

The Arrostook Times.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 45.

Houlton, Maine, August 4, 1905.

No. 32.

Church Directory

First Unitarian Church.
Corner KELLERAN AND MILITARY ST.
Pastor REV. LEVERETT R. DANIELS.
Residence 49 School Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
Young People's Religious Union 7.00 P. M.
Four O'Clock Vesper Service the Second Sunday of each Winter Month.
ALL WELCOME.

Free Baptist Church.
Corner KELLERAN AND MILITARY ST.
Pastor REV. F. CLARKE HARTLEY.
Residence 26 Highland Avenue.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning 10.30 A. M. 7 P. M.
Bible School and Pastors Class 11.45 A. M.
Christian Endeavor Service 6.00 P. M.
Regular Prayer and Praise Service Tuesday, 7.30 P. M.

First Baptist Church.
COURT ST.
REV. J. A. FORD M. A. Pastor.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Bible School 12.00 A. M.
Sunday School 3.00 P. M.
Christian Endeavor 6.15 P. M.
Evening Service and Sermon 7.00 P. M.
Young People's Meeting Tuesday 7.30 P. M.

The Church of the Good Shepherd.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Service 10.30 A. M.
Evening Service 7.00 P. M.
Sunday School 9.45 A. M.
FRIDAYS.
Prayer 7.30 P. M.
Sittings free. All Welcome.
J. C. KOON, Rector.

Congregational Church.
COURT ST.
Pastor REV. DANIEL E. PUTNAM.
Residence, 10 Kelleran Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Service 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
Evening Service with brief Address 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY.
Young People's Meeting 7.30 A. M.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Corner MILITARY AND SCHOOL ST.
Pastor, REV. G. M. EDGETT.
Residence, 26 School St.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 12.00 A. M.
Ladies' League 6.00 P. M.
Evening Service and Sermon 7.00 P. M.
WEDNESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.
THURSDAY. Class Meeting 7.30 P. M.
All Welcome.

First Presbyterian Church.
Corner HIGH AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor, REV. KENNETH McKAY.
House Next door to Church on High Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Sunday School 9.30 A. M.
Morning Worship 10.30 A. M.
Pastor C. E. Service 2.30 P. M.
Service in Church on Foxcroft Road 2.30 P. M.
C. E. Service 6.30 P. M.
Evening Worship 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.

Uncle Sam's Hospitality.
(Boston Herald.)

The United States is evidently going to entertain the peace plenipotentiaries from Japan and Russia in a cordial and elegant manner, devoid of ostentation, and yet complete, as a gentleman would entertain another who came from afar to meet him on an important mission.

The gunboat Mayflower, which is a converted yacht, bought by the government at the time of the Spanish war, has just been refitted, and the plenipotentiaries will find it as comfortable and finely appointed a craft as they have ever had occasion to use. The ship has just come out of the Brooklyn navy yard, and the pictures of the dining room and other apartments look more like the magnificent rooms of a modern hotel than they do like accommodations on board ship. The yacht originally cost \$1,000,000, and since the purchase by the government she has been dressed up by Uncle Sam at a cost of about \$600,000.

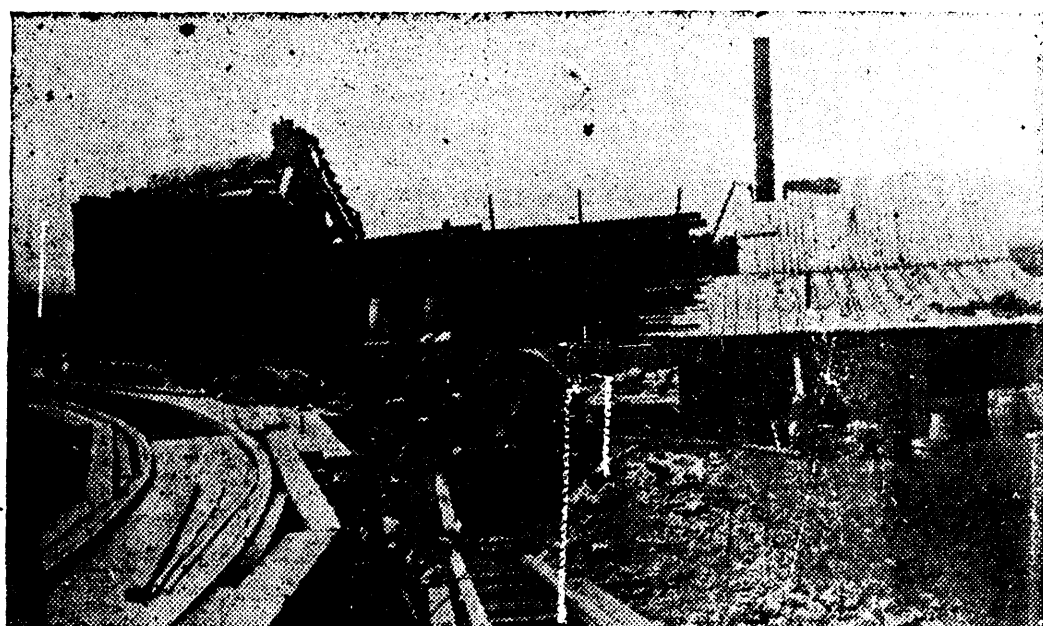
As a special mark of favor, Commander Winslow has been put in command. He distinguished himself in a cable cutting expedition during the Spanish war while serving as an officer on board the gunboat Nashville, and for this he was promoted five numbers in rank. To cook and serve the food on board the Mayflower 24 Chinese, who have cut their queues, and Americanized themselves at least in appearance, have been assigned to the ship.

Foley's Honey and Tar
For children, safe, sure. No opinion

Houlton's New Reservoir

Fine Fire Protection Now Assured

90 Pounds Pressure at Market Square.

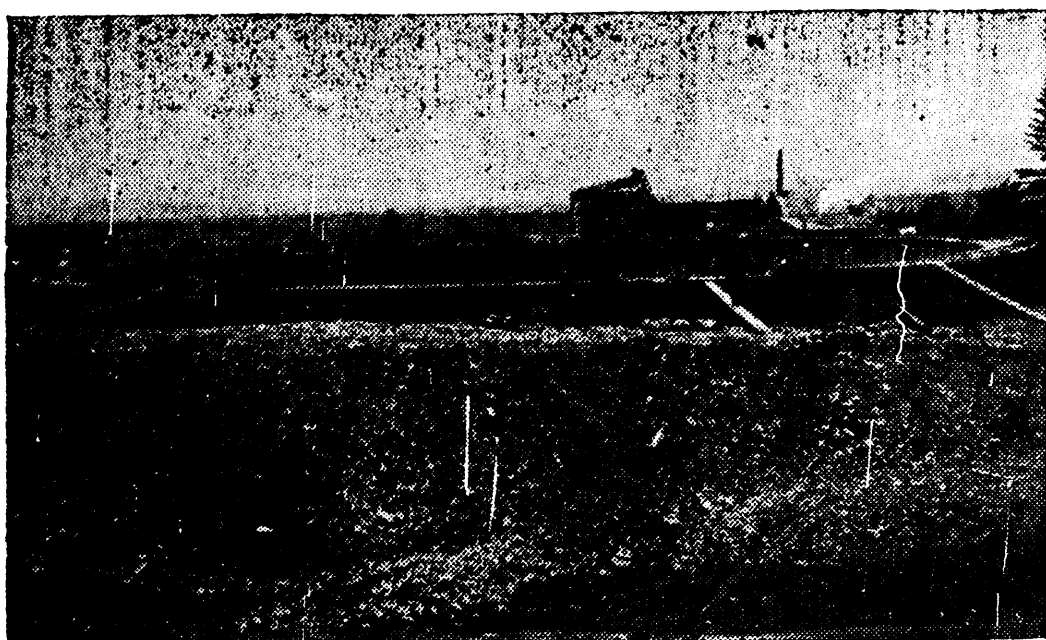


Rock Crusher and Mixer.

This magnificent monument of engineering skill was completed July 12 and the water was turned into all the pipes Monday, July 24. A brief description of this huge pond will, we think, be interesting to our readers.

SIZE.

The new reservoir is 158 ft. 7 in. across the top, and is about 500 feet in circumference. It is 15 1-2 ft. deep, the wall is 9 ft. 9 in. thick at the bottom, and slants both inside and out, to the top where it is two feet thick, and is strengthened at the top by 3 iron bands which extend around the reservoir. It will hold 1,055,000 gallons when filled to within 1 ft. of the top. There is a cross wall six and one-half feet high which divides the reservoir into two parts. This is for the purpose of cleaning it, as the water can be drawn from one side and that side cleaned while the town is being supplied from the other half. The reservoir is 237 feet above the level of the stream where the water is taken and 207 feet above Market Square. The pressure at Market Square is about 90 pounds to the square inch. This will give an admirable fire protection to the town.



Reservoir with Forms in Place.

MATERIAL AND WORK OF BUILDING.

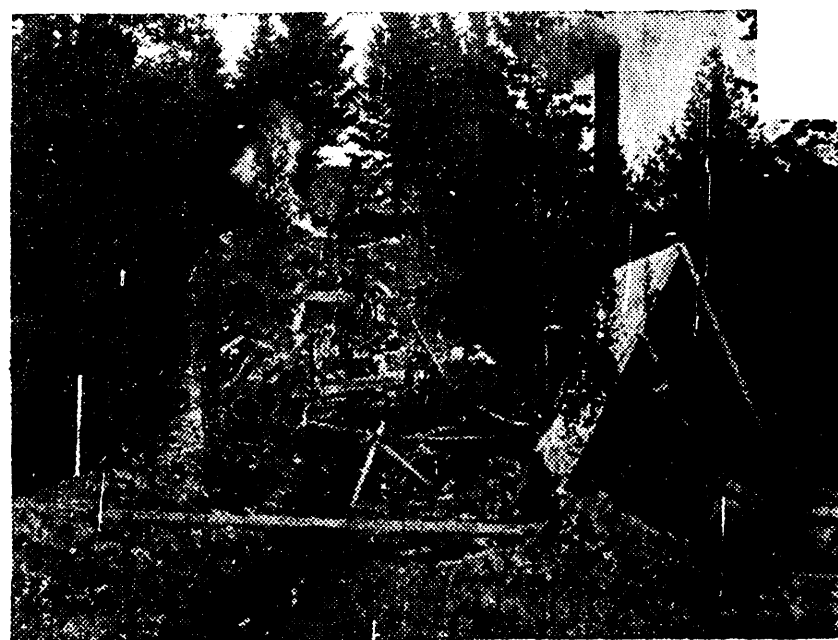
The Reservoir is located on Pearce's Hill, one of the highest points about the town. Work on the Reservoir was begun in 1904. The soil was removed by scrapers, then the rock was removed to the depth of about eleven feet, and the site for this great structure carefully leveled and smoothed down. In the construction, machinery of the latest type has been used, and every detail of the work so systematized that every factor in its construction, men, engines, cars, teams, even the railroad, has been but a part of the great machine, which has fitted into, and worked in harmony with every other part. A rock crusher with a 15 horse power engine was installed, and the hard rocks from Mr. F. W. Pearce's farm were transported to the crusher and dumped upon the platform. Sand from McAdam was brought to town by the C. P. Railroad. The rock was crushed and graded and carefully freed from all rock dust. This crushed rock, about 2 1-2 inches in size and under fell into a bin. Three hand carts were used, two being used to draw the crushed rock, and one for the sand. These carts were backed up to a mixer, which was run by a 25 horse power engine. Each batch contained 6 bbls. of rock, 3 bbls. of sand and one bbl. of cement. The water was also measured, and each batch received a given amount. After being mixed about four minutes the mixed mass was dumped into cars that held one cubic yard of cement. These cars were drawn along a track at the top of the hill by an engine, and the contents dumped into the form. Men were busily employed all the time putting rocks into this cement, and thus the work went on without hitch or interruption. The main wall was built in 15 days. The floor of the Reservoir was

first tamped with clay and then a coating of clear sand, rock and cement 4 inches thick was laid. About 2500 bbls. of Portland cement was used; and from 60 to 70 thousand feet of lumber was used for the forms. The cost of its construction was in the neighborhood of \$20,000.

The grading about the Reservoir has been completed, and soil has been put on top so that a gradual slant of earth is made to the top of the wall. This will be seeded down. A steel fence, high and tight to keep off all small animals or anything that could in any way foul the water, will be placed around the grounds.

HISTORY OF WATER SYSTEM.

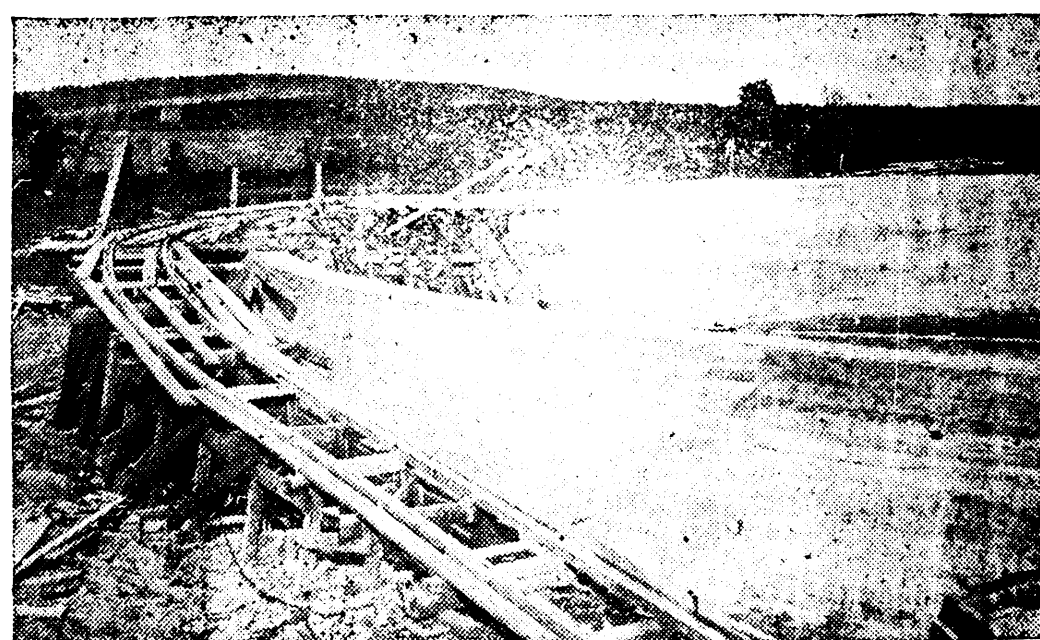
This brief sketch would be incomplete without a description of the beginning and growth of our water system. In 1885 a Stock Company was formed and J. F. Holland was made Superintendent of its construction. The water was first turned on in October 1885. There were 25 services during the winter of '86, only a part of them paying a rate. The standpipe, which has given us such good service for twenty years, held 117,000 gallons, and gave a pressure, when nearly full, of 45 lbs., just half of the pressure we now have. The cost of plant was about \$50,000. The services were extended from time to time. In 1902 the town purchased the plant for \$30,000. At that time there were 371 services, 296 paying rates. 21 services were installed that year. \$4763 66 was received for the first year of a year's service, besides supplying water to the schools and 17 fire hydrants. At this time there are 594 services, but with an increase of over 200 since the town took over the plant and about \$8000 will be received during the current year. All the old 4-inch hydrants have been taken out in the business section of the town and replaced by new six-inch hydrants. The water system has been extended on High St., Franklin Ave., Columbia St. and other sections of the



Pipe Line up Pearce Hill.

town. One of the much needed extensions was to the B. & A. depot. Had the extension been made five years ago the disastrous fires that destroyed the engine house, and the large store houses of The A. H. Fogg Co. and The John Watson Co. would probably not have occurred. With the present system the rates of insurance should be reduced. Anyone who has seen the magnificent display of power as exhibited at Market Square a few days ago must be convinced that a disastrous fire would be well nigh impossible.

The work of making these additions, and constructing the Reservoir has been ably managed by Superintendent B. B. McIntyre. This is no petty piece of business and requires a man of uncommon ability, in order that all the men employed in this work shall labor to the best advantage. To have the material at hand, when needed, to see that every man knew what to do, and to keep him constantly employed, is a work requiring judgment and forethought, all of these things have been accomplished, and much credit is due to Mr. McIntyre for bringing this work to a successful close.



Section of completed Reservoir Forms removed.

Arrostook Times \$1.00 per Year.

The Aroostook Times

ALL THE HOME NEWS.

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A Household Psalm.

Take up the Harp of Life now and sing a true song—

Of her whose fruitful love hath filled thy house with the joy and the laughter of children.

Who hath often gone down into the shadow for thee, while thou hast hardily pained thy little finger for her sake.

Who sees her beautiful youth departing without regret, content to find it again in the daughters springing up at her side.

Whose only error hath ever been in loving thee too much.

Whose love, humble yet divine, teaches thee more than all the treasure of thy books and hath ever enriched thee beyond thy dreams.

Filling the house with its spirit of quiet sacrifice and shunning the self in those that look upon it.

Knowing no fickleness or unrest—such as thy bloom often accuses thee of—nor ever harboring a thought of falsehood.

Giving to thee ever more than thy due, the thou askest so much,—nay, putting God Himself in her debt.

Walking in a better way by a sure instinct, yet going not so far ahead but that the radiance which lights her may still fall on those who stumble fearfully behind.

Striving to lead her little flock to Heaven, yet unwilling to leave one behind, the it be at the peril of her soul.

Praying silently against all things that vex her path; setting her pure and stainless hope against the worst that the world can do.

Believing in God, and still believing in God, and always believing in God, with a faith that gives religion its best sanction.

Happy for thee if thou shalt be deemed worthy to clasp her hand at the Awakening—ah! well thou knowest thou art most unworthy. God knows it, too, but even He hath not power to make her happy without thee.

Think of this now and then during the days she may be left to thee.—Papyrus.

The Time to Learn.

Whether or no the mind ceases to be creative at about forty, certain it is that the mind's most active period is between birth and thirty or thirty-five. That is the period of acquiring ideas, for broadening and deepening the knowledge of the factors in one's life game, whatever it may be. Every hour counts, for every hour power that could be stored up for use after forty is going to waste.

The big real successes of the world have, most of them, been made after forty—many of them as late as sixty, a few as late as seventy. But in each case it was by the use of power stored before forty.

There is the reason why common-sense feels mingled indignation and pity at the spectacle of a bright young man storing up for use after forty a knowledge of how to play poker and "bridge" and billiards, or how to make love to the ladies, or fill a parlor with laughter over tricks, or fill a moonlight night with the tinkling of a guitar.

Counting the Cost for Russia and Japan.

Now that Japan and Russia are getting together to discuss peace terms, it seems opportune to strike a balance and count up the cash. And this is done in a satisfactory manner by J. Francoine in Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales of Paris, and by Count Okuma in Ost Asien of Berlin. According to M. Francoine the Russian budget for 1904 amounted to \$990,000,000, with expenses of \$983,000,000. With reference to the metallic

reserve Russia in 1904 was in an excellent position; the Bank of Russia had a gold reserve of \$400,000,000; the note circulation did not exceed \$315,000,000; and it was estimated that the gold in circulation in the country amounted to \$370,000,000. In addition the Russian treasury had \$90,000,000 in cash abroad. In 1903 the amount of the Russian debt was \$3,400,000,000.

The Japanese budget for 1904 was \$125,000,000 in receipts and \$122,000,000 in expense. But the Japanese people were taxed much more severely than the Russians, and the financial conditions of the country were by no means so favorable. The total of the Japanese debt, at the beginning of the war, was estimated at \$279,000,000, and up to the present Japan has contracted war loans to the amount of \$450,000,000. She has in addition increased her taxes \$60,000,000 per year, which, added to the amount of the loans, represents a total expenditure of \$510,000,000 up to the present. The pensions which will have to be paid to the wounded, widows, orphans, and so forth, must also be taken into account. While it is not possible to calculate absolutely all expenses, M. Francoine says that an indemnity of \$600,000,000 would about cover the actual expenses of Japan.

The war has so far cost Russia \$600,000,000, of which more than \$400,000,000 came from loans. But as yet no increase in taxes has occurred. If in addition to this Japan demands, and receives, an indemnity of \$600,000,000, the Russian empire will have to face a charge of \$1,200,000,000, which at five per cent. is a fixed charge of \$60,000,000 per year. This will necessitate increasing taxes, which may lead to interior disorders. If, on the contrary, Russia refuses to pay an indemnity and continues the campaign, the expenses will not reach the sum of \$1,200,000,000 for some time.

Writing in Ost Asien of Berlin, Count Okuma says that the national wealth of Japan amounts to between \$6,000,000,000 and \$8,000,000,000. To this relatively small national wealth is opposed the large war expenses of \$600,000,000. And this will be increased to a billion if the war lasts another year. However, there is no need for alarm if we consider the wealth of Japan not only quantitatively, but qualitatively. It is well known that the interior loans were largely oversubscribed, and the flourishing condition of the country is to be explained by the following facts: The total production of Japan usually amounts to \$900,000,000, while the consumption is estimated at \$750,000,000. The surplus which remains may be applied to war loans. In addition the Japanese, in consequence of the war, have become very economical, while at the same time they are working overtime to increase their production. The people also possess considerable wealth which they have saved or inherited.

This can not explain, however, how production, in spite of the war, has remained stable. In order to understand this a careful study must be made of the quality of the products, that is, whether they are agricultural or manufactured. Count Okuma says that Japan is now an agricultural country, which has made possible the relatively stable condition of production. One-third of the national wealth consists of agrarian products, fisheries, and so forth, none of which is affected to any extent by the war. On the other hand, the Japanese manufactured goods are mostly made by women, and the men who have not gone to the war are working double-time. This fact accounts for the wheat harvest being one-third better this year than last. The calling of one-half million men to arms has not caused, in any sense, a labor famine in Japan.—Public Opinion.

New York Decorating Company

Plain and Ornamental
Painting and Paper Hanging

Shop 64 High Street.

Telephone No. 55-3



Grange News.

Government Potato Report.

POTATOES LOOK WELL.

New York, July 28.—Potato prospects over the country seem very good. The government crop report for the week ending the 24th gives the following potato crop report by States: New England—Promising; good crop. New York—Doing well. New Jersey—Crop injured by hot and dry weather. Florida—Sweets doing well. Missouri—Fair. Illinois—Promising. Indiana—Doing well. Ohio—Doing well. Wisconsin—In promising condition. Minnesota—Generally good. Nebraska—Doing well. Kansas—Good. Washington—Have grown finely and are doing well. Oregon—Doing well.

Potatoes Make an Advance.

This week there was a very gratifying spurt in potatoes. Good stock brought \$2.50 and after selling so long at \$1 and \$1.25 the increased price seems good. It is not believed this price will hold longer than the week and it would surprise no one to see a break by Saturday. Southern shippers have no recourse except to send the stock in, as it would not keep. It is different with growers in Long Island and New Jersey. If they do not get their price they can hold the stock and it will keep. About the only Southern potatoes coming now are from the Eastern Shore of Virginia and they have sold up as high as \$2.25. There will be but little more Southern stock and present prices wind up the most disastrous season Southern potatoes have known for a long time.

ROUND WHITE STOCK IN DEMAND.

Round white stock is in demand and Jersey is shipping freely and there is a good demand for round white stock. Mullica Hill is the principal shipping point in New Jersey and while some growers send in small stock most of it is good. The round white is preferred, although when the demand is good the long white goes all right. Jersey dealers started in wanting \$1.25 a barrel at loading station. By Wednesday this price had jumped to \$1.75 and it was readily paid because at \$2.50 in New York there was a good margin in the stock.

PLENTY OF LONG ISLAND POTATOES.

There will be plenty of Long Island potatoes, and growers are so independent they will demand over 50c a bushel or store the stock. The Riverhead section in Long Island reports vines in good condition for late varieties and that Irish Cobblers could be moved now if prices were an inducement.

Reports from up the state show that potatoes are in good condition and bugs are not very numerous. Everything indicates as fully as large a crop as last year and a low market is likely to prevail all winter. Wet weather in Southern Ohio, Indiana and Michigan hurt the potatoes, but in the northern sections of these States the crop is looking well.

Cheap seed caused the acreage to be large in all the potato states and unless rot, which is now indicated in some portions of Long Island and New Jersey, becomes very prevalent the product will be about equal to last year.

Farmers' Institutes for Aroostook County.

Farmers' Institutes will be held in Aroostook County as follows: Grange hall, Sherman Mills, Tuesday, Aug. 15; Grange hall, Limestone, Wednesday, Aug. 16; Grange hall, Thursday, August 17; and Grange hall, Weston, Friday, August 18. Sessions will be held at 10.30 a. m. and 1.30 p. m. Distinguished speakers from within and without the State will address these meetings on topics relating to Dairying, Fruit Culture, Barn Construction, Potato Growing and General Farming. The State Dairy Instructor, Mr. S. C. Thompson, will be present and operate the Babcock test, and all are invited to bring samples of milk or cream for testing.

Here is an ancient but very good plan of ridding a field of stumps: In the autumn bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, vertically in the center of the latter, and about 18 inches deep. Put into it one or two cunes of salt-petre, fill the hole with water and plug up close. In the ensuing spring take out plug and pour in about one half gallon of Kerosene oil and ig-

nite it. The stump will smoulder away to the very roots, leaving nothing but ashes. Another excellent method of getting rid of stumps is to sell the farm and the stumps with it.—Maine Farmer.

The Farm Home

There are many persons living on farms who do not appreciate their surroundings and some are even making themselves wretched because of such an intense desire to get away from the farm. They can see no charm in rural life and their greatest wish in life is to get to the city and this, too, in face of the fact that there can be no better place for a home than on a farm. I believe one of the principal causes for this unrest and distaste of the farm is in the lack of proper training in childhood. I am sure that in a measure the class of reading matter introduced into the home is responsible for many of these fancies that lead to this discontent. If story papers of the dime novel style form the larger part of one's reading and agricultural papers are ignored as being too vulgar and commonplace, what else can be expected than that the young people will get the wrong impression of farm life? The farmer who neglects to take a number of agricultural papers is making a grave mistake. If one has a taste for reading, and every one should have, there is opportunity on the farm to gratify this taste if one will but take advantage of the spare moments as they occur.

It is nice to take a vacation now and then away from the farm or even an excursion to see new objects and get a rest, but it is always good to return to the farm and take up the duties again. The quiet of the farm, where one can read and think, as compared with the rush, rumble and clatter of the large city, is very pleasing; and, if one wishes for greater seclusion, how charming to retire to the woods and there listen to the songs of the birds, or the chatter of the squirrels as they chase each other from tree to tree. At other times how pleasant is the companionship of our domestic animals. When the sheep and cattle gather around you with an expectant look, what a degree of pleasure there is in handing out to them a taste of salt or some apples accompanied with carrots. All these and many more attractions might be mentioned as adding to the whole that goes to make up the blessings of the farmer's home where independence reigns to a greater extent than elsewhere.—F. H. Dow, Corning, N. Y., in New England Farmer.

Burbank Would Treat Children Like Plants.

Rev. Dr. James W. Lee, pastor of St. John's Southern Methodist church, has just returned to this city from Santa Rosa, Cal., where he had an interview with Luther Burbank, the wizard of plants and vegetables.

Dr. Lee told Mr. Burbank that he had referred to his work in an address and had expressed the wish that he might introduce into the method of the rearing of children some of the scientific ideas Burbank is applying every day to the improvements of plants.

Burbank declared that plants, weeds and trees are responsive to a few influences in their environment, but that children are infinitely more responsive, and the failure to recognize the fact of the spiritual element in the environment conditions of children has been the fatal lack of dealing with them. Speaking of the methods of Thomas J. Barnardo of London, in educating waifs, Burbank said that Barnardo was demonstrating that infinitely more can be done with children than he was doing with plants and weeds. Burbank said that every person should be physically, morally and spiritually perfect, and could be if the same attention were paid to his or her training that he is giving to weeds.

He declared that just as he has wrought miracles with plants by bringing them into contact with these elements of their environment to which they readily respond, just so should those who have the care of children seek to do for them and to train them by bringing their natures into relation with all the elements in their environment to which they are potentially responsive. Dr. Lee inspected the work Burbank is doing with plant life and he says that he saw a plant upon which tomatoes were growing at the top and Irish potatoes at the bottom. Dr. Lee said: Burbank's work with plants and weeds is the marvel of the age.

THE HOURS OF SLEEP.

A Rap at the "Early to Bed and Early to Rise" Adage.

One of the bugaboos of mundane existence is the "early to bed and early to rise" adage which has troubled the consciences of so many millions of people. That tantalizing old jingle about early rising making a man healthy, wealthy and wise is responsible for more misery in the world than all the other good behavior maxims and rules for success put together. But it is gratifying to observe that the present generation is not so complaisant in obeying the rule as the good but misguided men and women of yesterday. The early rising fad is not much in vogue now in the cities, and it will not be many years before the beneficent reform will take root in the country. The cause of this change of course is in the change from early to late hours in thickly settled localities. The urban population occupies its evenings in pleasurable pursuits and retires at an hour that is not in harmony with the advice that was inculcated daily in the minds of our grandmothers and grandfathers. Another great change is the increase of occupations that require night work, for in every large city there are thousands of men and women who work at night and sleep during the day. The theater is also an important factor in keeping people awake until midnight. In olden times there were not so many amusements and distractions in the daily life, and after our grandparents finished their day's work there was nothing better to do than go to bed. In these days of rushing business and varied pleasures, however, humanity just begins to enjoy itself when "darkness falls from the wing of night," when the pale blue rays of the electric drill holes in the ebon atmosphere and the noises of the downtown thoroughfares fall on the ear.—Rochester Post-Express.

Knew Solomon All Right.

A little girl who attended regularly a Sunday school where the international lessons were taught went one afternoon to the class of a playmate and heard catechism question for the first time in her life. She was asked several questions and was much mortified not to be able to answer them.

"Who was the first man?" No answer.

"Do you know who Noah was?" A shake of the head, and the question was passed on.

Finally the teacher said, "Did you ever hear about Solomon, dear?"

Here was an acquaintance at last, and the little girl's face broke into smiles.

"Oh, yes," she replied confidently, "I know him all the way through—Solomon Grundy, born on Monday! Want me to say the rest?"—New York Press.

The Regrettable Situation.

"My son," said the old man kindly, "go forth into the world and conquer it. Remember this, Self confidence is to be your sheet anchor."

And the young man went. After three years he returned, seedy and with a look of settled discouragement on his face.

"I am a false alarm," he announced gravely, in a tone of settled conviction.

"No!" roared the father. "What did I tell you about having self confidence?"

"I found," said the young man sadly, "that those who have the least excuse for self confidence have cornered the market in that commodity."—Baltimore American.

Colors for Mourning.

The following are the various colors used for mourning in different countries, together with the reasons given for the selection: Black expresses privation of light, worn throughout Europe and America; yellow, the sear and yellow leaf, Egypt and Burma. In Brittany widows' caps among the peasants are yellow; purple and violet, to express royalty, mourning for the cardinals and kings of France. Violet is the mourning color of Turkey; white, emblem of "white handkerchiefs," China; deep blue, Bokhara mourning. The significance of this selection is not known. Pale brown, the withered leaves, Persia. Grayish brown, earth, Ethiopia and Abyssinia.—Chicago News.

Liberal With Encores.

A Boston entomologist once told a story of an experience of a friend of his. He was once put up at a hotel in the next room to a cornet player. In the morning the landlord asked him if he enjoyed the playing. "Enjoy it?" said he. "I could not sleep. Why, I kept pounding on the wall to make him stop playing." "That's funny," said the landlord, "for he said you kept applauding him by pounding on the wall, and he went over every piece he knew three times."

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 F. Palmer of Smyrna, in said County of Aroostook, respectfully represents that on the 17th day of September, 1905, at Houlton, in said County, he was lawfully married to Augusta H. Palmer, whose present residence is unknown to your Honor, and that ever since said time he has conducted himself towards said Libelee as a faithful, true and affectionate husband but that said Libelee, regardless of her marriage contract and duty, since said marriage has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment towards your Libant.

That your Libant has made diligent inquiry, but that the residence of said Libelee is unknown to your Libant, and cannot be ascertained by reasonable diligence. That there is no collusion between them to obtain a divorce; but that your Libant 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 10th day of July, 1906.

IRA G. HERSEY, Justice of the Peace.

ARROOSTOOK, ss. Supreme Judicial Court.

In Vacation, July 29, 1906.

In this action it is ordered by the court that notice be given said Libelee, 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, 1906, 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.

Petition of Katahdin Farmers' Telephone Company.

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners of Aroostook County, Maine. The Katahdin Farmers' Telephone Company hereby respectfully makes application for a written permit to erect telephone poles and wires along the following named highway in Township 1, Range 8, in Aroostook County, Maine.

The highway referred to in the above application is as follows:

The west Aroostook Road, so-called, in said Township Number One, Range Five, in said Aroostook County.

Dated at Island Falls, July 17, 1906.

KATAHDIN FARMERS' TELEPHONE COMPANY.

By C. E. MILLIKEN, Pres.

STATE OF MAINE.

ARROOSTOOK, ss. Court of County Com'rs.

July Adj. Term Held July 28, 1906.

Upon the foregoing petition it is ordered that notice thereof be given by publishing a copy of said petition and this order thereon, in the Aroostook Times, a newspaper printed and published at Houlton, in said County, and that a hearing thereon be given at the grand jury's Office in Court House, at Houlton, in said County, on Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1906, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time and place residents and owners of property upon the highways to be affected by the granting of the permit applied for, and all other persons interested shall have full opportunity to show cause why such permit should not be granted. Said notice to be given at least fourteen (14) days before said hearing.

SAMUEL C. GREENE, LAW, Co. Com'rs. LEWIS E. JACKMAN, of Aroostook Co. of CHARLES E. DUNN, of Aroostook Co.

Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk. A true copy of petition and order thereon. Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.

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 Walter M. McFarlin, } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Walter M. McFarlin, of Island Falls, in the County of Aroostook, and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1906, the said Walter M. McFarlin 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 19th day of August, A. D. 1906, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, examine 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 31, 1906. 132

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 Kenneth McDonald, } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Kenneth McDonald, of Masardis, in the County of Aroostook, and District aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1906, the said Kenneth McDonald 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 19th 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 31, 1906. 132

FORESTRY.

(St. John Globe.)

An important step has been taken by the National Lumber Manufacturing association of the United States. It is to create a fund of \$150,000 for the establishment of a chair of applied forestry at Yale University. Lumber is steadily increasing in value, and civilization is certainly making spirited demands upon it. There are places in America where the best crop that can be raised is trees, but it is not an easy task to persuade people of this.

However, the effort is being made. There are to be three practical lumbermen appointed as a committee to cooperate with the Yale faculty in the work of developing the school along the most useful lines.

Canada is now giving much attention to forestry, and the Dominion association, through its officials, is steadily at work trying to teach people how to plant trees and to establish their value. The association will hold its annual meeting in Ottawa the second week in January next, and there is expected to be present a full representation of the most eminent lumbermen and forest owners in the country. The first minister has promised his attendance as evidence of the interest which he feels in the matter.

The SOWERS

By
Henry Seton Merriman

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CHAPTER IX.

THE village of Osterno, lying, or rather, scrambling, along the banks of the river Oster, is at no time an exhilarating spot. It is a large village, numbering over 900 souls, as the board affixed to its first house testifies in incomprehensible Russian figures.

A "soul," be it known, is a different object in the land of the czars from that vague protoplasm about which our young persons think such mighty thoughts, our old men write such famous big books. A soul is namely a man—in Russia the women have not yet begun to seek their rights and lose their privileges. A man is therefore a "soul" in Russia, and as such enjoys the doubtful privilege of contributing to the land tax and to every other tax.

That the Russian peasant is by nature one of the cheeriest, the noisiest and lightest hearted of men is only another proof of the Creator's power, for this dimly lighted "soul" has nothing to cheer him on his forlorn way but the memory of the last indulgence in strong drink and the hope of more to come. He is harassed by a ruthless tax collector; he is shut off from the world by enormous distances over impassable roads. When the famine comes, and come it assuredly will, the peasant has no alternative but to stay where he is and starve. Since Alexander II. of philanthropic memory made the Russian serf a free man the blessings of freedom have been found to resolve themselves chiefly into a perfect liberty to die of starvation, of cold or of dire disease. When he was a serf this man was of some small value to some one; now he is of no consequence to any one whatever except himself, and, with considerable intelligence, he sets but small store upon his own existence. Freedom, in fact, came to him before he was ready for it, and, hampered as he has been by petty despotism, government neglect and a natural stupidity, he has made very small progress toward a mental independence. All that he has learned to do is to hate his tyrants. When famine urges him he goes blindly, helplessly, dumbly, and tries to take by force that which is denied by force.

Some day there will be in Russia a ruler, but not yet. Some day the moujik will erect unto himself a rough sort of a guillotine, but not in our day. Perhaps some of us who are young men may dimly read in our dotage of a great carnival beside which the Terror of France will be tame and uneventful. Who can tell? When a country begins to grow its mental development is often startlingly rapid.

But we have to do with Russia of today and the village of Osterno, in the government of Tver; not a "famine" government, mind you, for these are the Volga provinces—Samara, Pensa, Yaroslavl, Viatka and a dozen others. No Tver the civilized, the prosperous, the manufacturing center.

The street, bounded on either side by low wooden houses, is singularly enough, well paved; this, the traveler is told, by the tyrant Prince Pavlo, who made the road because he did not like driving over ruts and through puddles. The usual Russian rural thoroughfare; not because Prince Pavlo wanted to give the peasants work, not because he wanted to save them from starvation, not at all, although in the gratification of his own whim he happened to render those trifling services, but merely because he was a great "barin," a prince who could have anything he desired. Had not the other barin, Steinmetz, hated, the leashed, the tool of the tyrant whom they never see? Ask the "starosta," the mayor of the village. He knows the barins and hates them.

Michael Roon, the starosta or elder of Osterno, president of the mir, or village council, principal shopkeeper, mayor and only intelligent soul of the 900, probably had Tartar blood in his veins. To this strain may be attributed the narrow Tartar face, the keen black eyes, the short, spare figure which many remember to this day, although Michael Roon has been dead these many years.

It was late in the autumn, one evening remembered by many for its death roll, that the starosta was standing at the door of his small shop. He was apparently idle. He never sold vodka, and the majority of the villagers were in one of the three thriving inns which drove a famous trade in strong drink and weak tea. It was a very hot evening.

The starosta shook his head forebodingly. It was cholera weather. Cholera had come to Osterno; had come, the starosta thought, to stay. It had settled down in Osterno, and nothing but the winter frosts would kill it, when hunger typhus would undoubtedly succeed it.

Therefore the starosta shook his head at the sunset and forgot to regret the badness of the times from a commercial point of view. He had done all he could. He had notified the zemstvo of the condition of his village. He had made the usual appeal for help, which had been forwarded in the usual way to Tver, where it had apparently been received with the usual philosophic silence.

But Michael Roon had also telegraphed to Karl Steinmetz, and since the dispatch of this message had the starosta dropped into the habit of standing at his doorway in the evening, with his hands clasped behind his back and his black eyes bent westward along the prince's highroad.

On the particular evening with which we have to do the heavy eyes looked not in vain, for presently far along the road appeared a black speck like an insect crawling over the face of a map.

"Ah!" said the starosta. "Ah, he never fails!"

The word soon spread that a carriage was coming along the road from Tver. All the villagers came to the doors of their dilapidated wooden huts. Even the inns were emptied for a time. As the vehicle approached it became apparent that the horses were going at a great pace. Not only was the loose horse galloping, but also the pair in the shafts. The carriage was an open one, an ordinary north Russian traveling carriage, not unlike the vehicle we call the victoria, set on high wheels.

Beside the driver on the box sat another servant. In the open carriage sat one man only, Karl Steinmetz.

As he passed through the village a murmur of many voices followed him, not quite drowned by the rattle of his wheels, the clatter of the horses' feet. The murmur was a curse. Karl Steinmetz heard it distinctly. It made him smile with a queer expression beneath his great gray mustache.

The starosta, standing in his doorway, saw the smile. He raised his voice with his neighbors and cursed. As Steinmetz passed him he gave a little jerk of the head toward the castle. The jerk of the head might have been due to an inequality of the road, but it might also convey an appointment. The keen, haggard face of Michael Roon showed no sign of mutual understanding, and the carriage rattled on through the stricken village.

Two hours later, when it was quite dark, a closed carriage, with two bright lamps glaring into the night, passed through the village toward the castle at a gallop.

"It is the prince," the peasants cried, crouching in their low doorways. "It is the prince. We know his bells, they are of silver, and we shall starve during the winter. Curse him, curse him!" They raised their heads and listened to the galloping feet with the patient, dumb despair which is the curse of the Slavonic race. Some of them crept to their doors and, looking up, saw that the castle windows were ablaze with light. If Paul Howard Alexis was a plain English gentleman in London he was also a great prince in his country, keeping up a princely state, enjoying the glided solitude that belongs to the high born. His English education had educated a strict sense of discipline, and, as in England and indeed all through his life, so in Russia did he attempt to do his duty.

The carriage rattled up to the brilliantly lighted door, which stood open, and within, on either side of the broad entrance hall, the servants stood to welcome their master. A strange, picturesque, motley crew—the major domo, in his black coat, and beside him the other house servants—tall, upright fellows in their bright livery; beyond them the stablemen and keepers, a little army in red cloth tunics, with wide trousers tucked into high boots, all holding their fur caps in their hands, standing stiffly at attention, clean, honest and not too intelligent.

The castle of Osterno is built on the lines of many Russian country seats and not a few places in Moscow. The royal palace in the Kremlin is an example—a broad entrance hall, at the back of which a staircase as broad stretches up to a gallery around which the dwelling rooms are situated. At the head of the staircase, directly facing the entrance hall, high folding doors disclose the drawing room, which is almost a throne room; all gorgeous, lofty, spacious as only Russian houses are. Truly this northern empire, this great white land, is a country in which it is good to be an emperor, a prince, a noble, but not a poor man.

Paul passed through the ranks of his retainers, himself a head taller than the tallest footman, a few inches broader than the sturdiest keeper. He acknowledged the low bows by a quick nod and passed up the staircase. Steinmetz, in evening dress, wearing the insignia of one or two orders which he had won in the more active days of his earlier diplomatic life, was waiting for him at the head of the stairs.

The two men bowed gravely to each other. Steinmetz threw open the door of the great room and, as the prince passed on, and the Countess followed him, each playing his part gracefully, as men in high places are expected to do. When the door was closed behind them and they were alone there was no relaxation, no smile or covert decision. These men knew the Russian character thoroughly. There is, he it known, no more agreeable man on the face of God's earth. Paul and Steinmetz had played their parts as long as these came to be natural to them as soon as they passed the Volga. They knew that the people around them were somewhat like the dumb beast. These peasants required over-

awing by a careful display of pomp, an unrelaxed dignity. The line of demarcation between the noble and the peasant is so marked in the land of the czar that it is difficult for others to realize or believe it.

CHAPTER X.

FOR a moment Paul looked up from the papers spread out on the table before him—looked with the preoccupied air of a man who is adding up something in his mind. Then he returned to his occupation. He had been at this work for four hours without a break. It was nearly 1 o'clock in the morning. Since dinner Karl Steinmetz had consumed no less than five cigars, while he had not spoken five words. These two men, locked in a small room in the middle of the castle of Osterno—a room with no window, but which gained its light from the clear heaven by a shaft and a skylight on the roof—locked in thus they had been engaged in the addition of an enormous mass of figures.

"Is that fool never coming?" asked Paul, with an impatient glance at the clock.

"Our very dear friend the starosta," replied Steinmetz, "is no slave to time. He is late."

The room had the appearance of an office. There were two safes square chests. There was a large writing table—a double table—at which Paul and Steinmetz were seated. There were sundry stationary cases and an almanac or so suspended on the walls which were oaken panels. A large white stove—common to all Russian rooms—stood against the wall. The room had no less than three doors, with a handle on no one of them. Each door opened with a key, like a cupboard.

The silence of the room was almost oppressive. A Russian village after nightfall is the quietest human habitation on earth, for the moujik, the native of a country which will some day supply the universe with petroleum, cannot afford to light up his humble abode, and therefore sits in darkness.

Osterno was asleep, the castle servants had long gone to rest, and the great silence of Russia wrapped its wings over all. When, therefore, the clear, coughing bark of a wolf was heard both occupants of the little room looked up. The sound was repeated, and Steinmetz slowly rose from his seat.

"I can quite believe that our friend is able to call a wolf or a lynx to him," he said. "He does it uncannily well."

"I have seen him do so," said Paul, without looking up. "But it is a common enough accomplishment among the keepers."

Steinmetz had left the room before he finished speaking. One of the doors of this little room communicated with a large apartment used as a secretary's office and through this by a small staircase with a side entrance to the castle.

Before many minutes had elapsed Steinmetz came back, closely followed by the starosta, whose black eyes twinkled and gleamed in the sudden light of the lamp. He dropped on his knees when he saw Paul—suddenly, abjectly, like an animal in his dumb attitude of deprecation.

With a jerk of his head Paul bade him rise, which the man did, standing back against the paneled wall, placing as great a distance between himself and the prince as the size of the room would allow.

"Well," said Paul curtly, almost roughly, "I hear you are in trouble in the village."

"The cholera has come, excellency." "Many deaths?" "Today eleven."

Paul looked up sharply. "And the doctor?"

"He has not come yet, excellency. I sent for him a fortnight ago. The cholera is at Oseff, at Dolja, at Kall-shieff. It is everywhere. He has 40,000 souls under his care. He has to obey the zemstvo, to go where they tell him. He takes no notice of me."

"Yes," interrupted Paul, "I know. And the people themselves, do they attempt to understand it—to follow out my instructions?"

"The starosta spread out his thin hands in deprecation. He cringed a little as he stood.

"Your excellency," he said, "knows what they are. It is slow. They make no progress. For them one disease is as another. 'Bog dai e Bog vzial,' they say. 'God gave and God took'."

He paused, his black eyes flashing from one face to the other.

"Only the Moscow doctor, excellency," he said significantly, "can manage them."

Paul shrugged his shoulders. He rose from his seat, glancing at Steinmetz, who was looking on in silence, with his queer, mocking smile.

"I will go with you now," he said. "It is late enough already."

The starosta bowed very low, but he said nothing.

Paul went to a cupboard and took from it an old fur coat, dragged at the seams, stained about the cuffs a dull brown—doctors know the color. Such stains have hanged a man before now, for they are the marks of blood. Paul put on this coat. He took a long, soft silken scarf such as Russians wear in winter, and wrapped it round his throat, quite concealing the lower part of his face. He crammed a fur cap down over his ears.

"Come," he said.

Karl Steinmetz accompanied them downstairs, carrying a lamp in one hand. He closed the door behind them, but did not lock it.

When the starosta unceremoniously threw open the door of the miserable cabin belonging to Vasilii Tula, Paul gave a little gasp. The foul air pouring out of the noisome den was such that it seemed impossible that human lungs could assimilate it. There were at least seven persons sleeping in the hut. Two of them did not get up. One was dead; the other was dying of cholera.

A heavily built man reached down from the top of the brick stove a cheap tin paraffin lamp, which he handed to the starosta. By the light of this Paul came into the hut. The floor was filthy, as may be imagined, for beasts and human beings lived here together.

Paul pushed his way not unkindly toward the corner where the two motionless forms lay half concealed by a mass of ragged sheepskin.

"Here," he said, "this woman is dead. Take her out. When will you learn to be clean? This boy may live—with care. Bring the light closer, little mother. So, it is well. He will live. Come, don't sit crying. Take all these rags out and burn them. All of you go out. It is a fine night. You are better in the cart shed than here. Here, you, Tula, go round with the starosta to his store. He will give you clean blankets."

They obeyed him blindly. Tula and one of his daughters dragged the dead body, which was that of a very old woman, out into the night. The starosta had retired to the doorway when the lamp was lighted, his courage having failed him. The air was foul with the reek of smoke and filth and infection.

"We are starving, excellency," Tula said. "I can get no work. I had to sell my horse in the winter, and I cannot plow my little piece of land. The government will not help us. The prince—curse him! does nothing for us. He lives in Petersburg, where he spends all his money, and has food and wine more than he wants."

Paul turned round sharply and shook the man off.

"Go," he said, "with the starosta and get what I tell you. A great, strong fellow like you has no business on his knees to any man. I will not help you unless you help yourself. You are a lazy good-for-nothing. Get out!"

From hut to hut Paul went all through that night on his mission of mercy, without enthusiasm, without high down notions respecting mankind, but with a simple sense of duty that was his. This was not the first time by any number that he had gone down into his own village insisting in a rough and ready way on cleanliness and purity.

"The Moscow doctor" was looked upon in Osterno and in many neighboring villages as second only to God. In fact, many of the peasants placed him before their Creator. They were stupid, vodka-soddened, hapless men. The Moscow doctor they could see for themselves. He came in, a very tangible thing of flesh and blood, built on a large and manly scale. He took them by the shoulders and bundled them out of their own houses, kicking their bedding after them. He scolded them, he rated them and abused them. He brought them food and medicine. He understood the diseases which from time to time swept over their villages. No cold was too intense for him to brave should they be in distress. He asked no money, and he gave none. But they lived on his charity, and they were wise enough to know it.

Paul, a half Russian, half English, understood these people very thoroughly. He took advantage of their ignorance, their simplicity, their unfathomable superstition. He governed as no other could have ruled them, by fear and kindness at once. He mastered them by his vitality, the wholeness of his strength, his infinite strength. He avoided the terrible mistake of the nihilists by treating them as children to whom education must be given little by little instead of throwing down before them a mass of dangerous knowledge which their minds, unaccustomed to such strong food, are incapable of digesting. Paul was a simple minded man. He was not afraid of the Russian government. Indeed, he cultivated a fine contempt for that august body. But he was distinctly afraid of being found out, for that discovery could only mean an incontinent cessation of the good work which rendered his life happy.

The fear of being deprived of this interest in existence should certainly have been lessened, if not quite allayed, by the fact that a greater interest had been brought into his life in the pleasant form of a prospective wife. When he was in London with Etta Sydney Bamforth he did not, however, forget Osterno. He only longed for the time when he could take Etta freely into his confidence and engage her interest in the object of his ambition—namely, to make the huge Osterno estate into that lump of heaven which might in time leave the whole of the empire.

"I think," he said one morning to Steinmetz, "that I will write and tell Mrs. Sydney Bamforth all about this place."

"I should not do that," replied Steinmetz, with a leisurely promptitude.

"Why not?" asked Paul.

"On principle. Never tell a woman that which is not interesting enough to magnify into a secret."

Paul turned over his newspaper. He began reading again, then suddenly he looked up.

"We are engaged to be married," he observed pointedly. "But I am not going to leave off. You need not fear that. Only I shall have to tell my wife. Surely a woman could help us in a thousand ways. There is such a lot that only a woman understands."

"Yes," grunted Steinmetz, "and only the right sort of woman."

Paul looked up sharply.

"You must leave that to me," he said. "My very dear friend, I leave everything to you."

Paul smiled.

"You don't know Etta," he said half shyly. "She is full of sympathy and pity for these people."

Steinmetz bowed gravely.

"I have no doubt of it."

"And yet you say that she must not be told."

"Certainly not. A secret is consid-

ably strained if it be divided between two people. Stretching it to three will probably break it. You can tell her when you are married. Does she consent to live in Osterno?"

"Oh, yes. I think so."

At this moment the door was opened, and a servant in bright livery, with powdered wig, silk stockings and a countenance which might have been of wood, brought in a letter on a silver tray.

Paul took the square envelope and turned it over, displaying as he did so a coronet in black and gold on the corner, like a stamp. Then he opened the letter and read it.

"A fresh difficulty," said he, throwing the note across to his companion.

Steinmetz looked grave while he unfolded the thick stationery and read:

Dear Paul—I hear you are at Osterno and that the Moscow doctor is in your country. We are in great distress at Thors—cholera, I fear. The fame of your doctor has spread to my people, and they are clamoring for him. Can you bring or send him over? You know your room here is always in readiness. Come soon with the great doctor and also Herr Steinmetz. In doing so you will give more than pleasure to your old friend.

CATRINA LANOVITCH.

P. S.—Mother is afraid to go out of doors for fear of infection. She thinks she has a little cold.

Steinmetz folded the letter very carefully, pressing the seam of it reflectively with his stout forefinger and thumb.

"I always think of the lie first," he said. "It's my nature or my misfortune. We can easily write and say



"We are starving, excellency," that the Moscow doctor has left. But then by doing that we leave these poor devils to die in their sties. Catrina cannot manage them. They are worse than our people."

"Whatever is the best lie to tell," burst in Paul, "as we seem to live in an atmosphere of them, I must go to Thors; that is quite certain."

"And Catrina will find you out at once."

"Why?"

Steinmetz drew in his feet. He leaned forward and knocked his pipe on one of the logs that lay ready to light in the great fireplace.

"Because she loves you," he said shortly. "There is no coming the Moscow doctor over here."

Paul laughed rather awkwardly. He was one of the few men—daily growing fewer—who hold that a woman's love is not a thing to be tossed lightly about in conversation.

"Then"—he began, speaking rather quickly, as if afraid that Steinmetz was going to say more. "If," he amended, "you think she will find out, she must not see me, that is all."

Steinmetz reflected again. He was unusually grave over this matter. One would scarcely have taken this stout German for a person of any sentiment whatever. Nevertheless he would have liked Paul to marry Catrina Lanovitch in preference to Etta Sydney Bamforth, merely because he thought that the former loved him, while he felt sure that the latter did not. He keenly suspected that she was marrying Paul for his money, for the position he could give her in the world.

"We must be careful," he said. "We must place clearly before ourselves the risks that we are running before we come to any decision. For you the risk is simply that of unofficial banishment. They can hardly send you to Siberia, because you are half an Englishman and that impertinent country has a habit of getting up and shouting when her sons are interfered with. But they can easily make Russia impossible for you. They can do you more harm than you think. They can do these poor devils of peasants of yours more harm than we can comfortably contemplate. As for me"—he paused and shrugged his great shoulders—"it means Siberia. Already I am a suspect—a persona non grata."

"I do not see how we can refuse to help Catrina," said Paul in a voice which Steinmetz seemed to know, for he suddenly gave in.

"As you will," he said.

He sat up and, drawing a small table toward him, took up a pen reflectively. Paul watched him in silence.

When the letter was finished Steinmetz read it aloud:

My Dear Catrina—The Moscow doctor and your obedient servant will be in Thors by 7 o'clock tonight. We propose spending about an hour in the village, if you will kindly advise the starosta to be ready for us. As our time is limited and we are much needed in Osterno, we shall have to deprive ourselves of the pleasure of calling at the castle. The prince sends kind remembrances and proposes riding over to Thors to avail himself of your proffered hospitality in a day or two. With salutations to the countless, your old friend,

KARL STEINMETZ.

Steinmetz laughed as he folded the letter. He rose and went to the door.

"I will send it off," he said. He paused on the threshold and looked back gravely. "Do not forget," he added, "that Catrina Lanovitch loves you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. M. O. Osgood of San Jose, Cal., is visiting his brother J. K. Osgood.

L. B. Stuart left here today for St. Andrews where he will visit his parents for a few days.

H. B. Garrison and Murray Donnell left Monday for a month's outing on the Allegash.

Miss Alice Sullivan of McAdam is the guest of Miss Margaret Saunders for a few days.

Mr. Herman Betts who is spending a few days at his home in Hodgdon, called on friends in town this week.

Miss Ethel Whitehead is in Calais where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

Mrs. John N. Adams and her guest Mrs. Francis Spofford of Blackstone, Mass., visited friends in Hodgdon this week.

Rev. J. C. Koon having returned from his vacation, services will be resumed at the Episcopal church Sunday at the usual hour.

The second of the series of vesper services in the Presbyterian church will be held next Sunday at 4 p. m. Rev. Daniel E. Putnam will give the address. All are cordially invited.

A social dance was held in the Opera House, Thursday evening. Music was furnished by Davenport's orchestra. About thirty couples were present and a very pleasant occasion is reported.

J. Frank Bryson left on the evening train, today, for Boston where he will attend the National Photographer's Convention. Mr. Bryson will remain in Boston for about two weeks.

A pleasant social occasion occurred at Crescent Park when Miss Emma Putnam entertained Miss Dora Shaw, and a number of her friends. Dancing was indulged in during the evening and refreshments were served by the hostess.

The death of Miss Inez Williams, the young lady who was so terribly burned a few weeks ago, occurred Saturday morning at 7.25. The remains were taken to Amity for burial.

Saturday, August 26th is the date when the Houlton Band will run an excursion to St. Andrews. Arrange-ments have not yet been fully made but in all probability this excursion is assured. This is the most popular excursion of the year and the date should be kept in mind by all.

A series of Sunday School Institutes will be held in Aroostook under the direction of Mr. H. E. Lufkin, the Field Secretary of the State Sunday School Association and the County Officers. The meetings will be in Houlton, Aug. 13, Central Aroostook, Aug. 14, Fort Fairfield, Aug. 15, Presque Isle, Aug. 16, Ashland, Aug. 17, Sherman, Aug. 18.

On Sunday, Aug. 13, Mr. H. E. Lufkin, Field Secretary of the Maine State Sunday School Association, will be in Houlton and will hold meetings Sunday afternoon and evening. In the morning he will visit the Sunday schools at their work, and in the afternoon there will be a conference with the workers about methods and management and in the evening, a union meeting for everybody who is interested. Don't miss this opportunity to learn more about our work.

One of the most enjoyable occasions of the season occurred at the Opera House Tuesday evening, when a dance was given in honor of Miss Dora D. Shaw, who will start tonight for Boston where she will join friends and will proceed to Portland, Oregon, where Mr. Shaw and family will in the future reside. The loss of Miss Shaw from the social circles of the town will be greatly felt as she is one of Houlton's most popular and accomplished young ladies. Her many friends join in wishing her much happiness in her new home.

Rev. T. E. Chappell, pastor of the Unitarian churches of Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield, has resigned his position, the resignation going into effect August 1. A severe throat trouble is understood to be the cause. Mr. Chappell has shown himself a man of resource, energy and ability, possessing a strong, acute and well trained mind. That he should deem it advisable to retire from his labors in his late field is a matter of deep regret to all interested in his work in this region. His pastorate in Presque Isle has been highly successful; while his work in and around Fort Fairfield, though beset with many pioneering and other difficulties, showed a strong and skillful hand, and at the time of his resignation seemed in a fair way of bearing much fruit.—Review.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Mae White returned Thursday from Fort Fairfield where she has been visiting friends.

John Tenney and family are in camp at Umecluc Lake for the month of August.

Mr. Leslie Hopkins of Boston is visiting friends in town for a few days.

Herman Sincok returned Tuesday from Bangor where he has been on business for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Moores of Ashland are visiting Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Chandler.

Mrs. W. A. Purrington and Miss Margaret were in Caribou over Sunday to attend the re-dedication exercises at the Universalist church.

Mrs. O. Stewart of Oldtown, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. H. L. Leach for a short time returned to her home this week.

Mrs. Geo. B. Denworth of Seattle, Wash., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. C. P. Tenney is visiting for a few days in Machias.

Louise and Willie Buzzell are spending the month of August with their grandmother and aunt at Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

Percy B. Teeling, a former Houlton boy, now employed in the office of the State printer at Albany, N. Y., is in town for a few weeks visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Teeling.

Thos. J. Fox of the firm of Fox Bros., returned, Saturday, from Boston and New York markets where he has purchased a fine line of clothing and gent's furnishings for the fall and winter trade.

Go to the dances given by Davenport's Orchestra every Tuesday evening during the season at Herrin's Landing, Nickerson Lake, for a good time. Good music and plenty of it and first class order is maintained at all the dances given at this summer resort.

Mrs. Geo. B. Page formerly of this town has recently sent us a request for a change of address to Riverside, R. I., where she will be during the month of September. A postscript accompanying Mrs. Page's letter is as follows: "You are giving the people the 'best times' they have ever had in Houlton, and I have had it since the first issue many years ago.—A. L. P."

Mr. Frank Dunn and family accompanied by Mrs. Dunn's sisters Miss Sharpe, our district nurse, and Miss Gertrude Sharpe together with Mr. Angus McLeod and Mr. Brehaut, who is employed at the Syndicate store, started Wednesday morning on an outing at Grand Lake, where they will remain for several days.

Better returns each week from our new postal card scheme. Keep it in mind and send us all the news you hear of. The summer months should and will furnish a good list of arrivals and visitations. Many short news items of interest to you and your friends are omitted each week because we have not the opportunity to be everywhere at one time. When you hear of anything which is of interest to you send it to us and you may be sure that it will be of interest to others. Address Local Editor and send your contributions as early as possible. Remember we publish Fridays.

A very delicate and a very successful operation was performed July 5, by Dr. T. D. Sullivan, Eye and Ear Specialist assisted by his son, Florence upon Mr. William Wilson, age 64, who was struck in the right eye by the branch of a tree injuring it so badly that it was impossible to save it and it was found necessary to remove the eye entirely in order to save the left one. Operations upon the eyes should be taken in time as delays are dangerous to such delicate organs and such cases should be placed in the hands of a specialist who by years of experience and professional skill handles these cases so successfully.

An attraction at the residence of S. H. Powers on Powers Ave., is a rustic chair made from a whale captured east of Mt. Desert by a boat used for fishermen. After being harpooned by the captain and his son, they were towed by the monster 20 miles from the island where he was secured and landed on the shore, twenty years ago. The vertebrae or section of back bone is large and used as a seat; ribs form the back, all being built up on wood and bone, using a figurehead as a front leg. Callers can here sit on a chair probably more than 300 years old. Powers, the antique dealer, designed and built it in 1902 at Belfast, Me.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Clara Collins and Miss Mildred Hall of Caribou, are visiting Miss Margaret Purington for a week.

Miss Hewes, daughter of Benjamin Hewes of Danforth, is visiting her sister Mrs. Frederick A. Powers, Main St.

Co. L of this town leaves here Saturday morning for their annual muster at Augusta.

Dr. F. A. Nevers, and daughter Edith, left Monday for a few weeks' trip to different points on the coast of Maine.

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.

The Eclipse Photographic Co., have been obliged to move their studio from its first location on Main St., west of the Public Library, to a location outside the fire limits. They are now located on School St., south of the Methodist church.

S. C. Boulter was in town Thursday morning by team, accompanied by Mrs. Boulter and sisters Mrs. Firgo of Lynn, Mass., and Mrs. J. H. Kiddier of Houlton. They were visiting their brother W. L. Orcutt. All returned to Limestone in the afternoon.—Review.

The Riverside Campmeeting at Robinson's Mills, Me., begins today. Round trip tickets will be sold over the B. & A. from this town good going from August 4th to 14th, and returning until August 16th, inclusive, for \$1.10. All trains will stop at camp-ground on signal or notice to conductor.

Chas. H. Berry, the well known dealer in horses, carriages, etc., returned Tuesday morning with a carload of horses weighing from 1000 to 1500 each—all from the western part of the State right out of hard work on railroad and farm. Call at his sales stables, 84 Court St., and look them over. They will be disposed of quickly.

Great improvement has been made this week in the condition of Miss Anna Curran, and her friends will be glad to learn that the danger point is now passed, and that an injury which in itself was very dangerous, has, by judicious and skillful treatment by the attending physician, Dr. Nevers, been turned out in a very satisfactory manner.

Camp meeting at Littleton camp grounds begins Saturday, Aug. 5th and continues until Aug. 21st. Excursion tickets good going Aug. 5th to 21st and good to return until Aug. 22, 1905, inclusive, will be sold from Houlton for 30 cts. Special proportionate rates will be sold all along the line of the B. & A. All trains stop at the camp ground on signal or notice to conductor.

Dr. Sullivan, the Eye and Ear specialist, late first assistant surgeon to the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland, Me., for over 7 years, will be in Houlton at the Snell House, on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 7th and 8th, on his regular professional visit of the first Monday and Tuesday of each month. Special attention given to testing and correcting difficult cases of refractive errors requiring glasses.

We noted in last week's issue a case of tuberculosis discovered at the house of the New England Dressed Meat & Wool Co., said case coming from a herd of cattle belonging to Henry B. Smith. We are pleased to announce this week that the remainder of Mr. Smith's cattle have been examined by Dr. H. B. F. Jervis and found to be free from the disease. The animal infected was one recently purchased by Mr. Smith in the vicinity of Houlton, and was not one of his regular herd.

Mr. E. C. Hamilton, formerly manager of the Snell House in this town, left here Tuesday, for Eastport, where he is to conduct the Island City Hotel in that place. During Mr. Hamilton's stay in this town he has brought the Snell House up to a standard of perfection which has never before been attained. Mr. Hamilton was accompanied by his wife and son, and the best wishes of his many friends go with him in his new venture.

Announcements have been received of the marriage, on Wednesday of this week, of Miss Louise Cushing Dunn of this town to Mr. Robert William Sawyer of Bangor. The wedding occurred at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft Dunn on Military St. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer started on the 2 o'clock train for Schoodic Lake where they will pass a few weeks at Mr. Sawyer's cottage after which they will proceed to Winchester, Mass., where they will reside.

LOCAL NEWS.

David T. Armstrong was arraigned before Justice Wheel, charged with assault on a lady on the B road. Probable cause was found and Armstrong was bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury in September.

Who Was "Quincy Adams Sawyer?"

The village gossips wondered who he was, what he was, what he came from, and how long he intended to stay. They were anxious to find out all this about a young lawyer from Boston named Quincy Adams Sawyer, who had come to live in a small Massachusetts village for a year or so. A very successful book, which has its famous title from this young man's name, was written around Mr. Sawyer's doings in the country and around the village gossips "wondered" all these things about him, and now the book in play form is to be elaborately produced here Tuesday, Aug. 22nd at the Heywood Opera House. A strong company of well known players appear in the production. It has proven "the best New England play ever written," during the successful run at the Academy of Music in New York City.

Report of the Cary Library, July 1905.

Total number books loaned,	1,354
Philosophy,	1
Sociology,	7
Science,	6
Useful Arts,	4
Fine Arts,	10
Literature:	
1. Essays,	9
2. Poetry,	11
3. Senior fiction,	839
4. Junior fiction,	347
History:	
1. Travel, description, etc.,	8
2. Biography,	21
3. Histories,	20

Gifts received:

Thelma, from Mrs. J. H. Reader

Our Helen, Mrs. Annie Chamberlain

10 volumes State reports

State Library

Lucile, Dora D. Shaw

Washington, R. W. Shaw

Also 4 volumes fiction and "The Old Schoolmaster," by W. S. Knowlton, from unnamed givers.

Fines collected, \$5.67.

Resolutions.

The following resolutions of respect were passed by Houlton Grange No. 16, at their last meeting:

Whereas, It has pleased our Divine Master in His infinite wisdom to remove from our ranks very suddenly, our beloved brother John B. Smith of Hodgdon, and while our hearts are saddened by his removal from our circle we believe our bereavement in his gain, having been released from this world of suffering care and disappointment and entered into a life where there is no more sorrow, pain or death.

Therefore, Resolved that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing wife and daughter, and also to a large circle of friends and while they mourn the loss of a dear one, may their hearts be comforted by the thought that what is their loss is his gain.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family of our deceased brother; also a copy be inscribed on our records and sent to the local papers for publication.

S. H. BERRY, Committee
W. C. TAYLOR, on
GEO. COTTELL, Resolutions.
Houlton, Aug. 9, 1905.

Neal—Hanson

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Hanson, Richmond, N. B., occurred a very pretty wedding ceremony, Wednesday at 3 p. m., when their daughter, Pearl Parks, was united in marriage with Mr. Donald Neal of Augusta. The ceremony was performed in the presence of about fifty relatives and friends by Arch Bishop Neales of Woodstock.

The bride is a very popular young lady of Carleton County, and was well known in this town where her many friends join in extending congratulations. Mr. Neal was formerly a Carleton County boy. He moved to Augusta last fall where he now owns a large farm. After the ceremony excellent refreshments were served to the guests. The bride was the recipient of many wedding gifts, a fitting testimony to the high esteem in which she was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal left over the 6.40 train, on the B. & A. for their future home in Augusta.

Wanted.

Young girl wanted to assist in general housework. Apply at TIMES OFFICE.

Convention of the County Commissioners of Maine.

The annual convention met at the Court House, in Houlton, Wednesday Aug. 2nd for their business meeting. The meeting was called to order by A. M. Penley, clerk, and S. C. Greenlaw was elected chairman. There were present the following County Commissioners:

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
Androscoggin, A. B. Neally, A. M. Penley, George Parcher.
Aroostook, S. C. Greenlaw, L. E. Jackman, C. E. Dunn.
Cumberland, G. P. Plaisted.
Franklin, G. D. Clark, C. R. Hall, Hancock, N. Hinckley, A. W. Foss.
Kennebec, H. H. Adams, J. W. Bassett, I. R. Bradley.
Oxford, E. P. Faunce
Piscataquis, H. S. Towne, E. M. Bray.
Penobscot, B. B. Merrill, W. R. Clark, F. B. Buzzell.
Sagadahoc, W. T. Donnell, T. S. Adams, J. W. Edgerly.
Washington, J. B. Nutt.

EX-COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
Hathaway of Passadumkeag, Wiggins of Freeport, Spear of Gardiner.

There were present the following:

CLERKS OF COURTS
C. W. Jones of Augusta, M. M. Clark of Houlton, B. M. Small of Farmington and Fogg of Bath.

SHERIFFS
J. W. Halley of Sagadahoc, F. J. Ham of Kennebec, M. Lawlis of Aroostook.

PRISON INSPECTORS
Scribner and Gordon.

Several questions of more than ordinary interest were discussed and votes taken on them. It was the unanimous opinion of the convention that the accounts of all county officers should be audited. This question was raised because of the law providing for the auditing of the bills for boarding the prisoners.

The bill of fare and cost of same received considerable attention and samples of the regular fare from Androscoggin and Aroostook were submitted. Prisoners are boarded in Cumberland for from \$1.15 to \$1.25 per week. As the prisoners work in the shoe shop the food is rather more varied than in some other counties. In Aroostook it has cost for the past month 70 cents a man for the raw material, and the whole cost will not exceed \$1 per man for food and all. The menu is not elaborate, but the food is good and wholesome.

It was voted that prisoners in the county jails should be confined to the regular prison diet. The diet of course is varied in case of sickness. But it was the unanimous opinion that criminals incarcerated in our jails should realize that they are under punishment and should not be allowed to be fed by their friends outside and live in leisure on the fat of the land.

Another question which received much attention was, "Shall an undertaker be eligible as County Coroner?" A unanimous vote was taken in the negative, and a committee was elected to present a bill to the next Legislature making undertakers ineligible.

"Shall doctors be allowed any price they choose for an autopsy, or shall fixed fees be agreed upon," was another question discussed and it was decided to fix the fees and a committee to this end was elected.

At 2 p. m. the convention listened to an able address by State Road Commissioner, Sargent, of Machias. Mr. Sargent held the closest attention of all present by his masterly handling of his subject. He proposed four questions for discussion, and urged that standards should be fixed for the roads of the State. First, what width should be adopted for regular roads leading from town to town? Second, what amount of gravel should be used and how distributed? Third, kind and character of culverts? and fourth, methods of draining? After discussion a committee was appointed and submitted the following report which was adopted. That State roads should be 24 feet from ditch to ditch, except in little traveled places and should have a crown of not less than 12 inches where gravel is used, and not less than 15 inches where clay or loam is used. That all culverts should be made of split stone or pipe and should extend beyond the road on each side. That all drains should have a uniform slant so that water shall not stand at the side of the road and destroy it.

Where gravel is used, it should be eight inches in the centre, and six inches at the sides, and be spread 12

feet wide. Sub-drainage was also recommended. It should be of drain pipe or a stone drain. But the point is that it should drain the road and not leave the water to wrack what had been done. The water should have an outlet and this should be kept open. After a piece of road is built it should be inspected frequently and repaired when necessary. If this is done a very little work keeps the road in good condition, while if it is allowed to be neglected it will soon need to be built over again.

Thursday at 8.15 a. m. the visitors and their wives, accompanied by many invited guests took a special train for Caribou where they were taken to points of interest about town. Returning to Presque Isle they were royally entertained at the Presque Isle House, and after dinner visited many places of interest about the town after which the party returned to Houlton in time to take the 6.50 train for their homes.

The second day a trip was planned to the northern part of the county which is becoming widely known as "Garden of Maine." In order to make this trip a success some aid must be obtained from the B. & A. officials. Mr. Clark, the efficient clerk of the Board of County Commissioners of this county, was instructed to correspond with Mr. Cram, President of the B. & A., for rates over his road. As a result of this communication a train was provided with four passenger coaches for the commissioners of the State and their guests for the entire day free of charge. The train pulled out of the station here at 8.15 fifteen minutes ahead of the regular train, with about two hundred passengers aboard. The day was everything that could be desired. A quick run was made to Caribou, few stops being made on the way, reaching Caribou about 10 a. m. At the station a large number of teams were in waiting to give the visitors a ride about town.

Two hours were spent in this busy, hustling town, visiting the State Fish Hatchery, new Court House, Charles Merrill's new hotel built on the site of the old Vaughan House (this when completed will be the finest hotel in the county) and many other points of interest. Many drove out into the country visiting the immense potato fields for which the towns in the northern part of the county are noted. At 12 noon everyone was at the station to take the train to Presque Isle where the party was to dine. Dinner for a large portion of the visitors was furnished by Charles Perry at the Perry Hotel. This house has been noted for its good table ever since it was built but on the present occasion Chas. beat his own record. The following is the menu:

Mock Bisque Soup
Sliced Tomatoes Cucumbers
Boiled Salmon—French Peas
Roast Native Turkey—Cranberry Sauce
Roast Stuffed Chicken—Giblet Sauce
Coffee Jelly—Whipped Cream
Egg and Potato Salad
Mashed Potatoes Sweet Potatoes
Green Peas String Beans Green Corn
Orange Pudding
Raspberry Pie
Vanilla Ice Cream—Walnut Cake
Assorted Nuts Watermelon
Layer Raisins
Tea Milk Fruit Cheese Coffee

After dinner teams were again furnished and drives were taken into the country. It is the verdict of the men who visited this county, some of them for the first time, that there is no county in New England that can produce such farms, such crops and such farm buildings as Aroostook County. They were profuse in the praise of what they saw and of the hospitality of the people.

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.

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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.

LOST.

A small grip on the road from Hainesville to Linneus containing clothing, pieces of harness, toilet articles. Finder will be rewarded by leaving the same at the express office, Houlton, and be rewarded. R. W. Fenslon, Presque Isle, Me.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to cure Itch, Dandruff, or any scalp disease. Hair falling out, and all sorts of scalp troubles.

WHISTLER'S WAYS.

Winning Street Children as Models and Then Tiring Them Out.

The late famous but eccentric artist, James McNeill Whistler, had this gift of winning children to like and trust him. His friend, Mr. Menpes, has drawn an amusing picture of how he would proceed with some stray little child of the streets whose beauty or picturesque tatters had caught his eye. A few words and a smile and the child would accompany him to her home. A harder step was in explaining to the mother, who was willing enough she should be painted, but certain to desire to wash her up and put on her best clothes, that she must come just as she was. But that conceded and due payment promised, he would sail off triumphantly with the ragged mite trotting trustingly at his side. And when Mr. Whistler and his model had arrived at the studio the artist would cry gayly:

"Now we are going to do great things together!"

Then he would prepare a luncheon, set the table, and finally—a moment of breathless interest to the small girl, who had been allowed to help in all the preparations—he would cook and turn a beautiful omelet and serve it blazing hot on a big platter. They would have a gay and festive meal together—and after that, business. He would pose the child and begin to paint.

Once he began to paint he quite forgot, except for the purpose of art, that the child was a child. He never asked or thought if she were growing tired. He painted on and on. He would have painted on until his little model fainted with weariness had she submitted so long to the ordeal. Fortunately she was sure to protest in time, although confidence in her new friend usually inspired a really long period of patient endurance, so long indeed that when the inevitable protest came it was of the most primitive, inarticulate and irresistible kind.

There would be a sudden loud, prolonged howl or an outburst of tempestuous sobs. The absorbed artist, greatly annoyed, would cease work and turn in bewilderment to his friend, exclaiming helplessly: "Pshaw! What's it all about? Can't you give it something? Can't you buy it something?"

But, although gifts often assisted in soothing the exhausted and unhappy little model, the sitting was over, and it sometimes took more gifts and all Mr. Whistler's powers of persuasion, even with another prospective omelet included, to induce his overtired little friend to come again for another one. — Youth's Companion.

How to Prepare Tea.

In the best restaurants of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco tea is never made in a teapot, but each cup is brewed separately. The cup itself is different. It is a small bowl covered with a strainer and a lid. A tiny bundle of long tea leaves is placed in the strainer and the boiling water is poured over it. This first infusion is invariably thrown away as being unfit to drink. This procedure has caused the leaves to swell, and when next the boiling water is poured on it filters through slowly and is allowed to steep for a few moments. When the strainer is removed the golden liquid that remains in the bowl ready for drinking, without milk or sugar, is as different from the tea ordinarily served in an English drawing room as champagne is from ginger pop. — "Californian" in London Chronicle.

Old English Inns.

There is a discussion in the English papers as to which is the oldest inn in England. A writer in the Estates Magazine thinks the Ostrich, at Colnbrook, Middlesex, is one of the oldest. There is every reason to believe it has been in existence 700 years and even then took the place of an earlier inn, burned down by Henry I. in consequence of the misdeeds of the tenant. The story of the Seven Stars, in Manchester, can be traced clearly back to 1356. Its existence as a licensed house dates down to that year. Among the relics of the Seven Stars is an old clock which has stood at the top of the staircase for more than 200 years.

Rossetti and Whistler.

Once Rossetti asked Whistler how he liked a sketch he had made for a picture. "It has good points," was the answer. "Go ahead with it." A few weeks later he was asked about the picture. "Doing famously," said Rossetti. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it." Some time later Mr. Whistler saw the canvas, framed, but still virgin of paint brush or paint. "You've done nothing to it," said Mr. Whistler. "No," replied Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject if you would care to hear it." When the recitation was over Mr. Whistler said, "Rossetti, take out the canvas and put the sonnet in the frame."

THE TRACK WALKER.

His Work is of Peculiar Importance to the Railroad.

If you have nothing else to do some day when you are passing through the vast network of tracks of, for example, the great railway running northward out of New York, give a thought to the man who walks them for you, the man on whom your safety in this particular place so much depends.

He is a peculiar individual. His work is so very exceptional, so very different from your own. While you are sitting in your seat placidly wondering whether you are going to have a pleasant evening at the theater or whether the business to which you are about to attend will be as profitable as you desire, he is out on the long track over which you are speeding calmly examining the bolts that hold the shining metals together. Neither rain nor sleet can deter him. The presence of intense heat or intense cold has no effect on his labors. Day after day, at all hours and in all sorts of weather, he may be seen placidly plodding these iron highways, his wrench and sledge crossed over his shoulders, his eyes riveted on the rails, carefully watching to see whether any bolts are loose or any spikes sprung. Upward of 200 cannon ball fliers rush by him on what might be called a four track bowling alley each day, and yet he dodges them all for perhaps as little as any laborer is paid. If he were not watchful, if he did not perform his work carefully and well, if he had a touch of malice or a feeling of vengeance, he could wreck your train, mangle your body and send you praying and screaming to your Maker. There would be no sure way of detecting him.—Theodore Dreiser in Tom Watson's Magazine.

Japanese Art.

The oriental artist does not so much seek to transcribe nature as to suggest her moods. His interest is centered in the poetic sentiment which she elicits. The saying of the Japanese that a picture is a "voiceless poem" is particularly appropriate to their landscape painting. Our best artists also seek to express the poetry of nature. But they find it in many things. Our aesthetic pleasure in landscape is a complex one. The oriental, on the other hand, in conformity with his type of mind, finds it in the dominant character, in that which remains when all its accidents are eliminated—in other words, when it has been simplified and idealized, "for a landscape painting," to quote our Japanese critic once more, "is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeals to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words."—W. M. Cabot in Atlantic.

A Horn Curiosity.

Our old school textbook told us that "all horns are not bones," and this is very true as far as the horn of the rhinoceros is concerned. That curious protuberance is nothing less than a collection or amalgamation of hairs, so interwoven and agglutinated that under the microscope it appears to be of composition similar to the pith of a cornstalk, except that the hairs are not so widely separated by the material that binds them together. In olden times royalty employed rhinoceros horns for drinking cups, the notion being that poison put into them would show itself by bubbling. There may have been a grain of truth in this, for it is known that the ancient poisons were all acids, and these would certainly decompose the horny structure of the cup very rapidly.

Try These Cures For Stings.

All sorts of stings, whether from bees, wasps, hornets or bumblebees, should be sucked to remove as much poison as possible; then have a slice of acid fruit, apple, tomato or peach, or a crushed berry or grape, either ripe or green, bound lightly to the wound. If the pain is severe, after a minute take off the fruit, wash the sting in warm water and bathe it well in alcohol. Then wet a folded linen rag in either alcohol or vinegar, and bind on the sting. If neither alcohol, vinegar or fruit of any sort is at hand, try a bruised plantain leaf. Change the application, whatever it is, every ten minutes until the pain subsides.

She'd Get It.

Miss Elder—Well, I maintain that women can do anything that men can.

Mr. Gazzam—Oh, no, the auctioneer's business is one women cannot get into!

Miss Elder—Nonsense! She'd make every bit as good an auctioneer as a man.

Mr. Gazzam—Well, just imagine an unmarried woman getting up before a crowd and exclaiming, "Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer!"

Amity Notes.

The community was saddened by the death of Miss Inez Williams which occurred in Houlton last Saturday morning from the result of the burning accident of July 15th. As she was a young lady of estimable quality she was beloved by all who knew her. She leaves beside her father and mother four brothers and four sisters and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

Geo. Curtis lost a valuable horse Thursday morning.

Mrs. Kenneth McDonald of Masardis, is visiting relatives in town for a few days.

Game Warden Jorgenson of Kingman, made a flying trip to Amity and Cary on business this week.

Warden E. E. Estabrook was in Haynesville this week looking over the crop of Fred Lane reported to be destroyed by deer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis is on the mending hard. Her sister Mrs. Alexander of Houlton, who has been taking care of her will return home Friday.

There will be a hearing Aug. 7th at Mack's store, North Amity, to see if the selectmen will grant the Danforth Telephone Co., the right to set poles on the cross roads in this town.

Low Priced Farm.

\$2,000 00 buys a good farm of 160 acres, 50 acres cleared, 4 miles from Houlton, 2 1-2 miles from starch factory and potato house. Buildings in good repair. House of 7 rooms, stone cellar. Early investigation is solicited. A productive farm at a small price and easy terms. Immediate possession given.

Apply to THEO. J. FOX, Real Estate Broker, Houlton, Me. Telephone 13-3

Linneus.

Mr. Benjamin E. Byron who has been postmaster here for the past six years, died suddenly of heart failure, Wednesday. Mr. Byron was 66 years old and had been a resident of this town 62 years. He leaves one brother George L. Byron of this town, two sisters Mrs. John Lougee of Burleigh, and Mrs. Sarah Woodworth of Oakfield; also a wife and six children. The funeral services were held at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the Union church, Rev. Chas. Wheeler officiating. Lewis Young of Boston, is visiting relatives in town. He expects to spend about three weeks here before returning to Boston.

Mrs. Eliza Alexander of Millinocket, who has been visiting S. J. Moore the past two weeks, returned home today.

Miss Babe Gerry of Smyrna Mills, is visiting Miss Ethel McKeen.

The new rural delivery route started this week with Warren Gellerson of Houlton, as driver.

Miss Ethel McKeen gave a birthday party to her friends Monday evening at Sawyer's Hall. Ice cream, cake and lemonade were served and those present spent a very pleasant evening.

A Power for Temperance

The big corporations with their rules against drinking are doing a wonderful work for temperance. But more significant than their rules is the fact that they are able to enforce their rules. Twenty years ago these men would have kept on drinking, and the corporations would have had to yield, for twenty years ago it was among the best classes of workers that the drink habit had the most slaves.

The real cause of the improvement in this and every other direction is the simple enlightenment of public opinion. The habit of obedience to the clear mandates of public opinion is so ancient and powerful that it may be called instinctive and imperative. The public opinion that laughs at the man who varies his dress very far from the recognized standard has its way. The public opinion that causes the lip to curl contemptuously at sight of the fellow who has let a thief in at his mouth to steal away his brains also has its way.

Often silly is a stronger word than sinful, and Don't-be-an-ass goes where Don't-do-wrong, wouldn't.

A Tale of Two Cities.

The cost of a sea-level Panama Canal is estimated at \$230,500,000. Notice the look of good faith and scrupulous accuracy given by that extra \$500,000, and a tidy sum the whole makes. Yet how little that is for the United States, when you consider what Chicago and New York are doing or soon to do in the engineering line. The Chicago freight subway is to be enlarged at a cost of between fifty and a hundred millions; and two hundred millions more are to be spent on railroad improvements in Chicago. New York's projected subways will cost \$250,000,000; the addition to the water supply, \$60,000,000; the Grand Central Station and the electrical equipment of the Central lines coming into the city, \$45,000,000; new bridges, \$36,500,000 and so on. These cities easily outgrow the National Government in the matter of great engineering enterprises.

Notice.

To all persons whom it may concern: That my wife Alberta Addington having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation that from this date I will pay none of her bills or meet any obligations incurred after this date.

COLEMAN ADDINGTON.

Friday, Aug. 4, 1905.

WANTED.

Lady or gentleman of fair education to travel for firm of \$250,000 capital. Salary \$1,072.00 per year payable weekly. Expenses advanced. Address, GEO. G. GLOWS, Houlton, Me.

L. W. Dyer, SINCOCK BLOCK

—DEALER IN—

Meats, Groceries, Fruit Confectionery, Crockery, Etc.

MAIN ST. HOULTON, ME

FOX BROS. SUMMER SUITS.



Young Men's Outing Suits, \$10.00.

Double-breasted, long, wide lapels, shape-retaining fronts, sizes 30 to 38, \$6.50, 7.50, 10.00.

Young Men's Two-piece Suits, \$12.00.

Single and double-breasted, sizes 30 to 38, in crashes, serges and homespun.

Young Men's Worsted Suits \$15.00.

In two-piece outing styles, absolutely keep their shape, single and double-breasted, rich patterns and newest styles. \$3.50, 4.50, 6.50.

Boys' Quarter-lined Suits.

Two-piece knee pants suits for summer; neat fabrics and staunchly tailored.

All outing suits for young men have quarter or yoke lined coats, and trousers with 1 1-2 inch turn-ups and belt straps.

The individuality of style, which is so strong a feature of our young men's clothing, is the attainment of the most skilled designers and makers. None but the most desirable patterns from the leading mills are represented. Fabrics are strictly all-wool and trimmings of the best quality only. If you care for these things and want absolute satisfaction, you will trade with us.

FOX. BROS

High Art Clothing Gives Satisfaction.

Houlton, Presque Isle and Caribou.

ATTENTION! VOLUNTEERS!

Walk Up, Roll Up, Tumble Up, Any Way to Get Up

Lovers of Excitement, Attraction Here,

PHOTOGRAPHS.

We have moved onto the lot south of the Methodist Parsonage on School St., opposite High School building, and in order to induce the public to walk outside of the fire limits to our new location we will make full size Cabinet Photos for 99 cents per dozen for 30 days only in order to introduce our work.

FIRST 30 DAYS

For 99 cts. Per Dozen

Ending August 27, Small Photos, 50 cents per Dozen

Tintypes, 10 Cents Each

Get a Photo of your House or Horse taken, 8 by 10, mounted on 10 by 12, for 50 cents. Views of all descriptions.

On Wednesday, Aug. 16 is

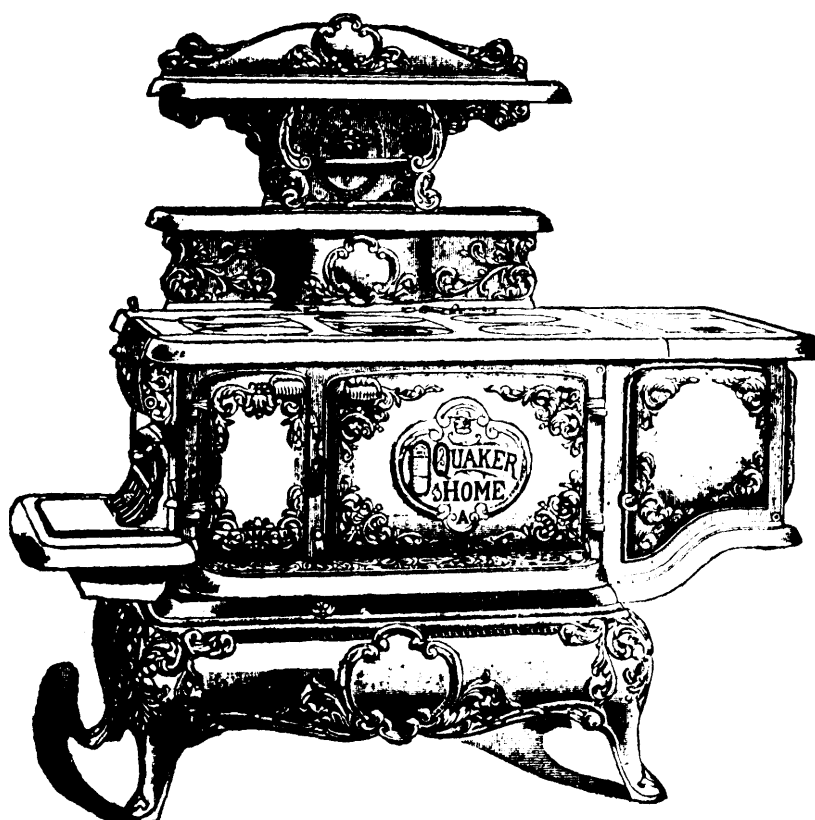
BABY DAY

On that day we will make sittings of Babies' free of charge, Cabinet size. A prize of one dozen Cabinet Photos for the most popular baby taken on Baby Day. Every baby taken free. Ballot for baby Aug. 21, 22 and 23. Baby's picture on exhibition at the Studio. Everybody over 15 years has a vote. Don't forget Baby Day. Photo Jewelry of all descriptions.

ECLIPSE PHOTO VIEW CO.

LOUIS de LEMOS Manager

QUAKER RANGES



The Fire Box in all Quaker Ranges will take a 14 inch stick of wood the full size of the box.

Houlton Furniture Company

Bangor & Aroostook Railroad

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 9.19 a. m., Patten 11.40 a. m., Millinocket 10.26 a. m., Brownville 11.32 a. m., Oldtown 12.31 p. m., Bangor 1.05 p. m., Portland 1.55 p. m., Boston 9.05 p. m.
9.30 a. m.—for and arriving at Littleton 8.46 a. m., Mars Hill 9.31 a. m., Fort Fairfield 10.40 a. m., Presque Isle 10.04 a. m., Caribou 10.30 a. m., Van Buren 11.55 a. m.
11.35 a. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 12.04 p. m., Masardis 1.11 p. m., Ashland 1.35 p. m., Portage 1.58 p. m., Fort Kent 2.30 p. m.
12.50 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 1.26 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 5.55 p. m., Fort Fairfield 2.30 p. m., Limestone 3.20 p. m.
2.15 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 3.12 p. m., Patten 4.05 p. m., Millinocket 4.25 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., Oldtown 6.20 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 8.45 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 1.14 a. m., Boston 7.20 a. m.
6.05 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 8.26 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.

6.25 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 7.25 a. m.
8.25 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., Oldfield 7.43 a. m., Ludlow 7.55 a. m., New Limerick 8.05 a. m.
9.25 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 9.21 a. m.
12.30 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 10.20 a. m., Patten 9.05 a. m., Island Falls 11.43 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 12.38 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 1.05 p. m., Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., New Sweden 1.45 p. m.
2.55 p. m.—leaving Fort Kent 11.10 a. m., Portage 12.40 p. m., Ashland 1.05 p. m., Ludlow 3.05 p. m., New Limerick 3.11 p. m.
6.25 p. m.—leaving Van Buren 2.50 p. m., Fort Fairfield 4.05 p. m., Caribou 4.40 p. m., Presque Isle 5.07 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 5.27 p. m., Bridgewater 5.50 p. m.
6.30 p. m.—leaving Boston 8.00 a. m., Portland 11.05 a. m., Bangor 3.25 p. m., Oldtown 3.55 p. m., Brownville 4.50 p. m., Millinocket 6.00 p. m., Patten 6.05 p. m., Sherman 6.45 p. m., Island Falls 7.05 p. m.
W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.
Bangor, Me., June 5, 1905.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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

DEPARTURES.
Eastern 9.30 a. m. Mixed, Week days for St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East; Vanocboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
Express, Week days for Woodstock, and all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup & Quebec.
Eastern 4.10 p. m. Mixed, Week days for McAdam, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st; Vanocboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., Montreal and points West; Fredericton, St. John and points East.
Eastern 8.30 p. m. Mixed for Woodstock, N. B.

ARRIVALS.
Eastern 6.25 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock.
Atlantic 7.35 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 a. m. Mixed Week days from St. John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland and Boston, etc.

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

Strout's Bargain List

Is the title of our illustrated catalogue, just out, fully describing hundreds of money-making farms; many having stock, tools and crops included. Write today for FREE copy.
If you want to get a quick sale send for our free description blanks.

E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY,
150 Necess St., N. Y. Tremont Temple, BOSTON

Foley's Honey and Tar
for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

GEORGE IV. NO GENTLEMAN.

He Was Told So Once, and at Another Time He Proved It.

When Lord Liverpool was forming his ministry in 1832 he thought it absolutely necessary to have Canning at the foreign office, although aware that the appointment would be obnoxious to George IV. The Duke of Wellington undertook the unpleasant task of communicating Lord Liverpool's determination.

As soon as the king knew what was wanted of him he broke out: "Arthur, it is impossible. I said, on my honor as a gentleman, he should never be one of my ministers again. I am sure you will agree with me that I cannot do what I said on my honor as a gentleman I would not do."

Another man would have been silenced, but the great soldier, always equal to an emergency, replied:

"Pardon me, sir, but I don't agree with you at all. Your majesty is not a gentleman."

The bold assertion startled the king, but the duke went on: "Your majesty is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself, and these duties render it imperative that you should employ the abilities of Mr. Canning."

"Well, Arthur," said the king, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must."

Although he did not like being told he was not a gentleman, George IV. had once, at least, while regent forgotten he was one. This was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's face, with "Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!"

The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason—it was out of the question to challenge the prince, while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible.

The colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying, "His majesty's toast, pass it on!"

"Hamlyn," cried the regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health."

And they were fast friends from that evening.

The Conductor Scored.

Some time ago several traveling men were sitting together in a car on a train which daily makes a round trip over a certain division of the Boston and Maine railroad. One of the number, the Boston Herald says, had not only monopolized the conversation, but from time to time had poked fun at the quiet conductor.

As the train approached the Haverhill station the traveling man turned to the conductor, who stood near by, and shouted boisterously: "Say, George, what made them locate the station so far away from the village?"

"I don't know," the conductor gravely replied, "unless they thought it would be more convenient to have it down here near the railroad."

A Correct Diagnosis.

An exchange tells of an old colored woman who called in a doctor to prescribe for her husband. The following is the conversation between the woman and the doctor:

"What did you say was the trouble with my husband?" said the woman.
"I said," replied the doctor, "that the most annoying symptom seems to be water brash, or pyrosis, as we doctors call it. He must be more careful regarding the food he eats."
"Dat am just what the matter with him—pyrosis," said she. "He's the biggest han' for pie you eber see. He eats most three pieces ebery meal. It surely am pyrosis he am suffering with."

Lorrain and Nature.

By the great Italian masters landscape has been used almost entirely as a background for the figures. Claude Lorrain went a step farther, making his figures of comparatively little importance and concentrating his effort upon the ideal or heroic character of the landscape, into which he incorporated the beauty of architecture. He was a close student of nature, sketched and painted in the open air and filled his skies with sunshine. But the use that he made of nature was unnatural. Charles H. Caffin in St. Nicholas.

He Was Attached to It.

Gilbert had been "exposed" to scarlatina, and, as he seemed listless and feverish, his mother sent for the family doctor.

"Now, my little man," the doctor said pleasantly when he had felt Gilbert's pulse, "let me see your tongue."

Gilbert put out the tip of his tongue.

"No, no," said the doctor, "put it right out—clear out."

Gilbert shook his head feebly, and tears gathered in his eyes.

"I can't get it clear way out, doctor. It's fastened on to me!"

SELADANG SHOOTING.

A Sport That Calls For All of the Hunter's Skill and Nerve.

Called bison (incorrectly) in India, seladang in Malaya, siang in Burma and gaur in Siam, the gaur (Bos gaurus) is the largest and fiercest of all the wild cattle, with hoofs small in proportion to its height and of deerlike rather than oxlike character. Its sense of smell is as acute as that of the elephant and its vision much keener. When you seek one of these cattle you need all your hunter's skill and your nerve, for next to the elephant and bracketed with the Cape buffalo of Africa I believe its natural temperament and the character of country in which it is found make the seladang in the Malay peninsula the most formidable quarry on earth.

In India, where the range of the gaur is the hilly, wooded districts, they are more apt to be found in herds of some size and, because of the more open sections, less difficult of approach and less dangerous to the hunter than in the Malay peninsula, where the jungle is the densest that grows, and almost invariably the quarry has the man at a disadvantage. In Malaya it is snap shooting, where the game on being wounded turns hunter and, concealed, awaits the sportsman, who must approach with infinite caution, with senses always alert and hand ever ready if he would stop or turn aside the vicious charge. You may never in this jungle survey the field of operations from some vantage point, but in the close growing angle of vines and canes and thorn bushes and heavy coarse weed of grasslike mass, through which you can never get even dim sight for over twenty yards and most of the time can scarcely see that many feet ahead, you must follow the tracks of the seladang you have wounded, never knowing at what instant the maddened beast may burst from the jungle practically right on top of you.

One seladang I was fortunate enough to finally get was only just at the other side of a bamboo clump when he started his charge full at me. This is the dangerous and the unavoidable feature of hunting the beast in Malaya. Luckily for the hunter, the seladang, if unsuccessful in its charge, passes on to await him at another point. Never have I heard of one turning instantly to a second charge after missing the hunter on the first rush. But, on the other hand, if the seladang charges home it remains to gore its victim.—Outing.

A Spelling Lesson.

Brown (to Sharpe, who prides himself on his spelling)—I bet I can give you a word you can't spell.

Sharpe (scornfully)—I bet you can't.

Brown—Very well. How do you spell "need," meaning to need bread?

Sharpe—Poof! K-n-e-a-d, of course.

Brown—Wrong!

Sharpe—Wrong? Meaning to knead bread, you said, didn't you?

Brown—Yes.

Sharpe—Well, it's k-n-e-a-d, I tell you.

Brown—Not at all. You k-n-e-a-d dough, but you n-e-e-d bread. It's a simple word. Sorry you couldn't spell it.

Louis Philippe and Soult.

Louis Philippe knew that Marshal Soult clung to power, and that his fall would be bitter to him. But when the time came the future ministers, with Thiers at their head, were assembled at the Tuilleries, while in the next room Louis Philippe broke the news to Soult. The interview took a long time, and the new ministers were not without some apprehension. Finally the door was opened just enough to allow the king's queer pear-shaped head to pass, and he whispered: "A little patience, gentlemen. Just a little patience—we are weeping together."

Some Flower Names.

Who could guess that the dandelion was the "dent-de-lion," or lion's tooth; the tulip, so called because it looks like a turban, and only a few years ago another name for a turban? The beautiful gladiolus is a sword. "Gladiolus" in Latin means "a little sword." It is so called from the shape of its leaves. The asphodel is from the Greek word, meaning "king's spear." The name dandelion comes from "dandelion," and so means the same thing.—St. Nicholas.

A Frequent Occurrence.

"I've been reading of a man who reached the age of fifty without being able to read. He met a woman and for her sake made a scholar of himself in three years."

"And I know a man who at middle life was a profound scholar. At the age of fifty he met a woman and for her sake made a fool of himself in three days!"—Cleveland Leader.

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. 1st, page 105, 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 thereon 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 & ARCHBOLD,
331

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.

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

UNTIL AUGUST 4th.

I carry the best set of Optical Instruments in Maine.

A correct Diagnosis of all diseases of the eye and a correct measurement of all refractive errors for glasses free.

All work guaranteed or money refunded. Prices lowest in Maine. Quality and service considered.

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 leathers.
\$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 cutting 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.
---	--

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.

A VILLAGE AUTOCRAT.

The Way He Ruled the Church of Which He Was Sexton.

Some half a century or so ago William Towne was sexton of a church in the old town of Charlton, Mass. He had a just appreciation of the dignity of his position, and so powerful was his personality that the people generally took him as seriously as he took himself.

His rule was more rigid than that of the minister, and the boy or girl who so much as changed countenance in church time felt all the force of his indignation later. From his position in the right hand rear corner, under the last window on that side, he could see everything that happened, and even the elders of the congregation sat under penalty of reprimand or ejection.

In those days, the Springfield Republican says, "Comical Brown" used to visit Charlton every year and give a concert. One year the town hall had been burned, and he had to give his entertainment in the church of which Towne was sexton.

The church was crowded, and the humorist tried to be funny, but in vain. He sang his songs and made his jokes. Nobody smiled. Nobody laughed. He could not understand it at all, for he did not see William Towne at his post in the rear, with his elbow resting on the window sill and his eyes looking sternly forward.

After the entertainment the sexton said to the humorist: "You must come again. You tickled 'em all into kinks."

"Come again?" said Brown, in astonishment. "I guess not! Once will do for me. I didn't see anybody smile or laugh or even applaud."

"Applaud! Laugh!" said Towne. "I'd like to see 'em! I'd throw 'em outdoors. I've been sexton of this church nigh on to thirty years, and they've never done it yet!"

People Who Vanish.

Among the periodic waves which strike our great centers there is none so strange as that of mysterious disappearances. Such a wave selects its victims from all classes, ages, men, women and children are impartially its prey. Sometimes the absentees return in a dazed condition unable to tell of their whereabouts. Others present a mystery darker still, for they never return and are no more heard of. Foul play, a crazed fever for wandering, premeditated flight, are called to account as causes, but some of these mysteries have neither apparent cause nor end. It is a queer and weird feature of our modern life that these mysterious disappearances can so easily take place and their subjects be neither traced nor recovered in spite of our crowded civilization. But perhaps it is because of it.

The Soft Answer.

"Madam," said the tramp as a middle aged woman came to the door in answer to his knock, "would you give a poor man a bite to eat?"

"Why," she replied, "you are certainly able to earn a living. You don't look very old."

"Looks are often very deceitful, lady," answered the hungry hobo. "Why, I'm old enough to be your grandfather."

And a moment later he had his feet under the kitchen table, and nothing she had in the pantry was too good for him.

Improbability's Limit.

"My boy," said the publisher as the author approached with a bundle of manuscript, "don't take up my time unless you have something new and wildly improbable. Improbability is what the public wants."

"And I've got it," declared the author triumphantly. "My hero earns a million dollars writing poetry."

Speechless from joy, the happy publisher fell upon his neck and wept silent but none the less real tears.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Where General Butler Drew the Line.

On one occasion when in congress General Benjamin F. Butler rose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate.

"Why, general," said the member reproachfully, "you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined Butler grimly, "but I didn't divide eternity with you!"—Boston Herald.

Compensation Everywhere.

"Strange how nature equalizes all things," said the philosopher. "Nothing is lost in nature. What may be lacking here is given two-fold there."

"How about the loss of sleep?" remarked the novelist.

"Just the point I was going to mention. The sleep lost over the writing of novels is frequently gained by those who attempt to read them."

LOADED UP IN VAIN.

A Speech That Sumner Didn't Get an Opportunity to Deliver.

It was a function of the judiciary committee of the senate, of which Senator Trumbull was the chairman, to attend to the furnishing of the old senate chamber with busts of eminent judges who had sat on the supreme bench. In the discharge of this office Senator Trumbull offered a resolution in the senate that a bust of the late Chief Justice Taney should be placed there along with the busts of his predecessors. Immediately Mr. Sumner warmly objected to this measure on the ground that Taney's decision made in the Dred Scott case—a decision generally obnoxious to people hostile to slavery—was too offensive and infamous to render it fit to grant this honor to its author. Trumbull in telling this story smiled as he said that it had seemed to him that even if Taney might have fallen into a legal error or been extremely blameworthy it might still be natural to want to see how he looked!

The fire of Mr. Sumner's protest, however, led to a postponement of the resolution. Trumbull observed that Sumner speedily went to work to hunt up in the Congressional library and to bring from its shelves book after book on the lives and misconduct of iniquitous judges in the past and to deposit them in a huge pile by his desk in the senate chamber, his intention being to draw from these some illustrations of detestable judicial decisions, the authors of which might be seen in the pillory and classed with the judge who presided in the Dred Scott case. After waiting for the objectionable resolution to be called up for action Mr. Sumner, who had taken time enough to compose an elaborate philippic, inquired of Trumbull when the resolution would be called up anew. To this question an evasive reply was made then and perhaps more than once. The upshot of the incident was that no opportunity was given to deliver the harangue which Mr. Sumner had been laboriously getting ready to fortify from the contents of the pile of books at the side of his desk. After the gun had been loaded with so much painstaking no chance was afforded to discharge it.—Dr. George P. Fisher in Northerner's.

Stevenson and Carlyle.

Robert Louis Stevenson used to tell this story of his early days: He was entering in an absentminded way the famous secondhand book shop of James Stillie when he ran into a fuming old gentleman who was leaving the establishment. The latter ejaculated in an angry tone, "Man, can you not look where you are going!" Stevenson apologized for his awkwardness and was then confronted by Mr. Stillie, who was also excited. The bookseller exclaimed: "The creature has been trying to make out that an old book I sold him is spurious! He may be able to write, but he knows nothing about black letter books. He's the most disagreeable customer that ever entered my shop!"

"Who is he?" asked Stevenson.

"Oh, that's the great Mr. Thomas Carlyle," was the answer.

Work of Merit.

One day a traveler came to a well, where he dismounted, fastened his animal to a pin and satisfied his thirst. As he returned to his animal it occurred to him that it would be a "savab" (work of merit) to leave the pin behind for other travelers who might wish to tether their beasts. The next to arrive was a man on foot, who, being very thirsty and in a hurry, fell over the pin. This man threw the pin down the well, so as to prevent any one else from having a similar accident. A learned man in the district was asked which of the two did the "savab." He answered, "Both, for their intentions were equally good!"—Five Years in a Persian Town.

A Pavement of Whalebone.

A curious memento of the whaling industry of Monterey, in Mexico, remains in the pavement leading up from the street to the west door of the church of San Carlos de Borromeo. This is one of the churches founded by the Spanish missionary fathers and is still in excellent repair. The round, mushroom-like objects in the pavement are the vertebrae of the great mammals. The pavement is in good condition and seems to wear well.

A Nice Little Mission For Pa.

"Pa, what's an iconoclast?" "One who smashes idols." "I'm one." "Pshaw! No you're not. You don't understand what I mean." "Yes, I do. I just busted that little idol ma sold \$250 for and had so much trouble smuggling through the custom house. You tell her, will you? I've got to go out and see a boy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Same Old Story.

"I don't see how you make your fingers go so fast," said the young mail order superintendent to the young woman stenographer, as she stopped to make an erasure.

"It's quite easy to make your fingers go," said the young stenographer, pointedly.

"You make mistakes though, I see." "I'm human. If I never made mistakes I might qualify for your job."

"But your doing good work, on the whole," said the mail order superintendent, patronizingly.

"You'll get me all puffed up if you talk like that. Kind words can never die, can they? Scatter a few of them over the office boy. He'd appreciate them."

"I didn't mean to offend you," said the young man.

"You couldn't," she retorted, calmly, and resumed her letter. The mail order superintendent lingered until she had completed it.

"I heard a joke the other day about a stenographer who married her boss," he said. "Before they were married he dictated to her, and after—"

The stenographer rapped briskly on the bell of her machine with her pencil.

"You've heard it, have you?"

"Not for some years. Isn't much business in your department, is there?"

"Do you want me to go?"

"It doesn't make much difference to me," said the stenographer. "If you didn't talk or get in my light I wouldn't know that you were here."

"Well, if you don't want me to go I guess I'll stay. I like to watch you."

"No extra charge," said the stenographer. "I'm on exhibition from 9 till 5."

"Where do you go for lunch?"

"Sometimes to one place, but often go somewhere else for a change. Where do you get shaved?"

"I shave myself."

"Do you ever talk to yourself? If you don't you might go away somewhere and try it sometime. I don't think you'd learn anything, but I'm sure you'd appreciate your conversation more than some other people do."

"You're pretty sassy, aren't you?" "I'm just as cute as I can be, but I'm not sassy. Were you going to ask me to take lunch with you?"

"I was thinking of it."

"You've got another think coming. You'd better brace yourself to the strain."

"Then you won't come?"

"Would you order blueprints?" "Sure."

"Anything I wanted to order."

"Certainly."

"And any place I wanted to go."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I'll see where my aunt wants to go," said the stenographer. "She's more particular than I am. You wouldn't mind if I invited someone else, would you?"

"What do you want someone else for?"

"To talk to me while you talk to Auntie," replied the stenographer. "Besides, he wouldn't like it if I went without him."

"I guess we'll call it off," said the mail order superintendent as he moved away.—Chicago News.

In Maine.

Maine Democrats think they discover a lot of Republican dissatisfaction with Congressman Littlefield. They believe it to be of various kinds. Some Republicans think Mr. Littlefield has been too independent in Congress. Others regard their member of Congress as too little disposed to consult with the leaders of the party at home. They intimate that Mr. Littlefield has grown so big that it would not hurt him to have a snubbing.

Then the Congressmen supported William T. Cobb for governor in a sharp party fight, while Mr. Littlefield's part of the state backed B. M. Fernald of Poland. Leaders in the Fernald movement are thought to have laid it up against Congressman Littlefield that he not only gave his support to Mr. Cobb but nominated him in the state convention. Gov. Cobb is now sure of a second nomination, and the argument is that the Republicans who are so sure they can defeat Mr. Littlefield's renomination.

All this midsummer speculation has its interest in Maine, but we may be very sure that nothing dangerous will materialize in the fall. The national reputation which Congressman Littlefield has gained for himself is also of value to his state.

TWO GREAT ARTISTS.

The Difference Between the Work of Reynolds and Gainsborough.

The contrast between these two great artists, Reynolds and Gainsborough, is almost the difference between art and nature. Reynolds was learned in what other painters had done and had reduced his own art to a system. Gainsborough found almost everything for himself—never lost the simple, natural way of looking at things and people and painted not according to rule, but at the dictates of what he felt. Reynolds planned out his effects; Gainsborough painted on the spur of the impression which the subject aroused. Reynolds' art was based on safe, general principles. Gainsborough's was the fresh and spontaneous expression of his temperament—depending, that is to say, on feeling rather than on calculation. His temperament, or habit of mind, was dreamy and poetic, gentle and retiring, including a small range of experience. Reynolds, on the other hand, was a man of the world and of business capacity, intimate with Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and other celebrities of the day; a man of knowledge and clever conversational power, whose pictures by their variety prove his versatility. Consequently when the Royal academy was established in 1768 he was elected president by acclamation and was knighted by George III, an honor that has ever since been bestowed on the holder of this office.

These two men were at the head of the group of portrait painters who in the latter part of the eighteenth century and in the early years of the succeeding one added luster to the new growth of art in England.—Charles H. Collins in Century.

A Hard Problem.

"Is this Mure, Pom-pom?" breathlessly inquired a man who had climbed several flights of stairs and been admitted into a darkened parlor.

"It is," replied the stately personage whom he addressed.

"The famous clairvoyant and fortune teller?"

"The same."

"Do you read the mind?"

"With perfect ease."

"Can you foretell the future?"

"The future holds no mysteries that I cannot unravel."

"Can you unfold the past?"

"The record of all things past is to me an open book."

"Then," said the caller, feverishly taking from his pocket a handful of money, "I wish you would tell me what it is that my wife wanted me to bring home without fail this evening and name your price. Money is no object."

Original History.

The following extract from a schoolgirl's essay comes from a high school in India and was published in the monthly magazine of the school: "King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anna Domino in the year 1086. He had 510 wives, besides children. The 1st was beheaded, the 2d was revoked. She never smiled again. But she found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garrett Wolsey. He was named the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen unmarried. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his great Grand Mother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

A Strike and an Apology.

On one occasion there was a strike, on professional grounds, of the members of the Irish bar, owing to an insult offered by John Scott, Earl of Clonmell, who was chief justice of Ireland from 1784 to 1798, to counsel practicing before him, which was resented by the bar in its collective capacity. The judges sat, but no counsel appeared. The attorneys all vanished, and their lordships had the court to themselves. There was no alternative. The next day Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology in the newspapers and, with excellent address, made it appear as if written on the evening of the offense and therefore voluntary.—Law Times.

Cat Island Cats.

In one of the harbors of Kerguelen Land, a barren and desolate bit of antarctic terra firma to the southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, cats escaped from ships have made themselves at home on a little islet known as Cat island, which has long been used as a wintering place for sealers. Here they live in holes in the ground, preying upon sea birds and their young, and are said to have developed such extraordinary ferocity that it is almost impossible to tame them even when captured young.

GAINSBOROUGH, THE ARTIST.

He Painted Portraits For a Living and Landscapes For Pleasure.

Gainsborough, while painting portraits for his own pleasure and lived at Hampstead during the summer that he might be constantly in fellowship with nature. It was this love of nature and of simple things and the faculty of seeing beauty in them that gave such a choice distinction to his work, because it was the expression of his own simple, lovable personality. He had beauty in himself, and all his life it fed on simple delights—the joys of nature, of domestic happiness, of music and of his own art.

He was born in the little town of Sudbury, on the river Stour, in the beautiful county of Suffolk. As a boy he loved to ramble in the country, sketching, and showed so much inclination for it and so little for any other kind of study that when he was fifteen he was sent to London and placed under the care of a silversmith, who procured him admission to the St. Martin's Lane academy. Here he worked for three years studying painting. Gainsborough's eighteenth year was an eventful one. He hired three rooms in Hatton gardens and set up as a painter on his own account. Meeting with little encouragement, he returned to Sudbury. There he fell a victim to the charms of a young lady of seventeen, Miss Margaret Barr, who had an annuity of \$1,000, married her and established himself in the country town of Ipswich. Here he worked on happily and quietly for fifteen years, continually studying in the open air and executing such small commissions for portraits as came to him, until he had succeeded in discovering for himself a manner of painting suited to his needs and had developed an extraordinary skill.

In 1760 he moved to Bath, at that time the most fashionable city outside of London. The gay world of that time congregated there to drink the waters. Gainsborough's success was immediate, but with increasing wealth there was no alteration in his simple method of living.—Charles H. Collins in St. Nicholas.

Man in the Kitchen.

The helplessness of mere man in the presence of ordinary domestic tasks was illustrated in the case of the old man, who explained that he had once tried to improve his cooking by studying a book of recipes. "It was no use," he sadly confessed, "because every one of them receipts starts off with 'Take a clean dish.'"

He was kin to one of the sons of Mrs. Dumsmuir, a Scotchwoman living in Pennsylvania. She was called away from home one day just after dinner. As she was leaving she said to the boys:

"One of you must wash the dishes and the other wipe them and put them away, so that everything will be tidy by the time I get back."

"All right, mother," said Jack. "But Will's got to wipe them. I'm willing to wash, but wiping is such greasy work!"

Benefit of a Rural Life.

Fresh country air is wholesome and a sovereign remedy for many of the ills that afflict the weary city dweller. The tendency in this country has been too much to crowd into the great cities, and many of the poor of the slums and overtaxed tenements would be greatly benefited if they could be removed to the farms. The magazines that encourage the love of rural life are doing a great work, and not the least feature of their mission is the cultivation of the aesthetic quality. They promote a love for the beautiful in nature that will result in the preservation of much of the natural loveliness of the country that has been too ruthlessly dealt with by the unappreciative utilitarian in the past.—Nashville Banner.

Russian Peasants.

There is one European country in which the traveler may find people dressed in every particular exactly as they were generations ago. That is Russia. In its more unfrequented districts the peasant type has advanced scarcely at all. The people are almost as they were before the Tartar invasion. The women wear the quaint national costume, which is gradually disappearing elsewhere in Russia, as it is in other countries, and the tall, bearded men show no marks of modern civilization either in habits or garb.

Love and Time.

They were seated so close together on the parlor sofa that there was no room between them for an argument when she suddenly let loose a large and soulful sigh.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Oh," she replied, "I just happened to think that this would be our last evening together until tomorrow evening."

Togo's Great Fight.

The details of the naval battle of the Sea of Japan, which now become available in the complete official account, are of great technical as well as picturesque interest. The most surprising, perhaps, is the rapidity with which the Japanese overwhelmed the Russian fleet. The fate of the battle was decided in a little more than half an hour after the first gun was fired.

Admiral Togo's report is very closely exact in its figures. At 1.45 p. m., the Russian ships, whose movements had been reported by wireless telegraph early in the morning, were first sighted. At 2.08 they opened fire, the Japanese waiting until within a range of about four miles before replying. Then the Japanese concentrated their fire upon the leading ships so furiously and effectively that, as the admiral's report states, "victory or defeat was practically settled at 2.45 p. m., that is, in a period of about 37 minutes."

This is the remarkable story of the first really conclusive combat of modern vessels of war. The rest of the report tells of the relentless pursuit of the defeated fleet and the sinking or capture of the ships.

The victory was won, apparently, by the superior marksmanship of the Japanese gunners. As for the Russians, "their fire was not especially feared," but they kept on shooting until their ammunition was exhausted. Then Nebogatoff surrendered.

Another point of interest is the effectiveness of the torpedo attack when the demoralized Russian fleet was crushed on the night of May 27, following the daylight battle. "Our destroyers and boats," writes Togo, "advanced in such quick succession that the enemy had no time to prepare for defense, and the distance between the attackers and defenders was so short that our boats lay within the dead angle of the enemy so that his guns could not be laid on them." No mention at all is made of submarines.

Signs of Promise.

It is refreshing to read Mr. William Allen White's article in last week's Outlook, in which he declares his faith in the ultimate working out of the problems which beset us as a nation. In the midst of rumors of graft and corruption, Mr. White calmly says: "Money is losing its power. And as the power of money in politics goes down respect for the law comes up. There have been times in the history of the world when the law was more of a terror than it is today to the poor and the ignorant; but in this country there has never been a time before this when the law has reached into the high places with such a stern hand as it is reaching today. Not merely have United States senators been indicted for criminal crimes, but the men who make United States senators—men from the class that has been holding lawmakers, state and national, in fee simple—the trust magnates, and their serving men, are being haled into court for alleged violations of law. Business methods and motive are probably no more greedy and dishonorable now than they have been since the organization of commerce. But the people are acquiring moral sense and moral courage to restrain the greed and punish the dishonor of business, without respect to the worldly station of the business offenders."

In proof of the inherent honesty of American public servants Mr. White points out that they handle more than a billion and a half dollars a year, with a loss from default and embezzlement so small that it can hardly be reckoned. "And the gist of it all is this: That as the people grow honest their government will grow honest. If civilization in the United States means anything, if popular education generates moral energy, if freedom of speech and of the press makes a people brave and wise, if an open Bible improves the actual conduct of a people instead of teaching them mere creeds and catechisms, then the American people should be growing more nearly honest and shrewder in their judgments. The effect of this moral and spiritual growth upon the public service is inevitable. Like master, like man. And if one has any confidence in his country, if he believes in the development of the race and in the progress of mankind, he must know, with all the faith that is in him, that, however black the spots of official corruption may be, however discouraging the environment from certain restricted viewpoints, the outlook in the wider horizon is clear."