

The Antrim Reporter.

VOL. XVII. NO. 42

ANTRIM, N. H., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1900

SINGLE COPIES, 3 CENTS

- 200 - CARPET REMNANTS! - 200 -

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. Hood, Lowell, Mass.

"Then you have gone crazy? You are out of your mind. You know not what you say."
"I am all right from head to foot, my dear sir, and I can't understand your agitation. What's the matter with my solution for improving Napoleon's nose?"
The minister rang his bell with nervous hand, and a minute later Birney was out on the sidewalk with a flea in his ear that he, he was told to take himself off or he would be looked up as an insane person. It was rather a setback for him, and it took him a day or two to get over it, but he finally came up smiling. If the minister would not help him out, there were other officials who would. He tried two or three of them, with the result that he was eventually hated before the chief of police. That official probably sized him up correctly, for he said to him:
"You do not realize what you are doing. Don't you understand that you can be sent to prison for a month if you are no fool, and the best thing you can do is to get out of Paris at once."
"But what is the crime?" argued Birney. "All I have done is to say that I can improve on the emperor's nose. Can a man be sent to prison in France for that?"
"He can, sir, as I wish to make you understand. You must not talk this way. You have made trouble for yourself, and you had best get away as soon as possible. Showed the emperor himself a pair of your insulting words, you would be sent to some fortress for five or ten years."
"Shoo! You don't say! But you Frenchmen are queer people! Well, I don't want to leave Paris for a few days yet, but I'll keep still about Napoleon's nose. I had no idea he was so touchy about it. Not another word from me if that's the way things are."
The chief added another warning, though he saw the humor of the thing and smiled behind his mask. Birney might stay in Paris for a few days, but he must keep that nose attachment of his in the background and his tongue between his teeth. He went out of the police office meaning to do it, but scarcely 24 hours had passed away when he accidentally met a French doctor who could speak English fairly well. Birney was naturally glad why he had visited Paris, and of course he told the doctor the whole story. Having got started, he couldn't stop there.
"Say, do you know I could fix the emperor's nose in less than a month?"
"Yes, sir. I could improve that snell of his at least 50 per cent in three or four weeks, and I wouldn't charge a cent either."
"The emperor's nose?" gasped the doctor. "What will the emperor's nose?"
"Out of plumb, sir, and no excuse for it. All I want is three weeks' time. Can't you get me an audience with him?"
"The devil! Why, man, you are insulting the emperor! You ought to be locked up!"
"Oh, come now!" laughed Birney in a protesting way. "I never saw such people before. Can't the emperor's nose be out of plumb as well as any other man's?"
The doctor left him without even a cold bow and probably went to the palace, as Birney was arrested an hour later. According to his story, he was sent to prison without a trial and detained for a full year. Then he was taken out one day and conveyed to the war office and into the presence of Napoleon.
"Sir," said the emperor after glaring at him for awhile, "is my nose out of plumb?"
"It is as plumb as a plummet," was the ready reply.
"Does it need any fixing over?"
"Not a bit."
"And how is it yours?"
"It's out of joint, your majesty, but I think I could follow it out of France."
"Then you may try."
And try he did, and his nose led him back to the land of the free without any lingering on the road.

AN EMPEROR'S NOSE.

BY M. QUAD.

Two years before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war and the downfall of the last Napoleon an American named James Birney landed in Paris from New York. He was what might be called a general utility man. He had been a small merchant in Michigan, a bookkeeper in Ohio, an editor in Iowa. He was a good natured, easy going man, taking life as he found it and making no fuss. If he got a dollar ahead, he would find some new excuse to get rid of it; if he was behind the game, his creditors would have to excuse his accounts. Nobody called him smart, but everybody said he had a strong fund of humor and philosophy.
When a man in Cincinnati invented a bullet proof vest, Mr. Birney somehow got hold of the European agent for that vest, and he went to Paris at least to bring the patent directly to the attention of the French emperor, who was always on the lookout for military novelties. The American's check and persistence secured him an audience after weeks of red tape. He had intended that he would not deal with the minis-



"IS MY NOSE OUT OF PLUMB?"
ter of any other official and was at last granted an audience with the emperor. It was in the war office, and several cabinet officials were present. A musket was lying on a table, and Napoleon greeted the agent with:
"Well, sir, what about this bullet proof vest?"
"I have it here, your majesty," was the reply as the vest was held up to view.
"Put it on."
"With pleasure."
"Now go to the farther end of the room."
"Certainly, your majesty."
"Now, sir," continued the emperor as he lifted up the musket, "I am going to fire at your breast. Are you willing to take the chance?"
"Fire away!" was the reply.
The emperor fired, and although the bullet did not penetrate the shield of the force of it knocked Birney head over heels and put him out of it for the next ten minutes. While he was down, the vest was not a success, the American's nerve excited such admiration that he was given a handsome present in cash and graciously dismissed. He seemed to want to say something to the emperor before he left the room, but did not have opportunity. Early the next day, however, he bobbed up at the war office for an interview with the minister.
"It is no use," said that official as he gave him a minute. "The emperor has decided that he will not buy the vest."
"I know that yesterday," he replied, "but I am not here about the vest, but altogether another thing. The fact is I do not like Napoleon's nose, and I want to improve it."
"Mon Dieu, man, but what do you say?" exclaimed the minister as he sprang to his feet.
"I say that the emperor's nose is off and that I can improve it. I wanted to tell him so the other day, but he hustled me out too quick. Can you bring about another interview?"
"The emperor's nose? You say it is wrong? You say you can fix it? Man, what mean you?"
"I mean just what I say," calmly replied Birney. "I am not a surgeon, but several years ago I invented a little attachment to cure a badly shaped nose. It has been tried in half a dozen cases and proved itself a big success. I replied that the emperor's nose is off, and I can improve it. I wanted to tell him so the other day, but he hustled me out too quick. Can you bring about another interview?"
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Women's Jackets

Are you going to buy a JACKET this fall? Look at ours.

Wool Waists

Black Corded Taffeta Silk Waist \$4.89 now \$3.89
Black Corded Silk Waist, size 36, with white stripes, now \$5.50

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Petticoats

Every Petticoat in our store is sold at CUT PRICES. Why not? We've got them and want to force you to buy them. Here are the cut prices for you:

1.69	"	"	low \$ 1.29
2.75	"	"	" 1.98
2.49	"	"	" 1.98
2.29	"	"	" 2.29
3.29	"	"	" 2.69
3.69	"	"	" 2.75
3.89	(very hand-ome)	"	2.98
1.25	Black Merceized Petticoats	now \$	1.89
2.50	"	"	1.89
2.75	"	"	2.19
3.25	(beautifol)	"	2.39
1.25	Flannel Petticoat	"	89
2.89	Plaid	"	2.29
2.89	Striped	"	2.29

What You've Been Waiting For One Year.

ALL-WOOL INCRAIN CARPET REMNANTS!

About 11-8 to 11-4 yards in each piece, ends all finished for a Rug.

200-REMNANTS-200

You know that we have had these Remnants ordered for at least a year. DON'T DELAY.

Only 35c. for the piece.

Carpet Remnants

It's only because WE ARE PERSONAL FRIENDS! of the agent of these mills that we are able to GET THESE REMNANTS

Get Here Quick! Remember All Wool And only 35c for the Piece

Golf Capes

People Say!

Why! You've Got More Suits than we've seen anywhere in the surrounding towns and We Are Sure We Have. We sold so many in the spring, that we thought we could sell as many this fall. But the weather has been against us. We've Got Too Many and They are Beauties Too. But the Prices Must BE CUT and we won't wait till the season is over WELL CUT NOW.

JUST 34 SUITS!

Suits to sell.	We have given the REASON WHY we cut prices.
\$ 7.50	Grey Mixed Suits, \$ 4.89
	Size 32 and 38.
10.50	Grey Suits, - 7.50
	Sizes 34 and 36.
10.50	Homespun, - 7.50
	Size 34 and 36.
12.50	Grey Suits, - 8.50
	Size 34.
12.50	Brown Ladies Cloth, 8.50
	Size 34 and 36.
12.50	Black Cheviot, - 8.50
	Size 36.
15.00	Navy Serge, - 9.50
	Size 34 and 36.
15.00	Black Ladies Cloth, 9.50
	Size 34.
19.50	Mode Suit, - 16.50
	Size 34.

Beautifully lined with satin.
22.00 Black Cheviot, - 18.00
Very handsome, Jacket lined throughout with Fine Taffeta Silk.
Very handsome Grey and Blue Mixed Cheviot Suits with Silk Facings \$15.00 suits, now 12.50 All sizes.

HARRY DEACON, ANTRIM, N. H.

Quicksilver.

The ore from which quicksilver is obtained is a brilliant red rock known as cinnabar. When of high purity, it is actually vermilion in color. Cinnabar is the original source of the pigment, known commercially as vermilion. It is a compound of sulphur and quicksilver, and in order to separate the latter from the sulphur the rock is roasted. Passing off in the form of a gas, the mercury is afterward condensed and flows out in a line stream, like a compound of quicksilver and sulphur. The discovery of the famous California mines came about in an odd sort of way by observation of the vermilion paint with which certain Indians that part of the country frescoed their bodies. It was ascertained where they got the pigment, and thus were revealed the rich deposits which subsequently became of such commercial importance. Like gold and silver, mercury is occasionally found in a native or pure state. Sometimes the miner's pick penetrates a cavity that contains a capful or more of the elusive and beautiful fluid.

Juliet Got the Light.

At a small seaport town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.
"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager. "If I do not have a limelight thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."
"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed.
The lady who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to her by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith. He jests at scars who never felt a wound.
(Juliet appears. Prompter lights a match.)
"But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"
(This was the match lighting the fuse.)
"Arise, fair sun!"
The sun—or rather the rocket—did rise with a terrific his. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theater was filled with a sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.
Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has

An Amateur Savant Fooled.

The stories are common enough of fire engines being turned out to quench an aurora, and, on the other hand, it has not seldom happened that a very mundane conflagration has passed muster for a "celestial display."
In the memoirs of Baron Stockmar an amusing anecdote is related of one Herr von Radowitz, who was given to making the most of every opportunity. A friend of the baron's went to an evening party near Frankfurt, where he expected to meet Herr von Radowitz. On his way he saw a barn burning, stopped his carriage, assisted the people and waited till the flames were nearly extinguished. When he arrived at his friend's house, he found Herr von Radowitz, who had previously taken the party to the top of the building to see an aurora, dilating on terrestrial magnetism, electricity, etc. Radowitz asked Stockmar's friend, "Have you seen the beautiful aurora borealis?"
He replied: "Certainly. I was there myself. It will soon be over." An explanation followed as to the barn on fire. Radowitz was silent some ten minutes, then he took up his hat and quietly disappeared.—Knowledge.

Not a Success.

The experiment was not a success. Frequently she had complained that he was not as he used to be, that his love seemed to have grown cold and

Doors in China.

In China doors are often round, leaf shaped or semicircular. In placing them the builder usually avoids having one opposite another lest evil spirits find their way from the street into the recesses of the building. The doorways separating the courts of a garden are usually of an elaborate kind, and the octagonal form is one of the most popular.
Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the number three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs, and the sacred person of the emperor when he was in his Peking home could only be approached by the highest officials after three times three prostrations. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbols point either to three or its multiples.
Sympathy Not What Was Wanted.
A native of the mountain district of Kentucky had occasion to go on a journey recently and before starting took out an accident policy. He chanced to be one of the victims of a railway collision, and the next morning his widow, armed with a newspaper report, in which his name was mentioned among the killed, called on the agent of the insurance company and demanded the money.
"But, madam," said the agent, "we will have to have more definite proof before we can pay your claim."
"More proof?" exclaimed the bereaved woman. "Why, he's dead in a door-nail, I reckon."
"Possibly, my dear madam," answered the polite agent, "and I'm very sorry."

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Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the number three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs, and the sacred person of the emperor when he was in his Peking home could only be approached by the highest officials after three times three prostrations. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbols point either to three or its multiples.
Sympathy Not What Was Wanted.
A native of the mountain district of Kentucky had occasion to go on a journey recently and before starting took out an accident policy. He chanced to be one of the victims of a railway collision, and the next morning his widow, armed with a newspaper report, in which his name was mentioned among the killed, called on the agent of the insurance company and demanded the money.
"But, madam," said the agent, "we will have to have more definite proof before we can pay your claim."
"More proof?" exclaimed the bereaved woman. "Why, he's dead in a door-nail, I reckon."
"Possibly, my dear madam," answered the polite agent, "and I'm very sorry."

The Antrim Reporter

Published every Wednesday.
H. WEBSTER ELDREDGE,
Publisher and Proprietor

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14, 1900.

Special Offer

We announce again our annual fall subscription offer, the only reduction we ever make in subscription rates.

We will send to any new subscriber in Antrim or any other part of the United States, making a yearly subscription to

THE ANTRIM REPORTER

during November or December, from date of subscription to January 1, 1902, for only

One Dollar

THE REST OF 1900 FREE.

All old subscribers who pay up all arrearages and \$1.00 can have receipt to read January 1, 1902.

State of New Hampshire.

Proclamation for a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

I hereby appoint Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November, as a day of joyful thanksgiving to Almighty God, our Heavenly Father.

The husbandman has been rewarded with bounteous harvest; labor has received satisfactory remuneration; manufacturers have found a ready market for their products; success has rested on our arms and prosperity has smiled upon our Country; therefore, let us give thanks to God.

Before another year has rolled around and this time honored festival has again drawn near, let us strive to make even stronger the reasons for our thanksgiving. Let us broaden our horizons. Let us devote more of ourselves to our fellow-men and less to self-seeking. Let us offer to the world a willing hand. Let us face our duties with smiling countenance.

Let us show that devotion to our country, which is the truest patriotism. Given at the Council Chamber in Concord, this ninth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-fifth.

FRANK WEST ROLLINS, Governor.

By His Excellency the Governor, with advice of the Council,
EDWARD N. PEARSON,
Secretary of State.

W. C. T. U. Notes.

The Department of Literature.

The W. C. T. U. has over forty different branches of philanthropic work. It has the free reading rooms, circulating libraries on board our ships, in the lumber and mining camps, coffee houses, noon-day prayer meetings, and gospel missions, prison-gate missions, newboys' and boot-blacks' missions, sailor's rests, rescue homes for erring women and girls, kindergartens, sewing schools, day nurseries for the children of working women, a national temperance hospital, and many others. These are all doing good and there is an imperative need for them, yet I believe the educational and preventive phases of our work are a greater benefit to humanity by hindering the spread of the crowning evils of our day, intemperance and impurity.—Union Signal.

The Antrim W. C. T. U. send a barrel this week with supplies for the lumbermen. We meet with Mrs. B. H. Lane, Dec. 4, to resume our readings—which are to us instructive and beneficial—that we wish others also to become interested and help to widen our circle. Come mothers and listen, or better still take a part in the reading, for they are helpful mother's meetings.

M. E. COCHRANE,
Press Correspondent.

The Bryan and Stevenson flags in this town have all been "pulled in"; they served their purpose well, but the "odds were against them."

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will quickly heal the worst burns and scalds and not leave a scar. It can be applied to cuts and raw surfaces with prompt and soothing effect. Beware of worthless counterfeits. C. H. Martin, Antrim, Eaton Bros., Hancock, G. O. Joslin, Bennington.

Take time by the forelock, and remove your screen-doors, put on your double windows and storm doors. Winter will soon be with us; it can't hold off much longer.

FRANK J. QUERRY,
Nervita Pills

Catarrh

Is a disease of the mucous membrane or inner lining of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach, bowels and other organs. It is caused by a cold or succession of colds irritating the delicate surfaces, and is promoted by scrofulous taints in the blood.

It is especially dangerous in persons having a predisposition to consumption. In these and all other catarrhal cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla so thoroughly renovates the blood and restores strength that it permanently cures. In fact, because of the character of the disease, and peculiar merit of the remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only common sense treatment for catarrh.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to cure and keep the promise. No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's—be sure to get Hood's.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Wm. H. Story, The Main Street Jeweler, Hillsboro Bridge.

Lowell Eastman was in Concord recently.

W. A. Holt is working for John E. Tenney.

Eugene Brown is working in New Britain, Conn.

Ex-Gov. D. H. Goodell is in New York on business.

Rev. Dr. Cochrane attended a funeral in Deering Sunday.

About 75 took supper at the home of B. L. Brooks last Wednesday night.

Guard Your Sight

The road machine is doing good service on our streets, in the hands of J. A. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hatch are spending two weeks with relatives at their old home in Marlow.

Warren Merrill of Deering has taken possession of the farm recently purchased of J. N. Gove at Antrim Centre.

Dr. Lyman Beecher Sperry will speak at Town hall on Saturday evening of this week; he sure and read about him in another column.

BEEL BUCKLES.—Over fifty distinctively pretty designs, silver, gray or Roman gold finish, selected from our 50c and 75c values, for a limited time at 25c. Gordon's, the White Front, Hillsboro, N. H.

Your best work cannot be done without good health, and you can't have good health without pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. It gives appetite, strength and vigor, and cures disease.

DEL MONT E. GORDON,

The White Graduate Optician,
and Gold Front.

Constitution is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

Leroy Voss has employed in Cambridge, Mass.

Chas. H. Martin is spending a few days in Concord.

James Dunn and Mike McLaughlin have left town.

The Republican flag was out in the gale last week and was considerably torn.

Read the Reporter's premium offer at the head of another column in this issue.

Fred Annis and Charles Childs of Henniker were in town a portion of Sunday.

John J. O'Brien is said to be employed on the electric near Greenfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. James Elliott are soon to occupy the Crosby house on Summer street.

The first snow of the season came Friday; it was only a squall with wind, hail, etc.

The Methodist society has put into the church a new stove in place of the old one they have used so many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Matheson have stored their household goods and Saturday left town for Greenfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Worthley are occupying the tenement recently vacated by Arthur Matheson on West street.

The four new houses being built by C. F. Downes back of Highland avenue are fast nearing completion on the outside.

STICK PINS. The popular little stick pins is to have another season in fashion. Among our new goods are some exceedingly dainty little novelties in stick pins at prices from 25c up. Gordon's, the White Front, Hillsboro, N. H.

During the rain of last week it is reported that Campbell pond was raised by about 12 inches of water. Evidently the surrounding springs are filled, and so long as the ground remains open these springs will feed the pond and a gradual rise of water will be the result.

When you want prompt acting little pills that never gripe use DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Chas. H. Martin, Antrim, Eaton Bros., Hancock, G. O. Joslin, Bennington.

Election is Past.

The quadrennial habit of saving the country for another term of four years is now a matter of history. The returns have proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the people of these United States are entirely satisfied with the McKinley administration of the past and have the utmost confidence in the man and the way he and his able assistant will conduct affairs in the future. Can anyone construe the election returns to mean anything else? They may not be altogether satisfactory to everybody, but it is now incumbent upon everybody to bow to the will of the majority, as it has been expressed through the ballot boxes, and make the best of it. For several months defiance has been hurled at each other through sundry means of communication; now the proper thing would be to come together and shake hands, pay your debts and enter into the full enjoyment of the prosperity that is in store for each and all of us, without distinction of party or aims.

For the first time in a period of twenty-eight years the President of the United States is commissioned by his countrymen to stay in the White House for a second term immediately following his first. All the same, says another authority, it was the turn of the Democrats to win this time by the rule of human nature and by the law of reaction, to say nothing of the other influences that were operating in their favor.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best liver pills ever made. Easy to take and never gripe. Charles H. Martin, Antrim, Eaton Bros., Hancock, G. O. Joslin, Bennington.

Auction Sales.

By J. N. P. WOODBURY, AUCTIONEER.

At Woodbury's stable on Summer street will be sold on Saturday of this week the extra nice road mare of N. St. Sauver, besides a lot of other articles. Read posters.

To remove a troublesome corn or bunion: First soak the corn or bunion in warm water to soften it; then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequalled. For sale by C. H. Martin.

FOOT NOTES.

There were two cannons in active service and powder enough to satisfy all who cared for this line of sport.

The three little girls dressed in white and stationed in windows in a house on Depot street was a pleasing innovation in window decoration.

Several spoke of the good quality of the refreshments served by Davis, the baker.

Some twenty young people were present from Hillsboro, including D. E. Gordon and W. H. Holman, Esq.; and besides those who were in the procession from Bennington there were many others present from the same town. A goodly number from Hancock enjoyed the pleasures of the evening.

Herbert Brooks looked well in his Patriarch Militant uniform, riding on horseback.

A Card.

Come to my store and get a twenty-five or fifty cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar, and I will pay you back your money if it does not cure your cold or cough.

Chas. H. Martin, Antrim, G. O. JOSLIN, Bennington, EATON BROS., Hancock.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure "Digests what you eat."

Resolutions.

We, the undersigned, members of the former class of Standard Bearers connected with the M. E. Church of Antrim, N. H., do hereby wish to express our deep sorrow upon losing a friend and teacher, Mrs. Anna Woodbury, late deceased.

We keenly feel the sorrow of knowing that her kindly words and heavenly countenance will never be seen or heard by us again on earth and we will long cherish the teachings and advice that has proceeded from her heart to "her boys."

Resolved, That we do hereby extend our sympathy to the bereaved, that, by this means, we assure them that their sorrow is our sorrow, and that the name of our late dear benefactress will always serve as a beacon toward which we would all strive.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published one week in the Antrim Reporter, and that a copy of the same be sent to each of the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased.

Signed,
EDWIN J. WHITTEMORE, HARRY ANTHONIE, HARRY BASS, GEORGE C. FOSTER, HARVEY BALCH, FRANK C. THOMPSON, MONTAGUE A. BELL, SAMUEL WORTHLEY, EARL F. CARLSON.

[Special: There are also Chas. Gorham and one or two other members whose address are unobtainable but we feel sure that they would heartily add their voice. The lateness of publication was caused by inability to get signatures sooner and we must beg pardon for such.]

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of a cold you can realize how great the troubles are for One Minute Cough Cure which gives relief as soon as its administration. It quickly cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Chas. H. Martin, Antrim, Eaton Bros., Hancock, G. O. Joslin, Bennington.

Torch Light Procession.

The Republicans of Antrim Give a Ratification Celebration.

Some few days had been spent in a hasty preparation for a Grand Ratification of McKinley and Roosevelt election, and everybody in town seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion and the affair was a grand success.

The evening selected was Monday and nice weather it proved to be—clear, calm and just cool enough to make marching a pleasure, and the streets were in first-class condition. In the procession were some over 150, including quite a delegation from Bennington.

The parade started from West St., forming on Jameson Ave., in the following order:

Antrim Brass Band,
Troop Mounted Cavalry,
Company A, carrying torches,
Antrim Drum Corps,
Company B, carrying torches,
Company of boys, with drums and files,
Bennington Company.

And following, through the courtesy of Morris Burnham and the efforts of a few young ladies, came Mr. Burnham's large barge filled to overflowing with Republican Misses of the village, carrying a banner and tin horns, and the team being decorated made a very handsome and appropriate rear-guard.

In the parade were several fitting transparencies and banners, and with the more than 100 torches made a good display, and it was the same length as Jameson Ave. The line of march was followed as given on flyers and covered nearly the entire village.

All along the line of march the houses and business places were well illuminated, and only a few residences remained darkened, while the homes of a few Democrats were specially lighted for the occasion. Houses that a passer by rarely if ever sees the parlor or front room blinds thrown open, were on this evening lighted, and our Main street especially presented the appearance of a holiday season or as if at every house there was to be a party.

Red fire was burned in several places, a great display of bunting and Japanese lanterns was made, and in a few places were prominently hung the pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt properly draped with the national colors.

The Antrim Brass Band, numbering some fifteen pieces, furnished good and appropriate music for this occasion, as did also the Drum Corps.

After the line of march had been covered and the Antrim Bakery reached the procession was disbanded, and a lunch of doughnuts, cheese and hot coffee was enjoyed by the entire company.

The Republican Club of Antrim can feel justly proud of their efforts to make this ratification "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," for there was not one present but felt well pleased with the success of the occasion.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION IN 1901.

The end of the earth will be laid under tribute for the 1901 volume of the Youth's Companion. Statesmen, Diplomats, Travellers, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Cow-Punchers and Red-Headed Men and Women of Many Vocations will contribute to the entertainment of young and old in Companion homes. Theodore Roosevelt will write upon "The Essence of Heroism." The Secretary of the Treasury will answer the question, "What is Money?" Frank T. Hull, the old sailor who spins fascinating yarns of life at sea, will contribute a story. W. D. Howells will describe the relations between "Young Contributors and Editors." Paul Leidesdorff will write about "The Man of the Dictionary." Noah Webster. "There is not space here to begin to tell of the good things already provided for readers of the new volume of the Youth's Companion—interesting, instructive, inspiring—from the pens of famous men and old women.

At the announcement of the 1901 volume and sample copies of the paper sent free to any address. All new subscribers who send in their subscription now will receive not only the 52 issues of The Companion for 1901 but also all the issues from the time of the subscription to the beautiful "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901, lithographed in 12 colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Many people worry because they believe they have heart disease. The chances are that their hearts are all right but their stomachs are unable to digest food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and prevents the formation of gas which makes the stomach press against the heart. It will cure every form of indigestion. C. H. Martin, Antrim, Eaton Bros., Hancock, G. O. Joslin, Bennington.

VARNISH MAKES DEVON'S VARNISH Floor Paint cost 5c. more a quart; makes it look brighter and wear fully twice as long as cheaper floor paints. Sold by Harry Deacon.

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Selectmen's Notice.

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Per order,
SELECTMEN.

The Collector of Taxes will meet with the Selectmen the same day.

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Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The entertainment by the Shipp Bros., or the Imperial Bell Ringers as now known, opened the Y. M. C. A. lecture course of three entertainments on Friday evening last. They furnished a good concert, consisting of bell ringing, mandolin, banjo and other music, and every number on the program was rendered in a most pleasing manner. For the unpleasant weather there were present a goodly number who enjoyed the several selections given.

It is with great pleasure we are able to announce that Dr. Lyman B. Sperry of Ohio, will give his great lecture, "Superstitions, Delusions and Fads," at the Town Hall, Saturday evening, Nov. 17, at 8 o'clock. Those who heard the doctor a year ago in our town will want to hear him again and bring their friends. Reserved seat tickets now on sale at Antrim Pharmacy.

Dr. Lyman B. Sperry delivered the concluding lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course, before an immense audience last evening. He is a clear and lucid speaker, who knows what he wants to say and says it in a most entertaining and instructive way. The audience was greatly pleased.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Lyman B. Sperry, A. M., M. D., of Oberlin, O., the popular lyceum lecturer and author of "Confidential Talks with Young Men," has been one of the most useful and popular men on the Association's platform. He has delivered more addresses before the Associations than any other lecturer. In the past year Dr. Sperry has been conducting series of lectures on practical themes regarding the "Art of Living Successfully," in which, while retaining the popular element to a sufficient degree to maintain the attendance of large audiences, he has presented truths which have to do with the life of men, in such a manner as to be of the very greatest value. The practical results of his addresses, getting hold of our young men, are most gratifying. From "Men Who Have Made Association History," in "Men," May, 1899.

There is no pleasure in life if you dread going to the table to eat and can't rest at night on account of indigestion. Henry Williams of Bowville, Ind., says he suffered that way for years, till he commenced the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, and adds, "Now I can eat anything I like and all I want and sleep soundly every night." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. Chas. H. Martin, Antrim, Eaton Bros., Hancock, G. O. Joslin, Bennington.

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NERVITA PILLS

THROAT REST

AN old man was refused insurance by a Company because he was 94 years old. "What of that!" he cried; "look at your statistics: fewer persons die at 94 than at any other age." You see he was right but not reasonable! So, you are right when you say you can get along without Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee. But is it reasonable not to give this famous coffee a single trial? A wagon, you know, can get along without grease—but it goes hard!

H. H. BARBER, MILFORD, N. H.
The warmest October known for more than 20 years has just closed. This unseasonable weather has caused

Many Winter Goods to be Sold for a Fraction of Their Value.
By Manufacturers

The "BIG STORE" Helps You!

With SPOT CASH these opportunities have been improved and new seasonable goods are now offered at prices that mean money saving to you; what the manufacturer loses you make.

Two items from a New York Flannel Waist Manufacturer.
One lot Ladies Fine All Wool Flannel Waists, perfect fitting, tucked front and back, tailor finished and lined, were made to sell at \$2.00, but judicious buying places them before you for **\$1.50 each**

Item two is a lot of Ladies Fine Tailor-made Waists, lined, hand-somely trimmed with rows of fine Black Southside Braid, the colors are black, old rose, green and navy blue, they were intended for a \$5.00 waist, but manufacturer wanted money, therefore you get them for **\$1.98**

Some values in Golf Capses that will interest you. One lot Shawl Golf Capses with hood or cape made from the very best plaid back goods, and intended to be an extra seller at \$10.00. While they last **\$7.98**

Long Tailor-fitted Golf Capses, no cape or hood, the very latest, and now in the cities are selling for \$13 and \$15. Our price **\$10 and \$12**

Extra values in Winter Coats. The New Le Aglion Coat. Have you seen it? It is 26 inches long, box front, half fitted back, made in plain jersey and every pebble cheviot, colors and black. While it may not be suited to every figure it has a distinguished and dressy effect on those to whom it is becoming, its popularity is increasing daily.

H. H. BARBER, Milford, N. H.
NASHUA STREET.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN
Fully under way at

THE BUSY STORE, - MILFORD, N. H.

The compliments heard at our advance opening last week, would indicate that we have succeeded in placing before our trade

THE CORRECT STYLES IN Dress Materials, Garments, Skirts, Waists and Suits

From now on it will be hustle and bustle till after the holidays. Our stock is now very complete in all departments. Have never secured better values than this season, and are proud to introduce you to such a gathering of the **Seasons Choicest** as can now be found at

THE BUSY STORE

Our NEW YORK GARMENTS arrive this week, and they are BEAUTIFUL. See them SURE before you buy. CAPES lead, with ACKETS a close second.

FRENCH FLANNEL WAISTS.
Perfectly lovely. Handmade as Silk and lots more satisfactory in durability. We also show Charming Polka Spot Henrietta Waists in a great variety of the popular shades. We without doubt have one of the Choicest lines of

BLACK DRESS FABRICS
to be found anywhere in New England, and our prices we guarantee lower than the same can be bought for in the city stores. We honestly believe we can save you dollars if you make your Fall and Winter buying at

THE BUSY STORE!

ANDREW J. HUTCHINSON, MILFORD, N. H.

THE SPRINGFIELD BUSINESS SCHOOL (CHILDREN)
B. J. GRIFFIN - PRINCIPAL
The School that Secures Results
Shorthand, Typewriting by Touch, Bookkeeping, etc.
Send for Catalog.

MAY FOR SALE!

I desire to inform the public generally that I have a quantity of **Lowland Hay** which I offer for sale at **Eight Cents**; quality as good as can be found.
MILTON TENNEY,
Antrim, Oct. 15, 1909.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR PRISON
Parina Health Flour
"BRAIN BREAD."
Purina Mills, St. Louis, Mo.

The Antrim Reporter,
Published Every Wednesday.

H. W. ELDREDGE, Editor & Publisher

BENNINGTON.

Several of the members of the local camp N. of V., visited the Troy camp on Monday evening of this week.

A good number from here attended the Republican celebration in Antrim Monday night.

Among the towns which will receive state aid for schools Bennington appears in the list.

The singing class under Mr. E. G. Hood of Nashua was organized at the Town hall last evening. The class was organized in two divisions, the first division for rudimentary work, i. e., learning to read, etc., will begin at 7.15 p. m., sharp. The second division, in which more advanced work will be done, i. e., part singing, etc., will begin at 8. p. m. The first lesson of the course will begin next Tuesday, Nov. 20. Prices of course ticket for twelve lessons, \$2.00.

Guard Your Sight
With a Pair of Gordon's Glasses
The White Front, Hillsboro, N. H.

Miss Louise E. Munnah has completed the course of dressmaking in the Boston College of Garment Cutting and is now prepared to do all kinds of dressmaking at reasonable rates.

Frank W. Butler Camp No. 35, S. of V., was inspected by Ernest Gates, of A. Lincoln Camp of Troy. At the close of the session refreshments were served.

Changes in advs. of Morrison Bros. & Prescott, Emerson & Son, H. H. Barber, E. V. Goodwin and Harry Deacon appear in this issue of our paper; be sure and read them.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phillips, of Poteau, Ark. "It cured me of bloody flux, I cannot speak too highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion if not the praise of those who use it. The quick cures which it affords even in the most severe cases make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by C. H. Martin.

CLINTON VILLAGE.

Mrs. Lewis Simonds is moving into the house with J. Frank Tenney.

We are sorry to report Lewis Gove as again confined to his bed, he has been feeble a long time, much sympathy is felt for him and his estimable wife.

Allen Sawyer has improved his house with a hard wood floor.

Mrs. Morris Hills visited relatives in Bennington last week.

C. D. Sawyer is driving a new horse, it is a pretty one.

We had a heavy thunder shower Wednesday night, another Thursday, Friday; the Friday shower turned to snow with a high wind, it looked like winter.

C. Hills has left the employ of Geo. Loveren and returned home.

A Village Blacksmith Saves His Little Son's Life.

Mr. H. H. Black, the well known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so bad he has attacked him that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy, it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as an adult. For sale by C. H. Martin.

One Hundred Thousand Fruit Trees in One Orchard.

There is in the State of North Carolina an interesting settlement which has grown up almost without notice. Amid the long leaf pines not far from the capital of the Old North State is a territory of about six hundred square miles which is known as the high sand hills. The hills are as high as the hilly lands of the North but they are made up of pure white sand and are almost entirely level and far between the tall long leaved pines that tower to a height of sixty to a hundred feet. It was thought until the past few years that these lands were worthless. The remarks used to be "they were made just to hold the world together, a crow will take his ration of dirt and indignity and go home." But there has been a wonderful change on that section, and the change has been brought about by the hand of the Northern man and his money. The section has been for many years recognized by physicians to be the best winter resort in American and they began to send their patients down there, and many who were suffering from chronic diseases became well and commenced experimenting with the soil, some of them put out fruit trees, some vines, some vegetables and it soon became evident that on account of the warm general climate, warm winds, plenty of light and the fact that the fruit comes from the fruit come into bearing it showed a quality that was exceedingly fine. And from year to year the number of those who go in and plant land until there are thousands of acres in fruit, and during the season from May until middle of August are sold in thousands of tons of fruit is shipped North. One orchard alone contains over one hundred thousand fruit bearing trees, vines and shrubs. All these people who were attracted to this section on account of their health, and if one will stand at the ticket window of the Northern Settlement Steamship Company in Boston any day from November until April they will see people from every New England State buying tickets to go to Florida. For information write J. T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C.

THE CITY AND THE SEA.

To nose the city beside a servile knee,
Purse proud and scornful on her bright hair,
And at her feet the great white mooning sea
Shadowsessly to the gray sand beach.

One, the Almighty's child since time began,
And one, the might of Manum, born of clouds,
Full all the city in the work of man,
But all the sea is God's.

And she, between the ocean and the town,
Lies cursed of one and by the other blest,
Her staring eyes, her long, drenched hair,
Her gown,
Sea faved and soiled and dank above her breast,
Her image of her God, since life began;
Life, but the might of Manum, born of clouds,
Her broken body, spoiled and spurned of man,
But her sweet soul is God's.

Published in "Folklore Monthly" in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A DIAMOND RING.

BY M. QUAD.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY C. B. LEVIN.

If any one had told my friends that I was possessed of the slightest spark of romance at the age of 45, the information would have been received as a base canard. A bachelor of that age who has drifted about with all sorts of people and bumped up against all sorts of adventures is pretty sure to have had all romance knocked out of him. He thinks more of his pipe than the female sex. Yes, I was a hardheaded, practical man, and had the most beautiful woman on earth attempted a flirtation with me I should have scorned her down. That was the sort of man I was, and I gloried in it, but also, no man can tell just what day of the week he is going to fall over his own feet and make an ass of himself.

On a certain Tuesday I took a train at Elmer Junction for London, and as there were but few passengers I had plenty of room. I had been busy with a newspaper for half an hour when I noticed a small package lying under the opposite seat. I found it a plain pasteboard box and was prepared to find a specimen of free chewing gum or a new brand of soap on the side. It was something different, however. It was a lady's diamond ring.

I GOT A PECK OF LETTERS.
made up of five stones of the purest water, and on the inside were the initials "B. P." The ring was a double hoop of gold and had a perfect round emerald in the center, and a diamond on each side of the box had once contained steel pens. I argued that it must have been some careless person who carried a valuable ring around in that fashion and that it had been lost by a passenger who had left the train at the Junction.

I am only a fairly honest man. My first idea was to keep the ring to my own profit, but I remembered that I was known to the railway porter and that the property might be traced to me. If not, I therefore gave up the idea of converting the ring. I would hold it for a reward, however. That bauble must have cost at least \$200 and was perhaps valued beyond price as a gift.

I figured that I ought to get \$100 out of it, and that extra money. Half an hour later I felt a curious sensation stealing over me. I began to feel sentimental. I began to connect that dear little ring with a dear little blond haired, blue eyed girl. I got up and kicked myself a couple of times and called myself a miser. But the feeling did not go away. To my astonishment and indignation I found it growing stronger, and before I knew it the grip of remorse had got me by the neck.

I was a man of leisure, though I had no great amount of money to my credit. I would hunt up the owner of that ring, and if all things went well I would marry her. I settled on that even as I kicked myself again. Common sense told me that I might better fall in love with the old single woman at the Waterloo terminus, but when romance takes hold common sense has to let go. For a week I watched all the papers, but the ring was not advertised. This seemed to prove to me that the loser was either rich and indifferent to the loss, or that for some reason Romance made me anxious, and I therefore went to the expense of advertising in five different papers. I simply stated that a diamond ring had been found on a railroad train and asking the finder to correspond.

Inside of three days I received about 150 letters in reply. They came from all sorts of places and from all sorts of people. The number of stones was given all the way from one to ten, and most of the replies were in the kingdom of fakes and lies, and the true loser had not answered me. I was a bit nettled at this neglect on her part. She was not meeting my romance half way. I advertised a second time, and this time I gave date and day and train. Again I got a peck of letters, and at least half of them were from people who had answered before. As none of them could describe the ring I was no better off than before. Indeed I was worse off. A railway official wrote me this in keeping with the article of value found on the line I had made myself a thief and that he would take great pleasure in seeing me behind the bars.

I was now in love with the loser of that ring. Sentiment had a firm grip on me, and I got all sorts of silly notions into my head. I must see the loser, and at whatever cost, and the end must be my marriage with the fair haired Bessie. That was the name I gave her, and I put her age at 15 without stopping to reflect that she was probably as old as a man as her father went out. This time I called it a hoop ring, and I got 200 replies from losers of hoop rings. In sending out the fourth batch of advertising I described the ring with the exception of the initials. The replies numbered over 400. A detective followed me to my lodgings and was insulting enough to ask:

"Look here, old man, what sort of a game are you trying to play on the public with that ring?"

"None of your business," I replied in my anger at finding I had been dogged.

"But it is my business," he insisted. "I don't exactly twig your lay, but I'll have an eye on you for the next few weeks and be prepared to make it hot for you."

If you want to know who I am, go to Brown & Brown, solicitors.

"I'll find out soon enough without any help from them."

For half an hour after he had gone I was too put out to feel much romance, but as I cooled off it came gently stealing back, and I was more than ever determined to find my unknown love. With that independence which should characterize the actions of a fairly honest man I advertised for the fourth time. This time I asked "B. P." to communicate with me in case she had lost anything. There were just 107 "B. P." answers, but among them I selected one which appeared to be genuine. This "B. P." had lost a double hoop diamond ring containing five stones. It had been lost on a railroad train and was a birthday gift from a dead mother. I was asked to call at the chambers of a certain solicitor to have the ring further identified. There is nothing romantic about calling on a solicitor. I had been in hopes to be invited to sit in a square mansion or a grand country seat, and I was disappointed. It was quite possible, however, that the blond haired beauty would be at the solicitor's and that all would be well, and so I was on hand at the appointed hour. So was a stern faced and aggressive looking householder, who together with a sleek looking villain whom I once spotted for a detective and a young woman whose hair was red instead of blond. The ring was speedily identified by the stern faced man and red headed girl. "B. P." was Bertie Perkins, and I was told that her maid were before me. Perkins was a country squire, and on the night previous to my finding the ring his daughter's jewels had been stolen. The hoop ring was part of the plunder.

Of course I was ready to hand over the ring, but it wanted to stop there. That red headed maid was sure she recognized me as the man who was hanging about the grounds a few hours before the robbery, and that villain of a detective was only too glad to snuff me out to jail. I came out of all hurried on securing reparation. Old Perkins had helped the red headed girl to conclude that I was the robber, and I went down to his country seat to receive an abject apology or pull his nose. He not only refused an apology, but threatened to kick me off the grounds, and the red headed girl declared that I had a cast in my left eye, and by that cast she would swear to me in any court as a man who would not stop at murder. There was one more thing to be cleared up. I wanted to know about "B. P." herself. Was she the blond haired, blue eyed girl of my dreams, and was she worthy of my love? I had not long to wait. I was walking from the country seat to the village when a dogcart knocked me down and rolled me over an embankment. The driver halted to call me a tramp and threaten me with the law. The driver was "B. P." Her hair was bleached, her eyebrows colored and her nose turned up. She had a big mouth, bad teeth and milky eyes, and when she drove on she whistled like a man.

Courting in Cordova.
At night Cordova sleeps early. A few central streets are still busy with people, but the rest are all deserted, the houses look empty, there is an air of quietude. Only here and there a lone figure comes suddenly along a quiet street or comes suddenly upon a cloaked figure, with a broad brimmed hat, leaning against the bars of a window, and one may catch through the bars a glimpse of a face, dark and a nose (an artificial nose) in the hair.

Not in any part of Spain have I seen the traditional Spanish lovenaking, the cloak and hat at the barred window, so frankly and so delightfully on view. It is a touch of the romance of those who know comic opera better than the countries in which life is still in its way a serious travesty to take quite seriously. Lovers' faces on each side of the bars of a window at night in a merry street, who is honest, after all, and not even the miracle-mongers, may perhaps be the most vivid recollection that one brings away with one from Cordova.—Saturday Review.

The Gentle Reader.
What has become of the gentle reader? asks Samuel M. Crothers in The Atlantic. One does not like to think that he has passed away with the stagecoach and the weekly news letter and that henceforth we are to be content with the stony glare of the intelligent reading public. Once upon a time—that is to say, a generation or two ago—was very delicately with long rambling prefaces and with episodes which were the very essence of being. The gentle reader was to be content with a nod or a wink no matter if the fate of the hero be in suspense or the plot be intricately involved.

"Fling the plot" says the author. "I must have a chat with the gentle reader and find out what he thinks about it."

And so confidences were interchanged, and there was gossip about the universe and suggestions in regard to the question of human nature until at last the author would jump up with: "Enough of this, gentle reader; perhaps it's time to go back to the story."

Miss Kingsley and the Gortlan.
On the Ouburn river Miss Mary Kingsley's guide one day called to her to creep quietly through the bushes and then she saw a family of five young ones—an old male, three females and a young one. The guide assessed, which alarmed her, the gortlan, and they fled with a bark and a howl, the old male swinging from bough to bough like an acrobat on a trapeze.

On another day Miss Kingsley and her two guides came suddenly upon a solitary male gortlan, who, as usual, had appropriated a forest glade as a park for his private enjoyment. Furious at the intrusion, the brute, instead of feeling, came shambling toward them, growling fiercely. "Shoot him," whispered Miss Kingsley. "I dare not," said the guide. "I have only one gun. The other is out of order. If I miss, he will kill us."

The gortlan came nearer. Rearing himself on his hind legs he beat his breast and roared, just as De Chardin does when he is angry. He then, running forward, he stopped and roared again and again ran forward until quite close. Then the guide fired and the gortlan dropped dead.—Chambers' Journal.

Getting "ROUND OAK" STOVES Thin

is all right, if you are too fat; and all wrong, if you are too thin already.

Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion.

Stop over-work, if you can, but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however, you'll pay for it.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you do not find it, send for a sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE
409 Pearl Street, New York.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

For Sale.
SHINGLES. I have a nice lot of Maine shingles which are for sale at a reasonable price. They are first quality goods. Also small lot CLAPBOARDS. Apply to JAS. W. MERRILL, Antrim.

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH From the New England States?
The Best Route to Travel Is From Boston to Norfolk, Virginia BY THE Merchants & Miners' Steamers.

The most elegantly fitted boats, finest state rooms and best meals. The rate including meals and state rooms is less than you can travel by rail, and you get rid of the dust and chafing cars.

If you want to go South beyond Norfolk to Southern Pines and Pinebluff, the Winter Health Resorts, or to Vaughan, N. C., the Pennsylvania Colony headquarters, Peachland, N. C., the New England Colony, Statham, Ga., the Ohio Colony and the United Veterans Southern settlement, or to points in FLORIDA, you can connect with the Seaboard Air Line. For information as to rates of travel address, W. P. TURNER, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

For information as to farming or minor lands, water powers, manufacturing sites or winter resorts, rates of board, rent of cottages, employment for invalid mechanics who need a touch of the sun, address JOHN PATRICK, Chief Industrial Agent, S. A. L., Pinebluff, North Carolina.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Hillsborough, ss.
The Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough, in the State of New Hampshire, do hereby certify that the will of the late George C. Morrill late of Francestown in said county, was admitted to probate on the 26th day of November next, at which time and place you are hereby notified, that you may be heard on the said account.

The account of the Executor having been filed in the Probate Court for said County, and it is ordered, that the said administrator do publish notice of the said account, to be published in the Hillsborough Patriot, printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication whereof to be at least one week before the day of hearing.

And return the same, with his doings, to the Court before said day of hearing.

Given at Nashua in said County, the 30th day of October, A. D. 1909.
By order,
E. J. COPP, Register.

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