A LEGEND.

Long years ago, amid the misty hills
Where Arno dashing makes the maddest mirth,
A master lived whose melody enthralls,
And ever will, the children of the earth.

He lived and loved, not in the stately course
With which are wooed the daughters of the north,
But with that tropic fire in whose fierce force
All other thoughts but love are driven forth.

The time worn tale! She whom he loved so well
Unworthy proved of worship and of trust.
How long he suffered who shall ever tell?
And then his heart was gathered into dust.

A century passed. One of an alien race,
Sojourning idly in the master's room,
Himself an artist of the highest place,
One day discovered in a cupboard's gloom

A fair Angati. Near it lay a scroll,
Tear stained, on which when once unrolled he read
The sweetly somber song which swan and soul
Sing when life's silver sands are almost sped.

The song which stirred the Paradiso's walls.
And passed with our first parents through the gates,
And even now in half heard cadence falls
From him who hapless loves or hopeless waits.

He grasped the bow. The place so full of peace
In music burst as loud and clear was thrown
A pean full of joy without surcease,
With weird, wild throbbings for an undertone

But when he reached the tragic final chord
Which told the story of a broken heart,
As if 'twere stricken by a spirit sword
The violin in fragments fell apart.

—William E. S. Fales in Lippincott's.

A MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

Soon after Mr. Bileton left London and resided in the country his mind dwelt upon two necessary things for the protection of his domicile; for Hareland Cottage, Wiver Heath, was a lonely place, and hence he deemed that a dog and revolver were indispensable.

Mrs. Bileton was in raptures with the cottage and its beautiful garden during the summer, but as the nights closed in her enthusiasm paled. She not only declared that the house was damp—hopelessly damp—but that villainous characters infested the neighborhood, and would on some dark night make a raid upon the cottage and put all its inmates to death.

In vain her husband argued against such an idea, pointing out that a policeman, who was met by a patrol, was stationed not far away, and that he (Mr. Bileton), in regard to strength and courage, was a match for any nefarious night prowler.

But when a lady takes anything into her head there it remains until something else of a more novel nature drives it out, and Mr. Bileton was in despair.

"I have taken the house for three years, Elizabeth," he said, "and perhaps you will tell me how to get out of it without being sued for breach of contract."

"Let it, Henry," replied Mrs. Bileton, in a tone of voice suggesting that she had settled the matter out of hand.

"Who do you think would take the cottage off my hands with the winter coming on?" he demanded.

"That's just where it is," Elizabeth rejoined sharply. "We are compelled to live to a place that some people would refuse to live in rent free."

Henry Bileton leaned his head upon his hand and groaned.

"Women are so inconsiderate," he said; "they think of nothing but sunshine and new bonnets. I suppose you would have me sacrifice my season ticket, paid in advance for a year, which, my love, if you remember, you insisted I should do."

"Sell it," returned Mrs. Bileton cheerfully.

This was too much for Henry. He did not stop to inform his better half that season tickets were not transferable, but thrusting his arms into his overcoat and his head into his hat departed from Arcadia to his grimy office in London.

If howling went for anything, the dog purchased by Mr. Bileston was calculated not only to keep strangers at a distance, but to compel the residents of Wiver Heath to follow the example of Dick Swiveller and go two miles round to get over the way. The brute, a nondescript, with a calf like head and a tail a donkey might be proud of, howled from early morning till dewy eve, and then went sound asleep, conscious of having done his duty.

As for the revolver, it was kept locked in a case for fear that the children should get at it, and although Mr. Bileton held the secret in his innermost heart, he had lost the key.

In the evening, when he returned from the city, tired and worn out with the mental exertions of the day, the prospect of a two mile walk was not cheering. Once outside the town of Halfont there was scarcely a house, but Mr. Bileton did not repine—he had taken Hareland Cottage for the sake of his family's health and his own, and it would have been weakness to grumble.

The air was laden with a heavy white mist that made the people wheeze and sneeze, and a policeman to shrug his shoulders as he greeted the lonely wayfarer with:

"Nasty night for you, sir."

Henry Bileton did not need to be reminded of the fact, but, clutching his bag in one hand and his trusty Malacca cane in the other, he commenced his homeward journey.

Sadly and yearningly he bade the last lamp adieu, and then all was darkness and desolation; and yet on he went as indomitably as the youth "who bore a banner with the strange device," until he came to, or thought he had come to, the spot where he turned to reach Hareland Cottage.

He could see no light, but he was not surprised at that, and making a mental vow to himself about getting up early and cutting the mist for firewood, he neared—and walked into a pond.

Now, Mr. Bileton was no swimmer, and not being quite certain as to the direction he had walked in it became a grave question to him how he should walk out without plunging deeper into the slough of chilly water, clinging weeds and yielding mud.

The situation was at once ridiculous and alarming, but at last he reached the bank, missed his footing and fell sprawling in the mud.

"Whatever will Elizabeth say when she sees the state I am in?" he gasped, as he picked up his bag and stick. "Naturally enough she will declare that I have been drinking, and if the children run to meet me, as they usually do, they will take me for a bogey and shriek like mad. Hang country life! I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had never left Paradise Villa, Tufnell park. Oh, for the distant roar of London and a passing hansom!"

It occurred, as of course it would, to the unfortunate gentleman's mind that he had taken the wrong turning, and all wet and miry as he was tried the next, which happened to be the correct one.

As he knocked at the door there came a pattering of feet along the hall, interspersed with gleeful cries of "Daddy's come home!"

"Keep the children back," Henry almost shrieked; "I've walked into a confounded pond, and am not a fit spectacle for them to set eyes upon."

The servant broke the news gently by skirmishing the youngsters into the dining room, and informing Mrs. Bileton that "master had met with a terrible accident."

This announcement produced symptoms of hysterics on the part of the mistress of the house and terrific yells from the throats of the olive branches, and meanwhile the long suffering Henry was shivering on the doorstep.

"Let me in!" he roared; "I tell you there's nothing the matter. I'm only a little wet and muddy. Mary, you monster in a pink frock, take a month's notice!"

His wife admitted him, but not with that amount of sympathy which the occasion deserved.

"Oh, Henry," she cried, uplifting her hands, "I am afraid this comes of your meeting so many friends in the city."

"My friends are not responsible for a beastly foggy night," he rejoined; "and I have yet to learn that it is a habit of theirs to push me into a pond and leave me to my fate."

With this he stalked majestically up stairs, and in about half an hour returned, like Richard, "himself again."

He would have eaten his dinner in silence, but Elizabeth was full of the terrors of the neighborhood. An ugly gypsy woman met the nursemaid, and asked a question respecting the age of the children, and what other motive could the hag have but to steal the darlings? Then a man with a fearful squint in one eye and an aggravating leer had called to know whether there were any rags or bones to be disposed of.

"Rags and bones indeed!" quoth Elizabeth. "The wretch wanted to examine the house to see the easiest way to break into it," etc.

Finding that these items failed to curdle her husband's blood, Mrs. Bileton harked back on an ever safe subject, and returned to the attack on the tradesmen of the neighborhood. Never were such people to change; she thought that everything was cheap in the country, but had come to the conclusion that London was the only place to bring up a family on a moderate income.

"The codfish you ordered arrived of course too late for dinner," Elizabeth wound up with, "and weighs sixteen pounds"——

"Good gracious!" Henry interposed. "I told Eeles not to send a fish weighing more than eight."

"When I go shopping," Elizabeth said, casting a withering glance at her spouse, "I take good care to see what I am buying, and to ascertain the price. No human being in his or her senses would dream of giving ninepence a pound for codfish at this time of year."

"Ninepence a pound!" Harry cried, starting up. "No, and I will never pay it. Eeles shall send for the fish tomorrow. I'll write a letter to the local paper and ruin his business."

Elizabeth laughed sarcastically.

"Nonsense!" said she; "we must keep the fish now and make the best of it. Mary has hung it up in the larder, so"——

"There's an end of it," Bileton interrupted. "Now, my love, if you don't mind, I will enjoy a pipe and a glass of whiskey hot, and then make tracks for Bedfordshire."

It was the witching hour of night, and Henry had long since taken a berth in the phantom ship which sails to Shadowland, and was testing the harmonic strength of his nasal organ to its full extent, but Mrs. Bileton was wide awake and thinking.

Perhaps she had spoken unkindly to Henry, who certainly had his faults, but was one of the best fellows in the world. Had he not alluded to a trip to the west end of London, hinting at the glories of a certain furrier's establishment, some new costumes for the children, a new carpet for the drawing room and— What was that? It was something that caused Mrs. Bileton to start and shiver as if the warm bedclothes had suddenly changed to sheets of ice. From below had come a hollow thud, followed by the crashing of glass. For a moment speech failed the affrighted lady; terror held her spellbound and motionless. She expected to hear the children scream and the servants shriek; but nothing of the kind occurred and Henry snored peacefully on.

"Hen-Hen-Henry," she contrived to pant, shaking him at the same time by the shoulder, "there are men in the house!"

"If," he murmured dreamily, "the board refuse to put posts and chains around the pond its members are unworthy of the name of"——

"Burglars! burglars!" screeched his wife.

"I beg to deny that I applied such a term to any community of gentlemen," he went on. "What! Dare you attempt to eject me from the meeting! Hullo! What's this?"

"There are men in the house, I tell you!" Elizabeth whispered, hoarse with terror. "We shall all be murdered in our beds!"

"Nonsense, my dear! You have been dreaming."

"I was never so wide awake in my life. I heard the miscreants force the drawing room window, and they are prowling about the house."

"Did the dog bark?" Henry asked.

"You know that he never barks only in the day time," his wife replied. "Oh, do something to scare the wretches away, or I shall die of fright."

Mr. Bileton slipped out of bed and huddled on some clothes. He kept a policeman's lantern in the bedroom, but the lighting of it proved to be a rather lengthy performance. Not that his hand trembled—perish the thought!—but the wick was low and the oil had thickened.

The lantern was in order at last, and then Mr. Bileton bethought himself of his revolver. Bitterly in his mind he dwelt on the loss of the key; but he forced open the case with a knife, seized the weapon and started on his perilous journey.

"I'll—I'll have the first shot," he said. "Elizabeth, I beg—nay, I command you not to scream."

It is just possible that Mr. Bileton cherished a hope that his wife would not obey him, but she did, covering her head with her bedclothes and stopping her ears with her fingers.

Henry's knees shook as he went slowly down stairs, flashing the disk of light from floor to ceiling.

"Who's there?" he asked gruffly. "Come, no nonsense! Surrender quietly, or I will blow a hole through you."

The burglar, perhaps having no desire to be ventilated on a wholesale principle, made no reply, and plucking up courage, Mr. Bileton descended to the hall. The front door was securely locked, bolted and chained. There was nobody in the drawing room, nothing in the dining room more alarming than a pet tabby; the kitchen was empty of everything except its appointments.

"This comes of giving way to idle fancies," Henry said savagely. "Here am I with every prospect of rheumatism, shivering about on—good gracious!"

It was only the cat, which, having followed him, leaped upon the dresser. Mr. Bileton had never been initiated into the high art of the cancan or it is probable that he would have given that cat a sudden rise in the world. The burly burglar had dwindled into a myth, and Henry was about to return and deliver a sound lecture to his wife on her folly, when he thought he would open the larder door. And there was the burglar! He lay dead with one glassy eye fixed blindly upon the ceiling, his head resting upon a pile of smashed crockery ware, and his body half immersed in a pan of milk.

Mr. Bileton smiled a smile of mingled rage and triumph as he carried the midnight intruder up stairs by the tail—the codfish.

That gentle and intellectual maiden, Mary, instead of suspending the defunct victim of the fisherman's craft under the gill, had thrust the hook through the top lip, and the weight of the fish had asserted itself in an alarming fashion.

"Elizabeth," Henry said, "I have taken the subscript prisoner. You are quite right," he added, as she looked up tremulously; "this is the deapest fish that ever came out of a shop.

Many hung it on a thread, so to speak, and placed half our stock of crockery ware to catch it. She has succeeded."

Since that day there has been no more talk of burglars at the Hareland Cottage. Mr. Bileton's dog found another master, and only a short time ago the dustman discovered a rusty revolver amid a heap of ashes.

Mrs. B. is not nervous now, but Henry, remembering that there are such things as foggy nights, and rain water ponds abound during many months in the year, slips away from the city at 4 p. m., and "always goes home to his tea."—True Flag.

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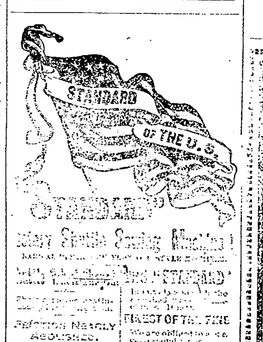

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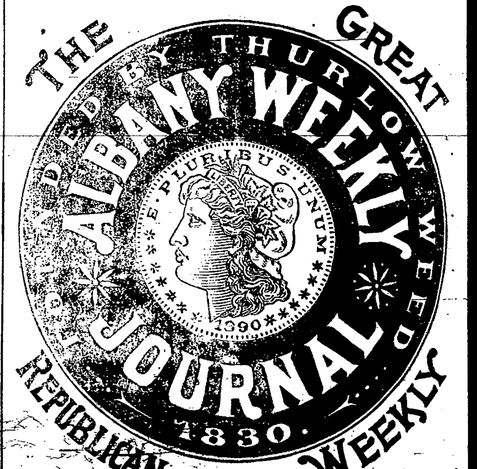

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THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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L. C. VAN FLEET, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Loan and Real Estate Agency, ANDOVER, N. Y.

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SHERMAN MORGAN JR., (1787) RECORD - 2:29 Awarded, with four of his get, the First Premium in the Standard class at Wellsville Fair, fall of 1889, also THE FIRST PREMIUM In the Standard class for Stallions, four years old and over; also First Premiums were awarded two of his colts, one and two years old. (The judge in the Standard class was an expert from Wallace's New York office.) Greenmont 11,013, Foaled 1886, sired by Aimont 1023, he by Aimont 33 the sire of the fastest pacer in the world. 1st dam by Pocahontas Boy 2d dam by Maj. Edsall; 3rd dam by Bismark; 4th dam by Durock. Parties desiring to breed to Performers, as well as Standard, are informed that the above named horses will stand at the barns of F. N. WHITCOMB, BELMONT, N. Y. THE PRESENT SEASON

THE SUN FOR 1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought the front line for Democratic principles, never waver ing or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and dis interested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has been further into the millstone.

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TIME TABLE. Adopted Nov. 16, 1890. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
12:21 p. m. daily, No. 10, Accomodation for Hornellsville, passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 8 the vestibuled limited, which passes Andover at 12:41 p. m. daily, but does not stop.
1:15 p. m. daily except Sundays, No. 96, way freight and accomodation.
6:34 p. m. daily, No. 18, Hornellsville accomodation. Passengers for points east of Hornellsville will be transferred at that station to No. 12, Atlantic Express, which passes Andover at 7:30 p. m., but does not stop.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.
7:00 a. m. daily, except Sundays, No. 95, way freight and accomodation.
8:47 a. m. daily, No. 3, Pacific Express for Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and all points west.
1:15 p. m. daily, No 29, Accomodation for Salamanca, Bradford, Dunkirk, Jamestown, Meadville, Titusville and Oil City. Connects at Dayton for Buffalo.
8:23 p. m. daily, No. 1, Express for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Stops at principal stations to Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. RICHARDSON, Agent at Andover, or A. W. BODLE, Div'l Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y. W. C. HINRICHS, Gen. Passenger Agent.

B. E. & C. R. R. T. C. PLATT, Receiver.

EAST BOUND.

Leave Eldred	10.15 a m	4.00 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m	4.37 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m	5.00 p m
" Allentown	11.39 a m	5.24 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.15 a m	6.00 p m

WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m	1.45 pm
" Allentown	8.36 a. m	2.23 pm
" Bolivar	9.00 a. m	2.45 pm
" Ceres	9.28 a. m	3.13 pm
" Eldred	10.00 a. m	3.47 pm

W. W. ATWOOD, Sup't, Wellsville, N. Y. F. M. BAKER Ac't Receiver.

W., C. & P. C. Railroad. Time table Feb. 19, 1891.

North Bound. 6	4	2		South Bound 1	3	5
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
1 40	5 45	8 35	ar Wellsville lv	7 05	4 00	11 00
1 34	5 41	8 41	Dakes Mills	7 09	4 04	11 06
1 24	5 31	8 51	Fork Brook	7 19	4 14	11 15
1 15	5 23	8 23	Marsh Creek	7 27	4 22	11 30
1 00	5 16	8 16	Graves	7 35	4 30	11 42
12 55	5 00	8 10	Shongo	7 42	4 37	11 50
12 40	5 00	8 00	lv Genesee ar	7 50	4 45	12 00

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

A Week's Record of Events at the National Capital.

(From the NEWS' Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 30, 1891.

A politicall bombshell was exploded among the democrats this week by the report from an authentic source, that the Farmers' Alliance had about succeeded in capturing another state, and the capture included two U. S. Senators. The state is Missouri, and it is said that the Alliance is almost certain to elect a majority of the Legislature this year, which, owing to the peculiar constitution of the state, will elect the successors to Senators George and Walthall. The indications of Alliance success which confronted Senator Walthall when he recently returned home are said to be the real cause of the unexpected announcement that he would not be a candidate for reelection, an announcement that was received with astonishment by his friends here at the time, and of which he had not given them the least intimation previously.

This news has cheered up the workers at Alliance headquarters, and encouraged them to keep up the fight they have already begun for the control of the legislature to be elected this fall in Maryland, which will elect Senator Gorman's successor. Verily the Alliance is becoming a power in the land, and the end is not yet.

* * *

Secretary Blaine says ex Senator Blair has accepted the Chinese mission, and that he will leave shortly for that country. This is official, and should dispose of all the silly rumors about objection on the part of China.

* * *

Ex Representative Carter, of Montana, who was secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee during the Waterloo campaigne of last fall, who failed to get himself returned to the House, has been appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office to succeed Judge Goff, who recently resigned because of a difference of opinion with his immediate superior in office, Secretary Noble. This appointment is generally credited to Russell Harrison, who is a warm friend of Mr. Carter's.

* * *

To the few people who doubted the existence of an active lobby in this city, maintained by the Western Union Telegraph Company, the acknowledgement of ex-doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, Samuel Donaldson, who is a witness in the murder trial of Charles E. Kincaid, the newspaper correspondent who killed ex-Representative Taulbee in a corridor of the Capital last year, that he was a member of that lobby, ought to be convincing. Mr. Donaldson did not tell this voluntarily; it was told in answer to questions of counsel that the Judge compelled him to answer.

* * *

Secretary Blaine, after being confined to the house for a week with an attack of gout, has resumed negotiations with the British Minister for the settlement of the details of the proposed Behring Sea arbitration. He has heard nothing further from the Italian minister since the publication of Governor Nicholls' reply to his telegram concerning the members of the "Mafia" at New Orleans.

* * *

Postmaster General Wanamaker has devoted the greater portion of this week to investigating, for the purpose of determining the best way of spending the money available for the first year under the act providing for the payment of a subsidy to ocean steamships for carrying the mail. He has about determined to expend the whole sum in improving the mail service between the United States and South American ports, believing that country to promise the most direct results, owing to the reciprocity treaty already made with Brazil and the expectation of the making of others.

* * *

The Intercontinental Railway Commission has about perfected arrangements to put three surveying parties in the field, one for each of the proposed routes of the greatest railroad of modern times, which, if it is ever built, is to connect this country with Central and South America. The idea of sending out three surveying parties is to select the best and most feasible route. Ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia, who is a member of the Commission, entertained his colleagues at a banquet last week.

* * *

Secretary Foster has been in charge at the Treasury department this week. His most important act was to issue orders making the recent action of his assistant in refusing to exchange gold bars for coin, for shipment abroad, unless the parties desiring the exchange paid the cost of melting the coin into bars, the regular rule of the department.

* * *

Senator Peffer attended a meeting of the Nationalist Club Wednesday night, and took part in the discussion, favoring the nationalization of all railroads.

* * *

A census bulletin just issued shows that the increase during ten years in the percentage of the white population in the south, has been nearly double that of the negro. This is directly contrary to the idea that has generally prevailed.

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When the Court Charged Its Mind

Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, widow of the millionaire A. T. Stewart, was the successful defendant in a notable negligence case in which the court of appeals reversed its own decision. There was a man named Thomas H. Stringham working for Mrs. Stewart on the farm at Garden City in September, 1879, and both of his legs were fractured, the right leg in two places, and one arm was bruised by the fall of an elevator in the farm storehouse. On the first trial the case was dismissed at the end of the plaintiff's story.

Then the plaintiff carried it to the court of appeals, where it was held that there was a question for the jury, and the case was sent back for trial. The trial occupied three days in January, 1888, and the result was that the plaintiff got a verdict for $42,500. Then the defendant, through Asa Bird Gardner, appealed to the court of appeals, which reversed its own decision, and held that the case should be dismissed.—Interview in New York Sun.

Sir Arthur Sullivan Snubbed.

The following story is told of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Some little time ago, when a change in the cast had been made, Sir Arthur, who happened to be dining at the Savoy hotel, slipped away for a few minutes from the table, and went into the theatre to the upper circle, there to hear and judge for himself the capabilities of the new artists.

As the play proceeded, and a favorite score in the opera was taken, the talented composer unconsciously commenced to hum the refrain as he desired it to be rendered. This considerably annoyed his next door neighbor, who abruptly remarked:

"Excuse me, sir, if I mention the fact that I have paid my money to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan's charming opera as given by the company, and not your confounded humming!"

Sir Arthur returned to his dinner, and related the incident with great gusto.—Pittsburg Press.

A Cheerful Prospect.

Old Grumps—If you want to marry my daughter, young man, you must first get your life insured in her favor.

Enamored Youth—Certainly, certainly, sir. Which company would you recommend?

Old Grumps—Well, I think it better be the Pay All Claims company. They allow suicide.—New York Weekly.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

It is a significant fact that the Y. W. C. T. Unions everywhere are occupied with physical culture. The girls are not getting up muscle for nothing. Let whom it may concern take notice.

The Wisconsin Senate has concurred in the Assembly Bill, passed several weeks ago, giving married women the right to act as court commissioners, assignees, and receivers in bankruptcy.

Miss Sarah P. Brigham, of Gafton, Mass., has undertaken to establish small libraries in the Southern States. She appeals for books and papers, and also for money to meet the expenses of her mission. The schools a few miles back in the country are her first object. Each one is offered about forty books, magazines, &c., and is expected to provide a book case with lock and key.

A number of women in Pittsburg, Pa., including the wives of many prominent business men, have organized a "Ladies' Halth Protectiff Association." Their first effort will be to stop expectoration in public places. The society has appointed committees to petition the street-car companies to prohibit it on their cars, and to eject passengers who violate the rule. The society holds that the habit is carried on to an extent that is not only offensive, but prejudicial to the public health.

Bills have been introduced in the Pennsylvania Senate to make women eligible as notaries public, and to authorize married women to organize corporations and be officers thereof. Attention has been called to the need of the latter bill by the case of the New Century club of Philadelphia, a large and fashionable women's club, many of whose members thought they had all the rights they wanted until they lately tried to organize a stock company to erect a club house, and found that married women could not legally do so.

The Salvation army is on the march out of "Darkest England." Since the New Year, four stations have been opened in the densest and neediest quartars of London. "The Ark" is where a man can get a bed in a four-bedded room for fourpence, or for sixpense he can have a little room all to himself. In either case he can have a hot bath and a chance to wash his clothes. Suppose he has no four or sixpense? Well, he can go right into the workshop and earn it. He can also earn enough to pay for his supper at the food depot. Buildings are undergoing alterations in Leeds, and being fitted up for food and shelter depots, with factories in the rear.

The first petition for prohibition in this country came from Passaconaway, Chief of the Penacooks, who lived in Merrimac. He was a sagacious ruler, and seeing the demoralizing effect of drink upon his six thousand braves, besought the English government not to sell them firewater. In 1668 an English "trucking house" was opened among the Penacooks, and the "drunken Indian" became so numerous that a delegation of chiefs journeyed to Piscataqua to enter their protest in person against the sale of spirituous liquors to their tribe. Their wishes were not heeded. One more attempt was made, when the chiefs carried their plea to the general court. All were disregarded. The aborigines of North America, the natives of India and the denizens of Africa will rise up in judgement to pronounce the "woe upon him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips to make him drunken," against the English speaking nations that have debauched them.