

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

No. 33.

reason for the invention. He couldn't do anything dishonest or mean, if he tried. He left college under a cloud, but it came out afterwards that he was shielding someone else, and the president apologized in chapel, although Berwyn wasn't there to hear it."

Young Morgan made explanation to Mr. Allison, on the train homeward: "It may seem a little queer, but there isn't any mystery about it," he said. "My real name is Morgan, Hamilton Morgan, but I took my uncle's name of Berwyn because he and my father wished it. My father gave up nearly his whole life to an invention which interested both of us more than anything else, except football. He liked the game almost as much as I do, and a lot of the plays I have been given credit for were of his devising. I worked with him so much that I got to be a pretty good machinist. We had our own workshop as long as the money lasted. My father worried himself to death after all his money was gone, and, when my uncle offered to adopt me and look after my future if I would take his name, I decided to accept. My uncle has a lot of money. I was nearly eighteen when my father died."

"I was glad to go to college, because I was crazy about football. I had hard work passing the entrance examinations, and it was even more difficult to keep up with my classes in the academic course. My uncle and I quarreled because he wanted to make an ornamental lawyer of me and I wanted to go in for the scientific course. I didn't seem to be able to grasp anything but football and machinery. He cut off my allowance, but I had a little money saved up, and I was on the team, you know, so I kept on for a year. Then I got into a serious scrape" "I heard how you came out of that," interjected Mr. Allison.

"Well, I left to go to work. I wanted to perfect my father's invention—it's a turbine engine, sir, and I thought the best thing to do would be to get into a big plant like ours where I could earn a living and obtain the experience I needed at the same time. I thought it was best to take my own name, because if I had explained that I was 'Ham' Berwyn, people would have made a lot of fuss over the college football player working as a mechanic, and I didn't want any notoriety of that kind. That is all there is to it, sir, except that I am pretty sure that I have perfected my engine."

Just before their destination was reached young Morgan managed to see Miss Allison alone, that is, as much as two people can be alone in the vestibule of a railroad car. He was astonished to find that he had nothing to say, possibly because of a militant haughtiness in her manner. He really had deceived her, and then too much hero-worship is bad for a young man when. But his humility, the pleading in his eyes, made her forget her feminine resentment.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said, impulsively.

"Does it make such a difference?" asked Morgan.

"No-o-o, but it makes it easier."

Then Miss Allison fled precipitately. A realization of the meaning of her words was supplemented with evidence that a wildly happy young man was about to hug her, regardless of surroundings.—Success.

Poultry Experiments.

The Maine Experiment Station has for some years been engaged in breeding hens for egg production. By means of the trap nests a systematic attempt is being made to establish a productive strain by breeding only from birds of known records. All the breeding females now carried are tested hens that have laid from 160 to 251 eggs in a year; and 150 pullets and hens whose mothers produced 200 or over, eggs per year. All males used in breeding these two classes since 1901 had mothers that had laid 200 or more eggs in a year.

Bulletin 117, which is just being issued, contains an account of these experiments with a description of the houses now in use, and the methods employed in feeding hens and chickens.

Bulletin 117 will be sent free to all residents of Maine who apply to the Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me. In writing, please mention this paper.

The Aroostook Times

ALL THE HOME NEWS.

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The conviction of Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon, and his sentence, \$1,000 fine and six months in jail, is humiliating news. Senator Mitchell is an old man, and a member of our highest legislative body. He has been in public life for a long time. The charge upon which he was convicted was one of a number, but after the successful prosecution of this one the others were dropped. In a word, the case is merely a record of law-breaking and punishment. It is gratifying that the high position of the defendant did not prevent his conviction. But there is a tendency, hardly expressed as yet, toward reaction in public feeling against men of prominence who are accused of crookedness. Many of the recent attacks upon well-known politicians and business men have been so lurid that a growing minority among the public smells persecution. Thus in the recent trial of Representative J. N. Williamson, also of Oregon, for public land frauds, the failure of the jury to agree was undoubtedly influenced by the constant references of the defense to the prejudice against congressmen. Now, it is true that our new conscience in its insistence upon clean men in business and politics, may sometimes press the issues farther than is wise. This tendency must be guarded against; yet we must also guard against the idle tendency toward sympathy with men who have done wrong. Let us leave sentiment out of these matters and hold to the medium of truth and justice.—Public Opinion.

Alexander Agassiz was introduced at the Harvard Commencement dinner as a modest friend of the university who had from time to time spent money and made gifts (for the benefit of the museum founded by his father), which now amounted to at least \$800,000. He has honestly made a great fortune for himself and his family. But his fame will never eclipse that of his father who, it may be, never had in all his busy and useful life \$1,000 which he would call his own, to do with whatever he pleased. But the millions drawn from the Lake Superior Copper Mines, by his son, have been used to complete his work, to enhance his reputation, and in many other ways to increase knowledge and to serve the interests of the people. It is impossible to compare the merits of the two men—the poor philosopher who had no time to make money or of the scientific man who could not properly do his work without making money—and a great deal of it. The records of the two men are continuous and complementary each other. Neither of them could have been what they have been without the other, and both deserve grateful remembrance.—Christian Reg.

Concerning Imperialism.

The day is at hand when the United States will reap the reward of their long effort and many sacrifices in the cause of their agricultural power. They can now weather the tempest menacing their over heated industry, which is incapable of continuing an ascensional movement that would precipitate a protective coalition of all the countries threatened in their industrial existence. Fortunately, a haven of refuge is already prepared. America has only to return to its first tradition and apply the devouring activity of its population to agriculture, which, though perhaps less remunerative than manufactures, is firmer and more lasting. The United States can for these reasons face the future more calmly than any other nation, on the one condition of not overrating their success or attempting to dominate the world. American imperialism would be quite as dangerous for the United States as is English imperialism for Great Britain, or pan-Germanism for Germany.

A Self-Supporting Nation.

The agricultural progress of the United States has been so rapid, so wonderful, that at one period the rest of mankind suspected them of planning to flood the world with their products, to monopolize the supply, and thus ruin the agriculture of other nations. Europe, alarmed, erected with feverish haste ramparts of custom houses to stem the tide of the invader. With characteristic swiftness of conception and execution the American took the hint and did not insist. He forthwith changed the gun to his other shoulder and, setting aside for a while his agricultural ambitions, leaped wildly into industrial production. From having depended upon European manufactures, the United States is less than a quarter of a century became self-supporting. They next took the offensive, and became one of the most redoubtable of exporters. Today their balance of commerce is the first in the world, and one may well wonder how much farther they will be able to do.

New Petroleum Deposits in Asia.

Europe as well as America is interested in the discovery and exploitation of new petroleum deposits, and at present Mesopotamia is the country to which attention is being directed. There have been discovered in the province of Bagdad, near the Tigris and north of Samarra, a number of rich springs, while on the Euphrates near Hit similar springs also have been found.

On account of the brigands this district does not afford good opportunity for prospecting and development, but in the Kerkuk district the future for such activity is much more promising and not only petroleum, but also coal, is found, the former being used for lighting by the natives, while the coal has been tried on the Tigris steamships proving, however, too bituminous. There is every evidence that the petroleum deposits are extensive and will repay ample working, but it is believed that the completion of the Bagdad railway and increased shipping facilities on the Tigris must be provided before they can be turned to practical account.

Wire Cannon—Our New Harbor Defense.

Loosing an international rifle shooting match has resulted in the invention by Mr. John Hamilton Brown of one of the most formidable, efficient, and terrible high-power cannon ever produced. The cannon will throw a projectile weighing one hundred pounds a distance of thirty miles, and is now being tested at the Sandy Hook proving grounds of the United States Army.

The World's Work, New York, explains the contrivance by saying that: "The most efficient heavy guns made in England are wire-wound. But whereas the inner tube of the English gun is a solid forging the tube of the American gun consists of a number of steel sheets, each one-seventh of an inch thick. Around these is wound twenty-one miles of square steel wire, one-seventh of an inch in diameter. The tension of this wire is so great that the inner tube is compressed to the point where it cannot be overcome by the explosion of gunpowder. The gun is so strong, therefore, that it cannot be burst by any charge that can be placed in it—although its powder chamber is much larger than that of any other gun of similar caliber in existence. The 6-inch Brown wire-gun will throw a shot weighing one hundred pounds a distance of thirty miles. A projectile fired from this gun will penetrate a greater thickness of armor plate at 4,000 yards than a projectile fired from any other gun at a distance of twenty feet.

A great many weird feats are predicted for this 10-inch gun—however it is not yet built. "If the wire guns of large caliber fulfill the promise given by the 6-inch guns already built, the costly and cumbersome armor plate of the modern battleships will no longer afford protection."

"Our country," laments former Governor D. H. Chamberlain, "is sinking fast into the grasp of a plutocracy as heartless, as greedy, as gross, as deadly as any in a past age." Rubbish! We are getting better every day. Each fresh exposure of an iniquity helps. We can even now detect symptoms of the happy day when it will be bad form to be wicked.—Harper's Weekly.

Ataloids—Dr. Oldman's Prescription—Strengthens the nerves, builds up worn out men and women. Price 50 Cts.

Grange News.

Maine's Forest Outlook.

The United States Bureau of Forestry estimates that the wooded area of Maine is about 12,000,000 acres which contain 21,293,000,000 feet of spruce besides large quantities of pine, cedar, hemlock and hardwoods. Timber experts agree that 3 per cent. annually, is a conservative estimate of the natural increase of spruce, which would allow of cutting something over 600,000,000 feet every year without depleting the supply. The total cut of last winter was rather less than 800,000,000 feet of all kinds of timber, the amount of spruce falling a little below the above named limit.

State Forest Commissioner Edgar E. King, who has spent his life as a practical lumberman is reported to hold the opinion that by careful cutting and the observance of necessary precautions against fires, the forests of Maine are ample to meet the demands of both pulp mills and sawmills for an indefinite period. Commissioner King believes that the manufacture of lumber and pulp should be carried on in conjunction since the pulpmill affords a market for logs not fit for lumber and for trees which if not cut away, would hinder young growth. The vital necessity is care in handling and in selection of timber to be cut together with the fullest possible protection from fire.

The opening of vast timber territory by the construction of the Bangor and Aroostook and other railroads has and will make possible the utilizing of enormous quantities of timber that would otherwise have gone to waste or acted as a check upon new growth.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the values obtained from rough lumber as well as dressed during the last generation. Spruce now sells about one-fourth higher from the saw than could be obtained in the seventies. The increased use of hardwoods for furniture and what are known as wood novelties has made valuable much timber that was formerly all but worthless and at present tens of millions of feet of hard wood are turned into stock and finished goods which largely increase the revenues distributed over wide areas of the State.

Notwithstanding the encouragement afforded by the estimates cited it is no safe or desirable to have the opinion become general that Maine's forest interests are assured and beyond need of individual safeguarding. When estimates are made as to the annual growth of timber, we are inclined to think that the basis of reckoning is that of the normal growth made by virgin forests where the effects of centuries of decaying leaves and wood wastage remains to mulch and replenish in large degree, the elements of soil fertility that are constantly being used in growth of timber. As the timber is thinned out by manufacturers of lumber, even by the most approved economic methods, there cannot fail to be a loss of moisture as essential to the rapid growth of trees, and further, there is a constant removal of soil elements that previously were being returned. No one will assume that a growth of corn or other crop can be continued from year to year on the same tract and not suffer a deterioration of yield unless fertilized artificially, even on the unequalled soils of the prairies. It only needs a study of the growth that is being made on tracts that have been partially cut over as compared to the same variety where the forest has remained untouched to become convinced that there must be a liberal allowance made in estimates to cover decrease in growth to insure future timber production from a given area.—Maine Farmer.

Housework and Machinery

Discussing Mrs. Lane's article in an English review on "The Extravagant Economy of Woman," the Springfield Republican suggests that if the men of the United States should be compelled by statute to do, themselves, all the housework of the country for ten years there would be such a shaking up of methods as twenty centuries have not brought about. When the women came to their own again, they would find that for the first time in history there were really adequate tools for carrying on the conduct of home life.

We would like to see it tried—after we are dead. The Republican thinks that household economy is not at all on a twentieth century basis. If housework were put on to the men, heat

would be turned on by pressing a button, suction-pumps would draw all the dust out of the house, and a lot of methods and devices would be perfected for the relief of that large group of families in our society which can afford only one servant.

For our part we are not so sanguine that invention is going to help so prodigiously in housekeeping. Women, for some reason, are not very good at attending machines. When the women got back to housework after their ten years' release they would promptly let the men's more intricate machines get out of order, and presently throw them out. House heating and lighting have already been simplified for persons who can afford the simplifications. In some streets of some cities heat can be let in from street mains by turning a cock. Modern plumbing is all a labor-saving apparatus, and an important one, and it is in general use in all American cities. Housework has been simplified somewhat by machinery; let us see what there is left for us to do.

The chief thing that houseworkers do are to keep houses clean, to cook and serve meals, to wash and mend clothes, and to keep things in order. There is a machine that comes to sweep by suction. Four or five men bring it on a dory. Only rich people can afford to have it come. There is no prospect that houses ever will be kept clean by machinery.

As for cooking, the Philadelphia Record reports the installation of a pie-making machine in a bakery in that town, but pie, at best, is a mechanical sort of food. There are breakfast foods that come cooked or are guaranteed to be good to eat raw, and a vast line of nourishments come in cans, but household cooking requires brains as well as hands, and there is no hope that it will ever be done by machinery. It is an art.

As for clothes-washing, there are laundries and laundry machines. Most of us would a little rather send our clothes out to be washed by machinery at a laundry than go naked, so most of our clothes are now washed in that way.

No, there is not much more to hope for from labor-saving household appliances. The reasons are good why more has not been done to make homes self-regulating and automatic. If servants are to be scarcer and dearer the relief must come by the simplification of living; by elimination of household possessions, and not by increase of household machinery.—Harper's Weekly.

It Is Camping-Out Time

In the cycle of the seasons the ideal camping-out time of year has arrived, and hundreds of parties have already taken to the deep woods of northern Maine where nature has bestowed her wildwood charms most lavishly and where outing parties are sure of finding plenty of camp sites exactly to their liking.

Men, women and whole families from all parts of New England and even more distant parts make northern Maine their mecca during the camping season. A great many of them come early in August to avoid the swelter of city life and rest up beneath the grateful umbrage of the woods. Others plan to come late in August or early in September, when the warm days and clear cool nights afford ideal atmospheric conditions and when the early changing of the foliage illumines the deep green of the forest with tints of rare and spectacular brilliancy.

With a good guide to look after the general work about camp, tent life in northern Maine entails no drudgery or hardship on the vacationist. Women and children enjoy the tramping and canoeing quite as much as the men do, and it is just as splendidly beneficial for them.

In the latest edition of the annual guidebook, "In the Maine Woods," published by the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, is printed a great deal of information of special value to prospective campers in northern Maine. The book is well worth owning; it contains 192 pages, over one hundred half-tone illustrations and two full page colored inserts. A copy can be had for the asking by writing to C. C. Brown, G. P. A., Bangor, Me., and enclosing ten cents in stamps to pay postage.

For Sale.

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

Millions for Fruit Exports.

What the United States have done and still do daily for agriculture is even the best evidence of their economical foresight. While their manufacturing industry soared to such prodigious heights that everything else seemed lost to sight, the Department of Agriculture displayed the utmost activity in organizing agricultural production on a scientific basis and in preparing it for its future. To educate particularly, which is the keystone, a practical extension quite unequalled in Europe was given. The extension of fruit-growing is significant as representing American agricultural development. After suffering for their enormous domestic consumption, the United States managed to send abroad more than \$2,000,000 worth of dried apples, \$4,000,000 of fresh apples, \$713,000 of dried apricots, \$465,000 of oranges, \$3,000,000 of prunes, \$4,000,000 of divers fruits, \$1,800,000 of tinned fruits, or a total of \$17,000,000.

They have taken good care not to sacrifice agriculture as England has done, and it subsists for them as a safety valve. They make both branches of production, industrial and agricultural, advance side by side, and their government has wisely neglected neither. Furthermore, this is perhaps the only country today capable of adapting at will the conditions of its production to the demands of the economical revolution which we are traversing and which menaces all nations save America.

Robinson.

Miss Beth Fulton who has been staying at Springvale, Wash., for the past two years returned to her home in Bridgewater last week.

Last Thursday several of the Sunday schools of this county met for a picnic at the camp ground.

The Reformed Baptists of New Brunswick begun their campmeeting here Friday. The crowd on Sunday was not as large as former gatherings.

Many went from here to the tent meetings at Westfield conducted by Rev. Mr. Kenyon.

Saturday afternoon July 29th the Loyal Temperance Legion held a banquet at the W. C. T. U. rooms. Thirty children were present who enjoyed the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Martin called on friends here Sunday.

Rev. J. Bradeen and Paul of Caribou and Presque Isle assisted in the services at the Free Baptist church Thursday evening.

Mr. C. E. Robinson is having a fine lawn laid out in front of his residence. Mr. Donald McTavish, landscape gardener, has had charge of the work and it will be one of the prettiest lawns around when the work is completed.

Mrs. Louville McDowd of Portage Lake is visiting her father Mr. Tompkins for a few days after which she leaves for her new home in Rockland.

Marsardis.

Blueberries are scarce.

Mrs. Emerson Clark and daughter Linette left this morning to visit friends in Woodstock.

We understand that Miss June Weeks has accepted a position in the postoffice at Island Falls.

Miss Maud McAlpine recently returned from Easton where she has been visiting relatives.

During her vacation Miss Mabel Quincy, teacher in the village primary school, spent several days with friends in Millinocket.

Miss Grace Akeley of Blaine has been spending a few weeks at Marsardis.

Mrs. Nancy Wessinger of Lewiston and daughter Mrs. Lena Lowrey of California are spending a few weeks with friends and relatives.

Services have been resumed in the Episcopal church. Rev. Mr. Burgess of Ashland, rector.

Kaiser Rewards Negro.

Geo. C. Ellis, a negro laborer at the Washington barracks, has been made happy by the gift of a silver watch and chain from no less a personage than Emperor William of Germany. The watch bears on the case the imperial monogram. When a crank named Rousseau some months ago tried to blow up the statue of Frederick the Great, presented to this country by Emperor William, Ellis happened to see the smoking dynamite bomb and seizing it at the risk of his life cast it away. The bomb exploded and Ellis received minor injuries. Rousseau is now in prison for trying to blow up an English Atlantic liner.

Yellow Fever Scare.

The yellow jack infection brought to New Orleans by the fruit steamers has resulted in several hundred fever cases at that point and 80 or so deaths. It is accepted there that yellow fever is spread by mosquitoes and the 45,000 cisterns from which the people get their water are being treated with kerosene and screened. New Orleans lies below the level of the Mississippi and has as yet no sewer or water system, though one is now being put in at a cost of \$6,000,000.

Neighboring states are enforcing more or less strict quarantine against New Orleans. Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi was not willing to accept the new fangled idea that mosquitoes are the agents of the fever and therefore his state has been practically closed to outsiders, to keep out infection. At one place some Italians who were trying to escape from quarantine were fired on by the guards and 2 were killed and 3 more wounded.

Rockefeller the Hypocrite.

In the second of her two character studies of John D. Rockefeller in the August McClure's, Miss Tarbell comes to the conclusion that so far as the effect of Mr. Rockefeller's career on the public is concerned he is a hypocrite. "The great public does not deal in nice psychological distinctions. It takes the facts at hand and goes straight to the evident conclusion. It says this man has for forty years lent all the power of his great ability to perpetuating and elaborating a system of illegal and unjust discrimination by common carriers. He has done this in the face of moral sentiment, in the face of the law, in the face of the face of loudly expressed public opinion, in face of the law, in the face of the havoc his operations caused at his very side. For forty years he has fought to prevent every attempt to regulate the wrongs the system wrought, and when he failed to do so he has turned his craft and skill to finding secret and devious ways of securing the privileges he desired. He has done more than any other person to fasten on this country the most serious interference which, today, the whole country is struggling vainly to strike off, which it is doubtful will be cured, so deep-seated and so subtle is it, except by revolutionary methods.

"Not only this, he has fought the publicity in business which is obviously necessary to its safety; he has introduced into business a spy system of the most odious character. He has turned commerce from a peaceful pursuit to war, and honeycombed it with cruel and corrupt practice; turned competition from honorable emulation to cut-throat struggle. And the man who deliberately and persistently does these things calls his great organization a benefaction, and points to his church-going and his charities as proof of his righteousness. To the man of straightforward nature the two will not tally. This, he says, is supreme, cruel wrongdoing cloaked by religion. There is but one name for it—hypocrisy. It is not only the man in the street who feels the hypocrisy of the case; it is the man in the school of business Mr. Rockefeller has created, and the man in the train of obsequious followers his giving has collected.

The final question which Miss Tarbell asks is "Does it pay the public to trust the control of a great necessity of life to such a man? He has built hospitals and colleges and endowed schools. True, and those helped have become his open apologists, by taking what they call the large view or the charitable view or by deliberately shunning a consideration of the subject, quietly not seeing in it a topic for discussion. Does it pay to have those who are entrusted with the very sources of our intellectual and moral life blinded or silenced to the ethical quality of the practices of our daily life? Will it pay our colleges to put over their doors the teaching of one of our present day moralists, never discuss politics nor religion if you would succeed? He has led a life devoted to charity and the church. True. And the principles of the religion he professes are so antagonistic to the principles of the business he practices that the very world which emulates him has been turned into hypocrites and cynics under his tutelage. Not only has charity been tainted by the hypocrisy of his life, the church itself has been polluted and many a man has turned away from its doors because of the servile support it gives to the men of whom Mr. Rockefeller is the most eminent type.

None of these higher things which the public has a right to demand from the man to whom it permits great power are returned to it by Mr. Rockefeller. For Mr. Rockefeller has none of these things to give. He has nothing but money, and never was there a more striking example of the impotency of money."

The SOWERS

By
Henry Seton Merriman

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CHAPTER XI.

BELOW the windows of a long, low stone house, in its architecture remarkably like a fortified farm—below these deep embowered windows the river Oster mumbled softly. One of the windows was wide open, and with the voice of the water a wonderful music rolled out to mingle and lose itself in the hum of the pine woods.

A girl was alone in the room. The presence of any one would have seemed something that was troubling at the back of the chords. Quite suddenly she stopped. She knew how to play the quaint last notes. She knew something that no master had ever taught her.

She swung round on the stool and faced the light. It was afternoon—an autumn afternoon in Russia—and the pink light made the very best of a face which was not beautiful at all, never could be beautiful—a face about which was possible illusion. It was broad and powerful, with eyes too far apart, forehead too broad and low, jaw too heavy, mouth too determined. The eyes were almost shaped and slightly sloping downward and inward—deep, passionate blue eyes set in a Mongolian head.

The girl was evidently listening. She looked at a little golden clock on the mantelpiece and then at the open window. The rose—she was short and somewhat broadly built—and went to the window.

"He will be back," she said to herself, "in a few minutes now."

She rubbed her hand to her forehead and pressed back her hair with a little movement of impatience, expressive, perhaps, of a great suspense. She stood idly drumming on the window sill for a few moments; then, with a quick, little sigh, she went back to the piano. As she moved she gave a jerk of the hand from time to time, as if she who had too much hair to want to do. The reason of this nervous movement was a wondrous sort of gold reaching far below her heart. Catrina Lanovitch almost worshipped her own hair. She knew without any doubt that no one woman in ten could rival her in this feminine attribute—know it as indubitably as she knew that she was plain. All her beauty seemed to be concentrated, as her vanity centered, on her hair. It was her pride, perhaps her one love. When have been loved for her hair, Catrina's voice was much to be heard, but it was deep and low. It was passionate, tender if it was wished, fascinating, but it was not lovely. If the voice may win love, why not the hair?

Catrina despised all men but one. That one she worshipped. She lived night and day with one great desire, beside which heaven and hell were mere words. Neither the hope of the one nor the fear of the other in any way touched or affected her desire. She wanted to make Paul Alexis love her, and, womanlike, she clung to the one womanly charm that was hers, the wonderful golden hair.

Suddenly she stopped playing and leaped to her feet. She did not go to the window, but stood listening beside the piano. The beat of a horse's hoofs on the narrow road was distinctly audible, hollow and sudden as is the sound of a wooden door. It came nearer and nearer, and a certain unsteady indication that the horse was tired. "I thought he might have come," she whispered, and she sat down breathlessly.

When the servant came into the room a few minutes later Catrina was at the piano.

"A letter, mademoiselle," said the maid.

"Lay it on the table," answered Catrina without looking round. She was playing the closing bars of a nocturne. She rose slowly, turned and seized the letter as a starving man seizes food. There was something almost wolf-like in her eyes.

"Steinmetz!" she exclaimed, reading the address. "Steinmetz! Oh, why won't he write to me?"

She tore open the letter, read it and stood holding it in her hand, looking out over the trackless pine woods with absorbed, speculative eyes. The sun had just set. The farthest ridge of pine trees stood out like the teeth of a saw in black relief on the rosy sky. Catrina Lanovitch watched the rosininess fade into pearly gray.

There lay groaning under the scourge of cholera, and the Countess Lanovitch shut herself within her stone walls, shivering with fear, begging her daughter to return to St. Petersburg.

It was nearly dark when Karl Steinmetz and the Moscow doctor rode into the little village, to find the starosta, a simple Russian farmer, awaiting them.

Steinmetz knew the man and immediately took command of the situation with that unquestioned sense of authority which in Russia places the baron on much the same footing as that taken by the Anglo-Indian in an eastern empire.

"Now, starosta," he said, "we have only an hour to spend in Thors. This is the Moscow doctor. If you listen to what he tells you, you will soon have no sickness in the village. The worst houses first—and quickly. You need not be afraid, but if you do not care to

come in you may stay out side."

As they walked down the straggling village street the Moscow doctor told the starosta in no measured terms, as was his wont, wherein lay the heart of the sickness. Here, as in Osterno, dirt and neglect were at the base of all the trouble.

The starosta prudently remained outside the first house to which he introduced the visitors. Paul went fearlessly in, while Steinmetz stood in the doorway, holding open the door.

As he was standing there he perceived a flickering light approaching him. The light was evidently that of an ordinary hand lantern, and from the swinging motion it was easy to divine that it was being carried by some one who was walking quickly.

"Who is this?" asked Steinmetz. "It is likely to be the Countess Catrina, excellency."

"Does she visit the cottages?" asked Steinmetz sharply.

"She does, God be with her! She has no fear. She is an angel. Without her we should all be dead."

"She won't visit this if I can help it," muttered Steinmetz.

The light flickered along the road toward them. In the course of a few minutes it fell on the stricken cottage, on the starosta standing in the road, on Steinmetz in the doorway.

"Herr Steinmetz, is that you?" asked a voice deep and musical in the darkness.

"At your command," answered Steinmetz, without moving.

Catrina came up to him. She was clad in a long dark cloak, a dark hat and wore no gloves. She brought with her a clean aromatic odor of disinfectants. She carried the lantern herself, while behind her walked a manservant in livery, with a large basket in either hand.

"It is good of you," she said, "to come to us in our need, also to persuade the good doctor to come with you. May I go in?"

She looked up at him, expecting him to step aside and allow her to pass into the cottage, but Steinmetz stood quite still, looking down at her with his pleasant smile. He did not move.

"I think not. This Moscow man is eccentric. He likes to do good with roses. He prefers to be alone."

Catrina tried to look into the cottage, but Karl Steinmetz, as we know, was fat and filled up the whole doorway.

There was a little pause. From the interior of the cottage came the murmured gratitude of the peasants, broken at times by a wail of agony—the wail of a man. It is not a pleasant sound to hear. Catrina heard it, and it twisted her plain, strong face in a sudden spasm of sympathy.

Again she made an impatient little movement.

"Let me go in," she urged. "I may be able to help."

At this moment Steinmetz was pushed aside from within, and a hulking young man staggered out into the road, propelled from behind with considerable vigor. After him came a shower of clothes and bedding.

"Paul!" exclaimed Steinmetz, spluttering. "Himmel! What filth! Be careful, Catrina!"

But Catrina had slipped past him. In an instant he had caught her by the wrist.

"Come back!" he cried. "You must not go in there!"

She was just over the threshold.

"You have some reason for keeping me out," she returned, wriggling in his strong grasp. "I will—I will!"

With a twist she wrenched herself free and went into the dimly lighted room.

Almost immediately she gave a mocking laugh.

"Paul!" she said.

For a moment there was silence in the hovel, broken only by the wail of the dying man in the corner. Paul and Catrina faced each other, she white and suddenly breathless, he half frowning. But he did not meet her eyes.

"Paul," she said again, "what did you do this for? Why are you here? Oh, why are you in this wretched place?"

"Because you sent for me," he answered quietly. "Come, let us go out. I have finished here. That man will die. There is nothing more to be done for him. You must not stay in here."

You mustn't do it. You mustn't. She spoke in English, hurriedly, with a little break in her voice which he did not understand.

"With ordinary precautions the risk is very small," he said practically.

"Yes. But do you take ordinary precautions? Are you sure you are all right now?"

She stopped. They were quite alone in the one silent street of the stricken village. She looked up into his face. Her hands were running over the breast of the tattered coat he wore. It was lamentably obvious, even to him, that she loved him. In her anxiety she either did not know what she was doing or she did not care whether he knew or not.

"Are you sure—are you sure you have not taken it?" she whispered.

He walked on almost roughly. "Oh, yes; quite," he said.

"I will not allow you to go into any more houses in Thors. I cannot—I will not! Oh, Paul, you don't know. If you do I will tell them all who you are, and—and the government will stop you."

"What would be the good of that?" said Paul awkwardly.

"Of course," Catrina went on, with a sudden anger which surprised herself. "I cannot stop you from doing this at Osterno, though I think it is wicked, but I can prevent you from doing it here, and I certainly shall."

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "As you like," he said. "I thought you cared more about the peasants."

"I do not care a jot about the peasants," she answered passionately. "As compared—Is it you I am thinking about, not them. I think you are selfish and cruel to your friends."

"I did it after mature consideration," said Paul. "I tried paying another man, but he shirked his work and showed the white feather, so Steinmetz and I concluded that there was nothing to be done but do our dirty work ourselves."

"And that is why you have been so fond of Osterno the last two years?" he asked innocently.

"Yes," he answered, falling into the trap.

Catrina winced. One does not wince less because the pain is expected.

"Only that," she inquired.

Paul glanced at her.

"Yes," he answered quietly.

They walked on in silence for a few moments. Paul seemed tacitly to have given up the idea of visiting any of the stricken cottages. They were going toward the long old house, which was called the castle more by courtesy than by right.

"How long are you going to stay in Osterno?" asked Catrina at length.

"About a fortnight. I cannot stay longer. I am going to be married."

Catrina stopped short. She stood for a moment looking at the ground with a sort of wonder in her eyes not pleasant to see. Then she walked on.

"I congratulate you," she said. "I only hope she will make you happy. She is beautiful, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Paul simply.

The girl nodded her head.

"What is her name?"

"Ettie Sydney Bamforth."

Catrina had evidently never heard the name before. It conveyed nothing to her. Womanlike, she went back to her first question.

"What is she like?"

Paul hesitated.

"Tall, I suppose?" suggested the stunted woman at his side.

"Yes."

"And graceful?"

"Yes."

Would rather that you did not visit our people here. It is too dangerous in several ways."

"Ah!" murmured Steinmetz. "Then we must bow to your decision," he went on, turning toward the tall man striding along at his side.

"Yes," said Paul simply.

"Will you come to the castle?" asked the girl. And Steinmetz by a gesture deferred the decision to Paul.

"I think not tonight, thanks," said the latter. "We will take you as far as the gate."

Catrina made no comment. When the tall gateway was reached she stopped, and they all became aware of the sound of horses' feet behind them.

"What is this?" asked Catrina.

"Only the starosta bringing our horses," replied Steinmetz. "He has discovered nothing."

Catrina nodded and held out her hand.

"Good night," she said rather coldly. "Your secret is safe with me."

CHAPTER XII.

THE Palace of Industry, where, with a fine sense of the fitness of the name, the Parisians amuse themselves, was in a blaze of electric light and fashion. The occasion was the Concours Hippique, an ultra equine fete, where the lovers of the friend of man and such persons as are fitted by an ungenerous fate with limbs suitable to horsey clothes meet and bow.

A crowd of well dressed men jostled each other good naturedly around a long table, where insolent waiters served tepid coffee and sandwiches.

In the midst of these, as in his element, moved the Baron Claude de Chauville, smiling his courteous, ready smile, which his enemies called a grin. Not far from him stood a stout gentleman of middle age with a heavy fair mustache brushed upward on either side. This man had an air of distinction, which was notable even in this assembly, for there were many distinguished people present, and a Frenchman of note plays his part well.

He stood with his hands behind his back, looking gravely on at the social festivity. He bowed and raised his hat to many, but he entered into conversation with none.

"This Vassili is a dangerous man," he heard more than once whispered.

Now, if a very keen observer had taken the trouble to ignore the throng and watch two persons only, that observer might have discovered the fact that Claude de Chauville was slowly and purposefully making his way toward the man called Vassili.

The Chauville knew and was known of many. He had but recently arrived from London. He found himself called upon to shake hands with this one and that. He went from one to the other, and each change of position brought him nearer to the middle aged man with mustache and no means lost.

Finally the Chauville bumped against the object of his quest, possibly indeed the object of his presence. He turned with a ready apology.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "the very man I was desiring to see."

The individual known as "this Vassili," a term of mingled contempt and distrust, bowed very low. He was a plain commoner, while his interlocutor was a baron. The knowledge of this was subtly conveyed in his bow.

"How can I serve M. le Baron?" he inquired in a voice which was naturally loud and strong, but had been reduced by careful training to a tone inaudible at the distance of a few paces.

"By following me to the Cafe Tantalus in ten minutes," answered de Chauville, passing on to a lady who was bowing to him with the labored grace of a Parisienne.

Vassili merely bowed and stood up right again. There was something in his attitude of quiet attention, of unobtrusive scrutiny and retiring intelligence vaguely suggestive of the police—something which his friends refrained from mentioning to him, for this Vassili was a dangerous man, of like susceptibilities with ourselves and justly proud of the fact that he belonged to the diplomatic corps. What position he occupied in that select corporation he never volunteered to define, but it was known that he enjoyed considerable emoluments, while he was never called upon to represent his country or his employer in any official capacity. He was attached, he said, to the Russian embassy. His enemies called him a spy.

In ten minutes Claude de Chauville left the Concours Hippique.

At the Cafe Tantalus, not in the garden, for it was winter, but in the inner room he found the man called Vassili consuming a penicive and solitary glass of liqueur.

De Chauville set down, stated his requirements to the waiter in a single word and offered his companion a cigarette, which Vassili accepted, with the consciousness that it came from a concealed case.

"I am rather thinking of visiting Russia," said the Frenchman.

"Again," added Vassili in his quiet voice. "And M. le Baron wants a passport?"

"And more," answered de Chauville. "I want what you have parting with—information."

The man called Vassili leaned back in his chair with a little smile. It was an odd little smile, which fell over his features like a mask and completely hid his thoughts. It was apparent that Claude de Chauville's tricks of speech and manner fell here on barren ground. The Frenchman's epigrams, his method of conveying his meaning in a non-committal and impersonal generality, failed to impress his hearer.

"Then," said Vassili, "if I understand M. le Baron right, it is a question of private and personal affairs that suggests this journey to—Russia?"

"Precisely."

"In no sense a mission?" suggested the other, sipping his liqueur thoughtfully.

"In no sense a mission. I give you a proof. I have been granted six months' leave of absence, as you probably know."

"Precisely so. When a military officer is granted a six months' leave it is exactly then that we watch him. And you want a passport?"

"Yes, a special one."

"I will see what I can do."

"Thank you."

Vassili emptied his glass, drew in his feet and glanced at the clock.

"But that is not all I want," said de Chauville.

"So I perceive."

"I want you to tell me what you know of Prince Pavlo Alexis."

"Prince Pavlo Alexis," said Vassili, "is a young man who takes a full and daring advantage of his peculiar position. He defies many laws in a quiet, persistent way which impresses the smaller authorities and to a certain extent paralyzes them. He was in the Charity League—deeply implicated. He had a narrow escape. He was pulled through by the cleverest man in Russia."

"Karl Steinmetz?"

"Yes," answered Vassili behind the rigid smile, "Karl Steinmetz."

"Prince Paul is about to marry—the widow of Sydney Bamforth."

"Sydney Bamforth," repeated Vassili musingly, with a perfect expression of innocence on his well cut face. "I have heard that name before."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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 106, conveyed to me, Abner H. Dickson, vice 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 35-100 (145.35) 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 18-100 (148.18) 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 1877, 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.

By her attorneys, POWERS & ARCHBOLD.

Effective June 4th, 1905.

Trials Daily Except Sunday Except Otherwise Stated.

DEPARTURES.

Eastern 5:20 a. m. Mixed, Week days for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East; Vancorbora, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

Eastern 9:30 a. m. Express, Week days for Woodstock, and all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup & Quebec.

Eastern 4:40 p. m. Mixed, Week days for McAdam, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st; Vancorbora, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., Montreal and points West; Fredericton, St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

Eastern 6:25 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock.

Eastern 10:20 a. m. Mixed Week days from St. John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st; Boston, Montreal and points West.

Eastern 5:45 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock, and all points Presque Isle, Edmundston, and Riviere du Loup, and Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

Eastern 9:45 p. m. Mixed Week days from St. John, and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Vancorbora, Bangor, Portland and Boston, etc.

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

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MONTICELLO, ME..

DEALER IN—

LOCAL NEWS.

At about 8 o'clock last Friday the fire department was called out in response to an alarm from box 34, Union square, for a blaze in the barn adjoining the Farmers' Hotel. A very slight fire was discovered and was immediately extinguished. A few moments later the second alarm was pulled in for the same fire and at this time the barn was in flames. The advantage of the high water power was very evident at this time as the pressure in that locality was about 100 pounds and the fire was under control in five minutes from the time the alarm sounded. No serious damage was done to the building.

we recognize at the present time a public revolt against the position of a public office to individual ambition and private gain. We are on that side in whatever party it may be found. This paper also stands for prohibition as a method of dealing with the liquor problem—and the enforcement of all law. This follows from our preceding political faith. If ever this method of handling a most vexatious problem shall appear to be inferior to any other in its results of securing respectability, sobriety and financial advantage for our citizens we shall hasten to accept the better thing."

the first arrivals on the scene will testify that the blaze started in a large upholstered chair and was communicated to portieres between the rooms. In a strict sense the cause is unknown, but is thought to be the result of carelessly dropping a cigar or match in the chair in which the blaze started. The damage to the house and furniture cannot be exactly estimated but the insurance will probably cover it. Mr. and Mrs. Friedman were not at home, having started a few days previous on the C. V. Robbins excursion, and at the time of the conflagration were in Quebec.

the same. When the judges commenced to send men to prison for the crime of selling liquor McLain, with others, took the hint and got out of there, but at once set up shop over the border. We would say to our provincial neighbors that the only thing that will deter John McLain from selling liquor on your territory, in our judgment, will be the fear of being deprived of his liberty and of soiling his clothes in your county jail.

We found four men in the cooler one morning this week, all of them provincials. They all claimed they got drunk at the line stores. The most of

ion and cast as seen during the New York run recently at the Academy of Music. There is a laugh almost everywhere, despite the tender seriousness pertaining to Alice Pettengill's pathetic figure as the much loved blind girl and to her value, as the central feature of the love story. It is a most entertaining picture of rural life, and presented on quite a different plan from many other bucolic drama. Its features and typical characters are said to be exceptionally well presented.

may be received.

ANGUS F. PALMER,
Signed and sworn to before me this 19th
day of July, 1967.

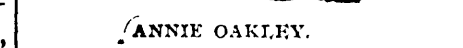
IRA G. HERSEY, Justice of the Peace.

AROSTOOK, Ss. Supreme Judicial Court
In Vacation, July 19, 1967.

In this action it is ordered by the court that
notice be given as follows: Above, by publishing
the libel and this order of court three successive
weeks in the *Arostook Times*, a newspaper
published at Houlton, in and for the said
county of Arostook, the last publication
to be at least 30 days before the next term of
the court in said County of Arostook to be
held in Houlton, Maine, on the 1st day of
Tuesday of September, 1967; 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 herein.
Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk

For sale — Dr. Oldman's Prescription—
Kill the Constipation Germ.
Sold on a guarantee at 26 Cents.



may be received.

ANGUS F. PALMER,
Signed and sworn to before me this 19th
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Sold on a guarantee at 26 Cents.

Sold and recommended by **ROBT. J. COCHRAN**, Houlton, **KINCAID & WILSON**, Mars Hill, Me.

FLOOD PREDICTIONS.

About the Most Remarkable Were the Warnings of 1903.

One of the most remarkable cases of flood prediction on record was the warning of the disastrous floods of 1903. Twenty-eight days in advance of its coming the forecaster at Washington announced the exact time when the crest of a flood would reach New Orleans and said that the height of the flood would be twenty-five feet. Punctually to the hour the flood came, and its crest was twenty feet and seven inches, only five inches less than the height predicted. The immense ocean of water had started 1,000 miles away. It had dropped from the skies over a territory six times larger than the state of New York (over 300,000 square miles). But the weather man knew its rate of march as surely as the engineer, with his eye on the indicator, knows the speed of his locomotive. The people at Memphis were warned that the waters would rise to forty feet and overtop their levees, and they were given seven days' notice. The people of Cairo were told to prepare for a height of fifty feet. But as they were nearer the starting point of the flood they received only four days' notice. Such reasonable warning gave time to the people to prepare for defense. Thousands of men were set to work to raise and strengthen the levees and embankments, to clear the wharfs and river banks, to remove women and children, to drive the cattle to places of safety. When the flood arrived the people were ready for it. Comparatively few lives were lost, and the damage to property, while terrible, was millions and millions of dollars less than it would have been if the people had had no sentiment to cry out the march of the waters.

The devotion of the dike watchers of Holland has been the theme of children's stories for generations, but the sleepless watch of the hundreds of weather bureau observers when a flood threatens the land passes unnoticed and unpraised. The scientific precision of American science has made the work appear so simple that it has been robbed of its romance.—Century.

Eloquence Interrupted.

During a political campaign a well known lawyer in a western state was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers. Like a wise speaker—and a shrewd candidate—he tried to suit his speech to the occasion.

In a tone which he evidently considered both cordial and honest and with a winning smile he began: "My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I myself was born on a farm and was, so to speak, reared between two stalks of corn."

Here his eloquence was rudely interrupted by the trumpet tones of a farmer in the rear of the hall.

"Jimminy crickets," he shouted, "if you ain't a pumpkin!"

The house "came down," and the candidate, for the moment at least, was sadly embarrassed.

No Need For His Gun.

A certain Massachusetts doctor who lived among the Berkshire hills was very fond of hunting, and at the same time he was very slow in answering the calls of his patients. One morning he was aroused by a servant of one of his patients who lived at a distance, and told to go and see him right away. The doctor began to prepare, but was, as usual, very slow. After he went out to the buggy he turned to go back into the house. He thought he would be able to do some hunting on the way after he had seen the case. Reaching the door he turned and asked the nervous servant: "Do you think I had better take my gun along?" "Gun? No! The man will be dead enough at this rate before you get there."

Pooled the Censor.

During the South African war the censorship of soldiers' letters home was very strict. One soldier, who always sent an account of the doings of the regiment, which account was always blotted out by the censor, laid a plan for revenge. At the foot of his next letter he wrote, "Look under the stamp." The censor did so, after spending considerable time in examining the stamp from the envelope. And he found these words: "Was it hard to get off?"

A Bar To Bigamy.

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said, "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there.

WEATHERCOCKS.

How They Came Into Existence In The Ninth Century.

A contemplative individual, with some power of observation, was asking about weathercocks.

"Why weathercocks?" he asked. "Most vanees are in the form of arrows. Sometimes they are hands that point with the index finger in the direction toward which the wind is blowing. A running horse is quite popular as a vane. Fish, trumps, locomotives and many other forms are used, but I seldom, if ever, see vanees, except in pictures, that can with any propriety be called weathercocks."

I referred the matter by note to our mutual friend, Dr. Detail, and received the following reply:

"The ninth century was a time of extreme ignorance among all countries which now lead in civilization. An authentic account of the controversies, political, social and religious, that then occupied Europe would make a curious and interesting list of reading. In England the question of how persons who devoted their lives to religion should wear their hair and at what particular Sunday they should celebrate Easter became so bitter that the conversion of that part of the Saxon people who still remained pagans fell into neglect, and even those that had been won from idolatry showed signs of apostatizing."

"At this time, by a papal order, it was enacted that the figure of a cock should be set upon churches in order to put the people in mind of Peter's denial of our Saviour and of his unfeigned repentance, thus at once admonishing those who would renounce the Saviour and offering forgiveness to the penitent apostate."—Success Magazine.

Mexican Egg Test.

It is a common sight in the plaza to behold a stall woman who is selling 2 reals' worth of eggs pick them up one by one, put one end and then the other to her lips and hand them over to the customer, who repeats the same identical operation.

To the inexperienced onlooker it seems as if they were testing the extremities of the egg. As a matter of fact, they never touch the egg with the tongue.

The idea of the performance is that when an egg is fresh one end is distinctly colder than the other. The end which has the air chamber is the warmer of the two. The human lips are exceedingly sensitive to heat and cold, and even the novice at this form of egg testing promptly becomes a capable judge. If both ends of the egg reveal the same temperature that egg may be counted as bad, as it is a fairly good sign that the air chamber is broken and the contents spread equally within the shell.—Mexican Herald.

Methods of the Mole.

In burrowing his tunnels the mole seems to swim through the earth rather than to dig his way. Although much of the earth is never removed from the runs, but is beaten hard into the walls and floor of the tunnel, the creature finds it more expeditious in busy times to clear the runs of loose earth. This he does at a point where the run comes to the surface by pushing the earth before him with his flat forehead and face. Sometimes where the earth binds easily he pushes out the mold in solid round plugs, showing the exact dimensions of the orifice through which they have been thrust. When the mole is hunting or traveling underground he has no need to throw up the earth. This is a subsequent operation for the purpose of cleaning the runs for regular use.

Quite Sufficient.

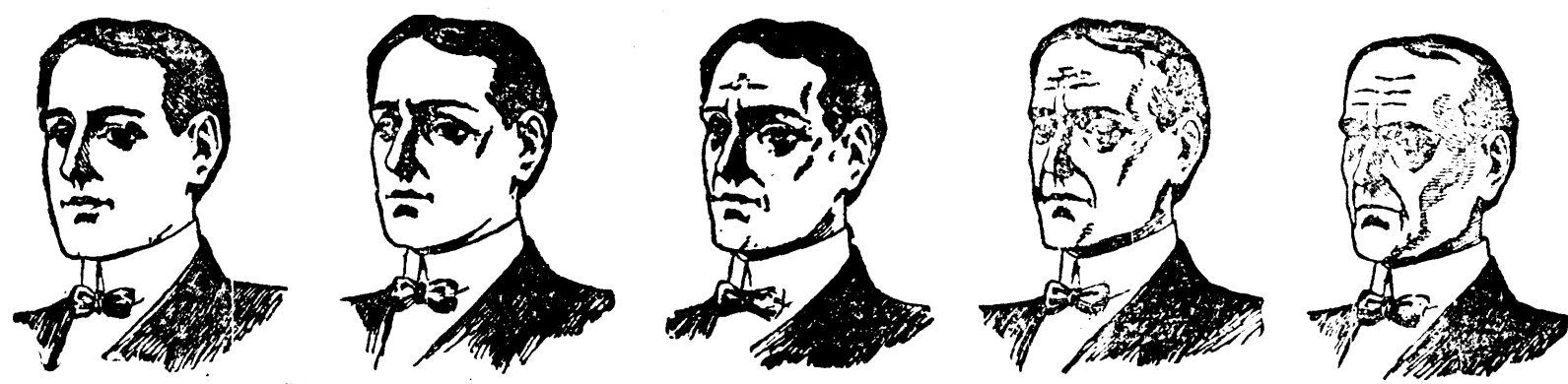
A man who has for years convulsed audiences of old and young at his pleasure says that no comment on his entertainments ever tickled his sense of humor more than one made by a ten year old girl of his acquaintance.

She was a serious little person, and when the lecturer said to her, "I saw you in the front row, Jean, but I'm afraid you didn't have a good time," she looked at him with large, reproachful eyes.

"Why, I had a splendid time!" she said, earnestly. "Didn't you see me laughing? I laughed several times."

A Valuable Threat.

J. W. Brooks, a great railway manager of Michigan, whose penmanship was very poor, once wrote a letter to a man on the route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner incommodated the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for two years on the company's trains, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.



GRADUAL DECLINE

This is the fate of sufferers from Kidney trouble, as the disease is so insidious that often people have serious Kidney trouble without knowing the real cause of their illness, as diseased kidneys allow the impurities to stay in the system and attack the other organs. This accounts for the many different symptoms of Kidney Disease.

You begin to feel better at once when taking

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

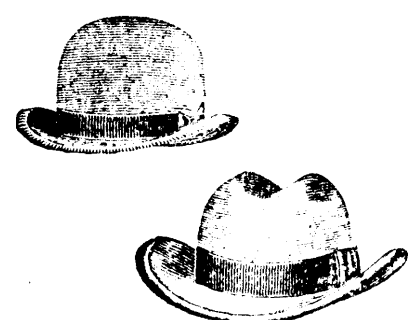
as it stimulates the heart, increases the circulation and invigorates the whole system. It strengthens the urinary organs and gives you new life and vigor.

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ROBT. J. COCHRAN, Agent,

Houlton, Maine.

Lamson & Hubbard



Spring Styles 1905

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

For sale by

S. FRIEDMAN & CO.



The Ideal Women's Shoes ARE OF FAULTLESS FIT

Designed by a Woman to suit Woman's Needs.

Supports arch of foot resting entire body.

Allen T. Smith,

Exclusive Agent.

BOSTON SHOE STORE.

For Sale.

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

Notice.

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

ANGUS E. PALMER,

Shirley Mills, Me., July 16, 1905.

Lost.

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

R. W. Shaw, Houlton

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

How many children are at this season feverish and constipated, with bad stomach and headache. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children will always cure. It cures all the ailments of children. Write for free trial. Address, Allen S. Osgood, 100 N. Y.

For Sale.

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

Notice.

To Whom It May Concern: I hereby give notice that I have this day given to my attorney, Edmund St. Vincent, the care of my estate during my absence. I will claim some of my earnings and pay in dollars of his contracting after this date, and I give this notice for that purpose.

Witness: E. ZEBE N. STAMANT, mark

John M. Brown

Notice to Farmers.

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

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

New England Dressed Meat and Wool Company.

Just Two

things required to make a real bargain.

A satisfied buyer and a satisfied seller.

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

And will be a satisfaction which will grow as you put the instrument to the service test. Come and see how much satisfaction may be had here at a moderate cost.

HAGERMAN & ASTLE,

66 Main Street,

Houlton

Nasal CATARRH

It is all the same there

It is all the same there

It is all the same there

It is all the same there

It is all the same there

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It is all the same there

Rated H. P. 5; Actual H. P.

5. Bore 6 "Stroke 6" Revolution 350. Price \$175.00

Simple, durable, economical

and reliable. You can pay

more, but you cannot buy a

better engine. H. P. 150

H. P. 150

zonal and

Portable.

Good wood

2000

Pole saws

\$24.00

Feed cutters

and mills.

Shoe tanks,

burners,

send for

catalogues.

STEVENS

TANK &

TOWER CO.

Auburn, Me.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas Sarah E. Rockwith of Port Fair-

field in the County of Aroostook and State of

Maine, by her mortgage deed dated March

29, 1904, and recorded in the Aroostook

Registry of Deeds in Vol. 26, Page 287,

conveyed to her, Mortgagee, Good of said Port

Fairfield, part of lot numbered forty-two,

situate in the East half of Pleasant Grant,

now part of said Port Fairfield, and bounded

and described as follows, to wit: Beginning

at a point where the center of the East line

of said road, scelled, and the south line of said

lot forty-two intersect, thence northerly along

the center of said road, ninety-two rods and

ninety-two links to the north line of said lot

forty-two, thence easterly along the north

line of said lot forty-two, one hundred and forty-two

and eighteen rods to place of beginning, on

thence southerly along the east line of said

lot forty-two, to the southeast corner, thence

thence westerly along the south line of said

lot forty-two, one hundred and forty-two rods

and eighteen rods to place of beginning, on

thence southerly along the east line of said

lot forty-two, to the southeast corner, thence

thence westerly along the south line of said

lot forty-two, one hundred and forty-two rods

and eighteen rods to place of beginning, on

thence southerly along the east line of said

lot forty-two, to the southeast corner, thence

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lot forty-two, one hundred and forty-two rods

and eighteen rods to place of beginning, on

thence southerly along the east line of said

lot forty-two, to the southeast corner, thence

thence westerly along the south line of said

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Es-

tates herein named, notice is hereby given that

As a Probate Court held at Houlton, in

and for the County of Aroostook, on the third

day of July, in the year of our Lord

one thousand nine hundred five. The follow-

ing notices have been presented for the

probate of the will of the deceased, it is

ordered that the said will be given

probate and that the executor named in

the said will be qualified and sworn to, and

that the said will be proved and that the

said executor be qualified and sworn to, and

that the said will be proved and that the

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said executor be qualified and sworn to, and

THE MAKING OF PENCILS.

Graphite or Plumbago is Used in Them, but No Lead.

Lead pencils are not made of lead. The first pencils were lead and had a right to the name. A stick of lead was originally used for marking marks upon paper and wood. The name has been retained, though today all the pencils are filled with graphite or plumbago. This mineral is rather scarce, for it is found in but few places—Cumberland, England; along the Laurentian ranges, in the province of Quebec, and at Ticonderoga, N.Y.

Nowadays the mineral is taken from the mines in the lump and carried to the reducing mill, where it is pulverized in stamp mills under water. This dust is collected, packed in barrels and sent to the factories, where thousands of pencils are made every day. This pulverized graphite is so fine that it is really dust, dirty in color and smooth and oily to the touch. It is divided into various grades of fineness by floating it on water from one tank to another. The coarse dust sinks to the bottom of the first tank, the next finer to the bottom of the second tank, and so on down the line, the finest powder for the finest pencils settling in the last tank.

Different grades of pencils, from very soft to extra hard, are obtained by mixing the graphite with German pipe-clay, which is floated in a series of tanks in the same way. The finest clay is mixed with the finest graphite, being ground together with stones, and the hardness of the pencils is secured by increasing the proportion of clay in the mixture. After the graphite and clay are mixed together the mixture is put in canvas bags and the water is squeezed out by means of a hydraulic press, leaving a mass the consistency of putty. The plaster is then placed in a forming press, which is a small iron cylinder in which a solid plunger or piston works up and down. A steel point having a hole the size and shape of the "lead" is put under the open end of the cylinder, and the plunger, pressing down, forces the graphite through the hole, making a continuous thread or wire of graphite.

As long as this thread is moist it is pliable, but when dry it becomes brittle and must be handled rapidly. It is cut into three lead lengths and straightened in a crucible over a coal fire. When taken from the crucible the lead is ready for the wood, which is pine for cheap pencils and cedar for the more expensive ones. When the strips of wood are received at the factory they are run through a machine which cuts in each six grooves, round or square, and at the same time smooths the face of the wood.

The filling of the strips is done by hand. The first girl takes a grooved strip of wood in her left hand and a bunch of leads in her right. She spreads the leads out in fan shape and with one movement fills the six grooves with lead. The next girl takes the filled strips and quickly lays on another grooved strip which has been coated with hot glue by a third. The filled and grooved strips are piled one upon another and put in a press to dry. The ends of the strips are evened off under a sandpaper wheel, and then the strips are fed into a machine which cuts them up into individual pencils, shapes and delivers them smooth and ready for the color and polish. The coloring is done with liquid dyes, after which the pencils are sent through the varnishing machine.—New York Herald.

Ancient Babylon.

Ancient Babylon was not such a great city as some have supposed, according to H. Valentin Geers, the archaeologist. He says: "The idea of Babylon's vastness and magnificence, to which we have become accustomed, has been practically exploded. Dr. Rodway told me that the site of the city was larger than that of any other ancient city, but even so the idea that it could be compared with London and its suburbs, which has been very generally held, is entirely erroneous. In point of fact, it appears that its walls were not more than eight miles in circumference. Moreover, the great palaces are shown to have been poor affairs after all, with wretchedly cramped apartments and next to no pretensions to architectural style, and the temples were exceedingly crude buildings."

The Earliest Lenses.

It is highly probable that the manufacture of lenses is of greater antiquity than that of silk. It is reasonably certain if we are permitted to believe that Egypt is as old in civilization as China. Archaeologists generally admit that the mummy cloth of the most ancient dynasties was a variety of finest linen. The Egyptian and Jewish priests wore it at all their ceremonies. We find mention of fine linens all through the Old and New Testaments. When Balak, queen of Sheba, visited Solomon she was habited in linen. In Revelation the angels are clothed in "pure and white linen." "The armies followed, clothed in fine linen." Genesis tells us that Pharaoh arrayed Joseph in vestures of fine linen. Silk is mentioned in the Bible only four times.

How They Woke the Duke.

Here is a story from the late Bishop Walsham How's "Ecclesiastical Jottings." At the church of Strathfield, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger preached one Sunday. At the end of the service the verges ascended the stairs, opened the pulpit door a little way, slammed it to and then opened it wide for the preacher to go out.

Considerably surprised at this strange proceeding, the clergyman on reaching the vestry asked the verges why he had shut the door again while opening it.

"We always do that, sir, to wake the duke," was the confidential reply.

SMOKING IN HOLLAND.

The Dutch Are the Greatest Users of Tobacco in Europe.

The Hollanders are perhaps of all the northern peoples those who smoke the most. The humidity of their climate makes it almost a necessity, and the very moderate cost of tobacco renders it accessible to all.

To show how deeply rooted is the habit it is enough to say that the boatmen of the trekschuit, the aquatic diligence of Holland, measure distance by smoke. From here, they say, to such and such a place it is not so many miles, but so many pipes.

When you enter a house after the first salutations your host offers you a cigar. When you take your leave he hands you another and often insists upon filling your cigar case.

In the streets you see persons lighting a fresh cigar with the burning stump of the last one without pausing in their walk and with the busy air of people who do not wish to lose a moment of time or a mouthful of smoke. Many go to sleep with pipe in mouth, relight it if they wake in the night and again in the morning before they step out of bed.

It really does appear that smoking is for the Dutchman a necessary vital function.

Many people think that so much smoke dulls the intelligence. Nevertheless if there be a people, as Esquiroz justly observes, whose intellect is of the clearest and highest precision it is the Dutch people.

"Smoke," said a Hollander, "is our second breath." Another defined the cigar as the sixth finger of the hand.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Just to See Them Kick."

It is one of the anomalies of western life that a pale, slender, high voiced, light haired and altogether effeminate individual named William Antrim, sometimes called Billy Bonny and usually known as "Billy the Kid," should be the worst desperado in the history of the frontier. Yet in considering the so called "bad men" of the west his name must stand forth as the superlative of badness. Some of the gun fighters of frontier days killed in self defense, and others killed when they were in liquor or inflamed with anger. But "Billy the Kid" was the only white man who lay out of pure wantonness. Three of his victims—Mexicans they were—were bowed over "just to see them kick," as he laughingly explained afterward.—Arthur Chapman in Outing.

His Majesty.

Henry VIII. and the sovereigns before his reign were usually addressed as "My liege" and "Your grace." The latter epithet was originally conferred upon Henry IV. "Excellent grace" was given to Henry VI. "Most high and mighty prince" to Edward IV. "Highness" to Henry VII., which last expression and sometimes "Grace" was used to Henry VIII. About the end of this reign all titles were absorbed by that of "Majesty," with which Francis I. addressed the king at their interview in 1530. James I. coupled this to the title "Sacred," or "Most excellent."—London Answers.

How Maps Are Made.

Large map making firms have geographical libraries, collected from every source and in every language. The modest sketch map of the missionary in some wild region is as highly valued as the most complete survey map. In making a new map of any important region the compilations made by others are hardly ever touched. Representatives are sent out, and every detail is taken from its original source. These representatives are paid enormous salaries. They are never rushed, but are allowed to take as long over their work as they think it necessitates.

Needles in England.

Needles were first made in London by a negro from Spain in the reign of Queen Mary. He died, however, without imparting the secret of his art, and it was lost until 1555, when it was recovered in the reign of Elizabeth, and Elias Grove, a German, taught the art to the English. The manufacture of needles was then again lost to England for nearly a century, but about 1650 it was recovered by Christopher Greening, who settled at Long Crenon, in Buckinghamshire.—London Chronicle.

His Memory.

They had not met for years. "Do you remember," he asked, "the little sapling we planted together as boy and girl?"

Her eyes softened at the recollection. "Yes," she answered, "I remember it well."

"That sapling," he continued dreamily, "must be a strong and sturdy oak now."

The softness all died out of her eyes, and conversation ceased.

LOST TO THE WORLD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Each to His Trade.

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

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

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

A Famous Map.

Interesting discoveries are made now and then by students in the big old libraries. While Baron Nordenskjöld was gathering material for his "Atlas of Ancient Cartography" he discovered in the British museum the only known copy of the earliest general map of Germany. This was the famous map of Cardinal Nicolas of Cues. The map was completed in 1461. This find greatly interested geographers. Mercator's famous map of Germany was published more than a century after that of the learned cardinal.

A Perseverent Dun.

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

A RATTLER'S BITE.

Its Lightning Rapidity Sometimes Prevents Fatal Results.

It may seem absurd to claim that there are cases where the bite of a rattlesnake is not fatal, yet such have happened, and to understand these it is necessary only to understand the manner in which this reptile strikes. The spectacle of a rattlesnake at bay is one a beholder never forgets. The great, long body lies coiled in a tense spiral, the very embodiment of wickedness. Poised in air, the white bellied fore body is bent into a horizontal S, rigid as an iron bar. Raised from the middle of the spiral is the tail, quivering like a twanged banjo string and emitting a rattle like steam escaping from the pet cock of a radiator or like the sound of a moving machine in a distant hayfield. Awe-inspiring, the dread, flat, triangular head, eyes gleaming black and cold as icy steel, is ready to strike. As the growling mouth opens wide and pink, the long, thin poison fangs arise from a horizontal position and stand upright like a pair of slender, curved, needle pointed shad bones, ready for business.

Like a flash, far too quick for the eye to follow, the snake strikes, sending home its fangs an inch or two, and in that same fraction of an instant he has squirted a tablespoonful of canary yellow, viscous fluid into the wound and has coiled, ready for a second attack. In this incomprehensibly swift attack lies the answer why sometimes the bite of a rattler is not fatal, for so wonderfully swift is the attack that a bite may be imperfect, leaving only a pair of tiny needle punctures, with just enough venom to make a victim seriously ill. Another reason why a rattlesnake's bite is not always fatal is that temporarily the reptile may be without venom. The snake may have exhausted its poison on a previous enemy, in which case it would have to wait several days before the deadly fluid has reaccumulated, or, again, the viper's fangs may have suffered accident. They may have been broken off and require time for new growth. In any case, certain it is that a rattlesnake's poison applied in the proper way will do its work, and then only the most expert and prompt assistance will save a victim.

Strange Feron of Lascaille.

The whole world is crazy in one direction or another. A perfectly sane person is a miracle—that is, a violation of the laws of nature. I know of a retired millionaire in New York, aged seventy, who married a sweet young woman of twenty-three. That in itself is not extraordinary or even criminal. The wife is the most patient of creatures, humoring the venerable husband's every whim. He is as crazy as a loon, or two loons. He imagines he is a bird, and his nightly diversion is to stick a bunch of feathers in the hem of his pajamas and prance about the room, crowing and flapping his wings, while his wife from her cozy corner cries encouragingly: "Pretty bird! Pretty bird! Pretty bird!" This foolishness is kept up until he falls exhausted.—New York Press.

Like a Scotch Verdict.

Chancellor Henry Bathurst was held in low esteem by the bar on account of his ignorance. At the close of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy he gravely addressed her grace in the following terms: "Madam, the lords have considered the charge and evidence brought against you and have likewise considered of everything which you have alleged in your defense, and upon the whole matter their lordships have found you not guilty of the felony wherewith you stand charged, but on dismissing you their lordships earnestly exhort you not to commit the same crime a second time."—Green Bag.

Hard Water.

When hard water is boiled a great part of the salts in solution are thrown down, but owing to the violent motion of the boiling water they rise from the bottom of the vessel and adhere to its sides. Quite often from two to three ounces by weight of hard, scalelike saline matter will be found on the inside of a kettle. Some of this gets broken away when water is boiled and is poured into the tea. If on lifting the lid of a boiling kettle you see the water turbid it is quite unfit to drink, for there are salts in suspension—not in solution—and these suspended salts are highly injurious.

Worth the Money.

"You acknowledge that the bonnet intrinsically is not worth over \$5," we say to the milliner sternly. "Then why do you ask \$25 for it?" "I just wish you could come in contact with some of these shopkeepers," she replies plaintively. "I wouldn't try to talk one of them into buying a bonnet for less than \$20."—Kansas City Independent.

BRUSSELS AND TAPESTRY.

The Difference Between These Two Carpets Explained.

By placing a brussels and tapestry carpet side by side a clearness and sharpness are noticed about the brussels carpet which are absent from the tapestry. In the latter there is a mistiness about the colors, and the pattern lacks that sharpness and delicacy which characterize the former. This is due to the process of manufacture. A brussels is a yarn dyed, and a tapestry may be described as a printed fabric, but the printing is done upon the yarn before the process of weaving.

The whole method of manufacture is most ingenious. In the making of a five frame brussels no fewer than 1,280 ends of face yarns are required for the weaving of one piece of standard quality, each frame consisting of 256 bobbins, and 256 ends only can come to the face at each pick of the pattern. Therefore 1,024 ends of yarn are hidden in the body of the fabric. There are many qualities of tapestry, but in the production of the standard quality only 216 ends of face yarn are required instead of 1,280, which shows at once that the brussels carpet has the great advantage of being thicker, softer and altogether a more durable cloth apart from other advantages which it possesses. There is a limitation in the number of colors used in a brussels. In tapestry there is no limit. In the brussels the whole of the colors used show a more or less striped appearance at the back of the fabric.

In a tapestry they do not show at the back at all. This fact is made use of by householders in purchasing carpets, this being about the only way the average person can tell the difference between them. In order to pass off tapestry as brussels some ingenious makers have resorted to the striping in a regular manner of the backs of the former. The strip effect in the latter is broken and irregular. A casual observation of the clearly defined character of a brussels pattern should enable a buyer to distinguish between the two fabrics.

The Uses of Evil.

"My, ma wants two pounds of butter. She wants it just exactly like what you sent the day before yesterday, an' if it ain't that same butter, she don't want any at all."

The small boy had bolted in, discharging himself abruptly of his errand, passing now only for breath. But the grocer, taking down the order of a new customer, did not mind the interruption.

"You see, madam, how it goes," he said pleasantly. "My customers are particular, and it is my pleasure to get them exactly what they demand. Yes, sonny," blandly to the boy, "you shall be attended to at once."

"Ma says don't forget to send the same kind of butter," reiterated the boy. "Some of pap's relations has just come to visit, and ma says if they stay long it won't be her fault."

—New York Times.

Looking Backward.

The superstition of the ill luck of looking backward or returning is a very ancient one, originating doubtless from Lot's wife, who "looked back from behind him" when he was led by an angel outside the doomed city of the plain. In Roberts' "Oriental Illustrations" it is stated to be "considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindustan for men or women to look back when they leave their houses. Accordingly if a man goes out and leaves something behind him which his wife knows he will want she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him, and if some great emergency obliges him to look back he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact."

Neatly Trapped.

Dr. Black, once the leading minister of Glasgow, and another clergyman, having a holiday in Cumberland, attended a little Scotch church and purposely went late, taking a remote corner of the church so that they might not be seen by the officiating minister. They learned, to their dismay, that they had been "spotted" when they heard the minister say in the intercessory prayers, "Lord, have mercy on thy ministering servants who have popped in on us so unexpectedly, one of whom will preach in the afternoon and the other in the evening."

Unpleasant Reminder.

"I'll scold that reporter!" growled old Weston Nurox over the morning paper. "Why, popper," replied his daughter, who had had her coming out reception the night before, "I thought he wrote me up real nice."

"But he speaks of ye as wearin' 'some soft, dinkin' material,' an' that reminds me too much o' the time I was tarred an' feathered out in Montezuma."—Philadelphia Press.

LIBEL FOR DIVORCE.

To the Hon. Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court next to be held at Houlton, in the County of Arrostook and State of Maine. Angus F. Palmer of Smyrna, in said County of Arrostook, respectfully represents that, on the 15th day of September, 1898, at Houlton, in said County, he was lawfully married to Augusta H. Palmer, whose present residence is unknown to your Libellant; that ever since said time he has conducted himself towards said Libellee as a faithful, true and affectionate husband but that said Libellee, regardless of her marriage covenant and duty, since said marriage has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment towards your Libellant.

That your Libellant has made diligent inquiry, but that the residence of said Libellee is unknown to your Libellant, and cannot be ascertained by reasonable diligence. That there is no collusion between them to obtain a divorce; but that your Libellant 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 19th day of July, 1905.

IRA G. HERSEY, Justice of the Peace.

ARROSTOOK, ss. Supreme Judicial Court.

In Variation July 19, 1905.

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

FREDERICK A. POWERS, J. S. J. C.

A true copy of libel and order of court thereon.

Attest: MICHAEL M. CLARK, Clerk.

Notice.

Houlton, Me., Aug. 10, 1905.

To the Selectmen of Houlton: I wish to resign the roof of the "Gould Building," so-called, on the south side of Market Square, and respectfully request license to do so.

(Signed) JULIA O. WEST.

On the foregoing application of Julia O. West, ordered that a hearing on same will be had at the Selectmen's office in Houlton, on Monday, the 28th day of August, 1905, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and that said application and this order of notice thereof be published three times in succession prior to said hearing, in the Arrostook Times, that all interested may then appear and be heard.

Houlton, Me., Aug. 10, 1905.

THOMAS P. PUTNAM, Selectman.

ELIJAH MAR EDWARDS, } Houlton.
FRANK A. PEABODY, }

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas, Lillie A. Harris and Emerson Harris both of Mars Hill, Arrostook County, Maine, on the seventh day of March, A. D. 1904, by their mortgage deed of that date, recorded in vol. 203, page 198, of the Arrostook Registry of Deeds at Houlton, conveyed to me two certain parcels of real estate, to-wit: One parcel beginning at a stake standing on the south line of lot No. 103, in said Mars Hill, one hundred and seventy-seven (177) rods westerly along said south line from the southeast corner of said lot; thence north seventy-two (72) degrees west one hundred thirty-nine (139) and one-half rods to the east line of Westfield Plantation; thence north eighteen (18) degrees east along said Plantation line thirty-seven (37) rods to a stake standing on the southwest corner of land owned by Samuel Craig; thence south seventy-two (72) degrees east one hundred and sixty-nine and one-half rods to a stake standing on the southeast corner of land owned by Samuel Craig; thence south eighteen degrees (18) degrees west thirty-seven rods to the place of beginning, containing thirty-nine (39) and one-fifth (1/5) acres. Such described parcel of land being a part of lots Nos. 103 and 112 in said town of Mars Hill. The other parcel, beginning at a stake standing on the southeast corner of said same numbered one hundred three (103) in said town of Mars Hill; thence north seventy-two degrees (72) west along the south line of said lot No. 103, one hundred seventy-seven (177) rods to a stake; thence north 15 degrees east eighty (80) rods to a stake standing on the northeast corner of a piece of land conveyed by Frank Dimmore to Samuel Craig; thence south 72 degrees east, one hundred seventy-seven (177) rods to a stake standing on the east line of said lot No. 108; thence south 18 degrees west eighty (80) rods to the place of beginning, containing eighty-eight (88) and one-half (1/2) acres, and being a part of lot No. 103, meaning and intending to convey the same to me, as aforesaid, except a claim for a mortgage conveyed to the said Lillie A. Harris by Sarah J. Weston and others, all the heirs at law of Franklin Dimmore late of said Mars Hill by their deed dated Feb. 29, 1904. Recorded in Houlton Registry to which reference is made.

And whereas, the condition of said mortgage is broken and remains broken, now therefore by reason of the breach of the conditions of said mortgage, I claim a foreclosure thereof, and give this notice for that purpose.

Dated at Houlton, Me., this eighth day of June, A. D. 1905.

GEORGE L. PENNINGTON,
By his attorneys, SHAW & LEWIN.

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EASY DIVORCES.

An Ancient Roman Marriage Tie Was Easily Broken.

Not only was the "bachelor evil" well recognized in ancient Rome in the days of the early Caesars in much the same way that it is today, but many other phases of the marriage question were not unlike the problems that are up for solution in this present year of grace. The matter of divorce was one. People had an idea even then that it was not good for the state, but no effective means to check it was ever discovered. "We are assured by Seneca," says the historian, Inge, "that there were women in Rome who counted their ages not by their years, but by the husbands they had had. Juvenal tells of one woman who married eight husbands in five years. Divorce was granted on the slightest pretext. Many separated merely from love of change, disdaining to give any reason, like *Emilius Paulina*, who told his friends that he knew best where his shoes pinched him."

"Rich wives were not much sought after by wise men. Their complete emancipation made them difficult to manage. Accordingly since both rich and poor wives were objectionable, the large majority of men never married at all. In most cases a Roman bridegroom knew practically nothing of his wife's character until after marriage. Marriage for the Roman woman meant a transition from rigid seclusion to almost unbounded liberty."

"She appeared, as a matter of course, at her husband's table, whether he had company or not. She could go where she liked, either to the temples of Isis and Serapis or to the circus and amphitheater. She had her own troops of slaves, over whom she ruled without interference."

Byron a Tragic Figure.

"The more I think of Byron," says John Davidson in the *London Outlook*, "the more clear it becomes to me that he is, first, second and third, a tragic figure. He was the kind of a lovesick marriage, that constant source of huge armies of discontented natures. His upbringing, his marriage was tragic, his love was tragic, his death, which at first I thought only tragic, was actual tragedy. Byron and his contemporaries, were the victims and complements of each other. Byron is the passive tragedy of the imaginative temperament as *Napoleon* is the active tragedy of the imaginative temperament as warrior and statesman, employing deeds. *Napoleon* inevitably ends in an abortive attempt at action in Greece. *Byron*, as inevitably, in an abortive attempt at expression (the dictated memoirs) in St. Helena."

An Elaborate Speech.

"If there is anybody under the canopy of heaven that I hold in utter reverence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is a tale bearer and slandering, going about like a vile boresome creature, circulating his camouflage amongst the honest folks. I always know one by his phismahogany. It seems as if Belshazzor had stamped him with his private signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yellow." And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech she was seized with a violent fit of coughing and called for some "damnable drops."

He Had His Answer.

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Helen," said Percy, with trembling voice.

"Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said demurely.

"Because I can see 'No' in your eyes."

In both of them?

"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—how dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist instantly!" But he didn't.

Power of the Breath.

The following experiment demonstrates the elementary power of the human breath: Take a large bag of good, heavy paper, lay it on the table and cover the closed end of it with several books—a big dictionary and a family Bible, for instance—then blow into the bag, filling or inflating it with air, and you will soon see that it will overthrow the books—i. e., remove a small mountain.

Why She Laughed.

"Wise men hesitate, only fools are certain," he observed in the course of a conversation with his tender spouse. "I don't know about that," she said truthfully. "Well, I am certain of it," he exclaimed. And for a long time he was puzzled why she burst out laughing at him. And then he felt wild with himself.

THE CAB IN LONDON.

It Had a Hard Time and Many Changes Before It Was a Success.

In the early part of the last century English travelers returning from the cities of Europe felt so disgusted with the stuffy, slow traveling hackney coaches of London that it was urged that an attempt be made to introduce the "cabriolet de place" used in Paris. In 1805 Mr. Rotch, acting with Mr. Bradshaw as joint proprietor, obtained licenses for nine cabriolets. This new vehicle was similar in appearance to the modern gig, carrying only one passenger inside and at the side of the driver. It was a financial failure. But in 1823 fuller licenses were given to twelve new vehicles, the driver having an outside seat and the vehicle carrying two passengers. The name cabriolet was soon reduced to "cab." In 1831 there were only 130 cabs in all London. These were known as the "coffin" cabs. In 1832 was invented the "back door" cab. In 1835 Joseph Aloysius Hansom drove into London on a quaint cab, designed by himself. This was the original "hansom cab."

Its body was almost square, and the wheels were seven feet six inches in height, a trifle taller than the vehicle itself. The driver sat on the roof at the front, with two doors beneath him, one on either side of his feet. This extraordinary cab began to ply for hire, much to the amusement of the drivers of the hackney coaches, "outriggers" and back door cabs. A few months later Hansom, who was financed by the inventor of the back door cab, reduced the size of the wheels of his vehicle and made several other alterations, with the result that it lost its cattle shed appearance.

Hansom's cab was a financial failure, but John Chapman put the driver's seat behind and generally improved the design until it became indistinguishable from the present hansom. His invention was patented in 1836, about the time that the first four wheeler was introduced.

South Sea Offertories.

Odds and ends, and as queer a collection as one could hope to see, are found among the offertory contributions of the natives of Bugotu, in the British Solomon islands. It is no rare thing there for the minister to draw from the collection box a string of red beads, which, providing it measures the length of the arms outstretched, is coin of the realm equaling a florin, but strings of white beads of the same length are but as the insignificant three penny bit. Other articles among the collection on the last Bible Sunday in connection with the Melanesian Mission church were white armlets, each equal in value to a shilling; pieces of tortoise shell, a bamboo box, such as is used to carry lime for betel chewing; a fine string bag, and a piece of the native cloth in which the Bugotu women wrap their babies to protect them from the Melanesian insects.

A Night Shift Bee.

The old joke about the man who crossed his bees with lightning bugs, that they might see to work at night, appears to have been realized in India, where an unusually large species gather honey only in the nighttime.

There are many night blooming flowers in that country, and this bee apparently finds no difficulty in gathering his store, for it is recorded that the combs frequently reach a height of six feet.

It is not stated that the honey is of food value, and its use for human consumption is to be questioned, since many of the night flowering plants possess strongly narcotic properties.

Wouldn't Use Slang.

"I think it is shameful the way that girl spits slang," said a pretty girl to a friend. "My, if I twirled my talker the way she does my blooming old dad would dust my duds till dust was thicker than flies in fly time!"

"You betcher brass and serve you right!" replied the other young lady. "My parents are sunflowers of the same hue, and if I should make a raw crack in my conversation they would thrash the rosy cussidness out of my angelic anatomy quicker than chained lightning!" And they proceed to suck the juice out of a lemon through a stick of candy.—Kansas City Independent.

His Degree.

"Is young Binkley going to take a degree when he leaves college?" asked the man with the eagle eye. "Yes, I hear they're going to give him the thirty-second degree, Fahrenheit," said the man with the incandescent whiskers. "Thirty-second degree, Fahrenheit? I never heard of that honor!"

"Yes, he played freeze out so much that he failed in his exams."—Chicago Tribune.

THE FUNNY PUFFER.

A Queer Creature of the Salt Seas Is the Blowfish.

The funniest little fellow in salt water is the puffer, or swellfish. Fishermen call him the blowfish. When he is swimming around at ease with nothing to alarm him he looks queer enough, for the skin of his abdomen is all loose and wrinkled, and he has such a funny tail and such ridiculous little fins and such a big, three cornered head that he looks entirely absurd. His mouth, instead of being big and gaping, as most fish mouths are, is only a tiny round hole at the end of a pointed, conical snout. Out of this circular mouth protrude his teeth, like those of a rabbit. He would be about as homely a fish as could be made if it were not for the beautiful orange and yellow and silver colorings that play all over him. But queer as he looks when he is at ease, it is only when he is frightened or excited that he becomes really funny. If he is hooked, for instance, he comes to the surface grinding those protruding teeth so that the sound can be heard a good many feet away, and then as seen as the hand touches him he begins to grunt hoarsely, and with each grunt he swells a bit till within a few moments he has puffed himself so full of air that he is quite round and firm, like a ball. So thoroughly does he defend himself with air that when the fishermen haul him at the water with all their force, as they often do, he will bounce like a rubber ball. If he is dropped into the water after blowing himself full of air he floats on it as lightly as a thistle-down, and he will stay that way until he has assured himself that danger has gone by. He does the same when he is pursued by other fish, and as he floats almost entirely out of water, with only a little bit of his head, spiny body sunk under the surface, very few fish can hurt him once he is inflated.

The Doctor They Wanted.

A little girl was sent in a hurry for the doctor the other day, and when she reached the steps of the physician's office she found there a doctor of divinity, the pastor of the church which she attends.

"Well, my little girl," said the minister, who recognized the child, "what's the matter? Nothing serious, I hope."

"I don't know, I am," said the girl. "Only we can't get my tennis ball high or low, and we think maybe the baby's swallowed it."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman, much amused. "And so you want the doctor? Well, I'm a doctor. Won't I do?"

The little girl eyed him a moment in a brown study, as though the idea was new and might be good. "No," she said at last, shaking her head with decision. "We want a doctor that practices, not one that preaches."

A Humorist's Peculiar Habits.

The late Bill Nye replied as follows to a correspondent who inquired about his habits of work and life:

"When the weather is such that I cannot exercise in the open air I have a heavy pair of dumbbells at my lodgings, which I use for holding the door open. I also belong to an athletic club and a pair of Indian clubs with red handles. I owe much of my robust health to this. I do most of my writing in a sitting posture or in an autograph album. When I am not engaged in thought I am employed in recovering from its effects. I am very genial and pleasant to be thrown amongst. I dress expensively, but not so as to attract attention. In the morning I wear morning dress, in the evening I wear evening dress, and at night I wear nightdress."

The First Doctor.

There is no subject whose history has more of curious interest than that of medicine. Its origin is far back in the mythical period, where the marvelous is nothing strange. The first physician, whose name was passed down by tradition to the Greeks, was Chiron. He belonged to that singular race known as Centaurs—half man and half horse. So the first physician was a veritable horse doctor indeed and no pretentious veterinary surgeon. Modern M. D.'s, however, have no cause to blush over this apparently humble origin, for Chiron was an honor to his profession. He failed of cure in but a single case, which is more than can be said of his followers.

Qualifications.

"No," said Miss Winthrop-Bradley-Winthrop, "your ancestors did not come over in the Mayflower, as mine did, and I cannot marry you!" "Do you know why they did not?" replied Mr. Johnstone Bradley-Winthrop. "Well, I'll tell you. They were not the kind of people who travel on excursions." Saying which, he strode haughtily from the room.—Washington Life.

GRANT AND LONGSTREET.

A West Point Friendship That Held Throughout Their Lives.

The strong schoolboy friendship which began at West Point between Grant and Longstreet lasted throughout their lives. Grant was of the class after Longstreet, but somehow their silent, serious natures were in spontaneous accord, and, says Helen D. Longstreet in "Lee and Longstreet at High Tide," they became fast friends from their first meeting. That one was from the west and one from the south made no difference, just as later it made no difference in their feeling of personal affection that one led the army of the Union and the other was a Confederate general.

General Longstreet often spoke of the details of the capitulation at Appomattox. He said that when he went into the conference room in the McLean residence as one of the Confederate commissioners he was compelled to pass through the room occupied by General Grant as his headquarters.

He felt curious to know how General Grant would receive him. He had loved Grant as one of his closest boyhood friends, but times were much changed. Grant was victor, he was vanquished. He was therefore prepared to observe the rigid demeanor of those between whom ceremony only forces recognition. But as soon as he entered the room Grant rose, approached him with a greater show of demonstration than ever in the older days and slapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Well, 'Old Pete,' can't we get back to the good old days by playing a game of brag?"

At West Point the nickname among the boys for General Longstreet was "Old Pete."

The important part of that meeting, the splendid bearing of the conquered Confederates, the modest demeanor of the Union victors and, above all, the noble generosity of Grant in refusing to accept the sword of Lee and in giving the fairest terms possible under the existing circumstances, these are known to all who have read United States history.

The Sickly Octogenarians.

They were neither of them brilliant scholars, but they liked to move with the times as regards their knowledge of current events, so the daily newspaper was regularly delivered at their humble domicile, and it was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time all the most interesting items of the day. One morning, after wading through the latest intelligence page from the front, she turned to another page of the paper and said:

"Herbie, it says here that another octogenarian's dead."

"What's an octogenarian?" "Well, I don't quite know what they are, but they must be very sick creatures. You never hear of them but they're dying."—Scottish American.

The Cakes of Our Childhood.

It must be a common experience with us all to look back with something of wonder, even of humiliation, to the things in literature or art we once thought exquisite and of highest worth. The oratory we once sat under, the music we once sang or played, the engraving we used to buy and hang on our walls when we were eighteen and infallible—how poor and cheap they often seem after a quarter of a century or so, during which we have read more, thought more, used our eyes more and drunk deeper of the "still sad music of humanity!"

Herbivorous Animals.

Herbivorous animals do not eat all of nature's menu. The horse refuses the water henlock that the goat eats with avidity, and, on the other hand, the goat refuses some plants that are eaten by the sheep. The tobacco plant is avoided by all save the goat, man and the tobacco worm. Some botanists think that no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only relatively so, being harmful to only certain animals.

Boring an Editor.

"Are there no times," said a man entering the office of a busy editor, "when you can write better than at other times?"

"Yes." "Ah, I thought so! That men who write must consult their condition I have no doubt. Now, tell me, when can you write best?"

"When I am alone," the editor replied.

The Time For Romance.

Bridegroom—Well, that umbrella is gone, and I'll have to get another one. We'll step into Biggs, Store & Co's.

Bride—Horror! No! Go to Jones little shop on a side street.

"Dear me! Why?" "My darling, let's not spend our honeymoon waiting for change."—New York Weekly.

ANIMAL ARCHITECTS.

Many Birds, Insects and Fishes Are Clever Builders.

Many birds, insects and certain fishes are clever architects and builders and have mastered some of the rudiments of masonry, and at least one bird is a very clever stonemason. The last is called by the Spaniards the "pedrero," or stonemason. In Great Britain it is known as the wheatear. It usually builds in a deep crevice in a cliff, but often it chooses a low excavation or cave and sets to work. It uses no mortar, although some other birds can mix mortar to any degree of hardness. It first collects a number of stones and places them together as a foundation for the future nest. Next it builds a dry stone wall in front of the place the nest is to occupy. This is often a solid barrier, in which the stones are piled in such a way as to make it almost as thick as it is long. The barrier of stones in front of one nest examined by a writer on the subject was nine inches long, nine inches thick and two and a half inches high. In this barrier there were no fewer than 282 stones. In the foundation of the nest were 76 more, making 348 in all, of which the total weight was four and a half pounds, the largest stone weighing two ounces. Having thus made the foundation and wall of stone, it builds inside the latter a comfortable nest, the upholstery of which is in no way deficient in finish.

Swallows and house martins build by sticking together pellets of prepared mud. Most of the material is obtained from the drying puddles on the high roads. If not mixed with anything else the tendency of these pellets would be to crumble when dry. But the swallow tribe are supplied with a mucous secretion which enables them to gum the particles together. The swallows' nests from which the Chinese "birds' nest soup" is made are constructed of this mucous matter only. An Indian swallow, which builds little boat shaped nests against the trunks of lofty trees, practically makes them of dried saliva.

Among the birds of the western hemisphere the best mason is a potter as well. This is the oven bird of the pampas in South America. It is called the "casara," or house builder, by the Spaniards. The nest is made of mud and bits of straw, practically the same as the material used for most buildings in Mexico. The walls are very thick, and there is a partition wall inside, reaching so high as to form an antechamber.—Chicago News.

Deceiving the Natives.

The British Medical Journal tells the following story: According to Sir John Malcolm, a well known Scotch surgeon, on the introduction of vaccine inoculation into India, the practice met with great opposition from the natives. In order to overcome their prejudices Mr. Ellis of Madras, who was well versed in Sanskrit literature, composed a short poem on vaccination in that language. The poem was inscribed on old paper and was said to have been just discovered. The object of the pious fraud was that the impression of vaccination's antiquity might help to reconcile the minds of Brahmans to the use of a prophylactic drawn from their sacred cow.

The Hedgehog.

A hedgehog curls itself up by a frown—that is, by muscles like those which produce a frown—and it frowns severely or gently, according to circumstances. If it is poked hard, it "sighs" itself tighter. If really hurt, it frowns into a tight ball. The prickles can be erected in a measure, though as they point all ways, this is not needed. They are as sharp as needles. We have only known one dog, a large black and white setter, which would deliberately bite a hedgehog till it killed it. But this dog was quite mad and shared some of the anaesthesia common to certain lunatics.

Aged, but Not Respected.

There used to live in Lynn, Mass., a well known wit named Darius Barry. One day he was in a grocery store, where they had recently purchased a new lot of butter. The grocer said, "Darius, take home some of that butter and see how you like it," which he did. A few days afterward he was in the store again, when the grocer said, "Darius, how did you like that butter?" "Well," said Darius, "when I'm as old as that butter I hope I shall be as strong."

Enforced Virtue.

"It's no use, Tommy," said Bob, after trying to open the pantry door. "Not one of the keys will fit, and so we don't get any of those preserves." "Yes, we will," said wise Tommy. "We will wait until mamma comes home and ask her for some for being such good boys."

B. & A. R. R.

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 10.28 a. m., Brownville 11.32 a. m., Oldtown 12.31 p. m., Bangor 1.05 p. m., Portland 5.35 p. m., Boston 9.05 p. m.

8.30 a. m.—for and arriving at Littleton 8.46 a. m., Mars Hill 9.33 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.

11.15 a. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 12.04 a. m., Masardis 1.11 p. m., Ashland 1.35 p. m., Portage 1.58 p. m., Fort Kent 3.20 p. m.

12.35 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Mar. Hill and Blaine 4.41 p. m., Presque Isle 2.14 p. m., Caribou 2.40 p. m., New Sweden 4.45 p. m., Van Buren 5.75 p. m., Fort Fairfield 2.30 p. m., Limestone 3.28 p. m.

2.15 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 3.12 p. m., Patten 4.05 p. m., Millinocket 4.22 p. m., Brownville 5.33 p. m., Oldtown 6.50 p. m., Bangor 7.25 p. m., Portland 1.05 a. m., Boston 5.30 a. m.

p. m.—for and arriving at Smyrna Mills 7.35 p. m., Howe Brook 8.04 p. m., Masardis 8.48 p. m., Ashland 9.10 p. m.

6.40 p. m.—for and arriving at Island Falls 7.42 p. m., Millinocket 8.50 p. m., Bangor 11.30 p. m., Portland 4.14 a. m., Boston 7.20 a. m.

8.05 p. m.—for and arriving at Bridgewater 8.50 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 9.04 p. m., Presque Isle 9.34 p. m., Caribou 10.00 p. m., Fort Fairfield 9.50 p. m.

ARRIVALS.

8.28 a. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 6.25 a. m., Caribou 6.20 a. m., Presque Isle 6.47 a. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 7.18 a. m., Bridgewater 7.33 a. m.

8.23 a. m.—leaving Bangor 7.00 p. m., Portland 10.30 p. m., Bangor 3.25 p. m., Millinocket 6.15 a. m., Sherman 7.03 a. m., Island Falls 7.25 a. m., Oakfield 7.43 a. m., Ludlow 7.59 a. m., New Limerick 8.08 a. m.

9.35 a. m.—leaving Ashland 7.29 a. m., Masardis 7.41 a. m., Smyrna Mills 8.50 a. m., Ludlow 9.13 a. m., New Limerick 9.21 a. m.

12.36 p. m.—leaving Boston 9.45 p. m., Portland 12.55 a. m., Bangor 7.10 a. m., Oldtown 7.47 a. m., Brownville 9.07 a. m., Millinocket 10.25 a. m., Patten 9.05 a. m., Island Falls 11.33 a. m.

2.10 p. m.—leaving Fort Fairfield 11.30 a. m., Van Buren 9.10 a. m., Caribou 12.10 p. m., Presque Isle 12.28 p. m., Mars Hill and Blaine 1.09 p. m., Bridgewater 1.25 p. m., Monticello 1.45 p. m.

3.25 p. m.—leaving Fort Kent 11.10 a. m., Portage 12.40 p. m., Ashland 1.05 p. m., Ludlow 3.02 p. m., New Limerick 3.11 p. m.

6.35 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 5.37 p. m., Bridgewater 5.50 p. m.

8.00 p. m.—leaving Boston 8.00 a. m., Portland 11.05 a. m., Bangor 3.25 p. m., Oldtown 3.55 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.

C. C. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.
W. M. BROWN, General Superintendent.
BANGOR, ME., June 5, 1905.

New York

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Effective June 4th, 1905.

Trains Daily Except Sunday Except Otherwise Stated.

DEPARTURES.

Eastern 5.30 a. m. Mixed, Week days for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East. Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

Eastern 9.20 a. m. Express, Week days for Woodstock, and all points North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup & Quebec.

Eastern 4.40 p. m. Mixed, Week days from St. John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st; Montreal and points West; Fredericton, St. John and points East.

Eastern 8.50 p. m. Mixed for Woodstock, N. B.

ARRIVALS.

Eastern 6.25 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock.

Eastern 10.20 a. m. Mixed Week days from St. John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st; Boston, Montreal and points West.

Eastern 5.45 a. m. Mixed Week days from Woodstock, and north. Presque Isle, Edmundston, and Riviere du Loup, and Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

Eastern 9.45 p. m. Mixed Week days from St. John, and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Vancouver, Bangor, Portland and Boston, etc.

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