HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL.

(Submitted by Marquis F. King, President of the Maine Genealogical Society.)

Contributions to this department be confined solely to historical and genealogical subjects.

Correspondents and others interested are requested to call the attention of their friends to this department which will appear in the Thursday issue of the Evening Express, and the Weekly Express one dollar a year by mail and to send in to the editor and advisors of all genealogists who are compiling a record of any particular family.

NOTES TO THE OBSERVER BY CONTRIBUTORS.

1. Be careful that dates, names of persons, and places are clearly written, and the name and address of the writer given in full, this latter not necessarily for publication.

2. Always give the number of the query and the date of the paper in which it appeared, when answering a query.

3. Contributors, who are willing to pay for information which they ask through this column, may send their communications, but no other, other than historical and genealogical, will be admitted here.

4. Direct all communications to "Query" and "Querist," Evening Express, Portland, Me.

ANSWERS.

(U.) Benjamin Tukey must have been born about 1738, married in 1769, and died in 1777. Nathaniel Webb, who served about seven years in the Revolutionary army. They moved to New Castle, Maine, about 1766 and Benjamin Tukey is the ancestor of the Tukey families of New Castle and Bristol, through his sons Benjamin and William. Benjamin Tukey entered May 13, 1772, and served until his death Oct. 20, 1777. He was wounded Oct. 20, and lived until the 29th.

John Tukey, his father, probably came to Fairmount from England about 1764, and was a shipwright. His wife (married in 1749) was Abigail Rowen, a daughter of Benjamin and Constance (town) Sweeter from birth. This is a most interesting fact in the life of John Tukey, lived on the west corner of Congress and Quincey streets in a two storied house which was injured by Moye's shot in the burning of the town in 1777. TheTukey family was an active part of the Revolution and live in the former Portland, Maine.

John Tukey Hat in Portland, Me., Aug 15, 1774.

The Tukey family in MM. History has many errors in dates and names. They had 14 children and grandchildren.

(22.) Evidently James Stubbs settled in Gorham, as will be seen by accompanying extract from town records:

The children of James Stubbs and Sarah, his wife, are as follows:

Hulda, born Wells, Nov. 14, 1790.

James, born Wells, Apr. 15, 1794.

Moses, born Wells, Oct. 21, 1790.

Sarah, born Gorham, March 7, 1777.

Reuben born Gorham Jan. 12, 1781.

PUBLICATIONS.

Intentions of Marriage from Books and Records of Goffham, Me.

The first publication is that of Elizabeth Maria of Goffham, with Margaret Maria and Benjamin Maria. The second publication is that of Anna Whitman, born in 1793, William Goffham in 1799, and John Goffham in 1796, and the third publication is that of Anna Whitman, born in 1793, William Goffham in 1799, and John Goffham in 1796, and the fourth publication is that of Anna Whitman, born in 1793, William Goffham in 1799, and John Goffham in 1796, and the fifth publication is that of Anna Whitman, born in 1793, William Goffham in 1799, and John Goffham in 1796, and the sixth publication is that of Anna Whitman, born in 1793, William Goffham in 1799, and John Goffham in 1796.

Ed.

Prince C. Treffethen

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Ed.
STATE ITEMS.

The general alumnae association of Bates college, has just presented to the young ladies' dormitory an exquisite carbon photograph of Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." The picture has been placed in the reception room of Cheney hall, and will serve as an excellent foundation for an art collection for the college.

Mr. W. W. Lucas of Foxcroft, who was in the Maine legislature of 1860, says he remembers Thomas B. Reed very plainly as he appeared at that time, Mr. Reed being a member of the legislature from Portland. The future statesman was 29 years of age, with a face as smooth as an apple, and at Mr. Lucas put it, "the nerved over the temples and looked like a genius who has grown too." His countenance was sad and his expression when addressing the house showed, according to Mr. Lucas, a handwriting that was over all admirable.

Fred R. Taylor, an eight-year-old, is the most talked about youngster in Greenwood these days, for he has found the Little Androscoggin at Wilts Mills and held the water back for five hours. He's got a crew of men at work repairing the big dam at that place, and they were much bothered by the water. "Freddie, I wish you'd build a dam and stop this water," said Taylor, "as he went on. But Taylor is not. He took him at his word, and assumed he'd built a dam and pieces of ice were thrown at the dam for five hours and allowed the men to carry on with the dam repairs without hindrance.

Among the Swedes in Arcoostock, it is now reported that Mr. W. W. Thomas, Jr., has sent a message to their countrymen in New Sweden, advising them not to plant any more potatoes another season than they can use themselves. The reason for this advice is, he thinks he has discovered indications that a large amount of seed having been manufactured this present season will be like to keep the price low for at least a year to come. The danger of potato production another year lies in the fact that if they are planted, they will be the unlucky ones if they plant later.

The reward of the faithful advertising is certain.
The meeting was opened by Stanley P. Chase, who spoke in a loud, clear voice distinctly audible in the far corner of the hall. The theme of the address was imagination, which the speaker claimed was the moving spirit of all thinking. Said he, "Nothing was ever built, no invention ever made, which had not been at first seen in the imagination of its inventor. It is an instrument by which the impracticable is made possible. It was necessary that it should have existed in the imagination of its inventor before it could be constructed in reality.

Mrs. Chase made several strong and in her remarks and it was with some regret that the audience heard her last, and then addressed the principals who were in the hall when she began. This part of the address was also well worthy of attention. He spoke of the great increase in the school spirit of late, especially during the past three years and he entreated the principals to assure their full responsibilities and keep it up. The school band, the principal and the other teachers were also addressed in fitting terms.

Mr. Chase then introduced Mr. Coles,

Levi F. Hutchinson, chairman of the supervisory of the school who made a short address to the graduates before conferring the diplomas. Mr. Hutchinson laid special stress on the fact that any graduation is but a stepping stone in the onward march. There is no truth taken in the attitude taken by a former graduate who, when he received his diploma waved it above his head and shouted "Hoorah. Educated! Educated at last!" Education is never finished and he makes the best use of his education who realizes this fact and continuously presses on further.

Those who received diplomas were the following:

Ball, Ida M., Blake, Ethel M., Bryant.


FINIS OPUS CORONAT.

Graduation Exercises of Class of 1901, P. H. S.

A Large and Brilliant Assembly at City Hall.

Interesting Features of the Programme.

Dinner Banquet, Literary Exercises and Dance in the Evening.

The Portland High School has been favored of Heaven for many years. Scarcely ever has there been a rainy day on the date set for the graduation exercises of this school in which the citizens of Portland take so much pride and this year was no exception. The sun was a little too fervent perhaps and some of those who attended the exercises as well as a few who took part became a little uncomfortable. Nevertheless the exercises were carried on without interruption.

A large audience, consisting of 1200 persons, and the entire first floor of the building was occupied. The stage, extending to the center window of the back room, was draped and fastened with the class colors—old gold and blue. Across the center window of this background were fastened the class emblems, "1901," and beneath is the class motto, "Finis Opus Coronat."

The class was indebted, as many previous classes have been, to Mr. Shafter G. Cushing, who designed the decorations.

The hall was opened to ticket holders at 9:30 and that part of it which was not reserved for the class of 1902, was quickly filled. At 9:35 Miss Patty Steadman took her seat at the piano and played an introductory march to the strains of which the class of 1902 marched in and took their seats. Miss Steadman continued her music and the seniors marched upon the stage accompanied by the teachers and several members of the student body.

The class was formed in the center of the platform, and the commencement exercises opened. After the singing of the class song by Lester M. Hirt, set to music composed for the occasion by Ernest M. White, the principal was Miss Mary H. Morse and the song was tendered with fine spirit.

The satisfactory task of the after the exercises was accomplished with ease, the exercises closing with the singing of the class song written by Esther M. Hirt, set to music composed by the composer and arranged by Ernest M. White. The principal was Miss Mary H. Morse and the song was tendered with fine spirit.

MARY A. BRYANT, President.

L. S. F. WHITIN, Secretary.

The last scene of the evening, the scene in which Portia, in disguise, takes the ring which she had made, was an effective and interesting one. The audience was charmed with the acting of the actors and the opportunity to hear the full beauty of the music and the effectiveness of the voices.

MRS. HAMILTON, as Shylock, and Miss Wheeler, as Portia, naturally carried the whole evening to a successful conclusion.

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SALTPETER CARGO WAS HELD FOR YEARS

Intended for Use in Civil War

FELL IN GRANT'S HANDS

Not Until Recently Have These Stores Been Unloosed by the Raveling of Red Tape in Various Departments. Bought by a Packing Company.

As an instance of how long it takes our Uncle Sam to let go of anything he once gets his hands on, the history of some fourteen carloads of merchandise disposed of at Washington the other day will serve to illustrate. This merchandise was saltpeter, which for the last few months of war was used to vary the fire of the Union batteries, but which would have been converted from white salts into black ammunition and picked out of the muzzles of blankets or cannon into powder smoke, behind deadly missiles of lead and iron. That it did not assist in this current chemical production of war is as amazing about among the gaseous elements of atmosphere as in space beyond, is due to the "fortunes of war." Instead, it is still organic matter, still saltpeter, and will at once be consigned to a less heroic and more useful fate than that of inspiring deadly motive power for shot and shell on the bloody battlefield. It will be used for curing meats—beef and pork. Not having helped to kill "Yanks" and "Johnny Reb" 40 years ago, it will now help the pruning hook and the plower to feed the peaceful consorts of the blue and grey, and their children and grandchildren who have come upon the stage of action since.

Forty-one years ago last April there sailed from a Spanish Mediterranean port a vessel bound for Norfolk. Ya. She was laden with a strange assortment of merchandise consisting largely of lead, saltpeter and burlap. Anybody who has ever visited an old-fashioned powder mill will recognize the relationship of these ingredients, with plastic charcoal and a touch of gunpowder added. The good ship Borussia sailed away from Spain like the "Three Friends" or the Lancers did during the early days of the Cuban revolution, as the last rays of Tampa or Fernandina coasts lighted up without the knowledge of sailors or army of Bernardo.
TREFETHENS FAIR GALA OCCASION

All Sorts of Attractions Offered by the Improvement Assn.

The annual fair of the Trefethen-Evergreen Improvement association, which took place Saturday in the orchard of the Howe estate at Trefethen, was a gala affair in every sense of the word. It had all the attractions that invariably characterize an alfresco fête with many ingenious novelties in addition. No prettier setting could possibly have been found for such an event than the charming spot where the booths were located. Many of these booths or tables were in circular shape, and were built along the terrace with the over-hanging branches forming a canopy. A scheme of decoration was adopted in keeping with the outdoor surroundings. Branches and greenery were set in vases, and the flowers were surrounded by small baskets filled with natural flowers. The decorations were changed from time to time, and included the use of many colored lights. The setting was completed by the beautiful scenery of the district, and the entire scene was an invitation to linger and enjoy the festivities.

In the evening a "pop" concert was held in the Dayboro casino below the fair grounds. Here the tables were arranged in cabaret fashion about the walls, and there was general dancing after each of the special numbers on the program. Those who participated in the concert were Professor Robert E. S. Gunn and Miss Alice Baskett, vocalists, Miss Mabel Tyler Hackett, accompanist, Mrs. Eugene H. Swan, singer, Mrs. Isadore Baker, Crisp, dancers, and a group of young girls who did the pretty pageant gavottes. There included Miss J. Irving, Miss Cora, Miss Charlotte Simon, Miss Dorothy Sel Sandtke, Miss June Delight Edmonds, Miss Hazel Raybuck and Mrs. F. V. Sullivan. Not only was this a charming feature, but the numbers which were sung it were so delightfully done that there was enthusiastic applause upon many occasions. Mrs. Herman Truex, chairman of the general committee in charge of the fair, while the general committee upon tables as follows: Trefethen Pony committee—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haley, Brighton, Mass.; Mrs. Robert A. Riddle, West Somerville, Mass.; and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Jones, Portland.

FURTHER REPORTS OF MARINE DISASTERS—The schooner Emily, of St. John, N.B., was found bottom up off Wood Island Sunday afternoon, and towed into Wood Island harbor by the steam tug Uncle Sam. The crew, it is supposed, were all lost. A lumber laden vessel was seen dismasted and abandoned off Wood Island yesterday afternoon, and the steam tug Uncle Sam will go out and bring her into port this morning.

The schooner Lydia, of Portland,
Some anecdotes

or several of the foregoing anecdotes pertaining to Webster, I am indebted to A. B. Kimball, Esq., of Washington. Mr. Kimball, who on that subject is an

expert, and who as secretary of board or treasurer was a leading

factor in promoting the elaborate and

successful twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of the academy August 16 and 17.

And here is an anecdote of the great

founder when in his prime.

Webster was an enthusiastic angler.

His favorite resort of his for this pur-

pose was a small stream which ran

through his home estate, in Marshfield.

In the summer of the year he was

living in this country as secretary of

state, he came home on a much-needed

visit. He was not long in donning

old out-of-date clothes and a rude

hat, such as farmers wear in

ling time, and resuming his sport in

rod and line.

Some days later, as he was angling

the aforementioned stream, from

the bank opposite the one nearest his

home, he was joined by a slightly

smirking, very saucy, very expressive

feminine young man who had been

sent from Washington with some

important papers. Webster's black

face was clouded, and his whole

appearance belied his personality and

action. Mistaking him for some poor

man, he shifted, pleasure seeking

vain-glittering messenger than

strongly favored by Mr. Webster in

his reply.

The young man gave a nervous

start, then slowly scowled the dark-

red skin from his brow, and the

white from his hair. Webster, who

knew how to wear a gray suit and a

white hat, stood up and said:

"I am not here to see you, but to

tell you where I have been a few

minutes before!"

"I am glad to see you, sir. Let me

show you somewhere not before!"

Whereupon the expression of visible

shame and mortification disappeared.

The young man was Webster's eldest

son.

His Favorite Fishing Spot.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Lewis I

have had a photograph taken of

the famous Fishermen's Park in Fish-

ton. The park is located on the old

church that stands at the end of

the long road which runs down from

the town square. From Mr. Lewis,

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WEBSTER'S PEDAGOGY DAYS

The Great Orator Taught Fryeburg Academy.
DANCED WITH VILLAGE BELLES.


never be erased. He boarded at the Oxford house, and entered with all the spirit of a susceptible young man into the society of the Pequawket belles, enacting the dances in the hall of the hotel, how writing poetry and again filling his letters to his friends with an effusion of sentiment and good nature which, to be honest, was bubbling over. Webster acted as registrar's clerk, and his handwriting is still on the record of deeds of the western district of Oxford county, as the act of thing its short term of service with honor and the thanks of the trustees for his faithful services.

Amounts of WEBSTER's pecuniary interest on the value of money in an interesting moment of his brief residence in Fryeburg. He visited an account, as preserved in the Act ledger of John Robert Bridgman. On the thousand dollars was money charged against Mr. Webster. The first charge was for "map, one expenses," followed by "camb. sixpence," "quilts, one ouid six pence," "bouquet, seven pence," "five shillings," "a book, four shillings six pence," etc. Afterward charged "one pair blue hose, fourteen shillings.

The latter was rather an extravagant article, one would suppose, for a country pedagogue. The hose were probably worn at the famous balls of which Fryeburg boasted in those times, at other of the select social gatherings which distinguished Fryeburg's early days. This extravagant purchase of hose was in harmony with Webster's well-known indolence in after life to the value of money and the cost of living.

Among the Belles.
Among the belles of Fryeburg at that period was pretty Miss Elizabeth McMillan, relative of Mr. Gen. John McMillan of the war of 1812. Principally it that she was Webster's partner in the first dance at Orgood's famous ball in the Oxford house, situated on the east river, in western Maine, became the principal of Fryeburg Academy. Considering which incident, in connection with that early epoch of higher educational affairs of the town, I quote this passage from records of academy. In January, 1818, the trustees nuced, in obtaining the services of a big man, who was endeavoring to get at his brother Charles Webster, who was attending Dartmouth college, and was sent to that
GERMAN CHURCH AND BURYING GROUND AT WALDOBORO.

Architecture, in an object if it interest to hundreds of visitors.

Waldoboro was the only German settlement in New England, and one of the oldest in the country, although the exact date of settlement is lost. On a monument in the churchyard adjoining the old church, is the following bit of history, significant commentary upon the argument used by Samuel Waldo, the son of General Waldo, for whom the town and county were named, who visited Germany and induced about 1,500 people to accompany him upon his return: "This town was settled in 1748 by Germans who emigrated to this place with the promise and expectation of finding a populous city, instead of which they found nothing but a wilderness; for the first four years they suffered to a great extent, caused by the Indians and starvation; by perseverance and self-denial they succeeded in clearing lands and erecting mills; at this time a large proportion of the inhabitants are descendants of the first settlers."

This monument was erected in 1857 by subscription of the citizens of the town.

Traces of the German settlers may be found in the old burying ground and in the names of the present generation, Stute, Winkelbach, Waller, Schwartz, Schumann, Wagner, Bornheimer, Hefner, and others. Traces also exist in the solid, roomy houses of the old-time order and last, but not least, in the old German Lutheran church on "Meeting House Hill."

The exact date of the erection of the building cannot be told, but it can be traced as far back as 1751, before its removal it stood in an unfinished condition, destitute of windows or pews. Previous to the building of the present church an old meeting house at "Meeting House Hill" was used as a place of worship. The sexton of the church is Miles Standish, a lineal descendant of the old Puritan, who has served in that capacity for over 30 years.

The old German church is now occasionally used for funerals and for services of a memorial nature. Much interest and pride in the ancient building is shown by the residents of Waldoboro, many of whom are members of the German Protestant society which has the church in charge.

The First Pastor

In 1789, the Rev. Frederick Augustus Rhodolphus Benedictus Ritz arrived in Waldoboro and was probably the first pastor of the church after its removal to its present site. Mr. Ritz was a native of Germany and received a classical education at the University of Heinsheim. He went to Pennsylvania in 1761, and became a member of the Southern Synod of that state. He preached entirely in German.

Among the early preachers was the Rev. John Martin Schaffer, who resided here for his services as preaching a lot of land and three pounds old toner, and two days were yearly from each settler. He at last became profane and intemperate, and, having met all his inducement, was obliged to leave the town and die the death of a drunkard in the neighboring town of Warren.

During the pastorate of the Rev. John William Stammen, who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Ritz, the following incident is related in connection with Frank Miller, who at that time was a new member of the church. He was called, "the choir of the German church. Unlike the custom of the modern choir, the minister and two lines of the hymn, which the choir, having no hymn books, would take up and sing through, and no on until the entire

Portland Sunday Telegram
September 22, 1901
GERMAN MEETING HOUSE

Is Probably the Oldest in This Country.

LOCATED AT WALDOBORO, MAINE.

Exact Date of Erection Cannot Be Told, but It Has Been Traced as Far Back as 1773. Old Burying Ground Adjoining Is a Quaint Spot. Reminiscences of the First Pastor.

WALDOBORO, Sept. 21. (Special) — In this town is probably the oldest German meeting house in this country. It is more than a century and a quarter old and both on account of its antiquity and its peculiar style of architecture North and the building was erected. It was built in a way which not only served for seating. The people at this time were very poor and for a number of years the building remained in an unfinished condition.

About 1795 the society decided against considerable opposition to take the building down and erect it on one of the lots provided for school and church purposes on the western side of the river, where it now stands.

The original lot being private property, all evidences of the existence of the old graveyard at that place have been obliterated. The church as it now stands has been in its present location a little over a century, and was undoubtedly considered an elaborate affair in its day. The interior is quaint and primitive. The sills, which have been partially replaced, were originally 12½ inches, white pine, and the old cross floor timbers which remain are the same size, white pine and black ash, and are mine eyes feeble, I scarcely can see to read this hymn."

The clerk, supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up the tune of the common metre. The aged minister, taking somewhat by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying:

"I didn't mean to sing that hymn. I only meant mine eyes fell dim."

The clerk again thinking it was a combination of the two finished it in the preceding strain. The old minister at this waxing wrath, exclaimed at the top of his voice: "I drink the devil is in you all; a'wash no hymn to sing at all."

The German Protestant society was organized in 1803, under the act of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts entitled "An act to incorporate a religious society of the town of Waldo- borough." Largely to this society, which has had a continuous existence, is due the credit of the careful preservation of the old meeting house.

Several years ago interested people began the collection of old German Bibles, books and other articles which, with the original communion service, are now in the church. In the graveyard surrounding the church the oldest stone is erected in memory of Mary Elenora Levensaler, who died Dec. 19, 1788. Other stones in this yard which attract attention are those of former pastors, the Rev. Mr. Ritz, who died in 1811, and the Rev. Mr. Starman, who died in 1851. A monument is also erected in memory of Conrad Eyer, the first child born in Waldoboro of European parents, who died in 1854, aged 16 years, 10 months.
The business prospered and grew for forty years. Father was in it for sixty years, although two of my brothers, William and Henry were really the managers for the last few years. Father was disabled and too old. He was a mechanic and built his fish house, repaired his vessel and even built one there on the island. Every winter he used to build boats and dories. We shipped men from Peaks, from the city and the state, as well as from the other islands. They kept them busy at good wages. The men got paid for what fish they caught. Every man worked his own boat and the town paid to hire them to work. It was half a man's job.

I was ‘master’ of my father’s schooner that he ran to the city to carry freight, when I was 12 years old. It wasn’t a very important berth, but it pleased me and I knew I was competent to look after his interests, even though I was young. I went to school winters but had to work in summers. It is half a mile to Peaks and I have skated across every day for a month. I have skated all the way up to the city from the island. That was years ago.

In Business Fifty Years.

I never went to the banks, but I

made one voyage to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I came to the city and was in the fish business for sixty years and in the firm of & E. Beards & Co., etc. Father remained on the island and died there a few years ago. Shortly after he died I gave the fish house to my cousin, the son of a fisherman who lived near us. We have had a great many of them and have been very happy. We have sold the fish and raised them. The fish swarmed up this year and the business died out with the death.

To Gloucester they are still at it, but there are other communities in Maine of which House Island is a fair sample. Beverly used to send out a lot of banks and salt. Now there is not one running from this port. I remember the old blockhouses that was torn down on the island. It was on the government land, was 2 stories high, with the sea water coming out of the first and the second story and a garthstone for the chimney. It was a peculiar defensive structure as compared with Fort Williams. There was a gauntlet at one time that lived in this blockhouse.

I was a great hand to go ‘wrecking’ so was my brother, William. We were the ones that went out and took the man off the ledge when the brig Watson was wrecked, many years ago, an account of which I saw published in a certain newspaper not long ago. The first we knew about that wreck was at the end of the week, the schooners were coming in. They were from Boston, but the men in the schooners and for out at the barns are left out while the molasses is in the barrels.

Rescued a Castaway.

So my brother and I started out in a dory. We went down through the Cushing. When we got abreast of Head we came up to a number of other boats, but the crews did not dare to go outside. We agreed that we were not afraid and so we rowed out to one of the vessels, landed and looked around. We found quantities of tropical fruit that had washed up and wrecked also but no wreck. So we started for Grand Island. It was as rough as I ever saw it. The dory stood up almost straight up. Then we decided it would be wise to see if we could save our chance we swung the boat around and headed land. They had given us up when we got home at dark.

The next morning we set out again and this time kept an eye out. We spied the signal of distress on a fishing boat. We ran over there and there was one lone man on the rocks.
PLAYED IMPORTANT PART IN THE FISH CURING BUSINESS

House Island Formerly the Scene of Commercial Activity.

Interesting Facts Related to the Telegram by Mr. George Trefethen on the Island and the Passing of the Fish Industry—Some Notable Wrecks Recalled.

House Island, the location for the proposed quarantine station for which Congress has appropriated $46,000 to purchase half its area, has played an important part in the fish curing industry, which was formerly one of the staples of Portland's commercial activity. At present there is a small building on the government's reservation and it is provided with both rooms and other accommodations for fishermen and to treat disposed migrants, but the need of a thoroughly up-to-date establishment is very pronounced and congress seems to have recognized the condition and begun to provide for it. The Telegram learned this day that the government has purchased 100 acres of land, about seven acres more than the present reservation, for the station.

The government has already taken possession of the site and plans to construct a new station at once. The government has not yet decided whether to build a permanent structure or to use a temporary one. The government has not yet made up its mind whether to build a permanent structure or to use a temporary one. The government has not yet decided whether to build a permanent structure or to use a temporary one. The government has not yet determined whether to build a permanent structure or to use a temporary one.

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First Fort Was of Earth.

When the fort was first located there was of earth and the sod was scraped off that half of the island and a pit of emplacement which was to make embankments in which to plant the guns. Some earth was dug from Peaks Island. As many as a hundred men were at work there. The Civil War brought a new tide of defense and granite was later raised. These have since been removed, but their presence is now felt by the neighboring towns. The island was once inhabited and the arrangements have changed. The outer defenses have been replaced by stronger ones and the cliff is now occupied by a government reservation.
INCIDENTS IN SCHOOLBOY DAYS OF
THE LATE HON. THOMAS B. REED
BRIDGTON, Me.—"Out of sight out of mind," yes, that's the way of the world. This applies to dead celebrities with sad tales. And yet, there are exceptions. But I'm speaking now of the general rule.

When I recall what I heard said by a veteran newspaper man a few years ago, it was in the editorial columns of the Boston Daily Globe. The comment was on two who were James Morgan, the businessman-owner, and the editor of the same name, and Morgan was a middle-aged woman, smart as a finished and intellectual looking man. He walked briskly in and spoke to Mr. Morgan, who had the usual manner of a newspaper office, even though it be all tabulated statistics, was about some important person or event. Which the public had been tearing for a few days before, I heard Mr. Morgan. His answer, which was given in a kindly manner.

"Your story is evidently a good one," he said. "Judging from a casual glance, but I can't say it seems too late."

"According to a couple of days' papers," it would have been written, and quite likely accepted, but you see, the public has had all the news of the world. The situation with us is this:

"When a famous man dies, especially if he belongs to this region, we want all that can be had of interest concerning him, but just as soon as he is buried and the Chicken Falls, there comes a complete silence. The "incident" is closed, and he becomes as fully ignored as if he had never existed."

That was sound doctrine. But there are exceptions to this general proposition. In the case of that great statesman, that illustrious son of Portland of whom the country and all the rest of New England, for that matter, are very proud. All over the country the newspapers had something to say about him for days and even weeks after he had been laid to his last rest, and it will be a long time, if ever, we shall ever be able to tell about Thomas Brackett Reed.

And so, have a few stories and reminiscences of Thomas Reed to offer to the public. The first one is the result of an interview given to me, and who many years ago he had the honor of interviewing Thomas Reed and who many years ago he had the honor of interviewing him, on a certain interesting political occasion, and a jolly talk with him over a glass when they were laid and together attended school in the old Brackett street schoolhouse.

This "whimsical schoolmates" playmate of Mr. Reed's was Daniel Merrill Crockett, a native of the neighborhood and host of the secession, Charleston, South Carolina, but one of the strongest Union men to be anywhere found. In furtherance of his loyalty to the old flag he shouldered a musket and served his country as a private in Company C, Twelfth Maine regiment. He has filled various offices of trust, both in a civic and military line. He was for a time assistant postmaster at St. Andrews. Then he married a fine girl, Miss Adelaide Reed, and took up his abode in Bridgton. He was for twenty-two years drum major of the Processional Band, F. A. R., and one of the best, and has also been its commander and quartermaster.

In local civil affairs he has been town clerk continuously. He was born in the office that at the recent March meeting he was unanimously elected. He not only being the nominee of his own party, the Republicans, but the Democrats made no objection so as to give him a clear field. His parents were Daniel Merrill and Ellen (Thomas) Crockett. His father was a Gosnold, Me., man, who went south in 1860 and died there three or four years later. His mother died when he was very young. When about seven years old he was taken into the home of his father's brother, the late Nathaniel Crockett, who for fifty-four years was a prominent hardware dealer in Portland. And that's how Dan Crockett happened to know "Tom" Reed.

Schoolemster For Years.

"Yes, Tom Reed and I had schoolfellows for several years," said Mr. Crockett. "Some of the time we occupied the same seat. That was in the school on Brackett street. Among our teachers were Miss Shaw (afterwards Mrs. William O. Kimball), and Miss Shaw. We were in the same grade. We always lived in Bridgton, Tom was a chubby, low-headed jolly little fellow, fond of playing practical jokes, and a little roughish with but a good boy all the same, and quite studious. He and I got along together finely.

"We were in the same grade and attended school in the old M. A. Jackson. It was
FIRST DIVISION NAVAL RESERVE
SPLENDID RECORD IT HAS MADE

Lineal Descendent of Crew That
Manned the Old Monitor
Montauk.

Bill Before Legislature to Increase From One Division of
Forty-six Men and Three Officers to Two Divisions of
Thirty Men and Two Officers Each—Made Good Showing
on the Cruises.

The First Division Naval Reserve is
the lineal descendant of the hastily-
mustered body of young men who
manned the old monitor Montauk
during the Spanish-American war of
1898.

Previous to the war the Naval Re-
serve system was largely upon a
theoretical basis and there were not
lacking plenty of critics who belittled
such organizations and sneered at
their usefulness. It would be a safe
assertion, however, to positively state
that none of the officers in the regular
service who had reserve rank among

ENSIGN EVERETT G. SCULLY.

their crews have now any doubt of the
ability of the volunteer sailor to equal
the splendid record of his more famous
brother—the volunteer soldier.

Maine was not a Naval Reserve state
before 1898, and the crews of the old
monitor lacked very nearly all prelim-
nary training—serious pandemonium

LIEUT. HARRY M. BICELOW.
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ument that the names of O'Brien, Wadsworth and Preble to naval history, should maintain a representative force in the Naval Reserve System.

To obtain that end a bill authorizing the formation and defining the personnel of a naval reserve body was introduced in the legislature of 1892. It was passed and approved by Gov. Powers in March of that year.

Part of National Guard.

According to the provisions of this law the naval reserves were attached to and a part of the National Guard and governed under the supervision of the adjutant-general's office. This was very fortunate for those interested in the ship movements. Maj.-Gen. L. T. Rice, was hearty in favor of the new idea, and much of the success of the Maine Naval Reserve may be attributed to his valuable advice, and earnest assistance.

Mr. Harry M. Bigelow of Portland, an ex-lieutenant in the Auxiliary navy and who had served two years as a cadet at Annapolis, was the active spirit in the formation of the Naval Reserve plan, and he secured the signatures of many of the better known citizens of Portland to a petition to have the First Division stationed here. The city of Bath which furnished a volunteer crew to the monitor Wyandotte at Boston Navy yard during the war, competed for the honor, but late in the autumn of 1892 it was finally awarded to Portland, and afloat under the care of Mr. Bigelow to recruit a command.

This was vigorously accomplished and the First Division Naval Reserves was formally mustered into the state service by then Major Charles Collins on the evening of Dec. 20, 1892. At the next meeting held thereon the Reserves completed the organization by adopting by-laws and electing the three officers required by law, who about a month later received their commissions from Governor Llewellyn Powers.

The new company was friendly welcomed by the other National Guard companies who by their courtesy gave the younger body every opportunity to learn the rutes, and to participate in their work.

The First Cruises.

The first cruise of the Division occurred in Sept. 901, when the entire command of forty-nine officers and men went aboard the U.S.S. Prairie for a week at sea. A special berth deck was given up to the use of the Reserves and it is said that many of the amateur sailors gave up all but their ghosts on the memorable first night out. However, the report of Capt. Swift, the executive officer of Admiral Dewey's Caribbean fleet, was highly complimentary to their ability and willingness to do the required work.

During the first year of their existence the Reserves took part in every public event which included a military feature and acquired themselves with credit, as indeed, may be said of every event in which the Division has been a participant.

The second cruise was taken aboard the famous U.S.S. Delaware in July, 1905. This time the Division went aboard in sections of sixteen men—each section for one week—on account of the limited room of the ships for extra men.

The cruises extended South to Gloucester, Mass., and to Bar Harbor. The men had no special favor shown them. They were billeted on the same as new recruits among regulars and the officers stood the regular rutes.

The cruise was a very successful and afforded another complimentary report from Lieut.-Commander Sowerby.

The Division took part in all the national exercises in Portland, and a large part of the personnel of the Reserve Division was on duty at the games, and was interested and profitable in their work apart and apart.

Lieut. Stevens will probably have command of one of the new divisions. He is greatly fortunate in his selection of officers. It is doubtful if any other three men could have uniformly worked together as the three officers of the new Division's executive. It will be a proof enough that the
PORTLAND'S ONLY MARBLE HOTEL
NEVER OPENED TO THE PUBLIC

Located on Middle Street and
Destroyed in the Big
Fire.

Built by John M. Wood, a New Yorker Who Became a Citizen of Portland—The Many Enterprises in Which He Figured—Brought Blaine to This City—Met With Many Reverses and Died Poor.

Portland's only marble hotel, the most elaborate, architecturally, of the numerous hostleries that have everornament its thoroughfares, was never opened. Never a guest dined in its magnificent banquet room and never a lodger enjoyed the luxury of its suites. No bearing clerk ever grappled with the bustling drummer by the hand as he laughed over the latest yarn from the mint of the world. In all these characteristics of the life that forms the hotel's existence there is a hint of the history of this house that has passed out of the minds of nearly all those who, prior to the great fire of '01, remember Wood's hotel.

In the corner of Middle and Pearl street, or just a bit above the corner, John M. Wood, who, like his hotel, has passed into the land of the forgotten, erected this paragon of elegance and comfort, or which was to have been of that sort. Pure white marble, huge blocks that were scored, were on the top of the others with the care and stability that characterized the buildings of the Romans, formed the Middle street front and gave to the street what its owner had intended, the first breath of fragrance of the garden which he had planned. He made Middle street from India blossom like the rose.

Dashed were his hopes and disappointed were his ambitions, for the motto of his active, aggressive and kind hearted mankind. In those days he reckoned a rich man, and today he did nothing to the contrary. What consternation, what despair! More possession of wealth he sought to remain in the ranks of the living in nature, as well as to be able to withdraw from daily activity in commerce affording him the mere possession of wealth he sought to remain in the ranks of the living in nature, as well as to be able to withdraw from daily activity in commerce affording him the fortune that came to him practically.

\[ \text{You can't write this without a keyboard.} \]

The summer when flower beds were covered by gravel walks.

In the last month it had been built a summer house. These giant branches that spread from the parted of the tree, the gnarled rocks, and then it was, the nicest place imaginable in a stately little, in storm or sunny weather.

Mr. Wood was still a young man, only 32, when he came to this city. He was well to do and he made more money as a contractor of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence railroad, now the Grand Trunk. He liked Portland and decided to locate here.

With a keen perception for historical opportunities, he selected Middle street as the most likely to grow and be the center of a thriving metropolis and he determined that the hotel would be there in the very heart of it. No one then imagined that the trend of business would be away from the water front to the east side of the city.

Once selecting his battle ground, he made his famous statement that he would make Middle street from the postoffice to India, blossom like the rose.

Portland's Prudest Mansion.

First he bought the Plants Sawyer house, the finest residence in the city. Old residents still marvel at its grandeur. They describe it, but it is a lamentable calamity that there is no drawing for picture of any sort remaining to convey in younger generations any conception of this mansion which was a chateau by itself.

It had stood for nearly a hundred years in this local location, when these days were a clear expanse from its spacious lawn to the harbor with here and there a house and garden selected as the most likely to grow. Terraces extended in easy ascent from the middle street up to its high vantage point, and here a noble chestnut stood thick in front, while trumpet plants shrouded it with their leaves. Close to these beds was the summer when flower beds were covered by gravel walks.

In the last month it had been built a summer house. These giant branches that spread from the parted of the tree, the gnarled rocks, and then it was, the nicest place imaginable in a stately little, in storm or sunny weather.

Central and Greek style of architecture that tinged the house of Portland society in the eighteen century and late in the nineteenth century, occurred in the commanding site, its tall white pillars, delicate columns, supported the south end of the roof, thereby making a veranda on the ground, floor and a balcony of like projection on the second with the roof projecting and a covering.

There were given lavish entertainments at times and hospitality of the social set in those days was unstinted and guests were expected to stay as long as they wished. "Wearing their welcome out" was not to be feared.

This house occupied the space about Midway between Middle and Pearl and Pearl and Market streets. The stable and kitchen garden took up the "back" side of the lot, the bordering on Federal street. Fruit trees were scattered in rows over this plot, and where the owners used to enjoy all the fresh fruit grew.

There are hundreds of Portland people who recall Sawyersville. It was a brick, fifty-two feet high, running along several rods on the Pearl street side which formed the back of his greenhouse, which was the largest and finest in the city. Each gardener had roses and other flowers for his employer that were the envy of the neighborhood. This establishment was instituted by Mr. R. S. Pett and Mr. Wood had a hogshead when he secured this estate when its owner died. He made Middle street from India blossom like the rose.
PHOENIX'S ONLY MARBLE HOTEL

(Continued from Page 11)

It was nearly 10 years ago that he participated in those acts and only history can say what they were. Bedewed by time and the dust of the Advertiser, the annals of the papers containing the primitive colorings, it can be presumed merely that he did well his part.

Brought to Maine.

It was while he was in politics that he bought the Advertiser and it was he who brought James O. Blaine to this city as editor at a salary of $1,500 a year. This was a liberal price in those days, but not large when the salaries of the man as he afterwards developed.

The Advertiser, reflections of the greatness of the one and the logic and astuteness of the other. On the corner of Middle and Lime streets stood the "apothecary store of Mr. Giles. Many, many years this druggist attended to the wants of his customers and he was an old man when Mr. Wood began to branch out in his real estate transactions. Mr. Giles was a hard-headed and uncommunicative sort of man, nearly even at times, but strictly upright and honest and a leader in the community. A Portland man, who remembers him well, told this story of him to the Telegram part of the story in his store one day to get a prescription filled. He put up the ingredients in a bottle of pure alcohol, but now and then a few grains of

... and the remnants of Mr. Wood's fortune was consumed, his widow was left penniless and was supported by charity until her death in this city a few years ago.

There was every reason to believe that this hotel would have been popular. Certainly it was sufficiently elevated among the white choir to have been a success. While Mr. Wood laid his plans with some degree of liberality, James Parnell, his loyal and true companion, and he was sent to New York by Mr. Wood, who paid the bills, where he remained several months in the Metropolitan hotel, consuming history of the old hotel, an observer of the events of public interest were intense in their bearing on a great question.

It was after he had lived and to his original intention he would have built up Middle street the entire length below Lime street, as Market was formerly.

It was only natural that a hustling man of his characteristics should find politics an attractive and fertile field and he was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Republican party in this community. He was elected to the legislature in 1853-4 and he was chosen a representative to congress from this district two terms, 1855-6, when the country was preparing for the most wonderful struggle in the history of the world and when the events of public interest were intense in their bearing on a great question.

I was told that Mr. Giles,

"This man Wood has robbed me;" I said to him. "Tell me about it."

He replied, "You are right. I am not the only one who has been robbed."

"And so it was. Mr. Wood had an interest to secure the premises, but bid offers at anywhere near a reasonable price had been scored, but the prospective buyer was not to be required; he did pay much more than it was worth and I was out of a fortune in the business. It was here that he started his bank."

The building was of the Atlantic, a state bank, with a capital of $150,000, and Allan Haines, a lawyer, was the first president, and W. H. Steinhoff, whose widow died a few days ago, was his cashier. The bank was almost entirely by Mr. Wood. It was the first of his great enterprises. Accounts were a number of old buildings. This latter, he bought, all the way from Lime to Pearl streets, and on the rive and toward the lower side, was leasing his great hotel.

Planned a Palatial Hotel.

The Fire, the largest the city has ever known, took place in the region of the Advertiser. It is said to be estimated at $100,000 to accommodate the marine. The hotel was burned without particular regard for this disappointment, to the injury of $114,000 and it was ruined in the call of its earlier members, John M. Wood, who, with Mr. Wood, had been the president, and his widow, was a popular and very high-class woman. She is said to have been a lover of the hotel business and was carried toward him by some of the

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View of a section of Middle Street before the fire, showing the Marble Hotel, tallest building on the right, built by John H. Wood.
CARE OF A SEWING MACHINE.

When a sewing machine works heavily, take out the cloth and oil every part of the machine thoroughly with kerosene. Work briskly for some minutes, that the kerosene may do its work of loosening all the old oil and grime, and then wipe carefully with a soft, old duster. When the kerosene has been removed, oil the machine again with proper lubricating oil, and it will work as well as ever. Never use kerosene as a lubricant, for though it is excellent as a cleaner, it heats the bearings of the machine and would soon cause them to wear out.

Glass satin straw is the great novelty of the season in hats. The best colors are nut brown, light and dull yellow, dark and light blue, blue green and copper red.

OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS.

To the Editor of the Telegram:

A curious and astonishing news item has been circulating the rounds of Maine local newspapers. It indicates the recent discovery of the oldest marked grave in New England, that of Capt. George Popham, 1608. It tells that the "ledge stone," on which the body of this man is inscribed, has been found and sent to Boston to be copied. What is meant by "ledge stone" is not yet known.

With so much it is strange that no more information has been given to the public. What, when, where, are natural and pertinent questions. Then especially is it true of the "Riverside" Hotel at Popham Beach knows nothing of any such "find," or "discovery.

As the writer had something to do formerly in exhibiting the history of the Popham expedition (see the Sagadahoc Colony published by the Geographic Society); he is much interested in this alleged discovery, and exceedingly valuable addition to the details of those now and almost buried events. He eagerly sports from any one, especially from newspaper offices, the least further information concerning the facts of this discovery or the source of the story.

There is indeed by Fort Popham a block of granite about six feet in size, inscribed as a memorial of the colony, and bearing President Popham's name, which has been sitting there years to find its resting-place in the sand and sea. As these days were too late to bring to Boston. Most of the people of the island are greatly interested by the writer.

Henry O. Thayer.
Portland, March 18.
Mrs. J. O. Russell.
The funeral services of the late Eva A., wife of J. O. Russell, were held at her home, 45 Howard street, Sunday afternoon. Rev. W. E. Beaven of the Congress Street M. E. church, conducted the services, which were very impressive.

Although a sufferer for many years, Mrs. Russell has always been very cheerful, never complaining, and always looking on the bright side of life. She won for herself a host of friends by her sunny disposition and two small children she leaves a father, F. L. Littledfield, one sister, Mrs. C. M. Butler, and three brothers, F. L. Littledfield of the firm of Littledfield & Co., Mr. E. W. Littledfield and Harold E. Littledfield, all of this city.

Many and beautiful were the flowers sent as tokens of love and esteem: wreath from Mrs. E. S.; Maito. roses, King's Daughters' lilies and bouquet, from Mrs. Russell's shopmates at Ross, Eulath, & Harras; pillow, from sister and brother; pillow from L. F. association; thirty picks, E. L. Littledfield, bouquet of flowers, Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Young and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Faraday, phlox, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Littledfield, and Violin player, Mrs. Llewellyn Hamilton, lilies and hyacinths, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Beeby, pink, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Libby, bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Braden, bouquet, Mrs. E. H. Lloyd, lilies, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, hydrangea and maidenhair fern, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Brooks, bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Littledfield, bouquet, Mr. George F. Hildreth.
FUNERAL OF

MRS. TREFETHEN

Solemn Services Held at Trondheim. Burying the Afternoon.

Mr. W. E. Trefethen

The demise of Mrs. William S. Trefethen, occurred the other day, placed many of the community in much grief. The occasion, however, was attended with much respect and dignity, and was attended with much respect and dignity. The deceased was a beloved member of the family and was held in high esteem by all who knew her. The burial ceremony was attended with much reverence and solemnity, and was conducted with much care and attention.

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MANY AMERICAN FAMILIES CAN CLAIM SOME ROYAL BLOOD

Genealogical records of many American families are said to indicate that there are among the united and democratic citizens of the United States direct descendants, and generally in quite legitimate lines of most of the famous ancient royal families and of many of the most famous sovereigns who ever occupied thrones. They do not claim themselves upon their descent, and there certainly is no likelihood that any of them will ever lay claim to the royal succession. But the fact of their "royal" relationships is an interesting illustration of the universal kinship of mankind.

There was, recently, perhaps still is, living in Delaware County, Pa., a family who are undoubtedly descended from Brian Boru, King of Ireland, in the 8th generation. The Wetmore family is descended from Roger de Moton, the royal 11th house of 1st, a dynasty which furnished the barons of the English. The Wetmore family of Philadelphia can trace their ancestry back to Ireland.

Descendants of William the Conqueror are said to be numerous. They include American families named Adams, Gordon, Haserley, Woodhill and Sime. The Haserley family has still more numerous descendants in many prominent American families, including those of Ely, Pope, Barclay, Ives, Hornby, Dallinfield, Valentine, Fairbanks, Sylvester, Thacher, Lawrence, Demott, Carswell and Watts. The famous Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was one of Alfred's 50 times-great-grandsons.

The Roosevelt, Van Allen and Schomer families, though of Dutch name and descent, claim an ancestor in James I of Scotland. Some of the O'Connors of New York are remote children of Cathalin Moir, King of Ireland. The Van Der Georgia family of Ulster, N.Y., is descended from Charles Martel, who vanquished the Moslem invaders of France at Charons.

Families of Beu, Backus, Creel, and others trace their descent from Charlemagne. Hugh Capet, founder of the Capetian dynasty of France, was a descendant of the Normans. Thomas, Norris and other American families. From Henri I of France came the well-known families of Langdon, Colvert, River, Yamaka and others. The Poul family is descended from Edward I of England.

From William of Naassau, the Prince of Oranje, came the Van Renselaers, from Edward III of England the Delanoe, Palgrave, Greensides and Mainwaring. The Blarneys spring from Henry III of England, the Russels from Malcolm III of Scotland, the Ynagas and Lattie from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland; the Jays from Henri I of France and Robert II of Scotland; the Macleasters from Ferdinand III of Spain and the Harbours from Margarita-ap-Cynas, King of Wales.

There are many other Americans who claim, they can trace royal descent and many more than descendants but who have never taken the trouble or perhaps been able to trace their ancestry.
PEAKS ISLAND
IMPROVEMENT

The Peaks Island Improvement Association dinner Friday evening in the main dining hall of the Peaks Island House was not only the most successful in the history of the organization but, in point of numbers and brilliancy, the most conspicuous social event of the season at the island. Manager Hewes was in personal charge of his efficient corps of assistants and menu was one of the best ever served at this house. Among those seated at the tables were Mayor and Mrs. John W. Griffin; Lawrence J. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Louis Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McAdams, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pickard, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Marr, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Trefethen, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Brackett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Coyle, Mrs. Coyle, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Kimball, Mrs. Harriet E. Hinds, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pickard, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Marr, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Currier, John W. McKenna, Arthur C. Back and Fred L.

Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Alice Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Reke, Mr. H. M. Nesson, Portland; Miss Miss Paul Ham; Portland; Mrs. Charles H. Halton; Portland; Mrs. H. S. W. Hildreth, F. M. Churchhill; Portland; Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Thirlstone, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Broc, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Libby, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mannix, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Ring, Mrs. F. W. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fox, Miss Fagan, Mrs. W. S. Fagan, Walter H. Robinson; Captain J. B. Griffin and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. McAdams, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Treford, George W. Urban, F. A. Kennedy; John Oakes Burke; Gran F. Croston; Harriet P. Miss Ira; Helen H. Howans, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Howans, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bly, Mr. and Mrs. James Vintt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White; Mr. and Mrs. George D. Welch, Miss Elizabeth Shearer, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Smith, Portland.

After the dinner dance has gone up the hill to the movie the festivities continued into the night.

PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM

PORTLAND, ME.

PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM

SEPTEMBER 13, 1906

Left by the tourist trade of the city every year, it is adequate and very well the constantly growing patronage of the city and should be continued. The City of Portland has decided to provide sufficient accommodations for tourists. The Osprey, owned by the company, will be a more suitable vessel for the service of the island.

For Alderman Rounds reiterated the city's interest in the improvements of the city for some years back and called attention to the fact that about $300,000 had been expended each year at the island it had become a factor that demanded the attention of the City of Portland, and that delayed improvements could no longer be withheld if the people of the island would do their share.

The speeches were interspersed with vocal solos and duets by Mr. Kennedy and Miss Horan and songs by Mr. Rounds, which added materially to the enjoyment of the evening.

The Casco Bay and Harpswell Steamboat Company sent down a special steamer to convey those who returned to the city at the end of the exercises, and this courtesy, open to all, is much appreciated. Mr. Kennedy has made himself responsible for his company but for the last moment was delayed in Boston and unable to attend.

The Executive Committee of the association whose activity and earnest work made possible the splendid success of the evening are G. Walton Smith, Walter S. Trefethen, Warren H. Chace, Joseph H. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Keefe, W. W. Round, George H. Novak, Mr. and Mrs. Francis and Edgar E. Rounds.

Mr. Charles F. Story, district manager for the New England Telephone Company, who followed, Mr. Rounds, gave some interesting facts concerning the service of his company on the island.

Peaks Island should and will be not alone a summer resort, but a community of homes the year around. After the summer months and places of amusement are gone the island and desirably so; but with all its beauty and its beautiful location the permanent resident population should be large and prosperous, and I predict a great future for it. It is planned to run the Swansboro regularly at winter. I give the best wishes for it.