

THE MILLION SILVER DOLLARS.

There were just two rooms and an attic in John Allen's home, an attic whose flooring was insecure that the rats had several times threatened to emigrate to a safer house; just the sort of place for a future President of the United States to choose his birthplace. But it John Allen ever becomes President I pity the people of this country. Not because John is bad but because he is lazy and suspicious, two qualities that would not suit a ruler of a republic.

John and his mother were so poor that the rats sometimes felt that it was not very creditable to their rodencies that they continued to live off the hospitality of the poverty stricken pair, but, after all, where there is food there is bound to be some crumbs, and so the rats stayed on and John and his mother wondered if people could be any poorer than they and continue to live.

One day John went out to the spring to get a pail of water for his mother, as boys have done ever since there were mother's pails and sons and that's more years than even you can remember. He lived near Summit, N. J., on the Watchung range of hills, and his house was ugly in that hopeless New Jersey sort of way which is very different from the New England way and not half as nice. Give me Yankee ugliness every time, red paint and all.

While he was at the spring and wondering how he got through the rest of the day without doing any work a handsome man on horseback rode up and asked John very civilly how far it was to Murry Hill, which is the name of Hamlet near Summit.

"About a mile, sir," said John, who was not the sort of a boy to refuse to answer a question, although he liked better to ask them.

"Thank you, my boy. Would you like a million dollars in silver? You see the traveller was not above joking with the lad."

Well, now some boys would have promptly said no and would have run home with the water, but John dearly loved to talk, so he set the pail down by the side of the spring and said, "Yes, sir, I would if I weren't so afraid of being robbed."

The traveller burst out laughing. "Why, have you thought of that part of it already? That doesn't generally come until after we have secured the millions and then it is a disquieting thought, I'll admit. So you'd fear robbers?"

"Yes, sir, I bet one million dollars would tempt them if it was known I had so much money and I'd never dare do anything but guard it day and night, but that wouldn't be so bad, for then I would not have to hoe. I read something in a paper that I take to mean that it is wicked to hoe and I don't want to be wicked, and anyhow hoeing makes me tired and slants my brow, mother says, so I generally let her do it."

Now what in the world John was driving at I don't know, but it only shows that children ought not to be allowed to read the newspapers—except the children's department.

The traveller laughed again and said "Poor Markham! whatever he meant, and then he said: 'Boy, you ought not to be so suspicious. I have a hundred millions and to one ever stole a cent from me.'"

John was interested but not convinced. Because the traveller had been free from thieves it did not follow that he would be. As for the traveller although he had started in to cheat the boy, he now decided to try him and see what use he would make of a million dollars and whether it would benefit him or the reverse. He was in the habit of giving a million dollars to found hospitals and libraries and soup kitchens as freely as you give five cents to the leathen when your father gives it to you for that purpose. So a million dollars for the poor boy would be nothing to him and he said:

"Well, if you will leave that pail of water there and come with me to Summit, I'll give you a million dollars just as soon as I can arrange to have it sent out from New York. Of course I have not that much with me—in silver—for my horse is built for speed and not for strength, and of course there are certain conditions that go with this money. I never give without naming some condition. You must bury all of the money except what you need for daily use, and you must regularly give to the poor or else you will be sorry."

John, like most people, hated gifts that had strings to them. The best gift is a free gift and at first John was tempted to say to the horseman, "Oh, keep your money." But when he reflected that the million dollars would not only buy him a new suit and a bicycle and a new saw for his mother and pay for the services of a professional horseman who didn't care a scrap about his brow he left the spring and the pail of water and approached nearer to the wonderful stranger.

"When do you think the money will come?"

The traveller looked at his watch. "It is now twelve. If I telegraph to have it shipped I ought to get it by four o'clock, for I'll have it sent on an express car. If you want it, jump up behind me at once and come along, as I have a directors' meeting to attend at two and I must make haste."

But now John was suddenly overcome with suspicions. This might be a highwayman who would rob him of his rags, so he said, not gratefully, but in a tone of doubt, "I don't know you. Suppose—"

But at this the stranger slapped his horse's flank with the flat of his hand and was out of sight in a minute.

John filled the pail and went into the house and told his mother what had happened. She was one of the most artless women who ever handled a hoe and as unsuspicious as John was the opposite and she was fond of money if you can be said to be fond of a thing you had never seen,

so she was ill pleased at his news. "Why, John, you should not have suspected the good man. I'm sure no one ever offered us that before and it is not likely that any one will again. I wish you had gone with him."

"But mother I thought you wanted the water."

"Oh, child, I was not so thirsty but that I could have waited until we got the million before I drank. Many men have given up all that made life dear to get a million and what's a drink of water against a fortune?"

These words from his mother made John feel that he had not been wise, so he went out to the spring and waited there for the rest of the day, although there was plenty of work to do around the miserable house. But the stranger did not come back.

The next day at about the same hour John again took up his station at the spring and after a wait of an hour he was rewarded by seeing the stranger riding back, this time from Summit. As soon as John saw him he ran to meet him.

"Well, boy, fortune does not often knock twice at a man's door, but as fortune and I are old friends I've made him do it and it you think that you can trust me I'll take you to Summit and we'll hunt up that million dollars. It's there by now."

Almost before the words were out of his mouth John had leaped to the horse's back in an ecstasy of joy and had said "Go where you will. Mother said I could trust you."

"Now that was really kind in the lady," said the stranger with a queer smile. "I will show her that she did not misjudge me. I will confess that it vexed me yesterday to think that a poor boy like you should be afraid of a millionaire, but then I thought you probably never saw one before and so I decided not to bear malice. We'll go to Summit and I'll point out the car and pay the workmen in advance to help you get it up here and then you must bury it and use it as I have prescribed or"

The traveller did not finish the word, but John imagined the worst and sighed. The way to Summit was neither hard nor long and they soon reached it, riding over a bridge and right down to the freight station.

The stranger inquired at the office for a freight car that had nothing whatever in it but a million silver dollars. The freight agent, who was very busy, said: "I believe that such a car came in but I've got so much to attend to that I can't be sure. Go hunt it up and take the money and some time when I'm not so busy you can sign a receipt for it."

So the stranger hitched his horse to a truck that stood on the platform and then walked across the track to the switch on which was the car. Sure enough, when they opened the door, several hundred dollars rolled out and all over the ground. John did not bother to pick them up as there was so many more where they came from. The stranger had already hired workmen to cart the money away and twelve men with coal carts now appeared on the scene all ready to do the work for which they had been paid.

The men were not much surprised to see all the money because they did not for a minute suppose it was real. They thought it was the waste from a tin factory simply because it was beyond belief that a man would give one million silver dollars to a twelve-year old boy and you can't believe what's unbelievable.

The stranger now had to take a train to New York so he left his horse as a present to John and shook hands with him and John was so busy running his hands through the money and letting it drop like sand in an hour glass from one hand to another that he actually forgot to thank his benefactor.

It took the men several hours to empty the car and I'm sure I don't know what Summit people were doing that they didn't notice the million dollars going over the bridge and up the hill into the woods, but they didn't, and in mid-afternoon John arrived without accident at his miserable shanty. Oh, I forgot to say that when he went to get the horse which had been hitched to the trunk, he found it had eaten the whole top off that receptacle, much to the disgust of a woman who wanted to take the next train but who had to go into town and buy a new trunk and repack it on the station platform with the wind blowing her belongings all along the Delaware, Lackawanna road. It never entered John's selfish head to pay her for the damage the horse had done. His mind was too engrossed with his suddenly acquired wealth.

His mother came out to meet the caravan and she nearly went crazy at sight of the money. Imagine twelve coal carts loaded to overflowing with bright, new, gleaming dollars. Why, it would have attracted attention even in Wall street, where every man is a millionaire—or wishes he was.

"Bury it back of the house, John, dear. The earth is softer there and it will be easier for the men to dig."

So said his mother, but John replied: "I don't know as I care how hard it is for them to dig, mother. They've been paid, so what's the odds?"

Well, now you know there was a good deal of odds. There's no use in piling work on a man of woman just because you're paying him. All people have feelings, even men with shovels and hoes.

And the first digger took a dislike to John right away and determined to come some dark night and carry off some of the money and give it to his children to play store with. You see none of them could believe it was real money.

But John suspected him of having such thoughts and he said, forgetting the warning of the stranger, "I guess I'd rather have it where I can have my eyes on it day and night. Just put it in the attic."

Of course he was boss and the men had to obey him so the first cart was backed up in front of the attic window—which was not more than ten feet from the ground

—and the men began to shovel the money into the house. At the first shovelful about half fell through the chinks in the floor to the room below and the rats deserted the house. But disregarding this warning he bade the men to go ahead and shovel it all in. Well, I'll leave it to you to figure how packed that attic became. One million silver dollars take up a good deal of room and weigh a good deal, as the old house evidently thought.

For, just as the last shovelful of dollars was pitched in, the miserable building tottered and fell and Mrs. Allen just escaped being buried under it.

But the worst of it was that as John had disobeyed the injunction of the great millionaire, the money began to roll and roll through the woods and far away. Some of it went into the brooks, some of it went into woodchuck and snake holes, some of it rolled a mile before it stopped but like snow in hot sun it all disappeared and a half hour later John and his mother were just as poor as before.

I wish I could say that John had learned a lesson and ceased to be suspicious, but he didn't. To this day he haunts the spring, leaving his mother to do all the work.

But the stranger rides no more.

WIDEMAN TALKS.

The Clay Potter who Escaped Being Crippled for Life by Almost a Miracle.

A. N. Wideman of Dunroon, Ont., interviewed in Toronto—The Most Hopeless Case of Rheumatism on Record—A Living Monument to the Power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TORONTO, Feb. 19.—The wonderful escape of A. N. Wideman, which found its way into the newspapers a few weeks ago, is still a subject of interest here. He will be remembered as the man who was so frightfully crippled with Rheumatism, being twisted and contorted out of shape.

He was fairly smothered from a miserable death by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he has been one of the greatest upholders of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Canada ever since.

Mr. Wideman still has to use a stick when he walks as the disease has left him with one leg shorter than the other.

With this exception, and with the defect due to the breaking of his teeth from taking mercury medicines, Mr. Wideman is as well as ever he was in his life.

"I never heard of anything like the way Dodd's Kidney Pills worked in my case," said he. "They drove the Rheumatism clean out of my system. You know work was slack in the earthenware works, and I took a chance to work in the harvest field. I got soaked several times with rain and that brought on the worst attack of Rheumatism I ever heard of. I was in bed five months. My legs were twisted out of shape, the toes pointing inwards. Well, nothing the doctor could do did me the least good. My teeth broke off from the mercury he gave me, that was all."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?" Mr. Wideman was asked. "A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Boyer, got me to try them. I did so to please her, but continued their use because they were curing me."

"And you ascribe your present health and strength to Dodd's Kidney Pills?" "I certainly do. It hadn't been for Dodd's Kidney Pills I would be in my grave at this minute," said Mr. Wideman emphatically.

Another Spanish Excuse.

A belated war story comes from Porto Rico, and is told by Lieutenant Juan Arato, of the Spanish Engineers.

"When the war broke out," said the Lieutenant, "we found that our ammunition of all sorts was very low. Some was new and some old; some was black and some was brown; some was old fashioned and some was smokeless and mysterious. There was one lot of brown smokeless powder which was marked Use with care."

Very powerful! keep cool and dry and to it was attached a legend that it had burst a Krupp field gun.

"I determined to try it. I employed a small charge in a gun, and to my surprise it refused to go off. My gunners were very much disgusted, and one of them said: 'Bah, this is no good for war. I'll use it for cooking our supper.'"

"We all jumped as he threw a double handful into a small campfire. Judge of our feelings when we saw the fire go out. I afterward learned that powder of this sort deteriorates with age, and that long before this case was opened it was as harmless as wet sand."

Doctor Kitasato's sterile Experiment.

The honors that have been showered upon Professor S. Kitasato, the eminent Japanese physician, are justified today by the spread of the bubonic plague and the realization of his recorded predictions. The story of his work has never before been told in full, as he is very modest and cannot be induced to talk about himself. When the plague broke out in Hongkong in February, 1894, Doctor Kitasato wrote a memoir in which he claimed that the new pestilence was the ancient disease known as the 'black death.' He said there was grave danger of the malady spreading rapidly to many lands. His assertions were laughed at by the European physicians in Japan. His own countrymen upheld him and brought the matter before the Government. It acted promptly, and selected the Profes-

sor, with two assistants, as a special commission to go to Hongkong and study the plague in action. The three men arrived and took rooms at the Hongkong Hotel. They carried with them a complete equipment of a bacteriologic laboratory, the first that had ever been seen in that part of the world. Many of the instruments had just been invented in the Koch or Pasteur school, and were unknown to the Chinese physicians.

Doctor Kitasato first demonstrated that the disease could be communicated to or from rats, rabbits, guinea-pigs and mice. His next demonstration was that the dust, and even the infected air in plague spots, could carry the disease. At this point he and his two assistants contracted the disorder, and were obliged to desist from their studies. Last science should be the loser, each kept a careful record of the progress of the disease in the other two. The attacks were serious. The younger assistant died, but the elder one, Doctor Oyama, and Doctor Kitasato recovered.

Shortly after this the Professor identified the bacillus of the plague, which he found to resemble that of the chicken cholera in its early stages, and lastly he published the results of his experiments. His recommendations were adopted by the Japanese Government the same year, and by the Board of Health in our new possession of Hawaii and other seaport cities thereafter.

THE D. & L. MENTHOL PLASTER is the most largely sold in Canada. For backache and all muscular pains there's nothing equal to it. Each plaster in an all-tight tin, 25c Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

Cholly—Your papa kicked me out when I asked him for your hand. Miss Gabby—Papa is so intense. He puts his whole soul into everything he undertakes.

BORN.

Windsor, Feb. 11, to the wife of Mr. Towell, a son. Windsor, Feb. 10, to the wife of Geo. Wilson, a son. Amherst, Feb. 6, to the wife of Emil Wolfe, a son. Truro, Feb. 12, to the wife of Lynn Cox, a daughter.

Hartville, Feb. 5, to the wife of Geo. Burghwin, a son. Falmouth, Feb. 8, to the wife of Arthur Lynch, a son. Sydney, Feb. 10, to the wife of John McKenna, a son. Windsor, Feb. 10, to the wife of Harry Colwell, a son. New Haven, Jan. 3, to the wife of H. McLeod, a son. Long Island, Feb. 11, to the wife of Elias Eagles, a son. Truro, Feb. 8, to the wife of Arthur McInnis, a son. New Glasgow, Feb. 12, to the wife of Dr. Parker, a son. Farnborough, Feb. 8, to the wife of David Welton, a daughter. Sydney, Feb. 4, to the wife of P. C. Campbell, a daughter. Falmouth, Feb. 6, to the wife of H. Payzant, a daughter. Windsor, Feb. 11, to the wife of Fred Shand, a daughter. Milton, Jan. 27, to the wife of James Hunt, a daughter. Baddeck, Jan. 12, to the wife of Edward McKay, a daughter. Caledonia, Feb. 7, to the wife of L. Thompson, a daughter. Welsford, Jan. 22, to the wife of Frank McConnell, a daughter. Raddeck, Feb. 3, to the wife of Allan McDonald, a daughter. Shelburne, Feb. 6, to the wife of Alfred Ellis, a daughter. Mount Unlace, Feb. 13, to the wife of John Bridle, a daughter. Ailington, Mass., Feb. 6, to the wife of Henry Wood, a son. Tatamagouche, Feb. 2, to the wife of Joseph Roberts, a son. Mt. Cayll, Feb. 4, to the wife of Rev. Judson Kempton, a son. Coverdale, Feb. 12, to the wife of Stratford Colpitts, a daughter. Neil's Harbor, C. B., Jan. 24, to the wife of D. P. Montgomery, a son. Lexington, Mass., Jan. 31, to the wife of Harry Patterson, a daughter. Upper Burlington, Jan. 26, to the wife of Sydney Brigham, a daughter.

Wolville, Feb. 4, Thomas Harrington to Annie Messem. Windsor, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. Shaw, Reuben Johnson to Annie Grey. Halifax, Feb. 12, by Rev. A. P. Parker, James Doyle to Mary Hunt. Dartmouth, Jan. 30, by Rev. W. Ryan, Moses Weeks to Susan Stacy. Yarmouth, Jan. 29, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, Alvin A. Crosby to Mary Porter. Antigonish, Feb. 1, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John McInnes to Grace J. Grant. Bridgewater, Feb. 10, by Rev. S. March, William Smith to Carrie McKee. Halifax, Feb. 11, by Rev. N. Le Moine, Beverly R. Newberry to Blanche Stubbs. North Sydney, C. B., Feb. 6, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Walter C. Young to Lizzie Munro. Clementspt., Feb. 14, by Rev. J. E. Eaton, J. Troop McCalland to Bertha M. Lent. Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 11, by Rev. P. W. Blackmer, H. H. Tucker to Mary A. Burpee. West Cape, P. E. I., Feb. 7, by Rev. D. Maclean, Andrew Livingstone to Margaret Maclean. St. Eleanor's, P. E. I., Feb. 12, by Rev. Neil McLaughlin, Hamilton Matthews to Florence Craswell.

Baltic, Feb. 12, Hugh Matthews. Halifax, Feb. 15, John Brady, 73. Pictou, Feb. 12, Mark T. Pace, 64. Baltic, Feb. 8, Patrick Kilbride, 84. Moncton, Feb. 18, James Gould, 29. St. John, Feb. 18, William Girvan, 88. Halifax, Feb. 14, Hannah L. Shaw, 68. Canning, Feb. 10, David M. Dickie, 68. Comeauville, Feb. 15, Frank A. Comeau. Monaghan Road, Feb. 13, James Connolly. St. John, Feb. 15, Mrs. Letitia Sullivan, 80. Dundas, Feb. 17, Miss Penelope Matheson. O. Island, Cal., Feb. 9, wife of James Gossip. Quincy, Mass., Feb. 14, Matthew Lyons, 37. Halifax, Feb. 10, Bertha A. Duggan, 10 years. Yarmouth, Feb. 10, Freeman C. Gardner, 49.

Granton, M. R. Feb. 10, Dennis Desmond, 15. Marsfield, Feb. 14, Eleanor Frerquarson, 84. Somerville, Mass., Feb. 8, Deborah B. Tooker. Acadia Mines, Feb. 4, Mrs. David Williams, 38. Halifax, Feb. 15, Bella, wife of John Brown, 41. Canning, Feb. 12, Leander Rand, ex-M.P.P., 76. Halifax, Feb. 15, Barbara, relict of J. S. Mowatt, 84. Sunny Brae, E. R., Feb. 11, John Macdonald, 83. Appleton, Wisconsin, Jan. 27, John H. Whorton, 76. Halifax, Feb. 12, Jane, wife of Chambers Blake-ney. Halifax, Feb. 15, Hetty, daughter of Lewis Goodwin, 10. Kentville, Feb. 14, Sarah, wife of John T. Gavel, 55 years. Arlington, Mass., Feb. 9, Ann Yeo, wife of Robert Ellis, 77. Dorset, England, Feb. 15, Rev. Robert George Willis, 72. Halifax, Feb. 16, Johanna, daughter of the late Geo. Coolen, 23. Aylesford, Feb. 12, Margaret, wife of Rev. J. P. Chadbourne, 32. Black Point, Shelburne County, Feb. 10, Mr. Parker Matthews, 73. Halifax, Feb. 15, Christiansa, widow of late Mr. Justice Henry, 78. Wolville, Feb. 10, Sarah S., relict of the late Reuben Green, 76. Moncton, Feb. 17, Whitemin, child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goulet. Cape Island, Feb. 4, Chloe Ann, widow of the late Freeman Nickerson, 46. Charlottetown, Feb. 14, Ella, daughter of James and Catherine Moran, 11. Head of Hillsborough, Feb. 10, Catherine Rose A., wife of Fred F. Douglas, 23. Pleasant Valley, Feb. 17, Ann Mackenzie, widow of the late Duncan Macdonald, 103. Dartmouth, Feb. 14, Charles Edward, child of Henry and Florence Stear, 10 weeks. Granville Ferry, Feb. 11, Clifton W. Stevenson, son of Alfred and Ellen Stephenson, 5 months.

On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$6.50; Calgary, \$6.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$8.00. For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to

A. J. HEATH. D. F. A. C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Jan. 1st, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday; ar. Digby 10.00. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., ar. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Arthur" St. John and Boston Direct Service. Leave St. John every Thursday, 4.30 p. m. Leave Boston every Wednesday, 10 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 3.50 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 6.50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.50 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince George. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.) TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.05 Express for Sussex.....15.40 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal-express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex..... Accommodation from Moncton..... Express from Halifax..... Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... Accommodation from Moncton..... All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

DIED. Baltic, Feb. 12, Hugh Matthews. Halifax, Feb. 15, John Brady, 73. Pictou, Feb. 12, Mark T. Pace, 64. Baltic, Feb. 8, Patrick Kilbride, 84. Moncton, Feb. 18, James Gould, 29. St. John, Feb. 18, William Girvan, 88. Halifax, Feb. 14, Hannah L. Shaw, 68. Canning, Feb. 10, David M. Dickie, 68. Comeauville, Feb. 15, Frank A. Comeau. Monaghan Road, Feb. 13, James Connolly. St. John, Feb. 15, Mrs. Letitia Sullivan, 80. Dundas, Feb. 17, Miss Penelope Matheson. O. Island, Cal., Feb. 9, wife of James Gossip. Quincy, Mass., Feb. 14, Matthew Lyons, 37. Halifax, Feb. 10, Bertha A. Duggan, 10 years. Yarmouth, Feb. 10, Freeman C. Gardner, 49.