# Essex County Herald.

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**Essex District Probate Court.**

Sessions of said Court will be held at Brighton the second Tuesday of October and April, Canaan the second Tuesday of November and May, West Concord the second Tuesday of December and June, Lunenburg the second Tuesday of January and July. Special sessions will be held at any place in the district by agreement.

ROBERT CHASE, Judge.

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## THE LIE DEFENSIVE

By JOSEPH BLETHEN


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FEW men would voluntarily hasten their endings even with the knowledge that their dead bodies would create a most momentous stir in the world. On the contrary, what man would not prefer to remain alive even at the cost of humble comfort now and absolute postmortem obscurity? Moreover, I think that Clyde French, had he foreseen the stir his mortal remains were to create in this world, would not only have clung madly to life, but would have prearranged for something like a decent cremation to follow his final departure.

When he left Seattle for Kotzebue sound I had known him a week. He had left the employ of a newspaper on the Atlantic coast and must by nature while waiting to take the ship fraternize with us of his trade on the Pacific coast. We in this tollgate of Alaska meet many such good fellows, and of this one I remembered one thing distinctly—he was frank in saying that he left neither kith nor kin behind him and should not return to the States until prepared to make a stir.

Both statements proved to be true, for when I searched for relatives to take his remains off my hands I found none, and the return of his mortal dust to Seattle kicked up more of a fuss than did the advent of the original Klondike nugget.

In the first place that dead thing didn't have the common decency to arrive by daylight, but chose to make its entry into my affairs on the shady side of midnight.

The Dolphin from Skaguay put in at 1 o'clock in the morning, and the longshoremen rushed the "dead box" across the dock with prompt respect to sailor superstition. Then, seeing that it was directed to the editor of a newspaper, the wharfinger called me by phone and told me to send an undertaker for it forthwith.

An evening paper man detests midnight sensations. Not only do morning papers get them first, but they disturb his sleep. So I called up Mr. Slabb's parlors and directed that my departed friend's remains be made comfortable till I could call at a seasonable hour. In the morning I received a letter by express from the mysterious regions of the wonderful north. It came from French himself, and, although it had many weeks' start, it had been overtaken by his dead body on the long journey out. It was curiously abrupt, but sensational enough to suit even a day editor:

Sir—This was a bad assignment for me. I got the lay, but some other chap will get the story. I am alone. My dogs have run away. They will starve. I've food, but no fuel. I shall freeze in a few hours. It's a cold deal, and I'm scooped.

If any one discovers me, I want my body shipped to you. Bury it where it's warmer than it is here. I'd like it to thaw out. I detest a fellow who is too stiff to unbend on proper occasions.

I haven't any convenient sack of dust with which to defray expenses. Charge it to the news department and let the story of my death offset it. Don't let anybody step in with a distant relative gag. I am going to my people now. They were in a warmer climate when they started over, but they are just as dead as I'll ever be. Goodby.

Put this on the first page and don't let the foreman make over and kill me off. Top head and double leaded, you know. Make it lively to make up for my present lonesomeness. I'm giving it to you because I always preferred the evening paper. Put it on the A. P. wire early. Yours in the flesh. CLYDE FRENCH.

Then followed a statement, undated and unsigned, to the effect that a party

I STARED AT IT A MOMENT.

of prospectors had discovered French's body and had delivered it to a Greek priest, who, in turn, had embalmed it and sent it out to me C. O. D.

I gave the documents to my city editor and directed that the man on the Alaska desk write a glowing introduction. Then I went down the hill to Slabb's for a look at my property.

I had never before seen a body which had died of freezing. The shock at sight of French's remains was distinct. There lay the body in its rough prospector's dress, bearded and ruddy of color! I stared at it a moment and then became convinced that it was a hoax; that the man was alive and lying there to complete a ghoulish, practical joke on me. But after Slabb had made me touch the firm, cold flesh and had explained that frostbitten bodies often showed ruddy tints upon thawing I went into the office to think it over.

I directed Slabb to dress the body properly and care for it for a few days while I should endeavor to locate friends of the departed.

After the story had gone over the Associated Press day wire I followed it with a query for information and asked all Associated Press papers to make a search for relatives. French's story created the sensation the poor fellow had foreseen, but the relatives I had hoped for did not materialize. I began to have a great respect for the dead reporter.

I went to Slabb's after the body had rested there just one week and told him to send it to the city receiving vault in a respectable coffin, to remain there while I made further search.

"No need of sending him away," said Slabb. "Let him lie here. He's the finest bit of embalming I've seen in my life."

Then he led me into a back room, insisting that I look at his guest. Uncovering a plain coffin, he looked in. Instantly the satisfied look of the expert undertaker changed to one of horror, and I saw Slabb spring back with a startled exclamation. Then I looked and felt my own blood chill, for that thing in the coffin had shrunk six inches in a week, and its graveclothes collapsed all about it!

We called in a physician, and after a long consultation the body was stripped, accurately measured and dressed in a new outfit of clothing. Then we established a watch over it, noting the daily appearance. At the end of a week there had developed a decided shrinkage—something over five inches—in the length of the body. A close examination disclosed the fact that it was shrinking symmetrically. My 200 pound friend would not know his own body now. It had dwindled to 160 pounds.

The excitement really commenced with my publication that night of this second sensation in the peculiar actions of Clyde French's remains. The Associated Press authorities questioned my account, and I invited them to send a special agent to verify it. He came, and forthwith a daily account of our lively dead went over the A. P. wire. French's remains from a transient guest at Slabb's became the center of an excited nation's attention. It would have done the poor fellow good had he foreknown that his story was now to move up to first page, first column, No. 1 head, and remain there indefinitely.

First the city physicians examined him and noted the daily shrinkage. Then began the pilgrimages from curious suburbs and skeptical county seats. Then Slabb established visiting hours, and only professional men were allowed a view. The executive body of the National Association of Undertakers crossed the continent and passed an opinion on the phenomenon, and the governor of the state issued a proclamation, an act which gave my property official recognition.

The undertakers said in their wisdom that the Greek priest of the far north had embalmed the body after some old and to them unknown formula; that he had evidently used poor materials or had mixed his fluids carelessly; that a well embalmed body might dry out, dry up and turn to powder, but for a body to shrink systematically and preserve its smooth exterior was not according to rule. Wise men, those!

At the end of two months it had shrunk to four feet in length and to 100 pounds in weight. Perfectly symmetrical, perplexingly ruddy, plentifully bearded and plumply smooth of skin, it was a wonder. The tailor asked me how soon he might put knee pants on it.

Then the experts came from the great medical colleges of the country and decided to treat the body with sundry fluids to arrest its shrinking. But their treatment failed of results, and on their report being published abroad the rulers of many lands appointed medical representatives to cross the seas and view my property. At the cabled request of the czar of all the Russias we placed the body in a glass case, which was hermetically sealed. Thus protected from the air, the shrinkage ceased, and we waited for the royal experts to assemble.

The hotels were running over with scientists, who burrowed through mazes of books on chemical subjects and ancient burial rites. All Seattle caught the fever, and men talked excitedly of the secrets of embalming on street corners and even in cafes.

When the international scientific aggregation was complete we moved the glass case containing my property to the stage of the state university assembly room, where it remained a month, guarded by a committee at night and lectured over by foreign notables during the day. At the end of the month they were ready for more shrinking, and the glass case was opened.

The shrinking commenced promptly, and for another month the world read daily bulletins on the progress of diminution. When it had shrunk to a perfectly formed man's body three feet in length, I asked for a hearing, but the scientists had forgotten me. So I went to Slabb and did some plain talking, with the result that we went to the university with an escort of police, sealed the thing into a new glass case and locked it in a big box in the safety deposit vaults. Then, with the key in my pocket, I retired to my private office and waited for international science to come to me.

It came and argued and bothered till I was ready to destroy the thing. Finally, after international science had organized and appointed a committee with power to act, I gave the body into its keeping for thirty days on two conditions: First, Slabb was to be guardian of it and return it to me at the end of the time; second, Slabb was to be handsomely paid for his services.

The conditions were fulfilled, and when I received my property it was a bit over two feet in length. Then we sealed it in a heavy glass tube made expressly for our purpose and locked it away in my safety deposit vault under an agreement with international science to leave it there for a year. Then they should assemble and reopen the subject.

Tomorrow the year will be gone. Today Slabb and I went to the vault to take my property out and prepare it for tomorrow's inspection. Already international science is here in droves, and we had to work secretly to avoid them. Luckily we did, for unwrapping the glass tube we found that international science had either tricked us or itself or made a signal error, for the sealing of the glass tube had crumpled, and my property had indulged in a year's undisputed shrinking.

It now measures one and three-fourths inches in length. Inspected through a magnifying glass, it is seen

MY PROPERTY HAD INDULGED IN A YEAR'S SHRINKING.

to be symmetrical, ruddy and smooth. We have it sealed in a small bottle, and I have it in my pocket as I write.

I am puzzled as to what to do with it. Tempting offers have been made to me by great museums to sell it outright. One big medical institute wants it in the interest of science, and a check for $1,000,000 awaits me if I will deliver it to the trustees. A noted theatrical manager has offered to form a syndicate to exhibit it and pay me a princely rental.

On the other hand, the churches are clamoring to have this human thing buried out of sight where nature may do with it according to her laws.

I would welcome some good advice on the subject at this very moment. For myself, I confess to a keen desire to smash my bottle, lay my shrinking wonder on a table and dare it to do its last and final turn in this catalogue of sensations; to shrink out of my sight, out of physical existence, into nothing and into eternal oblivion.

* * * * * * * *

"You surely do not expect me to print such an abominable lie as that," said the city editor with decision.

"Not as news," replied the marine reporter complacently, "but as a lie pure and simple I think it has merit. I have often heard you say," continued the reporter, "that any one could write a good story if he wasn't too much hampered by facts. Now, it does not follow that any one can write a lie and make it appear to meet the requirements of fact. I happened to be a guest at the noonday breakfast on board the battle ship Oregon yesterday, and the whole table turned in to see who could turn out the best set up lie. I must say that they shoot straight in the navy. Some of those lies were cheerful efforts that went to my head like champagne. Well, finally it got around to me. All I could say was that they had me abjectly on the defensive. They stormed me with complimentary remarks about my ability as a scribe and frankly observed that a newspaper man ought to be able to unwind the champion fabrication in any collection. So I told them I would make my attempt in the Saturday night issue."

"And this is the 'attempt?'" observed the city editor, pointing to the manuscript with his blue pencil.

"That is the shell that is to blow the Oregon out of the water," said the marine man.

"In that case," said the city editor, "it's the honor of the profession that's concerned. I don't see any way but to go after the navy."

When the officers of the Oregon opened their evening papers that night they looked at once for the promised effort and read the foregoing tale.

### Clever Comparison.

"There isn't much difference between me and Eve," said the little girl who was forced to wear her big sister's cast off skirts.

"How is that?" asked her chum.

"Why, Eve had to wear leaves and I have to wear leavings."—Philadelphia Record.

## AMERICANIZING MEXICO

### Influence of Our Methods In the Southern Republic.

### PEACEFUL EXPANSION AT WORK.

**Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., Tells How the Power of Money, Example and Energy Are Lifting a Nation From the Tenth Century Into the Twentieth. Our Ways Eagerly Adopted.**

Under the influence of American capital and ideas the Mexican people, says Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., in the September World's Work, are "leaping from the tenth century into the twentieth." Mexico's 13,500,000 inhabitants are "growing a thousand years in as many weeks."

Seven thousand land barons own nearly the whole territory of the republic, and the peons have been their serfs. By the side of this system of feudalism is an investment of 500,000,000 American dollars, with life and progress in its train. The peon earns 15 cents a day and is always in debt to his patron, who holds him permanently by this obligation and transfers him along with it when he sells his estate. But the Americans have come in with their railroads, farms, smelters and vast farming operations and have been bidding up the price of labor. They pay 75 cents, $1 and more. The peon pays off his debts and becomes a man. The government offers free education to his children, from the alphabet to the highest degree, and expects soon to make schooling compulsory.

Trade with the United States increases even when general commerce declines. In 1901-2 we sold to the Mexicans about a third more than all the rest of the world combined and bought from them four times as much as they sold to all other nations.

In spite of many drawbacks American capital is pouring in. Kansas City alone has sent $50,000,000 within the past five years. Seventy per cent of all the American money invested in the country has gone into railroads. The Mexican Central alone has absorbed $150,000,000, the National $107,500,000. Eighty per cent of all the railroad capital of Mexico is American. There are now over 11,000 miles of rails in the country, and the amount is steadily increasing.

Americans own all the important systems but three and are heavy stockholders in these. They have recently bought the National from the British and the Gulf line from the Belgians. They furnish the operating officers, the conductors and engineers and sometimes the rest of the train crews.

The old Mexican mines are being rejuvenated by American methods. Americans are improving the great ranches and developing the manufacture of cotton faster than it can be grown at home, so that some of the material has to be imported from the Uned States.

Americans have started factories of all kinds. They have built great irrigation dams and canals.

The Mexicans are eagerly adopting American ways. They have the American circus; they use typewriters more generally than the Parisians; they have a wireless telegraph system across the gulf of California, and they hope that when Diaz is gone they will be able to show us that they are able, like ourselves, to elect a new president without a revolution.

## CADETS MAY SMOKE PIPES.

**West Pointers Can Indulge In the Weed From Now On.**

The cadets of the United States Military academy are no longer prohibited from smoking, says the New York Times. As the parade the other evening was about to end and just as the adjutant was preparing to read the "skin list" the officer in charge handed him an order to read. It said that pipes and tobacco would be procurable in future at the cadet store and that smoking would be allowed in quarters during recreation hours as well as in the outdoor court included by the quadrangular barracks. Superintendent Mills made the change after obtaining the consent of Secretary of War Root several weeks ago. The "supe," as the cadets call Colonel Mills, has always been popular with the corps, but now all hands are singing his praises.

While it has been noticed that the sudden freedom has caused an undue amount of smoking at first, the army officers at the post are confident the final result will be good. Colonel Mills hopes to lessen cigarette smoking by allowing pipes, for with the latter easy to get and the former only to be obtained with great difficulty it is argued that the smokers of the corps will grow fond of pipes. Neither cigarettes nor cigars are to be sold at the store.

### Seeking Russian Treasure.

A Russian merchant named Zimmiakoff is causing the bed of the Volga in Russia to be examined near Katow in an endeavor to find a treasure which is said to be valued at upward of $15,000,000, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The fantastic story is circulated that this treasure was cast into the river by the once famous brigand, Stenkoy Razynin. The story goes that, pursued by Cossacks, the brigand threw away this immense hoard of gold and jewels accumulated during a life of crime. The spot was only known to five leaders of the band. The last, who has just died, revealed, it is said, the secret to the merchant.

### Military Watchdogs.

The military posts at the German naval port of Wilhelmshaven are fitted out with watchdogs. Each sentry has one dog by the leash and lets it loose when suspicious people refuse to stop.

## ABDUL'S COSTLY SLEEP.

**Big Price For Slumber That Is Paid by Turkey's Sultan.**

Sleep that costs $900 a night seems pretty expensive, but that is what the sultan of Turkey, who is right in the public eye at the present time, is now paying for the privilege of more or less tranquil repose, writes the Constantinople correspondent of the Washington Post. The money is received by the members of the special military staff which guards Abdul Hamid's bedroom and which consists of two generals, a colonel, a major, a captain and several soldiers. For their night's work each of the two generals gets 50 Turkish pounds, or about $235; the colonel 40, the major 35, the captain 30 and each soldier 1, the entire amount aggregating slightly over $900 in American money. The officers and men get their fee every morning immediately they have been relieved and don't have to wait for it like some pretty big nations to whom Abdul Hamid owes money.

This expensive night guard of the sultan's has been maintained by him only since the recent assassination of the royal couple of Servia. Of course the timorous ruler of Turkey always has been particularly well guarded at night, but the murders at Belgrade scared Abdul Hamid almost out of his wits, and he immediately determined that he would surround his bedchamber with the most vigilant men who could be secured and make it to their interest to protect him. The command of the special night guard is intrusted to eight of the sultan's most faithful generals, two of whom are on duty every night. Owing chiefly to this and other precautions that the ruler has adopted recently it is estimated that the weekly expense of running Yildiz kiosk is over $80,000.

## NEW HOME FOR BOERS.

**A Colony to Be Established In Old Mexico.**

Negotiations have been closed for the purchase in old Mexico, 100 miles from the Texas border, of 100,000 acres, which are to be used in providing homes for 300 Boer families to be brought from South Africa by Jan. 1, says the St. Louis Republic. The land lies in the state of Tamaulipas, and was selected from a tract of 1,000,000 acres, on the balance of which the former citizens of the Transvaal republic have an option.

Announcement of the close of the negotiations was made the other night by Captain W. S. O'Donnell, who fought under General Joubert in the war in Africa and who has just returned from old Mexico in company with General G. D. Joubert, a nephew of the noted Boer fighter.

"The climate of old Mexico is similar to that of South Africa," said Captain O'Donnell, "and it is believed that the Boer people will find it agreeable. There are about 500,000 Boers in South Africa, and many of them are leaving the country. I believe that thousands of them will eventually settle in old Mexico.

"The land which we have purchased was owned by Senator Butler of South Carolina and Senator Pettigrew of North Dakota. The price agreed upon is $3.50 per acre, and we will have twelve years in which to pay it. The Mexican government has agreed to exempt the Boers from taxation for the next fifteen years."

Captain O'Donnell says the Boers in the Transvaal are extremely poor. The gold mines, he says, are now owned by an immense syndicate and only a few of them are in operation.

## NEW AUTO FOR THE ARMY.

**Will Carry Horseshoer's, Saddler's and Other Outfits.**

Equipped with horseshoer's, saddler's, carpenter's and blacksmith's outfits, an auto car for use in the United States army will leave New York city for Washington in a few days, where, after inspection by the department officials, it will be sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for a test in actual service, says the New York Press. The auto is a large box on wheels, with many doors. The car, stripped of its equipment, weighs 6,500 pounds, and the equipment as sent on by Uncle Sam for the test weighs 4,000 pounds.

The auto car is twelve and a half feet long and the frame is of five inch channel steel. The rear wheels are fifty-six inches in diameter and the forward wheels forty-eight inches. The engine is of the four cylinder type and of twenty-four horse power. The gasoline tank contains a supply sufficient to propel the machine 300 miles. The engine is of the kind known as four speed, and is calculated to drive the machine at any speed up to ten miles an hour. Lubricating tubes, which feed automatically, carry oil to every part of the machine needing it.

An auxiliary engine on one side of the machine operates a dynamo, lathe and a grindstone for sharpening tools.

### The Coming of Autumn.

The roses are gone, but the beautiful glow
Of the goldenrod spreads where the soft breezes blow.
The hills that were green and loomed near in July
Seem distant and bluishly blend with the sky
Beyond where the slender streams lazily flow,
'Neath the elms that were green but a glad week ago,
Brown leaves are beginning to flit to and fro,
The last of the nestlings has learned how to fly.
The roses are gone.

But where the vines stretch in many a row
Rich clusters of grapes are beginning to show
Their soft tints of purple, and thick on the dry,
Brown turf 'neath the trees the ripe apples lie;
Oh, the world is still good, still is lovely, although
The roses are gone.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

## EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

**Timely Facts About the American Colleges.**

Owing to the widespread interest regarding the imperiled American Christian colleges for young men in Turkey, the American board of commissioners for foreign missions is about to issue a report on the subject, translated from the Turkish, says the Boston Transcript. It comes from Aintab, central Turkey, and contains the following:

These colleges, according to the order of their dates of establishment, are: Robert college, at Constantinople; Syrian Protestant college, at Beirut; Central Turkey college, at Aintab; Euphrates college, at Karput; Anatolia college, at Marsovan, and St. Paul's institute, at Tarsus. Beirut college, in the growth of its courses of study, variety of branches, accommodation of its buildings and completeness of its equipments and apparatus, has been making very rapid progress, so that the value of its present property is not less than 100,000 lire, nearly $400,000. The number of its teachers in various branches is more than forty, ten of whom are professors. There are now 1,489 students in the colleges, 771 of whom are Armenians.

There is one point in which none of the others can be compared with Robert college. The latter holds the greatest number of the officers in governmental departments. It is able to show among its graduates lieutenants, generals, commanders, judges, mayors, governors, ambassadors and even cabinet members and prime ministers, and these are not merely some exceptions, but nearly one-fourth of its graduates have attained one or the other of these high positions. This superiority may be ascribed partly to its high standard of education and largely to its important geographical situation in a central point between Asia and Europe. Many famous Armenian professors in Constantinople, also well known merchants, physicians and editors, are graduates of Robert college. The Euphrates college has suffered most from the disturbances. The tendency in its vicinity to leave the country has been so strong that, besides the number of the students being diminished, many hopeful graduates and even teachers of the college have left the country for foreign lands.

## DOWIE'S GREAT HOST.

**Eight Trains to Bring 3,000 Restorationists to New York.**

Dr. John Alexander Dowie of Chicago, who will invade New York next month with his 3,000 restoration host, has fixed up his train schedule, says the New York World. The host will virtually camp in Madison Square Garden for two weeks, and the 3,000 will attempt to call at all homes and business places of Greater New York with a card and the salutation "Peace to Thee."

The card reads in part: "Zion restoration host and organization of the Christian Catholic church in Zion in obedience to the command of Jesus Christ to 'Go and make disciples of all nations,' is going forth by thousands throughout the world bearing the Master's message of 'Peace' to all people. They bring to you today a message from a man of God, sent in fulfillment of the prophecy to prepare the world for the coming King. They ask you to read and consider."

Then follows a long Dowie interpretation of the Scriptures. A band, a choir of 100 and a junior choir of children will accompany the host.

The train leaves Chicago on Oct. 14, arriving in New York Oct. 16. The schedule follows:

| | Leave Zion City. | Leave Chicago. | Leave New York. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania. | 9:30 a.m. | 12:45 p.m. | 7:30 a.m. |
| B. and O. | 10:00 a.m. | 1:00 p.m. | 6:00 a.m. |
| Erie | 10:30 a.m. | 11:00 p.m. | 8:00 a.m. |
| Grand Trunk | 11:30 a.m. | 2:30 p.m. | 8:00 a.m. |
| Mich. Central | 12:00 m. | 3:00 p.m. | 8:00 a.m. |
| Wabash | 12:30 p.m. | 3:30 p.m. | 8:00 a.m. |
| Lake Shore | 1:00 p.m. | 3:30 p.m. | 7:30 p.m. |
| Nickel Plate | 3:00 p.m. | 5:30 p.m. | 9:00 a.m. |

Dowie will hold meetings in New York from Oct. 18 to Nov. 10 inclusive.

### Silk Dresses From Wood Pulp.

A report from the consul at Stettin seems to indicate that wooden dresses and stockings and other articles may soon become a feature of the feminine attire, for the consul writes that a British firm is now erecting at Sydowsau, near Stettin, a factory for the production of artificial silk from wood pulp by a new process. The pulp is treated with chemicals and pressed by hydraulic power through minute tubes into a further chemical bath, after which the finished produce is spun. It can be woven into any desired fabric, and the result is said to be equal to fine silk.

### The World's Biggest Barracks.

The new naval barracks at Portsmouth, England, part of which have just been taken over by the admiralty, are to be the largest barracks in the world. Hammocks slung from the ceiling have been substituted for beds in the new institution.

### To Oust the Mule.

Poor ole mule! Dey's aftuh you ag'in
Wif auto cars an' air ships dat 'll travel like de win';
Dey's ringin' in a zebra dat 'll spile you fam'ly tree
An' fix you up wif stripes till you is funny as kin be!

You used to be right comf'able an' happy till you went
An' got a job a-workin' foh de U. S. gov-er'ment.
You had to jine de ahmy an' be active in de fray
Instid of haulin' wagons in de good ole fashioned way.

You's gone de way of vanity; you had to put on airs,
An' purty soon you'll be lef' out of dis here world's affairs;
Dey 'll crowd you off de towpath, leave you standin' like a fool,
Wifout a friend to cuss you out, you mis'able ole mule!

—Washington Star.