In New Hampshire Hills

(Special Correspondence.

Outside of the large cities almost all of New Hampshire has become a state of rest and recreation. Quiet resorts in the mountain country, far removed from the noise of the railroad and the trolley, are being sought after more and more. Time is at a discount. Ten and twenty-mile drives are incidents in the daily life of the people. Good roads and good horses make them a pleasure; but the nerve-trying automobile is the toy of the excitement-loving patron of the big summer hotel.

Baron von Sternberg, the German ambassador, established a home on Governor's Island, Lake Winnipiseogee, and became so enthusiastic over it that he declared that he had seen no place even in Scotland or the Bavarian Highlands with which the Weiss could not hold its own.

Winston Churchill, after he became famous as a writer of historical novels, traveled all over the country in search of a spot for the ideal home. Arriving in Cornish, he at once made up his mind that he had found what he was looking for. He bought an old estate, and by the expenditure of thousands of dollars transformed it into one of the most beautiful country seats, and now makes it his home the year round.

Every year more distinguished names are being added to the list of New Hampshire's summer boarders, and the increase is not being confined to any particular town. Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black of New York spends his summers in Freedom, where a few years ago he saw what he thought was the most beautiful place upon which his eyes had ever rested and bought it. Senator J. C. Spooner became enthusiastic over the beauties of Pittsburg, and purchased a large farm, where in summer he leads the simple life in much the same manner as Mr. Cleveland.

—

Highways Being Built.

So the list might be extended, taking in localities from the coast, where thousands enjoy sea bathing and the rugged grandeur of the cliffs against which the great waves dash, to the highest point in the mountains, where the air is clear and dry, and hundreds find the keenest pleasure in climbing great heights, from which can be seen vast stretches of country, countless hills, where nature in all her majesty stands revealed.

In the White mountains more than fifty miles of permanent highways have been built by special acts of the State Legislature in the most grandly beautiful section of New Hampshire, at the foot of the Presidential range, opening up new and beautiful regions, and affording more convenient means of communication with different points of interest. These roads and the ocean boulevard in process of construction along the sea coast strip represent the most costly stretches of the proposed State system.

The invasion of the automobile in recent years has increased the interest taken in this work. Last summer the number of automobiles that went into the state was larger by hundreds than ever before, and the present season has already seen a greater invasion.

Attention is also being paid to the forests, under the direction of the forestry commission, while sentiment among the people is being stimulated by the work of the Society for the Preservation of New Hampshire Forests, an organization which comprises in its membership some of the best known men in the State, as well as some of the most prominent of the summer visitors. For several years it has kept a trained forester in the field as a lecturer and adviser. The most ambitious project so far advanced, and it is said with good prospects of success, is to have the national government make the White mountain region a national forest reserve.

—

Abandoned Farm Problem.

But the development of New Hampshire as a summer resort state, as a land which is proving attractive to wealthy amateur farmers; the improvement of its roads and preservation of its forests, has not come about by any chance.

There came a time in the history of the state when the people awoke to the fact that they must do something and the manner in which the abandoned farm problem was met is told by ex-Governor Batchelder, as follows.

"In 1889 the New Hampshire Legislature, becoming alarmed at the extent to which the abandonment of the farms of the state was being carried, authorized the appointment by the Governor and council of a commissioner of immigration, whose duty it should be to bring about, within the measure of his ability, the repeopling.

"Governor David H. Goodell and his counselors filled the office thus created by the appointment of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, who has continued to hold the position up to the present time. The number of farms in the state for which desirable owners and occupants have been secured through the efforts of the commissioner testify to the degree in which his success has been commensurate with his desires for the welfare of his state.

—

Why Farms Are Vacant.

"As early as possible the malady was diagnosed and the causes for the vacant houses upon the farms were summed up under these three heads:

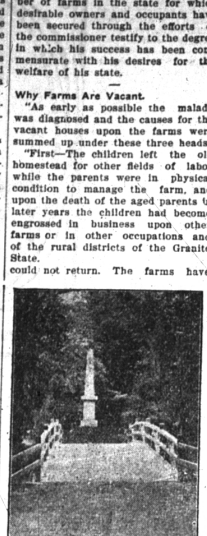
"First—The children left the old homestead for other fields of labor while the parents were in physical condition to manage the farm, and upon the death of the aged parents in later years the children had become engrossed in business upon other farms or in other occupations and of the rural districts of the Granite State.

could not return. The farms have passed into the hands of heirs and are for sale.

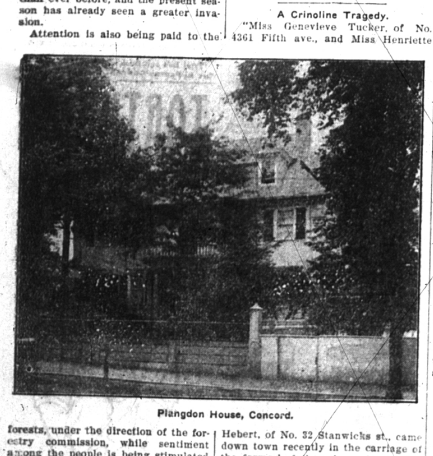
"Second—Many farmers, either with children engaged in some other avocations or without children, having secured a competency by industry and frugal habits, have retired from the farm to the neighboring city or village to spend their declining years in a quiet manner, and the farm is for sale.

"Third—Sometimes the owners of farms, seeing only the bright side in other occupations and the dark side in theirs, have left the farm for some other business only to be disappointed, and having raised money to engage in other business by mortgaging the farm, the farm is for sale.

"The first collection of statistics by the commissioner of immigration, immediately upon his appointment, showed a total of 1342 abandoned farms within the state. This was low-water mark, and while the causes named above continue to operate and farms are constantly being left unoccupied here and there in the state, the proportion of abandoned farms has been gradually but surely growing less."



Battle Monument.
Concord Bridge.



Plangdon House, Concord.

A Crinoline Tragedy.

"Miss Genevieve Tucker of No. 4361 Fifth ave., and Miss Henriette Hebert, of No. 32 Stanwicks st., came down town recently in the carriage of the former's father, dressed in old time crinolines. They were not the modern three-coil featherbone skirts but genuine hoopskirts, the kind worn nearly half a century ago. The carriage stopped in front of a department store in the heart of the shopping district, and the young women alighted inside of a few seconds a mob of several hundred people assembled, blocking the streets and stopping the cars. The girls tried to get into the store through a storm door, but could not squeeze through. Then they pushed their way to the front door and got inside. Everybody in the store crowded around them, clerks stopped work, and for a time it looked as though a panic would follow. The house policeman was called, but was compelled to call in two outside policemen before he could scatter the crowd and get the women back to their carriage. Over a thousand yelling men followed the carriage through the streets."—Pittsburg Post.

—

Prof. Smytha's Peculiar Hens.

Prof. Smythe has a grape vineyard of which he takes great care. Every fall the boys, whenever they get a chance, steal a few bunches of grapes. One morning the professor was surprised to find the vines almost bare. Calling his wife, he said: "Mary, what has become of the grapes?"

"I suppose the hens picked them off," was her reply.

"Hens! Hens! Some two-legged hens," said her husband, angrily, to which she calmly replied:

"Pshi, dear, did you ever see any other kind?"—Boston Herald.

The Contented Man

Contented? What makes him contented?
The comforts that strength have gained.
Which, men discontented invented,
The safety that fighters obtained.

Content in the mire would still wallow,
With troglodytes huddled in caves,
Or find in a tree's ready hollow
The shelter an animal craves.

Content hinders progress and action
And cultivates ignorant sloth,
Counts study a sort of distraction,
And pities the follies of both.

Content maketh freemen dependent,
And fastens the shackles on slaves,
Its motion is ever descendent,
To ditches and paupers' and graves.

But the reverent, hearty submission
To Deity's footstool men bring,
After toiling with little fruition,
Is a different, manlier thing.

—W. J. Herbert.

THE LAST RESORT

BY FRANCIS GILLESPIE

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Miss Courtwright stood looking down the rose-bordered walk toward the white road. She hummed a little tune and tapped her white clad foot in accompaniment.

For the first time since her mother's death, three years ago, she had taken off her plain black dress, and to-day she was all in filmy white in honor of Billy's coming. She was thinking of Billy as she stood there, of his fresh, boyish enthusiasm, his invigorating personality and his love for her which never seemed to change, although she had told him every Sunday for weeks that he was not the kind of a man she could marry.

And after this dash of cold water, Billy would look very thoughtful for fully thirty minutes.

They had known each other for almost five years. Billy had met her abroad when she had been traveling with her mother, and the tender, fragile little mother had been completely won by Billy's smile.

As for Billy, "I never knew what my mother was like," he said to her once, "but she must have been just like you."

They had been so much to each other, this mother and daughter, and since the mother's death Billy had never missed spending his Sundays in the little town where Mrs. Courtwright had died and where her daughter lived. He realized how lonely the girl must be, and although she would not admit it herself, the impressive stillness of the big house was very trying at times.

To-day was one of those perfect days in June and Miss Courtwright, as she stood in the door was glad, in a vague sort of way, to be alive.

"Dear Billy," she mused tenderly to herself, "I wonder why he doesn't marry some sweet dimpled little girl and leave me to enjoy my spinsterhood in peace." But the smile died out of her eyes at the thought. It was useless to deny that Sunday was the brightest day in the week to her, and the last few Sundays especially had become very delightful memories.

Could she ever forget the time they had broken the Sabbath by fishing in the big lake behind the house, her wild excitement when she had first felt a tug at her line; how they had worked to land the big fish, and how dirty and wet and happy they both had been! She had told him that day, as she had for many weeks past, that she had no intention of marrying him and he had responded, as was customary, that he would not mention the subject again.

Finally Miss Courtwright opened the screen door and moved with a slow grace out on the porch. A tall young man in white flannels was coming up the walk.

"Why, Billy, you're late," exclaimed his hostess, gayly. "But better late than never. Shall we sit here or go down by the lake?"

"The lake for me," answered Billy. Then earnestly, "I want to talk to you, Edith. I have something to tell you."

This was his usual beginning. Miss Courtwright sighed in mock resignation.

"Again," she queried gently. "I thought you were never to speak of that subject."

Billy's face flushed slightly at her words. "I am not going to speak of that subject," he said, slowly, as they sat down on the rocks by the water

"I know I shall love her dearly."

seemed intensely interested in studying its blue depths.

After a few minutes she turned her clear gray eyes on Billy and smiled her slow, understanding smile, "I'm glad, Billy," she said, simply, "and I know you will be happy."

If there was a note of sadness in her voice Billy did not seem to notice it.

"Tell me all about her," she continued, "for I want to know something of the girl who is to be your wife."

Thus encouraged, Billy began an enthusiastic description, and Miss Courtwright listened, still with a far-off look in her eyes.

"She is beautiful," he said, vaguely, "and dark haired and altogether adorable."

"Tall," asked Miss Courtwright, whose glorious hair was the color of ripe wheat.

"No, short and plump and dimpled," replied the enraptured Billy.

"I hate dimples," quickly decided Miss Courtwright to herself. But aloud, "I know I shall love her dearly."

Suddenly he pulled out his watch, and started to his feet. "I must hurry off," he announced. "It's too bad, but I have an important engagement in town and cannot stay to tea."

He shook hands hurriedly and went swiftly up the path and was lost to Miss Courtwright's watching eyes.

About an hour later Miss Courtwright made her way to the house and up the stairs to her room; she went straight to her full length mirror and examined herself with unflinching gray eyes. Did it show in her face, she wondered, all of her that had lived and died within the last hour.

"You fool," she said to the girl in the glass, "you utter, utter fool."

Slowly she unfastened the white gown and let it slip to the floor, and from her wardrobe she took a simple black dimity. There was a cynical little smile on her lips.

"He didn't even mention my white dress," she murmured. "I guess that girl wears bright blues and glaring pinks. Bah, how I hate her, I do hate her. How could Billy do it? But it makes no difference to me."

And Miss Courtwright powdered her nose, brushed up a few stray tendrils of hair and went down to partake of her cozy little tea on the porch, telling herself very emphatically, that she was quite happy. She repeated the apparently obvious assertion more than once during the course of her solitary meal.

And then all at once while the twilight fell Miss Courtwright found herself sobbing quietly.

"Billy," she said, brokenly, longingly, "I love you, didn't you know, dear, I love you, now that it is too late."

And forgetting how happy she was, Miss Courtwright hid her face in a convenient sofa pillow and cried in a hearty and perfected way, much to her own disgust.

For the second time in her young life Miss Courtwright was genuinely, supremely miserable.

She did not see the conscience-stricken Billy as he emerged from out of the shadows in the garden. She did not know of the radiance in his face, but suddenly she felt his arms about her.

"Dear little girl," he told her, while he kissed her tear-stained face, "it isn't too late, it's never too late to mend."

About thirty minutes later Edith lifted her head from Billy's white flannel shoulder and looked up anxiously into his eyes.

"The other girl, the one who had taken my place?" she asked, weakly.

"Doesn't exist," said Billy, promptly. "She was only a bluff," and he kissed her on the mouth.

—

When a girl under 25 declares she will never marry she hopes she isn't tell-

Hummed a little tune.

"never again." He was watching her face intently as he spoke. "I have met a girl at last who will take your place in my heart and I am going to love her always and try and make her happy. I wanted to be first to tell you this, we have always been such close friends, I never imagined I could want any one else for my wife. But, you see, it's all so useless my expecting you to love me, and I think my future wife cares for me more than I am worthy of. She is one of God's best works, a sweet, straightforward girl," and Billy bared his young head reverently.

Miss Courtwright's absent gaze was fixed on the sparkling water; she

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Pepsikola is prepared in the form of chocolate-coated tablets and gives relief by increasing the flow of gastric juice and saliva, by stimulating the stomach to do its own work, and by giving new tone and vigor to the entire digestive tract.

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Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

Funny

That you leave the stable door unlocked until the horse is stolen—but it's history and human nature. Now, why don't you be odd and

Peculiar

and lock the door NOW by renting a safe deposit box in the Exchange Bank for $1.00 per year? And if you want any deeds, mortgages, leases, wills or other legal papers made, here is the place to have it done, not only in a neat manner

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REGIMENTAL REUNIONS AND FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY BATTLE CHICKAMAUGA.

CHATTANOOGA, SEPT. 17-21, 1905.

On September 18, 1905, will occur the forty-second anniversary of the Battle of Chickamauga. It is proposed to celebrate this memorable event with a reunion of the various regiments that participated in this memorable battle, and, in addition, to hold at the same time a grand reunion of all the regiments that participated in the various battles fought around Chattanooga. This reunion will be held at Chickamauga National Park, September 18, 19 and 20, and the present indications are that it will be the largest and most notable gathering ever held in the South. On the above dates, the remnants from the armies of twelve states, comprising the following: Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and Kentucky, will assemble, many for the first time since they marched from its blood-stained fields, forty-two years ago.

Grand and glorious will be the meeting and all who attend will have cause to rejoice. The lowest rate ever secured has been given the entire public for this occasion, one cent per mile, short line di tance.

Here is one of the great opportunities for the education of the youth. Don't fail to take your children and show them historic Chattanooga, with all its historical connections. It is the opportunity of a lifetime. Go and see the old war generals and other officers point out the places of interest on the battlefield; let them show you and explain, in person, the markers erected on the battlefield showing the positions of the opposing armies at the time of battle. It will not be long until none will be left to do this noble work, take this opportunity and don't let it escape you, it is worth six months in the school room to any student.

It will be many years, if ever again, that such an opportunity will present itself. See that your tickets read via the Louisville & Nashville R. R., the Battlefield Route. Call on your nearest railroad agent for rates and advertising matter pertaining to the reunion, or write one of the representatives of the Louisville & Nashville R. R.

J. H. MILLER, P. A., Louisville, Ky.
F. D. BUSH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. E. DAVENPORT, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.
H. C. BAILEY, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.
(July 1st)

TORPEDO BOAT IS CUT IN TWO

German Battle-Ship Reported to Have Rammed Vessel at Eckernfoerde.

Berlin cable: The Kiel correspondent of the Lokal Anzeiger says the battle-ship Woerth rammed the torpedo-boat S 124 in the harbor of Eckernfoerde Wednesday morning, cutting her in two, and that three firemen in the boiler-room were scalded to death by escaping steam. The S 124 was one of six torpedo-boats launched in 1904. She was of 420 tons displacement and had a speed of thirty knots.

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BIRMINGHAM, Mich., Mar. 25, 1902.
I painted my house 20 years ago with Detroit White Lead Works Best Liquid Paint. I will repaint the house this spring for the first time in 20 years. It has lasted better all these 20 years than any paint I have seen on any other building. Even now it looks well and don't chalk off. My folks won't have any other brand.
CLARK BLUMBURG.

Read what our own governor says;
FARMINGTON, Mich., June 5, 1901.
Detroit White Lead Works, Detroit, Mich.;
Gentlemen—I have used your Best Ready Mixed Paints on my different buildings for several years. I am well pleased with them and will use the same when I repaint.
Respectfully yours,
FRED M. WARNER.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., Mar. 25, 1902.
I have used Detroit White Lead Works Best Ready Mixed Paints on my house in Birmingham and am pleased with the paint in every way. It has a fine gloss and great wearing qualities. I will use the same brand when I repaint. Its wonderful covering capacity makes it a matter of economy to use it.
J. L. CAMPBELL, M. D.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., Mar. 24, 1902.
Seventeen years ago I painted my house in Birmingham with Detroit White Lead Works Best Liquid Paint. After standing 15 years I repainted it with two coats, with the exception of the front, which faces the north. One coat on north side looks good enough.
L. SIMPSON.

Paint is Mitchell's hobby. Come in and talk it over with him when you are thinking about decorating your house.

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