MAKING POWER.

How a Great Powerhouse Saves Labor, Heat, Time and Money.

From Charles Barnard's "Good-by '3876'" in February St. Nicholas.)

Miles away from New York, on the shore of a beautiful bay near a little town called Coa Cob, stands a handsome new building built of gray blocks of concrete. There are houses and farms on each side of the bay, and looking south down the bay we can see Long Island Sound and the distant hills of Long Island. Close beside the great building is a four-track railroad bridge over the bay. We wonder why the building is placed there close beside salt water and so close to the Sound. There is a long pier extending out from the shore where the building stands and at the end a landing-place for vessels.

There is a tugboat now, just coming up the bay from the Sound, and towing two big, black barges. She seems to be steering straight for the long pier that extends out to the channel in the middle of the bay. Even while we look at the tow, we see the captain of the tugboat skilfully lay one of the barges along the head of the pier, and place the other just aft of it. Then a singular things happens. Several men appear and tie up the barges and a moment or two later, strange hoisting machines are busy hoisting coal out of one of the barges and dumping the coal into a building on the pier. It takes us only a few moments to walk down to the pier, and then we learn that the coal, that is so rapidly hoisted out of the barge, is sent through the small building on the pier, where it is ground and crushed in heavy crushing machines to a uniform size. From this crusher house the coal, now fine like coarse gravel, pours in a stream into a trough and is swept away up a long incline to the top of the building on the bluff. This trough is called a conveyor, because it carries or conveys the coal. Within the building the conveyor delivers the coal to another conveyor in the garret, and this conveyor delivers the coal wherever it is needed. One glance up at the roof of the building and see the smokestack rising above the center of the roof. Now we begin to understand. This is a steam-making plant or powerhouse.

We go to the door and the engineer in charge invites us in to see his giant steam boilers. We enter a large and lofty room and find twelve great steam boilers, facing each other, six on each side, each one capable of producing steam equal to the power of 500 horses. The long and narrow space between the boilers is called the fireroom. Everything is warm, clean and light. No fiery doors, no heaps of coal or dust ashes—not a fireman in sight, not a gleam of light from the great fires burning behind the fire doors. The engineer explains that all the coal slides down through pipes from the conveyor overhead and is delivered to each roaring furnace by a machine called a mechanical stoker. Down below, in a tunnel running under the boilers, a man with a wheelbarrow gathers up the ashes that fall from the grate bars and wheels it away to a conveyor that carries it up to a spout where it shoots down again into a flat car on a railroad track where, once a day, it is carried away.

These great boilers rest firmly on the ground and are sheltered from rain and snow. The fire doors are seldom opened to waste the heat of the fire, and the mechanical stoker delivers just enough coal to each fire to keep it burning steadily and brightly and without wasteful black smoke. Clearly, this is a better method of making steam than on a locomotive racing through a snowstorm in a bitter icy wind. And how much cheaper it is. First, the coal arrives by water, and it is cheaper to transport coal by sea than by land. Secondly, all the coal is handled by machinery at great saving of time, labor and money. Lastly, the boilers are protected from the weather at a great saving of heat. Nor is this all.

The engineer takes us round back of the boilers and shows us great brick and iron chambers and explains that in these chambers are many hundreds of small iron pipes through which constantly flow streams of fresh cold water. All the smoke and hot gas from the twelve furnaces is led through these chambers twisting round and over the water pipes and then upward toward the great smokestack on the roof. The smoke and the heat the pipes and the water inside the pipes absorbs and carries away a large part of all the waste heat from the fires. These curious heat-stealing chambers are called economizers because they save or economize the heat of the fires. The hot water from the economizers is again made useful by being returned to the boilers to be again made into steam.

To come back to the firing room and the engineer explains that the conveyors bring the coal from the barges to the mechanical stokers that deliver it to the fires and that the conveyors also deliver coal to great storage coal bins to furnish a supply of coal when the barges are on a voyage or are delayed by storms. He also tells us why the great stack is so very short. A tall stack produces what is called natural draft. Here powerful steam engines up under the roof drive huge fans or blowers, that make an artificial draft called an induced draft, and with such blowing fans a short stack answers just as well as a tall stack.

The engineer leads us through a small door at the end of the firing room and we enter the light and handsome great engine room. Here we see three new and strange engines, wholly unlike the engines of a locomotive. We can hardly believe they are engines and the engineer tells us they are steam turbines, and that each one has a steam power equal to the power of four thousand horses. They have no cylinders, no piston rods beating back and fro. In fact, they are more like big revolving water wheels called turbines than engines and, as they use steam fresh from the boilers, and have exhaust steam, though we see no puffs of steam, and hear no roaring and puffing exhaust as on a locomotive, we ask where the exhaust escapes and what becomes of it all.

The engineer tells us that the exhaust steam is led through pipes to the basement below. He explains that under the engine room pier where the great conveyor brings the coal into the building are two flumes that connect the cold sea water directly with the basement. Here the steam pumps, called circulating pumps, draw in one flume the cold salt water into hundreds of small pipes enclosed in iron chambers, forcing the water through every pipe and keeping them all cold. The water, escaping from the pipes, flows back through the second flume to the bay. These chambers enclosing the cold pipes are called condensers, and the exhaust steam, still very hot, is led into the condensers. Here the steam meets the cold pipes and is chilled and condenses and turns back into water. The cold water circulating through the condensers takes up a part of the heat and carries it away into the bay, but we can not call this waste heat, for the cold water in becoming hot absorbs enough heat to change the steam back into fresh warm water ready to be returned with its heat to the boilers. How much better to use a part of the heat and save the water than to throw the steam away, heat, water and all. A locomotive throws its exhaust steam away, and we call it a noncondensing engine. These great engines, like the engine on a steamship, use condensers to turn the exhaust into water that can be returned still hot to the boilers, and we call them condensing engines. We now see that here in this great powerhouse every effort is made to save labor, save heat and save time and money. The aim is to produce great power at the lowest cost.

BETSY BRANDON'S GUEST.

A True Tale of How a Little Maid Entertained Gen. Washington.

(Caroline Mays Brevard in February St. Nicholas.)

It was a bright spring morning in 1791, and the sun shone as bright over the Brandon plantation as it did in the country town of Salisbury. Yet little Miss Betsy Brandon, sitting lonely and disconsolate on the piazza of the great plantation house, did not think of the sunshine, did not notice the gay tulips nodding good morning, did not listen to the merry songs of the birds, for her thoughts were in Salisbury, and she longed to be there.

For not more than an hour ago all the family had driven to town to see Gen. Washington, who was to be received there with great honor, and with as handsome a demonstration as the brave patriotic folk of the town and county could make for him.

It was a wonderful thing, this Southern tour of the general—now President of the United States. He had traveled in his family carriage all the way down from Virginia, through the Carolinas and Georgia near the coast to Savannah, and was now returning through the "upcountry," stopping at Augusta, Camden, Charlotte and other towns. All along the route people united to do him honor, and war-worn veterans who had followed his standard pressed near to grasp his hand.

And now that he was coming to Salisbury such grand things were to be done! Capt. John Baird, in command of the "Rowan Light Horse Company," had gone to meet him at Charlotte and escort him to Salisbury. A company of boys—one of whom was Betsy's brother—were to meet him half a mile from town and march as his escort with the men. And the boys were to be in uniform and were to wear buck tails in their hats. And Betsy's sister was to be one of the little girls, all dressed in white, to scatter flowers before the general when he entered the town. Oh, it would all be beautiful! Yet Betsy must stay at home.

Was it not a little hard? And was it altogether strange that twelve-year-old Betsy, in spite of the self-control taught by the strict old-time discipline, must, from time to time, wipe away the gathering tears?

Yet not every one had gone to Salisbury, for, after a while, Betsy was surprised to see two gentlemen riding up the avenue. On reaching the house they dismounted, and one—a gentleman of very grand and handsome appearance—bowed low to the little maid and asked if she would be kind enough to give breakfast to two tired wayferers.

Betsy curtsied, in a pretty, old-fashion way and said that as all the grown people had gone to town to see Gen. Washington, she was afraid the breakfast might not be very nice, but she would have something ready in a little while, and would they please be seated on the piazza.

"I am a plain old man," said the gentleman who had spoken, "and only want a cup of milk and a piece of cornbread."

The "plain old man" was very dignified and courteous, and there was something in his bearing so noble that somehow his little hostess felt that here was a man fit to stand with the greatest. "I promise you," he continued, "that you shall see Gen. Washington before any of your people do."

How that might be Betsy did not know, nor did she question. For there was something about this unexpected guest that won her trust from the beginning. So she hurried away to the kitchen to interview old Dinah. Then, while Dinah was making ready the hoecake, and Cindy was setting the table, Betsy herself ran down the hill to the spring house for the milk and butter. In a little while the simple repast was ready, and the guests were bidden to partake of it.

Betsy was pleased, as any hostess would have been, to see how the breakfast was enjoyed. Encouraged by the kindness of the gentleman who had promised that she should see Gen. Washington, she talked freely of the great doings in town that day. There was to be a grand reception in the afternoon and a ball at night. Her mother had the most beautiful gown for the ball, and no doubt all the other ladies had beautiful gowns. But her father would wear his old uniform. And then she told of how her father honored and loved Gen. Washington, and of how he said that he was the greatest man and the best in all the world.

But now the guests rose and he who had asked for the breakfast thanked Betsy for it. "The milk you gave me," he said, "is the best I have drunk for many a day, and the hoe-cake is delicious. I thank you for your kindness. I must now bid you farewell and go on my journey."

"Farewell, sir," said Betsy, curtsying. "But when—" for now the question would come—"when do I see Gen. Washington?"

She raised her eager eyes to meet those of the stranger who had given her the promise. With a kind smile he answered simply: "I am Gen. Washington."

Like other wonderful things it had all come about very naturally. The general was fatigued by his journey, and knowing that he would have little opportunity of rest during the day, left his party for awhile, and, with one attendant, rode on horseback to the Brandon house for some refreshment before going on to Salisbury, six miles further. And so it came to pass that the little girl in the North Carolina farmhouse not only saw the great man but entertained him at breakfast.

COPELAND WIT.

There is an instructor at Harvard who, on account of his eccentricity and his custom of giving every enjoyable Wednesday evening readings, is rather popular among the students. He dislikes exceedingly to be interrupted at his readings by anything, and even a person entering the room late is apt to call down on himself some bit of polite sarcasm. Just before Christmas this instructor was reading from Dickens' "Christmas Carol." As he reached the part where Tiny Tim 'beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, 'Hurrah!'" one student was amused, and, in attempting to suppress a laugh, let out a squeal that broke the strained silence of the others into an uproar of laughter. When it had subsided, the instructor, with a scorn and insinuation uncalled for by the story, read the next sentence: "There never was such a goose!" and stopped, while the students, suddenly appreciating, broke again into roars of laughter to the great discomfiture of the offending one.

DWIGHT MOODY'S CURE.

Dwight L. Moody once called on a ministerial brother in an eastern town, desiring to spend the next day, Sunday, with him. The minister was agreeable, but said that he was ashamed to ask Moody to preach.

"Why?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Well," was the reply, "our people have got such a habit of going out before the close of the meeting that it would be an imposition on a stranger.

"I will stop and preach," said Moody.

When Sunday arrived, Mr. Moody opened the meeting, and then encouragingly said: "My hearers I am going to speak to two sorts today—the sinners first, then the saints." After earnestly addressing the supposed sinners, he said that they could now take their hats and go. But the whole congregation waited and heard him to the end.

READY COMPREHENSION.

"Dicky," said the teacher, "what is the meaning of the word 'diadem?'"

"Dunno," answered Dicky.

"A diadem is a distinguished mark of royalty. Think you can remember that?"

"Yes'm, I guess so."

"Give me a sentence in which 'diadem' is used."

"I can't remember any, ma'am."

"Well, make one yourself."

"I'd druther not."

"Why, Dicky?"

"I don't think it's a nice word."

"But it is. It is a perfectly proper word. I am waiting for that sentence."

"Well, then, if I eat toadstools I'll diadem sight sooner than if I let 'em alone."—Chicago Tribune

VERMONT NOTES

ter. He did this with the full consent and approval of his children.

At the present time Concord has no town poor and no one is receiving help from the town.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Brown of Readsboro celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary last week.

A big elm tree, cut down in Bennington last week made nearly three cords of wood.

Complaint comes from Franklin that the continued cold weather is causing a shortage of water. Streams are frozen solid.

Lack of water due to great quantity of ice in the storage reservoir has caused Royalton to be without electric lights for a month past.

Fairlee has unearthed an old record book of the year 1860 in which the names of 258 adult residents are affixed to the temperance pledge.

James Mutch of Barre succeeds the late Ira E. Stafford of Rutland as secretary of the State branch of the American Federation of Labor.

Mrs. C. C. Colton of Bradford observed her 88th birthday Saturday with an informal reception from two until five o'clock in the afternoon.

Willard Bailey of Chester Depot, who is 85 years old, joins the ranks of "rare" gold dollar owners with a coin dated 1849, besides a $2.50-gold piece of the year 1824.

A former Manchester boy, Judge Charles H. Burritt of the Philippines, now on the way to the United States, has established a precedent by adopting a 16-year-old Filipino girl as his daughter.

Tyson teamsters are making the most of the good sledding on the mountains and are drawing logs on traverse sleds from the log piles. Before this bob sleds alone had to be used part of the way.

Charles Uford of West Wheelock has sold his large mill and extensive holdings of woodland and lumber to Ritchie Bros. of Greensboro and contemplates going to Washington, D. C.

While figures are not at hand at Barre to show the combined output of the granite quarries, it is conservatively estimated at a gain of over 20 per cent over last year.

During the past year the town of Royalton has reduced its indebtedness by the sum of $3,600. The tax rate for two years of 50 cents on the dollar of the grand list is likely to be reduced to 40 cents.

State's Attorney Hill is notifying proprietors of hotels and public buildings containing public halls of the new law in regard to fire escapes. Every public building of over one story must be so equipped under penalty of a $400 fine.

The two oldest citizens in Charlotte are Matthew St. Peter, who will be 90 years old February 25, and Marcus B. Reynolds, who will be 90 in March. Next to them in years is Peter Stacy of East Charlotte, who is in his 89th year.

At Springfield there are over 50 families desiring tenements. It is said that fully 60 new houses are planned for the coming spring and summer. Last year houses were built on nearly every street in the village.

Plainfield physicians are having the largest practice this winter they ever had. They are now taking care of Dr. C. A. Brown's patients while he is incapacitated by frozen feet. It is thought that both his feet will be saved.

E. T. & H. K. Ide of St. Johnsbury are enlarging their elevator preparatory to installing a Fairbanks automatic grain scale which weighs moving grain. It is to manufacture these scales that the big new building has just been erected at the factory there.

Drivers of teams in Poultney are harrassed by the number of small fry that "hook" rides. There is a demand by the local paper for "the oil of birch" to avert what is feared will inevitably result in a bad accident to some child now running wild.

The White River Junction exchange of the New England Telephone company, gained 50 subscribers last year, having 350 at the close of 1906. A total of 1,201 telephones including those in out lying towns have their central connections at the Junction exchange.

J. E. Parkhurst's grocery store and dwelling house and a house and barn near by, owned by M. Bolster, were destroyed by fire Feb. 12 in the village of Weston. Mr. Parkhurst's family narrowly escaped in their night clothes. An overheated stovepipe is given as the cause of the fire.

Gilman LeClair of Sutton, a farm laborer, has been bound over to Caledonia county court on the charge of forging four notes amounting to about $900. The Lyndonville National bank gives the names of A. J. Clark, A. D. Fogg, Joseph C. Masure and F. R. Whipple, well known in Sutton, as those used on the notes.

The lemon crop at Bennington has received a severe setback, and will be only half earlier estimates. Mrs. A. F. Martin, while moving her potted plants, accidently knocked one of the two lemons off her pet lemon tree. It weighed nine ounces and was just beginning to turn yellow.

The Rutland County Agricultural society will meet at the Bardwell House in Rutland February 25 to discuss the advisability of leasing the fairgrounds to the new State fair commission for a term of years. It is understood at Rutland that the commission has made a proposition to the society there for the lease of its grounds.

Joseph Fairbanks, who passed the bar examinations last fall but had not been registered long enough, was admitted to the State bar at the short session of the special term of the supreme court held this week at St. Johnsbury. Court was in session a little over a day. The three cases that were docketed were referred to Judges Rowell, Hall and Tyler.

The smokestack of the old electric light plant, which was burned at South Dorset some time ago, has been moved to Freedly quarry where it will be used in the operation of that property. The smokestack is over 70 feet long, 12 feet in circumference, 38 inches in diameter and weighs eight tons.

Barre city council has indulged in a heated discussion over the payment of four bills claimed to be illegally contracted because supplies were bought of members of the aldermanic council. The report of the auditors was finally accepted including the statement regarding the illegal contracts.

Two little sons of Peter Philips, who died in Peacham early in the winter, were brought to that town recently by parties believed to be from the county farm in New Hampshire and left in William Morse's dooryard on the supposition that he was the overseer of the poor. Mrs. Abby Hunt is caring for the little fellows until it can be decided where they belong.

Some of the wealthiest sportsmen of Vermont, says the New York Tribune, are now engaged in a movement to stock the coverts of Vermont with foreign game birds. Among the birds which it is believed can be introduced into the State, are the daleypa, which is a native of Norway; the capercailzie, which is found in the highlands of Scotland; black cock and ring necked pheasants.

Montpelier fans are not warming up as they should over the base ball question, although when pinned right down to the point they say they would be disappointed if there was no base ball the coming season. Director Donnelly is out for a monthly salary limit of $1,200 or $1,400 a month. He thinks the Burlington idea of organized ball is good but that $1,000 a month salary limit is too low.

The matrimonial troubles of a former Vermont couple are up in a New York court for further adjustment. Mrs. Mary A. Hammond asks for a limited divorce from Charles L. Hammond, an electrical engineer. He obtained a divorce in Vermont in 1902, having lived with his wife and four children on a farm in Orwell where he was elected town auditor. His divorce was granted upon the grounds of desertion and intolerable severity.

The labor organizations of Barre, through their executive committee, have voted to let the Montpelier & Barre electric railway severely alone, which amounts to a boycott, because of the withdrawal by the road of the workingmen's half fare tickets. These tickets were used by several hundred workingmen from two to four time a day. The union men do not think the issuing of them was illegal as they claim there was no discrimination as the tickets were accepted from any person provided that person was traveling on one of the workingmen's cars.

McNEIL'S PRIVATE SCHOOL

On the old foundation near the barway that led to the former homestead of the late Emily Wing in the town of Charlotte, the house of Lyman Wooster once stood. Mr. Wooster was grandfather of the late Charles Wooster. South of this site, on the west side of the road to the ferry, Captain Charles McNeil built a schoolhouse where his children were taught by teachers employed and paid by him. Frequently one of his older daughters taught during the summer and in the winter students from the University of Vermont at Burlington were engaged. In addition to his own family the children of his employees and others received regular instruction here. William McNeil of Shelburne recalls those school days for he was one of the attendants. The building was finally removed a mile or so to the eastward on the road leading from the ferry to the F. K. Converse farm by the late James B. McNeil, terminating its educational career.

RUINED PROSPEROUS FERRY

Indicative of the changes that come to the business world on account of the changed methods of transportation, the store and storehouse that stood on the McNeil ferry dock, Charlotte, and the tavern house, now a dwelling on the Winterbotham farm, used to rent for $1,000 a year. The advent of the Rutland and Burlington railroad about 1848 and the Vermont Central up the valley of the Winooski to the Connecticut river, changed the current of business to a degree hardly appreciated by this generation. The traffic of mountain towns that shipped and received freight by the ferry in enormous quantities went elsewhere. Railroads were "new brooms" then and goods came much quicker than by the canal boats and slow sailing sloops from Whitehall. Probably present lake transportation is many times greater than then, but tugs now pull 20 or 30 loaded boats in a string where each used to go it alone often beating up against head winds or waiting for winds that had lost their way among the hills.

CAUSE OF THE FAILURE.

"To what did the critics attribute the failure of his last opera?"

"The music wasn't reminiscent and all the jokes were new."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

GOT BUTLER'S OPINION.

After Benjamin F. Butler had become well established in his law practice, there were times when he required assistance in preparing cases. On one particular occasion he enlisted the services of a young and inexperienced lawyer to look after the minor details of the case.

The friends of the young man congratulated him on his good fortune in being associated with such learned counsel, and after the trial plied him with all sorts of questions concerning his particular part in the preparation of the case.

"Did you offer any suggestions or advance any theories that tended to strengthen your case, or did the learned counsel with whom you were associated at any time during the trial consult you on any phase of the case or even ask your opinion?"

"Yes," replied the young legal light, "he did once. It was during the cross-examination of witnesses by the opposing counsel, which had continued at considerable length, that Mr. Butler, becoming irritated at the slowness of procedure, turned about in his seat and, motioning for me to incline my ear, whispered in a moderate but impressive manner: 'I think these seats are —— hard, don't you?'"

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

When a man tells how little coal his furnace burns he never learned what they taught him at Sunday school.

If the government has a surplus the average citizen imagines it couldn't happen if he weren't so sound in his politics.

The funniest thing is after you have kissed a girl she will tell you the next day you didn't because nobody ever did.

It's awful hard for a woman to believe that she doesn't save money spending five cents twice for things instead of spending ten cents all at once for twice as much.—New York Press.

You can always tell a girl that's in love with a man by the way she pretends to be fond of his relatives.

If a burglar has to come, a woman would like to have her best clothes around the room, where they would appear to her credit.

The only way to make the furnace burn seems to be to have the weather get warm.

It would never seem a real bargain to a woman unless she had to get her clothes ripped off fighting through a crowd to buy it.

NO CHANCE.

"Why are poets so little appreciated?" asked the young man with long hair.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "it's this way with a piece of poetry: If you can't understand it you don't care to read it, and if you can understand it you haven't any respect for it."—Washington Star.

ESTATE OF CHARLES P. NEWTON, UNDERHILL.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Charles P. Newton, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto; and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said Court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the late residence of the decedent, in Underhill, in said district on the second Fridays of March and August, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 11th day of February, 1907.

W. J. FULLER,
G. A. TERRILL,
Commissioners.

32.w3t

ESTATE OF EMELINE E. WRIGHT, CHARLOTTE. (Non Compos.)

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Emeline E. Wright of Charlotte, now under guardianship, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto; and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the residence of C. W. Root, in Charlotte, in said district, on the seventh day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated this 8th day of February, 1907.

W. W. HIGBEE,
GEO. A. FOOTE,
Commissioners.

22.w3t

ESTATE OF IRVING E. AUSTIN.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden, ss.

The Honorable, the Probate Court for the district of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Irving E. Austin, late of Colchester, deceased.

GREETING.

Whereas, application hath been made to this court in writing, by the administratrix of the estate of Irving E. Austin, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of real estate of said deceased, representing to said Court, that it would be beneficial to the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, and convert the same into money.

And bringing into Court the consent and approbation in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate.

Whereupon, the said Court appointed and assigned the 23rd day of February, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms, in said district to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof to be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing said order, together with the time and place of hearing, three weeks successively in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested in said estate, all which publications shall be previous to the day assigned for hearing.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place assigned, then and there in said Court, to make your objections to the granting of such license, if you see cause.

Given under my hand at the Probate Court rooms, this 6th day of February, 1907.

MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM,
Judge.

32.w3t

ESTATE OF WALTER H. DAVIS, BOLTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Walter H. Davis, late of Bolton, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto; and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the late residence of the decedent, in Bolton, in said district on the first Fridays of March and August, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days.

Dated this 5th day of February, 1907.

GEORGE PEASE,
S. U. TOMLINSON,
Commissioners.

32.w3t

MARY DOLAN'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Mary Dolan, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased.

GREETING:

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 9th day of February, 1907, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Mary Dolan, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, was presented to the court aforesaid, for probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 2nd day of March, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published in said Burlington, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand, at Burlington, in said district, this 9th day of February, 1907.

M. NELLIE FLYNN,
Register.

33.w3t

SAMUEL BIGWOOD'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Samuel Bigwood, late of Colchester, in said district, deceased.

GREETING:

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 13th day of February, 1907, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Samuel Bigwood, late of Colchester, in said district deceased, was presented to the court aforesaid, for probate.

And it is ordered by said court that the first day of March, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published at Burlington, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 13th day of February, 1907.

MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM,
Judge.

33.w3t