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Press Comment.

Still it is the one who violates the laws and not the official who enforces them, who is responsible for any trouble that ensues.—Rochester Courier.

Secretary Cortlyou's plan of depositing the surplus in the banks of different cities in advance of the "hurry call" for money to move the crops seems to be sensible. It is a recognition of the superior efficacy of the proverbial "ounce of prevention." Nothing better could be done except to leave the surplus where it belongs—in the pockets of the men who earned it, and who could loan it for themselves and get the interest.—Boston Herald.

It seems too bad that in some of the country villages the churches are not preserved in their quaint old time form, with high pulpits, box-like pews and singers' seats near the entrance. Doubtless the modern idea of church arrangement and furnishing involves more comfort for preacher, singers and congregation, but there is a quaint simplicity about the old-style church which makes one long to occasionally worship within its walls.—Somersworth Free Press.

There are too many, young girls running loose around the country and turning up eventually in just such condition as the young woman at the house of Dr. Stackpole in Dover, dead from the results of criminal malpractice. The main trouble comes from the fact that they are not closely enough guarded in their earlier years. Parents cannot exercise too much care in looking after the young of both sexes, but more especially in this case with girls. The trouble generally begins with absence from home in the evening.—Portsmouth Times.

It was old-home week in New Hampshire and they knew how to make it a genuine delightful festival down there. After all, the idea is not one for the big cities, but for the towns not too large for that pleasant social condition less frequent now than in an earlier time, when everybody knew everybody else. It is this which gives the real zest to home coming. All Bostonians who have ever seen an old-home week gathering in New Hampshire or Maine can understand why this custom has taken a firm root there, and why in big, complex, changing Boston a reproduction of the fine spirit of these village celebrations is and always will be impossible.—Boston Transcript.

Commenting upon census returns relative to publications in the United States, the Concord Statesman observes: It is therefore difficult to escape the conclusion that the weekly is primarily a representative of the rural sections and that it will never be supplanted in this capacity. The weekly paper has performed an undoubted service. Wherever pioneers pushed into the wilderness, or newly developed mines or manufacturing enterprises attracted inhabitants to new communities, the newspaper which followed in the wake of population was inevitably the weekly. The weekly indeed, may be termed the characteristic American newspaper. It has told the story of young communities from the time of the settlement of the United States, picturing the hopes, trials and triumphs of the founders, and has voiced the conscience, activity and manliness of the average American town and village.

The Portsmouth Times has this to say about the New Hampshire gubernatorial situation: One of the shrewdest and most experienced political observers in the state, who knows the men of all parties in all sections as few other men know them, and who has been traveling extensively of late, recently expressed the opinion that when the race is fairly opened, Col. Charles H. Greenleaf, who led all competitors in the last contest for a number of ballots, and until treacherously sold out, will be found well to the front and backed by men who will stand by him to the last. It is not known and is not claimed that Col. Greenleaf has made any statement of purpose in this direction, but there are found men in all quarters who recognize the fact that he is entitled to the party support this year if precedent counts for anything, and who insist that his qualifications and merits are such as to entitle him to recognition, entirely outside of the matter of precedent.—Claremont Advocate.

Today the demand for teachers is greater than ever before and salaries are better. Every student in the class which graduates from our advanced course next month, with the exception of one who wishes to teach at home, has been placed at a salary of \$500 or over.

The above is an extract from a letter received from the principal of Fitchburg, Mass., normal school. It shows the demand for normal trained teachers. What is true in this school is true in about every other normal school in the country. The demand exceeds the supply. There may be normal school graduates who are without a position. It is true that every girl who graduates from normal school is not fitted to teach. But there are but very few who have received their diploma, and who are fitted by nature to become good teachers, who do not have a good position. The calls from business circles take many girls out of the school room. Not only is the pay per week as good or better, but there are fifty-two weeks pay in the year as against thirty-six or forty in the school room. The young girl of today is as important a personage as is her brother. There is a demand for her services, and the compensation in the school room must be increased if the schools were to retain the best women to teach the children. Send the girls to normal school.—Franklin Journal-Transcript.

Church Anniversary.

The local Congregational church having been organized in the month of September 1810, it was felt that the Holy Communion in the month named would be a fitting occasion for use of the Bible and the linen table cloth which were a part of the early history of the body, and that the first Sunday of September might well be made a day of remembrance. Word from the pastor, Mr. Disbrow, having been received that he would be at home to conduct the services, announcement to that effect was made at once. The altar of the meeting house presented a pleasing appearance Sunday morning, with its adornment of beautiful flowers, while the ancient Bible rested upon the pulpit, and the linen cloth lay upon the table facing the centre aisle. Two finely rendered solos by Miss Breslau, a descendant of the early settlers, were a welcome addition to the usual opening exercises, and other musicians present, in two generations, recalled the loyal services of one of the most truly musical families connected with the entire life of the parish.

As preliminary to his discourse, the pastor read the following notes relative to the story of the relics with which nearly all in the audience have but recently made acquaintance. The Northwest parish of Rochester was set off, and was incorporated as the town of Farmington December 1, 1798. Meetings were held here and there at the convenience of the people, and the occasional preachers, among the latter having been those known as barn preachers, from their readiness to speak in a barn if no better place was available. One of these itinerant men, all of whom probably had the missionary spirit, was Benjamin Green who came from Berwick and held meetings in the more or less spacious barn buildings of the farmers of the town. The New Hampshire Missionary society became in time a source of help for the good folk who felt to be a town meant the presence of a church and a school, and sent the Rev. James Walker to form here the ecclesiastical body of the First Congregational church in Farmington. The organization was effected on September 15, 1810, with eight persons as members, "three males and five females," wrote James Walker in the little old volume of records. The men were Benjamin Furber, Peter Akerman and Noah Horne, Melitabile Hayes, Mary Furber, another Mary, second wife of Captain Samuel Furber, Melitabile Furber and Elizabeth Roberts; four of the band of eight having been church members in Rochester and the new-by town of Lebanon, Me.

The sermon on the date named was by Mr. Walker, from Luke, 12: 32. Says Priest Walker: "The ordinance of the Lord's supper was also administered to the infant church. The whole scene was peculiarly solemn and interesting." A church Bible naturally was needed, and the money required for its purchase was given by Deacon Benjamin Furber, Deacon Noah Horne, Joseph Jones, Nehemiah Eastman, Jeremy Wingate, the book having been marked as the property of Joseph Jones, Nehemiah Eastman and others. It was—and is—a plain volume bound in calf, tooled in scarlet and gold on the back, and was issued in 1820 at Brattleboro, Vermont. With changes connected with the house of worship, the old volume was put aside after a time, and was kept by Squire Eastman, while a new Bible was put in its place in the meeting house. Few remembered that there was such a book in existence, but after the decease of Mrs. Ellen F. Eastman, widow of the Hon. George N. Eastman, Mrs. J. E. Fernald, ever mindful of the interests of this parish, thought her of the old Bible and made inquiry for it. The heirs of Mrs. Eastman had selected from the quantities of books and papers about the place, whatever they desired to retain, and the remainder, seemingly of no value, was gathered together for its destruction. But upon the inquiry of Mrs. Fernald a search was made for the Bible of the fathers, and to the joy of all concerned, the Holy Book was found just in season for its recovery from an imminent fate, and it has been cared for ever since that hour, with the watchfulness and interest characteristic of Mrs. Fernald, in her connection with a public trust, and according to the vote of the church and the society. Today it is open before us, in memory of the sacred past and in hope for the future.

Benjamin Furber, born July 10, 1752, and dying April 8, 1822, the first deacon of this church organization, was twice married, first to Deborah Tibbetts, who passed away in 1793, and second in 1795 to Keziah Ash who lived until August, 1851. Mistress Keziah well knew the secrets of the wheel and loom, as did the majority of the good women of New Hampshire, in her day, who lived aside from the few large villages or cities. She raised fine flax and with the "little wheel" she spun a smooth thread which she wove into beautiful webs of various designs. She then bleached these from the original gray to a dazzling white. One of her master-pieces was a cloth of ample size, strong and even, of pleasing pattern, fringed about, and with her initials, K. A. worked neatly near the edge.

When the new church met for a communion service, with Deacon Furber and Deacon Horne performing the duties of their office, Mrs. Furber offered this fair white cloth as a cover for the table whereon were set the consecrated elements of the Lord's Supper. After many years, Mr. Furber Young of New Durham, a grandson of Keziah and Benjamin Furber, through their daughter Deborah, wife of Benjamin Young, made it known to Mrs. Fernald that he was ready to give this carefully kept cloth into the possession of "our church," and early in the year 1898 the long-time friend named, accompanied by Mrs. C. A. Cooke, drove to the home of Mr. Young and received from him this precious token of good will.

On May 24, in the same year, the church and society having gratefully accepted the gift, voted to accept also the generous offer of Mrs. Fernald to provide for the cloth, the Bible and a few other articles, a fitting receptacle, and the metal box selected for this purpose is kindly cared for at the bank building, with the understanding that the contents are at the service of the church on any occasion.

It was proposed some time ago that the ancient Bible and cloth should be used in the church services of the day of the September communion, in loyal remembrance of the little flock assembled on the fifteenth day of the month eighty-eight years ago, and with faith in the Divine Promises, on this day, as on that of the first communion service of the First Congregational church of Farmington.

The pastor had kindly fallen in with the suggestion that his text last Sunday should be that used by Parson Walker eighty eight years ago; Luke 12, 32—"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The earnest words of Mr. Disbrow were in keeping with the spirit of the day, and were especially gratifying to the few remaining who can look backward to attendance in the building on "Meetinghouse Hill," they whose stores of memories should not be lost, so vital are these recollections with the history of the entire community. The church has known three homes in this village beside that earliest structure. The first of the three stood where, now we see the Wilson House. The second, 1870, was burned February 10, 1875, and the building of to-day, on the site of that thus destroyed, was opened for use in March, 1876, by the people who had been in misfortune that they too were possessed of the loyal spirit which in 1810 moved the little band of eight persons to make of themselves a church. Mr. Disbrow spoke with fervor as he named that company, and he declared that never before had he known of such an instance of splendid courage and resolution in such an undertaking. He said also that while the average growth of Congregational churches has been twelve fold, this little church in Farmington has increased thirteen fold.

Downing. Interment was made in the Farmington cemetery in charge of B. F. Perkins. The exercises were attended by a large company of friends and many beautiful flowers bore witness to the sympathy felt for the family on this sad occasion.

Among friends now members of this community, who have been bereaved of late by the decease of relatives in other towns, are Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Webster, the former having lost both parents within the period of a year, and the latter, whose father had been long deceased, having been called in the present week to the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Alice R. Gray of Merrimac, Mass.

A sad event of August 29 was the death of Samuel F. Nute, aged 25 years, who lighted a fire in his room at the home in Malden, Mass., where the family has lived for the past 25 years, and he for a long time kept at bay, says the Boston Journal, both the firemen and the police. Finally he shut himself in a clothespress and was found in the head, dying instantly. He had shown symptoms of brain trouble for several

days and it was regrettably decided that he would have to be sent away for care. Officers detailed to look after him went to the house and Mr. Nute was told by a servant that two men wished to see him. He looked down the stairs and recognized the officers and at once locked himself in his room. When the place was entered there were found two marks of bullets upon the body, and two in the woodwork of the room. Mr. Nute leaves his mother, a brother and two sisters. His father has been at the Danvers hospital for several years, and is an nephew of the late Lewis V. and C. Wortham Nute, of the Nute Ridge family. This tragedy is very much regretted by the many friends of the relatives. The body of the young man was brought to this town and was taken thence to the burial ground of the Nutes in Milton. Mr. Horace T. Babb of Dover, accompanied the remains to the place of interment.

When DR. ROBSON'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT has cured so many cases of Rheumatism, why do you suffer with this terrible affliction? It relieves all pain instantly, 25c and 50c a bottle.

IN MEMORIAM. THOMAS NOLAN. Thomas Nolan, who for about thirty years has made his home with the family of Mrs. Ellen F. Varney, met his death last Friday morning at her home at the corner of School and Orange streets. He had been long out of health and for some time had been confined to his bed, needing and receiving much kindly care. Mrs. Varney had visited his room at twelve o'clock, and as he seemed as comfortable as usual she then went to her own room. She was aroused toward morning by a sound, but as Mr. Nolan always made considerable noise if he got up, she dropped asleep, not thinking of such a thing as an accident to him. But about five o'clock E. C. Colbath of the next house saw Mr. Nolan on the ground and at once called the family and neighbors. It is thought that the unfortunate man may have felt faint and perhaps, hardly awake, he sought the window and went out on the roof of the piazza whence he fell to the ground. His face and head were quite badly disfigured. Medical attention was summoned immediately and the authorities were notified, but the sad manner of decease being simply an accident, there were no further formalities. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon in charge of Norman L. Otis, the Rev. J. H. Wilkins officiating. Music by Mrs. Lizzie Drew and Miss Maude Drew. Bearers from Carlton Post, G. A. R., were F. L. Avery, D. C. Dore, O. F. Kimball, A. A. Hall. Interment was made in the large lot of the Carlton post and corps, in the Farmington cemetery, as voted by the post. Mr. Nolan, born in Ireland, was 80 years old. He served three years in Company C, Second Massachusetts regiment of artillery, and was honorably discharged. He leaves a son who lives in New Durham. Mr. Nolan was a faithful helper in the family with whom he has lived for many years, and in the long period of his feebleness he was given the best of care. Knowing well that the Soldiers' Home was open to him, he chose to stay with Mrs. Varney and she did not refuse the request. The flag of Carlton Post was at half-mast during the funeral service, and many flowers, with a large attendance at the exercises, were evidence of respect.

MRS. CLARA A. ORNE. After a long period of ill health in which it became advisable for her to receive the attention of specialists, Mrs. Clara A. Orne passed away August 30, in Concord, and was brought home on the following day by Mr. Irving Webster, the husband of her only daughter, with whom she had made her home. Mrs. Orne was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Place of Middleton, and was born in that town, May 27, 1817. She had been twice married, first to Mr. John Warren Twombly, the father of Mrs. Webster, and second to Mr. Ernest Orne of her native town. Both are deceased. Naturally very thrifty and energetic she was over a busy woman, bright and interesting, until she became enfeebled and was obliged to have the watchful care of the family of her daughter. She enjoyed her home with Mr. and Mrs. Webster and held her life in law as second only to his wife, in her affectionate regard. She is survived by her brothers, Mr. William B. Place and Mr. Charles Place, and by other relatives beside the daughter named. The funeral took place Monday afternoon, the Rev. J. H. Wilkins having been the officiating clergyman. Bearers were A. S. Wallace, O. F. Kimball, F. L. Avery and Benton

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Hurrah for School. Our School Suits for Boys and Children are here in great quantity and variety and they are dandies. The tailoring of our Boys' Clothing is worthy of special mention. Constructed in such a manner that all parts are strengthened so as to stand the hard usage that Boys' clothing receives, at the same time proper attention is given as regards Fit and Style, and no effort has been spared to bring our CHILDREN'S CLOTHING up to the Highest Degree of Perfection. An inspection of our stock will convince you that much care has been used in our selection for fall, and that this store is the place for you to purchase clothing for Children. Feineman Bros. New Hampshire's largest clothing and shoe house, and only wholesale clothing manufacturers, custom tailors. ROCHESTER, N. H.



"There's Never a Law of God or Man Runs North of Fifty-three." The hero's fight to recover his property and his efforts to win the woman he loves from a powerful, unscrupulous and favored rival make that brilliant story of the Klondike

The Spoilers By Rex E. Beach ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT

THE SPOILERS By Rex E. Beach Illustrated by Grant and Copyrighted This story of "the hunger for gold digged out of the hills, and the blinding hunger of man for woman and for woman's love," being a vivid picture of the Klondike before the reign of law. DON'T MISS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT

Concord State Fair.

The eighth annual Concord State Fair will be held September 10, 11, 12, and 13 1907, on its spacious grounds, which have direct electric car connection, not only with all parts of Concord, but with Manchester and all points south.

The official co-operation of the State Grange, together with generous premiums and efficient superintendents, will keep up the high standard of exhibits in all departments.

The great free show will have its usual share of novelties in which this fair always has led. The Human Spider, the sensation of the season at Paragon Park, Nantasket and Starrett's Society Circus, for the first time in New Hampshire, will head the bill, which will include balloon ascensions and parachute jumps and high-class vaudeville.

Horse racing on a new plan, baseball and other sports; a baby show and a prize speaking contest under the big tent; concerts by four bands; and many new features on the merry midway, are promised by the management.

Rochester Fair.

The dates this year of the great Rochester Fair are Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27, the 32nd Annual, \$18,000 in purses and premiums, a grand exhibit of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry and farm products; fruit, machinery, women's work, also a magnificent display of art, and a floral court of entrancing beauty.

The great air-ships will sail, also daring hurdle races, standing Roman, and chariot races, and a continuous stage show each day.

Fireman's Muster, \$500 in cash prizes, Sept. 27. Reduced rates on railroads. For the time tables and reduced rates see railroad bills.

Frivolous Prayer. In the memoirs of Comtesse de Boigne, who lived over a hundred years ago, appears the following: "I had a great speculative veneration for that youthful Louise de Conde, wedded to the crown of her country in the foot of altars. I had formed a romantic idea of her, but it was necessary to avoid seeing the heroine. Common, vulgar and ignorant, she was middle class in her thoughts, in her sentiments, in her actions, words and person. One was tempted to pray God for being so constantly importuned by her. She called on him for help in all the most futile circumstances of her puerile existence. I have seen her offer up prayer to recover a ball of wool which had fallen under her chair."

A Nutmeg Revelation. "Brush that white powder off the nutmegs before you begin to grate 'em," said the chef to the young apprentice. "But that's the bloom, ain't it?" remonstrated the lad. "Bloom!" sneered the chef. "No, sir; it is oyster shell powder. The nutmegs, as soon as they gather the nutmeg, roll it in a powder of ground oyster shells, and that protects it from its long voyage to market from the weevils. The weevils otherwise would eat it up. But the powder has served its turn now, so brush it off."—Exchange.

Naturally. The youngest member of the family had taken enthusiastically to pyrography. She had just executed a design, representing a little girl playing with the cat in front of an old fashioned fire place.

"It is well done, Bertha," said her mother, inspecting it, "but you have managed somehow to make the little girl look scared." "That's all right, mamma," answered Bertha. "A burnt child dreads the fire."—Chicago Tribune.

The Claw of the Devil. In the middle ages people recognized witches and possessed persons by seeking on their bodies for what was called the claws of the devil. It was a more or less extensive part of the skin in which the subject was insensible to any touch or prick. The expert intruder of the subject and, armed with a sharp needle, prick here and there the different parts of the body. The sufferer was to answer with a cry to each prick, and the claw of the devil on a certain spot was recognized from the fact that he did not cry when this spot was examined.—From "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria," by Pierre Janet.

Unapplauded Heroes. It is a strange thing that the applause of men greets only those who fight with men. They who battle with the enemies of man, with disease, with accident, with unknown forces and unknown seas and lands, these men must fight and, if necessary, die almost unnoticed by their fellows.—London Lancet.

Wm. H. Young Carriage Painter Mechanic Street, OPPOSITE SMITH'S BLACKSMITHSHOP

MUNICIPAL UNACY.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Has anybody yet thought of the desirability of municipal ownership of the harbor shops? If not it is respectfully suggested that the matter be looked into, for under private control it is undeniable that many abuses have grown up. No misplaced respect for alleged private rights should be permitted to take the latter out of the mouths of the public.

The Brooklyn Eagle says that "you simply can't marry business and politics." Ah, but you can. Misalliances, are always possible. The real trouble will come when you try to divorce them, even for cause.

Only a fool would suggest managing gas companies, street car companies, and on regardless of cost.—Hearst's New York Evening Journal.

Now, William, stop calling yourself names. Leave that to your enemies.

One thing is very certain. If capitalists refuse to take the municipal bonds that are being offered on the markets, it won't take more than fifteen minutes for an alert common council to pass an ordinance requiring them to take them. Better be warned in time, ye money sharks. When that ordinance is passed, who knows but that one of its provisions will set the price of a hundred dollar bond at \$125?

Too much credit has ruined many a man. Wherever the city cannot sell its mortgages for over 83% it is just that much further from ruin as 83% is from par. Q. E. D.

There seems to be a general suspicion in New York city that the more flourishing of its pool rooms and other gambling institutions are controlled by a committee of municipal officials acting ex officio. This is one of the few varieties of municipal control which can be said to realize enormous profits.

Northfield, Vt., before starting in upon municipal ownership owed \$2,082, at the close of the experiment it owed \$47,319, a nice little profit of \$45,237.

Opera Note of the Future.—Now that New York city has assumed charge of the Metropolitan Opera House and opera has been thoroughly municipalized the music lovers of the city are looking forward with much curiosity to what promises to be an interesting season. The appointment of Mr. Dussett, the well known plumber, to its management by the common council will infuse new spirit into the institution, though there are still timid souls who doubt whether the artists he has engaged, notably Mr. O'Brien, the livery stable keeper, and Miss Maggie Dugan, of Leacy's ribbon counter, to sing Romeo and Juliet are vocally equal to the roles assigned them. Those who have heard Miss Dugan summon to the city are perfectly familiar with the wonderful quality of her voice, especially in its higher altitudes, and her enunciation of the word "cash" is bell-like in the clarity of its tone. Mr. O'Brien, however, is more of an experiment; but, while we must confess we have only heard him address his horses in the past, there is no denying that there is a superb quality to the notes of his middle register. Signor Cospetto di Napoli, the popular dealer in confetti in Mulberry street, who will lead the orchestra on Italian nights, comes of a musical family, his parents having toured the country with a barrel organ for many prosperous seasons.

Watchmakers' Fine Eyes. "With a magnifying glass fixed like a black spool in his eye, a watchmaker bent over his table, tinkering with the tiny wheels and springs of a lady's watch." "It makes me nervous to look at you," the lady said. "And how horridly hard such work as yours must be on the eyes!" "The man leaned back, inflated his cramped chest and smiled. "Quite the contrary, ma'am," he said. "My work is good for the eyes. I have never suffered from bad eyes myself, and I don't know any watchmakers among my friends that have either. Furthermore, when I visited an oculist the other day to get a pair of spectacles for my wife, she told me that my work was beneficial to the eyes because it required the use of a magnifying glass. He said that nothing did the eyes more good than the use of a magnifying glass for two or three hours every day. "Notice watchmakers hereafter. You will find their sight is always fine."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CLYDE FITCH ON MANSFIELD

Real Actor Whose Glory Will Always Remain His Own, Says Playwright. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, when asked for his personal opinion of the late Richard Mansfield, the distinguished actor, said:

"My first feeling upon hearing of the death of Mr. Mansfield is one of personal grief. My thoughts go back to the production of 'Beau Brummel,' which started me on my career. 'Nobody was ever pushing him by the elbow. He was a man, a real man, a special case. Mansfield stood absolutely alone. Booth and Jefferson held their places by love as well as by what they had accomplished, but Jefferson did not accomplish what Mansfield did. Mansfield did not have a lovable or affectionate personality. His was intellectual achievement, but he had his own magnetism, which made the few who did love him love him first and last.

"He was a genius. The very things for which he was criticised were the marks of genius. He was a powerful egotist, and that made it difficult for him in the management of his people. I have seen him play every part in a rehearsal to show his people how each part should be played, and yet he almost paralyzed them. But he would have loved to be loved. He was too big a man to stoop to little saccharine tricks to win affection.

"He was a real actor, a real artist, and big in both. We cannot compare him with anybody. Although a magnificent character actor, he was too complex to be limited by any such definition, for he was as great a tragic power. His Richard III. was the finest I have ever seen. No mere character actor could have done his Peer Gynt. "There was no emotion that he could not express. Although finished and subtle in his work, he had a tremendous force which shot through everything he did, giving angles to his acting. I do not say that critically. The angles belonged there, as the public, as he fought everybody—the public, as actors, critics, managers and playwrights—not because of any small irritability, but from a big need of friction that in the history of the world has always been necessary to the accomplishment of really great things. No one gets anywhere worth going if the road is too easy. It was that that made him himself.

"The noble place he made for himself in the theater must stay empty. Surely other actors will accomplish in their way what he did in his, but Richard Mansfield's glory will always remain his own."

WORLD'S ANGLING RECORD.

Dr. R. J. Held Casts Quarter Ounce Bait 131 Feet 6 Inches. Members of the Anglers' Club of New York did some great bait casting in the semi-monthly competitions of the club at the pool in Central park the other day, says the New York Times. In casting for distance with the quarter ounce bait a new world's record, not only for amateurs, but professional, was made by Dr. R. Johnson Held, who, from scratch, cast the bait 131 feet 6 inches. H. Freeman, with a hand-pan, was second, with 120 feet 6 inches. Dr. Held averaged 121 1-10 feet, which is also a new record.

With the half ounce bait, E. Care, one of the big handicap men, had the best cast, 107 feet, with M. H. Smith second.

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