Essex County Herald.

VOL. XXXIV — ISLAND POND, VT., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1906. — NO. 8.

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Sessions of said Court will be held at Island Pond the second Tuesday of October and January 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.

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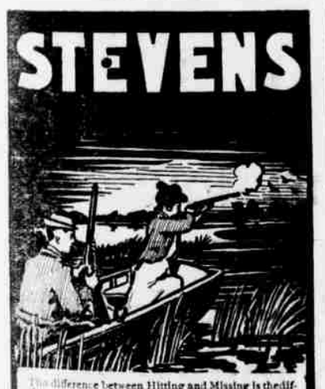

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ISLAND POND, VERMONT.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

It Is Probably the Oldest Pastime Known to Man.

The oldest game known to man is chess. The origin of this game, or mimic battle, as Goldsmith called it in his translation of Vida, dates back to 3000 B. C. It is rich in legendary anecdotes, and its venerable nomenclature has been transmitted through all changes in language from the earliest tongues of the Indo-European to the latest.

A peculiar thing about chess, with its combination of idle amusement and extreme mental toil, is that it is the only game sanctioned by priesthoods of all beliefs. The principal piece in the game derives its name, king, from the Persian shah, or ruler.

Many men whose names have gone down to posterity, such as Charlemagne, Tamerlane, Frederick the Great, Charles XII., Voltaire, Rousseau and Ben Franklin, have been devotees and students of the game.

Chess is Asiatic in origin, and originally more attention was paid to it by Asiatic students and philosophers than by men of western countries. Of late years, however, its popularity has greatly increased among western nations, and national chess tournaments are now held by experts from nearly all countries.

The history of chess may be divided into three periods—the age of the primeval Indian game, extending from its origin down to the sixth century A. D.; the age of the mediaeval chess, from the sixth century to the sixteenth century, and the age of the modern chess, from the last of the sixteenth century to the present day. Of course many changes in the method of play took place in the course of development of the game, and as it is played now it is different from the game the ancients knew.

Chess has been played in nearly every country. Chessboards have been found among the ruins at Pompeii, and in the Roman Forum one may still see the outline of a checkerboard roughly scratched on the stone walk by some senatorial page of Caesar's time. In the orient both games have been played from time immemorial.

Careless With His Money.

Anecdotes of Professor Lombroso, the Italian scientist, are given by his daughter in the "Nuova Antologia." The professor is now seventy years old, but extremely willful, and although he asks the advice of his family in everything, always acts contrary to it. When asked to put on evening clothes he often instead dons a lounge suit. His indifference to money is proverbial. When he goes out he puts bank notes in the same pocket with his handkerchief, so that when he draws out the latter the bank notes are lost. Now, however, after frequently finding himself without money while traveling, the professor fills all his pockets with bank notes, thus hoping never to be entirely without funds, even if the contents of one pocket should be lost.

Twenty Year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; which turned the tide by curing both. Still not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farmville, Va., Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds. 25c at John W. Thurston's, druggist.

HOW THE SEXES DIFFER.

Contrary Ways of Men and Women In Doing the Same Thing.

Ever watched a man as he takes a chair? He'll move it—every time, even if it's only an inch. He would not sit in it just where it was for the world. Watch him next time and see if he doesn't move it. A woman will seat herself without touching the chair. A woman is more philosophical anyhow.

Men are queer creatures, as every one knows. A man will always stir his coffee before drinking it. This is very foolish. He should taste it first to see if it needs stirring.

Few men open their personal correspondence without looking at the postmarks to see the time of posting. Women, on the other hand, tear open the envelope at once. They are in too much of a hurry to waste any time.

When a man puts on his hat he almost always looks inside it first. What he expects to see remains a mystery, but he looks for it, all the same.

He subjects the point of his pen to the same careful scrutiny before commencing to write a letter. A woman starts right off, jabs her pen in the ink pot and straightway begins to scribble as if her life depended on it.

It is the man who reads with his back to the light, holding his book in one hand. Herein lies wisdom. A woman rests her book on the table and leans both elbows thereon. But the foolishness of the man's act lies in the fact that he is seeking comfort and seldom takes this position because it is the most scientific one. Of course he finds it isn't comfortable. His arm aches after the first ten minutes, whereupon he puts his book down and remarks he is going out.

It is the man who lets out secrets—not by telling them, but by ill timed silence; He does worse; by refusing to gratify the curiosity of his questioners he invariably causes them to jump to conclusions much more damaging than the truth of the matter.—New York Press.

Only 82 Years Old.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by John W. Thurston, druggist. Price 50c.

An Embarrassing Joke.

When Lord Eldon was appointed deputy professor of law at Oxford university he was made the victim of an embarrassing practical joke, of which he gives the following account in his journal: "Immediately after I was married I was appointed deputy professor of law at Oxford, and the law professor sent me the first lecture, which I had to read immediately to the students and which I began without knowing a single word that was in it. It was upon the statute of young men running away with maidens. Fancy me reading with about 150 boys and young men all giggling at the professor!" The secret of the situation, of course, lay in the fact that Lord Eldon had just returned from his own elopement.

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

The Infallible Test For Distinguishing Mushrooms.

The best way to tell the common English mushroom from a toadstool is to have some one show you one where it grows, if possible, says a horticulturist. Then take the mushroom or a little of the soil or compost where it grew and smell at the root, or what you would call the root. The fine, white, threadlike filaments adhering to the lower end of the mushroom are the fungus proper, and they emit a very peculiar odor, rather pleasant, that is an unfailing sign of the true mushroom. When one has noted it once it will never be forgotten. The lamellas on the lower side of the umbrella should be violet pink, but if the mushroom is past its prime they will be brown or almost black, when it is only fit for gravies. The size, color and shape all vary according to the locality where found. As they are often gathered before they are open, one cannot see the violet pink lamellas, but the odor is the same, always there; and is, in short, the infallible test.

Old Fashioned Mead.

To make the old time beverage called mead proceed as follows: To every gallon of water put five pounds of strained honey (the water must be hot when you add the honey) and boil it three-quarters of an hour, skimming it well. Then put in hops tied in a thin bag (allowing an ounce or a handful to each gallon) and let it boil half an hour longer. Strain it into a tub and let it stand four days. Then pour it into a cask (or into a demijohn if the quantity is small), adding for each gallon of mead a gill of brandy and a sliced lemon. If a large cask, do not bottle it till it has stood a year.

Keeps Out Ants and Bugs.

To keep ants out of closets and the drawers, draw a line with a brush dipped in the following solution round the shelf to be protected. No ants will cross it: Corrosive sublimate, one ounce; muriate of ammonia, two ounces; water, one pint. This solution will also destroy bedbugs if applied with a brush or a feather to the cracks in the bed.

The mixture is a deadly poison, must be labeled as such and kept out of the children's reach.

To Tie Shoe Laces.

The following is a good hint for tying shoe laces so that they shall not come loose: Proceed exactly in the same way as if you were tying an ordinary bow, but pass the right-hand loop through the knot before drawing it up, and give a steady pull on both loops. It should be remembered, however, when untying that the right-hand string must be pulled, for if the other is pulled it will only tighten the knot.

Helpful Hints.

Handkerchiefs will look better and iron better if a little borax is added to the last rinsing water.

A piece of camphor put into the water will keep flowers fresh for a long time, so it is said.

Mud spots on silk can generally be removed by rubbing with a piece of linen dipped in benzine or alcohol.

Cleaning Painted Surfaces.

When cleaning paint use warm water and a little ammonia. Take a clean, soft flannel and wet as much as the arm can reach. Wash and wring the flannel and rub the paint until quite clean. Dry the surface thoroughly and polish with a soft cloth.

Cleaning Copper Kettles.

Take a handful of common salt, enough vinegar and flour to make a paste and mix together thoroughly. There is nothing better for cleaning copper. After using the paste wash thoroughly with hot water, rinse in cold water and wipe dry.

The Care of Pillows.

Don't expose the pillows to the sun, as it draws the oil out of the feathers. The bed and bedding should be given a daily sun bath, but the pillows should be placed out of the sunlight and in a direct current of air.

Mildewed Linen.

To take mildew from linen rub the spots with soap, scrape chalk over them, rub them well, lay the linen on the grass in the sun and as it dries wet it a little. The spots should come out in two applications.

House Plants.

Equal parts of milk and lukewarm water applied gently with a sponge should be used to clean the leaves of house plants. This should be done at least once a week to keep the plants in good condition.

Spots on White Silk.

To remove stains from white silk wet with javelle water or with chlorinated soda, hold taut over the nose of a boiling teakettle for three minutes, then lay in the sun.

CONDENSED STORIES.

An Interruption That Won a Case For a Witty Lawyer.

Wickliffe Matthews, the San Francisco lawyer, tells the following:

A case came on for trial for the recovery of rents for the occupation of a house, which were unpaid. After the plaintiff had proved his case and

THE PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY INTERRUPTED.

rested, Michael McGrath, attorney for the defendant, in making his opening statement to the jury, said:

"The defense in this case is that the premises are not fit for human habitation. The house is old and in poor condition, the posts of the back porch rotted and the west corner gone down, the front porch sunk, the dining room floor lower on one side than on the other, the roof about to fall in, and in fact, everything about the house is old, dilapidated and settled."

The plaintiff's attorney here interrupted. "There is something about the house that has not settled."

"What's that?" said Mr. McGrath.

"Why, the defendant has not settled for the rent."

And the jury so found.—Green Bag.

A Questionable Rebuke.

The late Susan B. Anthony was once talking in Washington about the nude in art.

"The nude in art is all very well in its way, I have no doubt," she said, "but there is one thing about it that I particularly object to. That is the habit some men have of smoking pipes with nude women carved on the bowl or of carrying canes with nude women on the handles or of wearing rings that contain cameos of nude women.

"There was a certain high dignitary of the church who once rebuked this habit.

"The thing happened in the days when it was fashionable to take snuff. It was at the end of a dinner, and a distinguished nobleman (let us call him Lord Jones) extended his snuffbox to the clergyman and said, bowing and smiling:

"'Snuff, sir?'

"The other opened the box and took a pinch of the brown powder within. It was a gold box, and in a circle of brilliants a nude woman was portrayed in bright enamel. The clergyman frowned as he saw the picture. Lord Jones smiled. Intentionally perhaps he had given this affront.

"But Lord Jones' smile vanished quickly as the clergyman said, tapping the nude figure with his finger:

"'Very pretty. Is it Lady Jones?'"

A Sargent Story.

J. S. Sargent, the artist, is cosmopolitan to a degree. He is the son of American parents, he was born in Florence, gained some of his education in Germany and France and makes England his home. One of the first masters he studied under was the great Carolus Duran. Leaving him to strike out when little more than a boy, Duran, deploring his departure, told him that if he stayed with him another seven years he would make an artist of him. But Sargent's genius developed with wonderful rapidity at that time, and by the age of twenty-three it was obvious to Carolus Duran, as to the world, that he had made an artist of himself despite the lack of that seven years. Mr. Sargent has been accused of absent-mindedness, and the failing is certainly borne out by the story of a Christmas day party to which he was invited. Writing to accept, he said that as, he remembered, Christmas day fell last year on the 25th, he concluded its date would now be a day later, the 26th.—London Tatler.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Wonderful Woman Was This Wife of Noah.

In a certain old family it was the father's custom to read each evening a part of the Bible to his family and then explain what he had read. One day his son pasted a number of the pages of the Bible together and eagerly awaited the evening's reading. That evening, when all the family was gathered together, the father began.

"When Noah was 110 years old he took unto himself a wife. This wife was"—

Here the father turned over the page. Not noticing that they were pasted, he continued:

"One hundred and forty cubits long and sixty cubits wide, made of solid timbers and coated with pitch on the inside and out."—College Magazine of Fun.

One Woman's Way.

"I am going to marry you, my plover," said the lovesick lover.

"But he is neither handsome nor wealthy," protested the girl's mother.

"I know," replied the girl, "but I guess there's nothing else for me to do. I'm tired of having him dictate to me, and after marriage I'll show him how dictating should be done."—Chicago News.

Minus.

"When our heiresses bring back foreign noblemen with them when they return from Europe it is a wonder the government doesn't charge them duty."

"Huh! If the duty were ad valorem the government would be taking the heiresses' money."—Philadelphia Press.

Proven.

Magistrate—The evidence shows that you threw a stone at this man.

Mrs. O'Hooligan—Faith, then, the looks of the baste ... better 'n that, yer honor. They shows I 'it 'im!—Punch.

Where the Wheels Stop.

"Most of our patients," said the superintendent of the insane asylum, "are rational enough except on one subject."

"And what is that?" queried the visitor.

"They think they are sane," answered the superintendent.—Detroit Tribune.

Endurance.

"A woman can endure more than a man," remarked Mr. Meekton's wife.

"That's right, Henrietta," was the reply. "Look at the ice cream, soda water and lobster salad she can endure without flinching."—Washington Star.

Not Art, but Salesmanship.

"D'Auber's paintings sell very well, don't they?" remarked Crittick.

"No," replied Schmeerer jealously; "I wouldn't say that. I should say he sells his paintings very well."—Houston Post.

Just the Thing.

Guest (to proprietor of summer hotel)—That's great music you have with the meals.

Proprietor—Like it, do you?

"Splendid! Makes me forget that I'm not getting enough to eat."—New York Life.

With the Window Open.

"I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day," said the disconsolate small girl.

"What for?"

"'Cause mother and father don't like our new neighbors."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Species.

Butcher—All the pigs in this city are killed right here, ma'am.

Lady (disgustedly)—No, they're not. There were five in the end seats of the car I came down in this morning.—Baltimore American.

Long Shots.

Mother—Why don't you play popular music on the piano, Dora?

Dora—Because I take after papa, and I hear he never plays favorites.—Yonkers Statesman.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Vanishing Ball Trick and How It Is Performed.

With a sharp penknife whittle a large cork in the form of a ball about an inch in diameter. Take a strong pin and bend a loop in it about like inches long, allowing the ends to be half with a little wax, or better still, by forcing the ends into the cork. Now pass the forefinger of your right hand through the loop, letting the ball lie at the palm where you have it. Place your left hand over the right, and at the same time separate the forefinger from the second of your right, quickly push the ball with the middle of the right hand between the open fingers. The ball falls at the back of the hand, which you keep in such position that the company cannot see the ball hanging behind. Remove the left hand, hold up if it contained the ball. Then open the hand and show it empty. With a little practice you can do it with a quick jerk throw the ball over your hand from the back into the palm and show that it has returned. For this you must make a movement as if catching it in the air. Now break off the last and give the ball to the company for examination.

How Seaweeds Grow.

Those of you that are fortunate enough to get to the seashore this summer no doubt will gather some specimens of seaweeds. Do you know that they grow without roots? In this respect they are altogether different from plants that grow on land, obtaining their nutritive energy from the water. Many of them float about in the water, but some are fastened to rocks and other things at the bottom of the sea by means of a disc with a sticky surface. Deep sea explorers tell us that some of the weeds found at the bottom are larger than any of the trees that grow on land. They form great groves and woods, with their branches interlaced, bearing arches and grottoes of wonderful beauty and of many colors—yellow, different shades of brown, olive, pink, green and carmine.

Indian Names.

Indian names are nearly always given on account of some act of the child's. If a boy, for instance, sees a bear and runs to the lodge he is likely to be called what, in their language, means "Run-from-a-bear," and he retains this name until some other notable act of his changes it. If, for example, he should kill a bear, he would no longer be called "Run-from-a-bear," but "Kill-a-bear." These names, given on account of personal acts or personal traits, seem very strange when translated into English, but they are quite natural in the original.

A Few Riddles.

If I were in a point and you were out of it, what would the point become? A pun.

Why is a duel always in the subjunctive mood? Because it is always (would) or (should) be.

What is the difference between a tunnel and an ear trumpet? One is a hollow cut and the other hollowed in.

Why is a lost article like a fog? Because it is (missed) mist.

What is that which is brought to table, always cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

A Candle in the Well.

When a well has to be cleaned it is customary to lower a candle into it; if the candle burns, the man who is to do the cleaning may descend with safety, but if it goes out, for him to descend would be almost certain death. Carbonic acid gas often lies at the bottom of a well, and lowering the candle is the test, for this gas will at once smother the light, just as it would smother the man. The flame and the man both live on oxygen, and both die in carbonic acid gas.

On the Road to London Town.

On the road to London town
We made an early start,
As soon as morning dawned I got
The old gray to the cart.

My good wife Joan the breakfast got
And dressed the baby, too,
So now we are dashing on to town—
Oh, don't you wish 'twas you?

A Wonderful Weighing Machine.

The Bank of England has in use a machine so delicately adjusted that it can give the accurate weight of a speck of dust, while the same machine will also weigh metal up to 400 pounds. A postage stamp placed on this scale will swing an indicator on a semicircle a space of six inches.