treasured relics—costumes and bits of embroidery belonging to old-time ceremonials, curious symbolic carvings, and even hunting implements and tools in use long years before a white man ever trod the opposite shores.

But our interesting day is drawing to a close; the sun drops low, and long shadows begin to darken over the river, so we join the children in their salute to the flag, bid all goodbye and take our way down the grass-grown road to the little pier, where the great batteau is waiting to carry us to the other side. But the wind is high, and the current fierce and terrifying; we hear the roar of "white water" not far away, and tremble at the thought of embarking on a trip so hazardous.

Our ferryman—Peter Neptune—seeing our looks of fear, exclaims reassuringly—"Boat, she all right! Arms beeg and strong! Punt you o'er all safe tree meenit more!"

So we clamber in, and as we sit clutching the sides of the boat, try to remember that this powerful man is called by his mates the best boatman on the river, also that he has probably made hundreds of trips in rougher water than this. Moreover, we would not if we could, trespass further upon the hospitality of our ducky friends by waiting until morning for quieter seas, and we could not, if we would, for no white person is allowed to remain upon the lonely little island after 10 o'clock at night.

While we have been thus thinking, the boat has shot across to the Old Town side and we are safely landed. We pause for a moment, and look back to the wooded island with its tiny houses, its church, and the great white cross gleaming by the wayside, and as we recall its interesting history and the many curious legends and traditions to which we have listened, surrounded by the descendants of a once powerful tribe, we feel that our day has been pleasantly and profitably spent with a people whose characteristic type—owing to occasional intermarriages with other nationalities and the compelling inroads of civilization—is slowly vanishing, not only from the Penobscot valley, but from the entire New England shore.

Advertisements.

A DELICATE CHILD

Made Strong By Our Vinol.
Fayetteville, N. C.—"My little daughter was in poor health, delicate and so weak it made us very uneasy. I heard about Vinol and decided to try it and the results were marvelous, her appetite improved, she gained in weight, and is now one of the healthiest children in town. Mothers of delicate children should try Vinol."—Mrs. GORDON JESSUP.
Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, a constitutional remedy which creates an appetite, aids digestion and makes pure healthy blood. All children love to take it.

To sit and sew all day

"Women's work is never done," they say, and too often this is true. To sit and sew all day is tiring work, and often results in headache, backache and sometimes kills ambition and takes away the appetite. The stomach, liver and bowels need exercise, but they don't get it when you bend all day over a needle. When this sort of work tells on you, you can find great relief by taking "L. F. Atwood's Medicine." It is safe to take and acts favorably on the digestive organs, regulates the liver and bowels, and helps a sick headache. Women or men who lead a sedentary life will find this medicine a fine remedy to keep in the home.

FREE—"Ye Olds Songs" words and music of sixty popular songs sent free on receipt of one outside yellow wrapper from the inside together with your season of our Medicine.

"L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

42 YEARS' SERVICE

as protector of savings. Thousands of dollars made to depositors in interest. Give YOU! spare money this security and chance to grow.

Hancock Co. Savings Bank Ellsworth

COUNTY NEWS

BAYSIDE.

Miss Mona Gordon was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Remick last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Sophia Dodge has gone to Oak Point to care for R. L. Murch, who is seriously ill.

News of the death of Harry S. Remick, of Billerica, Mass., was received here last Monday. Mr. Remick was born in Ellsworth, the son of the late Capt. T. S. Remick and wife. He leaves a widow and two children.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Remick have returned home. While away they attended State game in Portland, and visited Mrs. Remick's brother, Frank N. Jordan and wife, in Lewiston, also friends in Everett, Mass., and Bangor.

News of the death of Charles Edward Jordan, of Lynn, Mass., was received here Thursday. Mr. Jordan was a son of the late Capt. Charles W. Jordan, formerly of Bayside, but moved to Brewer, forty-five years ago. His remains were brought to Brewer and interred in the family lot. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Elsie Lynnam, of Brewer.

NORTH CASTINE.

Mrs. Carl Dunbar, who has been ill, is better.

Frank S. Wardwell visited his son Arthur in Bangor last week.

Mrs. William Dunbar is ill. Mrs. Francis Devereux is caring for her.

Wallace Conner, Frank and Greyson Webster are cutting wood for Fred Dunbar.

Miss Alice K. Bishop, of Eastport, resumed her work in the Emerson school to-day.

Delmont Dunbar, who spent the holidays at home, has returned to Bowdoin college.

Andrew Powers has gone to New York on the tug Hugh Ross, in command of Capt. Howard Heath.

L. M. Leach is out after a month's illness. Frank W. Dunbar is visiting his family here after an absence of several months.

Jan. 3.

SEAL COVE.

Word was received here Friday of the death on Thursday, Dec. 30, at Woodstock, Vt., of Howard J. Ober, a native and former resident of this place. Mr. Ober was the son of the late Capt. Albert E. and Eldora Flye Ober. He was about forty-six years of age. At the time of his death, Mr. Ober was high sheriff of Windsor county, Vt., and had been head of the police force at Claremont, N. H., and also at White River Junction, Vt. He leaves a widow, and two daughters by a former marriage—Gladys, of Bangor, and Eldora, of Woodstock. Burial on Wednesday, Jan. 5, in the family cemetery, on the Flye estate, near the first wife and infant child.

Jan. 3.

BASS HARBOR.

Bernice Dix is attending the normal school at Castine.

Guy Parker and wife are home from a trip to New York.

Miss Lucy Murphy went to Pretty Marsh Sunday, where she will teach this winter.

Benjamin Murphy and family spent New Year's day at Bar Harbor, where Mrs. A. J. Gott entertained a party of fourteen at dinner.

Schools here begin to-day, with the same teachers as last term—Miss Inez Sanford, primary, and Frances Murphy, grammar.

Jan. 3.

X. Y. Z.

PROSPECT HARBOR.

Miss Susie Over has been visiting friends in Birch Harbor and Bar Harbor.

Miss Edith Dalsell, of St. John, N. B., arrived the first of the week, for a visit to her brother, Rev. R. C. Dalsell.

Miss Irene Conners went home after school Friday night to spend the week-end with her family in Sullivan.

The girls' Thimble club met Thursday evening with Mrs. Allison Colwell. A treat of candy and apples was served during the evening.

Jan. 3.

C.

TRENTON.

Trenton friends of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer B. Haynes, of Falmale, N. J., extend congratulations on the birth of a daughter (Berta Lawson) on Jan. 3.

GAME BIRDS DISAPPEARING.

Suggestions that Maine should introduce Pheasants.

A note of warning is sounded by ex-President Herbert L. Spinney of the Maine ornithological society, which will be of interest to sportsmen throughout the State. "Unless something is done by the State at once to scientifically propagate its game birds, Maine sportsmen will suddenly learn in a few years that there will be no more birds left," he says.

"Partridges, with which the woods used to abound, are growing scarce. Twenty years ago a man could go out almost anywhere and kill the full number allowed by law in a few hours. To-day the man who brings back two or three in a day is considered lucky. The reason for this is that the State pays no special attention to their rearing, while the indifference of the public to assisting the wardens is responsible for much illegal shooting."

Mr. Spinney recently spent a year at the fish and game hatchery in Sutton, Mass., and speaks very highly of the work of Massachusetts in preserving its game birds. "Pheasants can be reared in Maine just as well as in Massachusetts," he says. "They are just as hardy as the Maine partridge and are much better eating. There is good sport in gunning them, and when a man returns with a few of these birds he never complains about his luck."

"There are many who fear that Maine's winters would be too severe for them, but they are mistaken. Their instinct tells them not to get too far into the interior where they would be unable to find bare ground, and consequently they would frequent our coast line or any spot where they might find marsh land. They subsist on insects, grain and other foods which are found on the ground, and seldom seek cover, even during the hardest of storms."

Massachusetts people are more in sympathy with the game laws than the Maine people, Capt. Spinney says: "It seems as if every person in Massachusetts interested in the preservation of game birds, takes it upon himself to assist the wardens in enforcing the laws. In Maine there is a spirit of antagonism to the warden, and while there may be no concerted movement to break the law, no real support is given the warden in its enforcement."

"If I had my way," he continued, "I would require every resident hunter to pay a license fee of at least one dollar to the State. This is the Massachusetts law, with the result that thousands of dollars are received from this source, and every dollar is turned over to the fish and game commission to be used in propagating the sport for which the sportsmen have paid."

Capt. Spinney has seven pheasants of three varieties at his home, which he secured in Massachusetts, for breeding purposes. He hopes to interest the fish and game commission in raising them in the Maine woods as was done in Massachusetts.

"Give them five years to live and carefully enforce the laws during close time, and I'll wager that sportsmen will be as enthusiastic over them as they were in Massachusetts," he says. "They will divide attention with partridges and other birds, and with a chance to increase in a few years, the gunners will have no reason to complain of the scarcity of game birds."

For several years Capt. Spinney was keeper of the Seguin light. For eleven years he kept a record of bird flights, and is considered an authority upon Maine bird life. He says that while upon Seguin it was no uncommon thing to pick up 500 dead birds around the base of the light on the morning after a storm.

An Unusual Recipe.

In the January Woman's Home Companion is a recipe by Cora Farmer Perkins, in charge of the cooking school formerly directed by the late Fannie Merritt Farmer, whose fame was national. Here it is:

"Date Bread—Mix one cupful of warm wheat mush, one-fourth cupful of brown sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, and one teaspoonful of butter; then add one-fourth yeast cake broken in pieces and dissolved in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water, and two and one-fourth cups of bread flour (once sifted). Turn on a slightly floured board and knead. Return to mixing-bowl, cover, and let rise over night. In the morning cut down and add two-thirds cupful of dates stoned and cut in pieces, and two-thirds cupful of chopped English walnut meats. Shape into a loaf, put in buttered bread-pan, cover, and again let rise. Bake in a moderate oven fifty minutes."