





# The Aroostook Times

ALL THE HOME NEWS.

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## CRIME ON THE BORDER.

Ed. Dunphy of this town, a carpenter, was found dead near the boundary line run shops one day this week. This man Dunphy has been working at his trade here in town for a number of years, getting good wages when sober, but his appetite for strong drink, and the easy way of obtaining it at any of the joints on the border, have been too much for him. The Thompson, McLain, Quigley, Finnigan, and Wise gang will have to look up another customer to take his place. This is the second man that has forfeited his life at these joints within a few months. The first one dying in a boarding house attic in this village, unattended. Neither of these men could be classed with the tramp or hobo element, as both were hard working men. The parties who patronize these joints are not only being killed, but robbed before or after the killing process. The police brought a man from there a short time ago who had been stripped of his clothing. Surely the Thompsons wouldn't steal clothing. They prefer money. The man who was robbed of his clothes, being of the average size, wore clothing which would be too large for Johnnie, so we shall have to come to the conclusion that neither of these high-toned gentlemen stole the man's clothes.

How about the money that is being lost there? We found a young man in the lockup a few weeks ago who answered to the description of the man mentioned in Scripture, who fell among thieves on his way to Jericho. We propounded the usual questions, "When did you come in?" "What is your name?" "Where are you from?" "What are you in for?" "Where did you get your liquor?" Eight-tenths of the men who answer to these two last questions answer them just alike. "I am in for drunk. I got my liquor at the lines." The next question we ask is, "Have you money to pay the costs?" A large majority of them are dead broke. They will tell you that they had money when they went to "Jericho" but have none now. The young man above referred to said he had no money but he owned houses in Calais, and if we would telephone Judge Fowler of that city, he would send money to pay cost. We did so and received check. We also received information that when this young man Sawyer, for that was his name, was on the train ready to leave for Aroostook, he was given by his guardian, Judge Fowler, \$68.00. Three days later he turned up here in the town lockup penniless. This is not a solitary case but is being duplicated, in our judgment, every week. The men who are engaged in selling liquor on our border are, we believe, a worse lot of criminals than the men who take the road and say to their victims, "Your money or your life." The men at the line say, "Your money and your life." They get both.

We cannot tell how long the joints at the boundary will be allowed to remain to curse this community, but we have an abiding faith that their day is numbered, and if the provincial government would do as they would be done by their days would be few.

Reports from the Shiloh community indicate a deplorable condition of affairs existing there and suggest the possibility of a speedy disruption of that strange and unaccountable colony of fanatics. Mr. Sandford, their leader, is selling the Mediterranean in his palatial yacht, the Coronet, presumably enjoying himself, notwithstanding the fact that on his return to this country he must meet the sentence of fine or imprisonment passed upon him by the court of Androscoggin County for cruelty to his little son. According to the latest news from him, he does not intend to return to Shiloh before fall, "unless he receives a message from God that he is needed at home." In the meantime his deluded followers on Durham Hill are reported to be in desperate straits. It is alleged that they are literally starving, having but one meal a day, the food of which is scant in quantity and of very inferior quality. The torrid weather of last week was almost unbearable on the high, unshaded sand hill on which the buildings stand. Several heat prostrations occurred, and at least half a dozen of people are in a critical condition, due to the heat, scant food and unsuitable manner of living. In addition to this, internal dissensions prevail, as always when Sandford's hypnotic personality is absent from the colony, and the signs are of a possible disbanding of or a serious defection of the Holy Ghost and Un Society, before its leader can return. The State authorities have been notified of existing conditions and we understand that investigation is to be made at once, not for the purpose of persecuting Sandford or of interfering with his religious notions, but of saving the endangered lives of the people of the Shiloh community. It would seem that there must be some way by which the law can step in to rid the State of Maine of this plague spot, which is a shame upon her good name and a menace to her fair fame, and that the time for action must be near at hand. When the pretentious buildings on Durham Hill are leveled to the ground, or put to saner uses, and their deluded occupants have returned to their homes, the long metre Doxology ought to be sung in every church and in every home from Kittery to Caribou.—Advocate.

What will Japan demand of Russia? Not so much, probably, as newspaper prophets appear to think. Japan was moderate in her diplomatic demands before the war; she has been moderate in her attitude toward a weakened enemy; it is to her ultimate interest as she undoubtedly knows, to offer moderate peace terms. The recent occupation of the island of Sakhalin is an indication of one possible detail in the settlement. The Japanese have long believed that they had a just claim to this island and they are now likely to seek recognition of the claim. Over Korea they may assert a protectorate. The restoration of Manchuria to the Chinese government is an avowed object of the war. But what about Port Arthur and Dalny? And what about cash indemnity question? The other phases of the necessary adjustment are far more important to the Japanese than to come out of the conference with a pocket full of roubles.—Public Opinion.

Years ago, when the Maine law was going through the throes of growing pains, i. e., while the people were growing used to it, a Maine governor declared that there was no question about an individual's right to eat or drink whatever he wished, that the Maine law did not touch upon this phase of rights at all. It was the right of sale that was under dispute. A man might have the right to drink what would hurt him, but he had no right to sell what would harm someone else.

We have threshed away at the involved question through the years until we have pretty well decided that a man has no right to eat what will hurt him—that is no inherent right—since what he eats may by some unthought-of route of influence hurt his neighbor. As to the right of sale, reformers are all pretty clear.

The poor cigarette fiend and slave is the very one who has no right of speech in the arguments of or against the manufacture, sale or use of cigarettes. He has forever lost his personal liberty and only restraint will ever suffice to set him free.

We can hardly rejoice too loudly or too long over the victory in Indiana. It is the olive leaf of promise. Other

states will wheel into line. In a few years death will claim fewer and fewer of our bright boys and men by the insidious work of the white coffin nails. Woman's counsel may not be worth much, but he who despoth it is not wiser than he should be.

Did you ever entertain, in your own home, the members of a city council and their wives? They do that sort of thing in Colorado, and the two heads in council is thus a literal fact.

We are optimists, and our beacon fires are kindled because we believe in God and His promises. His kingdom is one of righteousness and peace, and that kingdom is coming.

Thy Kingdom come! Upon the hill tops glisten

The morning glow, for which we wait—and long.

Thy kingdom come! O true hearts, pause and listen,

Around you soon shall sweep the victory song.

## \$100 Reward for a New Truth in Theology.

Louisville, July 20.—The Rev. T. T. Eaton, in the Western Recorder of this week, has offered a reward of \$100 to any one who will produce a single new truth in theology that has been produced since 1850.

In the announcement of the offer Dr. Eaton gives the following explanation:

"We have been reading and hearing a great deal for some time past, about the 'new truths' in theology that have recently been discovered. We are told to keep our minds open to new truths in religion. It is said that these 'new truths' require that we shall reconstruct our theological systems, so as to give these 'new truths' their proper place. And we have made an honest effort, stretching now through several years, to find out just what these 'new truths' are, but we have been utterly unable to get hold of a single one of them. We have written numerous letters of inquiry to many leaders of 'modern thought' who have much to say about these 'new truths' but still we have not been able to elicit a single 'new truth' from any of them. We have read thousands of pages from authors full of talk about these 'new truths', who descend of their value and importance, but somehow none of them venture to name any of these alleged truths.

"Unwilling to abandon our search, though confining to being somewhat discouraged, we have decided to adopt a new plan of procedure. So we hereby offer a reward of \$100 to the one who will produce for us a single new truth in theology that has been discovered since, say, 1850. We will cheerfully give \$100 to get hold of a new truth in theology, such as these writers delight to talk about, but which they are strangely unwilling to specify. We offer this reward in perfect good faith, and we will pay the money promptly on the presentation of the 'new truth' in theology, discovered since 1850."

## Robinson.

Wallace Rideout took a trout from this stream Monday that weighed four pounds and was twenty inches long.

The Quarterly Roll Call of the W. C. T. U. took place last Wednesday evening. Fifteen responded to the roll with appropriate passages of scripture and nine sent in passages to be read. The ceremony of initiation was quite pleasing and after meeting the members with a large number of friends repaired to the dining room where ice cream and cake were served.

Little Alison Huntington has been suffering from blood poison in his foot caused by cutting it on a sharp rock. At the present writing he is much improved.

Several of Dr. Fulton's friends and relatives took dinner at his cottage on the camp grounds Sunday. Among those present were Mrs. William Massense of Concord, N. H. and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCulver of Mars Hill, Mrs. James Syphers of Portland, James Fulton and family, Bert Tapley and family, Wm. Larrabee and family of Mars Hill, John Fulton and wife of Bridgewater, W. E. Robinson and wife, Guy Hawksley and wife and several others.

Dr. Walton who has been very sick for the past few weeks is slightly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Hussey of Caribou have been staying for a few days on the camp ground.

BLOOD WINE AT 20c. A BOTTLE is better for all kinds of illness, either local or chronic, than \$10 worth of doctors' prescriptions, besides being always at hand. All druggists.

## Smyrna Mills.

Geo. Ingraham is meeting with marked success in the sale of his patent floor mop and brush.

Charles Cayting of Bangor was in town last week.

The Independent Telephone Co. contemplate building an office between Drew's store and Palmer's shop.

Arthur Scott, the genial host of the Smyrna Exchange met with a painful accident this week. In going toward the stable he stepped off the piazza of the hotel onto a stick which rolled, throwing him to his knees and sprained his ankle. Almost before Mr. Scott could get his shoe off the ankle was terribly swollen and blackened.

The express room at the B. & A. Station is undergoing extensive repairs which are now almost completed. The partition between the waiting and express rooms has been torn down making all one room and when completed will enable Mr. Wetmore and Mr. Brown to handle their express matter with greater facility.

Fred Nedean intends selling the stock and fixtures of his restaurant and is going to conduct the Burleigh House at Oakfield.

James Whilman has returned to his duties in Drew's barber shop after a week's vacation.

Archaeologists and students of classical and Bible history have naturally read with interest the published account of the plan proposed by Sir William Willcocks, lately director of reservoirs in Egypt, for the reclamation of the once proverbially fertile plains of Mesopotamia to tillage and civilization by means of extensive and scientific irrigation works. Apparently he confounds Mesopotamia, historically so-called, with the other and more southerly land between the rivers, to which the name Babylonia is more properly applied. That, however, is a detail. If Babylonia can be put once more under the plough, by a recurrence to the old canalization by which the surplus waters of the Euphrates and Tigris were turned to account, so, eventually, should Mesopotamia proper, though in the more northern section of the latter region the conditions are less favorable. Why ancient civilizations flourished in arid regions was lucidly explained by Mr. E. W. Hilgard, Professor of Agriculture in the University of California, in a valuable contribution which he made in September, 1902, to the North American Review. The author of that article reminded us that soils are formed primarily by the physical and chemical disintegration weathering of rocks, and these processes continue in the soil mass. They result in the formation of a certain proportion of water-soluble compounds, chiefly of sodium and potassium, but also of calcium and magnesium. Wherever abundant rains occur more or less regularly throughout the year, these water-soluble compounds are leached out of the land, passing into the sub-drainage, and thence through springs, streams, and rivers into the sea. But where the rainfall is scanty—or where there is no adequate artificial irrigation—this leaching can take place only partially or not at all; and then we frequently find during the rainless season the salts of potassium, sodium, and magnesium appearing as a superficial bloom, or efflorescence on the land surface, being brought up by the evaporation of the soil-moisture—sometimes in such amounts as to prevent the growth of ordinary vegetation and to permit only that of saline plants. For, with the usual nutrient substances, (corresponding to the nutritive solutions artificially compounded for the purpose of growing plants experimentally), useless or injurious ones, such as common and Glauber's salt and sal-soda, are left in the land. Of these so-called alkali lands, the sage-brush desert of Nevada is a familiar example. Although, however, an excess of these salts is injurious to useful vegetation, it is obvious that where such excess does not occur, or can be minimized, there must be formed in the soils of arid regions accumulations of plant food which may render it possible to defer for a long time the need of artificial fertilization. The fact explains the high productivity of irrigated land in arid regions and the dense population supported within a comparatively limited area in ancient Babylonia and Mesopotamia. What was the rule in those regions three or four thousand years ago is now exemplified in California irrigated colonies, where from ten to twenty acres constitute the soil-unit offered to a family, instead of the forty to one hundred and sixty considered needful in the humid portion of the United States.—Harper's Weekly.

## Grange News.

"This is the gospel of labor, ring it, ye bells of the kirk."  
The Lord of love came down from above to live with the men who work.  
This is the rose that he planted here in this thorn-cursed soil,  
Heaven may be blessed with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."  
"And only the Master shall praise them, and only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are!"

### Hold Fast to Stock.

The report of State Assessor Hon. George Pottle in relation to the present condition of live stock in Maine is both encouraging and the reverse. Horses have increased 4,000 in number during the past year, but cows, which had been steadily increasing in number since 1892 until last year, now show a decrease of 1,500 from the figures of a year ago. Sheep have decreased in number not less than 20,000 in spite of the encouraging future outlook for profitable returns from this source now indicated.

This falling off in number of cows and sheep during a year that has brought such exceptionally good returns from them is difficult of explanation. Can it be that Maine stock keepers have been so short sighted as to let the high prices prevailing for good milking and breeding stock tempt them to part with animals that are producing what is better than golden eggs—gold certificates? We believe the true explanation is that Maine breeders of blooded stock have been filling orders without the State in response to the demand that is constantly increasing for New England stock, sheep especially, with which to revitalize the stock of the West. It is now generally acknowledged that the climatic and soil conditions there prevailing soon depreciate the vigor and quality of most live stock.

If Maine is now to re-adopt a policy of reducing her neat stock it is nothing less than an industrial calamity which will bring swift and lasting punishment not only to the farmers themselves but to every commercial interest of the State. A natural stock state without the stock would soon make a pitiable exhibition. The tide must be turned. —Maine Farmer.

### Barnyard Manure.

An expert chemist has made the statement that an empty wagon with a 100-lb. bag of the highest grade of commercial fertilizer as a cushion on the driver's seat, will contain more soluble and available plant food than 4,000 pounds of stable manure of good average quality. Stated in other words two tons of good stable manure will contain no more of the available food elements of plant life than 100 pounds of high grade fertilizer. The ordinary farmyard manure consists not alone of the excrement of the farm animals, but has the bulky addition of corn stalks, straw and other roughage used as bedding, often including sawdust.

Since living in a district where onions are extensively grown, and which require the best of fertilization, I have observed each winter the hauling of hundreds of tons of barn manure by these growers, who pay the regular price in the surrounding villages of \$2 per ton for material which for months has weathered under the eaves of barns subject to the drenching (and consequent bleaching) of every storm. Many of these loads appear to be but a small percentage of manure, but composed mainly of discolored straw and other bedding material, which I would not like to give fifty cents a ton for. It is true that this straw, used as bedding, absorbs the liquid matter, and therefore, if properly treated, is a valuable fertilizing agent, but any such material, subject to the conditions of weather, to frequent washings of rain, and other outside influences, must in consequence become of little value as a fertilizer.

In one ton (2,000 lbs.) of good farm manure there are three to four pounds of ammonia, 5 pounds of phosphoric acid and 5 pounds of potash. In two thousand pounds (one ton) of a strictly high grade fertilizer, which I have used as a top dresser, there are 240 pounds of ammonia, 160 pounds of phosphoric acid and 80 lbs. of potash. If we allow that one-half of the phosphoric acid and potash in the manure is soluble and available (which in many cases it is not), then it will be seen that in soluble ammonia the fertilizer is over

sixty times stronger, in phosphoric acid thirty-two times and sixteen times in potash.

An experiment upon land at Rothamsted, England, gave the following result: For thirty years wheat was grown continuously on one field. Six thousand pounds of nitrogen per acre in the form of farm manure produced an average of 36 bushels of grain and 48 hundredweight of straw per acre per year, but the yield was equally as good where only 2,400 pounds per acre of nitrogen in the form of sulphate of ammonia had been used. Thus it will be seen that from the manure 3,600 pounds of nitrogen was lost by leaching in the air, or was unavailable in the soil. It was stated that the average loss per acre each year of nitrogen amounted to nearly 120 pounds. This would mean a loss per acre for each of the thirty years from \$16 to \$20. Hence the importance of applying soluble and available plant foods when they are needed. The farmer who has an abundance of barn manure can certainly make no mistake in applying it to his soil. There is a wide difference in the character of these manures, depending greatly upon the material used for feed. Ammonia most frequently overbalances the other two elements, as has been shown at our principal experiment stations, and the supplementing of phosphoric acid and potash in an available form will give far better results than when the manure is used alone. This is a widespread experience. Manure is a nitrogenous fertilizer, containing the other elements also, but in my own experiments I have found that most root crops, corn and other grains require the addition of the mineral elements, that is, potash and phosphoric acid.

Ohio. E. A. Season.

The foregoing reasoning as to the poor business policy of purchasing inferior stable manure at a high price is worth heeding, but there is another important feature of the question omitted by our correspondent. Good and well preserved stable manure has an influence for the betterment of most soils in two directions not possessed by chemical fertilizers. The amount of humus contained in frequent use of stable manure is an important item in retaining a favorable mechanical condition of the soil and it is also now known that its use helps to renew the bacteria whose influence is so necessary for the best growth of the legumes. Mr. Season's point is well taken that an extravagant use of stable manure is wasteful of nitrogen. The aim should be to use only enough stable manure to furnish the nitrogen needed for the crops grown and supply the lack of phosphoric acid and potash not found in the stable manure from commercial sources, these elements being much cheaper than the nitrogen.

Now that Germany and France have arranged the terms of the Moroccan compromise we may sum up the situation. If we accept the superficial German pretensions regarding Morocco as the fundamental cause of the recent crisis, it appears that Germany has won just one point, and that is the recognition of herself as a Mediterranean factor; for France has agreed to the proposed conference, which will be held at Tangiers probably in October. But France should gain rather than lose by the conference. If the powers are to control Moroccan affairs, they must almost certainly do so through an agent, and that agent can hardly be any other than France. Will it not come to pass, then, that France will find herself stronger in Morocco after the conference than before? After all, however, Morocco was merely Germany's pretext to strike at the Anglo-French entente. But instead of forcing France and England apart the kaiser has pressed them together. And by turning his back on Russia for the moment, he has permitted the czar to glance over his shoulder and see his cards. Austria has also had a glimpse.—Public Opinion.

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# The SOWERS

By  
Henry Seton Merriman

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## CHAPTER VII.

KARL STEINMETZ lifted his pen from the paper before him and scratched his forehead with his forefinger.

"Now, I wonder," he said aloud, "how many bushels there are in a ton. Ah, how am I to find out? These English weights and measures, this English money, when there is a metrical system!"

He sat and hardly looked up when the clock struck 7. It was a quiet room in which he sat, the library of Etta's London house. The noise of Piccadilly reached his ears as a faint and not entirely unpleasant background to his life. Accustomed as he was to the great silence of Russia, where sound seems lost in space, the hum of a crowded humanity was a pleasant change to this philosopher, who loved his kind while fully recognizing his little weaknesses.

While he sat there still wondering how many bushels of seed made a ton, a young man came into the room. The younger man was in evening dress. He looked at the clock rather eagerly.

"Will you dine here?" he asked, and Etta wheeled around in his chair.

"I am going out to dinner," he explained.

"Ah!" said the elder man.

"I am going to Mrs. Sydney Bamberough's. I shall probably ask her to marry me."

"And she will probably say yes."

"I am not so sure about that," said Paul, with a laugh, for this man was without conceit. "I do not see why she should," he went on gravely. He was standing by the empty fireplace, a slender, upright figure, one who was not very clever, not brilliant at all, somewhat slow in his speech, but surely sure in the honesty of his purpose.

Etta Steinmetz looked at him and smiled openly, with the quaint air of recognition that was his.

"You have never seen her, eh?" inquired Paul.

Steinmetz paused, then he told a lie, and said she was well, deliberately.

"No."

"We are going to the opera, box F2. If you come in I shall have pleasure in introducing you. The sooner you know each other the better. I am sure you will approve."

"I think you ought to marry money."

"Why?"

Steinmetz laughed.

"Oh," he answered, "because everybody does who can! There is Catrina Lanovitch—an estate as big as yours, including yours; a great Russian family, a good girl who is willing."

Paul laughed, a good wholesome laugh.

"I am inclined to exaggerate my wealth and obvious qualifications," he said. "Catrina is a very nice girl, but I do not think she would marry me even if I asked her."

"Which you do not intend to do."

"Certainly not."

"Then you will make an enemy of her," said Steinmetz quietly. "It may be inconvenient, but that cannot be helped. A woman scorned, you know, Shakespeare or the Bible, I always mix them up. No, Paul, Catrina Lanovitch is a dangerous enemy. She has been making love to you these last four years, and you would have seen it if you had not been a fool! I am afraid, my good Paul, you are a fool, God bless you for it!"

"I think you are wrong," said Paul rather curiously; "not about me being a fool, but about Catrina Lanovitch. If you are right, however, it only makes me dislike her instead of being perfectly indifferent to her."

His honest face flushed up finely, and he turned away to look at the clock again.

"I hate your way of talking about women, Steinmetz," he said. "You're a cynical old beast, you know."

"Heaven forbid, my dear prince! I admire all women—they are so clever, so innocent, so pure minded. Do not your English novels prove it, your English stage, your newspapers, so high toned? Who supports the novelist, the playwright, the actor, who but your English ladies?"

"Better than being cooks, like your German ladies," retorted Paul stoutly. "Better than being cooks."

"I doubt it! I very much doubt it, my friend. At what time shall I present myself at box F2 this evening?"

"About 9—as soon as you like."

So Paul Howard Alexis walked forth to seek the hand of the lady of his choice, and as he left his own door that lady was receiving Claude de Chauville in her drawing room. The two had not met for some weeks—not indeed since Etta had told the Frenchman that she could not marry him. Her invitation to dine, conveyed in the usual friendly words, had been the first move in that game commonly called "bluff." Claude de Chauville's acceptance of the same had been the second move. And these two persons, who were not afraid of each other, shook hands with a pleasant smile of greeting, while Paul hurried toward them through the busy streets.

"Am I forgiven—that I am invited to dinner?" asked De Chauville imperiously when the servant had left them alone.

"Forgiven for what?" she asked at length in that preoccupied tone of voice which tells wise men that only questions of dress will be considered.

De Chauville shrugged his shoulders in his graceful Gallic way.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "For a crime which requires no excuse and no explanation other than a mirror."

She looked up at him innocently.

"A mirror?"

"Yours. Have you forgiven me for falling in love with you? It is, I am told, a crime that women sometimes condone."

"It was no crime," she said. She had heard the wheels of Paul's carriage. "It was a misfortune. Please let us forget that it ever happened."

De Chauville twisted his neat mustache, looking keenly at her the while.

"You forget," he said. "But I will remember."

She did not answer, but turned with a smile to greet Paul.

"I think you know each other," she said gracefully when she had shaken hands, and the two men bowed. They were foreigners, he it understood. There were three languages in which they could understand each other with equal ease.

"Where is Maggie?" exclaimed Mrs. Bamberough. "She is always late."

"When I am here," reflected De Chauville. But he did not say it.

Miss Delafeld kept them waiting a few minutes, and during that time Etta Sydney Bamberough gave a very fine display of progress with the double stringed bow. She had a smile and an epigram for Claude de Chauville, a grave air of sympathetic interest in more serious affairs for Paul Alexis. She was bright and amusing, guileless and very worldly wise in the same breath—simple for Paul and a match for De Chauville within the space of three seconds.

Paul was asked to take Mrs. Sydney Bamberough down to dinner by the lady herself.

"Mon ami," she said in a quiet aside to De Chauville before making her request, "it is the first time the prince dines here."

She spoke in French, Maggie and Paul were talking in English at the other end of the room. De Chauville bowed in silence.

At dinner the conversation was necessarily general and as such is not worth reporting. No general conversation, one finds, is of much value when set down in black and white. It is not even grammatical nowadays. To be more correct, let us note that the talk lay between Etta and M. de Chauville, who had a famous supply of epigrams and bright nothings delivered in such a way that they really sounded like wisdom. Etta was equal to him, sometimes capping his sharp wit, sometimes contenting herself with all-very laughter. Maggie Delafeld seemed rather abstracted, as De Chauville noted. The girl's dislike for him was an iron that entered the quick of his vanity anew every time he saw her. There was no petulance in the aversion, such as he had perceived with other maidens who were only resenting a passing negligence or seeking to pique his curiosity. This was a steady and, if you will, unmanly aversion, which Maggie conscientiously attempted to conceal.

Maggie was by turns quite silent and very talkative. When Paul and Etta were speaking together she never looked at them, but fixedly at her own plate, at a decanter or a saltcellar. When she spoke she addressed her remarks, valueless enough in themselves, exclusively to the man she disliked, Claude de Chauville.

There was something amiss in the pretty little room. There were shadows seated around that pretty little table beside the guests in their pretty dresses and their black coats—silent, cold shadows who ate nothing, while they chilled the dairy food and took the sweetness from the succulent dishes. These shadows had crept in unawares to take their phantom places at the table, and only Etta seemed able to jostle them aside and talk it down. She took the whole burden of the conversation upon her pretty shoulders and bore it through the little banquet with unerring skill and unflinching good humor.

Claude de Chauville was for the moment forced to assume a humble role because he had no choice. Maggie Delafeld was passive for the time being because that which would make her active was no more than a tiny seedling in her heart. The girl bid fair to be one of those women who develop late, who ripen slowly, like the best fruit.

During the drive to the opera house the two women in Etta's snug little brougham were silent. Etta had her thoughts to occupy her. She was at the crucial point of a difficult game. She could not afford to allow even a friend to see so much as the corner of the cards she held.

In the luxurious box it was readily enough arranged—Etta and Paul together in front, De Chauville and Maggie at the other corner of the box.

"I have asked my friend, Karl Steinmetz, to come in during the evening," said Paul to Etta when they were seated. "He is anxious to make your acquaintance. He is my—prime mis-

ter over in Russia."

Etta smiled graciously.

"It is kind of him," she answered, "to be anxious to make my acquaintance."

She was apparently listening to the music. In reality she was hurrying back mentally over half a dozen years. She had never had much to do with the stout German philosopher, but she knew enough of him to scorn the faint hope that he might have forgotten her name and her individuality. Etta Bamberough had never been disconcerted in her life yet. This incident came very near to bringing about the catastrophe.

"At what time," she asked, "is he coming in?"

"About half past 9."

It was a race, and Etta won it. She had only half an hour. De Chauville was there, and Maggie, with her quiet, honest eyes. But the widow of Sydney Bamberough made Paul ask her to be his wife, and she promised to give him his answer later. She did it despite a thousand difficulties and more than one danger—accomplished it with, as the sporting people say, plenty to spare—before the door behind them was opened by the attendant, and Karl Steinmetz, barely, humorously imperturbable and impenetrable, stood smiling gravely on the situation.

He saw Claude de Chauville, and before the Frenchman had turned round the expression on Steinmetz's large and placid countenance had changed from the self-consciousness usually preceding an introduction to one of a dim recognition.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Madame somewhere before, I think. In St. Petersburg, was it not?"

Etta, composed and smiling, said that it was so and introduced him to Maggie. De Chauville took the opportunity of leaving that young lady's side and placing himself near enough to Paul and Etta to completely frustrate any further attempts at confidential conversation.

For a moment Steinmetz and Paul were left standing together.

"I have had a telegram," said Steinmetz in Russian. "We must go back to Tver. There is cholera again. When can you come?"

Beneath his heavy mustache Paul bit his lip.

"In three days," he answered.

"True? You will come with me?" inquired Steinmetz under cover of the clashing music.

"Of course."

Steinmetz looked at him curiously. He glanced toward Etta, but he said nothing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE season wore on to its perihelion, a period, the scientific books advise us, of the highest clang and crash of social whirl, of the greatest brilliancy and deepest glow of a planet's existence. The business of life, the pursuit of pleasure and the scientific demolition of our common enemy, time, received all the care which such matters require.

Amid the whirl of rout and ball and picnic, race meeting, polo match and what not, Paul Howard Alexis stalked misunderstood, distrustful, an object of ridicule to some, of pity to others, of impatience to all; a man, if it please you, with a purpose—a purpose at the latter end of the nineteenth century, when most of us, having decided that there is no future, take it upon ourselves to despise the present.

Paul soon discovered that he was found out, at no time a pleasant condition of things except indeed when clever are about. That which Etta and Cambridge had failed to lay their fingers upon, every match making mother had found out for herself in a week.

But Paul was at once too simple and too clever for matron and maid alike—too simple because he failed to understand the inner meaning of many pleasant things that the guileless fair one said to him, too clever because he met the subtle matron with the only arm she feared, a perfect honesty. And when at last he obtained his answer from the coy and hesitating Etta there was no gossip in London who could put forward a just cause or impediment.

Etta gave him the answer one evening at the house of a mutual friend.

"Yes, I have my answer ready," where a multitude of guests had assembled ostensibly to hear certain celebrated singers, apparently to whisper recriminations on their entertainer's champagne. It was a dull business—except indeed for Paul Howard Alexis. As for the lady—the only lady his honest, simple world contained—why shall we say? Inwardly she may have been trembling, coy alarm, in breathless, blushing hesitation. Outwardly she was, however, exceedingly composed and self-possessed. She had been as careful as—dare we say?—snappish with

her maids. The beautiful hair had no one of its aureate threads out of place. The pink of her shell-like cheek was steady, unruffled, fair to behold. Her whole demeanor was admirable in its well-bred repose. Did she love him? Was it in her power to love any man? Not the humble chronicler, not any man, perhaps, and but few women, can essay an answer. Suffice it that she accepted him. In exchange for the title he could give her, the position he could assure to her, the wealth he was ready to lavish upon her and, lastly, let us mention, in the effete, old-fashioned way, the love he bore her—in exchange for these, she gave him her hand.

Thus Etta Sydney Bamberough was enabled to throw down her cards at last and win the game she had played so skillfully. The widow of an obscure little foreign office clerk, she might have been a baroness, but she put the smaller honor aside and aspired to a prince.

"Yes," says Etta, allowing Paul to take her perfectly gloved hand in his great, steady grasp, "yes, I have my answer ready."

They were alone in the plush solitude of an inner conservatory, between the songs of the great singers. She was half afraid of this strong man, for he had strange ways with him—not uncouth, but unusual and somewhat surprising in a flunking, emotionless generation.

"And what is it?" whispered Paul eagerly. Ah, what fools men are—what fools they always will be!

Etta gave a little nod, looking shamefacedly down at the pattern of her lace fan.

"Is that it?" he asked breathlessly.

The nod was repeated, and Paul Howard Alexis was thereby made the happiest man in England. She half expected him to take her in his arms despite the temporary nature of their solitude. Perhaps she half wished it, for behind her businesslike and exceedingly practical appreciation of his wealth there lurked a very feminine curiosity and interest in his feelings, a curiosity somewhat whetted by the manifold differences that existed between him and the society lovers with whom she had hitherto played the pretty game.

But Paul contented himself with raising the gloved fingers to his lips, restrained by a feeling of respect for her which she would not have understood and probably did not merit.

"But," she said, with a sudden smile, "I take no responsibility. I am not very sure that it will be a success. I can only try to make you happy. Goodness knows if I shall succeed."

"You have only to be yourself to do that," he answered with lover-like promptness and a blindness which is the special privilege of these happy fools.

She gave a strange little smile.

"But how do I know that our lives will harmonize in the least? I know nothing of your daily existence—where you live, where you want to live."

"I should like to live modestly in Russia," he answered honestly.

Her expression did not change. It merely fixed itself as one sees the face of a watching cat fix itself when the longest for mouse shows a whisker.

"Ah," she said lightly, confident in her own power, "that will arrange itself later."

"I am glad I am rich," said Paul simply, "because I shall be able to give you all you want. There are many little things that add to a woman's comfort. I shall find them out and see that you have them."

"Are you so very rich, Paul?" she asked, with an innocent wonder. "But I don't think it matters. Do you? I do not think that riches have much to do with happiness."

"No," he answered.

"Except, of course," she said, "that one may do good with great riches."

She gave a little sigh as if deploring the misfortune that hitherto her own small means had fallen short of the happy point at which one may begin doing good.

"Are you so very rich, Paul?" she repeated as if she was rather afraid of those riches and mistrusted them.

"Oh, I suppose so. Horribly rich."

She had withdrawn her hand. She gave it to him again, with a pretty movement usually understood to indicate bashfulness.

"It can't be helped," she said. "We"—she dwelt upon the word ever so slightly—"we can perhaps do a little good with it."

Then suddenly he blurted out all his wishes on this point. His quixotic aims, the foolish imaginings of a too chivalrous soul. She listened, prettily eager, sweetly compassionate of the sorrows of the penurious whom he made the object of his simple pity. Her gray eyes contracted with horror when he told her of the misery with which he was too familiar. Her pretty lips quivered when he told her of little children born only to starve because their mothers were starving. She laid her gloved fingers gently on his when he recounted tales of strong men—good fathers in their simple, barbarous way—who were well content that the children should die rather than be saved to pass a miserable existence, without joy, without hope.

She lifted her eyes with admiration to his face when he told her what he hoped to do, what he dreamed of accomplishing. She even made a few eager, heartfelt suggestions, fly coming from a woman—touched with a woman's tenderness, lightened by a woman's sympathy and knowledge.

It was in its way a tragedy, the picture we are called to look upon—these newly made lovers, not talking of themselves, as in the time honored habit of such. Surrounded by every luxury, both high born, refined and wealthy, both educated, both intelligent. His simple minded, earnest, quite absorbed in his happiness, because that happiness seemed to fall in so easily with the busies and, as some might

say, the nobler side of his ambition; she, failing to understand his aspirations, thinking only of his wealth.

"But," she said at length, "shall you—we be allowed to do all this? I thought that such schemes were not encouraged in Russia. It is such a pity to paperize the people."

"You cannot paperize a man who has absolutely nothing," replied Paul. "Of course we shall have difficulties, but together I think we shall be able to overcome them."

Etta smiled sympathetically, and the smile finished up, as it were, with a gleam very like amusement. She had been vouchsafed for a moment a vision of herself in some squalid Russian village in a hideous Russian man would dress dispensing the necessities of life to a people only little raised above the beasts of the field. The vision made her smile, as well it might. In St. Petersburg life might be tolerable for a little in the height of the season, for a few weeks of the brilliant northern winter, but in no other part of Russia could she dream of dwelling.

They sat and talked of their future as lovers will, knowing as little of it as any of us, building up castles in the air, such edifices as we have all constructed, destined no doubt to the same rapid collapse as some of us have quailed under. Paul, with lamentable honesty, talked almost as much of his stupid peasants as of his beautiful companion, which pleased her not too well. Etta, with a strange persistence, brought the conversation ever back and back to the house in London, the house in St. Petersburg, the great grim castle in the government of Tver and the princely rent roll. And once on the subject of Tver, Paul could scarce be brought to leave it.

"I am going back there," he said at length.

"When?" she asked, with a composure which did infinite credit to her modest reserve. He loved her jealously guarded. It lay so deep to be disturbed by the thought that her lover would leave her soon.

"Tomorrow," was his answer.

She did not speak at once. Should she try the extent of her power over him? Never was lover so chivalrous, so respectful, so sincere. If it proved less powerful than she suspected she would at all events be credited with a very natural aversion to parting from him.

"Paul," she said, "you cannot do that. Not so soon. I cannot let you go."

He flushed up to the eyes suddenly, like a girl. There was a little pause, and the color slowly left his face. Somehow that pause frightened Etta.

"I am afraid I must go," he said shortly at length.

"When a prince?"

"I mean that account," he replied.

"Then I am to conclude that you are more devoted to your peasants than to me?"

He answered her to the contrary. She tried once again, but nothing could move him from his decision.

It almost seemed as if the abrupt departure of her lover was in some sense a relief to Etta Sydney Bamberough, for while he, lover-like, was grave and earnest during the small remainder of the evening she continued to be sprightly and gay. The last he saw of her was her smiling face at the window as her carriage drove away.

Arrived at the little house in upper Brook street, Maggie and Etta went into the drawing room, where biscuits and wine were set out. Their maids came and took their cloaks away, leaving them alone.

"Paul and I are engaged," said Etta suddenly. She was picking the withered flowers from her dress and throwing them carelessly on the table.

Maggie was standing with her back to her, with her two hands on the mantelpiece. She was about to turn round when she caught sight of her own face in the mirror, and that which she saw there made her change her intention.

"I am not surprised," she said in an even voice, standing like a statue. "I congratulate you. I think he is nice."

"You also think he is too good for me," said Etta, with a little laugh. There was something in that laugh—a ring of wounded vanity, the wounded vanity of a bad woman who is in the presence of her superior.

"No," answered Maggie slowly, tracing the veins of the marble across the mantelpiece. "No, not that."

Etta looked up at her. It was rather singular that she did not ask what Maggie did think.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

Some Exciting Incidents of this Fierce Naval Engagement.

In the year 1827 the British admiral, Omanney, took part in the battle of Navarino, in which the English, French and Russian ships entered the harbor of Navarino, in Greece, and annihilated the Turkish and Egyptian vessels, which were unable to leave their moorings. The battle lasted four hours. Admiral Omanney tells this of Sir Edward Codrington, the admiral in command: "His escapes from death were marvelous. So that he might command a good view of the battle he stood on the poop of the Asia, the most exposed part of the ship. He was talking with the master when a shot came and killed the latter at his side. A shot killed an officer of marines who was on the quarter deck just below the poop. The admiral left the poop only once to go forward to talk to the boatswain, and while talking to him the boatswain also was killed at his side."

"A bullet went through his hat, in which it made two holes, and another bullet went through his loose coat sleeve. Another bullet smashed his gold watch. When on the poop he stooped his head under a rolled awning, and while bent like that a shot passed through the awning's folds. At another time he had just turned from a spot on the poop when the place where he had been standing was covered with wreckage from aloft, which would have crushed and buried him. And yet throughout the battle, when men were being slain and wounded everywhere around him, Codrington escaped un-injured."

Other incidents of the same battle: "An Irishman seized a musket, and, with a roar of 'Make way, there!' he swept a road through the Turks by swinging his weapon from side to side with crushing force. One of my fellow midshipmen, named Hicks, was among the boarders, many of whom had forgotten to take their pistols. Hicks shouted to the first lieutenant, 'Give them old shot, sir!' And the boarders did, for they picked up the cold shot which was lying about ready for the gun and hurled it down upon the Turks."

## His Reference.

In the course of a conversation between two men at the club last night one of them jokingly remarked that a man with a "cheek" could get anything he desired, and he backed up his statement with the following story:

One of his friends, a merchant, had advertised for a porter. A big, burly Irishman applied for the job. After looking him over the merchant was satisfied with his appearance. The only objection was the question of references, and the Irishman did not seem to have a very good one. "Can you get no better reference than this?" asked the merchant. "Oh, yis, sor. I kin git ye the very best kind of a wan if that's all ye want, sor, and I don't have to go far for it either. Me father and me mother, sor, live down the strath, and they've known me all me life."

And he landed the job. — New York Times.

## His Only Magic.

The old story of the Irishman who, when he was asked how he played upon the fiddle, answered, "Be main strength, be jabers!" is outdone by the answer of a celebrated violinist to a lady who asked him the same question.

"Oh, signor!" exclaimed the fashionably dressed lady, with a gushing air. "By what magic do you evoke such divine strains from your violin?"

"I have no magic, madam," answered the musician bluntly. "I have nothing but the bow and my hand."

## Artificial Snow.

A curious instance of the formation of snow was witnessed at Agen, France. A fire broke out in a saw-mill when the temperature was 10 degrees below the freezing point. The water thrown upon it was instantly vaporized and, rising into the cold, dry air, was immediately condensed and fell as snow. What with bright starlight and a strong northwest wind blowing, the whirling snow above and the raging fire below, a brilliant spectacle was presented.

## The Spider.

The spider has a tremendous appetite, and his gormandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in twenty-four hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale he would eat at day-break, approximately, a small alligator, by 7 a. m. a lamb, by 9 a. m. a young camelopod, by 1 o'clock a sheep and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds.



"Yes, I have my answer ready."

where a multitude of guests had assembled ostensibly to hear certain celebrated singers, apparently to whisper recriminations on their entertainer's champagne. It was a dull business—except indeed for Paul Howard Alexis. As for the lady—the only lady his honest, simple world contained—why shall we say? Inwardly she may have been trembling, coy alarm, in breathless, blushing hesitation. Outwardly she was, however, exceedingly composed and self-possessed. She had been as careful as—dare we say?—snappish with

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—DEALER IN—



## LOCAL NEWS.

Do not forget the excursion to St. Andrews next Wednesday.

Sabine Carr of Woodstock, with friends, was in town Thursday.

Stewart Leach son of H. L. Leach, who has been visiting friends in Boston, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Henry M. Chapman returned this week from an extended tour abroad, and will visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Dunn for a few weeks.

A buckboard party of ladies from Woodstock visited town Thursday of this week.

Mr. L. L. Lanning, who has been visiting relatives here for the past three weeks, started for his home in Detroit, Mich., Tuesday.

Mrs. L. M. Felch went to Old Orchard, Tuesday morning, to join her sister, Mrs. E. H. Libby of Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Miss Mabel McGlinchey went to Boston, Tuesday morning, to visit relatives in that city and Lawrence, for the next three weeks.

Have the time of your life next Wednesday on the Methodist and Free Baptist excursion to St. Andrews. Train leaves Houlton at 6.30 a. m., and arrives at 9.30 p. m. Fare for the round trip, adults \$1.35, children 75 cents.

Breaks in water mains and service pipes are to be expected for a time. The first break to be reported was at the jail building Wednesday afternoon where a service pipe was overtaxed and burst and as a result the basement of the jail was flooded.

The annual Children's Day of the Western Star Lodge was held Thursday at Crescent Park. A large number of children with their parents were present and a most enjoyable occasion was reported. Much credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Newell for the successful outcome of the day.

Under the direction of H. Edblad much improvement has been made upon the walk through the county grounds south of the Pioneer block. Mr. Edblad, who has recently returned from St. John where he has been observing the method of walk and crossing building and under his direction the walks will undoubtedly be more satisfactory than heretofore.

The Methodist and Free Baptist churches will have an excursion to St. Andrews next Wednesday, Aug. 2. A special train will leave the C. P. station at 6.30 o'clock, a. m., and will leave St. Andrews to return at 6 o'clock p. m. The price of the round trip tickets will be \$1.35 for adults and 70 cents for children. The tickets will be good to return on the regular train next day.

The band concert last evening was attended by a crowd of people who seemed to appreciate the music, judging from the applause given. Just as the concert was about to close the arc light over the stand burned out causing considerable consternation and bringing the program to an early close. The members of the band were much disappointed (?) that the concert was cut off so quickly.

Posters are out announcing an excursion over the B. & A. R. R. to Mt. Kineo and Pebble Beach on Aug. 4th. This is one of the most popular excursions going out of Aroostook and is always largely patronized. Mt. Kineo is one of the most picturesque spots in Maine, and this excursion will without doubt be taken advantage of by a large number of people. The special train leaves Houlton at 5.20 a. m., and the rate for the round trip is \$1.50, and for Aug. 4th only. If the weather is favorable this will undoubtedly be one of the most delightful excursions of the season.

The tenth annual excursion to Quebec Ste Anne de Beaupre and Montreal, over the B. & A. R. R., will occur Monday, Aug. 7th. Train will leave Houlton at 2.15 p. m. Rate to Quebec and return \$6.50; rate to Ste. Anne and return \$7.00. Tickets will be furnished from any station desired upon application. The special train will run through from Oldtown to Lewis (opposite Quebec) without change via Greenville and Megantic, and passengers will arrive in Quebec and Ste. Anne early the following morning. Application for sleeping car accommodations should be made at once to R. J. Plummer, Ticket Agent, Oldtown, or to the General Passenger Agent, Bangor. Rate for double berth \$2.00. Mr. R. H. Palmer, Excursion Manager, will accompany the excursion and will explain the famous resorts and historical points of interest visited.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Jot it down. St. Andrews excursion next Wednesday.

Miss Gertrude Miller of Fredericton, N. B. is visiting her grandfather Mr. Jacob Miller, North St.

Mrs. A. M. Rideout went to Bridgewater today where she will visit her daughter Mrs. Hart.

Riverside camp meeting at Robinson Mills begins Friday, August 4th and continues until Monday, August 14.

Miss Annie Newhouse is quite seriously ill at her home on Kellerman St.

Miss Lucy Whenman who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks is improving slowly. Dr. Nevers is the attending physician.

Last Sunday was the banner day of the season at Crescent Park. All the cottages were occupied and all were entertaining friends. The day was perfect and the demand for boats and canoes almost exceeded the supply.

An operation for appendicitis was performed this week by Drs. Dickson & Gibson upon Mrs. Chas. Moore of Ludlow. At present writing the patient is doing well. An operation was also performed last week on Miss Emma Carpenter of Hammond Pl.

Thursday afternoon the W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Garcelon on Fair St. A beautiful reading was given by the Supt. of Bible reading entitled "Keeping Sweet," which was greatly enjoyed by all present. A beautiful supper was prepared and partaken of by the ladies with great relish. The meeting next week will be held at the regular place the Baptist church.

Camp meeting at the Littleton camp grounds will begin Saturday, August 5 and will continue until August 21st. Two weeks extending over three Sundays of religious service under the direction of Rev. D. B. Dow, presiding elder. The directors and pastors are determined to make this season more attractive religiously than ever before. Reduced rates will be given over the B. & A.

Miss Anna Curran who for some time has been in a rather precarious condition on account of an injury sustained from the effects of a fire cracker on the night of July 4th is now improving rapidly, and her many friends will be pleased to learn that the danger point is now passed. Dr. Nevers, the attending physician, has been unfatigable in his work with the young lady and the result is only what could be expected from an experienced practitioner.

The children of the primary department of the Congregational Sunday school were entertained by their teachers at a lawn party last Wednesday afternoon on the beautiful grounds adjoining the residence of Mr. W. F. Jenks on Park street. A large number of children were present and all entered with zest into the games suitable to their age which had been provided. At 5 o'clock most tempting refreshments were served consisting of sandwiches, cake, sherbet and lemonade. A happier, merrier lot of children are seldom seen together and when the time came for them to go home there was not one who was not sorry the party was at an end.

The body of Edward Dunphy, a carpenter, who has for some few years resided in this town was found on Friday last, hanging half way through an opening in a barn which stands on the so-called Parks farm on the Canadian side. It is supposed that the man in an intoxicated condition endeavored to gain an entrance to the building but was not able to do so. Coroner Hay of Woodstock was summoned also Chief Guion of this town. The coroner's jury pronounced death due to strangulation. The body was brought to this town and buried in the Catholic cemetery.

Companion Court, Nonpareil No. 899, I. O. F., has recently been organized in this town by Mr. C. H. Playse of Skowhegan. The lodge is receiving a large number of members. Meetings are held at Foresters Hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. The following officers have been appointed: Court Deputy, Elizabeth Saunders; Physician, Dr. T. S. Dickson; Chief Ranger, Almatia Dickson; Past Chief Ranger, Cora E. Whitney; Vice Chief Ranger, Mabel M. Cates; Rec. Secretary, Geneva F. Donovan; Financial Secretary, Mollie A. Donovan; Treasurer, Elizabeth E. Murray; Orator, Alberta Astle; Supt. Juvenile Court, Clara A. Pearson; Organist, Margaret I. Saunders; Senior Woodward, Clara M. Hutchison; Junior Woodward, Ella Robinson; Senior Beadle, Annie E. Bither; Junior Beadle, Mattie M. Dyer.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Millie Gould of Presque Isle was visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. Geo. Purington Principal of Houlton High School, arrived in town this week for a few days.

Dr. M. L. Porier of Danforth was in town this week on business connected with the Danforth Telephone Co.

Miss M. A. Ryan returned Tuesday evening from a few days visit with friends in Millinocket.

Miss Camilla Robinson has gone to Limestone for a few weeks where she is visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis of Gardiner are in town visiting Mrs. Davis's sisters Mrs. Geo. McNair and Mrs. L. P. Berry.

FOR SALE. Millinery and fancy goods business. Fine location. Rent low. Good paying business. Reason for selling, wish to retire. For particulars apply to 57 Main St.

Mr. Harry Morgan for a few days is to introduce the famous combination tool, "the farmers standby" or "Ranchman's handy tool." All orders filled promptly. Samples on hand for inspection.

The Eclipse Photographic Co. has opened a gallery on Main St. west of the public library, where they are prepared to attend to all work in the photographic line.

It is reported that after the fire which burned the mill of the Fish River Lumber Company at Eagle Lake, parties investigating the ruins discovered a pile of human bones. As no one about the mill is missing the bones are presumed to be those of some tramp, who got into the mill and went to sleep.

The agitation over the report that the people of Shiloh, those of Holy Ghost and Us affiliations, are actually suffering for food, are starving by degrees, etc., leads the Boston Herald to remark thus: "The people up at Shiloh ought not to kick too hard because they have nothing to eat but mush and water, that's the kind of religion they've been swallowing right along."

We were asked this week to estimate upon the number of people visiting the reservoir last Sunday and endeavoring to be very conservative we set the number at 200, and information was given that we fell about 600 short of the number as kept by R. H. Whitney who did police duty during the day on reservoir hill. In all, about 800 people visited the completed work during the day and many were much surprised at the size and excellent construction of the big tub.

Omer Dow has received an appointment as rural mail carrier and will begin work August 1st. Mr. Dow is to have R. F. D. Route 2, taking the place of John Adams who has been the carrier on this route for two years. Mr. Adams has made many friends while connected with the mail service and the patrons of route will be sorry to lose his services. He resigns to accept a position with the Bowker Fertilizer Co. as traveling salesman for Eastern Maine.

We are receiving from time to time anonymous correspondence relative to parties who are violating the prohibitory liquor law. We have followed out the advice given in many of these epistles with good success, but many times the information given is so uncertain that we dare not act. We have no doubt that the letters giving the information are given in good faith and with the best of motives, but we prefer the names should be signed. If they will do this we will guarantee to keep the name a secret and to notify the officials of the situation, and also do all in our power to bring the guilty parties to justice.

Where is Houlton's inspector of meat? Are we to be victims of tuberculosis on account of inadequate government inspection of meat. An investigation was recently called for by members of the board of health and others, on cattle being slaughtered at the house of the New England Dressed Meat and Wool Co. Dr. H. B. F. Jarvis was called upon to conduct the investigation and at his request specimens of beef from the herd of Henry Smith on the Foxcroft road were sent to the state examiners who promptly pronounced it to be badly infected with tuberculous bacilli. An inspector for the town should be appointed, and at once; and all meat placed on the market should bear the tag of a man qualified to do his work in the line of meat inspection. We have only words of praise for such a man as Mr. Henry Smith from whose herd the infected beef was procured. He was only too anxious to find the true state of affairs and requested that his whole herd should be examined.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Stone Fowler of Boston is the guest of his sister Mrs. C. E. F. Stetson for a few days.

FOR SALE. As I am going west will sell 7 rents and land in city of Portland for \$5,000. Quick sale. Address

MRS. H. L. JEWETT.

54 John St., Newport, R. I.

A buckboard ride to Woodstock last Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Davis of Gardiner was enjoyed by all the party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McNair, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis, Mrs. Fred Cates, Mrs. Chas. Phillips, Mrs. Matthew Wilson, Mrs. Etta McKee, and Miss Emma Wright.

The condition of Miss Inez Williams a young lady employed in the household of Mr. C. C. Newell on Kellerman St. and who was terribly burned about two weeks ago is very critical. At one time it was thought that the young lady would recover but for the past few days her vitality has greatly diminished and at the present time small hope is held for her recovery. The young lady is a native of Amity and her parents have been in constant attendance since the accident.

The very striking and much talked of features in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" New York's latest and greatest rural drama success, to be seen here within a few weeks, occur in the last act. One is the "Asking the Blessing," at the evening meal, and the other consists of concluding the evening's performance with the singing of the doxology, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow." Both incidents are natural elements in the development of the story and add realistic detail to a play of great realism.

The Anna Gordon Y. held its first annual roll call at the home of one of its members Miss Diantha Brown, this being the birthday of the Y. organizer Miss Gordon. The afternoon passed pleasantly with games on the lawn followed by a bountiful supper eaten under the trees. A double supply of ice cream was served the hostess having provided a goodly quantity and the W. C. T. U. also provided a supply. After roll call and response a short talk was given by Miss Yates when the party dispersed well pleased with the afternoon's entertainment.

On Tuesday evening of this week the Fire Co., at a special meeting gave a demonstration of the increased water pressure from the reservoir. Four lines of hose were attached to one hydrant in Market Sq. and the power received from this source was sufficient to send a stream of water over the highest building in town. When the stream was turned perpendicular it is estimated that it rose to a height of between 80 and 100 feet. With such a pressure it seems that an outside fire stands a small chance of making great headway if discovered in time, and taking all things into consideration, the insurance agents should be getting into gear and giving a rate consistent with the protection that will now be given.

"The Old Schoolmaster or Forty-five Years with the Girls and Boys," is the title of a volume that should be of great interest to the people of Aroostook, for its author W. S. Knowlton, has been identified with the educational interests of our county for many years. The author deals with subjects with which he has had a vital contact, and handles them with the skill of a master. Such chapters as "Funny People," "Bill Nye," "Fishing," etc., will be of interest even to people who do not know the old "Prof," while the chapters on Houlton, Presque Isle, Bridgewater, etc., will have a personal interest. The book is attractively gotten up. The press work and binding being of the best. No one can get up from reading this book without a more wholesome idea of life; a more hopeful outlook into the future, a better opinion of humanity and a higher ideal of our own duties toward others.

## The Independent Telephone Company.

There are many about Houlton and vicinity who are not yet fully informed as to what the Independent Telephone Company is and what it is doing. This company originated at Smyrna Mills last summer as a private company owned by Mr. John Cooper, a former citizen of Houlton, and Mr. J. H. White of Smyrna.

Several phones were put in about that section and as business increased and they found a very profitable business could be conducted by charging \$9.00 for residences and \$12.00 for

business places, they decided to form a stock company and extend their line throughout the southern portion of the county. This new organization was formed about two months ago and has the following officers: Pres., J. H. White; Treas., John E. Cooper; Directors, J. H. White, J. E. Cooper, Fleetwood Pride, W. M. Wetmore, Willis R. Dresser.

The stock has been divided into shares of \$10.00 each, and is now being offered to the public, and has nearly all been sold that will be given to the public this year. The plan is to allow only a limited number of shares to be owned by one man. The shares are so arranged that they cannot be bought up and controlled by any trust or monopoly. Every subscriber for a telephone is offered the privilege of buying stock and thus share in the profits of the business. The line has been extended into Smyrna, Dyer Brook, Moro, Merrill, New Limerick, Ludlow, Linneus, Hodgdon and Houlton. Many of these towns have central of their own. The Houlton central is situated in the jewelry store of J. D. Perry. All the business men are interested and many will have phones connected. There are already over 300 phones connected with the line and before cold weather closes construction it is expected over 1000 phones will be installed. You will soon have an agent call on you for the purpose of soliciting phones. You may take a five-year contract at the rate quoted.

It is very evident that everyone should patronize this company, for it is a company "of the people by the people and for the people." It is not controlled by any trust or monopoly that is trying to pay a good dividend on watered stock. There is some opposition but any fair minded person will readily see that on account of the low rate there will be a very large patronage, and under the hands of directors who are well known to us as shrewd and clever business men we may expect a fine service.

## A CRIMINAL ASSAULT.

Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, Pastor of the Free Baptist Church of this town Assaulted by Thugs while Visiting in Fredericton, N. B.

A most dastardly outrage which has shocked the city and caused the greatest indignation, was perpetrated on Maryland Hill last night. The victim was Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, the popular and respected pastor of the Houlton, Me., Free Baptist church late of this city. The reverend gentleman was attacked by three roughs, without the slightest provocation, knocked down and kicked in the most brutal manner and left for dead on the side of the road.

Rev. Mr. Hartley arrived here with Mrs. Hartley about a week ago to spend a short time with Mrs. Hartley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow Yerxa in the post office building.

Yesterday afternoon was spent by Rev. Mr. Hartley with a party of friends in a summer camp on Maryland Hill, only a short distance outside the city. The reverend gentleman started to return home about 9.30 o'clock and when near Frogmore, the residence of A. H. F. Randolph, was accosted by three men, one of whom asked him for a match. While he was handing the man the match, the reverend gentleman was struck in the face by one of them, and knocked down, after which the three brutes kicked and abused him in the most violent manner, and then ran off, leaving the clergyman by the road side.

After some little time Mr. Hartley managed to regain his feet, and with much difficulty made his way to the home of Mr. Yerxa on Queen St. Dr. Vanwait was summoned, and he found him suffering from a broken rib and several bruises about the head and body.

The police were promptly notified, and have every hope of capturing the murderous culprits.

Rev. Mr. Hartley, during his many years connection with the Free Baptist church here, made himself popular with citizens of all denominations by his breadth of thought and Christian charity and he believed that he had not an enemy in the world. There seems no doubt that it was a case of mistaken identity, but that does not lessen the seriousness of the crime.

The affair has created considerable excitement about the city, and surprise is expressed on all sides at the atrocious nature of the crime, and the boldness shown by the culprits. The authorities should offer a liberal reward for the arrest of the guilty parties, and every

effort should be made to run them down and land them in the penitentiary.

It transpires that two men driving towards the city on Maryland hill last evening, heard Mr. Hartley's cries for help, and as they approached saw the three ruffians jump over Mr. Randolph's fence and disappear. They got out of the carriage and followed the miscreants a short distance, and when they returned Mr. Hartley had started down the hill and they did not see him.

This morning City Marshal Roberts obtained as much of a description of his assailants as Mr. Hartley could give. He then went to Randolph's upper hayfield on Maryland hill, where a gang of men under John W. Sheppard are making hay. One man named Harvey Foster, answered the description in some respects and was taken in charge and is held at the police station under suspicion. The front of this man's clothing was spotted with blood, which is very significant.—Fredericton Herald

## The Park Question.

The adjourned meeting called for last Monday was attended by a good number of citizens and this important question was discussed. It is evident that a universal opinion prevails that we need a park. But all are not agreed in regard to the best place for its location, and a few of those at the meeting were a little warm under the collar in regard to the proposed location. The TIMES has no ax to grind and does not desire to injure anyone if it can be avoided. But the best place for the proposed park should be selected. That the park will be built is practically certain, as many who are financially able to carry the plans through have become interested. We hoped that it might be built by a popular subscription, and this seemed very probable. But many who would be most benefited by it financially, seemed to need the most argument when the subscription paper was placed before them. Plans are being perfected for securing the land, and some work will doubtless be done on the park this fall.

## A mity Notes.

Mrs. Louise Tracy of Nashua, N. H., is visiting Mrs. Daniel Libby.

The ladies of the Grange held an ice cream sale last week to raise money to buy fixtures for the hall.

Isaac Walton and George Knappa, while on a fishing trip to Orient, saw two large moose.

Mrs. Solomon Knappa who has been seriously ill for some time, is steadily improving.

Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis was taken ill Wednesday. She is reported as being improved. Dr. Ebbett is the attending physician.

Mrs. Hannah Carson of Danforth, is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mr. Calvin Farrar is seriously ill. Mrs. Elith McDonald of Ma-a-rdis, is visiting relatives in town.

The young daughter of Brigham Hardy is quite sick.

## Hodgdon

Thomas McDonald started this week for a two week's vacation with relatives in Haverhill, Mass.

Rev. Mr. Moore, pastor of the Methodist church, expects to leave Aug. 1st for a vacation trip by team through the southern part of the state.

Jewett's lumber mill is shut down for repairs and will not start again until the water rises in the pond.

Miss Edith and Albert Cox are visiting their mother for a few weeks.

Dr. Porter of Danforth was in town Wednesday looking after the interests of the Telephone Co. which he represents.

The most exciting question before the people of this town at present is whether the New England Telephone Company shall be allowed to extend their line on any of the roads in town that they may choose. Opinion seems to be divided on the question and it is uncertain how it will be decided.

## NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF CREDITORS In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of Joseph Collins, Debtor. } In Bankruptcy. To the creditors of Joseph Collins, of Wallagrass, in the county of Aroostook, and District of Maine, a bankrupt. Notice is hereby given that on the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1906, the said Joseph Collins was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of Edwin L. Vail, in Houlton, on the 12th day of August, A. D. 1906, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

EDWIN L. VAIL, Referee in Bankruptcy. Dated at Houlton, July 26, 1906. 121



## Cary Notes.

Ludwig & Cleveland are going to begin Aug. 1st to repair their starch factory at this place. They intend to take out the saw mill, put in a new boiler and raise the dry house and put new sills under it. These improvements will give them a much better equipment for handling the large amount of business that they have here.

Robert McLaine is visiting friends in town.

The farmers in this town are nearly through haying, having had excellent weather since they began.

Ruben Hayney who has been employed in Houlton the past few months, expects to return home next week and begin work on the starch factory.

Guy and Gladys Tracy of Nashua, N. H., are visiting relatives in town for the summer. They expect to remain here until the hunting season this fall.

Peckey Simmons cut his leg quite badly with a scythe recently.

Mrs. D. B. Skedgell is visiting her daughter Mrs. Hattie Seamounts of Houlton.

Mrs. Chas. Spooner who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spooner, has returned home to Houlton.

Mr. E. K. Skedgell's health has improved since his return from Washington.

Schools will begin July 31, and will be taught by Geneva Tracy, Bessie Tracy and Grace Reed.

The potatoes are not looking so well in this vicinity as they did last year. The potato bugs are destroying them.

Mr. John Hand of Hodgdon, is here cutting his hay.

Mr. John and Warren Perrigo of Hodgdon, are here cutting hay.

## An Ideal Canoeing Country.

To the enthusiast in summer sports and pastimes, there is nothing so thoroughly delightful or more genuine as a canoe voyage far up in the northern Maine woods. Thousands of men and women have already tested the pleasures of this sort of an outing and found supreme enjoyment in it—in the swift, noiseless, gliding down lake and winding stream, of the exciting runs down stretches of turbulent water, or camping out in God's own country amid scenic environments of the most charming sort. Northern Maine with its fifteen thousand square miles of water-crossed playground, offers unlimited possibilities for canoeing, the hundreds of connecting and contiguous lakes, rivers, streams and brooks making canoe progress feasible and easy in practically every direction, though one's route lies in the very heart of the untamed forest where no road or trail has yet been cut and where the canoe offers the only practical means of travel.

There are several particularly attractive canoe trips here which have been singled out of the many because of the ease with which they can be made and the comparatively short time it takes to make them. The list includes Allagash river trip (about 203 miles), Penobscot West branch trip (about 80 miles), Penobscot East branch trip (about 118 miles), Fish river system trip (about 111 miles), Allagash lake trip (about 99 miles), and the St. John river trip (about 231 miles). Special information concerning these, or any of the other popular canoe trips to be made in northern Maine, can be had promptly and in full by addressing C. C. Brown, G. P. A., Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, Bangor, Me.

## The Work of Conspiracy.

Things are generally done under the Trust system through conspiracy. That is the way Rockefeller works in the Trust of capital; that is Shea's way in the Trust of labor. Both systems have had profitable currency; but as the Guilds of the Middle Ages finally collapsed from hot air from within, not to mention pressure from without, so it will be with the present Trust system. It must serve the people or it must go. Three independent linseed oil manufacturers have just closed their plants at Buffalo, N. Y., turning a lot of workers out of a job. The disaster is said to be due to a Rockefeller conspiracy. The American linseed oil trust controlled by Rockefeller has cornered all the flaxseed of the world, raising the price from \$1.24 to \$1.48 per bushel. The Buffalo operator of the largest independent mill in the world, says: "We may resume in the fall if Mr. Rockefeller chooses. He has all the flaxseed now. The Ameri-

can Linseed Company, controlled by Rockefeller," says Mr. Kellogg, "has control of the flaxseed of the world, but they have not entire control of the oil product or linseed oil yet. They are flooding the market with oil, while the independent mills have no seed. They may crush out the smaller millers, but with larger producers, like myself, it will not be so easy." Now, this conspiracy is in plain violation of common and of statute law. Proceedings for conspiracy ought to hold against the linseed trust for ruining competitive business and robbing consumers—which is the net result of Rockefellerism.—Lewiston Journal.

## The Scandal in the Department of Agriculture.

The exposure of the frauds perpetrated in the Post-office department and in the Land-office of the Department of the Interior has been followed by the roof of the existence of a corrupt ring which has been using the Bureau of Statistics of the Agricultural Department for private benefit. There is no room for rascals under the Roosevelt administration, and we may expect to see a drastic investigation of the scandal and a ruthless punishment of the delinquents. The facts, so far as they have yet been divulged may be condensed as follows: Some time ago Mr. Richard Cheatham, of Atlanta, Georgia, secretary of the Southern Cotton-growers' Association, charged, in an interview with Secretary Wilson, that the figures relative to cotton crops published by the Bureau of Statistics were not only manipulated for the purpose affecting the cotton-market at different times, but were communicated in advance by Edwin S. Holmes, associate statistician, for use in a speculative way, to a New York broker, with an eye to the benefit of Holmes and probably of other persons. Secret-service agents were directed to investigate the accusation, and their report was made public on July 8. On the same day Holmes, who previously had been suspended, was dismissed. The secret-service agents found that during nearly the entire cotton-reporting season of 1903 Holmes was in charge of the Bureau of Statistics (in the absence of Chief Statistician Hyde, who was in Europe), and that since that time he had had access to the reports of the field agents who furnished the data upon which the department's cotton forecasts are based. They also found that alterations had been made in the figures of one of these agents, and that these alterations appeared in Holmes' handwriting. They further learned from one L. S. Van Riper, a cotton broker in New York, that he became acquainted with Holmes in August, 1904, and was informed by the latter that he could get information concerning the cotton crop in advance of the publication of the official figures. Some letters produced by Van Riper, which, as he alleged, were written by Holmes, were signed with the initial H. One of them, which has been published, distinctly indicates the nature of the relationship between the writer and the recipient of the letter. Other letters and telegrams divulged bore the initial F., and are said by the secret-service agents to have been written by one F. A. Peckham, of New York. Nearly all of these contained information concerning the forthcoming cotton report, together with instructions to sell or buy on the Cotton Exchange according to the information furnished, and all of them closed with the admonition to destroy the letter or telegram.

It appears that when the existence of a leak in the cotton-crop reports was brought to the knowledge of Secretary Wilson he was greatly shocked, and exhibited as much incredulity as was evinced by Postmaster-General Payne on an analogous occasion. He had himself invented the system of collecting and compiling the reports from the cotton-field, and regarded it as absolutely immune from fraud. When the charge was made that the official data of the department were privately divulged and even tampered with he is said to have shown a good deal of impatience, and to have declared that a leak was a physical and mathematical impossibility. Now, however, that the betrayal of trust has been brought home to Holmes, the Secretary has not only removed that official, but seems eager to subject him to criminal prosecution, although District-Attorney Beach, of the District of Columbia, whose resignation, by the way, is in the hands of the President, has given an opinion in which he expresses doubt as to whether a Federal functionary can be prosecuted for divulging secret information. It is, of course, undisputed that the government can prosecute for conspiracy to defraud, but as yet Holmes is the only employee caught. The officials of the Southern Cotton-growers' Association insist that Chief-Statistician Hyde should not be allowed to remain at the head of the Bureau of Statistics, inasmuch as he had an opportunity of discovering what Holmes was doing, but failed to secure any knowledge of what was going on. Up to the hour we write, Secretary Wilson has seemed to hold Mr. Hyde blameless, and to regard any further investigation of the scandal as superfluous. He has not yet heard from Oyster Bay, however. We venture to predict that President Roosevelt will deal with the Department of Agriculture precisely as he dealt with the Post-office Department and with the Land-office branch of the Department of the Interior. That habit of sitting on the lid, which seems to be confirmed with some officials, meets with no indulgence from the present Chief Magistrate. It is no fault of his that the Federal government was not clean when he became the head of it, but he is determined to leave it clean, and he has already gone a long way toward the accomplishment of that result. There are remorse that the Pension Bureau will be the next subject of inquiry.—Harper's Weekly.

## Residence for Sale on Highland Ave.

Entirely owing to my increasing deafness we have decided to sell our home on the Highlands and move south. This is an opportunity for some one to get a real home place, good house, plenty of land, fine garden well stocked with small fruit and in one of the very best neighborhoods in town. For terms call at 29 Highland Ave.

H. M. ORRIS.

## EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO. BANGOR DIVISION.

## SUMMER SERVICE.

## SIX TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, May 1, 1905, steamers leave Bangor daily, except Sunday at 1:30 p. m. for Winterport, Bucksport, Belfast, Camden, Rockland and Boston. For Hampden and Searsport Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 p. m.

RETURNING. From Boston daily except Sunday at 5 p. m. From Rockland daily, except Monday, at 5:30 a. m. via Camden, Belfast, Bucksport, and Winterport. From Searsport and Hampden Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays. All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company is insured against fire and marine risk.

## Closing Out Sale

OF

## MILLINERY

## AND FANCY GOODS

AT

## M. A. RYAN'S

All trimmed Millinery at about half price. Everything in stock at cost or less for 30 days beginning August 1st.

# 1878 1905 EYES TESTED FREE J. W. HALEY OCULIST

of 175 Union Street Bangor, Me.

Is located at 16 Pleasant St., where he will remain for two weeks from this date.

I carry the best set of Optical Instruments in Maine. SCIENTIFIC TEST FREE. Prices lowest in Maine. Quality and service considered.

## Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, Willis R. Dresser of Houlton, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated October 27, 1900, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in vol. 181, page 166, conveyed to me, Almatia Dickson, wife of Dr. Thomas S. Dickson, of said Houlton, the following described tract of land, viz: One half in common and undivided of the following described real estate situated in the town of Limestone, in said County of Aroostook, to wit:—Lot numbered One (1), Section Six (6), containing One Hundred Fifty-eight and 64-100 (158.64) acres; lot numbered Two (2), Section Six (6), containing One Hundred Forty-five and 55-100 (145.55) acres; lot numbered Three (3), Section Six (6), containing One Hundred Sixty and 40-100 (160.40) acres; and lot numbered Four (4), Section Six (6), containing One Hundred Forty-eight and 48-100 (148.48) acres; said lots containing in the whole Six Hundred Thirteen and 7-100 (613.07) acres, more or less, according to plan and survey of said township made and returned to the State Land Office in 1847, by Charles K. Eddy, Surveyor, reference to said survey being had, being one-half in common and undivided of the premises conveyed to said Willis R. Dresser by "The Aroostook Farm Company" by deed dated October 27, 1900, to which deed and the record thereof and the deeds and records therein referred to, reference is hereby made for a more particular description of the premises.

Now, therefore, the condition in said mortgage is broken, by reason whereof, I claim a foreclosure of the same and give this notice for that purpose.

Houlton, Maine, July 26, 1905.

ALMATIA DICKSON,

By her attorneys, POWERS & ARCHIBALD.

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## For Sale.

Household furniture including carpets, new Glenwood cooking range and oak heater, bed room, dining room and parlor furniture; also a fur coat. These goods have been in use only a short time, are in good condition and will be sold at a sacrifice. Apply to CHAS. NOYES, 29 River St.

# Get Away Sale

This is the "get away season" and as usual we are up with the times. We're not going to leave—but our stocks of shoes are, they've received their notice to depart. They leave via the Cut Price Route and their new prices should land every pair of them at their destination within ten days.

Do you realize what this means to you?

Hundreds of pairs of this season's best styles of fine shoes for men, women and children at prices from a third to a half less than usual. It's an opportunity for the thrifty and economical—certainly too good a chance for you to pass by.

And for us it means clear shelves for our fall goods which will soon be arriving. We must have the space even at a loss, so in goes the price cutting knife—deeper than you ever knew it to be put in on stylish and dependable shoes at the height of the season. It's an unusual money saving event.

Don't wait till you pack up for your vacation, you may be too late. And just now you can get a couple of pairs for about the price of one. This is the chance you have been waiting for. Take advantage of it at once while we have your style and size.

## Summer Shoes for all at Melted Prices.

## MEN'S OXFORDS

98c get a pair of our regular grade black or tan lace oxfords.	\$1.25	\$1.87 is what we say to me our splendid \$2.50 oxfords. All shapes and lea-ers.
\$1.49 is the get away price on our well known \$2 oxfords. All styles now		\$2.49 just now for a business, dress or outing shoe from \$3.50 and 4.00 lines.

## WOMEN'S OXFORDS and TIES

98c. Handsome footwear in fashionable shapes, but the price is next to nothing.	\$1.98	Calf, kid and vici oxfords and ties in black or tan \$3 shoes before.
\$1.49 New stylish low shoes for street or dress. Usually \$2.50 or better.		\$2.49 For our \$3.50 ties which all the country can't beat. All sizes.

## Misses' Oxfords

89c. Don't pass these—they're solid gold for value \$1.25 oxfords in many styles and all sizes.

## Youth's Oxfords

98c Another similar lot. Our \$1.50 oxfords in father's styles and our well known quality. All sizes.

## CHILDREN'S SUMMER SHOES

79c. will get away these \$1 and 1.25 ties and sandals quick.	98c. helps you to our regular \$1.25 and 1.50 dress up shoes for little folks.
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## For Baby

37c. gets these cute little soft soled toddlers made for tiny feet.

## For Everybody

Canvas Shoes—The season's hit is this cool, comfortable footwear. All marked down to the lowest notch.

These Bargains will get away from us but dont let them get away from you.

GET AWAY SALE.

Two Weeks.

GET AWAY SALE.

# Merritt's Shoe Store

10 COURT STREET.



## LOST TO THE WORLD.

Hoover's Discovery of the Nature and Cause of Electricity.

The principal of the village academy in Painesville, O., during the fifties of the past century was a Mr. Baldwin Bishop. He was a man whose heart and soul were in his work. He was sure in some unexpected and original way to show his disapproval of any individual in the institution with which he was connected who could justly be called a shirker. There was in one of the classes of which Professor Bishop had charge a lad by the name of Hoover, who had evaded the recitation of his lessons when called upon to take his part, pleading a poor memory. His delinquencies were, however, almost, if not entirely, due to a lack of application, and this the professor more than suspected.

During the week before the school session ended for vacation, examinations, embracing the subjects studied by the pupils during the whole term, took place in the class rooms. During this time it was the custom of the relatives and friends of the students to visit the academy. On the occasion referred to the presence of a number of young lady acquaintances spurred on the boys to do their best.

The subject on which they were expected to show their proficiency was that of natural philosophy. After several members of the class had distinguished themselves more or less creditably in their attempts to explain familiar phenomena Hoover, who had evidently been dreading the ordeal, was suddenly called upon and, in deference to "rule and custom, of time and place," stood up to be questioned.

"Mr. Hoover," said Professor Bishop, "will you kindly explain to us the cause and nature of electricity?"

The question surprised every one present but Hoover. All questions bearing upon any subject the class was engaged in studying were the same to him.

He colored up and paused, stammered and took refuge in his usual formula.

"Professor," he said, "I knew the answer to that question before I came to the class, but I have forgotten it."

"Are you sure you cannot remember it?" asked his teacher. "Take time and think, sir."

Mr. Hoover shook his head. "No, sir," he said. "I knew it a little while ago, but it has slipped my mind entirely."

"What a pity!" said the professor, approaching him and laying his hands upon Hoover's shoulders as he turned him about, facing the visitors.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "look at this young man. Of all who have lived upon the face of the earth one person—but one—this Mr. Hoover, if he has told us the truth, has learned the cause and nature of electricity, and," continued Professor Bishop, dropping his voice, "the pity of it is that he has forgotten it!"—Success.

## Each to His Trade.

Kullack, the famous pianist, was once invited to dinner by a wealthy Berliner, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory and had been a shoemaker in his time. After the repeat Kullack was requested to play something, and he consented. Not long afterward the virtuoso invited the boot manufacturer and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots.

"What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man.

With a genial smile Kullack replied: "Why, the other day you asked me after dinner to make a little music for you, and now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade."

## A Famous Map.

Interesting discoveries are made now and then by students in the big old libraries. While Baron Nordenskjöld was gathering material for his "Atlas of Ancient Cartography" he discovered in the British museum the only known copy of the earliest general map of Germany. This was the famous map of Cardinal Nicolas of Cues. The map was completed in 1484. This find greatly interested geographers. Mercator's famous map of Germany was published more than a century after that of the learned cardinal.

## A Persistent Dun.

An aged lady complained to a London magistrate that because she was a little behind in her rent her landlady followed her to church and asked for it there. The landlady came into a pew alongside of her and when she was joining in the responses was constantly whispering to her about the rent. When it came to the response, "Incline our hearts," the landlady would add, "To pay our rent." The magistrate said that it was very annoying, but there was nothing illegal in it.

## THE BAT—A FABLE.

Why This Odd Little Animal Appears Only at Night.

A mouse one time rendered a service of some importance to one of the eagles of Jupiter. "Ask," said the grateful bird, "anything that you desire, and in the name of my master, Jove, I promise to grant it to you."

"Oh, sir," said the mouse eagerly, "I have long felt the mortification of living among such vulgar creatures as the beasts and have ardently desired to associate with the more refined society of the birds. If you could but grant me wings my happiness would be complete."

"Consider well what you ask," said the eagle gravely. "Nature has placed you in a certain grade of society, and you need not hope that wings alone will make you a bird."

"I have considered the matter thoroughly," said the mouse, "and feel certain that if I had but wings I could at least associate with those I have so long envied and admired."

"Very well," said the eagle, "be it so!" And instantly, wings springing from the mouse's shoulders, the first bat was created.

His ambitious desires, however, were not realized, for the birds, perceiving that he still had ears and a tail and was besides covered with hair, would not associate with him, while, upon the other hand, his own pride had withdrawn him from his old companions.

"Alas!" said the poor, lonely animal. "Why was I not contented with the humble sphere that nature intended me to fill? My very wings, that I hoped would be my pride, now prevent me from walking upon the ground, where I belong."

So mortified and disappointed was he that thenceforth he ventured out into the world no longer by daylight, but only at night, when all other creatures had retired. — St. Nicholas.

## Les Bijoux.

"Les bijoux" are the remnants sold by cooks of large establishments and by first class Parisian restaurants. These are collected from door to door and jumbled together in no very appetizing fashion. But the seller of the bijoux sorts and arranges the various articles, which are then properly adorned (spices), scraped and cut into neat pieces, nicely garnished and set out on clean plates. Customers who are brave enough to forget the antecedents of such dainties may thus purchase for a trifle portions of the choicest game or the best fish served on high class tables, with many other delicacies of tempting appearance. Many old rentiers, so called, living in garrets and sunning themselves all day on benches in the public gardens, where they talk politics with their fellows, got really good dinners in this way.

## An Artist's Feast.

The following story was told of Sir Edwin Landseer: At a gathering in London a lady remarked that nobody had ever yet been able to draw two things at once. "You are mistaken, madam," said Landseer. "If you will lend me two pencils I will show you." The two pencils were produced, and the artist, sitting down before a table, drew with his right hand the profile of a stag's head, antlers and all, while at the same time and without hesitation his left hand produced the head of a horse. Both pictures are said to have been perfect in every detail.

## At a Maori Feast.

I was greatly pleased with the "nose rubbing," which I had never seen before. One old woman in wonderful striped garments, very stately and solemn and carrying a fine green wai, a battle-axe shaped like a round fan, came down the street and stopped whenever she saw a woman she knew, took her left hand in her own left, made a beautiful bow, leaned over her and gently, very gently, touched noses! I assure you it was most impressive.—New Zealand Letter in London Outlook.

## Severe Rebuke.

Cholly—I was weally seaveah with a wude fellah on the street cah today.

Dolly—What did you do, Cholly? Cholly—Well, y' see, the chap kept staring at me horribly. So finally I fixed my monocle upon him and said, "I say, me man, you must be haud up for something to look at, y' know?" I could see he was awful out right, for he said, "I guess that's right."

## He Was Prepared.

A hielan' meenister asked one of his parishioners who was come in order to have his child baptized, "Are you prepared for so solemn and important an occasion?"

Parishioner (indignantly)—Man, I hev' a flock of bannock bakin', twa hams and a gallon o' the best Glenlivet. I'd like tae ken whatna better preparations ye cud expect frae a man in my condetion o' life! —Kansas City Independent.

## FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Will positively cure any case of Kidney or Bladder disease not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

## FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

strengthens the urinary organs, builds up the kidneys and invigorates the whole system.

IT IS GUARANTEED

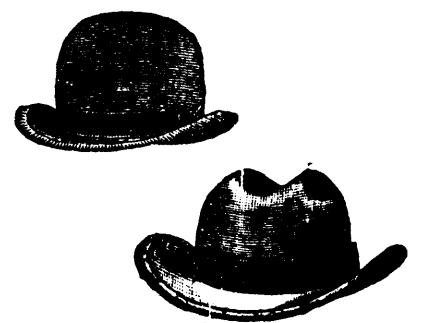
TWO SIZES 50c and \$1.00

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

ROBT. J. COCHRAN, Agent,

Houlton, Maine.

Lamson & Hubbard



Spring Styles 1905

Lamson & Hubbard hats are always becoming, comfortable, stylish and in quality

For sale by

S. FRIEDMAN & CO.



The Ideal Women's Shoes ARE OF FAULTLESS FIT

Designed by a Woman to suit Woman's Needs.

Supports arch of foot resting entire body.

Allen T. Smith,

Exclusive Agent.

BOSTON SHOE STORE.

## For Sale.

Upright piano for sale. Intending to leave the State, the owner offers an opportunity to purchase a \$400 nearly new piano for less than half its value. The instrument is of a high grade make, rich tone, mahogany case, and is without stain or blemish. Practically new. Must sell regardless of price to avoid shipping. Write for particulars. Address Private care of Aroostook Times, Houlton.

## Notice.

Whereas, my wife Augusta H. Palmer, refusing to return to bed and board which I am willing and capable of providing, and her present whereabouts now to me unknown, I forbid anyone harboring or trusting her on my account after this date.

ANGUS F. PALMER, Smyrna Mills, Me., July 10, 1905.

## Lost.

On the grounds at Monticello a Ladies gold hunting cased watch with fob, chain and clasp. Monogram M. W. on case—If found notify. Suitable reward.

R. W. Shaw, Houlton.

## Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

How many children are at this season feverish and constipated, with bad stomachs and headache. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children will always cure. If worms are present they will certainly remove them. At all druggists etc. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

## For Sale.

A second hand Smith Premier typewriter in good repair will be sold at a very reasonable price. Apply at TIMES OFFICE or at residence of J. K. Osgood, Court St.

## Notice.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby give notice that I have this day given to my minor son, Edmund St. Amant, the rest of his time during his minority. I will claim none of his earnings and pay no debts of his contracting after this date, and I give this notice for that purpose.

Witness  
John M. Brown

EUZEBE X ST. AMANT,  
mark

## Notice to Farmers.

We expect to resume our business of slaughtering lambs this season as usual at Houlton, Me. We shall buy our lambs by the pound, weighting them when taken away, which has proven very satisfactory.

We shall continue to pay more for ewes and wethers than we do for buck lambs. We advise weighing all lambs before selling by the head to see if we do not offer more by the pound for good lambs than they will bring by the head.

New England Dressed Meat and Wool Company.

## Just Two

things a required to make a real bargain. A satisfied buyer and a satisfied seller.

There will be no doubt of your satisfaction if you come here for your

## Piano.

A satisfaction which will grow as you put the instrument

to the service test. Come and see how much satisfaction may be had here at a moderate cost.

HAGERMAN & ASTLE,

66 Main Street. Houlton

## Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Rated H. P. 5 Actual H. P. 6, Bore 6 "Stroke 6" Revolution 350, Price \$175.00 Simple, durable, economical and reliable. You can pay more, but you cannot buy a better engine. 14 to 150

H P Horizontal and Portable.

Cord wood 2000

Pole saws \$24.00

Feed cutters windmills, silos tanks, pumps.

Send for catalogues.

STEVENS

TANK & TOWERCO.

Auburn, Me.

GUARANTEED

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas Sarah E. Beckwith of Fort Fairfield in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, by her mortgage deed dated March 28, 1904, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Vol. 204, Page 287, conveyed to me, Mamaree Good of said Fort Fairfield, part of lot numbered forty-two, situated in the East half of Plymouth Grant, now part of said Fort Fairfield, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point where the centre of the East Lime-stone road, so-called, and the south line of said lot forty-two intersect; thence northerly along the centre of said road ninety-one rods and nineteen links to the north line of said lot forty-two; thence easterly along the north line of said lot, one hundred and twenty-eight rods and twenty-one links to a cedar post thence southerly along the east line of said lot forty-two, to the southeast corner thereof; thence westerly along the south line of said lot forty-two, one hundred and forty-nine rods and eighteen links to place of beginning, containing seventy acres more or less, according to Daniel Bennett's plan and survey of said Township made in 1859, reference to said plan and survey being had. Being same premises conveyed to said Beckwith by Luther K. Cary by his deed dated August 12, 1896, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds in Vol. 157 Page 230; and whereas the condition of said mortgage is broken, now therefore by reason of the breach of the condition of said mortgage I claim a foreclosure thereof and I hereby give this notice for the purpose of effecting the foreclosure of said mortgage.

Fort Fairfield, Maine, July 10, 1905.

MAMAREE GOOD,

By her attorney WM. T. SWEAR.

## Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, Janette I. Estabrook and Hammond Estabrook, both of Houlton, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, by their mortgage deed dated April 8, 1895, recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Vol. 148, page 354, conveyed to R. W. Shaw of Houlton, in said County of Aroostook, a certain piece or parcel of land containing about twenty-five (25) acres, being set out of the south of lot numbered five (5) in the First Range of lots in the South Division of said Houlton, being the same premises conveyed to the said Janette I. Estabrook by Kendall S. Jenkins by deed dated August 16, 1887, recorded in said Registry in Vol. 120, page 143, reference being made thereto.

And whereas, the said R. W. Shaw by his assignment dated the 7th day of July, 1905, assigned in said Registry in Vol. 196, page 127, to the said Houlton, Maine, and the debt thereby secured to me, the undersigned.

Now, therefore, the condition of said mortgage is broken, by reason whereof, I claim a foreclosure of the same, and give this notice for that purpose.

Houlton, Maine, July 13, 1905.

DON A. H. POWERS.

## Drill Wells for your Neighbors.

We can start you in a paying business with small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

Star Drilling Machine Co.

Office: 104 Fulton St., N. Y.

Star Drilling Machine Co.

Office: 104 Fulton St., N. Y.

## PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court held at Houlton, in and for the County of Aroostook, on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred five. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively before the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1905, in the Aroostook Times newspaper, published at Houlton, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate office in said County, on said third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1905, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon, they so appearing.

Isaac L. Thibault, late of Maslin, deceased. Petition for distribution presented by Matilda A. Thibault.

Clarence Cyr, late of Van Buren, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof and that letters testamentary issue to Marguerite H. Cyr presented by Marguerite H. Cyr, the Executrix therein named.

Warren P. Pratt, late of Presque Isle, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof and that letters testamentary issue to Lida M. Upham presented by Lida M. Upham the Executrix therein named.

Verde Deschamps, late of Lake Umbagog, deceased. Final account presented for allowance by Mary Ann Deschamps.

Mary E. Carson, late of Houlton, deceased. First and final account presented for allowance by John Carson, Executor.

Margaret Farnham, a person of unsound mind, of Sherburne. Guardian account presented for allowance by Daniel Lewis, Guardian.

NICHOLAS FESSENDEN, Judge of said Court.

Attest: SETH S. THORNTON, Register.

Attest: SETH S. THORNTON, Register.

## Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, Allen Walton of Woodland, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated Oct. 4, 1895, recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Vol. 151, page 425, conveyed to Calvin B. Roberts late of Carleton, deceased, in his life time, the following described real estate, situated in said Woodland, and being a part of lot numbered one hundred and twenty-nine (129), to wit: Commencing at the northeast corner of said lot, thence south on lot line sixty-two and one-half (62 1/2) rods to the Carleton Street, thence westerly along the bank of said Stream twenty-eight (28) rods to a cedar stake, thence north parallel with lot line to land corner occupied by Sumner Frost, thence easterly a third of said Creek to the first mentioned bank and place of beginning, and containing seven (7) acres, more or less, as conveyed to said Allen Walton by deed of Samuel Roberts, Deceased.

And whereas, the said Calvin B. Roberts by deed dated and recorded as above have been duly paid the principal and interest due on said mortgage, and have been duly qualified and sworn to as Executor of said Estate.

Now, therefore, the condition of said mortgage is broken, by reason whereof, I claim a foreclosure of the same, and give this notice for that purpose.

Carleton, Maine, July 18, 1905.

ANNIE S. ROBERTS, Executrix.

By her attorney, A. B. DONWORTH.



## A STRANGER IN CAMP.

He Got Some Belated Information That Needed Correction.

It is best to be sure of the ground before one goes too far. A mining expert tells in the New York Press something that happened to him when, in the self confidence of his youth, he was prospecting near what is now Leadville. He had been after a load of supplies and rode into camp alone at noon one day. It was no uncommon thing for a stranger to come to a camp and wait for the owner's return, so the prospector was not surprised to see a man sitting at the door of the rough hut or shelter.

Paying no particular attention to the guest, I cast the lash rope from the pack and called him to help remove the load. He responded cheerfully, and that done I told him to rustle a little wood and we'd have dinner. He quickly brought a load of dead limbs, and I sent him for a second lot. Then he asked what further service he could perform. Whining to humor his desire for work, I told him he could fill the camp kettles at the creek. After this I graciously gave him permission to sit down while I got dinner.

Among my various weaknesses at that time was that of imparting unrestricted information to apparently uninstructed strangers. The habit came from a desire to escape from the tantalizing distinction of a tenderfoot which I then enjoyed.

No sooner were we at the table, which was a board wedged between two trees, than I began. I poured forth a Niagara of information concerning mines and mining. He proved an excellent listener, and his appreciation encouraged and gratified me.

Finally, my information becoming exhausted, I had to resort to other things. I happened to turn to the civil war and sailed along, manufacturing history right and left and making a free gift of it to the stranger. Pausing a moment for breath, I was startled by my hearer modestly venturing a correction as to a portion of the mass of detail I had so generously given him.

I began to reconsider. Had he been in the army? Well, yes, he had.

"Were you a private or an officer?"

"Well, an officer."

"How did you rank?"

"Well, I suppose I ranked as a general at the close of the war."

I realized trouble was ahead and quickly inquired:

"What may I call your name?"

"My name is Logan," he replied.

For the first time I scrutinized his face. There could be no mistake in the dark, swarthy features of the man, the long hair, the high cheek bones. Smiling a sickly smile, I slowly rose, stretched my hand across the table, grasped his and said:

"General Logan, I can only express my regret at not having been able to furnish you with this information at an earlier date. It might have changed your course of action during the war."

The general laughed heartily; but, best of all, although he remained in the camp several days, he did not mention the affair in the presence of others.

## Philosophical.

Sir William Hamilton, who was appointed astronomer royal for Ireland at the age of twenty-two and who discovered quaternions, kept a headstrong horse and on one occasion mounted him in Dublin just as a mathematical problem had suggested itself to him. The horse took a mean advantage of the rider's abstraction and ran away. "When I found it impossible to stop him," the philosopher said, "I gave him his head and returned to the problem. He ran for four miles and stood still at my gate, just as the problem was solved."

## An Art Connoisseur.

Madam goes with her maid to purchase a still life picture for her dining room. She selects at the picture dealer's a painting representing a bouquet of flowers, with a pie cut into and a halfpenny roll. She paid 500 francs for the lot.

"Madam," whispered the bonne, "you have made a bad bargain, let me tell you. I saw a picture like that sold for 400 francs."

"And was it as good as this one?"

"Of course it was. There was a lot more pie!"—*Moniteur Oriental*.

## Smoke and Beauty.

Here is a theory—London smokes is a tonic. Is the sulphur that finds its way via smoky chimneys into the air of London the secret of the London complexion? Over and over again it is remarked how much finer is the town than the country complexion. Put a London girl beside a country girl, and ten chances to one the London girl's complexion is the better.—*London Black and White*.

## ARCHITECTURE.

Its Origin Was in the Primitive Abodes of Early Tribes.

The primitive abodes of early tribes have left their impress upon the architecture of more cultured times, for various features of the most elaborate buildings are pre-figured in the rudest structures. The dome is seen in mound dwellings and in the Eskimo's snow hut, sloping roofs, in tent flies, many storied masonry, in the elevated chambers of cliff dwellers, pillars in natural rock supports in caves, towers in treetop lookouts, spires in tent poles.

An arbor formed by intertwining the branches of adjacent trees would in time be elaborated by the addition of branches severed from other trees and of stakes to help support this augmented roof. Thus would be developed eventually inclosed huts with roofs of thatch, and these by gradual stages would give place to cabins and framed houses.

Similarly a wigwam develops into a tent, and this by the substitution of more substantial material becomes a permanent building.

Cave dwellers naturally enlarge or multiply their abodes by excavating chambers in the mountains. This leads to the use of piers or pillars as need requires to support the roof, and masonry is a logical sequence.

From an unhewn stone, set up to mark a burial place or to commemorate some event, a polished monument is gradually evolved, and a modification of a mere stone heap, or cairn, results in a pyramid or other symmetrical tomb.

A tree trunk fallen across a stream or stepping stones through it were the forerunners of modern bridge architecture.

Verily acorns contain oak trees.—*Forward*.

## Detected.

The Marquis of Waterford once showed remarkable detective skill. A robber who had broken into the marquis' house at Curraghmore, Ireland, was pursued by him and followed to a public house four miles off.

There the robber had seated himself among a number of men, who were drinking and smoking, and not one of them would betray him. The marquis, however, was master of the situation.

He insisted upon finding all their hearts, and as he was their landlord and the great man of the county not one dared to refuse. The man whose heart was still beating quickly was the robber who had just ceased running.

## Chinese English.

The following letter asking for an increase of salary was received by a firm in Shanghai from two Chinese clerks in its employment:

"Dear Sirs—Being respectfully to ask you the pardon for allow us to request you the favor however we understand that you are an intelligent and patronaged us this so long while. Therefore we venture dare not to solicit your assistance for increase a little of our salaries that we can enough to support this family. Recently at Shanghai the house rent and provisions, etc., are double dear between since for few years which compel us to ask you for the favor. Hoping you will kindly enough to grant us this requesting and keep attention for us of this affair."

## Why Father Healy Was Glad.

The following story is told by a biographer concerning Father Healy, probably the cleverest Irish wit of modern times:

The priest was once visiting a prominent nouveau riche neighbor, who took him to see his gorgeous and seldom used library.

"There," said the vulgarian, pointing to a table covered with books—"are my best friends."

"Ah," replied Healy, with a quick sidelong glance at the virginal leaves, "I'm glad you don't cut them!"

## Feathered Fury.

A more vicious enemy than an angry ostrich cock would be hard to find, for that 400 pounds of sinew and temper backs a kick that can split an inch board with one blow of the powerful front toe, tipped with a nail like the end of a steer's horn. The keepers now and then get a sharp blow for all their care, and a Mexican who thought to take a short cut across the farm through the breeding yards had to go to the hospital for repairs.—*Sunset Magazine*.

## Not Sensitive.

Sophy (who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before)—Does Mr. Fleetwood strike you as being a sensitive man, Pauline?

Pauline (who doesn't know of the engagement)—Gosh, no! A man who has been rejected by fourteen girls within six months and gets fat on it cannot be sensitive. Why, Sophy, what's the matter?

She had fainted.—*London Telegraph*.

## Important Trifles.

"He is a nice boy," the girl said hesitatingly, with a troubled little pucker between her eyes, "a real nice boy, with good morals and everything; but—" then she hesitated. "Well, he isn't gentlemanly, you know."

"No," I said cheerfully. "That is what I do not know, and am trying to discover, just what is wrong with Jimmy, that you young people try to avoid him."

"Well, it's that; I don't mean that he is ungentlemanly, either; not in the sense that you might take it. In important matters, such as involve honor, or anything of that sort, he might be called a perfect gentleman; but—Yesterday he walked with me from the avenue to the college gates, and he let me wheel my bicycle the whole blessed way. That just illustrates it. It wasn't that he wouldn't have wheeled three of them for me with all the pleasure in life. It is simply that he never thinks of such things; walks along beside you with his hands in his pockets, and lets you carry all the bundles you choose."

"Still, I don't think that by any means the worst of poor Jimmy." It was another girl's voice taking up the subject. "He lunches at our house, and his table manners are enough to destroy one's appetite. I feel sorry for mamma every day; she sits opposite him, and she hasn't much appetite, even at her best."

"What does he do?" a third voice asked. "I don't see how he can manage to eat a plain boarding house luncheon other than decently."

"O, well, he can; there are possibilities even in a boarding-house luncheon. His way of eating dry toast keeps one thinking of an old fashioned coffee mill."

"O, he is the best boy that ever lived and the smartest," said the first speaker. "No one denies that, but, nevertheless, he is a trial."

"Especially his finger-nails!" volunteered a girl who had not before spoken.

"I sat by the poor fellow last night at meeting. He gave the best talk we had. But, girls, his finger nails were positively black. I saw Edith Coleman looking at them with horror in her face."

The young woman who was my special companion looked over at me with a significant smile.

"Don't you know a good deal about Jimmy by this time?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "And I am wondering if he has any friends."

A chorus of dismayed demurs greeted me, and my girl spoke. "O aunty! how? We couldn't do anything. I wouldn't tell Jimmy for the world how his table manners and his nails and things of that kind annoy us. It isn't as though his mistakes were of any importance; they are just trifles."

"Aren't they important trifles?" I asked.

"You were just regretting their effect on Edith Coleman; and, if they keep Jimmy from social companionship with those who could help him, and whom he could help, how can you measure their importance? It appears that you are grateful to Jimmy for a helping hint about Latin and history; why do you not exchange kindnesses, and in return help him in the line where he needs it?"

But those silly girls only laughed and exclaimed, "O, they couldn't! They couldn't, indeed! So embarrassing! so—well, dreadful!"

## Beauty By Housework.

A writer whose useful mission is to tell women how they can make the most of themselves physically has been counting up the development exercises that one does, or might, take while busy with her housework. For example she enlarges her chest and arms by using a carpet-sweeper, strengthens her back and broadens her shoulders by making beds, and improves the shape her wrists and hands by kneading dough.

She might round her hips and perfect her waist line by using her feet instead of her hands as opportunity offers, as when shutting the oven door. Ironing tends to make her arms round and firm; but that end would be more surely attained if occasionally, while she waited for the iron to cool, she would straighten her back and hold the iron at arm's length, using it as a dumb-bell. A proper carriage of the body is desirable, anyway, and few kinds of work really necessitate postures that invite cramped lungs and rounded shoulders.

The hardest work, "that which makes one breathe heavily," brings its special benefit, provided one breathes deeply and breathes pure air. But to

supplement all such physical means of grace, says our adviser, a woman should rest, absolutely rest, for fifteen minutes a day, loosen her garments and stretch herself at full length. "That is the treatment that fends off wrinkles."

What of the occasions when a woman must wield a broom or bend over a wash tub or over a frying-pan upon the kitchen range? These are toils that tax her strength and seem to make little direct return of physical good, yet they may be carried on under hygienic conditions.

The comforting fact remains that most of the work a housekeeper does involves just such exercises as a teacher of physical culture or a "beauty doctor" would prescribe for her. There is no reason why she should not be more beautiful, as well as more useful, than the idlers of her sex. She generally is.

## Carry a Side-Line.

Dr. Osler, the famous John Hopkins professor who has just been called by the king of England to accept one of the highest medical posts in that country and whose half-waggish declaration that all men should be chloroformed at the age of 60 has been taken so seriously in some quarters, is a man of great practical good-sense, in spite of this bizarre utterance. In a farewell address to his students he advised them not to become so deeply absorbed in their profession as to exclude all outside interests. "No matter what it is," he says, "have an outside hobby."

This is advice from an eminent medical authority, and if people would or follow it they would not feel much need of doctoring. Work should hurt nobody, but there must be variety in it. If your daily work is in an office, then what you need for recreation is some outdoor avocation; if your daily work is with the brain, what you need to counteract this is some side issue which will employ your physical being outside of you; regular hours; if your daily work is with your hands, then you do not need physical recreation, and your leisure can better be devoted to mental pursuits; if you are a woman and it is your mission to do housework, then what you must have to preserve the balance is something that will draw you into the open air at frequent intervals.

The same rule applies to children; and it is a crying cruelty when parents and teachers tolerate a system which requires children to con over their lessons for hours at home after they have been engaged at the same sort of work in school all day. Nothing is gained by this system, except "marks," impaired eyesight, a stunted mind, and a fatal tendency to take life too seriously.

Doctors know that rest is the great panacea, but they also know that very few people will take it. The popular way is to go on straining to the breaking-point, and a little beyond, and then trust to drugs to repair the injury. We all advise one another not to work too hard, but most of us are serfs in bondage and we find it impossible to drop work until our work drops us. Those who are in a position to lay out their own work owe it to themselves and to the world to make it as easy and pleasant as possible; and those who feel that they are tied down should still insist on having some respite every day, some change which will ease up on the strain. Let it be photography, gardening, flowers, chickens, collecting specimens, bicycling, driving, walking, or what not; but have a hobby, and make it carry you over the rough places.—*Pathfinder*.

## LIBEL FOR DIVORCE.

To the Hon. Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court next to be held at Houlton, in the County of Aroostook and State of Maine, August 1, Palmer of Snyman, in said County of Aroostook, respectfully represents that the 15th day of September, 1888, at Houlton, in said County, he was lawfully married to Augusta H. Palmer, whose present residence is unknown to your Libelant; that ever since said time the lies continued himself toward said Libelatee as a faithful, true and affectionate husband but that said Libelatee, regardless of her marriage covenant and duty, since said marriage has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment towards your Libelant.

That your Libelant has made diligent inquiry, but that the residence of said Libelatee is unknown to your Libelant, and cannot be ascertained by reasonable diligence. That there is no collusion between them to obtain a divorce; but that your Libelant believes that said bonds of matrimony ought to be dissolved, wherefore he prays that a divorce may be decreed.

Signed and sworn to before me this 15th day of July, 1905.

H. G. HERSEY, Justice of the Peace.

AROSTOOK, ss. Supreme Judicial Court In Vacation, July 25, 1905. In this action it is ordered by the court that notice be given said Libelatee by publishing the libel and this order of court three successive weeks in the Aroostook Times a newspaper printed and published at Houlton, in said County of Aroostook, the last publication to be at least 30 days before the next term of this court in said County of Aroostook to be held in Houlton, in said County, on the third Tuesday of September, 1905; that she may then and there appear and defend if she sees fit.

FREDERICK A. POWERS, J. S. J. C. A true copy of libel and order of court thereon. Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.

## OLD TOURAINE.

As Rich In Historic Interest as In Natural Beauties.

Touraine is as rich in historic interest as it is in natural beauties. The house of Valois had a special liking for the banks of the Loire, and the great nobles of their court built near the royal residences their own chateaux—marvels of architectural grace, strength and beauty, but of which there is not a stone that is not cemented with blood, for the Valois lived in an atmosphere of intrigue, fraud and violence. They were always being conspired against, and they met plot with counter plot. If treason could not be met with force, a sudden surprise or a stab in the dark or the malignant skill of some Italian chemist laid to rest forever suspicions which might have been unfounded. It is but fair to state, however, that this was not often the case, for the nobles were turbulent and ambitious, and when not engaged in waging war openly or covertly with their sovereign, quarreled among themselves and led forth their retainers to surprise or besiege a neighboring castle. On the battlement of every donjon there was a watchman, day and night, ever on the lookout for the glint of arms in the valley below, and ready to his hand was a huge horn, one blast of which would alarm the garrison and bring them to the walls. A few feet below the watchman there dangled from a jutting beam the corpse of some poor wretch, and in the loathsome dungeons beneath the reeking walls, for every castellan had the right of administering "greater and lesser justice" and could dispose of the lives and liberties of his vassals as he deemed fit. He had other privileges also, some of which make us wonder why the revolution did not come some centuries earlier.—*Frederick Lees in Architectural Record*.

## Calvinized.

One very hot day Dr. George E. Ellis, the historian, going to an informal dinner with a friend, wore a very comfortable but unfashionable thin coat and manila hat. A notoriously orthodox clergyman began to banter the Unitarian divine regarding his big straw hat, whereupon Dr. Ellis replied that he would not have a word said against that article of apparel, ~~however~~ as it had been a good friend of his for four years. "Why," exclaimed his friend, "how could it have lasted so long?" "Because it has been Calvinized," replied Dr. Ellis. The host, misunderstanding the word, inquired with amazement how the hat could be galvanized. But Dr. Ellis, with a sly twinkle in his eye, looked straight at the orthodox minister as he replied: "I did not say 'galvanized.' I said the hat had been Calvinized—dipped in brimstone."

## A Useful Member.

The small son of a clergyman who was noted for his tiresome sermons overheard two friends of his father saying how dry they were, and how hard it was to keep awake during them. The following Sunday, while the minister was preaching, he was astounded to see his son throwing pebbles at the congregation from the gallery. The clergyman frowned angrily at him, when the boy piped out in a clear treble voice:

"It's all right, pop. You go on preaching; I'm keeping them awake."—*Harper's Weekly*.

## His Slight Mistake.

"Do you remember, dear," he asked as they sat down on one of the rustic seats at the summer resort, "that I cut our initials on this tree behind us three or four years ago?"

"Why, no, George," she replied. "I don't remember that. Are you sure?"

He arose, walked around the tree and inspected the bark closely.

"Yes," he said, "it's the same tree, all right, but it was another girl!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

## His Punishment Assured.

The musical instrument seller had succeeded at last in working off a cheap fiddle on a customer at four times its value.

"Where shall I send it?" he inquired.

"To 914—street. My flat is on the third floor."

The fiddle dealer's face fell. He had moved, with his family, the day before to the flat on the second floor of 914—street on a three years' agreement.

## Consideration.

Do Long—I say, old man, when are you going to pay back the \$10 I let you have six months ago?

Shortwad—Oh, in a few days. I would have paid it back long ago only I was afraid of losing your feelings.

Do Long—In what way?

Shortwad—I didn't want you to think I thought you needed the money.—*Chicago News*.

## Some French Books That American Women Ought to Read.

Apparently it is only the most disgusting French novels of the year that find their way to American private libraries. A gifted Frenchwoman, who recently made a tour of the United States in the interests of the Paris Municipal Council, of which she is a member, declares that she found the very books a Frenchwoman would not allow in her house on the reading tables of American homes. On expressing her astonishment, she was usually met with the reply that the volume had been recommended by a well known bookseller, followed by the request: "Do tell us what French books we ought to read and what ones we ought to give to our daughters? What we really want is a list of new books, moral ones." Mlle. Jouscelin's answer is found in the July number of the *Review of Reviews*.

"Of course, all our French writers today are not indecent; but I must acknowledge that most of our modern writers, unlike those of England and America, have almost entirely abandoned the sentimental novel, to devote themselves to illegitimate love in all its phases. I might add, that a large number also make a far too realistic and too attractive picture of vice; that the 'naturalist' school has been a little too prominent of late years, and, finally, that certain French writers have manifested an unhealthy talent for depicting and exaggerating the hidden side of Parisian life. But, happily for our moral and for our literary excellence, these writers are in the small minority. We have a brilliant circle of authors who hold it their duty to defend our literary prestige, and who are proving worthy of their task."

But to answer the question of my American friends who are anxious to read good French novels. Need I recall, even briefly, the names already so well known in America—Paul Bourget, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Rene Bazin, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prevost, and others? These are the worthy successors of Maupassant, Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet, although I certainly would not say that their works ought to be left in the hands of the young and unsophisticated. A judicious selection can easily be made. For example, it is certain that some of Zola's books, such as 'Le Reve,' 'La Faute de l'Abbe Mouret,' 'Une Page d'Amour,' give us a delightful impression of the charm and poetry of the author's genius, whereas 'Nana,' 'La Bete Humaine,' 'L'Assommoir,' and others, notwithstanding the real talent they display, can only sicken a delicate mind by their too evident search for degrading realism. Is there any more charming book than 'Lettres de Mon Moulin,' by Alphonse Daudet? I looked for them in vain in America. No one knew them.

"Among the new writers I want to mention Andre Theuriot, a true romancer, whose novels are full of poetry and sentiment, and can be left unhesitatingly in any hands. Gustave Droz has amused us, and can amuse any who will give themselves the trouble to read his 'Monsieur, Madame, et Bebe' or 'Mme. Femme Genante,' but he is especially captivating in a delicious volume entitled 'Tristesses et Sourires.' This last is not a novel, but a series of observations so cleverly and daintily penned that it can be re-read many times.

"Victor Cherbuliez and Leon de Tinsseau can be recommended without hesitation, as can also Edouard Rod, who becomes more and more eminent as a psychological analyst. And Huysmans, what an admirable writer he has become within the past few years! His 'Cathedrale' is a treasure of learning and beauty."

"I must not forget to remind American women that our women of France have not remained outside the literary movement. Among the French writers of the gentler sex, I would first mention Jean de la Brete, whose book entitled 'Mon Oncle et Mon Cure' is a dainty masterpiece which has been crowned by the French Academy. But especially would I speak to Americans of Madame Bentzon, who has written two books of notes and observations, 'Femmes d'Amerique' and 'Les Americaines chez Elles.' I have heard a number of American women say that these volumes show on the part of the author, not only a clear insight into the feminine nature, but also a particular discernment into the special complexities of American feminine nature."—*Public Opinion*.



## The Fourteenth Guest

The door of the great white house in Park lane swung open furiously, and Mr. Parker Jones, M. P., clothed in the regulation uniform which society has allotted to men for evening wear, stood stiffly on the doorstep, sheltering himself from the rain beneath the classic portico.

The night was so unpleasant that the street was well nigh deserted, and it therefore happened that for several minutes the M. P. scanned the thoroughfare without spying a wayfarer. At length, however, a tall, well built young man ambled past the house.

He was shabbily dressed, but there was something in his bearing which proclaimed good breeding, and this was sufficient for Mr. Parker Jones' present and somewhat eccentric purpose.

"Hi! Hi!" he shouted. "Er—could you come up here for a moment?"

The young man stopped short and regarded him with amazed eyes. "What do you want?" he asked in a well bred but surly tone.

"I want to speak to you," the youth hesitated for a moment and then swung himself into the doorway.

"Er—come in here out of the rain," muttered Mr. Parker Jones.

He led the way into a small smoke room at the rear of the house and then, surveying the young man, said abruptly:

"Are you disengaged this evening?"

The other smiled bitterly. "To tell you the truth," he replied, "I had an engagement with a certain personage whom we must all meet at some time."

"Er—who may that be?" asked Mr. Parker Jones.

"Death," replied the youth, and his voice was so harsh that the M. P. leaped backward in terror.

"Dear, dear! How shocking!" murmured the M. P. "I presume you are an unfortunate."

"I am starving. Haven't had a meal since yesterday," Mr. Parker Jones rubbed his hands.

"Upon my word, this is most fortunate," he observed, "for my object in summoning you to my house was to invite you to dinner."

The youth stared.

"Dinner?" he echoed. "I have almost forgotten the meaning of the word."

"Then refresh your memory by making one of my wife's party this evening. I perceive that you are a gentleman and that you will do nothing to make me regret my somewhat unconventional invitation."

The youth smiled. "I certainly don't eat my food like a savage, if that is what you mean," he replied. "But why on earth have you bestowed this honor upon me?"

"For the very best of reasons. My wife is the most superstitious person in London and absolutely refuses to sit down thirteen at table."

He then went on to explain that the fourteenth guest had been prevented from attending by reason of a domestic loss and that as there had been no time to hire a professional dinner out he had been compelled to fall back upon the first likely person whom he had espied in Park lane.

"Well, this is a lucky accident for me," observed the young man, with a laugh, "and I can promise you that I shall do justice to your cook's achievements. But I can't sit down to dinner in these clothes."

"Of course not. Come to my room, and you shall have an evening suit of my son's, which he left behind when he went to Oxford. Your figure is—er—very similar to his, and the clothes will fit you fairly well."

Now, the M. P.'s behavior was certainly unusual, but he was in fear of his wife, and as that lady had announced her intention of abandoning the dinner party unless a fourteenth guest could be procured, Mr. Parker Jones had decided to do the first desperate deed that occurred to his inventive brain.

Hence did it come about that half an hour later Mr. Talbot Lake stood in the drawing room, garbed in snowy shirt and splendid clothes, chatting with his hostess as though he had lived in Park lane all his life and had never dined on sausage and mashed potatoes.

Mrs. Parker Jones was delighted and beamed upon the youth with great kindness, introduced him to pretty Maisie Hope and asked him to take that young lady down.

The dinner was good, and the talk was not more dull than usual, so that he enjoyed himself immensely. But there was a skeleton at the feast, and the skeleton was named Tomorrow. Tomorrow he must go back to the old life or seek release in the river. Tomorrow!

"How did you look?" said Maisie

of a sudden. "I suppose you are awfully bored. Tell me your thoughts," she said softly.

He smiled bitterly. "I was thinking of those wonderful lines of Whittier," he made answer in a low voice which was not altogether firm, "the lines, Miss Hope, which proclaim that of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been."

The girl regarded him with eyes which held unusual interest.

"Do you know," she observed in a reproachful tone, "do you know, Mr. Lake, that I think you are talking very wrongly?"

"Indeed!" he returned, with a smile.

"Yes, indeed I do! At your age there is no might have been. 'Shall be' ought to be your motto and nothing else."

He laughed bitterly.

"My whole life has been a failure," he muttered.

"Then make it a success henceforth."

Once again the low, bitter laugh left his lips, and he said in an undertone:

"What is a man to do when he is deserted, beaten back, crushed and miserably poor?"

Maisie smiled proudly.

"The young," she declared, "the young are never poor."

The words echoed through the avenues of the young man's brain as he sat at the gorgeous dinner table, and he was about to tell the girl how much her counsel had encouraged him when an episode occurred which sent him sick with horror.

In stretching forth her hand to take some fruit from the desert dish Maisie Hope had brought down the shaded candle that stood beside her. The flame had leaped into her filmy sleeve, and, lo, already she was enveloped in fire!

Without an instant's hesitation Talbot Lake wrenched off his coat and flung it around the girl, and soon the flame was extinguished.

Maisie, terrified and well nigh on the point of fainting, was borne away to Mrs. Parker Jones' room, and a doctor was immediately summoned. He pronounced the girl's injuries trifling enough, but added that the shock might prove serious.

But fortunately the doctor's fears were not realized, for when on the following day Talbot called at her house to inquire concerning the girl's condition he was told that she was already on the point of recovery.

"Miss Hope is anxious to see you, sir," said the servant. "Will you step into the library?"

The young man followed the footman through the passage, and a moment later he stood in the handsomely furnished room. Maisie was lying on an ottoman, and she rose slightly as he entered.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said softly. "But, oh, how can I thank you for what you did last night? One cannot thank a person for saving one's life as if it was a Christmas present!"

"Then why not dispense with thanks altogether?" he said as he took her hand.

"How nicely you talk!" she said. "Now, suppose you bring up a chair close to this sofa and tell me all about yourself, for I feel sure you have had an interesting history."

There was something in her face and in her voice which wooed confidence, and a moment later Talbot found himself in the act of reciting his story, ending with the episode which had made him the fourteenth guest at the dinner party on the previous evening.

"So, you see," he continued—"you see, it was the merest chance which brought me to your side."

"A lucky chance for me," she replied, and then, changing her tone, she said softly:

"Mr. Lake, you did me a very great service, and I should like to do something for you in return. Have I your permission to speak to my father concerning you?"

Talbot's heart beat with wondrous excitement. John Hope was one of the most powerful men in London, and a word from him could achieve wonders.

"Dare I ask so much kindness?" he murmured.

"Then I shall speak to him, and he shall help you."

She kept her word, and a month later Talbot found himself appointed secretary to one of Mr. Hope's mining companies at a very considerable salary.

From that day onward fortune favored him. He embarked in a lucky speculation, which was followed by several more. The hour arrived when he was among the richest men in the financial world, and he bought out Maisie and asked her to be his wife.

"It was you who helped me to put my foot on the ladder of success," he murmured—"help me to remain there."

And Maisie, with a wonderful joy shining from her eyes, said "Yes."

—Fictorial Magazine.

## LOOK PLEASANT.

Your Employees and Your Business Will Both Be Better For It.

If you are an employer do not go about your place of business as though you thought life were a wretched, miserable grind. Show yourself master of the situation, not its slave. Rise above the petty annoyances which destroy peace and harmony. Make up your mind that you are too large to be overcome by trifles. Resolve that you will be larger than your business, that you will overtop it with your manliness and cheerfulness.

To say nothing of its being your duty to make the lives of those who are helping you to carry on your business as pleasant and as full of sunshine as possible, it is the best possible policy for you to pursue. You know very well that a horse that is prodded and fretted and urged all the time by means of whip and spur and rein will not travel nearly so far without becoming exhausted as one that is urged forward by gentleness and kind treatment. In their susceptibility to kindness men and women are in nowise different from the lower animals. You cannot expect your employees to remain buoyant, cheerful, alert and unwearied under the goad of scowls and the lash of a bitter tongue. Energy is only another name for enthusiasm, and how can you expect those who work for you to be enthusiastic or energetic in your service when surrounded by an atmosphere of despondency and gloom, when they expect a volley of curses and criticism every time you pass?

Many a man who could have been a success sleeps in a failure's grave today because of his gloomy, mean, contemptible disposition and manner. He poisoned the atmosphere about him by venting his spleen, dyspepsia and bile on every one in his vicinity. He not only minimized the value of his own efforts, but he also paralyzed the powers, the initiative, helpful faculties and suggestive ideas of all those who worked for him.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

## Buddha's Tooth.

Nearly half a billion people worship a tooth which is supposed to have belonged to the set owned and operated by Buddha. Yeas ago—in fact, something like twenty-five centuries ago—the molar was alleged to have been rescued from the ashes of the funeral pyre of the god. Its career since that time has been varied. From India the tooth was taken to Ceylon, then it was seized by the Malabars and later by the Portuguese and kept in Goa. Here the revered tooth was burned. As it was a marriage dowry with the princess of the royal house, the original relic had to be replaced, so that the molar which rests among gorgeous surroundings and to which a special temple has been dedicated is said to be that of a wild boar or ape.

## Satisfaction.

Biquon, the Paris restaurateur, acquired a large fortune, and his wife carried on the business after his death. It is of this time that the story is told of a poor journalist who was seen in the restaurant eating a small plate of strawberries at a season when the fruit was so expensive as to be an extravagance even for the rich. An acquaintance saw the wretched penny a liner and smiled significantly. "Yes," said the journalist, "I know I shall have to pay 10 francs for these, but the sight of that woman at the counter, who is worth two millions, picking over strawberries for me, who haven't got 3 louis in the world, gives me such an amount of satisfaction that the berries are worth it."

## Two Sides to the Medal.

Everybody knows the woman who says society is such a bore. Few of us know her intimately, for, in point of fact, she does not go about much. I ran across her at a friend's house the other day and marked her languid air. The hostess was indiscreet enough to refer to it, and even the teacups shuddered with horror at the woman's reply.

"Yes," said she, "paying calls is so tiresome."

"Oh," responded the hostess, "but think how much more tiresome it is to receive them."

And the teacups scored one for the hostess.

## The Half and the Quarter.

John Holmes, the youngest brother of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was also known among his intimates as a man of ready repartee and characteristic humor. Mr. Holmes never married, but lived by himself in a little house. Once a friend rallied him on his lonely life.

"You ought to marry, John," said he, "and have a larger house."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Holmes, with a quiet smile. "If I should take a better half I would have to improve my quarters."

## HORSE WHISPERERS.

Secret Methods That Were Used by Irish Animal Trainers.

Ireland, as well as the far north of Scotland, had—possibly still has—its "horse whisperers," though the "brotherings" which give such permanence and gentility to the Scottish "plowman's whisper" never seem to have existed in the sister island. Irish "whisperers" have been lonely men, whose secret has generally died with them.

The most famous "whisperer" of modern times was James Sullivan of Dunhallow. No horse was ever brought to Sullivan which he did not permanently tame. Ordinarily restive animals he would master in a few minutes. For exceptionally vicious horses he took about half an hour, during which time he shut the stable door and forbade any one to open it till he gave the signal. When the door was opened, the horse was still lying down and Sullivan, by his side, playing with him as a child does with a puppy. There was no tying up of the foreleg or any other visible means of coercion. How his ascendancy was obtained no one could tell.

A successor of Sullivan, named O'Hara, became almost equally famous and was often urged to explain what was the secret of his influence. But O'Hara treated his questioners as Samson did the Philistines, deluding them with various and unsatisfactory answers. At one time, for instance, he said the secret lay in "rocking" the horse—putting one hand firmly on his crupper and with the other grasping his shoulder and then swaying him to and fro, gently at first and gradually increasing the motion till you throw him. At another time he protested that his plan was to bite the animal's ear. Both these are well known jockey tricks. The most stubborn horse, they say, will be wholly subdued by being thrown twice or thrice, and if you can get a vicious horse's ear between your teeth and bite hard you are his master and he your submissive slave from that time forward. As to the idea that the "whisperer" works by kindness, it stands to reason that that method supposes the entire education of the animal to be in your hands. If you have only half an hour to do your work in you must show overmastering power as well as kindly feelings. A horse whose temper has been spoiled by chronic bad treatment looks on all men alike—as tyrants and bullies.—Golden Penny.

## The Noise of the Bee.

The threefold voice organs of the bee are the vibrating wings, the vibrating rings of the abdomen and a true vocal apparatus in the breathing aperture or spiracle. The buzz is produced by the first two and the hum, which may be "surrey, cheerful or colloquial significant," by the vocal membrane. A number of the bee's notes have been interpreted. "Hummm" is the cry of contentment; "wuh-nuh-nuh" glorifies the egg layings of the queen; "shu-u-u" is the note of the young bees at play; "s-s-s-s" means the muster of a swarm; "b-r-r-r" the slaughter or expulsion of the drones, and the "tu-tu-tu" of the newly hatched young queen is answered by the "qua-qua-qua" of the queens still imprisoned in their cells.

## A Part Rejoinder.

A boy was holding a candle for his master, a plumber, in a Scottish town, who was doing some repairs to a pipe inside a dwelling house. The boy carelessly held the candle too near his master's head, and up went his hair in a blaze. The master turned around in a rage and said: "You stupid idiot! Can you no' watch what ye're doing? The folk of the house'll think ye've been singeing a sheep's head with the smell ye're setting up!"

"Aweel," said the boy, "they'll mebbe no' be far wrang."—Scottish American.

## The Barberial Artist.

The painter or the sculptor feels satisfaction and his bosom swells with the same pride when he sees an example from his brush or chisel in an art gallery or in a distinguished collection, but his satisfaction and pride are not equal in duration to those the cutter knows, for the work of the cutter meets him, passes him, poses before him wherever he goes, while that of the artist in pigments or in stone remains in one place and must be visited to be seen.—Tailor and Cutter.

## The Ship's Water.

An old lady on board a vessel observed two sailors pumping up water to wash the deck, and, the captain being near, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, captain, so you've got a well aboard, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am. Always carry one," said the polite captain.

"Well, that's clever. It's so much better than the nasty sea water, which I always dislike so."



## Arrangement of Trains in Effect June 5, 1905.

### Pullman Car Service. June 5, 1905

**Pullman Parlor Car on train leaving Houlton at 8.25 a. m. and Bangor at 3.25 p. m.**

**Pullman Sleeping Car on train leaving Houlton at 6.40 p. m. and Boston at 7.00 p. m.**

Until further notice trains will leave Houlton as follows:

8.25 a. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 9.15 a. m., Patten 11.40 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Brownville 11.32 a. m., Oldtown 12.31 p. m., Bangor 1.05 p. m., Portland 5.35 p. m., Boston 9.05 p. m.  
8.30 a. m.—for and arriving at Littleton 8.46 a. m., Mars Hill 9.31 a. m., Fort Fairfield 10.25 a. m., Presque Isle 10.04 a. m., Caribou 10.30 a. m., Van Buren 11.52 a. m.  
11.15 a. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 12.04 a. m., Masardis 1.11 p. m., Ashland 1.35 p. m., Portage 1.58 p. m., Fort Kent 3.30 p. m.  
12.35 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 1.41 p. m., Presque Isle 1.14 p. m., Caribou 2.40 p. m., New Sweden 4.45 p. m., Van Buren 5.35 p. m., Fort Fairfield 2.30 p. m., Limestone 3.28 p. m.  
2.15 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 3.12 p. m., Patten 4.05 p. m., Millinocket 4.22 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., Oldtown 6.50 p. m., Bangor 7.25 p. m., Portland 1.05 a. m., Boston 5.30 a. m.  
6.30 p. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 7.35 p. m., Howe Brook 8.04 p. m., Masardis 8.48 p. m., Ashland 9.10 p. m.  
6.40 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 7.42 p. m., Millinocket 8.50 p. m., Bangor 11.36 p. m., Portland 4.14 a. m., Boston 7.20 a. m.  
8.05 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 8.50 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.04 p. m., Presque Isle 9.34 p. m., Caribou 10.00 p. m., Fort Fairfield 9.50 p. m.

### ARRIVALS.

8.28 a. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 6.25 a. m., Caribou 6.20 a. m., Presque Isle 6.47 a. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 7.18 a. m., Bridgewater 7.35 a. m.  
8.23 a. m.—leaving Boston 7.00 p. m., Portland 10.30 p. m., Bangor 3.25 a. m., Millinocket 6.15 a. m., Sherman 7.03 a. m., Island Falls 7.25 a. m., Oakfield 7.43 a. m., Ludlow 7.59 a. m., New Limerick 8.08 a. m.  
9.35 a. m.—leaving Ashland 7.20 a. m., Masardis 7.41 a. m., Smyrna Mills 8.50 a. m., Ludlow 9.13 a. m., New Limerick 9.24 a. m.  
12.36 p. m.—leaving Boston 9.45 p. m., Portland 12.55 a. m., Bangor 7.10 a. m., Oldtown 7.47 a. m., Brownville 9.07 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Patten 9.05 a. m., Island Falls 11.33 a. m.  
2.10 p. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 11.30 a. m., Van Buren 9.10 a. m., Caribou 12.10 p. m., Presque Isle 12.34 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 1.00 p. m., Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Monticello 1.45 p. m.  
3.25 p. m.—leaving Fort Kent 11.10 a. m., Portage 12.40 p. m., Ashland 1.05 p. m., Ludlow 2.02 p. m., New Limerick 3.11 p. m.  
6.35 p. m.—leaving Van Buren 2.00 p. m., Fort Fairfield 4.05 p. m., Caribou 4.40 p. m., Presque Isle 5.07 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 5.37 p. m., Bridgewater 5.50 p. m.  
8.00 p. m.—leaving Boston 8.00 a. m., Portland 11.05 a. m., Bangor 3.25 p. m., Oldtown 3.35 p. m., Brownville 4.50 p. m., Millinocket 6.00 p. m., Patten 6.00 p. m., Sherman 6.45 p. m., Island Falls 7.05 p. m.  
C. C. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.  
BANGOR, ME., June 5, 1905.



Effective June 4th, 1905.  
Trains Daily Except Sunday Except Otherwise Stated.

### DEPARTURES.

Eastern 5.20 a. m. Mixed, Week days for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East; Vanocboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.  
Eastern 9.20 a. m. Express, Week days for Woodstock, and all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec.  
Eastern 4.40 p. m. Mixed, Week days for Moncton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st; Vanocboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., Montreal and points West; Fredericton, St. John and points East.  
Eastern 8.50 p. m. Mixed for Woodstock, N. B.

### ARRIVALS.

Eastern 6.25 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock.  
Eastern 10.20 a. m. Mixed Week days from St. John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st; Boston, Montreal and points West.  
Eastern 5.45 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock, and north Presque Isle, Edmundston, and Riviere du Loup, and Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
Eastern 9.48 p. m. Mixed Week days from St. John, and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Vanocboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston, etc.

C. E. E. USSHER, G. P. A. Montreal.

## EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO. BANGOR DIVISION.

### SUMMER SERVICE. SIX TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.

Commencing Monday, May 1, 1905, steamers leave Bangor daily, except Sunday, at 5.30 a. m., for Winterport, Bucksport, Belfast, Camden, Rockland and Boston. For Hampden and Searsport Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1.30 p. m.

### RETURNING.

From Boston daily except Sunday at 5 p. m. From Rockland daily, except Monday, at 5.30 a. m., via Camden, Belfast, Bucksport, and Winterport.  
From Searsport and Hampden Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays.  
All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company is insured against fire and marine risk.

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## FREEDOM NOTICE.

This certifies that I have this day for a valuable consideration given my son Lester F. Bates the remaining years of his minority, and I hereby