

# A SEARCH FOR THE COLONIAL

Old "Judge Paine" Place in Williamstown Was a Disappointment

BECAUSE ALTERED ALMOST ENTIRELY

William Barclay Found a Real Old House on the Brookfield Road

The search for a supposed unusually fine specimen of Colonial mansion last fall almost proved my undoing—and it came about in this manner:—the automobile blue book for 1918 gave the following in a description of Williamstown:

"Williamstown was chartered in 1781 by Elijah Paine (Judge Paine), Cornelius Lynde and others. Their residences, built shortly afterwards, are in a good state of preservation. Prince Edward of England was entertained at both houses on his trip from Montreal to Boston."

Inquiry developed the information that, instead of being in Williamstown village, as I had fondly hoped, the principal house of the two, the "Judge Paine" place, was located on the road from Williamstown to Northfield, about two miles out. The tale went on to relate that the British prince was accompanied by an escort of 20 followers, the latter being quartered at South Barre while the royal personage, accompanied by the judge, continued on to the latter's residence—supposed date, 1760. I cannot vouch for this but it makes an interesting story, anyway. For one who enjoys walking, a tramp of six miles to Williamstown and two miles beyond, with the return journey, presented a pleasing prospect; so on one of those days which Uncle Sam had decreed that no gasoline be used, a companion and myself started out for this wonderful old house.

Rather more than half way to Williamstown we passed the Gale home—steadily about 100 years old, which is replete with colonial associations, including the view of Lafayette there. One of the cherished possessions in the wine glass from which he drank. When nearing Williamstown we took the left-hand road through "Mill village," thus enjoying one of those lovely bits of stream and glen scenery with which nature has so abundantly blessed Vermont. The "Paine" road swings to the right directly after passing the Williamstown library (itself a pleasing type of the smaller colonial structure) and continued almost steadily uphill towards Northfield. The weather was uncertain—mostly dull and raw with a few showers, but lived occasionally by a little sunshine. The road was somewhat narrow and quite steep in places, but when stopping at times and looking back, such a glorious view as we had! The woods were in the full splendor of their autumnal glory and what words can describe, or what artist can imagine, a lovelier scene than our maple trees when the leaves are turning? Whittier touches it with his lines:

"Autumn's earliest frost had given to the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as heaven lendeth to its bow."

After covering about two miles we commenced making inquiries about the "Judge Paine" house and were finally successful in being directed as to its location. All reports confirmed our understanding that the structure was practically in its original condition. Ascending upward and onward, our objective finally came into view—and such a splendid setting! Well placed back from the road and fronted by a group of old trees, we could discern the outline of a large dwelling with out-buildings in the rear. What had been at one time a broad highway extended along in front and no great stretch of imagination was needed to picture rolling along on it, the old stage coach of 100 years ago; or a group of colonial horsemen, booted and spurred, dashing up to this mansion, there to be received in the quaint and courteous manner of the day by the host in his knee breeches and powdered wig and the lady in her correspondingly picturesque costume. Right well did we feel repaid for the tramp of 10 miles (for instead of being two miles from Williamstown, sign posts near the house give the distance as four miles). After viewing for a little the splendid location and the general harmonious arrangement of the picture we proceeded on for a closer and more detailed inspection.

Drawing nearer, the feeling of exultation began to be replaced by one of misgiving, for the beautiful old colonial lines were not there but in their place a comparatively modern appearing structure with not a single colonial feature about it—not even the chimneys. What



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could be the matter? This must be the place, for the old trees and the size of the building itself amply proved that. But where was the fine old doorway, the large chimneys, the small-pane windows, and the other unusual features which we had confidently decided must be incorporated in the residence of so distinguished a personage? Arriving at the foot of the short road leading up to it, we were too genuinely distressed in spirit to go up and inquire; but, seeing an old looking building further on, we continued our journey—but without result.

Finally determining to get to the bottom of the mystery, we retraced our steps and went up to this 20-odd room house, where we learned that, about 30 years ago, the then owners had completely remodelled the structure, both outside and in, leaving no trace of the old-time grandeur. So there was nothing to do but begin our homeward journey—stopping long enough on the way to tell one of our informants that, so far as it could be considered colonially, the Judge Paine house was no more. We arrived home safely after the 20-mile hike and, being somewhat out of training for so long a journey and so much of it being uphill, I had doubtless caught cold, for that night a fever developed which would not work off next morning, so down I went on Sept. 30 with a severe attack of influenza. And, curious as it may seem, that trip and the old house often haunted my fevered imagination during the two trying weeks.

Every cloud has a silver lining and so also did this, for, when strong enough to drive the car and while the weather and roads were still good, we went up to inspect the scene of my Waterloo. Although there is now no attraction to the house itself, one can never forget the glorious setting of it and the stately appearance from the distance. Instead of coming back the way we went, inquiry developed the fact that the road coming from the direction of Berlin extended directly past the house and through the Brookfield road, although little used now, it had evidently been the main road in those old days and we found it in fairly good condition. Our idea was to strike down to the golf road in the Brookfield valley. We had not proceeded very far before coming upon a farm of decidedly colonial appearance; in fact, a sign on it read, "Peck Place—1790."

When giving it as good a survey as possible without leaving the machine, and making inquiries from a young woman, she kindly invited us to examine the inside—which invitation was accepted with alacrity. Although nothing elaborate, there were several distinctively colonial features—doors with hand-forged locks, and fastenings of handsome design, staircase, chair rail mouldings, etc.—all of which were both interesting and attractive. Here I learned for the first time that many of the old open fireplaces had been done away with on account of the insurance rates being so much higher than when stoves are used. Such a pity!

Continuing along, we reached Brookfield with its picturesque floating bridge, which had to be crossed and re-crossed in the car upon the insistence of the children. When leaving this snug little village another surprise was in store for, on the left-hand side before descending the long road leading to the valley, and after passing the sawmill, we found a very choice specimen of colonial architecture in the form of a wooden cottage which, although small, embodied the same good taste and careful workmanship in its fine Grecian profiles and moldings as if it had been an imposing mansion.

Our return journey brought us through Williamstown, which, like most of the towns settled from 100 to 150 years ago, contains several interesting examples of the handiwork of these old master builders, the most pleasing undoubtedly being the Ainsworth residence—a brick structure of admirable proportions near the center of the village on the left-hand side coming home. William Barclay.

# P. O. EMPLOYEES SEEK INCREASE

Vermont Letter Carriers and Postal Clerks Took Action Yesterday

AT CONVENTIONS IN MONTPELIER

Officers of Two Associations Chosen—A Banquet Last Night

The annual meeting of the Vermont state association of Letter Carriers took place in the city court room in city hall, Montpelier, Friday afternoon with a good attendance of delegates, there being members of nine branches in the state.

The meeting was presided over by the old officers, C. B. French of St. Johnsbury being president and F. D. Fuller of Rutland secretary. The business session occurred during the afternoon and passed without incident. The reports of the officers showed that a good year had been experienced. The usual resolutions were adopted. This branch of the mail service men has recently become a part of the American Federation of Labor.

The following officers were elected: President, C. B. French, St. Johnsbury; vice-president, G. H. Wood, Montpelier; secretary-treasurer, F. D. Fuller, Rutland; delegate to the national convention, Mr. Fuller; alternate, J. M. Flynn, Burlington. C. D. Duffy, national treasurer, gave a nice talk upon association work. In addition to the usual resolutions, was one asking for an increase in salary, the claim being based upon the advanced cost of living, and so that those carriers who have been long in service may retire. The matter of the time of the next annual convention was left to the executive committee, but the place was fixed at Bellows Falls.

At 8 o'clock Friday evening the delegates of the joint organization of letter carriers and clerks in the postoffice service sat down to a nice banquet, served by T. J. Heaphy at the Pavilion hotel, after which most grand exercises took place. Fred E. Gleason of Montpelier was the speaker of the occasion, while music was furnished by Chatfield's orchestra. The speakers of the evening included Harry C. Shurtleff, mayor of Montpelier; Benjamin Gates, auditor of accounts; William A. Lord of Montpelier, Charles D. Duffy of Chicago, national treasurer of the letter carriers.

The annual meeting of the Vermont branch of the United National Association of Postoffice Clerks occurred in the city council chamber of Montpelier city hall Friday afternoon with a fairly good attendance, in view of the fact that it was of a holiday and good weather, so that many members were attracted to other places. The meeting was presided over by Frank X. Lanotolo of St. Johnsbury, the president, while E. H. Taylor of Brattleboro was the secretary. The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock, and the usual routine of business occurred during the afternoon, adjournment taking place about 6 o'clock.

The following officers were elected: President, Warner Hill, Montpelier; vice-presidents, A. W. Flanders, Newport City, W. R. Jackson, Burlington; secretary, E. H. Taylor, Rutland; treasurer, Miss Alice McCue, Windsor; organizer, J. H. Austin, Brattleboro; auditor, W. A. MacDonald, Bellows Falls. The date of the next convention was left to the executive committee, but the place was fixed at Bellows Falls. The delegate to the national convention is Mr. Taylor, while his alternate is D. J. Casey of Burlington. In addition to the usual resolutions the convention adopted one relative to an increase in salary and asking for compensation for veteran clerks in the service that they may retire. Of the 135 clerks in the state, 110 are members of the organization.

### CHELSEA

Read Dr. Hudson's ad., page 8.—adv. The following men have been drawn and notified to appear on the opening day of the June term of Orange county court to serve as petit jurors. Carlos P. Hood, Fay Blake of Bradford; E. H. Nichols, C. C. Sumner of Braintree; W. B. Colt, C. P. Fullam of Brookfield; F. B. Howe, John W. Davis of Fairlee; John Halley, George L. Tyler of Newbury; E. L. Sanborn, James W. Lord of Orange; H. W. Vail and N. C. Buck of Randolph; Hiram Ward, Walter S. Bell of Stratford; George S. Worcester, E. H. Nugent of Thetford; Lawrence W. Flynn, Andrew Avery of Topsham; J. C. Mitchell, Benjamin Tucker of Tunbridge; William Lake, Charles Jewell of Vershire; C. G. McCallister, C. C. Riley of Washington; J. H. Eastman, Samuel Paul of West Fairlee; J. J. Alexander, Norman J. Pratt of Williamstown.



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### EAST BRAINTREE

Several from here attended the Christian Endeavor conference in Pittsfield on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Perham have returned from a week's visit in Rutland. Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Godfrey of Williamstown were the guests Monday of his sister, Mrs. Fred Crain. Grant, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Flint, who has been very ill with bilious fever, is reported to be gaining. Frank Kinney of Springfield, Mass., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. H. E. Hadley. Robert Ferguson passed the week end with his mother here, returning to Springfield Tuesday.

### EAST HARDWICK

Mrs. Wilson of East Ryegate has been visiting her father, Lyman Allen. Several from here attended neighbors' night at Hardwick grange and report a pleasant time. Mrs. Will Davidson's parents from Lyndonville were week-end guests at her home. Mr. and Mrs. Brown Fay are ill with colds and grip, but are better. Mrs. Freeman Waterman, who has been quite ill the past week, is reported as gaining. Mrs. W. J. Spencer is quite ill with measles. The Baptist church will hold a conference in the church next week Wednesday and Thursday. A large attendance is desired. The delegates to the meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, to be held in Barre next week, are Mrs. E. J. McPhilly and Mrs. A. B. Stevens. C. W. Ransom is confined to the house with a severe cold. Mrs. Susan Keith is spending a few days at the home of Mrs. D. E. Goodrich, while Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bailey are away. Van Magoon has finished work at the Street and is to work at Hardwick. Rev. and Mrs. Bole spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Ned Underwood. Miss Elsie Underwood and friend from Lyndonville are expected Thursday to spend a few days with her parents. Mr. Edgerly is working for B. C. Jennings on his farm. Fred Lamb has gone back to work for F. L. Batten.

### NORTH RANDOLPH

Mrs. Guy Young is again quite ill. Mrs. Sargent is assisting in caring for her. Mr. and Mrs. Ira Luce of Tunbridge visited in South Randolph Sunday. Roswell Smith, a Manchester, N. H., postman, is visiting his brother and family and his aged father at A. M. Smith's. Miss Bessie Clough and friend of Bethel were in town Sunday. C. L. MacPhetres lost quite a valuable mare last week. It probably was killed by lightning, as it was found under an elm tree that lightning has been known to strike several times before. Little Hattie Camp is ill and unable to attend school here, which closes this week with Memorial exercises as usual. Clarence Frager and son, Arthur, of Windsor visited friends and relatives here the first of the week.

### RANDOLPH CENTER

A reception will be given to Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Barker Tuesday evening, June 3, at the Congregational church. Everyone is invited.

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I was there to make a sketch of her. Luncheon was just over, and she was talking to a little knot of women. The first words I heard, as I slid quietly into a near "National Biscuit," recalling pleasantly my own tasty Uneeda Lunch con. I liked her, and settled comfortably as usual.

"Between the dark and daylight," she was quoting, "there's always a bit of pause when all the world seems waiting and when the children, I've seen them, must feed babies. Then, their little hands to the table, they take me to the table."

For the quick meal on a busy day, or for the full-course repast when time and appetites are abundant, Uneeda Biscuit have a decided place. They are the world's best soda cracker.



"You see, even little boys went on, 'Are much like little male. They are most lovable most tractable after they've had something to eat. National Biscuit dainties always begin our children's hour like a feast. For the tiny toddlers there is a varied menu, sometimes Uneeda Biscuit and milk, sometimes Graham Crackers or Lunch Biscuits. This is changed on special occasions to Old Time Sugar Cookies or Fig Newtons and, rarest of all, when we had cream and strawberries, and those were our party days. 'Don't think my hour is just a hour. It started us happily, and made us sure they were every day—for children, I've seen them, must feed babies. Then, their little hands to the table, they take me to the table.'"

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