

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE

Of Alonzo Sargent 28 Years Ago.

The last issue of the Aroostook Pioneer contains the following story of the strange disappearance of Alonzo Sargent:—"Stories of a sensational character, concerning the disappearance and death of Alonzo Sargent, that took place some 28 years ago, has created a large amount of interest to the residents of this vicinity and across the border in New Brunswick. All sorts of rumors and stories are heard. Are they true? The oft repeated tale told, and retold, of a sensational kind, loses nothing by being passed from mouth to mouth. Some perhaps believe them; others do not. If true a terrible crime has been committed. If they are not, a terrible wrong has been done to a well-known family who no doubt feel keenly the suspicions that the stories have brought upon them. However, the story of the mysterious disappearance of Alonzo Sargent is not a new one, but the old one revived by the stories of the confession of a supposed dying woman, which sent the story out, away beyond the limits of the little hamlet where it has remained for so many years, and the time has arrived when the public is entitled to know something more than the rumors that filled the air for the past two weeks and the story of the man's disappearance and the rumors of his death are given as they have been gathered up by the representative of the Pioneer.

About 1859 Alonzo Sargent became a resident of Baird's Mills, a small village lying in Bridgewater along the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick. The place is now known as Boundary, owing to the name of the postoffice recently established there. Mr. Sargent was a man in middle life, an active, energetic business character and hailed from some place in Massachusetts in the vicinity of Boston; some claim his native town was Concord, New Hampshire. Being a man of more than ordinary business ability and possessed of some means he selected that place as an advantageous one for the business that he soon became well known as a prosperous trader, dealing on both sides of the boundary line in real estate, farm stock, horses, wagons, jewelry, liquors and anything that came his way; but buying stock and driving it on foot to the Brighton market in Massachusetts was his principal business during the summer months. He was a fair and honorable man to do business with a kind, pleasant and agreeable disposition, and appeared to be possessed of abundant means to do business with and in a few years he had accumulated considerable property around him, and had made hosts of friends among those with whom he did business.

In August, 1873, Mr. Sargent was in active business life; men were employed on his farms tilling, cleaning and improving them; cattle and horses were grazing on the hill sides. Merchandise was stored in his buildings, wagons, pungs, harnesses, etc., were in use or being repaired; notes and various other collateral of like nature had accumulated and his bountiful crops of grain were about ready for the harvest. Mr. Sargent was a bachelor and no relative or family connection or former acquaintance ever came to visit him, but it is said that he frequently referred to a brother, a prominent and widely known cattle buyer for the Brighton market, residing in Massachusetts. For a number of days Mr. Sargent had been making arrangements for a trip up country toward Madawaska, as was his custom, to gather up some stock previously purchased, and to buy more to make up his drive to take to Massachusetts. Instructions had been given his hired men as to their work during his absence.

Those trips were always made with his own team; and his driver, a fine one, with a saddle back was known all over this section of the country. His home was with the family of Geo. L. Freeman, who had a wife and several children, and near them resided Chas. Freeman, a brother of Geo. L. during Mr. Sargent's absence his business matters were largely left in the hands of Geo. L., and his wife.

Such appears to have been the condition of affairs on that day in August, 28 years ago. Neighbors were with him in his place of business, that evening, the last that was ever seen of the man at that place. Days and weeks passed and the period of his absence was discussed and wondered at by his neighbors and the men who were employed on the farm and in his shop. No one appeared to know anything about the man except that he was supposed to have started for Madawaska weeks before. A report was in circulation about that time that he had gone outside. Months and years have rolled by and to his neighbors, friends and business associates, his strange disappearance has never been explained.

In the meantime, Geo. L. Freeman continued to look after the property. Notes were collected, cattle and horses were disposed of and he appeared to take upon himself general management of the estate. No legal representative, so far as is known to the public ever appeared, and the question has often been asked by what right or authority was Mr. Freeman acting under?

Some claim that Mr. Freeman had some authority, others claim he had none whatever.

Not many months after Mr. Sargent's disappearance strange stories began to float through the air as to the manner of his death, and the saddle backed horse is said to have been discovered in a closed up box stall in Mr. Freeman's stable, but soon after disappeared and was never seen again. And the questions that have been so frequently asked of each other by the residents of that little hamlet: "How did Mr. Sargent leave his home? Why did he never return? Where did he go? Where and when did he die?" have never been answered as they claim. Those who were on intimate terms of friendship with the man claim that he would never have voluntarily left his property and business in the manner that it was; that if sickness and death had overtaken him among friends some legal representative would have appeared and had the estate closed up in a legal way. As it was, the property appeared to have been absorbed and the only creditors, it is claimed, were the men who worked and waited for his return and never received their pay.

The recently alleged confession of Mrs. Geo. L. Freeman has revived all those old stories and no doubt added many new ones; and the story as it appears in the Hartland, N. B., Advertiser and copied into other papers has created a larger amount of interest than ever before. It is told that the confession of the dying woman was made to the family physician and in the presence of some ladies, how that Mr. Sargent was murdered by Geo. L., Chas. Freeman and herself and his body cut up and buried in an old well that was afterward filled up with stones; but that story is not generally believed and the report that the well was being dug out and the matter investigated is without any foundation. We understand that Mr. Freeman has letters in his possession showing exclusively that Mr. Sargent died among his people in New Hampshire. If such be a fact, the matter of his death can be easily settled and Mr. Freeman and his family exonerated from all suspicion regarding the matter of his death, and it should be given in as public a manner as the stories of his connection with the alleged crime has been circulated.

Mr. Freeman and his family have been known among the prominent and well known people of Bridgewater for many years and he has been actively engaged in mercantile business, residing now at the village of Bridgewater and the numerous friends of the family regret the present condition of affairs that have brought the shadow of suspicion upon them, but until something more reliable appears in the nature of evidence against them the terrible stories cannot be believed."

Gossiping Neighbors

People will talk, and when neighbors get together there is very likely to be something said about Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the surprising cures it is effecting among sufferers with piles and itching skin diseases. It is by word of mouth, from friend to friend, that the fame of this great Ointment has girdled the globe. It stands today as the only actual and guaranteed cure for every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

How Good English is Really Learned.

If the pupil always hears correct English from his teachers and is always corrected when he uses incorrect English he will acquire a correct use of the language without spending several years studying books devoted to rules and their many exceptions, diagrams, parsing spelling lists, etc. After the pupil has learned to use correct English, while learning something else which he writes and talks about, five hours a week for one school year is all that is necessary for the systematic teaching of English grammar—Guntton's Magazine.

For the masses not the classes, BENTLEY'S Liniment is the family medicine chest. Price 10 and 25c.

Wouldn't Hang the Jury.

An old negro named Ephraim, having been sworn on the jury in a murder trial in one of the southern states, for some time stubbornly resisted a verdict of guilty for no other apparent reason than his strong aversion to capital punishment in general. Finally the foreman explained to him that it was a question either of hanging the prisoner or hanging the jury and that it all depended on him. "Fo' gracious, sub," replied Uncle Ephraim, "on dem reasonments de prisoner am sho' guilty."

Goes Without Saying.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them—you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?
Tommy—No, mum.
Teacher—Why?
Tommy—Cos't wouldn't be necessary.—Tit-Bits.

We may learn lessons by our mistakes that we do not learn any other way. It is better not to make mistakes, but if we learn wisdom thereby, in the end they will prove a blessing.

Redfield said, "If you contend not for an improvement but for the right you will have battles, and all manner of evil will be spoken against you."



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The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand
The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land,
But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives is our hand alert
To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone
And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp—for a kindly helpful lift—
The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand
And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that's here?
—Youth's Companion.

The Marvel of It.

Dr. P. is a country physician whose professional duties have prevented him from enjoying any of the pleasures of city life. He has been all his life a great reader and a particularly close student of Shakespeare, and yet he had never seen a stage performance or been inside a theater until he recently saw "Hamlet."

He was on a visit to a friend in New York, and they went to the play together. When the curtain rose on the scenes that were so familiar to the doctor's memory of the printed page, now repeated with all the naturalness of life in action and the word spoken, he was delighted beyond expression. He leaned forward in his chair, rubbing his hands on his knees, alternating between the most absorbed interest and the chuckles of a delighted recollection. When Hamlet began his fondly remembered soliloquy, "To be or not to be," he could scarcely contain himself. There were tears of joy in his eyes. He turned to his friend and whispered in a hoarse voice of emotion: "And verbatim too! Verbatim!"

"You cannot reform a man's life without combating and correcting his errors." Once soundly converted or thoroughly sanctified, a man's errors, that we have combated for years, without much other effect but to make him angry, will disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

Critic: "You ought not to speak in public. You make many mistakes in grammar." Mr. Moody: "You've got grammar enough; what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

"Measure mose by eternity; you will find it the great secret of religion. It more than doubles life's joys, it more than halves life's sorrow."—Sel.

A wise old preacher, when he saw a brother nodding under his sermon, roused him by inquiring, "Isn't that so, brother?"

Slothfulness, laziness, idleness, slovenliness and fretfulness, are all contrary to the spirit of a Christian.

Some faces are like placid lakes, that reflect clearly and faithfully all the glories of heaven.

The old life is still in us if we are closely watching and judging others.

Idleness is a crime and disgrace to any man, woman or child.

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