

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1917

5 CENTS A COPY

THE OLD PEABODY PEW

Was a Grand Success--Given in Aid of Local Red Cross Work

"The Old Peabody Pew," a two-act comedy-drama, was presented at the town hall on Monday evening, the proceeds of \$62.50 to be used by the Antrim Red Cross society. The play was under the auspices of the Unity Guild of the Presbyterian church.

The cast was local and included Mrs. Baxter, the minister's wife, Mrs. Stephen P. Brownell; Mrs. Burbank, president of the Dorcas society, Mrs. Joseph Heritage; Mrs. Miller, the sexton's wife, Miss Mary Lane; Mrs. Sargent, village historian, Mrs. William Mudge; Widow Buzzell, willing to take a second risk, Mrs. Leona Tenney; Miss Lobelia Brewster, no lover of men, Mrs. J. Elroy Perkins; Miss Maria Sharp, quick of speech and sound of heart, Mrs. Arthur Proctor; Miss Nancy Wentworth, who has waited for her romance ten years, Miss Ada M. Hill; Justin Peabody, sole claimant to "The Old Peabody Pew," Charles W. Prentiss, Miss Mae L. Harris was reader.



The presentation was in charge of Mrs. R. W. Jameson. Singing of old time songs, with music by Appleton's orchestra, concluded the evening's entertainment.

The several members of the cast did their part in a natural and pleasing manner. The costumes of the Dorcas society workers were most appropriate, and received liberal applause from an appreciative audience. Old fashioned pews adorned the stage, and the "Peabody Pew" being in a conspicuous position. The gossip and small talk of the Dorcas society was very true to life.

FLY YOUR FLAG CONTINUOUSLY

And Take Pride in Doing it Right---Few Rules to Follow and Easy to Remember

The following customs which are not laws, are proper observances of respect for the national emblem. "Display your flag!" is the impulse of the day. "Display your flag properly!" ought to be the injunction, for it detracts greatly from the display to have Old Glory flung to the breeze improperly.

The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed up after sunset.

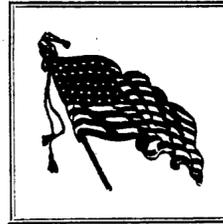
The flag should never be allowed to touch the ground and should never be raised or lowered by any mechanical appliance.

When the flag is used as a banner, that is, suspended on a rope across a street, the union, or field should fly to the north in streets running east and west and to the east in streets running north and south.

The flag should always be flown from a staff or a mast and should not be fastened to the side of a building, platform or scaffolding. In no circumstances should the flag be draped around pillars or against walls or balustrades. Flags were made for the purpose of being flown and to use them in any other manner is to misuse them.

The flag should never be used as a cover over a table, desk or box, or where anything can be placed upon it.

When flags are used in an unveiling of a statue or monument they should not be allowed to fall to the ground, but should be carried aloft to wave out, forming a distinctive feature



during the remainder of the ceremony.

When the flag is flown at half-staff as a sign of mourning it should be hoisted to full staff at the end of the funeral.

To fly a flag at half-staff it must first be raised to full-staff and then lowered.

On Memorial Day the flag should fly at half-staff from sunrise to noon, and full-staff from noon to sunset.

The following are the special days when the flag should be displayed:

Memorial day, May 30; Flag day, June 14; Battle of Bunker hill, June 17; Independence day, July 4; Labor day, first Monday in September; Lake Erie day, September 10; Lake Champlain day, September 11; Columbus day, October 12; Battle of Saratoga, October 17; Surrender of Yorktown, October 19; Lincoln's birthday, February 12; Washington's Birthday, February 22; Inauguration Day, every four years, March 4; Battle of Lexington, April 19; Battle of Manila Bay, May 1; Mothers' Day, second Sunday in May.

One Man in Every Twenty

According to Director Rogers of the census bureau, ten million men in the United States will be subject to the selective conscription on July 1st, between the ages of 21 and 30 years inclusive, as has been agreed upon. This is about ten per cent of our total population. As the first call will be for half a million men, one in every twenty of the men who are eligible, will be selected.—Exchange.

As near as we can figure it, Antrim has less than 100 who are eligible—between the two ages—so possibly four or five might be her quota; and if those already in the service are credited to Antrim's quota, it would seem that very few of our young men would be called upon for some little time.

You have probably got your tomato plants well started—in the house.

Stick to the Law

In a case tried a short time ago at the Superior court in Barnstable, Mass., against a man for not having a light on his farm wagon, the jury gave a verdict of \$3,582.25 to a young man who ran into the wagon with his motorcycle and broke his leg.

This simply shows what was done where no light was used, according to law. New Hampshire has a law on the same thing, and have you ever noticed the many people who are not law abiding in this matter?

An automobile without lights would be up for all kinds of criticism; and it would seem that for the protection of all concerned, every driver of a vehicle should conform to the law. We say driver, for the law holds the driver or custodian of a vehicle shall be deemed the responsible party liable to the penalty for violation.

OUR PREPARATIONS FINE

But Something More is Needed For an Abundant Harvest

And the local Food Production Committee feels sure that our people will do just that which is needed: properly care for the growing crops; take time to hoe and cultivate; have all the seed you put into the ground bring forth its best, that there may be no waste; and by strict attention, much thought and hard work, the supply of food-stuffs the coming winter in Antrim will be greatly in excess of former years. This we know must be so, from observation, in going over different parts of the town. New fields are being plowed and planted, and the instruction given in the several articles published in The Reporter from the members of this committee is being followed to quite an extent, and the closer they are followed the better the results are sure to be.

It is hard to say in this brief article much that is new, after so many good things have been said, but let us impress it upon the minds of everyone who is planning to raise his own produce for the coming year—and possibly some to help his less fortunate neighbor—that your efforts will be rewarded to the extent of the work you put into the scheme. You may need to lose a little time from your

regular line of employment in order to give proper attention to the land; this is all right, and you will be benefited in the end.

Some farmers have thought that so much will be raised from the land this year that prices the coming winter will rule low, but this is not apt to be so, as the demand is sure to be so great. Prices may not be as high on farm produce, grains, etc., as this year, but it is safe to say that they will be high enough to give every farmer a good return for the investment and work he puts into it.

One other thing should be mentioned, and that is: There is still a lot of land in town, and much of it near the village, which is lying idle and not doing anybody any good—in a few cases whole farms—and it seems too bad at such a time as this that any farm land should be allowed to go to waste. If the owners would speak to this committee it might be productive of good, for there is no apparent reason why every piece of available land should not be made to produce something.

Antrim's Food Production Committee.

AN ANTRIM YOUNG MAN

Stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Writes Interesting Letters Concerning His Experiences

The Reporter was last week shown a letter from Charles N. Robertson, of Antrim, who is now stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, in Vermont, being a member of the Cavalry connected with the regular army. He writes that he is well situated, being given the regulation outfit in every detail, and states that he is connected with a fine lot of fellows; he also says the rations are real good, plenty of them, and better than he ever dreamed of.

Other extracts from Mr. Robertson's letters appear herewith:

Ethan Allen Fort is 2 miles from Essex Junction, 3 miles from Winooski and 5 miles from Burlington. Today is Sunday—no drill, nothing to do but eat.

I went to the hospital yesterday and got my second typhoid inoculation and was vaccinated again, the other did not work. These inoculations, three in all, would cost about \$90 if we had to pay for them.

Fort Ethan Allen has more and finer buildings than Fort Slocum, but not being a regular recruit camp, things

are adjusted more slowly. The night we arrived here we had to sleep on straw spread on the ground as the barracks were full. Later we had cots and stoves, also a floor in our tents, and expect to draw more clothes this week.

As yet we have only had dismantled drill and only a part of that. If we progress as we should we will get mounted drill in two weeks. When we get through all dismantled drill we will be regular dancers.

May 14. Had drill this a.m. and also had articles of war read to us. Received the Reporter and box from home. I gave each of the boys in our tent a taste and the corporal a cake of maple sugar.

This is the day's program: 5.15, reveille; 5.25, assembly; 5.50, mess; 6.25, sick call; 7.30, drill; 8.50, recall; 9.50, drill; 10.50, recall; 12.00, mess; 12.50, drill; 1.50, recall; 2.25, lecture; 3.25, drill; 4.25, recall; 5.30, retreat; 5.50, mess. All over for the day. Sunday, nothing but mess. Today is the first clear day since we arrived. We can plainly see the White Mountains from the parade, all covered with snow.

A FORMER RESIDENT

Of Antrim Passes Away in the City of Boston

The many friends in this section of Rev. Charles T. Matthews, who has just died, are pained to learn the sad news. He resided in Antrim for quite a long time a number of years ago, being at that time employed by the Goodell Company, and is remembered with a great deal of pleasure, as a man of pleasing manner, very friendly, and well liked by all who knew him. The Boston Globe of Monday had the following to say of the deceased:

The funeral of Rev. Charles T. Matthews, who died in a Boston hospital Friday night, took place from the Methodist church in Fitzwilliam, Monday afternoon, Rev. Thomas E. Cramer, of Manchester, officiating, assisted by Rev. Albert W. Howes, pastor of the Fitzwilliam Congregational church, and Rev. Wesley G. Huber, pastor of the Fitzwilliam Baptist church. Delegates from Monadnock Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Troy, and Fitzwilliam Grange, of which he was a member, attended. The body was taken to Henniker for burial.

Rev. Mr. Matthews was born in Hancock 55 years ago, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dodge Matthews. He was pastor of the Richmond Methodist church for many years. He had been a pastor of the Fitzwilliam Methodist church seven years. He is survived by a wife and daughter, Mrs. Roy McKinnon, of Fitzwilliam Depot.

Regular Meeting

The Woman's Missionary Alliance will meet in the Baptist vestry on Thursday afternoon at 2.30. Program: Devotional exercises, Miss Scott; roll call, missionary heroes; resume of book, Mrs. Hunt; Early Peace Movements, Mrs. Byers; The Quaker Protest, Mrs. Abbott; 19th Century Peace Movements, Miss Cochrane; Meeting of Peace Delegates, Mrs. Goodwin. Business, social hour.

Twice Proven

If you suffer backache, sleepless nights, tired, dull days and distressing urinary disorders, don't experiment. Read this twice-told testimony. It's convincing evidence—doubly proven.

If you suffer backache, sleepless nights, tired, dull days and distressing urinary disorders, don't experiment. Read this twice-told testimony. It's convincing evidence—doubly proven.

Mrs. Fred Abbott, Jackson St., Hillsboro, N. H., says: "For some time I suffered from dull, nagging backaches and severe pains across my loins. I had spells of dizziness and headaches and the kidney secretions also caused me considerable annoyance. I used just one box of Doan's Kidney Pills as directed and the backaches left. I don't have any more dizzy spells or headaches and the trouble from my kidneys has stopped." (Statement given July 15th, 1908.)

On August 30th, 1915, Mrs. Abbott said: "Although I have not used Doan's Kidney Pills in several years, I still hold a high opinion of them and recommend them as highly now as I did in 1908."

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

DISTRICT MEETING

Odd Fellows Will Gather at Town Hall

On Thursday evening of this week, May 24, the lodges in the Contoocook Valley, comprising District No. 12, and including East Jaffrey, Peterboro, Antrim, Hillsboro, Henniker and Contoocook, will hold their annual district meeting with Waverley lodge, of Antrim, in the town hall. The hour of opening the meeting will be as near 8.00 o'clock as is possible for it to be called; as there are to be conferred the second and third degrees, Grand Officers to be listened to, and supper served, it will be necessary to make quick connections.



It is planned that all automobiles coming from the south will meet at Bennington and come into town together; all coming from the north will come into the village at the same time. Upon the arrival of the entire party, it is probable a short parade will be given,—possibly around 7.30 o'clock.

This meeting is for all Odd Fellows in this section and doubtless there will be a large gathering, particularly if it is very pleasant weather. The arrangements are practically completed and it is planned to have one of the best meetings of the kind ever held in this district. The affair is under the direction of Leon R. Proctor, district deputy, and the committee in charge are Edmund M. Lane, J. Leon Brownell and Charles M. Taylor, all past deputies.

Registration Day June 5

On Tuesday, June 5, from 7 o'clock in the morning till 9 o'clock in the evening, every young man in Antrim between the ages of 21 and 30 inclusive, single and married men alike, must go to the town hall and register before the authorities selected for that purpose; there is no alternative in this matter—failure to register at this time is punishable by imprisonment.

Following a suggestion from the N. H. Committee on Public Safety to have a patriotic observance at this time, the local committee are arranging for a mass meeting on Tuesday evening, at town hall. The plan includes a patriotic address by Rev. Archibald Black, of Concord, music, and talks on the Liberty Loan, with possibly other features.

Read new adv. of S. M. Tarbell on 4th page of today's Reporter.

Cram's Store



Style A3—A front lace corset, for the average figure. Made of batiste, with silk embroidery trim at the top. Ventilated back, and a tongue beneath the front lacing. Medium bust and long skirts. Two pairs of hose supporters.

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The Man Without A Country
 by Edward Everett Hale

clinging of fists, leaping and dancing. Missing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hoghead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the deck ex machina of the occasion.
 "Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die, if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and padded down to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother. If those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the department appears to know nothing!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

South's Farm Production.
 The Manufacturers' Record says that the total value of the South's agricultural products, including animal products, in 1916 was more than \$4,650,000,000, or only 8 per cent less than the total for the United States in 1900. The total value of the South's crops, omitting live stock, in 1916 was \$3,653,332,000, or \$1,072,280,000 over 1915. To this cotton contributed \$1,079,598,000, grain \$1,288,360,000, and hay, tobacco and potatoes \$440,404,000.

THIRD INSTALLMENT.
 "I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."
 And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree; that the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterward, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the secretary of war. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiva Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter, that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelines, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering place, would have found it was pre-occupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in them my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," he said, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are Lepidoptera or Steptoptera; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them, why, Linnaeus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise and never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew

more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Phillip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the middle passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have a little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the lan-



Hushed the Men Down.

guage. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understood that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and anklecuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledjereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hoghead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight,

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Offers rooms with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day and up, which includes free use of public shower bath.

Nothing to Equal This in New England
 Rooms with private baths \$1.50 per day and up
 Suites of two rooms and bath \$4.00 per day and up
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
 STRICTLY A TEMPERANCE HOTEL
 SEND FOR BOOKLET

Edmund G. Dearborn, M.D.,

Main Street, ANTRIM.

Office Hours: 1 to 8 and 7 to 8 p.m.
 Telephone 22-2.

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Main Street, Antrim.

Hours: 8 A.M., 1 and 7 P.M.
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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.

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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.
 Hours 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m.
 Sundays and holidays by appointment only.

Your Chimneys Clean?

All orders for cleaning chimneys by D. Scoll, the chimney sweep, a man of experience, should be left at the Reporter office.

Show 'em Now-to-day

ADVERTISE the best thing you have in stock at your store in the next issue of this paper. Feature it. Push it strong. Then sit in your store and harvest the pecuniary fruit of your wisdom. u u u

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

DO IT NOW

... To the Heart of Leisureland ...

Where woods are cool, streams alluring, vacations ideal. Between New York City (with Albany and Troy the gateways) and

Lake George Lake Champlain
 The Adirondacks The North and West

The logical route is "The Luxurious Way"
 Largest and most magnificent river steamships in the world. **DAILY SERVICE**

Send for Free Copy of Beautiful "Searchlight Magazine."

... Hudson Navigation Company ...

Pier 32, North River

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"THE SEARCHLIGHT ROUTE"

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

RIDLON'S SHOE STORE
Baker's Block HILLSBORO

The Elite Shoe

FOR MEN

The quality of Elite Shoes will be maintained. You are sure of the same shoe as before. Elite Shoes have style, comfort and wear.

The Educator Shoe

For Men and Children

No More Educators at \$3.50, \$3.00, or \$2.65. After These are Gone. New Prices will be: \$4.00 for sizes 11½ to 2; \$3.50, for 8½ to 11; \$3.00, for 5 to 8. Here's a Chance to Save Some Money.

Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery
The Guaranteed Hose

RIDLON'S SHOE STORE

The Cash Shoe Store Hillsboro
Tel. 36-12

Full Stock of
New Tires and Tubes

New Barrel of Batteries

Best Cylinder Oil

WE CAN BUY

FREE COMPRESSED AIR

Antrim Garage

Main and Depot Streets
Tel. 40

MADE IN MILFORD

Means QUALITY, DISTINCTION and SATISFACTION



Mahogany
Dull Ivory
White Enamel
Quartered Oak
Golden Oak
Fumed Oak

DRESSERS
CHEFFONIERS
DRESSING TABLES
BEDS

Medium priced pieces made as well and in as good designs as high cost goods.

Made in Milford means a saving to you in price; also means better goods.

Inspect the line in our store and see for yourself.

EMERSON & SON, Milford

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year
Advertising Rates on Application

E. W. ELDRIDGE, Publisher
E. B. ELDRIDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, May 23, 1917

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

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

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

Antrim Locals

Storage Room

I wish to announce that I have room for storing a limited number of automobiles for the winter, at \$1.00 per month each.

H. W. ELLIOTT, Antrim.

Boat For Service—Chester White. Apply to Henry A. George, Antrim. adv 21-3

FOR RENT—An upstairs tenement in best of condition. Apply to Reporter office. adv.

Miss Clementine Maso was in Durham last week to take part in a prize speaking contest.

Misses Caroline Hoitt and Helen Williams spent the week-end at Miss Hoitt's home in Durham.

Miss Elsie Congreve, of New Haven, Conn., is in town renewing old acquaintances this week.

Mrs. Morris Burnham enjoyed the week-end with her daughter, Miss Hazel I. Burnham, at Manchester.

G. W. Hodges is moving his household goods into the Alford house, which his family will soon occupy.

Miss Helene Black, of Medford, Mass., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Black.

Diamond A. Maxwell, of Henniker, and sister, Miss Susie Maxwell, of Penacook, were at home for the week-end.

Born, in South Lyndeboro, Saturday, May 19, a son, Philip Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Erwin E. Cummings, formerly of Antrim.

The first degree was conferred on a class of three candidates by Waverley lodge, I. O. O. F., at their regular meeting last Saturday night.

There were no services at the Baptist church Sunday, the pastor, Rev. William J. B. Cannell and family, being in Brookline, Mass., on a week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bigelow and son, Harry Bigelow, of Winchester, Mass., were at their summer home, Fairacres, at Antrim Centre, two days first of the week.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church observed their anniversary Thursday evening last by a special service at the church, followed by a social and refreshments.

Mrs. E. J. Wilkinson and daughter, Harriett, are in Plymouth, called there by the illness of Mrs. Wilkinson's daughter, Rose, who is a student at the Normal school.

Sergt. Ray R. Farrant, of the Vermont Infantry, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Farrant, Monday. Sergt. Farrant is now stationed at Bellows Falls, Vt., on guard duty.

A portion of the fire department was called to North Branch last Thursday evening for a brush fire near the Chester Conn farm. With the aid of extinguishers, the blaze was soon under control before much damage was done.

At the annual meeting of the Antrim Women's Club held at Mrs. Ethel Davis' May 21, it was voted to adjourn, out of respect to Mrs. Isabelle G. Nason. The adjourned meeting will be held on Monday evening, May 28th, at 7.30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Amy Wheeler.

LIBERTY LOAN

The greatest loan the world has ever known, the United States Liberty Loan, is now ready to be absorbed by the citizens of our country.

Believing that the purchasers of these Liberty Loan Bonds will only be doing a patriotic duty and making a wise investment at the same time, the local Public Safety Committee have appointed a committee consisting of W. E. Cram, H. A. Hurlin, C. H. Robinson, to receive applications or give further information to those who desire it.

This committee will be in session at the Selectmen's room in the town hall Thursday evenings, May 24, May 31, and June 7, from 7.30 to 9.00 o'clock, or will be glad to meet prospective purchasers at any time.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim

Friday Eve., May 25—Variety show of six reels.

Tuesday Eve's, May 29—Buckshot John, 5 reel feature of C. E. Van Loan's famous story. 1 reel Comedy.

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Florist Agency

W. L. Lawrence has accepted the sole agency for Antrim for George E. Buxton, florist, of Nashua. Funeral pieces and cut flowers a specialty. Orders received for flowers for Memorial Day. adv.

Next Week's Reporter to be Printed Tuesday

Memorial Day next week comes on publication day. The Reporter will be issued Tuesday afternoon, and all correspondence must be in our office one day earlier than usual; advertisers as well as all others will govern themselves accordingly. Our office will be closed all-day on Wednesday, the 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cram are in Boston today.

Be sure and read the changes of advertisements in this paper.

Schools were closed Tuesday, owing to a lack of fuel and the cool weather.

Misses Lora and Angie Craig spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Daggett and two children, of Concord, were Sunday guests of Mrs. R. W. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Parley Russell and child, from Greenfield, were guests of Mrs. Harriett Conn on Sunday.

Miss Helen Stanley, who is spending a season in Boston, is reported as having been ill during the past week or two.

Mrs. R. W. Stewart is at home from Dorchester, Mass., where she has been spending the past few months.

L. E. Parker has gone to Hancock where he will have charge of a farm this summer owned by Mayor Cliff, of Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. H. Wilder Elliott is in Dorchester, Mass., called there to be with her daughter, Mrs. Avis Merrill, who entered a hospital for an operation.

The W. R. C. ladies this year are not to buy flowers as they formerly have, as per notice elsewhere, but solicit contributions from everybody who will assist. Let there be a generous response.

Miss Nellie T. George has returned to her home in Harwichport, Mass., after two weeks' visit with her friend, Mrs. H. W. Eldredge; on her way home she will visit a short time with friends in Montello, Mass.

Friends will be interested to hear of the marriage of Miss Mae Irene Hardy and Alvah Dearborn Allen, of Newburyport, Mass., in Boston, March 10, 1917. Miss Hardy is a graduate of the Keene High school, class of 1916, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon J. Hardy, well known to many Antrim friends.

A meeting of the local Public Safety committee was held at Selectmen's room on Saturday evening last, with a good attendance, and among the items of business transacted were the consideration of the Liberty loan bonds, the coming registration of men of military age, and the patriotic meeting on the evening of June 5.

The Reporter has received one or two more receipts this week which will be laid over till our next issue; and we urge upon our readers to send in any and all of their receipts for putting down vegetables or preserving fruits and vegetables. The exchange of these receipts will be a good thing and we hope all our lady readers will take advantage of the opportunity to furnish their ideas in this way and get the ideas of other housewives.

W. R. C. Notes

The ladies of the W. R. C. will meet at G. A. R. hall Monday afternoon, May 28, to make wreaths for Memorial Day. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested friends to come and help.

Owing to the prevailing condition of matters at this time, it has been thought best not to purchase flowers this year, as has been done in the past, so a special appeal is made for all who have flowers and will to contribute them in memory of "The Boys of '61," who have been mustered out. We especially solicit the help of the school children at this time.

Anna E. Carter, P. C.

MEMORIAL DAY

Program to be Followed in Our Town

Memorial Day will be observed in Antrim as follows: Ephraim Weston Post, No. 87, G. A. R., will leave Grand Army hall in carriages for North Branch at 7.30 a. m., arriving at North Branch Chapel at 9 a. m., where exercises will be held by citizens of that village. At the close of the exercises, column will be formed under the direction of Squires Forsaith, marshal of the day, and proceed to the cemetery and decorate the graves of the soldiers in the usual manner.

Return to Antrim Centre and perform the usual service in the cemetery. Return to G. A. R. hall. There will not be the usual public dinner at noon, but all veterans from outside the village will be entertained in the homes of the veterans who live in the village.



Soldiers' graves on Meeting House hill will be decorated by Daughters of the American Revolution. The East cemetery will be decorated by special detail of the Post and the School children.

AFTERNOON SERVICE

The column will form at 1.30 p. m., in front of G. A. R. hall and march down Main street for a short review, returning to the Town hall where the G. A. R. will hold the usual exercises, commencing at 1.45 p. m., as follows:

Music by Drum Corps.
President of the Day, S. Forsaith.
Vocal Music.
Prayer.
Vocal Music.
Oration by Rev. Henry A. Coolidge.
Vocal Music.

At the close of the services in the hall the column will form with right resting opposite the Presbyterian church in the following order:

Drum Corps, Boy Scouts, Ephraim Weston Post, No. 87, G. A. R., H. Chandler Camp, No. 11, S. of V., Citizens and School Children in columns of two, carriages containing Woman's Relief Corps, D. A. R., Orator of the Day, and Clergymen. Citizens will form in rear of the column.

The route will be Main, Elm and Concord streets to Maplewood cemetery, where the following exercises will take place:

Prayer.
Dirge by Drum Corps.
Decoration of Soldiers' graves at sound of bugle.

Column will re-form and march to the Monument, where the Woman's Relief Corps will close the services of the day.

Return to G. A. R. hall where the column will be dismissed.

All war veterans are invited to fall in with the Post.
Contributions of flowers are earnestly solicited, and may be left at Town hall on or before 9.00 o'clock Wednesday. The ladies of the W. R. C. will have charge of the hall, wreaths and flowers.

By command of

G. G. WHITNEY,

Post Commander,

George D. Dresser, Adjt.
Antrim, May 12, 1917.

FERTILIZER!

Stockbridge General Crop \$2.15
Stockbridge Cereal Manure 2.00
Hill and Drill Garden Manure 2.00

This is the best fertilizer we can buy. We have a good supply; get your orders in early. All kinds of seed. Come and see what we can do for you. These prices to the consumer are practically same as last year.

CRAM'S STORE, Antrim

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Johnson*

Clinton Store

Antrim, N. H.

Everybody Must Plant

We have a good line of Garden Seeds to select from. Beans, Golden Bantam Sweet Corn, nine varieties of Peas, Potatoes.

Package Seeds of All Kinds.

Preserves and Canned Fruit

Is your stock getting low? Let us help you out; we have a line that will be sure to please you.

TECO FLOUR

Buckwheat, corn meal and malted buttermilk. You simply add cold water and it is ready for use. 10¢ a package.

LADIES—If you use the Hump Hair Pins you will not mind if the wind does blow. We have them. Also O. N. T. Crotchet Cotton.

We can still supply you with Fishing Tackle

The Store That Tries to Please You

Clinton Store

Antrim, N. H.

Expert Advice on Water Supply

Is to be our special contribution of War Service. To Farm successfully, abundant water is needed. We have drilled many successful wells in and about Antrim, as well as in other parts of New Hampshire, and can point to a long list of satisfied customers. Several of our machines are now at work in New Hampshire. Calls for advice on individual or Community Artesian Wells will receive prompt attention.

BAY STATE ARTESIAN WELL COM'Y, INC.
42 No. Main St. CONCORD, N. H.

The Roads are Drying,
I shall be here to do my Buying.
No matter what you have to Sell,
I always treat everybody well.
And besides it is very nice
To know that you get a good price.

Papers, Rags, Antiques, Rubbers, Metals and Automobiles.
Drop me a postal.

MAX ISREAL, Henniker, N. H.

**Collars Sweat Pads
Dressing Metal Polish Etc.**

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR
Harness Cleaned and Oiled
FOR THE SUMMER

At the Harness Shop

S. M. TARBELL, Antrim
Telephone 18-21 North Main Street

Buy Rubber Stamps at This Office

NERVOUSNESS AND BLUES

Symptoms of More Serious Sickness.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."

—Mrs. ROSE BROWN, Sage Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

MRS. I. G. NASON Dies From Burns, Result of an Explosion

Mrs. Isabelle G. Nason, milliner, died Sunday night, having lived only a few hours after receiving frightful burns in a fire in the forenoon of that day, at Jameson block. An alcohol stove exploded, setting fire to her kimona and burning practically all her clothes from her person and more than half of the skin. Her husband, E. O. Nason, of Brockton, Mass., was notified at once and arrived here in the early evening.

Deceased was 46 years and 11 months of age.

Mrs. Nason was a resident of Francaetown for a number of years and was highly respected by the people of that place; at two or three different times she had been in business in Antrim and was well liked by our people. She was a very capable woman, of a pleasing manner, and the ladies of our town will greatly miss her. The sympathy of all goes out to the husband who is so suddenly called upon to part with the companion of his life.

Don't Let Your Cough Hang On

A cough that racks and weakens is dangerous, it undermines your health and thrives on neglect. Relieve it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery. This soothing balsam remedy heals the throat, loosens the phlegm, its antiseptic properties kill the germ and the cold is quickly broken up. Children and grown ups alike find Dr. King's New Discovery pleasant to take as well as effective. Have a bottle handy in your medicine chest for grippe, croup and all bronchial affections. At druggists, 50c. adv

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Read the Antrim Reporter for all the local news.



The tablet form of this old reliable remedy makes it possible for you to check any illness at the very onset. It is a safeguard against coughs, colds and other catarrhal conditions, no matter what symptoms are manifest. Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membrane that lines the breathing apparatus and the digestive apparatus. PERUNA relieves catarrh. In tablet form it is EVER-READY-TO-TAKE

Its prompt action makes it invaluable for men and women exposed to sudden changes in the weather or compelled to be out in slush and rain.

It will also be found most satisfactory as a tonic following an attack of illness.

CARRY A BOX wherever you go. Travelers and others compelled to take long drives in the cold and anyone whose occupation subjects him to the danger of sudden colds may use it as a preventive with the assurance that the tablets made are from the same formula as the liquid medicine which has won so much success before. American Publics.

The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio

IMPORTANT IN MANY WAYS

Farm Kitchen an Institution to Which Too Much Thought and Care Cannot Be Devoted.

The kitchen is the most important institution on the farm. Some folks will disagree with that statement just after meal time or in winter when they are fat and lazy. But make the same suggestion about eleven o'clock or in mid-afternoon of a summer harvest day and the resolution will carry without a dissenting voice. Now doesn't it seem that the most important farm institution should be efficient? Miss Carrie L. Hancock, in Extension Circular 12 of the University of Missouri, Agricultural Extension Service, says: "The farm kitchen is the farm woman's most important workshop and in many ways the chief room of the house." Its equipment and arrangement may easily make the difference between a tired, over-worked, worn-out housewife, and one who has some time and energy left for recreation after the day's work is done." This circular has just come from the press and contains a general discussion of the efficiency of the kitchen. It also contains plans and suggestions for arrangement and equipment of the kitchen. It is illustrated with pictures and drawings of some Missouri farm kitchens which have proved successful. Copies of this circular may be had on application to the College of Agriculture, Columbia, Missouri.

Too frequently the kitchen is arranged without regard to the rest of the house or proper location. Too frequently, also, the farm woman must perform her work in the kitchen with tools and implements which were used by her grandmother while her husband provides the latest farm machinery for performing his work. He could not be induced to use the cradle or the flail in wheat production, or to prepare his land with the wooden mold-board plow and the brush harrow. Why then, should the farm woman have to contend with an antiquated kitchen or with antiquated equipment.

Farmers who are planning to build or remodel their kitchens would do well to apply for this circular.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

All our wants, beyond those which a very moderate income can supply, are purely imaginary.

Let us take care that in straining after what is desirable we do not lose what is vital and essential; that in grasping what we should like to have we do not slip down into the bog.

Few things show the true nature of a man more than his humor. The finest humor always comes from the finest spirit.

We all need to be more careful to show and express our appreciation in our daily lives for the many kindnesses which are shown us, and thereby radiate a circle of domestic happiness.

The Swindler.



The swindler murmured I am no Philanthropist, it's true; And yet I'm always looking for The good things I can do!

Laugh Is on the People.

The Tokyo station is architectural by a joke and practically a failure, but it is a most imposing pile nevertheless. It must be a quarter of a mile in length. Incoming passengers enter at one end and outgoing travelers leave at the other, but if they want to go from one end of the station to the other they have to go out and around, for the center is reserved for the emperor.—The Christian Herald.

White Coat.

A white coat may be cleaned by brushing the following mixture well into the cloth the way of the nap: Mix some powdered pipe clay and whiting, some fullers' earth, and a little stone-lime dissolved in vinegar, in sufficient quantities to form the whole into a paste; rub into the coat and leave it to dry on. When the coat is quite dry, rub it well, beat it to get the dust out, and then brush.

High School Department.

The Domestic Science class served a lunch counter last week. It consisted of fruit cake, cheese and nut sandwiches, cookies and apple pies. It was a great success and we hope to have it often. This also helps in the expenses of the department.

The usual morning exercises were carried out as follows; Tuesday, a reading by Dalton Brooks, "The Dignified Seniors;" Wednesday, a reading by Hollis Drake; Thursday, a reading by Misses Allen, Wallace and Wilkinson; Friday, a duet by Misses Gladys and Muriel Colby.

Miss Clementine Maso was a contestant representing Antrim High school in the Sixth Annual Interscholastic Prize speaking contest held at New Hampshire college last Friday. Sixteen schools representing three states entered. There were twenty-six from Maine and Massachusetts. Preliminary trials were held all day when each speaker was given ten minutes to convince the judges that he or she deserved a share of the spoils. The finals were in the evening when a chosen ten entertained an audience. There was a first prize of twenty dollars, open to all contestants, two second prizes of ten dollars each for a boy and a girl and two third prizes of five dollars each for boys and girls. Thirty dollars is given annually by the alumni association and to broaden the project Dr. Richards, the professor of English, added twenty dollars this year.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. (Seal)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NORTH BRANCH

Mrs. Harriett P. Conn and daughter, Nora, visited at Mrs. Walter Russell's last week.

Mrs. R. F. Hunt and daughter were at "Bide-a-wee" for the weekend.

We regret to lose our genial mail man, Mr. French, who has served us faithfully for so many years; we wish he might have remained with us for many years to come.

Morris Burnham and some of the Antrim Fire Company were called to West Antrim Thursday evening to assist in putting out a brush fire which was discovered in the woods where lumber had been removed the past winter.

We are glad to see that M. H. Underwood, who was injured recently, has recovered so as to be able to ride out, although still very lame.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Centre held a meeting at the Chapel Friday evening, which was well attended and a good time enjoyed by all.

Memorial exercises will be held by the citizens of the Branch as usual May 30 at 9 a. m.

The friends of Mrs. Sheldon are pleased to hear favorable reports from her at Nashua.

Will French and family, with friends, all of Milford, were calling on friends at the Branch recently.

Clarence Curtis, of Nashua, made a flying visit to his cousin, Mrs. E. W. Estey, Sunday.

Intimate friends have received cards announcing the betrothal of Miss Edyth Cynthia Crosby, daughter of Mrs. Rachel F. Hunt, of Dorchester, Mass., and North Branch, Antrim, to Ernest H. McClure, of Boston, formerly of North Branch.

Muscle Soreness Relieved

Unusual work, bending and lifting or strenuous exercise is a strain on the muscles, they become sore and stiff, you are crippled and in pain. Sloan's Liniment brings you quick relief, easy to apply, it penetrates without rubbing and drives out the soreness. A clear liquid, cleaner than musky plasters or ointments, it does not strain the skin or clog the pores. Always have a bottle handy for the pains and aches of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, grippe, bruises, stiffness, backache and all external pain. At your druggist, 25c. adv

HANCOCK

Luther Hatch, of Worcester, Mass., is to give the Memorial day address here.

A marker "Soldier of the Cross," such as is being placed on the graves of all deceased Methodist ministers, has been received for the grave of Rev. J. W. Coolidge, and will be placed there with proper exercises by the church at 11.45 a. m. next Sunday.

Miss Florence Sturtevant, who is employed in Athol, Mass., spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sturtevant.

Miss Mary Jackson, of Antrim, spent Sunday with her sister, Miss Nellie Jackson.

A cashier's desk has been put into Fogg's store, near the door, giving quite a civilized appearance. Miss Helen Duncan is employed as cashier.

News of the death of two men well known here, Rev. Charles Mathews, formerly of Hancock, and Webb Robbins, of Acton, Mass., reached here recently.

Rev. Carl D. Skillin and Mrs. F. Pearson, the delegate, have returned from the state conference of Congregational churches at Plymouth.

Prof. and Mrs. George F. Weston have arrived for the summer.

Three auto trucks of gypsies were in town Friday. They intended to camp here but where not allowed to do so.

Sixteen Hancock Grangers were at the Pomona Grange in Bennington, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Freeman and their two children, of Concord, were in town last week.

On Tuesday evening of last week, a surprise farewell party was given to Mrs. Jennie E. Weston, and Miss Lizzie Weston, at the Grange hall. The affair was arranged by the Grange. Nearly seventy persons were present. Mrs. Weston and daughter are to go to Hanover, Mass., soon. We are sorry to lose from town such people as the Westons and the Tardells, who recently left, but we know they will be useful citizens to the town to which they go.

Worms Handicap Your Child

Worms drain the strength and vitality of children, making them dull and listless. Their power to resist more serious diseases is reduced and energy and interest in play is lacking. Kickapoo Worm Killer is a mildly laxative remedy in candy tablet form that children like to take. It kills and removes the worms and lets your child grow strong and healthy like other children. Don't let your child be dragged down by worms. Full directions on the box. At all druggists, 25c. adv.

With the Churches

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. R. S. Barker, Pastor
Thursday eve., May 24. Prayer meeting. Subject, What God Thinks of Christ.

Sunday, May 27. Morning service at 10.45; The New Message of Jesus. Sunday School at 12. Evening union memorial service at 7.00; Memorials, Their Origin and Purpose.

BAPTIST CHURCH
Rev. W. J. B. Cannell, Pastor
Thursday, May 24. Prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. Subject, Efficiency in Church Development. 1 Cor. 12: 12-21; Eph. 2: 19-22; 1 Thess. 5: 11

Sunday, May 27. Morning service at 10.45 o'clock. Sunday school at 12. Union service at the Methodist church at 7 o'clock.
Tuesday, May 29. C. E. meeting at 7.30 p. m. Subject, Financing the Kingdom. Tenth Legion. Luke 19: 11-26. Leader, Robert J. Abbott.

Thrashing-Machine in Antrim

For the information of everyone who would be interested, The Reporter is pleased to announce that a Thrashing Machine will be in town this coming fall for the use of anyone who may need it. Any further information can be had by applying to the proper authorities.

Reaper and Binder

Mayor Cliff, of Somerville, Mass., who owns the Faulkner farm, in Hancock, where L. E. Parker is employed, has purchased a reaper and self binder for his own use; and Mr. Parker informs us that custom work will be done with this machine. This will doubtless be good news for many farmers who will have use for this kind of a machine.

The Reporter Press

Our best advertisement is the large number of pleased customers which we have served. Ask any one who has had their Job Printing done at this office what they think of our line of work. Our Job Department has steadily increased with the years and this is the result of Re-orders from pleased customers. This means good work at the right prices.

Anybody can make low prices but it takes good workmen, good material, and a thorough knowledge of the business, to do first-class work. We have these requirements and are ready to prove our statement. A Trial Order Will Convince You.

The Reporter Press

Telephone ANTRIM, N. H.

CLINTON VILLAGE

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Wheeler and youngest child spent Sunday with relatives in New Boston.

Martin Haefel and family and Kenneth McLeod and family of Peterboro, visited Sunday at Alfred Holt's.

Mrs. George Sawyer and children are in Boston for a few days.

Maurice Poor and wife and Leon Brownell and wife went to Nashua Sunday and met Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Brownell, who were returning from a short visit with their daughter in Malden, Mass.

Ben Tenney contributed the use of his team for a day's work, on the land which George Sawyer will cultivate for the state.

Clear Away the Waste

Bowel regularity is the secret of good health, bright eyes, clear complexions, and Dr. King's New Life Pills are a mild and gentle laxative that regulates the bowels and relieves the congested intestines by removing the accumulated wastes without griping. Take a pill before retiring and that heavy head, that dull spring fever feeling disappears. Get Dr. King's New Life Pills at your druggist, 25c. adv

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH ss. Court of Probate
To the heirs at law of the estate of Betsy V. Brooks late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Charles S. Abbott, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on the 15th day of June next, to show cause, if any you have, why the 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 17th day of May, A. D. 1917.

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

Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Mary B. FAVOR, late of Bennington, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated March 30, 1917.

JAMES E. FAVOR, Admr.

Executors' Notice

The subscribers give notice that they have been duly appointed Executors of the Estate of Jennie E. ADAIR, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated, May 8, 1917.

E. W. BAKER.

Buy Your Bond AND BE SECURE

Why Run The Hazard

Of accepting personal security upon a bond, when corporate security is vastly superior! The personal security may be financially strong to-day and insolvent to-morrow; or he may die, and his estate be immediately distributed. In any event, recovery is dilatory and uncertain.

The American Surety Company of New York, capitalized at \$2,500,000, is the strongest Surety Company in existence, and the only one whose sole business is to furnish Surety Bonds. Apply to

H. W. ELDRIDGE, Agent, Antrim.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

DARING IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, DE SPAIN TELLS NAN THAT SOME DAY HE AND SHE WILL BE MARRIED—SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

Henry De Spain, general manager of the stage coach line running from the Thief River mines to Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky Mountains, is trying to rid the region of a band of horse thieves, cattle rustlers and gunmen known as the Morgan gang. They live in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabassas where the coach horses are changed. De Spain has killed two of the gang and has been seriously wounded. Pretty Nan Morgan, niece of the gang leader, has saved his life and he is trying to make love to her, but receives no encouragement.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Take me away, Gale," cried Nan. "Leave him here—take me home! Take me home!"

She caught her cousin's arm. "Stay right where you are," shouted Morgan, pointing at De Spain, and following Nan as she pulled him along. "When I come back, I'll give you what you're looking for."

"Bring your friends," said De Spain tauntingly. "I'll accommodate four more of you. Stop!" With one hand still on his revolver, he pointed the way. "Go down that trail first, Morgan. Stay where you are, girl, till he gets down that hill. You won't get me over her shoulder for a while yet. Move!"

Morgan took the path sullenly, De Spain covering every step he took. Behind De Spain Nan stood waiting for her cousin to get beyond earshot. "What," she whispered hurriedly to De Spain, "will you do?"

Covering Morgan, who could whirl on him at any turn in the descent, De Spain could not look at her in answer. "Looks pretty rocky, doesn't it?"

"He will start the whole gap as soon as he gets to his horse."

He looked at the darkening sky. "They won't be very active on the job before morning."

Morgan was at a safe distance. De Spain turned to Nan. Her eyes were bent on him as if he would pierce him through. "If I save your life—still breathing fast, she hesitated for words—"you won't trick me—ever—will you?"

Steadily returning her appealing gaze, De Spain answered with deliberation: "Don't ever give me a chance to trick you, Nan."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, fear and distrust burning in her tone.

"My life," he said slowly, "isn't worth it."

"You know—" He could see her resolute underlip, pink with fresh young blood, quiver with intensity of feeling as she faltered. "You know what every man says of every girl—foolish, trusting, easy to deceive—everything like that."

"May God wither my tongue before ever it speaks to deceive you, Nan."

"There's not a moment to lose," she said swiftly. "Listen: a trail around this mountain leads out of the gap, straight across the face of El Capitán."

"I can make it."

"A good climber can do it—I have done it. I'd even go with you, if I could."

"Why?"

She shook her head angrily at what he dared show in his eyes. "Oh, keep still—listen!"

"I know you'd go, Nan," he declared unperturbed. "But, believe me, I never would let you."

"I can't go, because to do any good I must meet you with a horse outside."

He only looked silently at her, and she turned her eyes from his gaze. "See," she said, taking him eagerly to the back of the ledge and pointing. "Follow that trail, the one to the east—you can't get lost; you can reach El Capitán before dark—it's very close. Creep carefully across El Capitán on that narrow trail, and on the other side there is a wide one clear down to the road—oh, do be careful on El Capitán!"

"I'll be careful."

"I must watch my chance to get away from the corral with a horse. If I fall it will be because I am locked up at home, and you must hide and do the best you can. How much they will surmise of this, I don't know."

"Go now, this minute," he said, restraining his words. "If you don't come, I shall know why."

She turned without speaking, and, fearless as a chamois, ran down the rocks. De Spain, losing not a moment, hobbled rapidly up along the granite-walled passage that led the way to his chance for life.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Venture in the Dark.

Pushing his way hastily forward when he could make haste; crawling slowly on his hands and knees when held by opposing rock; flattening himself like a leech against the face of

the precipice when the narrowing ledge left him only inches under foot; clinging with torn hands to every favoring crevice, and pausing when the peril was extreme for fresh strength. De Spain dragged his injured foot across the sheer face of El Capitán in the last shadows of the day's falling light.

Spent by his effort, De Spain reached the rendezvous Nan had indicated, as nearly as the stars would tell him, by ten o'clock. It was only after a long and doubtful hour that he heard the muffled footfalls of a horse. He stood concealed among the smaller trees until he could distinguish the outlines of the animal, and his eye caught the figure of the rider.

De Spain stepped out of the trees and, moving toward Nan, caught her hand and helped her to the ground. She enjoined silence, and led the horse into the little grove. Stopping well within it, she stooped and began rearranging the mufflers on the horse's head.

"I'm afraid I'm too late," she said. "How long have you been here?" She faced De Spain with one hand on the pony's shoulder.

"Did you have any falls?"

"You see I'm here. You! How could you get here at all with a horse?"

"They are hiding on both trails outside watching for you—and the moon will be up—"

She seemed very anxious. De Spain made light of her fears. "I'll get past them—I've got to, Nan. Don't give it a thought."

"I don't know what you'll think of me—" He heard the troubled note in her voice.

"What do you mean?"

She began to unbutton her jacket. Throwing back the revers, she felt inside around her waist, unfastened after a moment and drew forth a leather strap. She laid it in De Spain's hands. "This is yours," she said in a whisper.

He felt it questioningly, hurriedly, then with amazement. "Not a cartridge belt!" he exclaimed.

"It's your own."

"Where—?" She made no answer.

"Where did you get it, Nan?" he whispered hurriedly.

"Where you left it."

"How?" She was silent. "When?"

"Tonight."

"Have you been to Calabassas and back tonight?"

"Everybody but Sassoos is in the chase," she replied uneasily—as if not knowing what to say, or how to say it. "They said you should never leave the gap alive—they are ready with traps everywhere. I didn't know what

to do. I couldn't bear—after what you did for me tonight—to think of your being shot down like a dog, when you were only trying to get away."

"I wouldn't have had you take a ride like that for forty belts!"

"McAlpin showed it to me the last time I was at the stage barn, hanging where you left it." He strapped the cartridges around him.

"You should never have taken that ride for it. But since you have—"

He had drawn his revolver from his waistband. He broke it now and held it out. "Load it for me, Nan."

"I hate him."

Day was breaking when the night

boss, standing in the doorway at the Calabassas barn, saw a horseman riding at a leisurely pace up the Thief River road. The barnman scrutinized the approaching stranger closely. There was something strange and something familiar in the outlines of the figure. But when the night rider had dismounted in front of the barn-door, turned his horse loose, and, limping stiffly walked forward on foot, the man rubbed his eyes hard before he could believe them. Then he uttered an incredulous greeting and led Henry De Spain into the barn office.

"There's friends of yours in your room upstairs right now," he declared, bugging with shock. De Spain, sitting down, forbade the barnman to disturb them, only asking who they were.

When he had asked half a dozen more leisurely questions and avoided answering twice as many, the barnman at De Spain's request helped him upstairs. Beside himself with excitement, the night boss turned, grinning, as he laid one hand on the doorknob and the other on De Spain's shoulder.

"You couldn't have come," he whispered loudly, "at a better time."

The entryway was dark, and from the silence within the room one might have thought its occupants, if there were such, wrapped in slumber. But at intervals a faint clicking sound could be heard. The night man threw open the door. By the light of two stage-lamps, one set on the dresser and the other on a window ledge, four men sat about a rickety table in a life-and-death struggle at cards. No voice broke the tense silence, not even when the door was thrown broadly open.

No one—neither Lefever, Scott, Frank Elipaso nor McAlpin—looked up when De Spain walked into the room and, with the night man tiptoeing behind, advanced composedly toward the group. Even then his presence would have passed unnoticed, but that Bob Scott's ear mechanically recorded the limping step and transmitted to his trained intelligence merely notice of something unusual.

Scott, picking up his cards one at a time as Lefever dealt, raised his eyes. Startling as the sight of the man given up for dead must have been, no muscle of Bob Scott's body moved. His expression of surprise slowly dissolved into a grin that mutedly invited the others, as he had found out for himself, to find out for themselves.

Lefever finished his deal, threw down the pack, and picked up his hand. His suspicious eyes never rose above the level of the faces at the table; but when he had thumbed his cards and looked from one to the other of the remaining players to read the weather signals, he perceived on Scott's face an unwonted expression, and looked to where the scout's gaze was turned for an explanation of it. Lefever's own eyes, at the sight of the thinned, familiar face behind Elipaso's chair, starting, opened like full moons. The big fellow spread one hand out, his cards hidden within it, and with the other hand prudently drew down his pile of chips. "Gentlemen," he said lightly, "this game is interned." He rose and put a silent hand across the table over Elipaso's shoulder. "Henry," he exclaimed impassively, "one question, if you please—and only one: How in thunder did you do it?"

CHAPTER XV.

Strategy.

One week went to repairs. To a man of action such a week is longer than ten years of service. But chained to a bed in the Sleepy Cat hospital, De Spain had no escape from one week of thinking, and for that week he thought about Nan Morgan. And the impulse that moved him the first moment he could get out of bed and into a saddle was to spur his way hard and fast to her; to make her, against a score of burly cousins, his own; and never to release her from his sudden arms again.

With De Spain to think was to do; at least to do something, but not without further careful thinking, and not without anticipating every chance of failure. And his manner was to cast up all difficulties and obstacles in a situation, brush them aside, and have his will if the heavens fell; and he now set himself, while doing his routine work every day, to do one particular thing—to see, talk to, plead with, struggle with the woman, or girl, rather—child, even, to his thoughts, so fragile she was—this girl who had given him back his life against her own marauding relatives.

His friends saw that something was absorbing him in an unusual, even an extraordinary way, yet none could arrive at a certain conclusion as to what it was. The one man in the country who could have surmised the straits between the two—the barn boss, McAlpin—if he entertained suspicions, was far too pawky to share them with anyone.

When two weeks had passed without De Spain's having seen Nan or having heard of her being seen, the conclusion urged itself on him that she was either ill or in trouble—perhaps in trouble for helping him; a moment

"What do you mean?"

"Put four more cartridges in your belt. Except for your cartridge, the gun is empty. When you do that, you will know none of them ever will be used against your own except to protect my life. And if you have any among them whose life ought to be ahead of mine—name him, or them, now. Do as I tell you—load the gun."

He took hold of her hands and, in spite of her refusal, made her do his will. He guided her hand to draw the cartridges, one after another, from his belt, and waited for her to slip them in the darkness into the empty cylinder, to close the breech, and hand the gun back.

"Now, Nan," he said, "you know me. You may have doubts—they will all die. You will hear many stories about me—but you will say: I put the cartridges in his revolver with my own hands, and I know he won't abuse the means of defense I gave him myself. There can never be any real doubts or misunderstandings between us again, Nan." He waited for her to speak but she remained silent.

"You have given me my life, my defense," he continued, passing from a subject that he perceived was better left untouched. "Who is nearest and dearest to you at home?"

"My Uncle Duke."

"Then I never will raise a hand against your Uncle Duke. And this man, tonight—this cousin—Gale? Nan, what is that man?"

"I hate him."

"Thank God! So do I!"

"But he is a cousin."

"Then I suppose he must be one of mine."

"Unless he tries to kill you."

"He won't be very long in trying that. And now, what about yourself? What have you got to defend yourself against him, and against every other drunken man?"

She laid her own pistol without a word in De Spain's hand. He felt it, opened, closed, and gave it back. "That's a good defender—when it's in reach. When it's at home it's a poor one."

"It will never be at home again except when I am."

"Shall I tell you a secret?"

"What is it?" asked Nan unsuspectingly.

"We are engaged to be married."

She sprang from him like a deer. "It's a dead secret," he said gravely; "no body knows it yet—not even you."

"You need never talk again like that if you want to be friends with me," she said indignantly. "I hate it."

"Hate it if you will; it's so. And it began when you handed me that little bit of lead and brass on the mountain tonight, to defend your life and mine."

"I'll hate you if you persecute me the way Gale does. The moon is almost up. You must go."

"You haven't told me," he persisted, "how you got away at all." They had walked out of the trees. He looked reluctantly to the east. "Tell me and I'll go," he promised.

"After I went up to my room I waited till the house was all quiet. Then I started for Calabassas. When I came back I got up to my room without being seen, and sat at the window a long time. I waited till all the men stopped riding past. Then I climbed through the window and down the kitchen roof, and let myself down to the ground. Some more men came past, and I hid on the porch and slipped over to the horse barns and found a hackamore, and went down to the corral and hunted around till I found this little pinto—she's the best to ride bareback."

"I could ride a razorback—why take all that trouble for me?"

"If you don't start while you have a chance, you undo everything I have tried to do to avoid a fight."

The wind, stirring softly, set the aspen leaves quivering. The stars, chilled in the thin, clear night air, hung diamondlike in the heavens and the eastern sky across the distant desert paled for the rising moon. The two, standing at the horse's head, listened a moment together in the darkness. De Spain, leaning forward, said something in a low, laughing voice. Nan made no answer. Then, bending, he took her hand and, before she could release it, caught it up to his lips.

For a long time after he had gone she stood, listening for a shot—wondering, breathless at moments, whether he could get past the waiting traps.

De Spain, true to all she had ever heard of his Indianlike stealth, had left her side unobtrusively and unafraid—living, laughing, paying bold court to her even when she stubbornly refused to be courted—and had made himself in the twinkling of an eye a part of the silence beyond—the silence of the night, the wind, the stars, the waste of sand, and of all the mystery that brooded upon it. She would have welcomed, in her keen suspense, a sound of some kind, some reminder that he yet lived and could yet laugh; none came.

Day was breaking when the night

infer he was laying plans to get into the gap to find out.

"Nothing is the way of a venture could be more foolhardy—this he admitted to himself—nothing, he consoled himself by reflecting, but something stronger than danger could justify it. Of all the motley Morgan following within the mountain fastness he could count on but one man to help him in the slightest degree—this was the derelict, Bull Page. There was no choice but to use him, and he was easily enlisted for the Calabassas affair had made a heroic figure of De Spain in the barnrooms. De Spain, accordingly, lay in wait for the old man and intercepted him one day on the road to Sleepy Cat, walking the twenty miles patiently for his whisky.

"You must be the only man in the gap, Bull, that can't borrow or steal a horse to ride," remarked De Spain, stopping him near the river bridge.

Page pushed back the broken brim of his hat and looked up. "You wouldn't believe it," he said, imparting a cheerful confidence, "but ten years ago I had horses to lend to every man 'tween here and Thief river." He nodded toward Sleepy Cat with a wrecked smile, and by a dramatic chance the broken hat-brim fell with the words: "They've got 'em all."

"Your fault, Bull."

"Say!" Up went the broken brim, and the whiskied face lighted with a

shaking smile, "you turned some trick on that Calabassas crew—some fight," Bull chuckled.

"Bull, is old Duke Morgan a Republican?"

Bull looked surprised at the turn of De Spain's question, but answered in good faith: "Duke votes 'most any ticket that's again the railroad."

"How about picking a couple of good barnmen over in the gap, Bull?"

"What kind of a job 'y' got?"

"See McAlpin, Bull, next time you're over at Calabassas. How about that girl that lives with Duke?"

Bull's face lighted. "Nan! Say! she's a little hummer!"

"I hear she's gone down to Thief river, teaching school."

"Come by Duke's less'n three hours ago. Seen her in the kitchen makin' bread."

"They're looking for a schoolteacher down there, anyway. Much sickness in the gap lately, Bull?"

"Only sickness I knowed lately is what you're responsible for 'yself," retorted Bull with a grin. "Fity 'y left any chips at all from that Calabassas job, eh?"

"See McAlpin, Bull, next time you're over Calabassas way. Here"—De Spain drew some currency from his pocket and handed a bill to Page. "Go get your hair cut. Don't talk too much—wear your whiskers long and your tongue short."

"Right-o!"

"You understand."

"Take it from old Bull Page, he's a world's wonder of a sucker, but he knows his friends."

"But remember this—you don't know me. If anybody knows you for a friend of mine, you are no good to me. See?"

Bull was beyond expressing his comprehension in words alone. He winked, nodded, and screwed his face into a thousand wrinkles. De Spain, wheeling, rode away, the old man blinking first after him, and then at the money in his hand. He didn't profess to understand everything in the high country, but he could still distinguish the principal figures at the end of a bank-note. When he tramped to Calabassas the next day to interview McAlpin he received more advice, with a strong burr, about keeping his own counsel, and a little expense money to run him until an opening presented itself on the pay roll.

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Peaceful Conscience Best.

The accumulating of a substantial fortune can make a prosperous man, but not necessarily a happy one; a peaceful conscience is the true content, and wealth is but her golden ornament.

Street traffic in San Francisco is regulated by electric semaphores.

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Convict at Columbus Makes Rubber and Dyes

COLUMBUS, O.—With a crude homemade laboratory, which he has set up on his desk in the penitentiary library, Dr. Emerich W. Ritter, formerly a Cleveland chemist, claims he is extracting rubber, tannin and a red dye from the bark of the chu tung tree, grown in China.

The department of agriculture is assisting him in his experiments, he says. It shipped him five pounds of the bark, the first ever sent to this country, after Doctor Ritter says he pointed out to the department that the bark contained rubber.

The man, who startled the country on his arrival at the penitentiary last year by his inventions of "liquid fire" and aniline dyes, declares that not only has he extracted a rubber of remarkable resiliency from the bark, but tannin, used in the tanning industry, and a dye the exact color of the dye used in the two-cent stamp.

From a pound of the bark Doctor Ritter says he obtains two ounces of crude rubber, four and one-half ounces of tannin and three-fourths of an ounce of coloring matter.

Little "T. R.," Chicago Coon, Causes Spook Scare

CHICAGO.—Recently servants in the big homes along Sheridan road in the neighborhood of Diversey parkway began to whisper strange tales to each other concerning the home of Luther P. Friestedt. They said it contained a "spook."

"spook" Mr. Friestedt didn't hear anything about it until some days later. Then one of his own servants came to him with a hair-raising tale about some mysterious noises and moanings that came from the walls in various parts of the house.

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Friestedt. Then a night or two later, just around dinner-time, Mr. Friestedt heard a terrible clatter in the kitchen. Before he could get up from his chair all the servants in the place had deserted the kitchen and were fleeing in panic toward the front of the house.

"Smatter" demanded Mr. Friestedt. "Spooks," was the reply. "We heard him walking along between the walls and then get up between the ceiling and the floor. All of a sudden he gave a moaning squawk and that was too much."

"Let's see about it," said Mr. Friestedt, as he led everybody down into the basement. He opened the door of the fruit cellar. And sitting among a lot of overturned jars with its face all smeared with jam was a baby raccoon.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

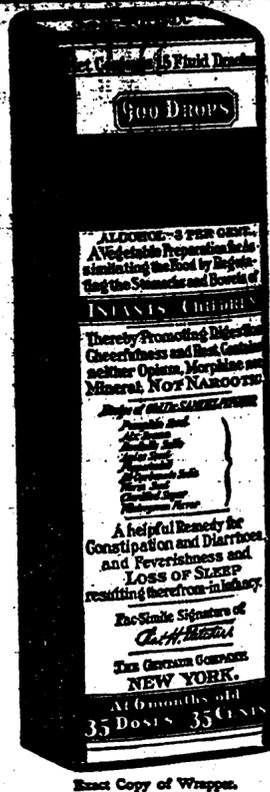
GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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.



Every man feels that he has a proprietary interest in his wife's religion.

Druggist's Customers Praise Kidney Medicine

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the best seller on the market today in this locality. I believe it is all that is claimed, and during my experience of eight years in handling it as a kidney, liver and bladder remedy I have never heard a single complaint and know that it has produced very beneficial results in many cases, according to the reports of my customers who praise it highly.

Very truly yours,
HERBERT S. MAXWELL,
Druggist,
Plymouth, Mass.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

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

What pleases the palate nourishes.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled into the foot-bath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. The greatest comforter ever discovered for all foot-aches. Sold everywhere. Retail package, 25c. Wholesale, 50c. Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

The seat of courage is the stomach.



AN EARLY BREAKFAST

BUT no need for the housewife to get up an hour before breakfast time to coax along a sluggish fire—touch a match to the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove and the cooking begins.

No smoke, no soot, no ashes. The Long Blue Chimney gives perfect combustion. All the heat you want, when you want it. You can see where the flame is set and there it stays.

New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves are making 2,500,000 kitchens comfortable today.

The New Perfection Kerosene Water Heater gives abundant hot water for laundry, kitchen or bath at low cost. Ask your hardware or housefurnishing store for descriptive booklet.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY of NEW YORK
(Principal Offices)

New York Albany Buffalo Boston

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES AND OVENS

A Fair Exchange

By Walter Joseph Delaney

"That is your story,"
"Truthfully told."
"And now you wish to help me?"
"For the sake of oldtime friendship, because a loyal tender heart will break if the truth come out, if it lies in your power, yes."
Rolf Lee clasped the hand of Darcy Moore with a reassuring pressure.
"It is five years since I gave up detective work, for the law," he said. "The old ardor of man-hunting has given place to man-helping."
"Then help me."
"I'll do it."
It was a strange story that Darcy Moore had related. It had to do with four years back. He had been employed by Abner Toll as a clerk. He was young, heedless, led into extravagance and dissipation by the son of Toll. In a moment of inebriety he had forged a check against his employer. It had been done at the artful instigation of young Gerald Toll. Back in his sober senses, he had gone to old Toll and confessed his guilt. The latter had insisted on a written and signed confession. He had given Moore time to pay back the money, but when the debt was cancelled with interest he had chuckled like some satyr.
"You know too much about some of my son's wild freaks to let loose on the community," he observed. "I'll hold the documents against you until Gerald settles down in life, for fear you might try to retaliate."
Darcy had found a new position, had ignored his former reckless companions and had fallen in love with a pretty little miss named Elva Boyd. He had tried to forget the menace held over him by old Toll. Then a strange complication had arisen. Young Gerald Toll had taken a fancy to Elva. He entered the lists as an ardent suitor. One day old Toll sent for Darcy.
"See here," he observed in his harsh domineering way, "my son wants to marry Miss Boyd. Step aside, and do



"Let Me Look at the Papers."

It gracefully, or I'll take those old documents of yours to the district attorney."
"But I am engaged to Miss Boyd!" cried Darcy.
"Then disengage," coolly directed Toll and Darcy went away a truly wretched being. Then he did a wise thing. He went to Elva and her sister, Beulah, and told the whole story.
"You need have no worry on account of Gerald Toll," Elva told Darcy. "I still love you and will marry you or nobody. But oh! if this hideous old monster should really wreck your life!" and poor Elva burst into tears, utterly crushed.
"We must be wise as serpents and baffle the enemy," pronounced Beulah, the thinker, and out of discussion and reflection came her suggestion of Darcy going to visit his old friend, Rolf Lee, to see if he could help him out of his dilemma.
Meanwhile Darcy saw Elva only on secret occasions and Gerald Toll was tolerated as a visitor to the Boyd home. This was in accordance with the suggestion of Lee, who at once brushed up on his oldtime detective skill and started in on the case, somewhat baffled as to how exactly he was to circumvent the Tolls.
Only by discovering a flaw in the record, business or methods of the old skinflint, Lee was assured could he hope to arrive at a starting point. He fancied a path was open to him when by a reformed burglar he had known by a reformed aware of the fact that three years previous old Toll had been the principal in the operations of a criminal gang, acting as their fence, or the party who financed them and disposed of their stolen plunder.
But Lee's informant had only vague evidence of what he barely suspected and, after an investigation, Lee was satisfied that Toll had long since severed his connection with the criminal band.
One evening Darcy was strolling past the home of old Toll, when he noticed its sordid proprietor come hastily down

the steps and proceed along the street in a rapid and excited manner. He determined to follow him. Toll proceeded to a section of the town given over to the slums. He entered a second-rate lodging house, made some inquiries and ascended to a room on its upper floor. Knowing the shady character of the place, Lee's suspicions and interest were fully aroused.
Ten minutes later Lee stood outside a door of a room beyond which he knew Toll was an inmate. He peered over the transom from a convenient stairway, he edged close to the loose, rickety door to catch the conversation going on between Toll and a rough-looking man, seated at a table and menacingly confronting his visitor.
"Yes, it's me," he spoke, "and I sent for you. I've been locked up for four years and just got out. I want a stake to start in at my old business and you're going to furnish it. Coo'-why? Because the first thing I did was to find out if the records of our old business dealings were where I left them when I went to the penitentiary. They were, they're explicit enough to send you over the road. I've got them with me and I want one thousand dollars cash for them, now, here and quick."
"Let me look at the papers," spoke Toll quaveringly.
He ran over the packet of incriminating documents, replaced it, his hand trembling, upon the table, and drew out a wallet. Then he counted out several bills and handed them to his companion, took up the papers, thrust them in his pocket of his outside coat and arose to his feet.
"You've got me, Parson," he remarked grimly, "but don't you ever cross my path again."
"No danger, I'm scarce for a place where I'm too well known," observed the criminal briefly.
Toll left the room and started down the stairs, and the man who had blackmailed him prepared to leave also. Lee went slowly down the stairs, feeling his way, for the light in the corridor was dim.
Lee had stunk to a side passage, but as Toll got halfway down the stairs he hastened after him.
"Why don't you take the whole stairway!" he growled, crowding past Toll and pushing him roughly, nearly toppling him over. As he did this Lee deftly thrust his hand into the coat side pocket. His fingers closed over the packet. He transferred it to his own pocket. He was out in the street before Toll had stumbled his way out of the old rookery. Then it was that Toll discovered the loss of his papers. Lee did not know, nor care, but the next morning the ex-detective entered the office of the old money grabber.
Very clearly he told who he was and his knowledge of the infamous persecution of Darcy and of Toll's own connivance with criminals.
"A certain check and a confession and you can have the documents," coolly announced Lee. "Otherwise I shall do what you once threatened against Mr. Moore—go to the district attorney."
When Lee visited the Boyd home he was told that Miss Elva was absent. Miss Beulah, her sister, was in the house. Would she do? Oh, beyond doubt! In fact, since taking up the case Lee had met the charming lady several times and was happy for the privilege.
There was admiration, approval, keen appreciation in the expression of the face of Beulah as Lee announced that he had drawn the talons of the man who was set on destroying the happiness of Darcy Moore.
Very soon Mr. Gerald Toll understood the situation and discontinued his unwelcome visits to the Boyd domicile. There was a double wedding, for Lee could not forget Beulah, told her so, and found her in the same delightful frame of mind.
How Child Plague is Spread.
Dr. Hans Zinsser, professor of bacteriology of Columbia college, after investigating a half a dozen possible methods of carrying the contagion of infantile paralysis, practically eliminates all others and puts the responsibility upon man himself. This may be direct or indirect. The indirect is the more deadly. The virus can pass directly from the upper respiratory tract—the nose, mouth and pharynx—of one individual to that of another. This, from the nature of epidemic diseases, however, serves to spread the infection in but a comparatively slight degree. Intestinal infection with food is another mode of transmission, the importance of which Doctor Zinsser, as the result of his experiments, is ready to discount. Monkeys have been inoculated with the diseases in this manner only with difficulty.
Great Letter Writers.
The eighteenth century, which gave little that is good or worthy, was at least remarkable in producing an aggregation of great letter writers: Horace Walpole, foremost in felicity of expression, heading an illustrious list which includes Gray, the author of the "Elegy"; Cowper, Chesterfield, Dorothy Osborne, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Lady Rachel Russell, Dr. Johnson, Richard Steele, Garrick and Swift, whose letters to his wife Stella preserve a stately old world charm unhappily impossible in these days. Other famous eighteenth century letters are those of Jane Austen, Hannah More, Fanny Burney, Burns (always stilted and artificial), Oliver Goldsmith and, lastly, William Cowper.
Advice.
"So you advise me not to marry for money."
"I certainly do. It is easier to get along without money than with a wife who carries a pocketbook."

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Paper Train in a Mix Up.

Concord.—As the paper train from Boston was drawing into the station this morning the rear trucks on the forward passenger car left the iron without any apparent reason. The next car and the baggage car in the rear, heavily loaded with Sunday papers, were pulled from the rails. The derailed cars went across a bridge on the ties, and then the trucks striking a frog the rear cars took the siding. The derailed trucks were plowing up the railroad tracks, and striking a standpipe for watering engines mowed it down. There were few passengers on the train, and beyond a severe shaking up no one was seriously injured. What caused the accident is a mystery.

Another Rochester Fire.

Rochester.—The two story house, barn and shed, owned and occupied by Mrs. Hannah Simmonds and daughter, were destroyed by fire Thursday evening together with their contents. Mrs. Simmonds and daughter had retired early and woke to find the kitchen and shed in a blaze. They were driven out in their night clothes and cared for at a neighbors. Nothing was saved from the buildings, and a sum of money was burned. The loss is estimated at \$2500 with small insurance. The origin of the fire is a mystery, and coming only three days after another in the same vicinity it may be the work of a fire bug.

Motor Cars Meet Head On.

Lebanon.—Two gasoline motor cars met in a head on collision between here and Mascoma Thursday afternoon, injuring two men so that they were sent to the hospital at Hanover. One was driven by Fred B. Wilson of Panackook, who has been employed for sometime in taking army physicians over the road for the purpose of visiting the men guarding bridges. The other car was driven by Cory Valla, foreman of the section at Mascoma, who was going over his section. Both men sustained broken bones and other injuries.

Governor and Council Get Busy.

Concord.—At a meeting of the governor and council Friday, Hon. Edward C. Niles was appointed and confirmed for another term of six years as the public service commissioner. Col. George B. Leighton of Dublin was appointed commissioner to conduct a survey of the water power of the state under the recent act of the legislature. The state board of embalmers created by the last legislature will consist of Dr. Irving A. Watson and Carl H. Foster of Concord, Dr. George C. Wilkins and Benjamin C. Lambert of Manchester.

Aged Dog Catcher Killed.

Exeter.—As Charles H. Calkin was driving across the track a mile and a half west of this station Saturday he was struck and instantly killed by an eastbound express train. Mr. Calkin was the dog officer, and was making a round of the outskirts of the town for unlicensed dogs. The team was hired from a stable, and the horse escaped injury. The buggy containing Mr. Calkin was so wedged into the locomotive that it could not be taken out until the arrival at this station. He was 83 years of age.

Hotel Eastman Burns.

North Conway.—The Hotel Eastman, one of the most popular of the summer hostleries on the east side of the mountains, was totally destroyed by fire Saturday morning. The building was of wood, three stories, and had two elevators. It accommodated about 100 guests. It was owned by Harry Eastman, and he had workmen engaged for the repair work preparatory to the opening in a few weeks. The loss is more than \$40,000.

Six Fairs Will Divide the State Bounty.

Concord.—Representatives of several agricultural fair associations met with Commissioner Felker here Friday and made an agreement as to the division of the \$2500 appropriation voted by the state. The fairs at Lancaster, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Greenfield, Rochester and Contoocook are to share equally.

New Superintendent for State Hospital.

Concord.—The Board of Trustees of State Institutions appointed Dr. Charles H. Dolloff superintendent of the state hospital to succeed Dr. Charles P. Bancroft whose resignation takes effect July 1. Dr. Dolloff has been assistant superintendent since 1907.

Fatal Crossing Accident.

Lebanon.—Mrs. Charles Bagley of Montcalm was driving to this village alone Thursday afternoon and at Baker's crossing, a mile or two south, was struck by the one o'clock north bound express. Both Mrs. Bagley and the horse were instantly killed. The body was brought here by the train and the medical referee was summoned. She was 65 years of age and is survived by a husband. The crossing has been the scene of several accidents.

Franklin.—Lala Costello, a young spinster maid, was one of a band of 50 that drifted into this city by automobile one day last week. In a store she met John A. McDowell, and while wishing him good luck he claimed that she abstracted \$5.10 from his pocket. In municipal court she was fined \$5 and costs, and members of the tribe paid \$12.25 in settlement.

Mrs. James Pike at 102. Newfields.—The widow of Rev. James Pike, now closing her 102nd year, still retains a remarkably alert mind and follows the war news closely. Her husband was at one time a presiding elder of the New Hampshire Methodist conference, was a member of Congress and an unsuccessful candidate for governor on the Republican ticket. He was also colonel of the 18th regiment in the Civil war.

Baby Deserted in Rear of Store. Nashua.—The cries of a child in the rear of the Holbrook Marshall wholesale store early Friday morning led to the discovery of an infant girl which had been deserted there. She wore a new baby cap and blanket, and a note pinned to the latter reads "My name is Helen Orthdock." She was taken to St. Joseph's hospital and the police are trying to get some clue from the cap and blanket.

Congressman Sulloway is Buried. Franklin.—The body of the late Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway was taken from the receiving tomb in Manchester where it has lain since March 14 and brought here Friday for burial. The funeral party went over the road in automobiles. It was made up of the immediate family, a few intimate friends and a delegation of Elks.

Dragged Through Woods by Frightened Horses. North Hampton.—While walking beside a heavy wagon Friday, George F. Rumford fell and his right leg was caught between the spokes of a wheel. The horses ran away and dragged him some distance through the woods. He sustained a fracture of the hip and was taken to a hospital at Portsmouth.

Farm Buildings Burn at Graamers. Graamers.—The farm buildings of Clement Sawyer were destroyed by fire Thursday afternoon. The fire started in the hayloft and may have been caused by spontaneous combustion. A horse was burned but some of the house furnishings were saved. The loss is estimated at \$2000.

National Guard is Summoned. Concord.—The New Hampshire National Guard has been summoned for service July 25. The men in all the New England states have been summoned for the same time, and governors have been authorized to recruit all organizations to war strength.

Very Properly Too. Manchester.—Protests from numerous patriotic and civic associations have caused the Manchester Street Railway to remove from its cars the posters headed by the word "Starvation" in huge red letters. They were placed there by the state Public Safety committee.

A Miss Who Has Done Good Work. Franklin.—Miss Elizabeth Heubner, 15 years old, has spaded a plot of ground 20 by 40 feet this spring, clearing it of witchgrass and has it ready for planting. She broke two times of her garden fork during the operation.

Nothing Meander Heard of than This. Concord.—There is a story current in this city that a man who procured a plot of ground and planted a bush and a half of potatoes found a few days later that they had all been dug up, both his labor and seed having gone for nothing.

Fire in Heavy Timber. Nashua.—A fire in the heavy timber between the Nashua River and the Worcester, Portland and Rochester division at Mine Falls called out the fire department and a large force of railroad men. It was extinguished without serious loss.

An Explanation. Charlotte had been taught to say the grace before each meal. One day she was invited to a little friend's for dinner. When the father and mother of Charlotte were seated for dinner, Bradlock, a three-year-old brother, bowed his head and said: "Amen. God, Charlotte's gone."

Alcohol to Remove Spots. When furniture becomes marred or scratched sprinkle a few drops of alcohol on the rough surface. Rub a soft dry cloth very rapidly over this spot and the marks will disappear. Do not let the alcohol remain on the surface or it will cut into the wood.

Cuckoo Calls and Wedding Rings. For a girl to dream of hearing the cuckoo is said to be a means whereby she may ascertain how many years will elapse before she will wear a wedding ring. The number of years will answer to the number of times the bird is heard calling in her dream.

Mary is Always Popular. All over the English-speaking world Mary is the most common Christian name. Out of every 1,000 English people, 68 are named Mary, 66 William, 62 John, and 60 Eliza.

News this Week from Milford's Big Dept. Store

Every department is blossomed out to full bloom with New, Fresh, Up-to-the-Minute Merchandise. And best of all we own our stock of goods at much less than present market prices. This Means a Great Saving to You!

REFRIGERATORS from \$10 to \$50. Let us send you catalogue from \$10 to \$40. May we send you catalogue?
BABY CARRIAGES. Celebrated F. A. Whitney make. Prices from \$10 to \$40. May we send you catalogue?

NEW PERFECTION OIL STOVES in all sizes were bought before the big advance. Let us send you catalog of the Stoves.
KOLORFAST MATTINGS at 50c yd. Colors guaranteed to be fast to sun and water. Let us send you samples.

NEPONSET FLOOR COVERING sold everywhere for 75c sq. yd. Our price is 57c sq. yd. We will gladly send samples. Will outwear printed linoleum.

OUR FURNITURE DEPARTMENT is full to overflowing with high grade goods. Prices less than city stores. Perfect delivery service.

The Store that Stands Between the People and High Prices

Barber's Big Department Store
MILFORD, New Hampshire

Call and See Our

ROUND OAK
PARLOR STOVES



Glenwood Ranges and
Wood Parlor Stoves

George W. Hunt
ANTRIM, N. H.

Wall Paper!

Has taken a Great Advance in Price on account of Shortage of Dye Stuff, but by placing our order last Fall for 800 Rolls of Paper, we will have in a few days a New Line with but slight advance in price.

Wall Board

We Carry a Full Stock at All Times.
TELEPHONE 9-3

GUY A. HULETT,
ANTRIM, N. H.

STRICKEN IN THE STREET

Completely Restored To Health
By "Laxatives"

323 St. Valens St., Montreal.
"In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble, and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try 'Laxatives'. I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise 'Laxatives' enough." H. WHITMAN, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. All dealers or sent postpaid by Laxatives Limited, Pasadena, N.Y.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. George W. Hunt is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Baker, from Marlow.

While at her work in the paper box department of the Goodell Co. Shop, Miss Annie Florie was unfortunate in cutting her right hand Moody, necessitating a lay off of a few days.

A party of men connected with the Antrim-Bennington Electric Light & Power Company, including Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Bogue, of Boston, Mr. Willard, of Concord, Mr. Gardner, of Raymond, and Mr. Cofran, of the General Electric Company, were in town Tuesday, at their local office, on a business trip.

Postmaster Swett has secured the services to Walter C. Hills to carry the mail on rural route number two until the position vacated by M. S. French is filled by the postal department. An examination for this position was held in Peterboro nearly a month ago, but none of the seven Antrim contestants have as yet received their rating from Washington.

USES OF VINEGAR

Vinegar and water will destroy mites in children's heads.
Vinegar—a teaspoonful—in a warm bath will stop hiccup.
Vinegar, diluted, will keep meat fresh in hot, close weather.
Vinegar rubbed on discolored steelwork quickly makes it clean.
Vinegar and bran make an excellent poultice for all aches, pains and bruises.
Vinegar added to the rinsing water will revive faded red and pink cotton fabrics.
Vinegar—a teaspoonful—in a warm bath will take away any stiffness after exercise, etc.
Vinegar, diluted, applied to furniture before polishing, insures a brilliant polish.
Vinegar will make a new gas mantle last much longer. Soak five minutes, dry and burn off.

Prerogation.

The Colonel—So the bank refused to cash that check I gave you, Rastus.
Rastus—Yessah. Dat cashier man dun hav' pos'ively de most seeable mind Ah eber saw, sah.
The Colonel—How's that?
Rastus—Yessah. Jes' as soon as Ah dun tell him whose check Ah had he said it was no good eben befo' he dun look at it, sah.—New York Globe.

WOOLENS

Dress Materials and Coatings direct from the factory. Write for samples and state garment planned.
F. A. PACKARD,
Box 83, Camden, Me.

BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

Moving Pictures!

Town-Hall, Bennington
Saturday Eve., May 26—Chap. 11, "Liberty." Well balanced program of four reels.
Wednesday Evening, May 30—"The Country Chairman," in 5 reels. 1 reel comedy.
W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

THE BREAKING OF LAMPS

On the electric lights about town must be stopped; this practice has become very displeasing to the authorities, and if the miscreants are found they will be dealt with according to law.
Selectmen of Bennington.

POMONA GRANGE

Hillsboro County Pomona Grange were the guests of Bennington Grange Friday. The morning session was closed and for members only, routine business being transacted. A flag raising was held at noon under the direction of Frank A. Taylor, Master of the local Grange. Rev. Bernard Copping made remarks and the school children sang. Dinner was served, after which the afternoon session was open to the public. There was a paper by Mrs. Nellie Eaton, of Hancock; recitation by Miss Grace Taylor; instrumental music by Miss Ruth Wilson; and an address on "Red Cross Work in Serbia," by Miss Anna C. Lockerby, matron of the Laconia hospital.

Miss Mae Cashion was in Manchester last of the week.

Charles E. Cox, of Manchester, was a business visitor here Monday.

The fence around Sunnyside cemetery is being newly painted this week.

Fred Starrett and E. K. Upton have purchased the James Cashion pine lot near Otter Lake.

A. G. and G. H. Veno have gone to the former's home in Newport where they are engaged in planting fifty bushels of seed potatoes.

Forrest Wilson, of Hillsboro, was in town one day the past week and caught a nice string of 51 trout. Local fishermen report good luck also.

A gang of gypsies favored (?) our town with a visit Friday. They were treated with marked distinction by our authorities, being escorted out of town without any delay!

Sergt. William Knowles, of the Milford Signal Corps, left for Plattsburg on Sunday, where he will train for an officers commission. Many Bennington friends wish him the best of success.

Dr. G. D. Tibbetts has received a commission as first lieutenant in the medical department and has left town for France, expecting to sail from Boston soon. Mrs. Tibbetts is in Boston with him this week.

THE "LARKERS"

At a meeting of the Club, known as the "Larkin Soap Club," which met at Mrs. Jennie Dunclee's on Tuesday evening of last week, it was decided to give the Club an appropriate name. After due deliberation and many suggestions, it was settled unanimously that "The Larkers" Club" was worthy of adoption. Anyone doubting the appropriateness of the name, just call at a regular meeting and enjoy a "lark" with "The Larkers." The name "Soft Soap Club" which appeared in a news item in the Bennington column of last week's Reporter, was simply due to the hallucinations of one of the Club's invited guests; kindly excuse her.

George Messer has recently purchased a fine pair of work horses from parties in Ware.

Miss Anne Kimball has entered Burdett's college, in Boston, for a course of study in typewriting and stenography.

Mrs. Hattie Wilson is at home again after six weeks at the Cambridge, Mass., hospital. Friends are pleased to know that she is convalescing nicely and continually improving in health.

The Sons of Veterans and the Auxiliary are invited guests at a special service at the Congregational church next Sunday. Memorial Day will be quietly observed, soldiers' graves will be decorated in the morning.

Another David Harum.
"Look here," said the would-be follower of the hounds, "didn't you sell me this horse?"
"Why, yes," said the dealer; "that's me."

"Well, sir, you're a swindler! That's what you are! I understood from you that this beast was thoroughly sound in wind and limb. I find after trying it, that it's spavined and blind, and got the staggers. And I want to know what you're going to do about it?"
"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the name of the best veterinary surgeon in the town. I simply can't stand by and see the poor beast suffer." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces
100 Doses

ALGOLGOL—A FINE GERM!
A Vegetable Preparation that stimulates the bowels by softening the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

The Small Signature of *Wm. D. Little*

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION AND DIARRHOEA, AND FEVERISHNESS AND LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infants.

NEW YORK.

At Groceries and Drug Stores
35 Doses 35c

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always Bears the
Signature
of
Wm. D. Little
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

PLANTING TIME!

Is here, and we have All the
Tools to work with, as well
as a Good Supply of Every
Kind of Seed. Give Us a Call

Groceries Grain Flour Hay
Meats Provisions Clothing
Boots Shoes Rubbers

Anything from a Pin to an Automobile

GEORGE O. JOSLIN
BENNINGTON : : CLINTON

DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS



We never suspected anything of that kind

W. L. Lawrence
ANTRIM, N. H.

Sole Agent for
Geo. E. Buxton
FLORIST

The Largest Greenhouses in
Southern N. H.
FLOWERS for all OCCASIONS
Flowers by Telephone to
All Parts of U. S.
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All kinds and all grades, REMINGTONS \$15 up.
Instruction book with each machine.
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and Printer Supplies, BUFFALO, N. Y.