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In the Probate Court of Queens County.

(L. S.) To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable within the said County,

GREETING: Whereas Leonard T. Nase, a creditor of William Bates, late of the Parish of Cambridge, in the County of Queens, deceased, hath filed a petition praying that Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of the said William Bates may be granted to him in due form of law.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, creditors and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office, in the Parish of Gagetown, within and for the said County of Queens, on WEDNESDAY THE TENTH DAY OF MAY NEXT, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon to show cause if any they have why the prayer of the said petition should not be complied with as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 25th day of March, A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT,

Judge of Probate in and for Queens County
JOHN W. DICKIE,
Registrar of Probates for Queens County.

A. W. BAIRD, ESQ.,
Proctor.

In the Probate Court of Queens County.

(L. S.) To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable within the said County,

GREETING: Whereas Jonathan T. Keirstead a creditor of Robert Sargeson, late of the Parish of Johnston in said County, deceased, hath filed a petition praying that Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of the said Robert Sargeson be granted to him in due form of law.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, creditors and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office, at Gagetown, within and for the said County of Queens, on WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY SIXTH DAY OF APRIL NEXT, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon to show cause if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this twenty-fourth day of March A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT,

Judge of Probate in and for Queens County.
JOHN W. DICKIE,
Registrar of Probates for Queens County.
GEO. W. FOWLER,
Proctor for Petitioner.

In the Probate Court of Queens County.

(L. S.) To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable within the said County,

GREETING: Whereas Andrew Donald, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Jane Hamilton, late of the Parish of Hampstead, in the County of Queens, deceased, hath filed an account of his Administration and hath prayed to have the same passed and allowed and to have a distribution of the residuary estate made as provided by the terms of the Will of the said deceased.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, legatees and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held at my office, in the Parish of Gagetown, in said County within and for the said County of Queens, on SATURDAY, THE SIXTH DAY OF MAY NEXT, to show cause, if any they have why the said accounts should not be passed and allowed and the said decree made as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court, this eleventh day of March A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT,

Judge of Probate in and for Queens County.
JOHN W. DICKIE,
Registrar of Probates.

JOHN R. DUNN,
Proctor for Petitioner.

In the Probate Court of Queens County.

(L. S.) To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable within the said County,

GREETING: Whereas Robert F. Davis, a creditor of Henry J. DuVernet, late of the Parish of Gagetown, in the County of Queens, Farmer, deceased, hath filed a Petition in the said Court praying that Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of the said Henry J. DuVernet should be granted to him.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs next of kin, creditors and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office, in Gagetown, within and for said County of Queens, on SATURDAY, THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF APRIL, next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to show cause if any they have why Letters of Administration of the said estate and effects should not be granted to the said Robert F. Davis as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court, this twenty-fifth day of February, A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT,

Judge of Probate in and for the County of Queens.
JOHN W. DICKIE,
Registrar of Probates.

JOHN R. DUNN,
Proctor for Petitioner.

C. L. SCOTT,

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Literature.

AGAINST WIND AND TIDE

People always shrugged their shoulders when Mark Lamson was mentioned, and usually the expressive gesture was followed by some deprecating remark.

"Comes of bad stock," old Judge Lennox would say, in his pompous, dictatorial manner. "All the Lamsons were worthless, and Mrs. Lamson was a Hodge and everybody knows what they are."

The house in which Mark was born, and where he scrambled up to manhood, was a large farmhouse, tumbling to pieces inside, with a roof always being patched against leaking, doors without locks, and with shaking hinges, windows that rattled in every wind, ceilings that dropped whenever a heavy wind shook the upper rooms, and furniture in the last stage of shabbiness. His father and mother were slatternly in dress, shiftless in household management, and the handsome, bright boy was over indulged or neglected as their indolence suggested.

But Mark Lamson inherited none of the leading traits of his parents. Probably in some remote ancestor there was a mixture of energy, resolution and ability, of which the Marysville gossips had never heard, and for which they certainly gave Mark no credit. It was in vain that the principal of the Marysville High School declared that Mark had graduated with the best record he had ever given in the school. It was useless for the lad himself to keep his life free from blame and earnestly endeavor to do his duty. Marysville could not forget he was a Lamson, and his mother was a Hodge—"bad stock!"

As he passed from boyhood to manhood, Mark began the unequal struggle against fate and circumstances, that was dictated by his own energy. His father had been unable to get bred from the farm by a lazy tillage that gave the bare necessities for the table; his mother had a very small income that gave the three clothing of the poorest description, and both were in open-mouthed wonder that Mark was not content as they had been, to dawdle through life, and "make out" with what they had.

And Mark, struggling to attain better things, with only a vague, undisciplined longing for improvement, met no encouragement at home or abroad. He tried to obtain a situation but employers were shy about giving work to a Lamson; he met but a cool reception at the Marysville social gatherings, having no knowledge of how to repair his own linen or keep his poor clothing even tidy. Boy-like, he imagined a new suit and gay necktie were all sufficient for a party, and did not heed the frayed cuffs and broken collars at which the Marysville belles turned up their noses.

But in spite of his father's lazy comment, his mother's fretful remonstrances Mark Lamson, finding no employment outside, determined to see if the farm would not find him in work.

"Oh, yes; do as you please," his father said. "But there is no money for new-fangled fixings, and the land is about worn out. Plenty of it, to be sure, but 'tain't worth shocks."

So single-handed, Mark undertook the work of bringing up the old farm. Early and late he toiled repairing fences, weeding, picking stones, rooting out dead stumps, preparing his land, without one hand stretched out to help him, one voice to wish him success. Thomas, the only man his father employed, gave a surly refusal to aid, upon the ground that his regular routine of shiftless farming took all his time, and Mark patiently submitted.

He was twenty-one years old when into his dull monotonous life came a new stimulus—a hope, bright as a vision and almost as baseless. He fell in love! He did not walk in cautiously, counting his steps and weighing his chances, but he fell in plump, sudden, hopelessly.

There had been a warm discussion at the Judges about inviting Mark to the party that was to celebrate Essie's eighteenth birthday and her final return from boarding-school. But the pet of the house had a will of her own and a lively recollection of Marks handsome face and boyish gallantries, and insisted upon his being invited. Mark, carrying in his memory only a pretty little girl, found himself confronted by an undeniable beauty; a face to win homage in far more pretentious circles than Marysville boasted of, and a general grace of manner that none of the girls of his acquaintance had ever extended to him.

The touch of the soft little hand offered to greet him riveted the chains Essie's face had cast about Mark's heart, and made him her slave then and there. He had starved all his life for sympathy, and his first half-hour with Essie filled his longing heart with content. She remembered all his boyhood aspirations; she entered into all his hopes and ambitions. The party was the beginning of an intercourse that stimulated anew every good resolution gave a new vigor to every hope of Mark's life.

There are women who carry in their own hearts an overflowing fund of sympathy, who can sink self utterly in the presence of another person's interest, and throw their own power into their neighbor's work without officiousness or offense. Essie Lennox was such a woman, young as she was. She could give her

whole mind to every detail which she had carried to her, from the cutting of aprons for a neighbor's child to the gentle soothing of an invalid's terror of death; from her mothers preserving kettle to the comforting of a newly bereaved widow or orphan. Nothing was too deep or solemn, nothing too transient or trivial for that tender, ever-active interest and sympathy that made her the idol of Marysville as well as the comfort of her home.

As hour with Essie sent him back to his uphill work full of new hope, every energy stimulated, every hope brightened. He had not dared to set before her in plain words the hope of winning her heart to answer his own, for there was all the humility of true passion in that young ardent heart, but he realized a new force, a new spur to ambition.

Essie never sneered at him as the neighbors had become accustomed to doing; Essie never threw cold water over his plans for improving the land; Essie was never sarcastic over the clashing of his poverty and ambition. As he saw her more frequently he ventured to tell her of wider, wilder hopes, of some day escaping from the drudgery before him and making his way to a city where his education might give him a start in more congenial occupation.

"Father and mother seem to need me now," he told Essie one day; "they are old and they have no other child. I think it is my duty to stay."

"I think it is," was the quick reply; "your mother could scarcely bear a separation."

And in her home she found no one whose claim seemed to her stronger than Mark's. The village was essentially democratic and the fact that Essie was the only child and heiress of the richest and most influential man in the place did not prevent her from visiting Mrs. Lawson upon terms of perfect equality. She was fond of the weak, amiable woman, strongly as she censured, in her youthful strength, an easy-going indolence that made her home such a scene of confusion and discomfort; and in her gentle, pleasant way, she endeavored to brighten that home for Mark by suggestions and offers of help that fell to the ground. It was like fighting a feather bed to try to arouse Mrs. Lamson to any active improvement, and, rebuffed there, Essie could only help Mark by words of sympathy that were like wine of life to his love.

"And while I am here I must do the work that lies under my hand," he said, "hard as it is! But, Essie," and his face brightened, "do you know that already I have made the farm pay double what it has ever done? Next spring I can hire help out of money saved from the sale of last year's crop!"

Essie, all eager interest, entered into the discussion of the capabilities of such a lot for turnips, such a patch for wheat, the possibilities of a dairy, the best culture for fowls—as if she had never studied music or filled her head with French or German verbs.

But the horror and wrath of Judge Lennox when, after two years of mild courtship, Mark took his fate in his hands and asked permission to marry Essie cannot be described.

"A Lamson!" he cried, when having dismissed Mark he returned to the bosom of his family. "A Lamson for Essie's husband! The fellow wants my money to spend after all his father and grandfathers have squandered."

"Do you really and truly think Mark is a spendthrift, papa?" Essie asked quietly. Does he ever lounge about the stores or taverns as Harry Carter and James Raymond do?"

"I—well, no, I never saw him," was the reluctant admission.

"Did you ever hear that he drank or gambled, or even smoked?"

"No—I never did."

"Is he not regular at church?"

"Ye-es."

"But, oh, Essie!" struck in Mrs. Lennox, "what shabby, half-washed shirts he wears, and his fingers are all out of his gloves, and half the buttons of his coat gone."

"Poor Mark!" said Essie, gently. "He needs a wife."

"Well, he need not look here for one," growled the Judge.

"I heard Mr. Thompson say last week," said Essie, quietly, "that there is not a better farm in Green County than Lamson's."

"Such a palace of a house!" the Judge sneered.

"Mark is hoping to put a new house on the place next year. He has had builders over from B—, but they said the old house is beyond repair, and it would cost less to build a new one."

"And where is the money to come from?"

"Where the improved farm came from," said Essie; "from Mark's perseverance and energy, in the face of the hardest discouragements a young man ever had to fight."

"Eh!" said the Judge. "What? What? See what he has done," said Essie, still in an even, quiet tone that carried convictions far more than an excited one. "Eight years ago when he was but a boy, he put his shoulder to the wheel and took his playtime between school hours to clear away stones. Nobody helped him. He was ridiculed, sneered at, discouraged on all sides. He had the poorest farm in the place, and he has made it the best. He has put every spare dollar into books on agriculture, improved machines and good stock. He has now four men at

work with him, good horses, good cattle, good poultry, and will have a good house. Papa, do you not think it will be a pity to leave the new house in the care of Mrs. Lamson to ruin as she has the old one? Out doors the management is all left to Mark, and see what he has done. But a man cannot make a home comfortable alone; he needs a wife."

"Well," said the Judge, "Let him have one, but not my child."

"Still he loves me," said Essie; and I love him."

"Pshaw!" said the Judge, and he marched out of the house.

But, proud as he was, he was just; he loved Essie. He had felt prejudice influence against Mark all his life; now he took pains to find out how much of his dislike was well-founded. Grudgingly enough was the verdict given in Mark's favor. Marysville did not willingly acknowledge it had been wrong in its estimate, and shouldered upon Mark all the faults of his ancestors. But the facts were strong, and Judge Lennox found himself confronted by them. Slowly, for he was not easily convinced, he took respect into the place of contempt, and after a month of patient investigation, sent for Mark.

The interview was a frank, manly one, the old gentleman not being given to half-hearted measures of any kind. He admitted his former prejudices, and heartily commended the young man who had struggled so nobly.

"When your new house is finished," said the Judge, "you will need a wife. A man who can make his way against wind and tide as you have deserves a happy home."

The Judge being a power in Marysville, public opinion veered around as the engagement was announced. The new house being completed, Essie became housekeeper, Mrs. Lamson gladly resigned her feeble reign it was wonderful to see how the old people smartened up. They had no chronic objection to cleanliness, if someone else did the necessary work; and with Mark and Essie to govern and direct, the Lamson farm and Lamson household so lost its old name that you could scarcely find to-day in Marysville one voice to repeat the old saying, Mark Lamson came of bad stock."

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