

upon a cheap pine table. There was but one window, small paned and chamberless. An inner door of this and shabby stood half ajar, permitting the visitor unreserved acquaintance with the domestic economy of the tenant, for it disclosed a second room, smaller than the office and dependent upon the window of the latter for air and light.

Behind a canvas camp cot, dimly visible in the obscurity of the inner apartment, stood a small gas stove surmounted by a stepman, from which projected the handle of a big iron spoon, so that it needed no ghost from the dead to whisper that Joseph Louden, attorney at law, did his own cooking. Indeed, he looked it!

Upon the threshold of the second room reposed a small, worn, light brown scrub brush of a dog, so cosmopolitan in ancestry that his species was almost as undeterminable as the cast iron dogs of the Pike mansion. He greeted Mr. Fear hospitably, having been so lately an object of the streets himself that his adoption had taught him to lose only his old tremors, not his hopefulness. At the same time Joe rose quickly from the deal table, where he had been working, with one hand in his hair, the other spluttering ink from his had pen.

"Good for you, Happy," he cried cheerfully. "I hoped you'd come to see me today. I've been thinking about 'job for you'."

"I don't want a job, now," said Mr. Fear, going to the door. "I don't want to work. There's plenty ways for me to get along without that. But I'll say one thing more. Don't you worry about getting a law practice. Mike says you're going to get all you want, and if you can't go out and make some for yourself. These prophecies and promises, over which Joe chuckled at first, with his eyes cocked to one side, grew very soon, to his amazement, to wear a supernatural similarity to actual fulfillment. His friends brought him their own friends such as had sinned against the laws of Canaan, those under the an of the sheriff, those who had drunk in anger, those who had stolen at night, those who owed and could not pay, those who lived by the dice, and to his other titles to notoriety was added that of defender of the poor and wicked. He found his hands full, specially after winning his first important case, on which occasion Canaan thought the jury mad and was inignant with the puzzled Judge, who could not see just how it had happened.

Joe did not stop at that. He kept on winning cases, clearing the innocent and lightening the burdens of the guilty. He became the most generous attorney for the defense in Canaan. His honorable brethren, respecting the popular view of him, held him in personal contempt, but feared him professionally, for he proved that he knew more law than they thought existed. Nor could any trick him, falling which heavy tempers were lost, but never peek's. His practice was not all criminal, as shown by the peevish outburst of the eminent Buckleby (the square's nephew, esteemed the foremost lawyer in Canaan). "Before long there won't be any use trying to foreclose a mortgage or collect a note unless this slyer gets himself in jail!"

The wrath of Judge Martin Pike was unjust—there was a kind of sublimity in his immensity—on a day when it fell that the slyster stood batwixt him and money. That was a monstrous task—to stand between these two and separate them, to hold back the hand of Martin Pike from what he had reached out to grasp, it was in the matter of some tax titles which the magnate had acquired, and a court Joe treated the case with such officious simplicity that it seemed almost incredible that the great man had counted upon the ignorance and obtuseness of Joe's client, a hard drinking, disreputable old farmer, to get his hand away from him without paying for it. Now, as every one knew such a thing to be ludicrously impossible, it was at once noted abroad in Canaan that Joe had helped to swindle Judge Pike out of a large sum of money—it was notorious that the slyster could amaze the court and jury with his tricks, and it was felt that Joe Louden was getting into very deep waters indeed. This was serious. If he young man did not look out he might find himself in the penitentiary. Joe did not move into a larger office, he remained in the little room with its one window and its fine view of the fall. His clients were nearly all poor, and many of his fees were literally nominal. Tatters and rags came up the narrow stairway to his door—tatters and rags and pitiful queries; the bleared, the sodden, the leaning and roused, the furtive and wary, some in rags, some in tatters and some—the sorriest in velvet gowns. With these, the distressed, the wronged, the drunken, the dirty and the very poor, his work lay and his days and nights were spent.

When Joe went about the streets he was made to feel his condition by the laborate avoidance, yet furtive attention, of every respectable person he met, and when he came home to his small rooms and shut the door behind him he was as one who has been hounded and shamed in public and runs to bury his hot face in his pillow. He etted his monger extravagantly (well he might) and would sit with him in his rooms at night holding long converse with him, the two alone together. The dog was not his only confidant. There came to be another, a more and more frequent partner to his conversations, at last a familiar plitt. This plitt came from a brown jug which Joe kept on a shelf in his bedroom, a vessel too frequently replenished. When the day's work was done he shut himself up, drank alone and drunk hard. Sometimes when the jug ran low and the night was late he would go out for a walk with his dog and would awake in his room the next morning not remembering where he had gone or how he had come home. Once, after such a lapse of memory, he woke amazed to find himself at Beaver Beach, whither he learned from the red-headed man, Happy Fear had brought him, having found him wandering dazedly in a field near by. These lapses grew more frequent until these occurred that which was one of the strange things of his life.

It was a June night, a little more than two years after his return to Canaan, and the Toesin had that day announced the approaching marriage of Eugene Bentry and his employer's

daughter. Joe ate nothing during the day and went through his work dully, visiting the bedroom shelf at intervals. At 10 in the evening he went out to have the jug refilled, but from the moment he left his door and the fresh air struck his face he had no clear knowledge of what he did or of what went on about him until he woke in his bed the next morning.

And yet, whatever little part of the soul of him remained that night still undulled, not numbed, but alive, was in some strange manner lifted out of its pain toward a stranger delight. His body was an automaton, his mind in bondage, yet there was a still small consciousness in him which knew that in his wandering something incredible and unexpected was happening. What this was he did not know, could not



"I don't want a job, now!" said Mr. Fear.

See, though his eyes were open, could not have told himself any more than a baby could tell why it laughs, but it seemed something so beautiful and wonderful that the night became a night of perfume, its breezes bearing the music of harps and violins which nightingales sang from the maples that bordered the shores of Canaan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COMING CELEBRATION. (From the Vermont Enterprise.) The Ladies' Club of Burlington, Vermont, will hold a meeting in Burlington Saturday to hear the report of the two members who were sent to Ottawa to consult with the Canadian authorities with a view to the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the lake. Messrs. Hayes and Bailey reported that the Canadians received them very cordially and assured them that they would endeavor to cooperate in every possible way. Of course no definite promise could be given at this time but the proposition was very favorably received. The New York Legislature, now in session, will undoubtedly appoint a commission similar to one in Vermont to cooperate with us. It is reasonably certain that the celebration will begin July 4, 1907, and continue for two weeks. July 4 falling on Sunday, the opening exercises will probably be of a religious character, although no definite plans for the celebration have been made at this early date.

WENT AWAY FROM HOME. (From the Waterbury Record.) We believe the State fair commission have made a mistake in locating the State fair at White River Junction when Burlington business men subscribed so liberally. The patronage of Burlington people alone is worth dozens of towns in the radius of White River Junction. We doubt very much if the State fair is even a success at White River Junction. Time will tell.

OR RUTLAND. (From the Rutland News.) The State fair commission, it would seem, have done the poorest thing they could have done in selecting White River Junction as the location for the State fair. Owing to its inaccessibility, very few from this section of the State would attempt to attend the fair at White River Junction, much less visit there. Furthermore, the town's hotel accommodations are entirely inadequate to handle a crowd of visitors. We can think of a dozen locations in Vermont that have advantages over White River Junction for the exhibition. Even Burlington would be among the number.

Talmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 14.—In this sermon we learn the lesson that if we do our full duty to God and society much of our lives must be devoted to foundation laying and seed planting for the benefit of those to come after us. The text is John iv, 37, "One soweth, and another reapeth."

Christ is here describing a group of workmen going forth to their labors. Each laborer carries upon his arm a bag full of seed. They fill their hands with the seeds and begin to scatter them far and wide. Finally one of these laborers turns and says to Christ: "Why, Jesus, for what am I planting these seeds? I will never live long enough to gather the harvests in this world." "No," answers Christ, "I know it. But the coming generations will gather the harvests of your seed planting. As your ancestors planted seeds from which you are today gathering harvests, so you must plant seeds that your children and children's children may gather their harvests." In other words, the great lesson of this text is that "we ourselves may die and be forgotten, but our works shall live on, and other men may get the credit of the work." Come, let me read to you the text in full: "And herein is that saying true, one man soweth, and another reapeth."

Every generation builds upon the tombs and the catacombs of previous generations. This fact is emphatically true in both the scientific and the industrial world. It is true of the houses in which we live, and the railroad trains and steamboats in which we travel, and the food that we eat, and the clothing that we wear, and the electric lights by which we see, and the books that we read. It is true in almost all the industrial developments of life. It is also true that the men who made these industrial developments possible themselves, as a rule, got very little reward out of their inventions or improvements.

Franklin's Question. When Benjamin Franklin was making his electrical investigations, people used to laugh at him. One day he produced the proof that lightning and electricity are identical. Then the people again began to sneer and say, "Well, even if that is true, what is the good of the discovery?" "What is the use of a child?" answered Franklin. "It may yet become a man. This truth is now only in its infancy. You can not foresee how it may be applied and into what power it may yet be developed." Did not the "child of electricity" grow into amazing strength? Long after the sage of Philadelphia was buried Galvani and Volta and Orsted and Joseph Henry and Faraday and Sir Humphry Davy and Gramme and Morse and Edison and Cyrus Field got to work, and with this far reaching truth discovered by Benjamin Franklin as a basis they developed power to run our street railways, and power to turn the wheels of factories, and power with which to scatter the darkness of the night, and power with which to send our messages under the seas. Could Benjamin Franklin awaken now from his grave truly he would not recognize the face of his "child of electricity." He planted the seed of electrical development, but others have garnered the harvests. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

Many years ago a poor Yale student who had a tendency to consumption was living in South Carolina in the home of the widow of General Nathaniel Greene. While there he met some southern planters who were becoming the fact that the chief profit of the cotton industry was lost because no machine had yet been invented which could separate the cotton seeds from the cotton. Young Eli Whitney, for that was the Yale student's name, went to work and labored on month in and month out. He perfected the cotton gin, but before he could get a patent upon the invention the barn in which he had his workshop was broken open, and the machine was stolen, and his ideas were patented by other men. Eli Whitney, the man who has made millions of dollars for the south, the man who has doubled and quadrupled and infinitely increased the earning capacity of the southern plantations—poor Eli Whitney himself never got a dollar from his cotton gin save the poor pittance of \$50,000 granted him by the legislature of South Carolina. Like Robert Fulton with his steamboat, like Morse with his telegraph wires, like Watt with his steam engine, like George Stephenson with his locomotive, like R. A. Holden, the agronomist, and Burbank, the wizard of flowers and vegetables, these men have been seed planters. They have made millions of dollars for other men; but, like Agassiz, they have not had time to make money for themselves. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

A Magnificent Heritage. Have you ever stopped to think how magnificent is the heritage in the industrial world you as a child feel heir to when you were born? Have you ever stopped to think of all the well built roads and the railroad tracks and all the lighthouses and aqueducts and sanitary developments which have come to you through your ancestors? How you have been served by the wise men and the greatest heroes of the world! Child of the twentieth century, how rich is the heritage on which you have entered! Men have thought and studied and toiled, and you are enjoying the fruit of their labors. Do you not realize that when John Gutenberg invented printing he was inventing it for you, and that when Columbus sailed across the seas he was discovering America for you, and that when Cyrus W. Field stretched his cables he was laying them for you, and

that when Galilei developed the telescope he was developing it for you, and that when Isaac Newton discovered the law of specific gravity he was discovering it for you? All these men were seed planters. They were the giants who laid the foundation stones upon which the superstructures of our industrial prosperity have been erected. They themselves reaped very little personal benefit out of their seed planting, but they made millions of dollars for other men. The next generation reaped the harvest of their seed planting. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

This fact was powerfully illustrated in the life of one of my friends. In my Pittsburgh church there was a family which for generations had produced bridge builders and contractors. The first member of that family who came to the western part of Pennsylvania was a contractor. His grandson, whom I knew well, was also a contractor. Some years ago this grandson of the first pioneer had a contract to build over or reconstruct a railroad bridge. As he dug down into the foundations to relay some of the old stones, much to his surprise he found there a tool chest marked with his own initials, "R. S." That tool chest could have belonged to but one person, and that his own grandfather, after whom he had been named. One of his grandfather's men had forgotten and left his tools there when his grandfather built the original bridge. So when we begin to dig down into the foundations of our modern industrial prosperity we always find that our modern industrial life has been built out of the inventions and the discoveries of the generations that are dead and gone. Like the coral reef, we have been growing in a temporal sense. Our industrial prosperities are built upon the catacombs and the tombs of our ancestors. Those former generations may have reaped but little personal benefit from their seed planting. We have reaped the rich harvest. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

History of the Flag. What is true of the industrial life is emphatically true of the political and social life. The flag under which we live and breathe and have our being was not designed entirely by a Betsy Ross. It was not woven by the fingers of a Martha Washington. That flag is a combination flag. It was dyed red on the bloody soil of many a hard fought battle. Its white stripes were cut from the stained robes of many martyrs. Its many stars represent the states added one by one to the great family. The men who followed it when it was first unfurled and who made it glorious by love and sacrifice, reaped but little personal advantage in this world, but these noble patriots were seed planters. The present generation and all coming generations will gather the plenteous harvest of their sowing.

Do you for an instant suppose that even there we are at the beginning? There would never have been a Declaration of American Independence unless there had first been a Magna Charta. Why, those stern faced, iron faced, unrelenting English barons who gathered about the "round table" at Runnymede in 1215 and compelled King John to grant them their personal liberties unconsciously fought as much for American independence as they did for their English rights. Washington and Samuel Adams and Jefferson and Patrick Henry would not have been possible unless these patriots of seven centuries ago had first dared to challenge the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Do you suppose there would ever have been a constitution of the United States unless there had first been a Bunceburn or a Beverly Manor House? John Waterspoon was only a reincarnation of a Sir William Wallace. Miles Standish and Isral Putnam may have lived 200 or 300 years apart, but they were twin brothers. Governor Carver and Governor Bradford spoke in the Continental congress through the lips of John Adams and Franklin. A man may seem to die, but his spirit never dies. It has its first incarnation, then its reincarnation, and then it lives in thousands of other lives. You see the doctrine of psychical heredity dispelled in these national crises far apart in time and place. It is made up of the combinations of thousands and tens of thousands of heroic men who when they lived did not or could not dream of a country like that in which today we are living. These patriots in their own time received little personal benefit from their sacrifice. They were governmental seed planters. But the present generation and all succeeding generations shall be the gatherers of the harvest which they sowed. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

Did Not Die in Vain. Many patriotic martyrs have died deaths of ignominy, but that does not prove that they lived and died in vain. No. From the blood-soaked planks of the French guillotine has been lifted the glorious French republic. From the sacrifice of human life at Valley Forge, Bunker Hill and other fields have been evolved this mighty government of the United States today, under whose constitution we now live. In Rome there sleeps the immortal dust of one who has the following sad words for his epitaph: "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet who on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired that these words be engraved on his tombstone: 'Here lies one whose name was written in water.'" That is the grave of the immortal John Keats. Did John Keats ever die? No. As an inspiration of his pen there has come forth two mighty poets who studied him intently as their model, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson. He lives. John Keats will always live in song. So there has been many a martyr patriot who thought he died an object failure. But out of the death and the patriotic sacrifice of these heroes of the past has been evolved an ideal of conduct for all patriots of this and other nations. These patriotic martyrs gained little or no personal benefit. They were the seed planters. The present generation and succeeding generations will continue to gather in their cumulative harvests. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

What is true of the industrial world and the political life is true of the church and of our ecclesiastical and spiritual blessings. When the fire

grate is always full of coal and the cupboard is always full of food and the wardrobe is always full of clothes, most of us accept the luxuries of life as the ordinary commonplaces. Then we wonder why any person will grumble about being cold or hungry. When we are born under the shadow of a church spire and are baptized at the church altars and we are sent to her Sunday schools and are invited to sit at her communion tables, we are very apt to believe that the church is like an indigenous plant that has always been here and that always will be here. Now, my friends, I want to tell you that the church of the Lord Jesus Christ was never planted anywhere successfully unless it was first planted there in blood-soaked soil. The planters of the church of the Lord Jesus Christ were the heroes who were always looking for the harvests of the future and never living for their own personal benefit and reward.

Great Sacrifices. Where did the American church come from? Did the first great explorers who came across the seas find the little white meeting houses in the center of every Indian village and planted upon every hilltop and dotted here and there over the broad prairies of the west? "Oh, no," you say. "It was only by the greatest sacrifices of Marquette and Elliot and Roger Williams and missionaries of such ilk that the church of Jesus Christ was ever planted upon American shores. Then after the churches were established in the east the backwoods preachers like Peter Cartwright and Hays and the daring missionaries like Bishop Whipple led on their cohorts of evangelists. Farther and farther west they carried the cross, and farther and farther west they went until at last that cross reached the Pacific coast. The Moravians penetrated into the snow and ice of the arctic with the news, and by and by Sheldon Jackson lifted the cross and carried it far north amid the Alaska snows. So step by step, the brave missionaries have struggled and starved and in many places have died consoling with their bodies the land they had won." Yes, the American church came as the result of the humble sacrifice of thousands of obscure ministers of whom the world knows nothing.

Paul once asserted that in his work he was surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. As we gather about our church altars today cannot we see the faces of the noble self-sacrificing missionaries who have made such a church service as this a possibility? Are they not standing above this pulpit today? An eyewitness once declared that the most beautiful part of all Father Taylor's ministry was his intense realization of Christ's presence. The things he would say and do might have been irrelevant in another, but in Taylor they seemed only evidence of Christ's reality. Sitting one Sunday at the Lord's table to administer the communion, he conceived the cup. Then, in deeply solemn tone he said, "Children, I bring you a gift from Jesus, something to remind you of him." Then, his voice breaking, he said, "It is the wine of the covenant, his own blood shed for you, and he bids me say, 'Drink ye all of it.'" And he brought forward the cup, and looking at it, he wept. Yes; all the good we enjoy has come to us as that wine by sacrifice. They lived their lives of sacrifice to give us this gospel sanctuary. We are today gathering in their ripened harvests. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

Humble Sowers. But we do not have to go alone into the past centuries to find the sowers. All those who have planted harvests for their fellow men are not to be found alone in the damp, dark cells of a Savanorola or a Huss. You remember well a seed planter who never wore a monk's cowl. Her face was wrinkled and her hair was white and her hands very thin when you last saw her. Her throne room was the nursery and the kitchen. Her realm was the old home of your boyhood. The world at large never thought that she amounted to much. She never had a large harvest. She was always sowing. She was sowing her life in the heart and brain of this child and that child and the other child. She had a good seed in her sowing. That other sower was the husband who stood by her side. Indeed, they had so little that they always lived in a plain house and dressed in very plain clothes and ate very simple food and never went anywhere outside of their own little town. One day some years ago you began to be ashamed of their shabby clothes. The neighbors seemed to have so much better than they. You sharply said: "Mother, why don't you get a better dress? Why does not father move into a better house?" You remember just how she looked as she said: "Well, son, this dress is warm enough, and I guess the old house will do for pa and me. We cannot afford much better clothes and give you children all the education you ought to have. We are willing for you children to gather the harvests of our life's work. We do not care so much what becomes of us if you boys only turn out well. We are sowers, just humble sowers. You, my son, can reap, but your father and I will just keep on our sowing."

And can you not say those two old folks sowed well? Is not the result of their seed planting being reaped today in rich harvests by you and your brothers and sisters? All you are and have are the fruit of that home husbandry. Why did all your sisters and brothers turn out well? Shall these brothers and sisters get all the credit for the harvests they have reaped? "No, no," you answer. "We are nothing. We are merely the result of the seed planting of the two gospel sowers who lived and labored for us children back in the old farmhouse." In heaven today they are getting the rewards for the harvests you and your brothers and sisters are garnering. Your parents were sowers, glorious and triumphant sowers. You are gathering in their harvests. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

Now, my friends, as others have sowed for you, are you also sowing for your children? As the glorious generations will continue to gather in their cumulative harvests. "One man soweth, and another reapeth."

What is true of the industrial world and the political life is true of the church and of our ecclesiastical and spiritual blessings. When the fire

willing to so submerge your life in Christ's that you will find your joy in the joys of others and your gospel triumphs in their salvation, although on earth your name may never get the credit or be linked with the harvests of those whom you have blessed? Are you willing to be a sower for the Master and, like him, to leave the fruit of your service and sacrifice for others to reap? Have you learned the meaning of those words in which he compared himself to a corn of wheat which brings no fruit unless it is cast into the ground and dies? Are you ready to give yourself to service or to sacrifice, to lay down all for Jesus Christ, who himself was a seed planter and himself died in order that you might live?

Drawing For Houses. Houses are in great demand in Buckingham, England, but owing to the high price of land and the taxes building operations are limited. Recently half a dozen new houses were erected, and the applicants received a circular from the agents, of which the following is a copy: "With reference to your application to become tenant of one of the new houses, we beg to say that the number of applications we have received (all of which we would readily comply with if we had vacant houses for them) renders the task of selection so difficult that the owners have decided that the lots shall be drawn for. If, therefore, you wish to take part in this, please attend at our office at 4 o'clock this evening or send a trustworthy person with written authority to draw for you. In the event of your being successful in the drawing, no tenancy will be created until the agreement has been signed."

America as a Peace Factor. According to Andrew D. White, president of the American delegation at the first Hague conference, it was literally the bushels of letters and cablegrams that were sent from America by individuals and societies at a critical moment when everything seemed dark that changed despair into hope and ultimately had great weight in bringing forth the Hague treaty. If the United States of America can cause the next parliament in another decade or so the time will be ripe to establish an international executive. The Independent expresses the hope that then at last we shall have Tennyson's dream of "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," and for the first time since the Prince of Peace walked on earth it will be possible to have "Peace on earth and good-will toward men."

Perched on an Iceberg. The extraordinary sight of a deserted ship firmly wedged on the crest of an immense iceberg has been witnessed near the Falkland Islands. Captain Amadijion of the French bark Enlie Galline while on a voyage from London to Portland, Ore., ran into a field of icebergs, and his ship, while groping her way into open water, brought up against a berg carrying a large iron bark, dismasted, but otherwise intact.

Where the American Woman Excels. The American woman is better read and usually far more cultured than the Englishwoman of the same class. She is a more agreeable companion, and she has a firm belief that she owes it to herself to make the most of her mental powers, and these qualities make home life more attractive than many make and much spring cleaning—Lady Henry Somerset in Cassell's Magazine.

A Burglar's Tool. A remarkable instrument was found by the London police on a man who was arrested while examining the extensions of jewellers' shops in the east end. Its purpose is to cut off the tops of the bolts holding down revolving shutters. Looking like a street door lock, it consists of a spanner and steel teeth, worked by the spanner, these teeth cut through metal with the utmost ease.

"English as She is Wrote." We publish the following communication, verbatim et literatim, which we have just received: Respected Sir:—I the undersigned, humbly and respectfully beg to bring these following few lines to your benign magnanimous consideration, with a fervent and violate hope with most in success. That I am a compositor and I worked many years in a Compositors' shop, I have in unemployment, it seems very difficult to manage myself. So I therefore, kindly crave to beseech your honor to take me into your control as a Compositor in day or night. The Poor Petitioner awaiting for your honor's valuable reply. For which act of kindness I shall ever pray long life and prosperity. I beg to remain, Respected Sir, your most Obedient Servant, COMPOSITOR. —Singapore Eastern Daily Mail.

The Old Age Problem. Frank T. Bullen writes from New Zealand: "Of course you have heard all about the old age pension system here, which is now about to be extended to Australia. It is hailed with intense satisfaction by all classes, who prize themselves upon having solved a problem that has baffled all the nations. In Auckland is the Costley Home For Aged People. Here, with their pensions, the old folk can live most comfortably and do, having entire liberty to do what they please, just as if they had retired upon a competency of their own earning, and, indeed, they are led to regard the old age pension as that very light."

The Ears of Insects. Simply because a bee has no ears on the sides of its head it is no sign whatever that it is wholly without some sort of an auditory nerve. This is proved by the fact that grasshoppers, crickets, locusts and flies all have their ears situated in queer places—under the wings, on the middle of the body and even on the sides of their legs. The common house fly does its hearing by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on the knobbed threads which occupy the place which are taken up by the blind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug or shell-less snail has its organs of hearing situated on each side of its neck, and the common grasshopper has them on each of its broad, flat thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are at the bases of the wings and in others on the bottom of the feet.

RECOVERED. There once was a man who complained. By a cold in the head he was pained. Each friend named a cure, Which he said he'd try, sure. But recovered he was, as he said. —Philadelphia Ledger.

ESTATE OF EMILY WHITCOMB. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden. To all persons interested in the estate of Emily Whitcomb, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased. At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 13th day of April, 1907, in and to the effect following, to-wit: That the last will and testament of Emily Whitcomb, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid, for probate. And it is ordered by said Court that the 27th day of April, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said will, in testimony whereof, notice thereof be given to all persons concerned by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published at Burlington, in said district, 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 see cause. Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 4th day of April, 1907. MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.

ESTATE OF CORNELIUS P. RHOADS, RICHMOND. We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Cornelius P. Rhoads, late of Richmond, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in and against the estate of said deceased, by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in said Court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the late residence of the deceased, in Richmond, on the 1st day of May, and on the first Saturday of May and thereafter, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days. Dated this 5th day of April, 1907. P. F. FERMAN, Commissioner.

ESTATE OF ANDREW J. WILLARD, BURLINGTON. We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Andrew J. Willard, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in and against the estate of said deceased, by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in said Court for that purpose, we do hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the late residence of the deceased, in Burlington, on the 1st day of May, and on the first Saturday of May and thereafter, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on each of said days. Dated this 5th day of April, 1907. W. C. SHEAFER, Commissioner.

JOHN W. AND MARY STEVENS'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden. To all persons interested in the estate of John W. and Mary Stevens, late of Huntington, deceased. GREETING. Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrators of the estate of John W. and Mary Stevens, late of Huntington, in said district, deceased, praying for license and authority to sell the real and personal estate of said deceased, representing to said Court that the said John W. and Mary Stevens, late of Huntington, in said district, deceased, 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 approval in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate, to-wit: Whereas, the said Court appointed and assigned the 10th day of April, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof, to be given by publishing said order, together with the time and place of hearing, in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of the estate aforesaid, interested parties to be notified of said application and petition by the day assigned for hearing. Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court at the time and place assigned, and there in said Court, to contest the probate of said will, if you see cause. Given under my hand at the Probate Court rooms, this 23rd day of March, 1907. MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.

JULIA J. BACON'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden. To all persons interested in the estate of Julia J. Bacon, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased. At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 13th day of April, 1907, in and to the effect following, to-wit: That the last will and testament of Julia J. Bacon, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid, for probate. And it is ordered by said Court that the 27th day of April, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said will, in testimony whereof, notice thereof be given to all persons concerned by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published at Burlington, in said district, 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 see cause. Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 3rd day of April, 1907. MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.

ESTATE OF EMERETTE B. CALVERT'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden. To all persons interested in the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, deceased. GREETING. Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrators of the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, representing to said Court that the said Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, 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 approval in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate, to-wit: Whereas, the said Court appointed and assigned the 13th day of April, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof, to be given by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of the estate aforesaid, interested parties to be notified of said application and petition by the day assigned for hearing. Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court at the time and place assigned, and there in said Court, to contest the probate of said will, if you see cause. Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 25th day of March, 1907. MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.

ESTATE OF EMERETTE B. CALVERT'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden. To all persons interested in the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, deceased. GREETING. Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrators of the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, representing to said Court that the said Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, 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 approval in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate, to-wit: Whereas, the said Court appointed and assigned the 13th day of April, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof, to be given by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of the estate aforesaid, interested parties to be notified of said application and petition by the day assigned for hearing. Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court at the time and place assigned, and there in said Court, to contest the probate of said will, if you see cause. Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 25th day of March, 1907. MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.

ESTATE OF EMERETTE B. CALVERT'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden. To all persons interested in the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, deceased. GREETING. Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrators of the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, representing to said Court that the said Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, 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 approval in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate, to-wit: Whereas, the said Court appointed and assigned the 13th day of April, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof, to be given by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of the estate aforesaid, interested parties to be notified of said application and petition by the day assigned for hearing. Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court at the time and place assigned, and there in said Court, to contest the probate of said will, if you see cause. Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 25th day of March, 1907. MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.

ESTATE OF EMERETTE B. CALVERT'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden. To all persons interested in the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, deceased. GREETING. Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrators of the estate of Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, representing to said Court that the said Emerette B. Calvert, late of Chittenden, in said district, deceased, 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 approval in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate, to-wit: Whereas, the said Court appointed and assigned the 13th day of April, 1907, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof, to be given by publishing this order three weeks before the day of probate in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of the estate aforesaid, interested parties to be notified of said application and petition by the day assigned for hearing. Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court at the time and place assigned, and there in said Court, to contest the probate of said will, if you see cause. Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 25th day of March, 1907. MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.