



D. L. HASTINGS OF BETHEL.

HE'S descended from Hastings and Stuarts, as is shown in the family-crest:

That it goes back to the Battle of Hastings, I hardly would dare to suggest;

But a strain of that ancient adventure seems to show in the life of a man,
Who has fared to the West, in endeavor, and has lived close to the earth as he can.

The transit and compass, his burdens: the Northern Pacific, his line:—
Sixty miles of whose early construction, of his own was the plan and design;
Many years, in the service of railroads, in the West, as well as in Maine;
On Montana's broad acres, a rancher—with his flocks on the hill and the plain;

And now at his home, up in Bethel, the loveliest village out-door
He renews all his boyhood's diversions, in his life on the hill and the moor;
The camp and the woods, for his hunting, where the moose and the deer, he has shot

And the home, where the outlook entrancing uplifts a man's soul on the spot;
And in business—not quite a diversion, but something to rest by its change—
He has honors that pass not, in the telling, but grow as they come into range:—
In short, he is just as he's pictured—a man whom it's a pleasure to meet
And who lives with a rare joy of the living, in comfort and kindness replete.