

ANTRIM REPORTER.

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ANTRIM, N. H., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1913

3 CENTS A COPY

CONCERNING GOOD ROADS

Something is Said Regarding Economical Standpoint

In our columns a few weeks ago there were articles concerning a very vital question—that of good roads or better roads—a subject which is not confined to Antrim alone, but to all country towns. These articles are given space and prominence because we thoroughly believe that better roads are a safe investment for a town, from more than one point of view. We have come to this conclusion after many years of observation and from some knowledge of conditions that exist elsewhere; and not from hear-say or any other reason that might be prejudicial.

A town may claim that she cannot afford to build permanent highway, and many of her well-meaning citizens may actually believe that to be true, yet with more and better roads in adjoining towns, and a small sum laid out judiciously each year in putting in even a short stretch of a permanent road, it will be but a short time when this very town will realize the benefits accruing therefrom, and see that she cannot afford to do otherwise.

Some have an idea that only the village people receive benefit from permanent roads,—those living directly on the line of some main thoroughfare—and to advance a bit of argument favoring the farmer, we give place to the following clipping:

The economic loss due to bad roads is beyond computation and the indifference of the general public toward any projected improvement of our

highways is not easily understood. Each owner of property must be held accountable for the condition of the highways of this locality.

Of our public works the condition of none reflects our business status more accurately than the condition of our highways. To make good roads so that products of the farm are easily and quickly brought to this market is to increase the value of every farm along those roads and is practically to increase the farmers' facilities and lessen their expenses; at the same time making this town a bigger and better market for farm produce.

If every citizen could see in actual money the financial return on his investment in good roads he would contribute his share thereafter with alacrity. He has drained the swamps on his land and converted them into arable land. He has bought improved farm implements—he has, in fact, adopted all modern methods—in order to increase the productiveness of his land. But the marketing of his farm products is still seriously hindered by defective highways. The actual returns on any investment in improving the roads to market are just as direct and even more prompt than are those from farm drainage and improved farming methods.

In these days of automobilizing good roads open up a much wider range of vision for the rural inhabitants and the same conditions that enable our residents to visit other sections induce residents of other communities to visit this locality. This inter-communication results in a kind of advertising that inevitably increases the value of property by bringing in desirable purchasers. In fact, the results accruing from the building of good roads comprise an endless chain of benefits to the community that builds the roads.

ANTRIM BOARD OF TRADE

Held Regular Bi-Monthly Meeting and Considered Matters of Importance

A number of our interested citizens attended the meeting of the Board of Trade on Monday evening at Selectmen's room.

Matters of routine business occupied some time, after which the "good of the order" was considered. Steps are being taken looking towards the entertainment of our people in an instructive manner during the coming weeks. If plans materialize something nice is in store for us all.

While but little stir and excitement is being created by the Board of Trade at the present time, the directors and committees keep busy, with the interest of the organization and the town's welfare in mind.

Some of our people living along the main street and also along the banks of the brook, have been startled of late by reports of firearms in the hands of some thoughtless hunter. This may seem a small matter—and the fellow with a license might have thought he was within the law—but upon consideration it would doubtless occur to him that very little hunting is allowable within the confines of the Precinct, and for fear of having his license revoked will probably be more careful in the future. It would

seem that the kind of game real sportsmen should be after would not be found in the thickly settled parts of the town or village.

Presumably boys for the need of some better game, have amused themselves shooting holes thru signboards along our roadways a little outside of the thickly settled part of the town. It is also presumed that these offenders do not realize that there is plenty of law against such acts; it has been hinted that unless a halt is voluntarily made along this line, that ere long something may "drop."

Selected Poem

A Fable

A gleaming pebble lay beside
An acorn in a field;
The pebble was possessed of pride
That never was concealed;
To more explicitly explain,
It viewed the acorn with disdain.

"I'm white and smooth," the pebble said
"I glisten in the sun;
Your color is a dullish red,
Your day will soon be done;
For ages I have dazzled here;
You soon shall rot and disappear."

The pebble, boasting day by day,
Its neighbor viewed with scorn;
A season slowly wore away,
And then a sprout was born;
The pebble, lying close at hand,
Looked on and did not understand.

Year after year the sapling grew,
Its healthy branches spread;
Its leaves above the pebble blew
And staid it dullish red;
Deep in the mold concealed, at last,
The pebble's foolish pride was past.

MORAL

Those whom we treat with scorn may grow,
Develop and expand;
There is so much we do not know
And cannot understand;
We may by those whom we decry
Be overshadowed by and by.
—S. E. Kiser.

The Annual Harvest Supper

And entertainment given by the ladies of the Presbyterian society were held Friday evening in the church vestry and well attended.

The harvest supper was served at six o'clock and was followed by the entertainment. The feature of the program was the first appearance of the "Mechanical Movies" in town. The cast included Charles Prentiss as the professor, Archie Swett as his negro assistant, and Edison Tuttle, Hayward Cochrane, Walter Hills, Milan Cooper, Clinton Davis, Charles Robertson, Achsah Wilson, Christine Butterfield.

Achsah Wilson sang a solo and Forrest Appleton played a piano solo. Readings of a humorous nature were given by Milan Cooper.

Fruits and vegetables were displayed as usual, several fine specimens being exhibited.

The Frank Stockton Case

Nothing in the world of books has attracted more attention in the past few months than the publication of a book under the title of "Return of Frank R. Stockton." It is a volume of short stories and reads just like Stockton of old. This is not the first time that a writer has been able to reproduce the style of a popular writer but in this instance the claim is made, and is well supported, that the work is composed by Stockton, and the real writing done by Miss de Camp as his amanuensis. While the world in general may scoff at this and the believers may accept it without consideration, the society for psychical research is making a thorough investigation of the matter. Miss de Camp claims that she knew absolutely nothing of the writing until after she had written it; and if Stockton can write from the spirit world why can not other authors find a medium for communication?

Even those who do not care to go into the influences which produced this work will find it very readable, filled with the Stockton humor—and it certainly reads like his writings. The stories are moral and amusing and well worth reading. A careful reader cannot fail to detect the mannerisms and expressions of Stockton—and in case they do not accept Miss de Camp's statements, they will agree that she is a mimic of rare intelligence. After you have read the book you will be anxious for some more of the sort.

The work is published by the Macoy, Publishing Co., 45 John St., New York and William Rider & Son, London.—Morning Citizen, Beverly, Mass., June 17, 1913.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Capital Is Taking on the Attributes of a Metropolis



WASHINGTON.—"I used to think that Washington was the quietest big city in the world," sighed a "good old times" person, "and I loved it on that account. But now—" The sigh and the shake of the head were eloquent.

If memory serves, it was Mrs. Adams, wife of the president, who complained of Washington as a wilderness. The streets, she said, were composed of mud that covered the hubs of the wheels of her carriage. Probably, with such a paving there was practically no noise of traffic—likewise no traffic.

"The city protects its citizens from unnecessary noises," said Maj. Sylvester, "but as Washington each year takes on more and more the attributes of a metropolis the number of necessary noises increases."

Just then a man blustered into the outer office and demanded a copy of the police regulations.

"I want," he said, "to find out what we've got to submit to and what we haven't. A crowd of boys congregates in the alley back of our house. They

yell and howl there and play ball, and they cut up the brooms that they find in the alley entrances and use them for bats."

"What will you do about that?" the correspondent asked Maj. Sylvester.

"It must go through the courts."

"But the policeman on that beat—shouldn't he have done something?"

"We'll investigate that. There are regulations forbidding ball playing and disorderly conduct on the city thoroughfares."

Meanwhile the irate gentleman had followed a quiet-spoken individual who had asked him to "come with me and make a statement."

Then there is the tragic story of the apartment house resident—the cliff dweller of civilization. One of these, wooing a greatly desired morning nap, is awakened in the young hours of the morning by the milkman. The milkman has been awake these many hours, and has absorbed all that exhilaration which, so we are told, may be extracted from the dawn. Having absorbed said exhilaration, the milkman proceeds to exude it again for the benefit of all whom it may concern—whether the beneficiaries desire it or not.

Then comes the ice man, clatter, clatter, into the alley. Certain horses must be addressed in loud and mandatory tones—else they will not stand just right. A swarm of boys must deliver ice in all directions, and call across intervening space for instructions. But, at last, they, too, go.

Fewer Strong Men Found Among Recruits of Today

RECRUITS in the army are deteriorating in physical standards since the days of the Civil war, according to Captain Harold W. Jones and other officers of the army medical corps. During a recent investigation measurements of 500 recruits were examined, and it was found that the percentage of strong men enlisted is by far the lowest at the present day, only 33 per cent., as against 57 per cent. in 1875.

The men considered weak at the present time are 43 per cent. as against 10 per cent. in 1875. Attention is called to the fact that the percentage of foreign-born recruits has fallen from more than 60 per cent. to about nine per cent. It is suggested that many of the recruits obtained years ago were hardy German and Irish emigrants of stocky build, which may account for the great difference in the percentage of strong men.

"We must take the figures cautiously," says that officer. "As I have said, I think there is no doubt that we are getting a different type of man in the service today from what we got years ago; he may be just as good and he may have more brains, but



he does not seem to have as much brawn.

"Whether the present-day recruit would last as well under the old conditions of hard frontier service with sanitary conditions far inferior to those of the present time is hard to say, but I think it doubtful if he would."

"The high percentage of strong men in 1875 to 1879 may be due to the fact that the recruiting, at least in this part of the country, was not very active then and the army could pick its men, accepting only the hardest and best. Finally, I believe further investigation along the lines suggested in this paper in other parts of the country might tell us whether our standard is really deteriorating or not."

Fun in a Museum.

The idea of a pink rosette being tied on the 50-foot tail of the diplodocus, a giant creature that roamed the western plains a million years ago, is shocking in the extreme to bespectacled men of fathomless minds, although others treat the matter as a huge joke.

The affair occurred recently in the Carnegie institute at Pittsburg. At the time there were few people in the museum of the institute, and the guard had strolled afield. A party of young women went through. They whispered and giggled of wagers. They looked down and looked back, and no one was in sight. Then one young creature slid a large pink rosette from beneath her motor coat. In a jiffy she tied it on the tail of the big diplodocus. Then they all slipped away, their hearts beating fast.

Discovery shocked the attendants and now every moment some guard in the museum twists his head around

suddenly and looks suspiciously at the tail of the diplodocus. In his fancy he sees the same pink rosette that caused all the trouble.

I haven't time for prose or rhyme
Or matters of the stage.
I only heed the stuff I read
Upon the baseball page.

Infringing His Prerogative.

New Parson (Dead Gulch tabernacle)—I will close the service with prayer.

Deacon—Hold on parson! It's all right—pray if yer want ter, but sermons ain't supposed ter close in dis town till "Tough" Tomkins shoots de lights out.—Puck.

Bound to Hear.

"Have you heard about Mrs. Plummer's desperate efforts to reduce her weight?"

"That's a foolish question for you to ask. Don't you know that I'm a married man and live only three blocks from Mrs. Plummer?"

FRED J. GIBSON,

Hillsboro Upper and Lower Villages

Dealer in Choice Groceries, Flour, Grain of all kinds. Hardware, Cement, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers. All kinds of Seeds. Plows, Roofing, Hardwood Flooring, Clapboards, Laths, Shingles, Lead and Oil, Lowe Bros. celebrated Mixed Paints, Hosiery, and in fact almost everything. When in need of anything, give us a call. Our prices are Right and Satisfaction is Guaranteed.

Shingles at \$2.50, 3.25, 4.00, 4.75 per M. White Lead, 7c per lb. Oil, 60c. gallon. Clapboards, \$14.00 per M. Flooring, 5c. per foot.

FRED J. GIBSON,
Hillsboro U. & L. Villages



Ithaca Lock Timed at Cornell

A quiet lock and a fast lock are important. A lock is the heart of a spring lock—they will not work for a slow lock or a bang fire lead to operate.

The speed of our lock was scientifically timed at the University of Cornell and it was found that our hammer fell in 1-625 of a second.

It was also found, at the time hammer struck, it was traveling at the rate of 233 inches per second.

ITHACA GUN CO., Box 123, Ithaca, N. Y.



New York policemen are being taught that they do not have the privilege of summarily arresting persons for slight misdemeanors and locking them up, says the Springfield Republican. Recently a boy was arrested for playing ball in a park; he was locked up in a cell over night, and when he got out he wrote a letter to Mayor Gaynor. The mayor decided that the police have no right to make arrests in such cases, but can only summon the lawbreakers to court. As a result three lieutenants and fifteen patrolmen were summoned to police headquarters on charges of making arrests without first serving summonses.

A Massachusetts town has developed a local Solomon and Mikado combined who sends stone-throwing boys into a large field where they are compelled to throw more stones under vigilant official eyes until they are tired out. More experiments like this of making the punishment fit the crime would be welcomed by a long-suffering public.

Now that 350 traveling salesmen in the millinery line, assembled at St. Louis, have undertaken a campaign to reduce the prices of women's hats, pessimist husbands will probably worry more than ever regarding the problem of next winter's coal. For with the chronic pessimist, if it isn't one thing, it's another.

The neighborly spirit in big cities is emphasized by the fact that a poor old upholsterer lay dead in his shop for more than a week before any of his next door neighbors discovered him. He used to have a friendly word with them when he passed their places of business, too.

It may have been noticed by those philosophically inclined that the death toll from pleasure-seeking arising solely from causes entirely within human control is much heavier than that exacted by excessive heat waves of other purely natural causes.

Magnates who have taken steps to discourage betting on baseball games show wisdom. Any time they desire an object lesson as to the blessedness of betting let them note what happened at horse racing.

For Your
Job and Book Printing
Patronize the
REPORTER PRESS
Antrim, N. H.

Church and Lodge Directory

Presbyterian Church, Sunday morning service at 10:45. Week-day meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Baptist Church, Sunday morning service at 10:45. Week-day meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Methodist Church, Sunday morning service at 10:45. Week-day meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Congregational Church, at Centre, Sunday morning service at 10:45. Week-day meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings.

Sunday School at each of the above churches at 12 o'clock, noon.

Veterary Lodge, I. O. O. F., meets Saturday evenings in Odd Fellows block.

Gr. Gr. Relief Encampment, No. 39, I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month.

Local 444, Hand Rebekah Lodge meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, in above hall.

Grange, P. of H., meets in their hall at Centre, on the first and third Wednesday evenings in each month.

Western Western Post, No. 87, G. A. R., meet in their hall in Jamison Block, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

Women's Relief Corps meets in G. A. R. hall first and third Friday evenings of each month.

George W. Chandler Camp, Sons of Veterans, meet in G. A. R. hall, first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

TO CONSUMPTIVES

Edward A. Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Blodgett's from the original formula is the Sovereign Remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, and all Lung and Throat Maladies.

Thousands of people say they have been relieved by it.

Those who have used it will have no other and recommend it to their fellow sufferers.

It has cured many after they were given up as incurable by their physicians.

This remedy has been in use for over 18 years, and your druggist can procure it with full direction and advice from the leading Wholesale Druggists, or from direct.

For full particulars, testimonials, etc. address

C. A. ABBOTT, Sole Agent,
30 Ann Street, New York City, N. Y.
Sold by J. J. H. Hobs, North Hampton N. H. Price \$3.00 per box.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

AUCTION

Bills, Dance Posters, and Poster Printing of every kind and size at right prices at this office. We deliver them at short notice, clearly printed, free from errors, and deliver them express paid.

Notice of every Ball or Auction inserted in this paper free of charge, and many times the notice alone is worth more than the cost of the bills.

Mail or Telephone Orders receive our prompt attention. Send your orders to

The Reporter Office,
ANTRIM, N. H.

To Newspaper Publishers and Printers

WE MANUFACTURE THE VERY HIGHEST GRADE OF

- Type
- Brass Rule in Strips
- Brass Labor Saving Rule
- Brass Column Rules
- Brass Circles
- Brass Leaders
- Brass Round Corners
- Brass Leads and Slugs
- Brass Galleys
- Metal Borders
- Labor Saving Metal Furniture
- Leads and Slings
- Metal Leaders
- Spaces and Quads 6 to 48 point
- Metal Quoins, etc.

Old Column Rules refaced and made as good as new at a small cost.

Please remember that we are no in any trust or combination and assure that we can make it greatly to your advantage to deal with us.

A copy of our Catalogue will be cheerfully furnished on application.

We frequently have good bargains in second-hand Job Presses, Paper Cutters and other printing machinery and material.

Philadelphia Printers' Supply Co.

Manufacturers of

Type and High Grade

Printing Material

Proprietors 14 S. 5th St.,
Bank Type Foundry PHILADELPHIA

Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY



"ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas and leather shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10 cts. In handsome large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes. 10c. "Dandy" size, 25c.

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes. Shines without rubbing, 25c. "French Gloss," 10c.

"BABY ELITE" combination for gentlemen their shoes look A1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10 cents. "Elite" size, 25 cents.

"QUICKWHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c. and 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-26 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.



About Advertising

It costs money to advertise in a paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising is a legitimate expense. It is not the cheapest advertising that pays the best. Sometimes it is the highest priced newspaper that brings the largest net profit to the advertiser.

Try the REPORTER.

Keep Posted

All former residents of Antrim ask in letters home "What's the news?"

An Easy Way

To tell your absent friends the news is to subscribe for The Antrim Reporter and have the paper mailed to them regularly every week.

Tell Us Items

About former town's-people and we will gladly publish the facts.

Keep In Touch

With your old home by reading the locals in this paper. Only \$1.00 for a year,—52 weekly visits.

ADVERTISE In THE REPORTER

And Get Your Share of the Trade.

Antrim Locals

Together With Some Personal News Items

E. V. Goodwin is in Boston on a business trip.

FOR SALE—Some four weeks old pigs, ready to go now. Apply to Morris Wood, Antrim. adv

Charles Goodwin and wife, from Claremont, are guests of relatives in this place.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Second hand safe, second hand grocery wagon. W. E. Cram, Antrim. adv

Ed. E. George visited with Mrs. George at Rev. and Mrs. Henry Speed's, in Clinton, Mass., for over Sunday.

The Precinct is now busy putting the pipe line to the residence of Eugene Woodward, to run the water into his house.

Forrest Smith and wife, from Hudson, former Antrim residents, were guests of relatives in this place a portion of last week.

Tenement to let on Jameson Ave., recently occupied by F. E. Wheeler; will be vacant Oct. 1. Apply to F. Grimes, Hillsboro. adv

Born, in New Rochelle, N. Y., October 14, a son (William Hurlin) to Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Robinson, and grandson to Mrs. S. R. Robinson and Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Cooley, of Antrim.

A meeting of the Antrim Poultry Association was held on Tuesday evening and preparations were made for issuing the annual premium list. This year's exhibition will be held in January.

Mrs. G. Gordon Newell and daughter, Gill, Mass., recently visited Mrs. S. R. Robinson. Mrs. Newell is the wife of Prof. Newell, who is very favorably remembered as a former principal of the Antrim High school for three years.

Miss Lottie VanBuskirk, sister of Rev. VanBuskirk, will come to Antrim the first week of November and be prepared to do fancy dress making and designing. Anyone desiring her services, leave orders with Mrs. Van Buskirk at M. E. parsonage. adv

It Cures While You Walk

Use Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes. It instantly takes the sting out of corns, itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen tender, aching feet. Try it TODAY. Sold everywhere. 25c. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Oimsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

DURABLE RUGS
Made from
Old Carpets.
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.
Write for further particulars
LEWIS MFG. CO.,
Dept. R., Walpole, Mass.

Agents Wanted

BIG PROFITS are MADE by SELLING

Gray's Helpuall!

Write for terms and prices.

The GRAY HELPUALL Company
HILLSBORO, N. H.

FOR SALE—Second hand Bicycle. Inquire at Reporter Office. adv

Some repairs are being made to the saw mill of the Goodell Co.

Morris Hills has gone to Concord where he has entered a hospital for treatment.

Cranston D. Eldredge and Wallace George spent the past week camping in Stoddard.

FOR SALE—40 young native Sheep, mated with registered rams. Apply to E. W. Merrill, Antrim. adv

F. J. White and wife of Tilton were here by auto Sunday. Mrs. George Perry returned with them to Tilton.

Ernest Woodward and wife of Templeton, Mass., have been visiting with Antrim relatives.

Mt. Crooked Encampment, I. O. O. F., conferred a degree Monday evening on two candidates.

FOR SALE—Nice parlor stove, new one horse sled, two brooders for 50 chicks each, de Laval separator nearly new. S. F. Pope, Antrim. adv

Born, in Norwich, Conn., October 19, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Nesmith, and grandson to G. Miles Nesmith of Antrim.

LOST—A chain for a motor cycle tire, somewhere between the residence of George Wheeler and G. P. Hill dretth's store at Clinton, on Sunday morning. Finder will receive reward by notifying William Wheeler, Antrim. adv

It is Rally Sunday with the Methodist Sunday school next Sunday, the 26th, and it is hoped a large number of people will attend. In the evening at 7 o'clock the members of the Sunday school will have charge of the service and will give a rally day concert.

Card of Thanks

I wish to express my appreciation and thanks for the many cards received while at the hospital.
Respectfully,
E. W. Merrill.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Held its second regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Emma E. Shoults, pres., Monday evening. After the business of the evening an excellent paper on "Music" by Mrs. Hattie Goodwin was read, and pleasing musical selections were rendered by Mrs. Ernestine Arbuckle and Mrs. Edith Muzey.

The next meeting will be Nov. 3 with Mrs. Arbuckle.

Here is Relief for Women

If you have pains in the back. Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's AROMATIC LEAF, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great tonic laxative. At druggists or by mail 50c., samples FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Auction Sale

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer, Antrim.

A lot of real estate belonging to the estate of the late E. W. Colburn, will be sold at public auction in Frankestown village, on Thursday, October 30, at 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon. This property is very desirable, nicely located, and is surely some of the best in the town, and will positively be sold to the highest bidder. For particulars and description of the several parcels of real estate read posters.

ACCOMMODATION

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

A. M.		P. M.	
7.08	7.35	3.13	3.47
10.25	11.32	3.54	6.54

Sunday: 6.33 a. m.; 4.22, 4.46, 8.55 p. m.

Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes earlier than departure of trains.

Stage will call for passengers if word is left at the Express Office in Cram's Store.

Passengers for the early morning train should leave word at Cram's the night before.

Departure & Arrival of Mails

POST OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.
In effect September 29, 1918

DEPARTURE
A. M.

6.48. All points south of Elmwood including Southern and Western states.

7.20. All points North, Mass., Southern and Western states, Bennington, Peterboro, and north of Elmwood via Hillsboro.

10.10. All points south and north excepting between Antrim and Concord, and Antrim and Jaffrey

11.17. Hillsboro, N. H., Massachusetts, Western and Southern states.

P. M.

2.58. All points south of Elmwood, Western and Southern States.

3.32. Hillsboro, all points north of Concord; Mass., Southern and Western states.

3.32. Bennington, all points north of Elmwood; Mass., Southern and Western states.

ARRIVAL
A. M. P. M.

7.50, 10.40, 11.47 4.09, 7.09

Tuesday and Thursday evenings the office will close fifteen minutes after the arrival of the last mail.

Leander Patterson,
Postmaster.

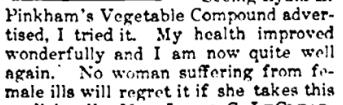
Grandeur in individuality is not the mastery of vital sin, for he who cannot master such is considered weak, but it is self-control enough to master little things.

You'll find the men of friends to have this belief well fixed within them:
The people whom we seek to serve;
The people from whom favors come,
Have nothing else to say to us,
Save little things we've kindly done.

DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. LeClear's Health—Her Own Statement.

Detroit, Mich.—"I am glad to discover a remedy that relieves me from my suffering and pains. For two years I suffered bearing down pains and got all run down. I was under a nervous strain and could not sleep at night. I went to doctors here in the city but they did not do me any good."
"Seeing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised, I tried it. My health improved wonderfully and I am now quite well again. No woman suffering from female ills will regret it if she takes this medicine."—Mrs. JAMES G. LECLEAR, 336 Hunt St., Detroit, Mich.



Another Case.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is all you claim it to be. About two or three days before my periods I would get bad backaches, then pains in right and left sides, and my head would ache. I called the doctor and he said I had organic inflammation. I went to him for a while but did not get well so I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I was relieved and finally my troubles left me. I married and have two little girls. I have had no return of the old troubles."—Mrs. CHAS. BOELL, 2650 S. Chadwick St., Phila., Pa.

Business Cards

S. S. SAWYER
REAL ESTATE
Antrim, N. H.
Representing Chamberlain & Burham, Real Estate, at Old South Building, Boston.
Farms, Village and Lake Property For Sale.
No charge unless sale is made

W. E. Cram,
AUCTIONEER
I wish to announce to the public that I will sell goods at auction for any parties who wish, at reasonable rates. Apply to
W. E. CRAM,
Antrim, N. H.

C. H. DUTTON,
AUCTIONEER,
Hancock, N. H.
Property advertised and sold on reasonable terms.

John R. Putney Estate
Undertaker
First Class Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case.
Lady Assistant.
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FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE.
The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town hall block, the First Saturday in each month, from two till five o'clock in the afternoon, to transact town business.
The Tax Collector will meet with the Selectmen.
CLINTON P. DAVIS
WARREN W. MERRILL
BENJAMIN F. TENNEY
Selectmen of Antrim.

TOWN OF ANTRIM.
SCHOOL DISTRICT.
EDMUND M. LANE, Chrm.
GEORGE E. HASTINGS, Sec'y.
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Meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town hall building, the Last Saturday afternoon in each month, at 2 o'clock, to transact School District business, and to hear all parties regarding school matters.

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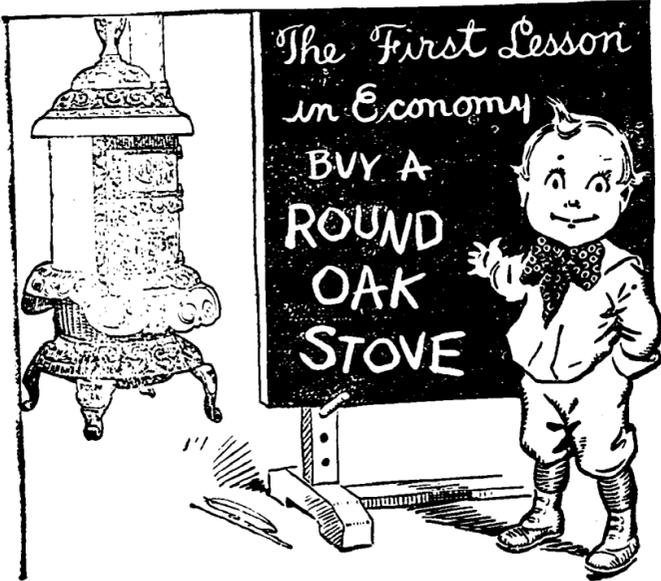
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WITH THE MYSTIC OM

Mr. Ramsammy Chundra Ghee
Was Not Much of a Riddle
After All.

By GEORGE MUNSON.

She was not his Molly. John Beatty realized that as, attired in a stiff shirt, which gave him a sensation of impending asphyxia, and a suit of evening clothes, which made him feel like a waiter, he stood moodily beside the door and watched his fiancée moving among her guests.

He had returned from the west after a three years' absence. He had gone to make his fortune in the mines, and Molly had said she would be true to him. He had made the fortune and Molly had been true, but

Well, this was not the simple, pretty country girl whom he had left three years before.

There was incense in the air, and Beatty liked the incense of wholesome oxygen. There were three poets present. John did not mind poets, but these had long, greasy hair and dirty finger-nails. And he positively loathed the black man in the turban, who was holding forth a rapt audience—Molly included—upon the mysteries of Yoga.

"To attain the infinite?" he was saying with a supercilious smile. "It is easy, ladies. Concentrate! Concentrate, and repeat without cessation the magic syllable 'Om.' Then breathe in lightly through the left nostril, concentrate all feelings in the center of the spine, and exhale through the alternate nostril, meanwhile repeating the magic syllable 'Om.'"

After that came a lecture upon Esoteric Buddhism, as set forth by the great seer and sage Patanjali, several hundred centuries before Molly had opened her pretty eyes in Binghampton, N. Y.

After the guests had gone John Beatty stood facing Molly alone. He



"Night and Day, Forever, I Dream of You."

was sick at heart and angry words rose to his lips.

"Don't you see, Molly, this isn't real?" he was saying. "It isn't wholesome. That black man—"

"You mean Mr. Ramsammy Chundra Ghee?" inquired Molly, with ominous calm.

"I do," said Beatty. "I don't like to see you mixed up with a crowd of fakers like those, dear. If he wants to concentrate on the infinite let him do his breathing exercises in some good gymnasium. Why, Molly, there isn't a real man or woman among all that crowd. You seem to have changed—"

"Yes, I have changed, John," answered Molly. "I have found myself. And you haven't changed. You have lost yourself in the whirl of worldly interests. It isn't any use, John. We could never be happy together. I want to live in the soul, to have my spiritual freedom. We could never be happy together."

"You want to break our engagement?" asked Beatty coldly.

She looked at him, half in terror. In the strong lineaments of his face she remembered the man who had won her love, of whom she had dreamed during the first of those three years that had elapsed since their passionate farewell—before she had fallen into the ways and habits of her new friends. She put out her hands.

"John—" she breathed. John clasped her in his arms. "God bless you, Molly," he said. "But it isn't any use. Only if you grow tired—if you want me at any time, anywhere, you'll let me know, won't you?"

(Continued on page six.)

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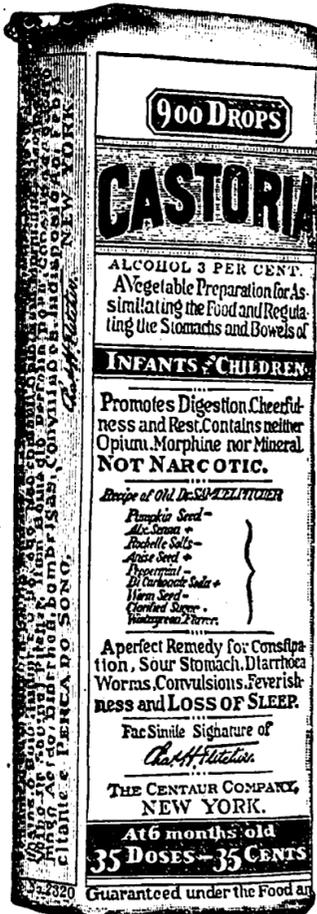
L AFFITE, great French banker, credited his rise in life to picking up a pin in the streets of Paris. Trifles tip the scales for or against success in anything, from building a shoe to building the Panama Canal.

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Bears the Signature of
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In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

With the Mystic Om

(Continued from Page 4)

Then he was gone, and Molly was alone in the incense-scented room with the idol of Buddha in one corner and the Japanese screen in the other, and the barbaric, Oriental couch cover and Turkish pillows and all the other paraphernalia of the mise-en-scene.

Her thoughts went back to those first days when she had come to New York. She had met John in a commonplace boarding house where there was no Ramsammy Ghee and nobody had heard of Buddha, and they ate steak smothered in onions and breathed through both nostrils simultaneously and never thought of their spines. And yet those had been days of perfect happiness. Now—

A ring at the bell aroused her from her reverie. She glanced at the clock. It was nearly midnight. Who could want her at such an hour? Perhaps it was John! Her face hardened. Her wavering mood impelled her thoughts to bitterness. She would send him about his business. She opened the door.

The Indian was standing upon the threshold. At the sight of him her face softened.

"You left something, Mr. Ramsammy Ghee?" she asked.

Ramsammy entered after her and closed the door behind him. He turned toward her and held out his arms.

"Yes," he whispered hoarsely. "I left you, my moonflower, my perfect pearl. I could not go home until I had told you that I love you. Night and day, forever I dream of you. With you beside me I would seat myself upon my peacock throne in my own land and dream away blissful hours, immersed in the creative principle of the sixth sphere, my bride, my seraph."

Molly recoiled in horror. She had always associated Ramsammy with unearthly detachment and philosophic serenity, with the mystic Om and all that it denoted. And here he was talking like a lover? No, like a drunkard. There was a quite unmistakable smell upon his breath, and all at once she understood why Ramsammy was so very partial to incense.

"Will you come with me and be my bride, lotos-flower?" inquired the black man eagerly. And without waiting for the lotos-flower to answer he clasped her in his arms. And Molly, overcome with aversion, screamed as vulgarly as any ordinary maiden.

"Oh, I hate you! Go away!" she cried, "John! John!"

The answer was immediate. With a crash the door came off its hinges, and Mr. John Beatty stood in the entrance. His stocky figure, in evening dress, the total absence of anything esthetic or esoteric, had never seemed more welcome.

With a leap he was upon the black man, and before he quite knew what had occurred Ramsammy was receiving a long deferred and long needed trouncing. John Beatty did not strike too hard. He propelled the black man toward the door with a series of well-directed kicks, got him into the passage, thrust him into the street, and, with a parting hoist, deposited him upon the sidewalk. Then he turned back into the apartment. Molly was weeping pitifully as she crouched on the Turkish lounge.

"I saw that black skunk turn back, Molly, and I suspected something," John explained. "So I waited outside to make sure that it was all right. You aren't angry with me, dear?"

"Angry, John?" she answered, looking up. "Oh, John, can you ever forgive me?"

John sat down beside her and took her hand in his.

"Molly, dear," he said, "I guess you didn't understand—that's all. When a man's knocked about the world he somehow feels things. I knew that fellow was a cur, and yet I couldn't put it into words. Molly, if you'll marry me, you shall have a different poet every night to supper, as long as his hands are clean. But I guess we'll let Ramsammy do his breathing stunts elsewhere. What do you say?"

"All right, John," answered Molly. (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Next winter is going to be a hard one. The latest estimate is that there are already 1,052,208,000 eggs in cold storage.

For solid enjoyment a bathing suit is preferable to an aeroplane any hot day.

Every time hot weather comes a man wishes he had the courage to dress comfortably.

A sure way of flattering a man is to tell him you know he is not susceptible to flattery.

Rich design and refined beauty in knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces are not attributes of solid silverware alone. The skill born of long experience has produced, in the famous "1847 ROGERS BROS." silver plate, effects in pattern and design which make its name for beauty second only to its reputation for quality—"Silver Plate that Wears."

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"One way to be popular is to let folks use you."
"It's no disgrace to be poor, but it might as well be."

But little things magnify their own importance promptly and accumulate with marvelous rapidity.

The mansion is built brick by brick, the steel building girder by girder, and, likewise, both are razed.

Greatness, as I have found men to confess it in themselves, is measured by a kindness here, an interest there, a help and a suggestion.

With the Chinese feudists signing a peace treaty and another step made toward abolishing its horse cars, Gotham has taken another giant leap in the direction of real progress.

Fifteen fellow lodge members gave patches of skin to save the life of a member who had been severely burned. Case of "grafting" with no trace of politics in it.

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OBJECT OF SACRIFICE

It Appeared That Way on Surface, but Everything Turned Out Lovely.

By BRUCE BAYLIS.

Everybody of consequence in London had come to know Herbert Fanshawe, the American who was claiming the Fanshawe estates, covering thousands and thousands of broad acres in the most smiling part of the Midlands. The claim had been originated by Fanshawe's grandfather, and it had been in the English courts for a little less than three-quarters of a century. Fanshawe's father had revived the suit, and a new judge had presided over a new court, addressed by new lawyers. And the case had slept and revived until the young engineer, with all the confidence of youth, had left his home city in Illinois to press his claim. And he seemed likely to win.

That was what startled everybody. Brand new evidence had been brought to light, and the issue was a foregone conclusion. Sir Thomas Fanshawe was in despair. He was an old man, and if he lost, his daughter, his only heir, born to him when he was well past fifty, would be turned out of her historic home, penniless.

Fanshawe had journeyed to Elmsdale to meet his solicitor and the defendants. He was shown into a spacious room, where Sir Thomas, a gray old man, sat toasting his feet at the fire.

Three lawyers sat gloomily around the mahogany table, and Fanshawe's lawyer, the only cheerful person present, was the only one who condescended to notice him when he entered. The old man at the fire merely inclined his head at the introduction.

"Mr. Fanshawe," said his lawyer, "Sir Thomas Fanshawe has made a singular proposal with a view to set-



"What Do You Want of Me?"

ting this trouble out of court. That is why I asked you to come down here."

"Yes," said the young American briskly. "I am in your hands."

"Not in this instance," answered his lawyer sharply. "Sir Thomas proposes that you drop your suit, leave him in possession of the estates until his death, become his heir, and marry his daughter, Miss Mary, whom you were kind enough to say you admired when you saw her in court."

Fanshawe gasped at the cold-bloodedness of the proposition. His lawyer seemed dismayed at his own success. His sympathies were palpably with the defendants. He was cold, almost rude toward his client.

But the mere words had set the blood racing in Fanshawe's veins. He had loved her at first sight, this quiet reserved girl in black, with the dark hair and eyes, the soft speech, a typical scion of an old and proud country family.

"What does Miss Fanshawe say?" asked the young man, quietly enough though he could hardly control his voice.

The old man spoke. "Mary!" he called. The girl glided into the room and stood looking at Fanshawe with out expression. "Are you willing to make this sacrifice, my dear?" her father asked.

She nodded, and looked at Fanshawe as though he were an inanimate object.

"Are you willing, Mr. Fanshawe?" asked his lawyer. "I presume that such an alliance will mean a good deal to an American. The Fanshawes came over with the Conqueror. And naturally Sir Thomas does not want his daughter to be turned out of her home."

"I'm willing," answered Fanshawe thickly. He would win her love afterward, he assured himself. He could not let her go. He had never loved

any woman as he loved her.

"Then," said one of the lawyers, "the ceremony may as well take place now. I am the registrar for this division. You are both willing to take each other for better or worse?" He smiled acidly at his jest. "Please sign your names here in the presence of these witnesses," he said.

That was all. They were man and wife. Fanshawe looked stupidly around him. What should he do next?

"Here is Sir Thomas's will," said Fanshawe's lawyer. "There will be no later will. You can rely on his honor? Or do you want a post-nuptial settlement?"

"No, I am satisfied," said Fanshawe. He turned and went into the hall, quite dazed. He put on his hat. Nobody followed him. He went out into the sunshine. He walked out of the grounds. Ten minutes later he was on his way to London. He had been so stunned by the transaction that he had run away. He wanted to be alone to think. He had received no advice or suggestions; the sentiment of everyone seemed to be that he was an interloper who had obtained his demand, but deserved to reap only the bitter tares that he had sown.

He slept over his problem, and when he opened his morning paper, he saw a brief notice that Sir Thomas had died the preceding evening suddenly. Apoplexy was given as the cause of death.

Fanshawe's lawyer received him with suavity. "I regret deeply," he said, "but Sir Thomas died before he was able to sign that will. It is so much waste paper. The ownership of the estate depends upon the verdict of the court, which should be given today. If it is adverse, you will have nothing, since the Married Women's Property act expressly deprives you of all claim upon your wife's estate. And—I must decline to act as your lawyer further."

"May I ask why?" inquired Fanshawe.

"Because, sir, you have taken a despicable advantage of an old man's love for his daughter," answered the other.

"But I love her!" cried Fanshawe, and then, humiliated at the position in which he found himself, he left the office.

Outside in the street he saw, in glaring letters on a huge poster FANSHAWE CASE—RESULT. He bought a copy, and then, seized with a sudden thought, instead of opening the paper, he put it in his pocket unread and hurried back to Elmsdale. He could gather no impression of what the verdict had been from the butler's impassive demeanor.

"May I see Miss Fanshawe?" asked the young man.

"You mean Mrs. Fanshawe, sir?" inquired the servant, and when the other, chagrined, assented, Fanshawe was shown into the same room where he had sat the day previously. A fire was burning in the grate; it seemed difficult to believe that the old man who had warmed himself at it the day before now lay dead in his room.

The door opened and his wife glided in. She was dressed in deep mourning, but if there had been tears on her face there was no sign of them now. She stood quietly before him.

"What do you want of me?" she asked.

"I want to say," said Fanshawe thickly, "how sorry I am for the loss you have suffered. Please do not think that I shall intrude upon your grief. But I had to have an explanation. Why did you make this abominable bargain?"

"To please my father," she answered, showing for the first time a trace of emotion. "You and your father and his father have embittered our lives. You made my father's last years wretched and hastened his end. It was his constant terror that I would be driven out of my home when he was gone. With us the individual is subordinated to the family. For the sake of my father and all that he believed in I agreed to marry you. Now, then, why did you make the bargain?"

"Because I love you," answered Fanshawe unsteadily.

"You love me?" she repeated incredulously.

"I love you," he answered doggedly. "I knew that unless I could get you yesterday you would either turn me from your home or leave it yourself and I should never see you again. You must remember that I have seen you several times before—in court," he added, smiling. "That was my reason."

He drew the paper from his pocket and placed it, still folded, upon the table.

"Of course you know the verdict," he resumed. "But I do not. Strange as it may seem, I have not looked at that newspaper. I resolved before doing so to visit you here and say to you: whatever the verdict has been, whether in my favor or yours, will you give me a chance to win your love? Will you let me visit you here once a week and talk to you, exchange opinions with you, learn your ways of thought and tell you mine? I shall never ask anything more—you will be as free as now till you yourself

come to me. Will you?"

The girl had stepped nearer to him and was gazing at him in amazement. Her face was flushed, her eyes shining.

"You really love me?" she said incredulously. "And you have really not seen the verdict? Suppose—suppose that it was in your favor!"

"I still hold to my proposition," he answered.

She was seemingly overwhelmed by his self-revelation. She looked at him as though stupefied. Fanshawe stretched out his hand toward the paper, but she anticipated him.

"No, wait!" she said. "I accept your offer. I never thought of you as a human being, but just as a hideous duty, an object of sacrifice. I accept your offer in my father's name. If he had known you it would have been so different—"

Suddenly she went up to him.

"I am your wife," she said softly, and raised her lips to his. And Fanshawe knew that he had gained her. Presently she slipped out from the room and he looked at the newspaper. It made no difference, but—

The trial had been adjourned.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. ...)

Dowdy and Unsympathetic.
"Broadly speaking," declares a prominent English woman, "New York women are dowdy. Limply hanging skirts and badly fitting coats are as common as blackberries among the poorer sections, while the taste of the wealthier women often is execrable."

Freak fashions from which a French woman would recoil in horror are accepted with complacency by the moneyed matrons of New York. Here and there in the mad medley of color one sees an example of exquisite taste and it is these rare exceptions, no doubt, which have given the American woman the reputation she possesses for smartness and chic.

"When a New York woman is beautiful she is very beautiful, but she lacks poetry and sympathy. She has not suffered enough. There is no suggestion of softness or subtlety about her. Her lips are too thin and her eyes too hard."

Convivial Clerk.

Rev. H. P. Ditchfield tells in the June Treasury some more stories about parish clerks. His own little church at Barkham was many years ago the scene of a deplorable episode. It was not unknown that the clerk on occasions used to patronize the village inn, which was kept by a parish wench, Mrs. Collyer. One Sunday afternoon, when the weather was warm and the sermon long, the clerk slept and dreamed. He imagined himself the center of an admiring company at the village inn. Hence, when the sermon was ended and the ascription said, and he was expected to utter a loud and sonorous "Amen," he startled the congregation by shouting "Fill 'em again, Mrs. Collyer; fill 'em again." The congregation naturally was somewhat scandalized.—Westminster Gazette.

An Afterthought.

"I have just been reading another list of rules for living a hundred years."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Maybe you are right. I notice that most of these old chaps who have lived to be ninety-eight and a hundred years old seem to formulate their rules for longevity rather late in life."

ATHLETE OR SCHOLAR?

Recently there has been heard some little complaint that this is an era of loneliness and depression for the scholar; that the intellectual life is secondary in college thought; and that it is the football player who is carried from the campus on the shoulders of his cheering fellows, and not the man who achieves distinction in academic studies. But really there is no reason for resentment here. In the first place there is no good reason why the athlete should not be honored, if he is a good athlete and honest. But especially do the plodding students lose sight of one big fact. The athlete has all the honor today but tomorrow his name is forgotten, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Why deny him his brief hour of glory when it is so temporary and evanescent? The scholar may not be carried on the shoulders of his admiring friends. But when he does fix for himself his place in life he has fixed it there for all time. His influence will be as large tomorrow as today. The best sellers for a day or two put all the classics in the shade. But after the day or two is past the classics are doing business at the old stand.

Not long ago we read the following in one of the southeast papers, says the Farmington (Mo.) Times. Talk about ideal girls? How goes this one as a record breaker? "The bride is a young lady of wondrous fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with manners as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as

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A box of this stationery will make a most acceptable Commencement gift to any young lady graduate.

Absolutely satisfying to both the recipient and to the giver. The highest grade of stock, workmanship and boxing.

Besides this dainty stationery for women, of which we are now making a specialty, we also do all sorts of COMMERCIAL & BUSINESS PRINTING, ranging all the way from the smallest card to the largest book.

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sweet as the notes of swallows and spirits as joyous as the carolling of birds and mind as brilliant as those glittering tresses that adorn the brow of winter, and with heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment like the lovely home of her girlhood, where the heaven-toned harp of marriage, with its chords of love and devotion and fond endearments sent forth the sweetest strains that ever thrilled senses with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture."

One oriental immigrant has been warmly welcomed in Philadelphia. It is a Chinese bug which preys on mosquitoes. If the Philadelphia experiment succeeds New Jersey will probably give the now exterminator a supreme test, for what New Jersey has done in the way of abolishing the mosquito the nation can do.

After next year poor French parents will receive grants for each child over the number of three, varying from \$12 to \$16 a year. This will hardly be encouraging, though, as the grants of several children put together would not be enough to supply the family with a motor car.

The story of that lost pearl necklace for which the police of Europe were searching, is found to have been "a vaudeville stunt." What with the "movies" and the press agents the police have a hard time nowadays telling when a real crime is being pulled off.

Mr. Zafropouphoulosa and Miss Papostamotopoulos were recently principals in a court case. It was no-

ted that when the clerk attempted to read the names the mercury rose perceptibly with the severity of the struggle.

An exchange thinks the Chicago man who lived a double life for eight years and supported two families on \$12 a week is a financial genius. He is not. But the reporter who started the story is some reporter.

Moving pictures now talk and have the colors of reality. But there is one obstacle they can't surmount. The actresses on the screen can neither lose their jewels or be divorced.

The university student who says he can live on 15 cents a day will need more than that amount and his diploma to keep going after he finishes school.

Newspapers one of these fine days will make it a rule to charge actors for space after they had been married a certain number of times.

They are installing electric chairs to put superannuated dogs to a more humane end, but many humans still go to lingering deaths. Why the discrimination?

"Insects eat a billion dollars' worth of farm products in a year." Then why can't they let the summer boarders alone?

Having heard a Hungarian orchestra, we do not wonder that the Hungarian parliament is so disorderly.

Auto polo should have thrills, but wait until we go to playing tag with aeroplanes!

BENNINGTON

DREAMLAND Theatre

R. E. MESSER : Prop'r and Mgr.
Tuesday and Saturday evenings
at Bennington; Wednesday and
Friday evenings at Antrim.

Frank B. Morse of Pasadena, Cal., formerly station agent at Elmwood, was here yesterday.

Ralph E. Messer, proprietor of Dreamland theatre, was in Boston first of the week on a business trip.

James McKenna has completed his work at the Monadnock Paper Mills and is now in Boston for a few days.

"The Wheels of Destiny," a big western feature in three reels is a special attraction to night at Dreamland.

James Carey died at Grasmere the past week. He formerly resided in Bennington and did some business in the shoe repairing line.

Robert Wilson was in Boston Monday and called on William J. Gorman at the hospital. It is reported that Mr. Gorman is not improving as rapidly as his many friends had expected and hoped he would.

On Friday evening, Oct. 31, the B. B. B. A. will hold a masquerade ball at the town hall, with music by Appleton's orchestra. By referring to the posters, particulars will be learned regarding costumes, refreshments, etc.

The Old Folks' Party at the town hall in this place on Friday evening last was a grand success in every way, and the local base ball association, under whose auspices it was held, are well pleased with the outcome of the affair.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. W. A. WALKER, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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A Gentle and Effective Laxative

A mild and gentle laxative is what people demand when suffering from constipation. Thousands swear by Dr. King's New Life Pills. Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio, Tex., writes: "They are, beyond question, the best pills my wife and I have ever taken." They never cause pain. Price 25c., at druggists or by mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis. adv.

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The Family Cough Medicine

In every home there should be a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, ready for immediate use when any member of the family contracts a cold or a cough. Prompt use will stop the spread of sickness. S. Stid of Mason, Mich., writes: "My whole family depend upon Dr. King's New Discovery as the best cough and cold medicine in the world. Two 50 cent bottles cured me of pneumonia." Thousands of other families have been equally benefited and depend entirely on Dr. King's New Discovery to cure their coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Every dose helps. Price, 50c. and \$1.00. All druggists. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis. adv.

Will Downes went to Lynn, Mass., the past week.

Samuel Hall, who worked for G. O. Joslin, has gone to California.

Miss Bettie Barr and friend are in Providence, R. I., for a few days.

Herbert Putnam, George Cheney and Charles Taylor are hunting at the Connecticut lakes.

Georgie Brown picked a couple of ripe wild strawberries first of the week; rather late for them now!

Women Subject to Kidney Troubles.

I beg to say that I have been a constant sufferer with severe pains in my back and was on the verge of nervous prostration resulting from kidney trouble and other complications. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root as a sure cure for these troubles. Acting upon her advice I began taking Swamp-Root and began to improve before I had finished the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken several bottles and continued to improve until I was completely cured. I am happy to say that I am as well as any woman on earth and have been so for the past nine years, thanks to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and I cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from kidney troubles.

Very truly yours,
MRS. ALVA BAXTER,
407 Cypress St., Orange, Texas.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of March, 1912.
JOHN J. BALL,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send 10c. to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure to mention the Antrim Reporter. Regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.



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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WOULD HAVE ALL MEN DANCE

Nature's Universal Way of Showing Emotion, According to Anna Pavlova.

Beneficent nature, says Anna Pavlova in the Strand, intended that man should dance. Little children dance in happiness, in sorrow, in anger. They dance about their mothers in love. Youth dances gloriously in exhilaration. Age bows and sways in grief. Every movement or gesture of man that emphasizes thought has definite relation to the dance.

Even animals and birds dance from the motives that impel human kind to this form of expression.

I might go on indefinitely about the effect of dancing, its value and its benefits, intellectual, spiritual and physical. I believe, I know, that every time we try to express a beautiful thought we are uplifted.

By so much has our better and higher self been developed and strengthened. Life is a struggle for self-expression, the dance is a medium of expression for all.

Not every one can sing or play. Few can write verse; and though inspiring and refreshing indeed, listening to music or reading poetry can be but second-hand self-expression.

Though few can be poets or composers or musicians, every one can dance. And as an onlooker every one can appreciate dancing more readily and deeply than other arts, since real appreciation of art must be largely subjective, and no form of art is really felt unless it strikes a sympathetic chord within us.

SOME POSTSCRIPTS

Tokyo at the end of last year claimed a population of 2,099,181, a gain of more than 102,000 in a year.

An electric sterilizer to be mounted on an ordinary water faucet has been patented by an Oregon inventor.

A hydroplane built in Belgium of steel instead of wood is said to have attained a speed of 45 miles an hour.

The fireless cooker originated in Norway and first was brought to public attention at the Paris exposition of 1867.

If placed end to end the matches used in the United States in a day would extend more than around the world.

Switzerland exported 15,000,000 pounds of chocolate last year, a gain of more than 2,000,000 pounds in a year.

Powerful electric lights have been installed around New York's most famous prison to prevent possible escapes.

Sixteen states have no special institutions for the insane, while nine states have no insane institutions of any kind.

COMPULSORY MARRIAGES.

They are starting a remarkable reform at Trieste, Austria, and that is the institution of a system of compulsory marriages. The decline in marriages in that region has become so marked of late as to threaten the progress of the country; so they are going to compel people to marry. It is proposed that the spinsters of 25 and bachelors of 30 report themselves each year to a certain authority, says the Ohio State Journal. All names are to be put in a box and drawn and thus the mating is determined by lot. It is seen that the name of only proper persons of good health are put in the box. When the drawing is finished, and the matches are determined by lot, the parties are immediately married by a magistrate, who is there for that purpose. This regulation is not so contrary to common sense, since it is generally claimed that matrimony is a sort of lottery anyhow. One can imagine the curiosity and surprise that would possess the new-made bride and benedict when first presented to one another. It may not, after all, be any more of a revelation than awaits a couple after a long courtship. But this compulsory marriage business would not be so bad if, after the names are drawn, they could be referred to a committee on, say, good sense and propriety, and if that committee says the decision rendered by the drawing is all right, then let the marriage proceed.

THE NEW STOCK PATTERN!

At Emerson's is THE "METTENBURG."

An Entirely new design of decoration on newest shape. METTENBURG is its name. Finest Bavarian, China, every piece first quality both as to ware and decoration and every piece is fully warranted by us.

You Select Just the Pieces You Desire

And pay no more in proportion for a few pieces than as though you purchased the whole set at one time.

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We sell you the cup without the saucer, the cover without the dish or dish without the cover. You can at any time make good your breakage.

See the Samples in our window. Let us give you prices on the pieces you select. This is only one of our many stock patterns. When you buy a stock pattern from us you can depend upon having the matchings ready for you at any time.

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If you buy \$10 or more we allow you mileage to Milford and return. Is not this a good offer? Don't you want to take a day and come to Milford and see the elegant showing of Fall goods.

Fall Suits & Dresses

Everyone is enthusiastic over the beautiful Suits shown at our opening, as well as pleased at the reasonableness of the prices. We invite you to come in and see what stylish Suits you can get at \$12.50, \$15, \$19.50 and \$25. In the cities these Suits would be priced at 1-3 more, and we make all alterations free. Our Fall Dresses are made from all wool serge and poplins, attractively trimmed with Bulgarian silk, many of them having fancy girdles and sashes.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK—25 different models, every one of which would sell in the cities for \$7.50. While they last you get your choice for **5.98**

New Fall Coats combine real beauty with practical utility. The new "Sport" Coats are interesting young ladies. Brisk October weather suggests heavier Underwear. We have big values, such as a regular \$1 Union Suit for 89c.

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Come to Milford if you can, but if you can not then try our Mail Order Department. You have no idea how easy it is. You run no risk as you can return anything. If you have not received our handsome Catalog don't fail to write for it.

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