

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XXXII NO. 29

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1915

3 CENTS A COPY

ANTRIM BASE BALL BOYS

Win and Lose in Games Played Here and the Fourth in Hillsboro

Saturday the Antrim team defeated Hillsboro here, 8 to 3, making seven consecutive victories for the home team. The game was more interesting than the score would indicate. For four innings neither side scored. In the fifth Mulhall and Raleigh of Antrim both made a run. Hillsboro secured all of their runs in the sixth and seventh. Antrim added three tallies in the sixth and three in the eighth, clinching the game.

Antrim's winning streak was broken Monday at Hillsboro when the local boys lost two games, 8 to 2 in eleven innings and 5 to 3 when the second game was called at the fifth. Lynch pitched the



With the score Hillsboro 2 and Antrim 0, the Antrims started something in the 9th, prolonging the game.

first game, allowing but six hits in the eleven innings and making twelve strike outs, but a combination of errors threw the game away.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R	H	E
Hillsboro	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	6	2	
Antrim	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	10	1	

Kepple pitched the second game, was hit quite freely and poorly supported. The series of games between Antrim and Hillsboro now stands two for each team.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
Hillsboro	1	3	0	1	0	5	7	1
Antrim	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	4

New Officers Installed

Herbert C. Hunt, district deputy grand patriarch, of Hillsboro, and suite of installing officers, was present on Monday evening and installed the officers of Mt. Crooked Encampment, I. O. O. F.

Newly installed officers are:

- Chief Patriarch, Archie N. Nay
- High Priest, George D. Dresser
- Senior Warden, Horace N. Patterson
- Junior Warden, Lucius E. Parker
- First Watch, Charles L. Fowler
- Second Watch, J. Leon Brownell
- Third Watch, Willard Manning
- Fourth Watch, George W. Goodhue
- Guide, Harlan M. Smith
- Outside Sentinel, Henry A. George
- Guard to Tent, B. L. Brooks
- Past Chief Patriarch, H. Burr Eldredge

Following the installation ceremony, ice cream and fancy cookies were served in the banquet hall, the committee in charge being A. A. Gerrard, B. L. Brooks and John Thornton.

Will Hold Their Annual Fair

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church will hold their annual fair and entertainment at town hall on Wednesday, July 28. Further announcement will be made later.

Governor Spaulding would have put into important state offices men of experience and tried ability, if he could have had his say; but the Council practically made the appointments, from all we are able to learn. It is little wonder that so many favor the doing away with this branch of the Governor's family; and hunt up its cost, and see what might be saved financially to the state.

Our serial story "Black is White" will soon be replaced by another of equal interest; read the announcement of the story in another column.

THE FOURTH CELEBRATED

In Hancock, Greenfield and Hillsboro--- Rain Interfered Somewhat

With nothing special going on in Antrim on the Fourth, our people were somewhat at a loss to know just what to do or where to go. A number went to Hillsboro to see the ball games; others went to Hancock; some visited Oak Park Fair Grounds in Greenfield; and a few journeyed farther—motoring to Milford, Nashua and other places to help make up the crowds for their respective celebrations.

The Attractions at Hillsboro

Were mostly the ball games between the Hillsboro and Antrim nines, a report of which is found in another column. In addition there were scheduled a number of sports by the Boy Scouts.

The Celebration at Hancock

Under the auspices of John Hancock Grange, was quite largely attended considering the inclemency of the weather. Music for the day was furnished by the Hillsboro band. A report of the sport winnings appears herewith:

100-yard dash, won by Charles Blanchet, Hancock; Herman Thayer, Harrisville, second.

1/2 mile run, won by William Weston; Bernard Davis, Antrim, second.

Running high jump, won by Joseph Ring, Wilton; Bernard Davis, second.

Running broad jump, won by Carl Upton; Joseph Ring, second.

Sack race: first section, won by W. Freeman; George Blanchet, second. Second section, won by Charles Blanchet; Bernard Davis, second.

3 legged race, won by Samuel Blanchet and W. Freeman; Phillip and Charles Blanchet, second.

Potato race: first section, won by Welsh; W. Freeman second. Second section, won by Charles Blanchet; Gustave Blanchet, second.

Tug of war, won by Clarence Rockwell's team.

Bicycle race, won by Clarence Rockwell; George Blanchet, second.

Swimming race, won by Frances Duresne; Morris Duresne, second.

Floats, Sanford Tarbell first prize, Almon Hill second. Autos, Earl Otis first, W. D. Fogg second.

Base ball game, Hancock High 8, Wilton High 5

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E
Hancock High 2 1 0 0 0 0 5 0 8 5 4
Wilton High 0 0 0 2 3 0 0 0 0 5 7 1

At New Oak Park Fair Grounds

In Greenfield a goodly number of people gathered for the sports and races; a partial list of the winners is given in this connection. Some pretty good time was made in the trotting events, when the heavy condition of the track is considered:

Forenoon base ball game won by Greenfield 12, Wilton 1; afternoon game Wilton 5, Greenfield 4.

Greased pig caught by Mr. Trufant, Greenfield.

Nail driving contest won by Miss Annie Bryant, Frances-town.

Ladies driving race won by Mrs. Fred Knight, Bennington; Mrs. Tarbox of Bennington, second.

Gentlemen driving race, three heats won by John Adams, Bennington; Lester H. Latham, Hillsboro, second; Fred A. Knight, Bennington, third.

Ben Hur Adams 1 1 1
Lady Haille Latham 3 2 2
Dan K Knight 2 3 3

Time 1:11 1/2; 1:12; 1:9

The Rain a Welcome Guest

The nice rains of the past week or two not only made many tons of hay in this section, but it put a large lot of water in the ponds and brooks. It certainly seemed good to watch the rising of the water in Gregg lake—which was low for the season of the year—which rise must have been around eighteen inches. This is a large volume of water to add to the surface of a good sized lake.

At Campbell pond, the source of Antrim's supply, there is considerable more water now than a week ago; this will prove to be a good thing.

Fine Place For Permanent Highway

A subscriber to the Reporter, residing on the route, writes us that on Sunday last between sixty and seventy automobiles passed over the road from Antrim village to Hillsboro line. And he also puts this question to us, which our readers should answer as well as ourself:

Isn't this part of the highway entitled to a portion of the state highway money?

The cool weather up to this time has done much towards keeping our "city cousins" at home. A few hot days will drive them out into the country; but this warm weather must come pretty soon or the summer boarding business will be light.

QUICK RESPONSE TO APPEAL

British Women Swamped Military Authorities With Respirators for Which They Had Asked.

One would have to go far to find greater hustlers than the women of Britain are when it comes to making things for their men at the front. Their indefatigability in this direction has been demonstrated frequently since the war began, but never more strikingly than in response to the recent war office appeal for respirators for the army in Flanders. Respirators were needed, of course, owing to the sudden use by the Germans of poisonous gases as a means of warfare. They were wanted by the hundreds of thousands. The war office appeal for them appeared in the papers on a Wednesday morning. And within forty-eight hours another official announcement was forthcoming stating that sufficient respirators had been received and asking the public please not to send any more. It all happened so quickly that some of the evening papers on Friday which carried the later announcement on their news pages also carried on their inside ones the original appeal and elaborate instructions for making respirators, there having been no time to take the latter out.

Meanwhile the rush for the materials of which respirators are made had been something unprecedented. By three o'clock of the day on which the appeal was made most of the principal shops and stores had entirely exhausted their stock of narrow elastic. One big house had by that time sold 12,000 pounds of wool and 18,000 packets of gauze. By the end of the same day another establishment had accepted orders to make 25,000 respirators for the front.

SPOKE ONLY SIMPLE TRUTH

Dog's Owner Not to Blame if Man With Whom He Traded Had Misunderstood Him.

Senator William H. Thompson of Kansas smiled when reference at a recent banquet was made to sharp practices in trading. He said he was reminded of Jim Jones' dog. Jim Jones had a hound dog, and having an opportunity to trade him for a shotgun with a party from the next county, he lost no time in making the swap. It was a month later before the traders met again.

"Look here, you bloomin' possum!" cordially greeted the man from the next county. "You didn't do a thing but sting me on that pup!" "Sting you!" returned Jim, with an innocent look. "In what way?" "You know!" wrathfully exclaimed the man from the next county. "You told me that he would lick anything in sight."

"So he will," declared Jim, with a pleasant smile. "He is a very affectionate animal."

Making Cyanamid.

An interesting enterprise is the American cyanamid works at Niagara Falls, Ont., which began operations in 1910 with a capacity of 12,000 tons, and which has recently increased its output to 64,000 tons a year in order to meet the growing demand for its product. Cyanamid is a fertilizing material obtained by combining atmospheric nitrogen with calcium carbide, according to Consul Julius D. Dreher, at Toronto. By simply heating cyanamid with steam, ammonia can be produced, which, being passed through heated platinum sponges, is oxidized into nitric acid, of which the explosive industry uses 55,000 tons a year. By fusing cyanamid with salts, cyanides may be produced which are used in extracting gold and silver from low-grade ores. As these and other useful products may easily be made from cyanamid, this article is likely to be in demand in various other industries besides agriculture.

Some System.

Rankin—What do you think of the plan of giving cabaret patrons little hammers with which to pound on the tables for applause?

Flyte—It is an extremely ingenious method of turning a knock into a boost.—Judge.

Rather Spiteful.

Mrs. Crawford—Has she really as good a memory as she claims?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Only for certain things. She can remember if one has had a certain hat made over or a skirt turned.—Judge.

Exploded.

"It's the things we haven't got that make us unhappy," remarked the parlor philosopher.

"How about the toothache?" suggested the mere man.—Judge.

Strict, All Right.

"I understand the Blanks are strict vegetarians."

"Strict! I should say they are. Why, they won't even let their children eat animal crackers."

Guest Thought He Had 'Em.

James F. McGee, former cashier of the Crestwood bank of Louisville, Ky., got the scare of his life and suffered a shock which necessitated calling a physician when he found a six-foot "Georgia bull" snake crawling about his room in a local hotel.

Thinking a friend was playing a joke on him, McGee grabbed the snake, when the reptile began to show fight and put up a hard battle. Clerks and attaches of the hotel came to his rescue.

A clerk at the hotel said the snake belonged to a vaudeville performer whose room was directly above that of McGee's.

Food Oil from Weed.

The discovery that oil from the "Devil's Claws," a hitherto worthless weed, can be utilized for food may result in making it a valuable industrial product for the semiarid regions of Kansas, according to Prof. E. H. S. Bailey, the University of Kansas food chemist.

Laboratory investigations showed that this weed, now growing abundantly on the waste lands of western Kansas, Colorado, Texas and New Mexico, produces a seed from which an edible oil is extracted that may take the place of olive or cottonseed oil.

The press cake from the oil is also valuable for stock food, as it has a high protein value.

Happy Women

Plenty of them in Antrim and Good Reason for It.

Wouldn't any woman be happy, after years of backache suffering, days of misery, nights of unrest, the distress of urinary troubles, when she finds freedom?

Many readers will profit by the following:

Mrs. M. L. Gilbert, Laurel St., Peterboro, N. H., says: "A dull pain across my back and loins made me miserable for some time and I felt so badly that I could hardly move about. Often I was scarcely able to arise from my chair. I also had pains in my head, dizzy spells, and felt tired all the time. The kidney secretions also caused me great annoyance. Several boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that cured Mrs. Gilbert. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

ACCOMMODATION

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

	A. M.	P. M.
7.00	7.48	
10.29	11.52	
1.53	3.44	
4.41	6.46	

Sunday: 6.33 a. m.; 4.14, 4.53, 3.49 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 Jameson Block.

Passengers for the early morning train should leave word at Express Office the night before.

Departure & Arrival of Mails

POST OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

In effect June 21, 1915

DEPARTURE

A. M.

6.45. All points south of Elmwood, including Southern and Western states.

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

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

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

P. M.

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

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

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

ARRIVAL

A. M. P. M.

8.00, 10.44, 12.08 4.56, 7.00

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

Leander Patterson, Postmaster.

FLOOR COVERINGS

Straw Matting
25¢, 30¢, 35¢ yd.

Congoleum Rugs
1½x2 yd. \$1.75. 2x2 yd. \$2.25. 3x4 yd. \$7.00.

Congoleum Rug Borders
35¢ square yard.

Congoleum Door Mats
50¢ each.

Crex and Wool Rugs
Large variety of sizes and patterns,
50¢ to \$5.00.

Hammocks Croquet Sets
Lawn Mowers
Garden Hose Etc.

Sherwin-Williams Paint

W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,
ANTRIM, New Hamp.



Which We Are Proud to Be As We Conduct
A Sanitary, High-Class Bakery.

For Your Custom We Are Anxious,
For Your Trade We're Striving Hard,
Your PATRONAGE and Favors We Hold in HIGH REGARD.

Antrim Bakery,
A. P. HAKANSSON.

HAYING!

Is almost here. Don't repair your old worn-out mower or rake, but buy the BEST. New model BUCKEYE Mower made by Richardson Mfg. Co., Worcester.

J. E. Perkins, Agt.
Antrim, N. H.

J. E. Perkins & Son

ANTRIM, N. H.

LIVERY
Feed and Sale Stable
Good Rigs for all occasions.

A FORD Car
At A-F-F-O-R-D Prices
5-passenger REO Auto at reasonable rates
Tel. 3-4.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH ss. Court of Probate
To the heirs at law of the estate of Lizette G. St. Sauveur late of Antrim in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Nelson St. Sauveur administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, his petition for license to sell real estate belonging to the estate of the said deceased, said real estate being fully described in his petition, and open for examination by all parties interested.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough Bridge in said County, on the 20th day of July next, to show cause, if any you have, why same should not be allowed.

Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter a newspaper printed at Antrim in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court: Given at Nashua, in said County, this 5th day of June A. D. 1915.

By order of the Court,
E. J. COPP, Register

WANTED!

I will buy Poultry, if the raisers will let me know when they have any to sell.

C. F. Butterfield
Antrim, N. H.

John R. Putney Estate Undertaker First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case. Lady Assistant. Full Line Funeral Supplies.

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.

FARMS Listed with me are quickly SOLD. No charge unless sale is made.

LESTER H. LATHAM, P. O. Box 408, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H. Telephone connection

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.

TOWN OF ANTRIM, SCHOOL DISTRICT. GEORGE E. HASTINGS, JOHN D. HUTCHINSON, HARRY B. DRAKE School Board.

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.

ADVERTISE IN This Paper

ARE YOU GOING TO BOSTON? Young women going to Boston to work or study, any lady going to Boston for pleasure or on a shopping trip without male escort will find the Franklin Square House a delightful place to stop.

WHY NOT MAKE \$200.00 A MONTH - - That's \$50.00 a Week, almost \$10.00 a Day Selling Victor Safes and fire-proof boxes to merchants, doctors, lawyers, dentists and well-to-do farmers, all of whom realize the need of a safe, but do not know how easy it is to own one.

THE VICTOR SAFE & LOCK CO. Ask for Catalogue 187. THE VICTOR SAFE & LOCK CO. BOSTON, MASS.

BLACKSMITH and Wheelwright Having purchased the business of Mr. D. P. Bryer, am prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Wheelwright work.

JOSEPH HERITAGE, Antrim, N. H. Agency. For The M. E. Wheeler Phosphate.

ICE! Rates for Family Ice 30c per 100 lbs. Long Distance Telephone. 19-3 G. H. HUTCHINSON, Depot St., Antrim, N. H.

S. S. SAWYER Antrim, N. H. REAL ESTATE For Sale or Exchange

Farms, Village and Lake Property For Sale. No charge unless sale is made.

F. Grimes & Co., Established 1905 Undertaker and Embalmer License No 135 Large Display of Goods on hand at all times.

EDMUND G. DEARBORN, M.D., (Successor to Dr. F. G. Warner) Main street, Antrim Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 9-2

J. D. HUTCHINSON, Civil Engineer, Land Surveying, Levels, etc. ANTRIM, N. H. TELEPHONE CONNECTION

WEEK'S NEWS STORIES RETOLD

Events That Made a Stir Condensed to a Paragraph.

WHAT WASHINGTON IS DOING News of Interest That Trickles From the White House and the Various Departments—Catalogue of Crimes and Cases

War Bulletins

Nearly all Galicia, with the immensely valuable oil fields, copper and lead mines, were finally cleared of Muscovites when the German forces succeeded in driving the Russians out of the Tanow district of Russian Poland.

The Dniester river was crossed at numerous points by the Austro-German armies, which continued to drive the Russians out of Galicia. The Germans also occupied Halicz.

Successes of the Austro-German armies in Galicia, following the recapture and investment of Przemyśl and Lemberg, were partially checked along the River Dniester by the Russians.

Washington

President Wilson refused a request from Gen. Felipe Angeles for an interview. Complete reorganization of the Panama Canal government is being planned.

General

Caddies at the Myopia Hunt Club, at Hamilton, Mass., struck and members of the club, several of them well-known millionaires, had to carry their own clubs. The caddies won their demand for 75 cents a round.

Foreign

The Prudential Assurance Co. of London subscribed \$15,500,000 to the new British war loan, the largest application since the announcement of the issue.

Federal agents are investigating the closing of building material plants in Chicago to determine if there is a basis for an anti-trust suit.

An order for three dirigible balloons of the Zeppelin type was received by the Connecticut Aero Co. from the United States Government.

The Federal League has filed a motion asking Federal Judge Landis, of Chicago, to dissolve the injunction granted to the Cincinnati Nationals to prevent Armando Marsans from playing with the St. Louis Federals.

Seven more midshipmen, making the total twenty-three, were made defendants or interested parties before the court of inquiry investigating the "cribbing" scandal at Annapolis.

While H. W. Stough, an evangelist, was appearing in court at Hazleton, Pa., as defendant in a \$50,000 slander suit, several hundred of his followers prayed for his success.

Karl H. Behr retained his Middle States Tennis championship at the Orange, N. Y. Lawn Tennis Club by defeating Harold Throckmorton.

About 600 men were given work by the resumption of the finishing department of the North Works of the Carnegie Steel Co., at Sharon, Pa.

Four homing pigeons flew from New Orleans to Fort Worth, Tex., 579 miles in 14 hours, an average of 41 miles per hour.

Miss Marie L. Wanamaker, daughter of Rodman Wanamaker, was married in Philadelphia to Gurnee Munn, of Washington.

The Lackawanna Steel Co. closed an order with French interests for 25,000 tons of shrapnel steel.

Because of the new Seaman's act, effective January 1, the five steamers of the Robert Dollar Steamship Co. are to be changed to British registry.

Operations were resumed at the two smelter plants at Pittsburgh, Kan., when the furnace men who had been on strike returned to work.

Four hundred employees of the New York Shipbuilding Co., at Camden, N. J., declared a strike for a minimum daily wage system.

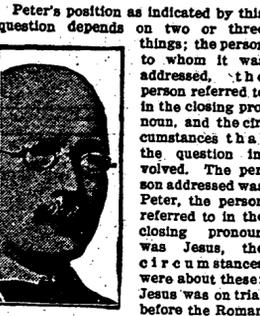
Twenty-five students of Columbia University, each accompanied by an interpreter, sailed for Greece on the steamer Themistocles to act as Red Cross adjuncts.

To show regard for the President's attitude in the present international situation, "Wilson Day" was celebrated in Portland, Ore., by proclamation of the Mayor.

The Georgia House refused to listen to a bitter attack on Governor Slaton by one of the members, at the reading of the Governor's annual message.

An Awkward Position

By REV. J. H. RALSTON Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago



Peter's position as indicated by this question depends on two or three things: the person to whom it was addressed, the person referred to in the closing pronoun, and the circumstances that the question involved.

Disciple Cannot Escape Recognition. Christians are marked men, not with the stigma such as St. Francis fancied he carried, but with marks easily discovered by the world.

Test of Discipleship. The test of Peter's discipleship here was the most trying one that could have been put on him, and at the same time it gave him an opportunity of showing the true fiber of his character.

But it is before the world that the best testimony can be made, indeed, it is the Christian's business to witness in a world of sin.

Ease of Apostasy. And there is an incidental suggestion in connection with Peter's base denial, in that the step from close companionship with Jesus Christ to apostasy is not a long one.

WATCH and CLOCK REPAIRING

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS Having fitted up rooms in the McIlvaine tenement on Summer street, I am ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give me a call.

F. M. ALEXANDER, Antrim, N. H.

THE MANCHESTER UNION The Manchester Union is New Hampshire's family newspaper. It furnishes the people of the state their only daily chronicles of New Hampshire events.

B. D. PEASLEE, M. D. HILLSBORO, N. H. Office Over National Bank

Diseases of Eye and Ear. Latest instruments for the detection of errors of vision and correct fitting of Glasses.

MONADNOCK Seeds, Plants & Shrubs. Reliable Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Ornamental Vines, Shrubs and Trees for the lawn.

L. P. BUTLER & CO., KEENE, N. H. Monadnock Greenhouses.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS GIVEN QUICK RELIEF

5-DROPS Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "5-Drops," the famous old remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia and kindred troubles.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS CO. ANYONE sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable.

Your Chimneys Clean? All orders for cleaning chimneys by Driscoll, the chimney sweep, a man of experience, should be left at the Reporter office.

Batteries For Sale! Can be had at "Central" office, Antrim, N. H. April, 1915.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and restores the hair, and keeps it from falling out.

Watch it Grow! Advertising is the fertilizer of all business. It works in magic. This essential trade becomes a thing of power when its roots feel the healthy sunlight of publicity.

COMMONWEALTH HOTEL



Nothing to Equal This in New England Rooms with private baths \$1.50 per day and up, which includes free use of public showers and bath.

SHEERMAN G. BROWN AUCTIONEER Auction Sales Conducted on Reasonable Terms

W. R. MUSSON, M.D., Main Street, Antrim. Hours: 8 A.M., 1 and 7 P.M. TEL. CONNECTION.

DR. E. M. BOWERS, DENTIST. ANTRIM, N. H. Telephone 21-8

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

PULLING YOURSELF UP BY YOUR BOOTSTRAPS

JUST that is what you're trying to do if you are attempting business without advertising in these columns. No man was ever satisfied with well enough.

Real Estate, Insurance, Farm Machinery and Vacuum Cleaners

The Regina Vacuum Cleaner For Rent at 75 cents per day. Insure your time. Insure your life. Improve your farm and please the Lady of the House.

W. E. GIBNEY AGENT ANTRIM, N. H.

New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time.

No other like it No other as good The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS. FOR SALE BY C. W. THURSTON, BENNINGTON, N.H.

Remember That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everyone.

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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AND COMPANY

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"No, I do not forget, James. There was but one way in which I could hope to steal him away from you, and I went about it deliberately, with my eyes open. I came here to induce him to run away with me. I would have taken him back to his mother's home, to her grave, and there I would have told him what you did to her. If after hearing my story he elected to return to the man who had destroyed his mother, I should have stepped aside and offered no protest. But I would have taken him away from you in the manner that would have hurt you the most. My sister was true to you. I would have been just as true, and after you had suffered the torments of hell, it was my plan to reveal everything to you. But you would have had your punishment by that time. When you were at the very end of your strength; when you tremble on the edge of oblivion, then I would have hunted you out and laughed at you and told you the truth. But you would have had years of anguish—years, I say."

"I have already had years of agony, pray do not overlook that fact," said she. "I suffered for twenty years. I was at the edge of oblivion more than once, if it is a pleasure for you to hear me say it, Therese."

"It does not offset the pain that her suffering brought to me. It does not counter-balance the unhappiness you gave to her boy, nor the stigma you put upon him. I am glad that you suffered. It proves to me that you secretly considered yourself to be in the wrong. You doubted yourself. You were never sure, and yet you crushed the life out of her innocent, bleeding heart. You let her die without a word to show that you—"

"I was lost to the world for years," she said. "There were many years when I was not in touch with—"

"But her letters must have reached you. She wrote a thousand of—"

"They never reached me," he said significantly.

"You ordered them destroyed?" she cried in sudden comprehension.

"I must decline to answer that question."

CHAPTER XXI.

Revenge Turned Bitter.

She gave him a curious, incredulous smile, and then abruptly returned to her charge. "When my sister came home, degraded, I was nine years of age, but I was not so young that I did not know that a dreadful thing had happened to her. She was blighted beyond all hope of recovery. It was to me—little me—that she told her story over and over again, and it was I to whom she read all of the pitiful letters she wrote to you. My father wanted to come to America to kill you. He did come later on, to plead with you and to kill you if you would not listen to him. But you had gone—to Africa, they said. I could not understand why you would not give to her that little baby boy. He was hers and—"

"She stopped short in her recital and covered her eyes with her hands. He waited for her to go on, sitting as rigid as the image that faced him from beyond the table's end. "Afterwards, my father and my uncle made every effort to get the child away from you, but he was hidden—you know how carefully he was hidden so that she might never find him. For ten years they searched for him—and you. For ten years she wrote to you, begging you to let her have him, if only for a little while at a time. She promised to restore him to you. God bless her poor soul! You never replied. You scorned her. We were rich—very rich. But our money was of no help to us in the search for her boy. You had secreted him too well. At last, one day, she told me what it was that you accused her of doing. She told me about Guido Fevrelli, her music-master. I knew him, James. He had known her from childhood. He was one of the finest men I have ever seen."

"He was in love with her," grated Brood.

"Perhaps. Who knows? But if so, he never uttered so much as one word of love to her. He challenged you. Why did you refuse to fight him?"

"Because she begged me not to kill him. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes. But that was not the real reason. It was because you were not sure of your ground."

"I deny that!"

"Never mind. It is enough that poor Fevrelli passed out of her life. She did not see him again until just before she died. He was a noble gentleman. He wrote but one letter to her after that wretched day in this house. I have it here in this packet."

She drew a package of papers from her bosom and laid it upon the table before him. There were a half dozen letters tied together with a piece of white ribbon.

"But one letter from him," she went on. "I have brought it here for you to read. But not now! There are other letters and documents here for you to consider. They are from the grave. Ah, I do not wonder that you shrink

and draw back from them. They convict you, James."

"Now I can see why you have taken up this fight against me. You—you know she was innocent," he said in a low, unsteady voice.

"And why I have hated you, at—? But what you do not understand is how I could have brought myself to the point of loving you."

"Loving me? Good heaven, woman, what do you—"

"Loving you in spite of myself," she cried, beating upon the table with her hands. "I have tried to convince myself that it was not I but the spirit of Matilde that had come to lodge in my treacherous body. I hated you for myself and I loved you for Matilde. She loved you to the end. She never hated you. That was the pure, deathless love of Matilde was constantly fighting against the hatred I bore for you. I believe as firmly as I believe that I am alive that she has been near me all the time, battling against my insane desire for vengeance. You have only to recall to yourself the moments when you were so vividly reminded of Matilde Valeska. At those times I am sure that something of Matilde was in me. I was not myself. You have looked into my eyes a thousand times with a question in your own soul. Your soul was striving to reach the soul of Matilde. Ah, all these months I have known that you loved Matilde—not me. You loved the Matilde that was in me. You—"

"I have thought of her—always of her—when you were in my arms."

"I know how well you loved her," she declared slowly. "I know that you went to her tomb long after her death was revealed to you. I know that years ago you made an effort to find Fevrelli. You found his grave, too, and you could not ask him, man to man, if you had wronged her. But in spite of all that you brought up her boy to be sacrificed as—"

"I—good God, am I to believe you? If he should be my son!" he cried, starting up, cold with dread.

"He is your son. He could be no other man's son. I have her dying word for it. She declared it in the presence of her God. Wait! Where are you going?"

"I am going down to him!"

"Not yet, James. I have still more to say to you—more to confess. Here! Take this package of letters. Read them as you sit beside his bed—not his deathbed, for I shall restore him to health, never fear. If he were to die, I should curse myself to the end of time, for I and I alone would have been the cause. Here are her letters—and the one Fevrelli wrote to her. This is her deathbed letter to you. And this is a letter to her son and yours! You may some day read it to him. And here—this is a document requiring me to share my fortune with her son. It is a pledge that I took before my father died a few years ago. If the boy ever appeared, he was to have his mother's share of the estate—and it is not an inconsiderable amount, James. He is independent of you. He need ask nothing of you. I was taking him home to his own."

She shrank slightly as he stood over her. There was more of wonder and pity in his face than condemnation. She looked for the anger she had expected to arouse in him, and was dumfounded to see that it was not revealed in his steady, appraising eyes.

"Your plan deserved a better fate than this Therese. It was prodigious!—I can almost pity you."

"Have—have you no pain—no regret—no grief?" she cried weakly.

"Yes," he said, controlling himself with difficulty. "Yes, I know all these and more." He picked up the package of letters and glanced at the subscription on the outer envelope. Suddenly he raised them to his lips and, with his eyes closed, kissed the words that were written there. Her head drooped, and a sob came into her throat. She did not look up until he began speaking to her again, quietly, even patiently. "But why should you, even in your longing for revenge—why should you have planned to humiliate and degrade him even more than I could have done? Was it just to your sister's son that you should blight his life, that you should turn him into a skulking, sneaking betrayer? What would you have gained in the end? His loving, his scorn—my God, Therese, did you not think of all this?"

"I have told you that I thought of everything. I was mistaken. I did not stop to think that I would be taking him away from happiness in the shape of love that he might bear for someone else. I did not know that there was a Lydia Desmond. When I came to know, my heart softened and my purpose lost most of its force. He would have been safe with me, but would he have been happy? I could not give him the kind of love that Lydia promised. I could only be his mother's sister to him. He was not in love with me. He has always loved Lydia. I fascinated him—just as I fascinated you. He would not have gone away with me, even after you had told him that he was not your son. He would not do that to you, James, in spite of the blow you struck

him: He was loyal to Lydia and to himself."

"And what did he think of you?" demanded Brood scornfully.

"If you had not come upon us here, he would have known me for who I am and he would have forgiven me. I had asked him to go away with me. He refused. Then I was about to tell him the whole story of my life, of his life and of yours. Do you think he would have refused forgiveness to me? No! He would have understood."

"But up to that hour he thought of you as a—what shall I say?"

"A bad woman? Perhaps. I did not care. It was part of the price I was to pay in advance. I would have told him everything as soon as the ship on which we sailed was outside the harbor yonder. That was my intention, and I know you believe me when I say that—there was nothing more in my mind. Time would have straightened everything out for him. He could have had his Lydia, even though he went away with me. Once away from here, do you think that he would ever return? No! Even though he knew you to be his father, he would not forget that he has never been your son. You have hurt him since he was a babe. Do you understand? I do not hate you now. It is something to know that you have worshiped her all these years. You were true to her. What you did long ago was not your fault. You believed that she had wronged you. But you went on loving her. That is what weakened my resolve. You loved her to the end, she loved you to the end. Well, in the face of that, could I go on hating you? You must have been worthy of her love. She knew you better than all the world. You came to me with love for her in your heart. You took me, and you loved her all the time. I am not sure, James, that you are not entitled to this miserable, unhappy love I have come to feel for you—my own love, not Matilde's."

"You—you are saying this so that I may refrain from throwing you out into the street—"

"No!" she cried, coming to her feet. "I shall ask nothing of you. If I am to go it shall be because I have failed. I have been a blind, vain-glorious fool. The trap has caught me instead of you, and I shall take the consequences. I have lost—everything!"

"Yes, you have lost everything," said he steadily.

"You despise me?"

"I cannot ask you to stay here—after this."

"But I shall not go. I have a duty to perform before I leave this house. I intend to save the life of that poor boy downstairs, so that he may not die believing me to be an evil woman, a faithless wife. Thank God, I have accomplished something! You know that he is your son. You know that my sister was as pure as snow. You know that you killed her and that she loved you in spite of the death you brought to her. That is something. That—"

Brood dropped into the chair and buried his face on his quivering arms. In muffled tones came the cry from his soul. "They've all said that he is like me. I have seen it at times, but I would not believe. I fought against it, resolutely, madly, cruelly! Now it is too late and I see! I see! I see! Damn you—oh, damn you—you have driven me to the killing of my own son!"

She stood over him, silent for a long time, her hand hovering above his head.

"He is not going to die," she said at last, when she was sure that she had full command of her voice. "I can promise you that, James. I shall not go from this house until he is well. I shall nurse him back to health and give him back to you and Matilde, for now I know that he belongs to both of you and not to her alone. Now, James, you may go down to him. He is not conscious. He will not hear you praying at his bedside. He—"

A knock came at the door—a sharp, imperative knock. It was repeated several times before either of them could summon the courage to call out. They were petrified with the dread of something that awaited them beyond the closed door. It was she who finally called out: "Come in!"

Doctor Hodder, coatless and bare-armed, came into the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Closed Door.

The doctor blinked for a moment. The two were leaning forward with alarm in their eyes, their hands gripping the table.

"Well, are we to send for an undertaker?" demanded Hodder irritably.

Brood started forward. "Is—is he dead?"

"Of course not, but he might as well be," exclaimed the other, and it was plain to be seen that he was very much out of patience. "You've called in another doctor and a priest and now I hear that a Presbyterian parson is in the library. Hang it all, Brood, why don't you send for the coroner and undertaker and have done with it! I'm blessed if I—"

Yvonne came swiftly to his side. "Is he conscious? Does he know?"

"For God's sake, Hodder, is there any hope?" cried Brood.

"I'll be honest with you, Jim. I don't believe there is. It went in here, above the heart, and it's lodged back there by the spine somewhere. We haven't located it yet, but we will. Had to let up on the ether for awhile, you see. He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, Mrs. Brood, and my assistant is certain that he whispered Lydia Desmond's name. Sounded that way to him, but, of course—"

"There! You see, James!" she cried, whirling upon her husband.

"I think you'd better step in and see him now, Jim," said the doctor, suddenly becoming very gentle. "He may

come to again and—well, it may be the last time he'll ever open his eyes. Yes, it's as bad as all that."

"Till you go—once," said Brood, his face ashen. "You must revive him for a few minutes. Hodder. There's something I've got to say to him. He must be able to hear and to understand me. It is the most important thing in the world. He choked up suddenly.

"You'll have to be careful, Jim. He's ready to collapse. Then it's all off."

"Nevertheless, Doctor Hodder, my husband has something to say to his son that cannot be put off for an instant. I think it will mean a great deal to him in his fight for recovery. It will make life worth living for him."

Hodder stared for a second or two. "He'll need a lot of courage and if anything can put it into him, he'll make a better fight. If you get a chance, say it to him, Jim. I—I if it's got anything to do with his mother, say it, for pity's sake. He has moaned the word a dozen times—"

"It has to do with his mother," Brood cried out. "Come! I want you to hear it, too, Hodder."

"There isn't much time to lose, I'm afraid," began Hodder, shaking his head. His gaze suddenly rested on Mrs. Brood's face. She was very erect, and a smile such as he had never seen before was on her lips—a smile that puzzled and yet inspired him with a positive, undeniable feeling of encouragement!

"He is not going to die, Doctor Hodder," she said quietly. Something went through his body that warmed it curiously. He felt a thrill, as one who is seized by a great overpowering excitement.

She preceded them into the hall. Brood came last. He closed the door behind him after a swift glance about the room that had been his most private retreat for years.

He was never to set foot inside its walls again. In that single glance he had forewarned it for ever. It was a hated, farewell spot. He had spent an age in it during those bitter morning hours, an age of imprisonment.

On the landing below they came upon Lydia. She was seated on a window ledge, leaning wearily against the casement. She did not rise as they approached, but watched them with steady, smoldering eyes in which there was no friendliness, no compassion. They were her enemies, they had killed the thing she loved.

Brood's eyes met hers for an instant and then fell before the bitter look they encountered. His shoulders



"And What Did He Think of You?"

drooped as he passed close by her motionless figure and followed the doctor down the hall to the bedroom door. It opened and closed an instant later and he was with his son.

For a long time, Lydia's somber, pitiful gaze hung upon the door through which he had passed and which was closed so cruelly against her, the one who loved him best of all. At last she looked away, her attention caught by a queer clicking sound near at hand. She was surprised to find Yvonne Brood standing close beside her, her eyes closed and her fingers telling the beads that ran through her fingers, her lips moving in voiceless prayer.

The girl watched her dully for a few moments, then with growing fascination. The incomprehensible creature was praying!

Lydia believed that Frederic had shot himself. She put Yvonne down as the real cause of the calamity that had fallen upon the house. But for her, James Brood would never have had a motive for striking the blow that crushed all desire to live out of the unhappy boy. She had made of her husband an unfeeling monster, and now she prayed! She had played with the emotions of two men and now she begged to be pardoned for her folly! An inexplicable desire to laugh at the plight of the trifer came over the girl, but even as she checked it another and more unaccountable force ordered her to obey the impulse to turn once more to look into the face of her companion.

Yvonne was looking at her. She had ceased running the beads and her hands hung limply at her side. For a full minute, perhaps, the two regarded each other without speaking.

"He is not going to die, Lydia," said Yvonne gravely.

The girl started to her feet. "Do you think it is your prayer and not mine that has reached God's ear?" she cried in real amazement.

"The prayer of a nobler woman than either you or I has gone to the throne," said the other.

Lydia's eyes grew dark with resentment. "You could have prevented all—"

"Be good enough to remember that

you have said all that to me before, Lydia."

"What is your object in keeping me away from him at such a time as this, Mrs. Brood?" demanded Lydia. "You refuse to let me go in to him. Is it because you are afraid of what—"

"There are trying days ahead of us, Lydia," interrupted Yvonne. "We shall have to face them together. I can promise you this: Frederic will be saved for you. Tomorrow, perhaps, perhaps, I may be able to explain everything to you. You hate me today. Everyone in this house hates me—except Frederic. There is a day coming when you will not hate me. That was my prayer, Lydia. I was not praying for Frederic, but for myself."

Lydia started. "For yourself? I might have known you—"

"You hesitate? Perhaps it is just as well."

"I want to say to you, Mrs. Brood, that it is my purpose to remain in this house as long as I can be—"

"You are welcome, Lydia. You will be the one great tonic that is to restore him to health of mind and body. Yes, I shall go further and say that you are commanded to stay here and help me in the long fight that is ahead of us."

"I—I thank you, Mrs. Brood," the girl was surprised into saying.

Both of them turned quickly as the door to Frederic's room opened and James Brood came out into the hall. His face was drawn with pain and anxiety, but the light of exaltation was in his eyes.

"Come, Lydia," he said softly, after he had closed the door behind him. "He knows me. He is conscious. Hodder can't understand it, but he seems to have suddenly grown stronger. He—"

"Stronger?" cried Yvonne, the ring of triumph in her voice. "I knew! I could feel it coming—his strength—even out here, James. Yes, go in now, Lydia. You will see a strange sight, my dear. James Brood will kneel beside his son and tell him—"

"Come!" said Brood, spreading out his hands in a gesture of admission. "You must hear it, too, Lydia. Not you, Therese! You are not to come in."

"I grant you ten minutes, James," she said, with the air of a dictator. "After that I shall take my stand beside him and you will not be needed." She struck her breast sharply with her clinched hand. "His one and only hope lies here, James. I am his salvation. I am his strength. When you come out of that room again it will be to stay out until I give the word for you to re-enter. Go now and put spirit into him. That is all that I ask of you."

He stared for a moment and then lowered his head. A moment later Lydia followed him into the room and Yvonne was alone in the hall. Alone? Ramjamb was ascending the stairs. He came and stood before her, and bent his knee.

"I forgot," she said, looking down upon him without a vestige of the old dread in her eyes. "I have a friend, after all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Joy of June.

On a warm morning toward the middle of the month of June Frederic and Lydia sat in the quaint, old-fashioned courtyard, in the grateful shade of the south wing and almost directly beneath the balcony of Yvonne's boudoir. He lounged comfortably, yet weakly, in the invalid's chair that had been wheeled to the spot by the dog-like Ranjab, and she sat on a pile of cushions at his feet, her back resting against the wall. Looking at him, one would not have thought that he had passed through the valley of the shadow of death and was but now emerging into the sunshine of security. His face was pale from long confinement, but there was a healthy glow to the skin and a clear light in the eye. For a week or more he had been permitted to walk about the house and into the garden, always leaning on the arm of his father or the faithful Hindu. Each succeeding day saw his strength and vitality increase and each night he slept with the peace of a care-free child.

As for Lydia, she was radiant with happiness. The long fight was over. She had gone through the campaign against death with loyal, unflinching courage; there had never been an instant when her stanch heart had faltered or despair. If the grain told on her it did not matter, for she was of the fighting kind. Her love was the sustenance on which she thrived despite the beggary offerings that were laid before her during those weeks of famine.

Times there were when a pensive mood brought the touch of sadness to her grateful heart. She was happy and Frederic was happy, but what of the one who actually had wrought the miracle? That one alone was unhappy, unrequited, undefended. There was no place for her in the new order of things. When Lydia thought of her—as she often did—it was with an indescribable craving in her soul. She longed for the hour to come when Yvonne Brood would lay aside the mask of resignation and demand tribute; when the strange defiance that held all of them at bay would disappear and they could feel that she no longer regarded them as adversaries.

There was no longer a symptom of rancor in the heart of Lydia Desmond. She realized that her sweetheart's recovery was due almost entirely to the remarkable influence exercised by the woman at a time when mortal agencies appeared to be of no avail. Her absolute certainty that she had the

power to thwart death, at least in this instance, had its effect, not only on the wounded man but on those who attended him. Doctor Hodder and the nurses were not slow to admit that her magnificent courage, her almost scornful self-assurance, supplied them with an incentive that otherwise might never have got beyond the form of a mere hope. There was something positively startling in her serene conviction that Frederic was not to die. No less a skeptic than the renowned Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and her mother that he now believed in the supernatural and never again would say "there is no God." With the dampness of death on the young man's brow, a remarkable change had occurred even as he watched for the last feeble breath. It was as if some secret, unconquerable force had suddenly intervened to take the whole matter out of nature's hands. It was not in the books that he should get well; it was against every rule of nature that he should have survived that first day's struggle. He was marked for death and there was no alternative. Then came the bewildering, mystifying change. Life did not take its expected flight; instead it clung, flickering but indestructible, to its clay and would not obey the laws of nature. For days and days life hung by what we are pleased to call a thread; the great shears of death could not sever the tiny thing that held Frederic's soul to earth. There was no hour in any of those days in which the bewildered scientist and his assistants did not proclaim that it would be his last, and yet he gave the lie to them.

Hodder had gone to James Brood at the end of the third day, and with the sweat of the haunted on his brow had whispered hoarsely that the case was out of his hands! He was no longer the doctor but an agent governed by a spirit that would not permit death to claim its own! And somehow Brood understood far better than the man of science.

The true story of the shooting had long been known to Lydia and her mother. Brood confessed everything to them. He assumed all of the blame for what had transpired on that tragic morning. He humbled himself before them, and when they shook their heads, and turned their backs upon him he was not surprised, for he knew they were not convicting him of assault with a deadly firearm. Later on the story of Therese was told by him to Frederic and the girl. He did his wife no injustice in the recital. Frederic laid his hand upon the soft brown head at his knee and voiced the thought that was in his mind.

"You are wondering, as I am, too, what is to become of Yvonne after today," he said. "There must be an end, and if it doesn't come now, when will it come? Tomorrow we sail. It is certain that she is not to accompany us. She has said so herself, and father has said so. He will not take her with him. So today must see the end of things."

"Frederic, I want you to do something for me," said Lydia, earnestly. "There was a time when I could not have asked this of you, but now I implore you to speak to your father in her behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear. I cannot help it. She asks nothing of any of us, she expects nothing, and yet she loves all of us—yes, all of us. She will never, by word or look, make a single plea for herself. I have watched her closely all these weeks. There was never an instant when she revealed the slightest sign of an appeal. She takes it for granted that she has no place in our lives. In our memory, yes, but that is all. I think she is reconciled to what she considers her fate and it has not entered her mind to protest against it. Perhaps it is natural that she should feel that way about it. But it is—oh, Freddy, it is terrible! If he would—would only unbend a little toward her, if he—"

"Listen, Lyddy, dear. I don't believe it's altogether up to him. There is a barrier that we can't see, but they do—both of them. My mother stands between them. You see, I've come to know my father lately, dear. He's not a stranger to me any longer. I know what sort of a heart he's got. He never got over loving my mother, and he'll never get over knowing that Yvonne knows that she loved him to the day she died. We know what it was in Yvonne that attracted him from the first, and she knows. He's not likely to forgive himself so easily. He didn't play fair with either of them, that's what I'm trying to get at. If I don't believe, he can forgive himself any more than he can forgive Yvonne for the thing she set about to do. You see, Lyddy, she married him, even though she debased herself, even though she can't admit it even now. I love her, too. She's the most wonderful woman in the world. She's got the finest instincts a woman ever possessed. But she did give herself to the man she hated with all her soul, and—well, there you are. He can't forget that, you know—and she can't. Leaving me out of the question altogether—and you, too—there still remains the sorry fact that she has betrayed her sister's love. She loves him for herself now, and—that's what hurts both of them. It hurts because they both know that he still loves my mother."

"I'm not so sure of that," pronounced Lydia. "He loves your mother's memory, he loves her for the wrong he did her, but—well, I don't see how he can help loving Yvonne, in spite of everything. She—"

"Ah, but you have it from her that she loved my mother even when she was in his arms, because, in a way, she represented the love that had never died. Now all that is a thing of the past. She is herself, she is not Matilde. He loved Matilde all the time."

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H. B. WILSON, Assistant

Wednesday, July 7, 1915

Long Distance Telephone
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainment, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a license is derived, must be paid for advertisement by the line.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Obituary notices and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged for this case, with list of presents at a wedding.

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as a second-class matter.

Antrim Locals

Mort Call, Charlestown, spent the holiday with Antrim friends.

Phit Whittemore and Erwin Cummings were in Nashua Monday.

Clifton Hill, of Templeton, is the guest of Lawrence Parker for a week.

G. N. Hulet, of Lowell, Mass., was in town for a brief visit last week.

Miss Mary Hill, of Nashua, is the guest of her parents, Will O. Hill and wife.

Wendell Putnam has been spending a few days with his grandparents at South Lydeboro.

Mrs. Amos Harrington recently entertained her mother, Mrs. Wilkins, of Peterboro.

Dennis Downes and wife, of Hudson, N. Y., are the guests of his sister, Mrs. Leroy Vose.

Miss Bertha Farrant has gone to Spofford lake where she has employment for the summer months.

F. K. Black and wife are entertaining their son, Drury Black, wife and daughter, of Medford, Mass.

Mrs. Albert Cooledge and daughter Mrs. James Dowlin, have been enjoying a week with friends at Hopkinton.

The W. R. C. will hold a Food Sale Friday afternoon, July 9, at three o'clock, on the platform at Jameson block.

Diamond Maxwell and Walter Hill were in Boston attending the wedding of George Staples and Miss Mabel Johnston.

George Staples and wife, from Somerville, Mass., spent a portion of their honeymoon trip with Eugene Woodward and wife. Mr. Staples is a former Antrim resident, and congratulations of many friends are extended to the newly married couple.

Auction Sale

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer, Antrim.

Sixteen cows, five tons of hay and a lot of farming tools will be sold at public auction on the premises known as the James Faulkner place, in the southeast part of Hancock, on Saturday, July 10, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. These cows are young and an extra good lot, many of them new milk; the farming tools are in nice condition and many of them nearly new. In addition there is a small lot of household goods. For particulars read auction bills.

A Card

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all who so kindly assisted us in our recent affliction; especially to those who donated the cooked food while the little daughter was so ill, also to those who gave flowers and reading matter that helped brighten the time of quarantine for the other children. Thank you all kind friends and neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fitts.

At Maplehurst Inn

Guests over the week-end were: Mrs. P. F. Flood, Mrs. M. G. Crossman, Willis C. Cook, of Newark, N. J., in their new Stimpex car; D. H. Donovan and wife of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Marston, and Master George and Charles Marston, of Turners Falls, Mass.; F. H. Brown and Mrs. G. D. Farmer, of Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Wm. O. Poole, Mrs. Wm. O. Hewes, of Reading, Mass.

Notice

All persons are strictly forbidden to pick any berries on my pastures on Moberg House hill, as I have sold the berries.

Ira P. Hutchinson.

Antrim Locals

House Painting

Paper Hanging, Papering, etc., done in the right way at right prices. Apply to

H. W. ELLIOTT,
Antrim, N. H.

FOR SALE—Buy Rake, price \$5. Apply to George Hunt, Antrim. adv
F. K. Black is adding a piazza to the front of his residence on Clinton road.

For Tennis Shoes, Pumps, Oxfords, Gents' Furnishing Goods go to Goodwin's. adv

Charles Foggie and wife are visiting with Ray Taylor and wife, at Gardner, Mass.

Miss Anna Hollis and friends, of Boston, were at Fairmont for the holiday vacation.

Mrs. Frank Bennett, of Brookbury, P. Q., Can., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. E. Clough.

Miss Gladys Brooks is spending a couple weeks with her sister, Mrs. Hawkins, at Arlington, Mass.

Walter Poor and family have been spending a few days camping at the Davis cottage, at Gregg lake.

Miss Gertrude Proctor, of Northfield, Mass., has been visiting her parents, Arthur Proctor and wife.

C. H. Swain and family, of Salem, Mass., are at the Swain summer home, The Boulder, for the season.

Leon Nay, of Boston, was the guest of his parents, Charles Nay and wife, for the week end and holiday.

Mrs. G. F. Jones is reported as improving from her recent illness. She is being cared for by a trained nurse.

The Clearance Sale at Goodwin's closes July 10. Plenty of time to get some bargains in Shoes and other goods. adv

Major Henry Conzons and family, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have arrived at their summer camp at Gregg lake for the season.

Frank E. Wheeler and wife and daughter, Miss Frances, visited relatives in Proctorsville, Vt., for over the Fourth.

Charles Merrill and wife and Geo. Dresser and wife, Mrs. Charles Gordon and son, were in Nashua Monday on an auto trip.

Paul Paige has recovered from his recent attack of scarlet fever, and has returned to Boston. He will resume his employment at New York within a short time.

Will Nichols and wife and Harry Eldredge are enjoying a two weeks' auto trip to Cape Cod, and will visit at Mr. Eldredge's former home in East Harwich, Mass.

Miss Winnifred Cochrane and Miss Alice Thompeon are camping with Miss Gertrude Neville, a former teacher in the Antrim schools, at Winchester, this state.

Waverley lodge, I. O. O. F., conferred the initiatory degree on one candidate at their meeting Saturday evening. Installation will be held on next Saturday evening.

R. H. McCleary and wife and children, Robert and Virginia, of Cambridge, Mass., are at The Maples at Gregg lake. The family will remain here for the summer.

Rev. C. E. Clough, pastor of the Methodist church, accompanied his daughter, Mrs. Allen Batley, who has been visiting her parents, to Lancaster, Tuesday morning. After a few days there he will journey to the Province of Quebec, and will visit his mother and other relatives there for a season. He is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

HELEN M. COLE

Solo Violinist and Teacher
BENNINGER, N. H.

At a Bargain

Latest Improved, new, never used, Advance Buckeye Mower, 5 feet cut.

F. I. Graves, Antrim;
Tel. 12-4.

Facial Massage Shampooing

MRS. VIOLA FARRANT

"Velvetina" system of
BEAUTY CULTURE

Scalp Treatment... Antrim, N. H.

CLINTON VILLAGE

Maurice Poor and wife are occupying Wellfleet, at the lake, for a fortnight. For the week end they had as guests Misses Amy Butterfield and Holme Black.

The shops are shut down for the usual summer vacation.

Miss Elsie Congreve has returned from Nunsonville and is now at Graystone Lodge for the summer.

George Rawlings and wife (Gladys Little) are guests of George Sawyer and wife.

Leland Buebell, from Salem, Mass., spent the holiday at J. W. Brooks'.

Miss Kate Brooks is assisting at Mrs. Fannie Pike's.

Earl Yorke and wife are visiting at their former home in Maine.

John Hookins and family are visiting in Exeter.

O. W. Brownell and wife have been in Malden, Mass., visiting their daughter, Mrs. William Woodward.

Mrs. Helen Anderson Paige, of Boston, has been enjoying a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. Leon Brownell.

Miss Grace Mulhall visited over Sunday with her parents.

Albert Baker, from Boston, was here calling on friends Sunday.

Mrs. George Hunt has been spending the past week with her mother in Marlow.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

SONGBIRDS OF GREAT VALUE

Rarest Varieties Command Large Sums When They Are Offered for Sale to Fanclers.

The recent international bird show has provided some astonishing facts and figures regarding the value of songbirds. There are nearly one hundred classes of canaries. That they can be Norwich or Lancashire, Border or Yorkshire variegated, Isard, unfledged, clear, cross-bred, created, self or foul conveys very little to the average mind but leaves one marveling at the variety of chirping little creatures whose feathers are every conceivable shade of yellow.

One marvels also at the variety of birds that could be kept as pets. Finches, linnets, redpolls, tomtits, robins, wrens, stonechats, babblers and long-tailed, short-tailed, wag-tailed and crested varieties of all of them in every size, from the minute humming bird to the plump scarlet cockatoo, all birds for that popularity which up to the present has been the monopoly of the canary.

And these little birds are all quite cheap. A few dollars will buy most of them, but on the other hand \$2,500 would be asked for a gorgeous crimson bird of paradise, or \$5,000 for the canary-bullfinch "White Rose," the most expensive songbird in the world.

Subscribe for the Reporter!

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."

—Mrs. J. M. BROWN, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Store of Good Taste



CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS!

IF THIS WERE A CRIME We Would be CONTINUALLY Under ARREST We Have the Goods!

TRY THESE:

Sunshine Biscuit Co.'s Goods and
Berwick Cakes, Six Kinds
For that Picnic Outing or Home Luncheon
Welch's Grape Juice
Dartmouth Chocolates
Native Strawberries Daily

Special Notice

We have just two Croquet Sets left at a price—these are first quality—8 mallet sets with wicket holders. The price is right.

Our Weekly Recipe

PEAS IN POTATO CUPS — Shape well seasoned, mashed potatoes into cups or cases; brush over with yolk of egg, beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk and put into oven to brown. Have ready peas cooked and seasoned with salt, black pepper and butter. When ready to serve fill cases with peas.

POMATOES AND CORN. Stew down half a can of tomatoes with onion and parsley; strain them and put in layers with grated corn, also well-seasoned, in a baking-dish, with crumbs and butter on top, and bake brown.

W. H. ROBINSON, Antrim, N. H.

The Proof is Up to Us Rexall Liver Salts

We will refund your money. They contain the medicinal salts best known and most used for Liver affections. Pleasant to take and gently laxative, they help restore the Liver and thereby the whole system to health.

25 and 45 Cents

E. M. LANE

The Rexall Store

Motion Pictures! Town Hall, Antrim FRIDAY EVEN'G

JULY 9, 1915



Owing to the failure of our Film Co. in not sending us a CHAPLIN Comedy Monday night we were obliged to disappoint our patrons a little. However, we confidently expect to show

Chaplin

this week Friday night in a full thousand feet of genuine Comedy. Come and see CHAPLIN this week

Friday Night

Check No. One Hundred Thirty

Unusual story with a strong sympathetic appeal. Check No. 130 is drawn by Harry Dana for \$400 and is given by him to his stenographer to assist her in studying art. Mrs. Dana discovers the voucher for the check and a critical situation arises. A "triangle" drama.

The Terror of the Mountains

Clever Western drama. The kind you like to see. Plenty of horses, exciting chases, and the final rescue of the heroine "just in time."

THE SPEED KING TWO-REEL FEATURE

THANHOUSER. Alfred Atherton, an auto enthusiast, is greatly interested in the motor business. He is the victor in several minor races. His company has perfected a special brand of motor and unless it makes an excellent showing in the annual auto races Atherton's company is ruined. At the last moment the driver of the car is taken sick and Atherton is hastily pressed into his position. He drives at a death-dealing speed but wins the race and saves his employers from financial loss. A really good feature.

Admission : : 15c and 10c

"The Majestic"

H. Burr Eldridge, Prop'r

Hillsboro Dry Goods Company

HILLSBORO, N. H.
The Satisfactory Cash Store



Is Not Complaining of Poor Trade

We keep business up by keeping prices down. There is no place on earth where your hard-earned dollar will bring better results than right here. Every day is the same with us. No special fake sales or gullible propositions to offer you. If you are not a customer of ours, ask some one who is. We are well supplied with new spring merchandise, every-day necessities, that will do you good. Come and see us. One price, cash, and money back if you want it.

Other Stores:—THE LADIES' DRY GOODS EXCHANGE, Keene, N. H.
E. A. PALMER'S 25c STORE, Fitchburg, Mass.

E. A. PALMER, Prop'r

WOMAN'S SPECIALTY SHOP

Specials for This Week

SHIRT WAISTS

READY-TO-WEAR DRESSES

Children's Dresses & Rompers

Miss S. E. Lane & Co.,

ANTRIM, N. H.



Wherever You Go,
Regals Are Right

At home or abroad, on Main Street or on the Board Walk at Atlantic City,—wherever you are, you want your shoes to be irreplaceable in style. And you demand, besides, the maximum of service and comfort.

We can supply your footwear needs. We have in Regals exactly what you would order if you were going to have your shoes custom-made. Every little nicety of fit and finish—every combination of leather, shape and pattern.

Drop in and we will show you. We are extra careful in fitting, too.

BROWNS' SHOE STORE

Baker's Block HILLSBORO

FOR YOUR NEXT JOB OF PRINTING
GIVE THE REPORTER OFFICE THE
CHANCE TO DO IT IN A NEAT AND
SATISFACTORY MANNER.

Antrim Locals

Photo View Cards
Developing and Printing
C. H. ELLIOTT
Antrim, N. H.

J. J. Smith, of Boston, was at Gregg lake for over the holiday.

Lot Men's and Boys' Oxford's at half price. At Goodwin's. adv
Cole puts new bottoms in old round baskets, cheap and durable. adv

Miss Mariel Colby is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. E. Ingram, at Concord.

Leroy Vose, of Watertown, Mass., is spending a vacation season with his family here.

Arthur Lawless, of Shelburne Falls, Mass., a former resident, is in town for a few days.

Mrs. Cyrus G. McClure has returned, after a two weeks' visit with relatives in New Boston.

Mrs. Penhaman and two daughters, of Athol, Mass., are guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Musson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Curtis, of Athol, Mass., are guests of Mr. Custer's mother, Mrs. J. P. Curtis.

Harold Congreve, of Northampton, Mass., is visiting his parents, William Congreve and wife, at Clinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert I. Brown are entertaining Misses Helen and Mildred Jennison, of Winthrop, Mass.

George Ed. Hutchinson and wife are entertaining their son, Arthur G. Hutchinson, of Fitchburg, Mass.

Mrs. Leland D. Russell has joined her husband in Hyde Park, Mass., where they will make their home.

Miss Alta Ellis and friends, of West Chester, Pa., are at the Ellis cottage at the lake for a few weeks.

A. J. Lapoint, wife and daughter, Ophelia, returned home this morning after a few weeks in New York city.

Dr. Jennie Lane, from Worcester, Mass., formerly of Antrim, is spending a few days with friends in town.

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Clough are entertaining Mrs. Mabel Blake of Hampton, at the Methodist parsonage.

George W. Hodges, from Chicago, western representative of the Goodell Company, is in town on a business trip.

The first degree will be conferred by Waverley lodge at a special meeting on Thursday evening of this week.

Mrs. D. W. Cooley has been enjoying an auto trip through the northern part of the state, with relatives.

George E. Hutchinson and wife were guests of their son, Arthur, of Fitchburg, Mass., for over the Fourth.

E. M. Lane and wife have returned from an auto trip to Newcastle where he attended a druggists' convention.

Owing to the absence of the pastor on vacation, there will be no services at the Methodist church for the two Sundays to come.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hill, of Peterboro, have been guests the past week of their daughter, Mrs. E. D. Putnam and family, at their cottage at the lake.

Guests at the Baker house include Mrs. A. M. Wellington, New York; Miss E. J. Corlew, Miss Juliet E. Corlew, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Mary Savage, Morrisville, Vt.

Mrs. J. P. Curtis has been in Winthrop, Mass., attending the graduating exercises of the High school, her daughter, Miss Winifred Ruth Curtis, being one of the graduates.

The ladies of the Antrim Baptist church will hold a Food Sale in the church dining room Friday afternoon, July 9, beginning at three o'clock. Strawberry ice cream on sale. adv

\$100 Reward, \$100

The hero of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.

EAST ANTRIM

G. A. Cochran pulled down an old land mark last week,—the hearse house at the East cemetery.

Maria Wells and family of Hillsboro visited over the holiday with her parents at Hazlehurst farm. She had as guest Miss Mildred Smith, who will be remembered as a guest of the Ferrys for many seasons.

Mrs. Coombs, of South Antrim, was a guest over the Fourth at the Brookside farm.

Young America, and some of the older folks as well, were much disappointed to see the rain Monday as they had put in some practice and expected to defeat the North Branch base ball team at the picnic at that place.

Something unusual at Hazlehurst farm: a pear tree with fruit partly formed and blossoms.

ANTRIM CENTRE

Ray Hansen is at the Bass farm this week.

Charles Tileston, of Dorchester, Mass. is at Maplewood cottage for a vacation season.

Charles Hansen and wife, from Reading, Mass., were recent guests at the Bass Farm.

E. A. Bigelow and party of friends from Winchester, spent the Fourth at Bigelow Bungalow.

John Bablin and wife and son, Richard, of Mattapan, Mass., and Misses Barbara and Ruth Tileston, of Ashmont, Mass., are at Maplewood cottage for the season.

Rev. and Mrs. O. M. Lord are entertaining Elvin Lord, Edith Lord, George Lord of Framingham, Mass., and Frank Lewis, general freight agent for the Boston & Worcester electric line, and Mrs. Lewis and son, Richard, also of Framingham.

FOEMEN MADE MANY VISITS

Aged French Couple Kept Track of Number of Times Germans Had Been in Village.

Travelers in France just now have to stay at all sorts of queer places for the night. A correspondent writes to say that he was forced to stop for the night at a little village near Reims. "An old Frenchman and his wife, both over eighty years of age, gave me a room in the house," he writes.

"Before going to bed the old people talked about the war. They had been living together in this same house during the Franco-German war and, said the old man, 'it does not seem five minutes ago. While we have been living here, he went on, the German soldiers during the two wars have been billeted in this house no fewer than twenty-two times. During this war they have been backwards and forwards on three or four occasions.'

"These old French people—the woman looked very sweet in her snow-white cap—actually kept a score of the number of times the Germans had been through the village in war times. 'Do you think they have now gone for good?' asked the old man. 'Shall I ever have to make another mark on the score?'

Kicks Chick; Breaks Leg.
A pugnacious Plymouth Rock rooster and a woman's attempt to kick have furnished a case for the doctor. The rooster belongs to W. E. Coughenour, a dairyman of Dunbar, Pa. It has been creating trouble by chasing children, and Mrs. Coughenour, who takes care of the family hennery, made up her mind to give the vicious bird a lesson.

Going out to the flock to give the chickens their morning meal, she was attacked by the rooster. Mrs. Coughenour took careful aim, and delivered a powerful kick, intended to put the bird out of business. She missed, her foot struck a stone, she fell disabled, and a physician found her leg broken.

Why They Were "Bad Company."
A soldier, charged with being drunk and disorderly, mentioned, in extenuation of his offense, the fact that he had been compelled to travel up from camp in very bad company.

"What sort of company?" asked the magistrate.

"A lot of teetotallers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotallers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best company for such as you!"

"Beggin' your pardon, sor," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong, for I had a bottle of whisky and I had to drink it all mesel!"

Their Use.
"Why do you advocate blanket street-paving bills?"
"To cover the beds of the streets, of course."

The Prevailing Rates.
"That writer is expensive, but there's meat in everything he writes."
"That, no wonder he comes so high."

The Fashion Shop 49 Hanover St.
Opposite The Auditorium
MANCHESTER, N. H. Agnes R. Hughes Anna M. Howe

VERY EXTENSIVE LINE

Of Ladies' and Misses Summer Suits, Coats Dresses, Etc., in all of the Popular Coloring, Materials, and Styles:

At this Season of the Year you will find our different lines of Ladies' Apparel very complete. All goods are strictly first class and prices are very reasonable.

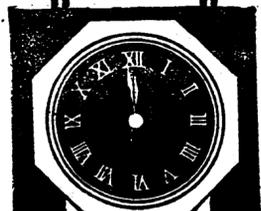
THE FASHION SHOP MANCHESTER, N. H.

A Rip-Roaring Comedy From
Beginning to End

Love in a Hurry

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "The White Cat," "The Heart Line," etc.



LOVE
IN A
HURRY

GELETT
BURGESS

ON the day before his twenty-eighth birthday Hall learned that his uncle had left him four millions provided he married before he was twenty-eight. Hall had not contemplated marriage, but he got busy! He proposed to (1) a languishing widow, (2) a breezy debutante, (3) a fascinating model, all in the space of two hours. They all "took it under advisement," and about the time they all decided to accept, Hall realized that he was really in love with Flodie, his typist. Then he had to hustle to get out of his entangling alliances. *Love in a hurry* is the quintessence of all that is really funny, a comedy courtship that touches the spot.

Don't Fail to Read This Great New Serial We Have Secured, for You'll Enjoy It All the Way Through

Watch for the First Installment!

Church and Lodge Directory

Presbyterian Church. Sunday morning service at 10.45. Week-day meetings 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.
Sunday School at each of the above churches at 12 o'clock, noon.

Waverley Lodge, I. O. O. F., meets Saturday evenings in Odd Fellows block.
St. Crooked Encampment, No. 25, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month.
Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, in above hall.
Antrim Lodge, No. 1488, L. O. O. Moose, meets at G. A. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday evenings of each month.
Antrim Grange, F. of H., meets in their hall at the Centre, on the first and third Wednesday evenings in each month.
Epworth Weston Post, No. 27, G. A. E., meets in their hall in Jameson block, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.
Women's Relief Corps meets in G. A. E. hall, first and third Friday evenings of each month.

Legal Advertising

It is optional with parties acting as administrators of estates, or as executors of wills to have all their legal notices published in the Antrim Reporter, and we solicit such favors, relating to the settlement of estates situate in the towns of Antrim, Bennington or adjoining towns, for which the Reporter is the local newspaper. We guarantee to do work satisfactorily and at prices as low as those made by any other publisher.

H. W. Eldredge, Pub.

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.

Look For This Name

Libby's

Olives and Pickles

—It's a quality mark for exceptionally good table delicacies. Our Mazahilla and Queen Olives, plain or stuffed, are from the famous olive groves in Spain.

Libby's Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles are piquant and firm. Your summer meals and picnic baskets are not complete without them.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THAT

Of course Young Mother could only Reason That the Fault Must Be With the Scales.

The story is told of a young mother who, after her first baby had been born, hurried to a hardware store to purchase a pair of scales, that she might be able to keep tabs on the remarkable growth of her first born.

When she got them home and weighed the baby for the first time the little bunch of humanity did not quite measure up to her expectations and she promptly carried the scales back, stating that they were not satisfactory. Asked by the storekeeper what the difficulty was, she replied:

"I think the scales are not right. My baby did not weigh as much as I think she ought to."

"Did it ever occur to you," asked the hard-hearted seller of hardware, "that the fault might be with the baby and not the scales?"

She saw the point and kept the scales.—Brockton Enterprise.

Sure Cure.

"What are you taking for your cold?"

"Advice." — Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A new dishpan is rectangular to fit firmly in a kitchen sink and has rubber feet to hold it steady.

Marriage is a lottery in which the prize-winners draw alimony.

Grand Prize at Panama-Pacific Exposition Awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

The Grand Prize for superiority of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations has been awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. This famous old house has received 25 Highest Awards at the leading expositions in Europe and America. Adv.

Where Bluff Falls.

"Bah!" sneered the blustering man. "Bluff is the thing. A man can bluff his way through life."

"But," said the conservative, "if you couldn't swim and fell in, you couldn't bluff the river for a second."—Livingston Lance.

CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

By Frequent Shampooing With Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

Precede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. Also as preparations for the toilet.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Ready to Risk It.

"Mr. Jones wants a windy-pane twelve inches by fourteen," remarked young Patrick Mulrooney, entering the glazier's shop.

In the shop was a smart young assistant who wanted to have a joke with Pat.

"Haven't any that size?" he replied gravely. "Will one fourteen inches by twelve do?"

Pat looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he replied:

"He's wantin' it at once, and this is the only shop in town. Give me wan o' them. P'rhaps if we put it in sideways no one will notice."

His Complaint.

"You say in your paper," said the man who had asked to see the editor, "that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peck are enjoying a visit from Mrs. Peck's mother."

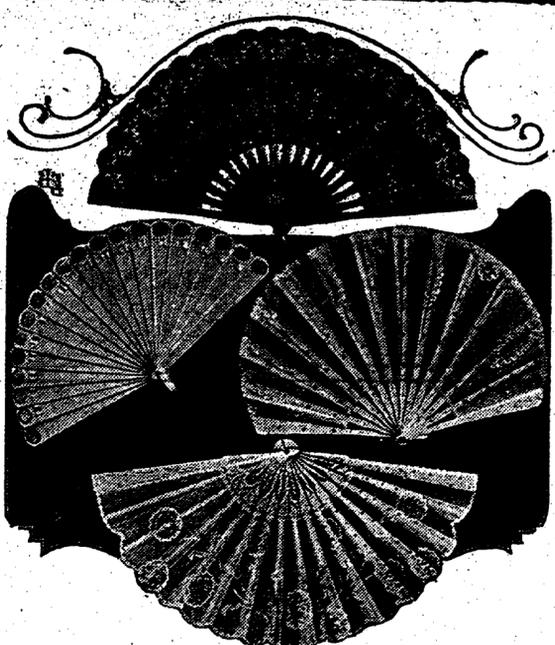
"Isn't that statement correct?" asked the editor.

"Oh, she's visitin' us all right enough," admitted Mr. Peck, "and I darsay my wife is enjoying it, but you can leave me out of it. If you put any more sarcastic remarks like that in your paper, I'll stop my subscription."

The production of gold in the Philippines last year gained 39 per cent over the year before.

The easy going taxi lands a lot more money than the average race-horse.

Permanent Styles in Fans



There is nothing very new to report in fans, and there hardly need be, for, like flowers, they suit us as they are. They are medium or small in size and composed of the fragile and fair materials we are used to. Silk gauze or lace or both combined make airy backgrounds for flowers painted in festoons and wreaths in miniature, but perfect art. Spangles, thicker than stars in the sky, sparkle over all. They were never so liberally used.

Ivory, mother of pearl, or wood, with much carving and picking out in gold or silver paint, form the sticks. Even in the least expensive fans there is an unusual amount of beautiful decoration. The imitation ivory sticks are quite as beautifully handled as the genuine. It takes a good judge to tell the difference.

Fans of white gauze with medallions and borders of princess lace braid and thickly spangled with tiny silver sequins have proved their captivating qualities by heading the list of "best sellers." In the month of roses, when graduates and brides must be remembered, this is the fan that is scattered all the points of the compass. Fans of black gauze with many spangles put on in a set design and scattered over the surface besides, have proved as alluring as ever.

Small celluloid fans that may be carried in the handbag are decorated with gold borders in set figures or are gay with painted flowers. One of these is a novelty having a small coin carrier at the base of the stick, just large enough to hold dimes. Pretty as they are, none of these fans are expensive unless one chooses those with pearl sticks or having much carrying.

Among the very cheap fans, such as sell for twenty-five cents or more than fifty, the Japanese designs offer really good colorings and fascinating surfaces. They are well made and more than tasteful; they are often fine examples of Japanese art.

Knitted Silk Sports Coats.

Knitted silk sports coats are not sweaters. True, they can be used for many of the purposes for which a sweater is used, but there is quite a difference in the garments. Various kinds of knitted silk fabrics are used for the purpose, but, unlike the sweater, they are lined, and sometimes with a silk strongly contrasting with the outer material. Not infrequently this silk runs over into cuffs and collar. The coats are made along loose wrap lines, sometimes belted or sashed. Semi-norfolk jackets of knitted silk are very fetching and among the most popular coats in the knitted silk fabrics.

PRODUCTION OF PORK

Most Profitable Use of Alfalfa in Ration Is Problem.

Extensive Experiments Made by Nebraska Station to Throw Light on Subject—Summary of Results Secured Is Given.

(By W. F. ENYDER, Nebraska.)

One of the chief problems before the pork producer is that of the most profitable use of alfalfa in the fattening ration. Alfalfa is the only source of cheap protein for feeding purposes available to our feeders. It is because of this condition that the feeding of alfalfa with grain is so attracting the attention of the feeders. The chief problems are in what form to feed the alfalfa and in what proportion to the grain ration. During the past several years extensive experiments have been made by the Nebraska experiment station to throw light on this subject.

The proper standard from which to determine the most profitable ration is the amount of feed of a certain kind required to produce a certain increase in weight and the rate at which the increase is made. These terms are the same in all parts of the country, while the cost of the various feeds will vary in almost every locality.

The results of the experiments for the best methods of fattening hogs on corn and alfalfa hay and on corn alone are herewith given. The feeding of various proportions of alfalfa in a ration of corn, as alfalfa hay, as chopped hay, and as meal, indicates that the rations rank as follows, with the most satisfactory ration viewed from the profit made per hog fattened, at the top of the list:

1. Corn and alfalfa hay in a 10 parts
2. Ninety parts corn and 10 parts chopped alfalfa.
3. Ninety parts corn and 10 parts alfalfa meal.
4. Corn alone.
5. Seventy-five parts corn and 25 parts alfalfa meal.
6. Seventy-five parts corn and 25 parts chopped alfalfa.
7. Fifty parts corn and 50 parts chopped alfalfa.
8. Fifty parts corn and 50 parts alfalfa meal.

The first three rations stand closely together. Corn seems to have a stationary place between a ration of 10 parts alfalfa and 90 parts corn, and a ration of 25 parts alfalfa and 75 parts corn.

Of all the many rations tried none has been found the equal of corn and a small percentage of alfalfa.

Four seasons' records show that old sows being fattened on corn and alfalfa pasture gained two pounds per head daily, at 355 pounds corn for 100 pounds gain, and gave a net profit of over five cents each daily.

A summary of the results of experiments indicates that the cost of feed to produce a 225-pound market hog was \$3.35 per 100 pounds, and that keeping the hog until it weighed 225 pounds increased the cost to \$3.57 per 100 pounds.

SOME GREEN SOILING CROPS

Clover Will Yield Good Returns for Two Consecutive Years—Big Advantage of Corn.

The most suitable green crops are alfalfa (where it can be grown), clover, peas and oats, barnyard millet and fodder corn, writes Prof. J. B. Lindsey in Farm and Home.

Clover seed may be sown at the rate of fifteen to twenty pounds to the acre in late July. The first cutting may be made about June 10 of the following year, and usually another cutting in August. The clover will yield good returns for two consecutive years.

Alfalfa at the rate of 30 pounds seed per acre can be seeded with one-half bushel of oats about May 15 or by



Large Loads Count.

Itself in late July. Three cuttings may be expected yearly, one about June 20 and two others in early August and September.

Peas and oats at the rate of 1½ bushels each year may be sown about April 25 and May 10 and May 25, and cut as soon as the oats show the head, usually about June 25, July 6 and July 17.

Barnyard millet at the rate of 16 quarts of seed per acre can be sown May 15, June 5 and June 20.—The first seeding will be ready about August 1, and three seedings will supply green feed during most of the month. Millet requires moist land, and will suffer if sown on light, leechy soil.

Corn is far excellence the most satisfactory green feed for late August and September. Stowell's evergreen, Longfellow and Rustler's White Dent are all satisfactory varieties. Corn has the advantage of not toughening like many crops, and of furnishing an increasing amount of palatable and digestible material as it approaches maturity.

FAIRM STOCK

FURNISH SWINE PURE WATER

Hogs Do Not Drink Out of Filthy Pools as Matter of Choice—Indiana Incident Is Related.

We have heard men argue that hogs do not require pure water since they exhibit their disregard in this matter by commonly drinking out of filthy pools. It is not improbable that a hog or a herd may become so degenerate in its habits as to pay no attention to the supply of their drinking water. But this degeneracy, or what else you may name it, is not a matter of environment, says a writer in Farmers' Review. Hogs do not differ from other animals in adapting themselves to their surroundings. In fact it is one of the laws of nature that a species which can best adapt itself to varying conditions stands the best chance to survive. The hog accepts filthy water when there is nothing better. After a while he loses his taste for pure water.

Our remarks on this subject are prompted by the following incident reported by one of our Indiana readers: This man had been in the habit of allowing his herd of hogs to secure water from a more or less muddy creek. On account of the prevalence of disease on a farm above him he decided to provide water for the herd with a hog fountain. In hauling the fountain to its position in the pasture he had to cross the creek and in getting to this point a number of hogs out of curiosity had followed. They continued to follow him across the creek and to the final location of the fountain, where they drank to their full when the water was turned into the drinking places.

CARE IN FEEDING BROOD SOW

Wisconsin Station Secures Satisfactory Results From Corn, Wheat Middlings and Alfalfa.

On farms where many kinds of grain are grown there should be little or no difficulty in providing a suitable ration. For several years mature brood sows in the Wisconsin experiment station herd have been fed rations composed of one-third corn, one-third wheat middlings and one-third wheat bran or alfalfa. Such feeds are satisfying and bulky and at the same time sufficiently nutritious to cause the sows to gain from fifty to seventy-five pounds in live weight during pregnancy. A mixture of equal parts, by weight, of the feeds mentioned, fed in the form of a thick slop, is always very satisfactory. This insures an equal proportion and distribution of the various feeds and is relished by the animals. The corn may be fed on the ear and the alfalfa need



A Message for You—

From Headquarters!

New Post Toasties

for Breakfast.

A delicious food—different from ordinary "corn flakes." Each flake has a body and firmness—doesn't mush down, but keeps crisp when cream is added.

New Post Toasties are the tender meats of white Indian Corn, skilfully cooked, daintily seasoned, and toasted to an appetizing golden-brown. They come to you oven-fresh, in tight-sealed, wax-wrapped packages—ready to eat with cream, milk or fruit.

New Post Toasties

—the Superior Corn Flakes

Your grocer has them now.

About Shoes for the Young People



Following in the shoe tracks of their elders, children and half-grown young people are wearing the best-looking and best-made shoes which have fallen to their lot so far. The correct styles for children as to shape are those that follow the shape of the foot, snug enough not to slip at the heel, and a little longer and broader than the feet they are to clothe, with wide toes, flexible soles and low heels.

The matter of shape disposed of, without room for mistake, there is left a considerable latitude in choice of design and finish. All on the same sensible last, plain, dressy and fancy shoes have received almost as much attention at the hands of manufacturers as those meant for older people—and this is saying a lot.

An attractive dress shoe for a child is shown in the picture, with white kid and patent leather combined in a graceful design. It fastens over the instep and ankles with cut-out straps buttoned over black buttons at the side. The neat machine stitching is an important feature in its finish. A flat ribbon bow decorates the toe.

For the well-grown miss a pretty boot is shown with cloth top, patent leather trimming and laced fastening.

It is trim in appearance and broader in the toe than it looks. The narrow effect is accomplished by the long point in the tip of patent leather.

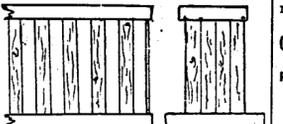
The plain leather sandals made for children's midsummer wear deserve a good word always. Worn without stockings, they help out the youngsters that are denied the pleasure of running barefoot, and are so easy to put off and on that the little people can indulge in the joy of getting their feet on the ground occasionally.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Braid in Millinery.

Serviceable, adaptable braid has been called upon for trimming the newest tailored hats, and some very unique effects have been obtained from its artistic use. A large choux or rose of folded white silk braid effectively trims a fine white leghorn. A three-cornered dark brown millan has dangling at one side a red apple of soutache braid alluring enough to tempt any modern daughter of Eve. Wide cotton braid with colored borders band the sports hats of panama, silk and peanut straw. Watch the braid counters for choice bits if you wish a new hat trimming.

ALFALFA RACK FOR PIGS—Side and End View.



Alfalfa Rack for Pigs—Side and End View.

PREVENT HENS EATING EGGS

Different Cures Are Advocated to Discourage Practice—Best Remedy Is Prevention.

Egg eating is caused by lack of nests, overcrowding, want of opportunity to exercise, or lack of litter to exercise in, and nests that are located low down in the light where the chickens are tempted to scratch in the nest boxes, thus rolling out the eggs. Once the trick is learned, says Wallace's Farmer, no eggs are safe, and the birds that first learn this bad habit communicate it to others.

To prevent, give plenty of room in the henhouse, and have a suitable place for the chickens to scratch in. Put the nests in a secluded corner, as dark as is practicable, and furnish enough of them. Give the chickens plenty of green food.

Different cures are advocated. Some say that a quantity of china eggs scattered over the chicken house will discourage the practice; others that a bushel or less of egg shells fed liberally will satisfy the hens' craving for lime and break up the habit; others that old plaster and plenty of grit is a help; occasionally someone will claim that eggs doctored with red pepper puts a stop to it. The best cure is prevention.

Feeding Floor Is Necessary.

A good cement feeding floor is almost a necessity in the successful rearing of hogs. It can be readily cleaned and disinfected. The hog doesn't have to pick its feed out of the mud when one is used, and a floor of this kind is not expensive.

Onions for Chickens.

Young onions chopped fine make a feed for young chicks that tends to keep them in good health as well as supply them with some vegetable food. Mix the chopped onions with some of the other food that is fed.

CLEARING ROUGH BRUSH LAND

Practice of Using Goats for That Purpose Is Quite Common in Southern Part of Missouri.

It is quite a common practice to use goats in clearing up rough brush land in the southern part of Missouri. The most common method used is to clear the land and then sow grasses and clovers, turning the goats on just as soon as the sprouts begin to appear around the stumps.

The goats will keep the sprouts down and will not interfere with the growth of the grasses. In fact the



tramping of the ground by the goats seems to be beneficial. Six or eight goats to the acre are usually necessary to take care of the brush.

Write to the Missouri Experiment station for bulletin 108 for more detailed information along this line.

QUICK REMEDIES FOR BLOAT

Keeping Mouth Open With Stick Allows Gas to Escape—Ginger and Soda Will Give Relief.

Every stockman should be provided with a remedy which can be used on short notice if bloat does occur in the herds. Keeping the mouth open with a round stick between the jaws is helpful in allowing the gas to escape from the stomach.

Generous doses of ginger and soda will often give relief. The last resort is a knife, or, better still, the trochar, which should be found on every farm where clover is pastured.

Consult a cow doctor concerning its use. Don't experiment until you know just how and when to use it. Be prepared for trouble, and it may not overtake you.

Little Grain Needed.

If the pasture is good the ewes will need very little grain.

GUARD AGAINST HOG CHOLERA

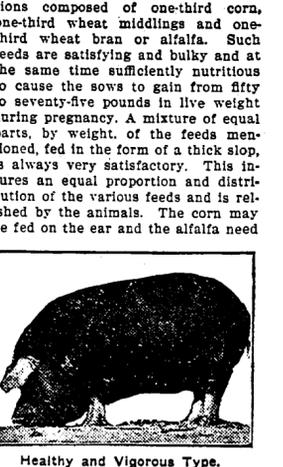
Where Farmer Wishes to Increase His Herd He Should Buy Animals From Uninfected Territory.

(By M. H. REYNOLDS, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

A farmer living in uninfected territory and who wishes to increase his herd should do so if possible by raising his own stock or by buying from the immediate neighborhood where he can be sure there has been no cholera. There can be no assurance of entire safety to the neighborhood if hogs are shipped in any stock car or pass through any stockyard or have had any real serum-virus treatment. "Doctored" virus is being sent out by some commercial firms. This is safe if sufficiently "doctored," but it is of no use so far as conferring immunity is concerned.

Little Things Count.

It's the little things that count. Save and care well for the lambs, calves and pigs, and the country will not long be short of cattle, sheep and hogs; nothing will the farmer who cares for them be short of food.



not be cut, and the rest of the ration should be given as a thick slop.

Brood sows weighing from 300 to 350 pounds usually can be kept on one of the above rations for about \$1.50 a month.

If you live in a section where these can be grown, sugar beets or giant half-sugar mangels may be used to form the bulky portion of the ration and to replace the bran. The sugar beets or mangels can be cut up and fed raw or may be cooked and with middlings and other meal made into a thick slop. Soy beans kept on the vine make excellent winter feed for swine. They can be stacked in or near the hog lot in the fall and fed out as needed. The hogs will get abundant exercise working over the pile of vines in search of the beans.

Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Manzy

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A CARTER OF VIRGINIA

When The Woman had settled back in the handsomest of her velvet-lined automobiles her thought traveled across the years that were ended, coming up sharply to the elaborate entertainment of which she had been hostess the evening before, and she smiled a queer twisted smile for which there seemed no reason whatever, for certainly the dinner had been a brilliant affair and had gone off without a hitch.

There had been the usual wonderful gold plate and cut glass; the customary perfect cuisine; the same flawless conduct of servants; a brilliant run of repartee, and a hostess whose beauty and charm was an unceasing wonder to all those whose lives she touched.

Yet The Woman as she skimmed along over the city streets in her handsome car, smiled her queer and twisted smile as her thought traveled back over the highly successful dinners and scores of other equally brilliant entertainments which she had graced since she became the mistress of The Man's beautiful home.

When The Woman's name was announced at the afternoon reception the hostess of the day turned to the Stranger Guest and remarked that the beautiful woman just coming in was one she should cultivate.

"She's a Carter of Virginia, my dear. Belongs to THE Carters. An invitation to her house means an open sesame to society."

The smile of The Woman as she heard, became a wee bit more twisted than formerly, and a flush mounted to the roots of her glittering hair.

Refreshments had been served. The Stranger Guest hovered over The Woman much as if her soul's salvation depended upon the latter's pleasure, and other guests at the little gathering openly courted her favor.

"Our hostess tells me you are one of the Virginia Carters," fawned the Stranger Guest, and the flow of small talk ceased an instant awaiting The Woman's answer. Her fine eyes trav-

elled. My mother loved him, and she grieved herself almost to death. I think we saved her—the babies. We had to be fed and clothed and sheltered you see—it's a way with babies. So my mother took in washing. We lived in one room and I slept at the foot of the bed. We ate our dinner on a small table by the stove. Sometimes there was not enough to eat, and mother would wish someone would help us, and often they did—some aid society, or individual, and every time it happened I would go out in the back yard and fing myself in a fit of temper on the ground and claw and paw until I was quite exhausted. You see I had my father's high spirit, and charity was hateful to me. When I was fourteen I went to work, and step by step I climbed until I became a mannikin in a fashionable importer's shop.

"One day a man came in with his sister. She had won a gown from him on a wager and he had come to help her in the selection, or else to see that she did not pay too much for it. He gave the former reason for his coming. She said it was the latter. Anyway he liked the mannikin better than the gown, and later he asked me to dinner with him.

"The man is my husband," said The Woman quietly. "I was but eighteen when we were married. We lived abroad where he sent me to school for four years before he brought me back to be the mistress and hostess of his house."

The handsome room was heavy with ominous silence when The Woman's voice became still. The hostess of the day had given a resentful exclamation in the middle of the recital which told The Woman quite plainly that she did not thank her for her choice of scene for her confession, and the Stranger Guest, who had fawned for The Woman's favor, had withdrawn quite to the end of the room during the telling of the sordid little tale, while here and there a smile flitted from shallow face to shallow face in derisive comment, and The Woman, as



"I Am Sorry," She Said, "But You Are Quite Mistaken."

eled around the group of faces stamped by the hollow lives behind them, and back again to the eager eyes of her waiting questioner.

Then, like a lighted bomb thrown among them came her reply in calculating and cutting tone.

"I am sorry," she said, "but you are quite mistaken. My mother was a Carter, but not a Carter of Virginia. She came from a shiftless little middle West village, and my father was the village blacksmith. My mother was a farmer's daughter and the maid of all work for some well-to-do folk in her vicinity. She left school at fourteen and went out to work, and when she was seventeen she married the village blacksmith—a big, fine fellow with plenty of brawn and little of learning. They lived in two rooms where three children came to them—I being the last.

"One day a terrible accident happened in the shop and my father was

she talked, both saw and understood.

"In the two-room house which my father gave my mother when they were married there was no foolish pride. In the one room my mother was afterward able to provide for her babies there was no dishonesty. She made a hard fight but it was a worthy one. And though these years that I have stood silently by while people introduced me 'A Carter of Virginia—one of the Carters'—I have been sick with shame; hot with disgust; miserable with hypocrisy and deceit. Why, my own butler has been more honest, God-fearing, and decent than I!

"But now you all know and I am glad, glad, glad!"

And The Woman made her farewell with a smile that had lost every whit of its twisted queerness, although it radiated something of the amusement she felt in watching the varying expressions of her thoroughly scandalized auditors.

At the Turning Point

By Ella Maricia Brackett

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Dance, you tenderfoot!"

Bang-bang. Big Bill Bluff worked at the trigger of his great seven-shooter. The bullets lined a circle around the nimble figure, perforce keeping step to the whanging snarl of the broken fiddle played by the tipsy, worthless brother of the proprietor of the Raven Gulch tavern.

Bill Bluff dominated the occasion. He was down from the diggings with all kinds of "mint dust" and distributing it liberally whenever the drunken fancy took him. He had noticed the thin, seedy young man who imbibed thirstily at every round of drinks. Then he had suddenly singled him out as a stranger.

Therefore, a victim. It made no difference to Bill that the object of his interest resembled a poet, an artist, rather than the simple denizen of the settlement. He was "a tenderfoot."

"Pay your toll—that's the border rule," howled out Bill. "Dance!"

And Leslie Burr danced. It was not with chagrin or any sense of offended dignity. Time was when this would have been, but in the past, the dim past, alas! far, far away!

He had been going down hill for a year, lower and lower. He had drifted farther and farther away from mother, home and respectability. He had worked only to secure drink. He craved it now. He was filling up on it, free. Hence he danced. There was a fleeting memory of rhythmic steps where saneness and grace and elevating companionship had ruled. All this, however, was blurred, indistinct, vague, for he was anxious to forget all save the present, the sad, wretched moment at hand.

"Good as a vaudeville!" roared Bill Bluff, when the dance was concluded. "All hands!" and there was another "round." Then Bill brought to view his second shooting iron.

"Now sing, stranger!"

Leslie Burr hesitated. There were some things sacred to him—a remembrance of the sanctity of his great gift. He had led a choir. He had been the



"Pay Your Toll—That's the Border Rule."

idolized tenor of the college glee club. At home, his father and mother had made his superb voice power their pride. A mistiness came over eyes and soul.

"I—I'd rather not," he said huskily. Pop!—Pop!—again the merciless mandatory fusillade. Once more the peremptory menace, the leaden reminders coming nearer and nearer to his shifting, uneasy feet.

"All right," he said finally, waving a hand in acquiescence. There came a sudden silence. Then a thrill. It was a home song that seemed forced by some gentle spirit to Burr's lips. His glance was fixed on vacancy, his frame trembled with emotion. He was singing to the home folks, as of old. He saw the dear old familiar scenes, n, think, else. He forgot his environment and poured out his soul.

There was a restless rustle as he concluded. A strange change had come over the face of Bill Bluff. The reckless, rollicking air of bravado had departed.

Soberly, seriously, he removed his great sombrero and placed it on the floor. From a buckskin bag he poured out in his palm all it would hold of gold nuggets. These he dropped into the hat. The others contributed their bits. The heap was emptied into his hands of Burr. Bill took his arm and led him out of the place with a last word to his fellow convivialists:

"I'm through." Then, as they gained the street, he said in a tone held steady by the power of a strong will: "Go home, for I can see you're used to one. You've hit me hard, I'm thinking. Maybe it will start me face about, too," and was gone.

Burr stood staring after him vaguely. The enthusiasm that had sustained him in his song, had given way to the dead, dull sensation that comes with the reaction from the excitement of drink. What he had imbibed now

drove him into a certain brain lethargy, he could not resist. His steps grew staggering. He tried to realize that he had what was untold wealth for him in his present homeless, workless condition.

He had a wavering idea of going back to the drinking den and celebrating his unexpected accession of cash. He was conscious of reaching a door-step. A latch string gave way. He sprawled in the darkness, crept around on his hands and knees, and sank into sudden slumber.

It was morning when Burr awoke. His senses were still dazed. He gradually took in his environment, to realize that he was lying under a bench on a bare floor. Then he guessed what the place was—an old building used as the only church in the place.

It was a place so poor and so free of all that it was not even kept locked up. Burr closed his eyes again. His mind began to go over the scenes of the preceding evening. The gold? His hand felt along his coat. Yes, it had been no vision. He could feel the weighty treasure so prodigally given for the sake of a song.

There came a glow, a sudden impulse to hasten back to the companions who had dragged him to the depths. Suddenly the scene of last night's song was revived in his mind. He looked reverently about the little place sustained by a struggling group of good people. There stood the little organ. It was open. He moved towards it. His fingers strayed across its keys.

Surely some good spirit was moving his better nature. Again he forgot time and place. He seated himself before the humble instrument. His touch swept the keys in a prelude to an old-time song, and then, despite himself, his voice burst forth into ringing melody.

He arose, the tears streaming from his eyes. They were not so blinding, however, that he did not see the big metal box with a slit in its top and bearing the words: "Donations for Our New Church."

Burr rid his pockets of the last grain of gold dust. He turned towards the door. It was to face a fresh, blooming young girl, the minister's daughter. She had witnessed all. Her own eyes were humid. It was no time for words. Only, she took both his hands in her own.

"You have made some great resolve," she spoke.

"Yes—a new life."

"Heaven speed you!"

It was Leslie Burr who built the new church in Raven Gulch. It was he who, seeking honest work, became first a laborer, then a millman, and then superintendent of the great Fortunatus mine.

"You have indeed redeemed your promise," Mabel Farr told him one evening, a year after that weird morning scene.

"Can I ask one of you?" he inquired earnestly.

She knew what this indicated. She fluttered as he told her of his love. Once again she placed her hands within his own.

"I trust you," she said simply. "I am proud of you and—I love you!"

Pursued by Hoodoo.

"I knew I was going to have bad luck today," said a commuter at the Pennsylvania station as he watched his train whiz away and reflected that it would be an hour before he could get another. "My evil genius began to get in its work early this morning, and has been on the job ever since. In the first place, I was late arising, so that I had to omit my breakfast in order to catch my train. When I arrived in town this morning I stepped into a drug store to get a glass of chocolate in lieu of breakfast. I had just taken one swallow when the man who was drinking an egg flip next to me slipped and spilled the contents of his glass over me. But missing the 5:55 caps the climax, as my wife has invited some friends to dinner, and I was solemnly adjured to be present. Now no story I hand out will be believed. And the worst is, I don't dare step over to the corner and while the time away with my foot on the brass rail, because my wife can scent a drink concealed in my breath no matter if I cover it with cloves and coffee a foot deep. Did you ever have things pursue you that way?"—New York Times.

Well Named.

They were talking about a promising young man who had failed to make good as a traveling salesman. The first man said to the other man:

"It was queer about the boy. He seemed to be a regular whirlwind. His first trip was a rattling success, but all he brought back from his second trip was a bunch of foolish excuses."

"What was it you called him—a whirlwind?"

"Yes."

"I see. All 'whirl' at the beginning, and all 'wind' at the finish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Freedom Won at Plevna.

Freedom from the Turkish yoke was achieved by the Roumanians at Plevna, where their troops, although not nearly as strong as the Russian force, were assigned to attack the most difficult of the redoubts. Several years later, when the country graduated from a principality to a kingdom, the new crown was made of steel from Turkish cannon captured at Plevna. There are millions of Roumanians in Transylvania and Bukovina, who have looked forward for years to a union with the mother country.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Otherwise Not.
"Why do you want to get divorced?"
"Because I'm married."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
Why Marjorie Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Goggles. No Stinging, No Itching, No Pain. Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Marjorie Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A woman would rather be inconsistent than otherwise.

The General Says:
You can buy the most durable roofing in the world at a price that is reasonable if you insist on

Certain-teed Roofing

Year local hardware or lumber dealer can supply you with Certain-teed Roofing. Guaranteed 10 or 15 years according to the thickness. Don't accept a substitute. GENERAL ROOFING MFG. CO.

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WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. BUFFALO, N. Y. WEST HAVEN, CONN.

Her Worry.
"Darling, will you love me when I'm old?"
"I will if you'll promise to love me if I should grow fat."

MANY WAR ZONE HOSPITALS
Have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the convalescent troops. Shaken into the shoes or dissolved in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives refreshing rest and comfort and prevents the feet getting tired or foot-sore. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Sold Everywhere, 25c. For FREE sample, address, Allen S. Cimstead, LaRoc, N. Y.—Adv.

Generally speaking, a crank is a man with an enthusiasm for some particular form of idiocy.

Dean's Rheumatic Pills
For Rheumatism & Neuralgia. Entirely vegetable. Safe.—Adv.

Patience is the long road that leads to success.

Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or
W. A. Sewby, 11 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
J. E. Laffey, 29 Wyckoff St., Providence, R. I.
R. L. L. Austin, 200 North St., New York, N. Y.
L. H. L. Austin, 115 1/2 St. W., Montreal, P. Q., Canada
Canadian Government Agents

Les Fruits

Only fruits and leaves
NO DRUGS, Back to Nature

Perfectly harmless laxative food for adult or child; surely effective. Write for money refunded. HALF BOTTLE THE HALF PRICE.
ARABIAN FRUITS COMPANY
1170 Broadway New York

ABSORBINE

Removes Bursed Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain, Stops Spavin Lameness. Always pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book 1 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for manking. For Synovitis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic deposits, Swollen, Painful Varicose Veins. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

AGENTS—\$50 Weekly
We have best Post Card Novelty Line made. wonderful offers. \$50 weekly carried over 100% profit; take the opportunity in this limited number share the world's general agents can make over \$100 weekly. Particulars free. See Sample Card. Buy direct at Wholesale. Boston Specialty House, 11 South St., Boston, Mass.

COLD SPARKLING WATER
Fresh from the Spring of Well every time you open the faucet. No Storage Water, No Freezing. Why don't you install this at the Farm, Cottage or Summer Home. Send for Catalogue. Bruner's, Swan & Lunt Co., 22 N. Washington St., Boston, Mass.

\$15 INVESTED NOW
may mean 100% profit. War causes real investment opportunities in oil. Limited number shares for investment. Write today. REPUBLIC OIL COMPANY, TULSA, OKLAHOMA.

Rheumatism Sufferers—My treatment consists of internal and external remedies. Full month's complete treatment \$1.00 postpaid. Please enclose stamps for literature. Dr. Lewis, Halifax, N. S., Can.

PATENTS
Walter E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best advice.

THE NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVE

Means quicker, easier cooking and a cool, clean kitchen.

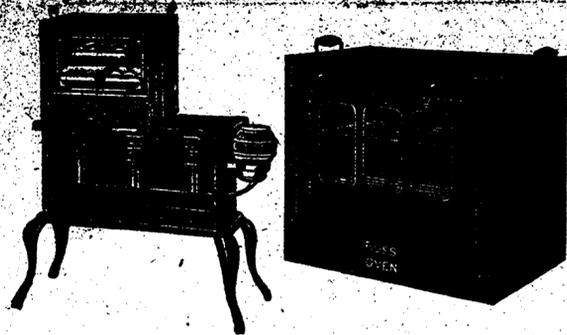
THE NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVE is the dependable oil stove—now used in 2,000,000 homes. The oven of the NEW PERFECTION No. 7 becomes a fireless cooker merely by pulling a damper. Does half your cooking with the burners turned out.

For Best Results use SOCONY Brand of Kerosene Oil

STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK

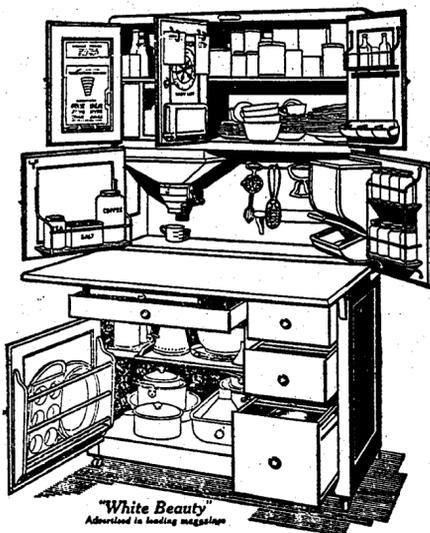
PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 1/2 package colors all shades. They do it with great economy. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, catalogue, list of dyes, and how to use them. 25c. per package.



Peerless Kerosene Stove

George W. Hunt,
ANTRIM, N. H.



SAVE SUMMER SEASON STEPS—Sit or stand in front of a White Beauty Hooper and prepare all your cooking without taking a single step. This Hooper Cabinet and a New Perfection Oil Stove make an ideal kitchen combination. Let us demonstrate for your information in the store.

EMERSON & SON,
MILFORD, N. H.



ADJUSTABLE BED COUCHES!

We have secured the agency for the best and most widely advertised line of Couches in the market.

The "Englander." With a Couch cover it makes a handsome and convenient piece of furniture. The pressure of the foot on a lever and you have a luxurious double bed.

These, together with our assortment of Climax and Dream Couches enable us to show Couches from \$6.98 to \$20.00.

There are lots of other interesting values in our Furniture Department that you will not find elsewhere. Whether you are buying one piece of Furniture or Furnishings for a whole house, this is where you get the highest grade goods and the lowest prices.

Barber's Big Dep't Store,
Milford, N. H.

ARTESIAN WELLS!

Write for Circulars and References.
Long Experience in Water Supply.

BAY STATE ARTESIAN WELL CO.
WARNER, N. H. Incorporated WOODSVILLE, N. H.

BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

Wesley and Raymond Keiser are visiting their aunt at Franklin.

The celebrations at Greenfield and Hancock attracted several from here.

George Ohensy, of Walden, N. Y., has joined his family for a two weeks' vacation.

There will be a baked bean and strawberry festival Friday evening at the Congregational church.

Miss Anne Kimball and friend, Miss Dorothy Holmes, of Rutland, Vt., are at Kamp K for a vacation season.

The Fourth passed off quietly. Very little disturbance the night before and during the holiday nothing of particular interest was reported.

For Sale

At D. W. Cooley's Greenhouse: Cucumbers and Lettuce; Plants—Tomato, Pansy, Geraniums, Asters, Salvia, Coleus, Stock, Cauliflower and Cab-adv.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH SS. Court of Probate
To the heirs at law of the estate of John M. W. Hills, late of Antrim, in said County deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:
Whereas Nellie M. Hills, executrix of the will of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, her petition for license to sell real estate belonging to the estate of the said deceased, said real estate being fully described in her petition, and open for examination by all parties interested.
You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Manchester in said County, on the 30th day of July next, to show cause, if any you have, why same should not be allowed.
Said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by causing same to be published in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.
Given at Nashua, in said County, this 11th day of June A. D. 1915.
By order of the Court.
E. J. COPP, Register.

NOTICE

List of depositors in the Peterborough Savings Bank of Peterborough, who have not made a deposit or withdrawn any money upon their accounts for twenty years next prior to April 1, 1915, who are not known to the treasurer to be living, or if dead, whose executors or administrators are not known to him.

Names	Last known residence or P. O. address depositor	Amount due
Charles E. Rines	Peterborough	\$27.09
Ruth G. Stickney	Antrim	24.97
Annie O. Little	Peterborough	34.92
Dana J. Pierce	Peterborough	27.45
Abigail Rice	Nelson	22.82
Alfred Flint	Greenfield	15.15
Lora W. Lakin	Sterling, Mass.	24.12
Aaron Davis	Greenfield	18.89
Lawrence Clark	Peterborough	20.66

M. L. MORRISON,
Treasurer.

Frank J. Boyd
Antrim, N. H.

Real Estate FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

No Charge Unless Sale is Made
Telephone 18-2

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.

Charles Richardson, of Walden, N. Y., is in town.

Mrs. A. B. Lawrence and Mrs. F. H. Kimball are camping at the Lake.

Mrs. Nathan Whitney is entertaining her son, Edward Whitney, of Chicago.

Allie Wilson, of Northampton, Mass., is visiting his brother, Robert R. Wilson.

William Griswold and friend of Manchester have been enjoying a few days at the former's home here.

Our town is considerably interested in the will of the late W. S. Carlin, as she was left a bequest therein. After much discussion at the hearing before Judge Wagner, the will was allowed to be probated. Now some more trouble is in sight, as the cousins of the deceased will take the matter to the Superior court, basing their contest for the \$75,000 on a long series of claims of undue influence largely owing to the extreme age of the deceased.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

Its Nature.

"What was turned in about that noiseless rifle experiment?"
"Nothing. In the nature of the experiment, they couldn't make a report."

The Drawback.

"That fellow you've got to coach you has anything but an imposing appearance. He has a very poor carriage."
"But then he's nothing but a hack."

HIS IDEA.



Mr. Smith (a wise man)—My son Tom is a veterinary surgeon.
Mr. Jones (not so wise)—Well, he's a pretty young lookin' feller to be a vet.

Knockers.

No man can knock you on the sly And do so with impunity; The only knocker who gets by Is known as Opportunity.

Paw Knew the Answer.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is the meaning of "commercial activity?"
Paw—Borrowing five dollars a week, son, and dodging the lender for a year.

TOO MUCH ACTIVITY.

Frederick W. Steckman, noted in Washington for his quick wit and droll manner, was remonstrating with a friend for overdrawing a bank account.

"A man like you," he said, "ought not to have a bank account. You ought to pay as you go. It is not squares to the bank."

"Oh," said the friend, "banks like small and active accounts. Any banker will tell you that he prefers an active account."

"Yes," said Steckman, "but they don't want 'em to have St. Vitus' dance."—Exchange.

Retribution.

"When that milkman goes on the stand as a witness, he will meet with a fitting fate."
"How so?"
"They'll pump him."

Different.

"Fugilists can't go to bed like other people, can they?"
"Why not?"
"Aren't they generally put to sleep before they retire?"

Thought It Was Money.

"Why did Julius Caesar refuse a crown when it was offered to him?" asked the English teacher.
"Cause he didn't need the money," replied the British boy.

Joy Rider (turning to the other occupants of the car)—I win the money, boys! I came the nearest to it by three states.—Puck.

PERFECTLY FRANK.



"Would you marry me for my money?"
"Sure; I love you so much that I'd marry you, even if it was tainted."

The Family Garb.
Our pa and ma are dressed today Upon a funny plan; For mother wears a cutaway And pa a Balmacaan.

Covered.

Flatbush—Why do they put a green tree or bough at the top of a new house?
Bensonhurst—Oh, that's to show that it is covered.

"That shows that they've succeeded in getting the mortgage on it, I suppose."

Joyous Fellowship.

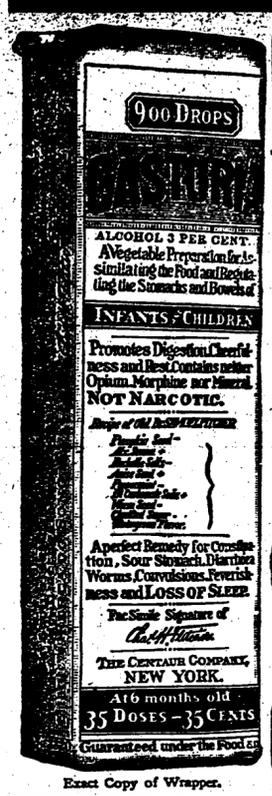
Senior—What makes that horrible smell of rubber come from Birthday Dorms?
Junior—Oh, that's just some sophomore holding a freshman's neck on the radiator.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Also, How True!

"Pa, what is meant by the joy of life?"
"In the opinion of many people, my son, it is a mental and physical condition associated with and derived from the juice of corn."

The Way of It.

"Jags always knows just what would save the country. He takes in every point."
"And what does his wife do?"
"Oh, she takes in washing."



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SAVE YOUR CALVES

Raise Them Without Milk

Why throw away money by knocking them in the head or selling them for a dollar or two at birth when they can be raised or vealed WITHOUT MILK at a fraction of the cost of feeding milk. You profit both ways selling the milk and still have the calves.

The Best Milk Substitute to Use is

Ryder's Cream Calf Meal

the most successful milk substitute on the market—the standard of perfection. Thousands of farmers are using it and cannot say enough for it. It is NOT a stock food—it's a complete food that long experience has proved to be right for rearing calves. It contains all the nutrients of milk, prepared in the most digestible form and is sold on a money back guarantee to give results.

100 lbs. cost to 1000 gallons milk—Try it on your calves.

The Clinton Store

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Pure Paint



FAMILIARITY oftentimes breeds contempt, but not for THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO'S

PURE COLORED PAINT.

Painters swear by it because it goes farther and is cheaper than any other Paste Paint in the market. Fine line of tints that are sure to please.

PAINT that covers the best and wears the longest is the kind you are looking for and that is the kind we sell. We have a large variety of colors and tints and feel sure we can fill your requirements in regard to quality, quantity and price.

Give us a chance to quote you a price on your next purchase of Paint. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GEORGE O. JOSLIN
BENNINGTON : : CLINTON