THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 65. SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1898. NUMBER 17.

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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to HENRY D. HAMMOND, Agricultural Editor Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me.

BELIEVES FARMING PAYS.

It does me good occasionally, in passing through our rural towns, to meet with a man who is heartily of the opinion that farming pays, and pays better than shoemaking or most any of the avenues of labor open to an inhabitant of towns or cities in this section. Such a man is Charles L. Pinkham, of Northwood Ridge. Mr. Pinkham by no means poses as the only pebble on the beach, and I am morally certain that "there are others," and I hope they, or he, will take no offence at my special mention. Mr. Pinkham has some good ideas, I believe, and, as he might be too modest to spread them before your readers, I will try to give you briefly a few of them.

He is an advocate of raising more sheep and cattle and less vegetable produce, like potatoes, beets, turnips, corn, oats and hay, to turn off. Raise what you can feed out of these on your place, but turn off beef, veal, mutton, young lamb and wool. Butter and eggs, he says, are also profitable, because, as a rule, your local grocer will call for them and pay good prices. Mr. Pinkham is unalterably opposed to the plan of doing most of your farming on the road to and from the village and around the stove at the grocery store.

Another thing he believes in is raising berries for market. These grow wild in great abundance round the Deerfield Mountains, and a few days' picking last fall netted over $100 on a small patch of land taxed for next to nothing, and farmers' taxes are higher than any other class. Mr. Pinkham's reasons for his views are the ease with which cattle and sheep can be taken care of, the fact that they can be sold at the barn and turned into ready cash, while their manure is the best kind of fertilizer to keep up the land. Horses, beyond the absolute necessities of the farm work, he would not keep at this time. "While I am no enthusiast as to the future of New Hampshire farming, I believe that many a man who is eking out a poor existence in cotton mill and shoe factory towns, living on the ragged edge of hope and fear, alternating between a poorly paid and precarious job and intermittent spells of enforced idleness, would be immensely better off to strike out, and if he has no means to buy, lease a farm, and, beginning with calves and hens, picking berries in the season, roughing it in the woods for a year or so in the winter, gathering a stock of tools and furniture at the occasional auctions, building himself up into an independent position. This is being done by Swedes and Frenchmen. Our forefathers, in a wild and savage-infested wilderness, did more than this, encountered heavier hardships and I see no reason why it cannot be done to-day. I do not say one will thus become wealthy; the avenues to wealth are rapidly closing up; but, despairing of that, there is still great satisfaction in being measurably independent and "your own boss."—Sumner F. Claflin in Farmer and Mirror.

TREE PLANTING.

Having read recently an article entitled "Successful Spring Planting," I would like to pass one or two remarks. I have always favored fall planting, both for evergreen and deciduous trees providing the evergreens are planted at the proper time, not later than the first week in November, sooner if possible. It is a well-known fact that nearly all trees make roots even when their buds are dormant, and by fall planting the necessary rootlets are provided for the support of the buds when they start. The great trouble with some planters is they do not take the trouble to fill in every little crevice around the roots when planting and do not always straighten out the roots themselves. Another thing frequently overlooked is the proper staking and securing of the trees. If a tree is allowed to rock with the wind the young roots just forming are drawn by every motion and rendered almost useless.

I planted last fall (first week in November) a number of evergreens, nursery stock, large specimens of the different Retinospora and Abies excelsa (Norway spruce) and from present appearances do not expect to lose more than 3 per cent. The season when planting was extremely dry, consequently we had to almost wash in with the hose. After the trees were properly firmed the staking was attended to and then they were heavily mulched with coarse litter.—American Gardening.

SAWDUST IN MANURE.

I have used yearly for the last ten years upon a garden devoted to vegetables and small fruits, containing one-third of an acre, the manure made by seven horses in which shavings and sawdust were used for bedding. The green manure is spaded under and allowed to remain one year before it is mixed with the soil, and no injury has ever been seen in any way from its use. Each spring I cover a lawn containing twenty fruit trees several inches in depth with the same kind of manure; the manure is raked off when the grass begins to grow. No injurious effects have ever been produced, either to the grass or trees. There might be evil effects produced however, were the covering on the grass very deep, or to the trees if piled around their trunks a foot deep and packed closely. The soil is light and sandy. I have used horse and cow manure in which sawdust was used for bedding, for general farming purposes for thirty years on both light and heavy soils, and never saw any injury whatever from it. While probably little commercial value is added to the manure by the sawdust or shavings, in my opinion, no injury will be caused from its use on any soil.—Cor. in American Gardening.

Concerning farmers' institutes Prof. C. D. Woods says: The inspiration that the farmers get at the institutes is what does the most good. It is not the rules they learn, for there are no rules of farming, but the interest the speaker creates. The great draw-back is that those who really follow up the institutes and are interested in farming, are not wholly farmers, so the general farming public doesn't receive the benefit that it should.

Those Dreadful Sores

They Continued to Spread in Spite of Treatment but Now They are Healed—A Wonderful Work.

"For many years I have been a great sufferer with varicose veins on one of my limbs. My foot and limb became dreadfully swollen. When I stood up I could feel the blood rushing down the veins of this limb. One day I accidentally hit my foot against some object and a sore broke out which continued to spread and was exceedingly painful. I concluded I needed a blood purifier and I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time those dreadful sores which had caused me so much suffering, began to heal. I kept on faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time my limb was completely healed and the sores gave me no more pain. I cannot be too thankful for the wonderful work Hood's Sarsaparilla, has done for me." MRS. A. E. GILSON, Hartland, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

SOWING AND MAINTAINING GRASS LANDS.

Fortunate is the farmer or dairyman who has a natural grass farm, for although large yields of hay are sometimes found in places where the natural advantages are absent, high and expensive culture is the price paid. We are in the habit of maintaining permanent mowings and consequently must pursue a different method from those who follow the plan of rotation. I have seen farms that were divided into fields of 15 or 20 acres each. The rotation would be something like this: On one field grass, another wheat, another oats, another corn, another pasture. The next year the mowing or grass field would be turned into pasture, the wheat field would become mowing, the oat field would grow wheat, the corn field oats, and pasture field corn. So it continues year in and year out. The wheat crop is the only one that receives a direct application of stable manure.

You will observe that this is pretty straight farming. Unfortunately, our farms require different treatment. To acquire satisfactory results we are obliged to cater to the constant demands of our wornout hillsides. We must raise grass where grass will grow, and corn and potatoes where grass will not grow, and use for pasture the place where nothing will grow. We watch our principal mowing field or home lot with more than paternal care. About the only way we can manage it is to plow some portion of the field every year and reseed it. If we feel obliged to take up a large area, and have not the means to fertilize highly, better reseed as early as possible after the hay has been removed. But if we have the means to prepare a highly fertilized seed bed, good results can be obtained very late in the season. If we can topdress our mowings I think it is the proper thing to do. Perhaps if we should have two or three dry seasons I should lose faith, and think the top of the ground wasn't the best place in the world for fertilizers.

Some hold that autumn seeding is unsatisfactory for the reason that good results are so transitory, and that it is better to seed after some crop where the soil had been highly enriched to a greater depth than is possible when seeding over an inverted sod. On my own farm I think I have obtained the most satisfactory results by seeding on sod, and being careful to follow with topdressing the very next year and to omit no year thereafter. A liberal allowance of sand or soil worked through the stables and into the manure pile makes excellent material for this purpose. My experience with commercial fertilizer as a grass grower is quite limited and somewhat unsatisfactory compared with the outlay.

As to the variety of grasses best to grow, every farmer is his own judge. I am quite partial to clover as hay, when I can have it in its most perfect condition. I think it will produce more milk and more flesh than almost anything else in the shape of hay, unless I except early cut fine English, which is generally admitted to stand first as a milk producing forage. If I remember rightly, it was my father's practice to use a mixture of timothy, redtop and clover. I followed in his footsteps quite a number of years, until I imagined the redtop crowded out the timothy, so that after a few years I got more redtop than I wanted. Now I seldom sow anything but timothy and clover, and I have sometimes caught myself leaving out the clover, as I am not always sure to raise clover hay after I have sown clover seed. While I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my success in other varieties of grass, I have had only partial success with clover—often failing to obtain a good catch and as often losing the stand from the blasting effects of winter.

I am a stanch believer in early harvesting of hay. Almost anything of grass nature will make hay that stock will eat with a relish if cut and well cured in June. While this is true, it is also true that the choicest grasses if allowed to stand a month or six weeks longer may make nice looking hay that will command a good price in market, but if fed to milch cows we will find that we are obliged to supplement with heavier grain rations. One of the most important things the haymaker has to consider is selecting the right kind of weather to cure the crop after it is grown, for as yet we are dependent upon out of door conditions. Select days that are full of sunshine, and nights devoid of dew. To make hay in such weather is a light and inexpensive task. The horse rake should be in the field early in the afternoon that the hay may go in windrows while it is warm. But little work will be required the next day to prepare it for the barn. If we are obliged to make hay when clouds are more prevalent than sunshine, we work and worry some, and use the tedder more.—New England Homestead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

"Some folks say dat a nigger won't steal,
But I cotch one in my corn fer!"

It is information which I am after. I wish to know what causes the transformation of potatoes in the field if they do not mix. I have had them lose their individuality from planting to harvesting. One instance, years ago, when the State of Maine variety were in vogue: They were quite long, and very near round, with sunken eyes. At harvesting they they had lost their identity. They became of a flattish form, with eyes flush with the surface.

Two years ago I planted one row about 20 rods long with Early Vermonts, purple in color; by its side another row, of white potatoes. At harvesting about one hill in perhaps 15 were white, all others were the Vermonts in form and color. Can any one solve this on any other hypothesis than that "they jine drives"?

We are beginning to see, now and then, some of the fancy steers after the order of years ago. Grade Durhams crossed with the White Heads, make a good combination. And what is more enjoyable for the ox fancier than to move along by the side of a good pair of oxen or steers of the Durham temperament, susceptible to every move of the goad, not through fear, but from mutual attachment. "I tell you it is fun," as the boys say, but that for a few years has been all there was to it. No great money compensation. A better outlook is in store, or such are the indications.

I sometimes almost envy these men when they come along with their steers. Will Tucker of Sumner, has held to the fancy. Chas. Berry of this town will go a good distance to find the same. Edwin Howard and Ezra Keen of Hartford, are not averse to good ones. C. S. Childs has a grade White Head calf, at two weeks, which weighed 170 pounds. The tendency is to return to the fancy grades.

G. TILTON

CHIMNEY FIRES IN SPRING.

Midwinter is usually supposed to be the time of greatest danger from chimney fires, says the Philadelphia Record; but now, when fires are allowed to get low, and more wood is used, the soot collects more rapidly, and unless care is taken, a fierce blaze in starting a new fire will ignite the soot and cause a chimney fire. There is no better method of avoiding this than burning pieces of zinc. At this season plenty of old zinc should be kept on hand for this purpose. A piece placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out the stove pipe and chimneys, the vapors produced carrying off the soot by chemical decomposition. This should be kept in mind by those who have been burning wood instead of coal for fuel, and also by those who use quantities of paper, shavings, etc., in the frequent kindling of fires.—Cultivator.

Nine-tenths of the county associations could increase their usefulness and lessen the cause of their poverty by dispensing with a few of the races provided. The only justification I have ever heard for races at county fairs is that they are necessary to draw a crowd.—New England Farmer.

IN THE LAND OF THE BLUEBELL AND HEATHER.

NO. 2.

THE LAND OF BURNS.
(From the Democrat's Foreign Correspondent.)
AYR, SCOTLAND.

"Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!"

It is indeed worth a journey across the Atlantic to breathe for one moment the same air, of the same Ayr where Nature's most beautiful and tender poet first saw the light. The Land of Burns may truly be said to embrace the whole of Scotland, but the term as here applied, refers to the district where the poet lived and sang—from Ayr his birthplace to Dumfries where he died. The town of Ayr is situated on the seacoast at the mouth of the river Ayr, which is crossed by Burns' Twa Brigs, "The Brigs of Ayr," the auld brig and the new brig. The old brig was built in the reign of Alexander III, by two maiden sisters whose effigies were carved on the parapet. It is still fit to walk over, though centuries old. There is a statue of Wallace on the site of the tower in which he was confined.

It is Saturday night, and one can think of nothing but "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the poem written, with many others, while following the plow:

"The toil worn Cotter frae his labour goes;
This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend."

But ah, what a very different atmosphere has the Ayr of to-day from that of which the poet wrote more than a hundred years ago. It was then a little hamlet with a few shops, a kirk and a little inn, but now, but now, it is the steam engine that rolls the traveler into town, instead of the steed of Tam O' Shanter.

"Well mounted on his grey mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg."

And the pilgrim alights from the train to the very platform of a palatial hotel of immense proportions and magnificence, equal in service and sumptuousness to any of our fashionable summer hotels—and as palatial in its prices, too, if five dollars a day is anything to go by. We couldn't help but wonder what the humble plowboy poet would say if he could see this great magnificent hotel, which might be called a monument to himself, for it is his fame that has built it for the accommodation of the thousands who come here to worship at the shrine of genius—and of love, we might also say, for surely there are no love poems in any language that can equal his love songs. The following verse is the one which Sir Walter Scott said "contained the essence of a thousand love tales":

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

The traveler steps from the train into an elevator—a luxury not often seen in Europe—and is landed in a large and well furnished room whose most attractive feature is a fireplace, in which a fire is soon giving forth warmth and light, for Scotland is a cold country. An elaborate dinner is served at 7 o'clock, and it is somewhat unique to see only two solitary guests in this great banquet hall, served by a half dozen waiters in their clawhammer suits.

Thinking to be able to see all the interesting objects in the neighborhood and get a train to Edinburgh on the morrow, so as to save time and money, on making enquiries at the office of the hotel, our informant was horrified at the idea of harboring an individual that would travel on the Sabbath! Also volunteering the information that there were no trains on Sunday. After a while it dawned upon us that we were in Scotland, and that they have no Sunday trains—the one nation on the face of the earth, so far as we know, that has that respect for the Sabbath Day untouched and unclouded. All honor to it! Would that there were more countries to follow in its footsteps.

All through the night the elements had raged with such tumult that fears were entertained of the possibility of getting out to see anything on the morrow, but in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the sun burst forth, and the clouds dispersed, and the furious elements were stilled, so preparations were made to take the journey on foot to the "auld biggin," the birthplace of the poet. This could be easily accomplished, it being but two miles from the village, but no sooner had the paraphernalia been donned for traveling, than presto! change! down came the pouring rain in such torrents that one could not see half way across the street, and the winds howled, the trees rocked and the very demon of turbulence reigned supreme.

In less time than it takes to tell it, whisk! out came the sun again, and the clouds disappeared and the face of Nature smiled once more. So another attempt was made, and this time a few steps from the door had been essayed, when the downpour and the hurricane again compelled a hasty retreat to shelter. Having, however, explicit faith in the old adage that "the third time never fails"—for are we not now on the very soil on which the immortal Bruce and the immortal spider made the conquest of history?—the next time the services of Sandy, the coachman, were procured, and the lowly thatched cottage soon came in sight, where Scotland's greatest bard first saw the light.

If any one can gaze on this lowly cot for the first time unmoved, it is not the one who is writing these words. The structure to-day is a long low cottage with whitewashed walls, and a roof thatched with straw, but at the time of the poet's birth there were but two compartments, a clay built "biggin," the work of his father's own hands.

It is estimated that more people come here to visit this lowly dwelling, than go to the greatest show palaces in the world. I'm glad that it is so, for it is the greatest eulogy on human nature that coul possibly be written—and this humble cottage is the most sublime monument that could be erected to human genius—as is also the humble lean-to where our own most glorious and greatest hero, Abraham Lincoln, was born. The most gorgeous sceptre of gold and gems, ever wielded by king or emperor, was meagre in comparison to that sceptre of wood, from the rail fence, wielded by the brawny arm of our hero of lean-to and rail-splitting glory. Let those eulogize the Father of His Country who will, though he deserves it indeed, but he was a born aristocrat, and no one loved him as they did him, who though their President, was still their modest brother of toil—and whose journey to the White House, (a part of it at least) was not in a chariot and four, but in the old farm wagon. When they were shaking his hand nearly off at the reception given him there, how eloquently the simple words whispered to his wife, tell of his still humble modest nature—"Mother, this is worse than rail-splitting."

"But hold," you say, "I thought you were eulogizing the Plowboy Poet instead of the Rail-splitter President. Pardon the digression, but its "kinder sorter nat'ral" to give a good word to one's own countrymen whenever the opportunity occurs. But we will return to our Bonnie Scotchman's humble dwelling, before which we alight, Sandy volunteering the information that he "did na think they wad let us in the day, as it was the Sabbath." This was surely a disappointment, and would necessitate another journey in the morning, for get in we must.

Trying two or three doors to find entrance, at last an old Scotchwoman appeared with a cap on her head, her Bible in her hand and a frown on her brow—and a rebuke on her tongue for these ungodly sinners who would be seeking amusement on the Lord's Day. Dear old soul! If she had only known it, she went up in the estimation of her visitor, instead of going down, for if there is anything we do admire it is consistency—in religion as in other things; for in most places, the people who guard these tourist-haunted places are only too glad to turn a penny, be it the Lord's Day or no.

Turning sadly away a few steps brings us to the ruin of the "Auld Kirk," auld Alloway Kirk where "auld Nick led the music," one of the landmarks of that inimitable drama of Tam O'Shanter:

"Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry."

The structure is of uncut stone, and only the front and back and walls that go up to a peak, and parts of the side walls, are standing, the roof having fallen in. It stands in the centre of the tiny graveyard, which is also enclosed by a wall also of uncut stone, which shelters only grim solitude and the grey and silent memorials over the peaceful graves.

Alighting from the carriage once more, as Sandy sat on his perch he was asked if he supposed they would let us in here, referring to the silent inhabitant within.

"Oh, yes," says Sandy with a smile, "they are na sae struct (strict) in theer."

We have to walk between the graves to reach the entrance, and almost the first grave we come to is that of William Burns, father of the poet, died Feb. 13, 1784, and his wife Agnes Brown, and here occurs that tender epitah to him written by his son:

"O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woes,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride,
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For ev'n his failings lean to virtue's side"

There is no monument, only a plain marble slab and headstone.

Of all the ancient castles, abbeys, monasteries, and other historic and time-hallowed ruins it has thus far been the fortune of your correspondent to see, none are so beautiful, so sad, so full of pathos and intense interest, none have ever touched the heart as has this old ruin of Alloway Kirk; not alone for the interest it has for its connection with our special hero and his family, but for the simple story it tells of the life of the lowly crofters and cotters, who once worshipped within its crumbling walls, and under its now roofless canopy. And most romantic of all is its tiny belfry, which still supports and shelters its little bell, scarce larger than the little bell the "school ma'am" of our childhood used, to call us in from noon hour and "recess" in the old school house under the hill by the brook. Though mute for more than a century, it is far more eloquent in its rusty silence than the grandest chime of bells on the most gorgeous cathedral in the world. For though silent it speaks to the heart with language unutterable.

Then a few steps more, just around the curve in the road is the "auld Brig o' Doon"—the old bridge across the Doon, which also figures so conspicuously in the same gruesome tale.

"Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig."

Yonder is the monument erected to Burns, and in the tastefully laid out grounds around is a statue of Tam O' Shanter and Souter Johnny, Tam's "ancient, trusty, droughty crony." The monument is of special interest, in that it contains, with a few other relics, the Bible with which Robert and Highland Mary plighted their troth, as they walked on the banks of Ayr, and in the Bible is a lock of Mary's hair—beautiful and soft and brown. Mary was only a milkmaid, but a good girl, whom Burns saw through the light of his own idealism. She went away and died of a fever, without disenchantment ever coming to either of them; and of all his poem the song of Highland Mary is perhaps more full of pathos and sadness than any he ever composed. It must be a hard heart indeed that can read it through without moistened eyes, especially this last verse:

"O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

But you are tired, so we will wait till to-morrow to finish our wanderings "by banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon."

MARTHA MAXIM.

Horace Greeley as an Orator.

Mr. Greeley was not an orator in any scholastic sense. He had a poor and somewhat squeaking voice, he knew nothing of gestures, and he could not take an orator's pose, which adds such emphasis sometimes to the matter and argument to be set forth. Not all his years of practice on the platform and on public occasions ever changed his habits and methods as a speaker, and he ended as poorly equipped in the respects named for the vocation as when he began. But he had one prime quality, without which all the others are exploited in vain. He invariably had something to say, and he said it in such clear and wholesome English with such sincerity that he was an orator in spite of all the rules.

To state it briefly, of all the eminent speakers I have introduced—and more than once—there was not one who gave better satisfaction, different and notable as they were, than Horace Greeley. As a consequence, he came to me oftenest and wore the best. We might or might not agree with some of his peculiar premises, as when he says, "The moment a drop of alcohol is received into the human stomach that moment the stomach recognizes a deadly enemy," but he set his audience thinking and illuminated his theme.—Joel Benton in Harper's Magazine.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Cures a Prominent Attorney.

MR. R. C. PHELPS, the leading pension attorney of Belfast, N. Y., writes: "I was discharged from the army on account of ill health, and suffered from heart trouble ever since. I frequently had fainting and smothering spells. My form was bent as a man of 80. I constantly wore an overcoat, even in summer, for fear of taking cold. I could not attend to my business. My rest was broken by severe pains about the heart and left shoulder. Three years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, notwithstanding I had used so much patent medicine and taken drugs from doctors for years without being helped. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure restored me to health. It is truly a wonderful medicine and it affords me much pleasure to recommend this remedy to everyone."

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,
DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

NECK OR NOTHING.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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[CONTINUED.]

"You ain't skeered to follow Abe, is you, little mistis?"

The negative he waited for so anxiously did not come readily. Liza's dry tongue refused to shape it.

"You ben good to Abe, an Abe don't never forgit. Mars Ran good to Abe, too, and Abe ain' never run 'way tell Mars Ran go 'way and lef' him. He a gentleman's body sarvint. That w'at this nigger is. I gwine git you outer here ef you'll follow me. Abe knows dese woods tolluble well by dis time."

Liza rose with trust in her eyes and in her voice. After all, why should he not be as good as his promise? Was she not getting back the bread—Strong's bread—which she had cast upon the waters with unexpected promptness? Now she could speak that word of comfort:

"Abram, you need not be afraid to pilot me out of these woods. Mr. Randal has come back. You can go to Laurel Dell this morning, if you want to, without fear of punishment."

"Mars Ran come back? Den dis nigger gwine quit his foolishness. I done tole myself I gwine stay in de cane tell Mars Ran sen me word to come back. He didn't b'leeve me, dat good fur nothin po' w'ite trash uv a overseer, w'en I say I couldn' pick cotton. He ain' wuth a nigger, nary nigger uv his own. I don teached him a less'n."

This in monologue as he rapidly wound his way unwaveringly through the wet green maze about them, closely followed by Liza. So, even this poor starveling, this tattered fugitive slave, could afford to despise her father—an overseer! The very abject of the earth could fearlessly spit upon the name of Martin! And there was no man among them all ready to wipe out the smirch!

"I gwine tek you to Unc' Scip's house. Unc' Scip live right on top the cliff. Is you tired, little mistis? Hit's the fus' house we come to."

"No, go on—straight on. I am not tired. I will pay you for guiding me out of this."

She was conscious of a lifting of the clouds—"of a brightening in the skies." The thunderstorm was passing as it had come, with magical suddenness. They were winning their upward way rapidly. The trees were thinner, but the underbrush more dense as they gained the uplands. The briers caught her soft serge skirts and held them with thorny, devastating fingers; cold, wet limbs sprinkled her with their surplus moisture. Abram's bare feet bore him over the rough ground much more rapidly than she could possibly follow him. But she was not taking note of any one of her many physical discomforts. The social degradation of the Martins had never been presented to her so clearly. Abram had pressed upon a sore spot. Overseers had none so poor as to do them reverence.

"Thar, now. I tole you I was gwine to fetch you bang up to Unc' Scip's front do'. Dare he, makin baskits on de back gallery. Gord-a-mity! Look a-yander!"

Abram had deserted her and was taking a succession of kangaroo leaps in the direction of two men who were standing on Scipio's gallery indolently watching the old man's rapid basket weaving. Even before they had turned at sound of Abe's excited voice Liza had grasped the meaning of their presence. It was Strong and Randal Chambliss, who had taken shelter in old Scipio's cabin, evidently in pursuit of Abram. It was his master he was greeting tumultuously:

"Howdy, Mars Ran? Howdy, marster? Yher's me! Yher's your nigger! I tole dat triflin Foulksis I were cumin home w'en you git back. Who ben black your shoes, Mars Ran? Dey look mity rusty." Panting, laughing, questioning, he stood before his adored owner.

Liza's appearance simultaneously with Abram's caused a diversion of astonishment in her direction. Strong was regarding her darkly; Chambliss with perplexed, impersonal curiosity.

Strong scarcely waited for her to reach his side.

"What is the meaning of this, Liza? Why did you not stay at my house? You are drenched."

"Yes, drenched. If it had not been for Abe there, I should have been dead with fright by this time; so a drenching seems slight by comparison. I got lost trying to find my way back to poor little Fancy. Abram found me, and—here I am."

She was composedly shaking the raindrops from her hat. Its removal had brought to view a charming disarray of moist brown waves curling tightly about her blue veined temples. Randal Chambliss was regarding her with that inscrutable smile that had set her cheeks to tingling with wrath the day before.

"Caliban and Miranda," he said musingly. Then, conventionally, "I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to you, Miss Martin."

"For what?"

"For restoring this ragamuffin to my arms. Life is barren without Abe."

"I assure you I had nothing to do with your boy's restoration. He has done me a great service, and I did tell him you had got home. I hope you will keep your word about punishing him."

"I believe I have contracted a bad habit of keeping my word always. As for punishing Abe, he inflicts punishment much oftener than he receives it. Don't you, Abe? Speak, you buff colored tatterdemalion!"

Abram, standing respectfully aloof from the little group of "w'ite folks," showed a faultless set of teeth at this challenge, grinning with happiness. His adoring eyes had never once left Randal's face since that first ecstatic welcome. Between master and man obtained an indissoluble bond of mutual affection and mutual dependence. Each had need of the other.

"Mars Ran," he said in a voice of solemn rebuke, "I is ben bad a mighty rough time sence you ben gone. I is dat. Mr. Foulksis, he put me to ginnin w'en I git up frim de measles, an I don't know nothin 'tall 'bout ginnin. Den Mr. Foulksis, he put me to pickin cotton, but de driver tell him I ain't wuth my salt as a picker. Den Mr. Foulksis, he put me to splittin fence rails down closet to de woods, an de devil he peeps out'n a holler tree one mawnin, an he say, 'Abe, you kin sleep in here wid me uv nights, an you kin scrimmudge 'roun fur 'simmons an papaws to live on tell Mars Ran git back.' An I say, 'All right, Mr. Sattin,' an I stick my ax in a rail an light out. Jus' so. But the 'simmons gittin mighty seerce, an the hawgs beats me getherin papaws all holler, an I would er ben mighty holler inside right now, Mars Ran, ef little mistis hadn't gie me a whole paper full er vittles. I reckon dey worn' cook fur me dos. I ain't eet 'em all up yit. 'Fore I finish my dinner I yhere somebody cryin sof' lak, outside er my dinin room do', an I peeks out an thar was little mistis, jus' as white 'bout the gills as a fresh w'itewash fence and a-cryin 'cause she was los' and skeered. I done lef' er heaps er dem vittles in dat holler. Reckon I better go back arter 'em, Mars Ran!"

Randal laughed his lazy, indulgent laugh. Abram's irrepressible sense of fun was one of his highest recommendations in his master's eyes. He was the king's jester.

"No, sir. You can leave them there until you take to the woods again."

Abram rolled his eyes reproachfully until nothing but the whites of them were visible.

"Mars Ran, you oughtn't to lef' your nigger to be cuf' 'roun by de overseer lak a common fiel'han. You oughtn't dat. I cyarn't 'bide you w'ite trash."

The amused look died out of Randal's face abruptly. Liza was fastening her hat on again with her back to him. Strong had gone to fetch his horse from the shed. A gulf had seemed to yawn visibly between them all in a second.

There was nothing to do, nothing to say. He stood stupidly by, looking at Strong helping Liza into his own saddle, and long after the gray had passed out of sight with his slight burden he stood there, pondering the nice things he might have said to cover Abe's infernal blunder if only he had thought of any one of them before it was too late.

Abram alone was supremely and ignorantly happy.

CHAPTER X.

Liza Martin, her cool composure under trying circumstances, her undesirable equipment of good looks, her educational disqualification for the humble stratum of society into which she had been born, and the deep obligation she had laid the entire Chambliss family under by rescuing its venerable head from what looked like impending destruction, came up for animated consideration at the Chambliss dinner table that afternoon.

Randal, the best of listeners on all occasions, sat picking out pecans with deliberate nicety and dropping the unbroken halves into his black coffee, staring into the cup all the while as intently as if the oracle of old supposed to rest among the grounds would come at his bidding and settle the question which was agitating the family bosom. Presently he lifted his head lazily and contributed an abrupt remark to the somewhat wordy discussion. "Well, said he, "what are you going to do about her?"

"Who?"

"You and Amy, mother."

"I am not quite prepared to say. The matter is really difficult."

Mrs. Chambliss absently shifted the sparkling rings on her long, white fingers with a soft, caressing touch. She hoped Randal was not going to complicate matters by becoming domineering. She liked things to move smoothly and softly and unhurriedly, always in a refined groove. It was the only sort of motion she could endure with any degree of composure. The Randals—she was a Randal—had been running or rather moving—a Randal never ran—in a groove of elegant leisure for generations back and she did not propose to be jolted out of it by any boyish impetuosity on Randal's part. There was a delicate suggestion of rebuke in her soft answer to the quick asperity with which Randal repeated her own words, "The matter is really difficult!"

"Yes, quite so. Amy and I were talking about her yesterday. Of course we want to do just what is right."

"And handsome," his father added with vague liberality.

"And kind," said Amy, deprecating his hastiness with reproachful eyes.

Randal threw his head back hastily, to free his forehead of a misplaced lock of the waving black hair, which he wore longer than a city man would have found tolerable.

"Of course, of course. All that goes without saying, or ought to. But when are we going to do those right and handsome and kind things? If Miss Martin had been as deliberate in her movements as we are, father might not have taken much interest in this discussion."

"As soon as we have decided what to do, we will do it promptly."

"Call," said Randal dictatorially, "and at once."

"Call! Who?"

"Not you, mother, but Amy there. It might prove awkward, you see, to call six months hence and remind Miss Martin of a piece of forgotten heroism. Warmed over enthusiasm is about as nourishing as warmed over potatoes."

"Don't be unreasonable, Randal. We had not thought of calling at all. I am really not prepared to take the entire Martin family into an embrace. It is really dangerous to give such people an opening wedge."

"I don't believe the girl is that sort, wife, but fix it up between you all. It is none of

ESTABLISHED 1823.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, APR. 26, 1898.

ATWOOD & FORBES,
Editors and Proprietors.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

TERMS:—$1.50 a year if paid strictly in advance. Otherwise $2.00 a year. Single copies 4 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS:—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1.50 per inch a length of column. Special contracts made with local, transient and yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING:—New type, fast presses, steam power, experienced workmen and low prices combine to make this department of our business complete and popular.

SINGLE COPIES.

Single Copies of the Democrat are four cents each. They will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers or for the convenience of patrons single copies of of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris,	Sturtevant's Drug Store.
	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway,	Noyes Drug Store.
	Stone's Drug Store.
Buckfield,	Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Bryantsburn,	A. F. Lewis, Insurance Office.
Paris Hill,	E. G. Harlow, Post Office.
Bryant's Pond,	H. J. Libby, Post Office.
West Paris,	Samuel T. White.

COMING EVENTS.

April 27-28.—Grand Lodge of Maine, I. O. G. T., Waterville.
April 28.—Fast Day.
May 3.—Maine Grand Masonic bodies, Portland.
June 13.—Centennial celebration of the town of Sumner.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Miss A. N. Perry.
Gentlemen.
Stylish Millinery.
Vivian W. Hills.
A Few of Our Specialties.
7 Appointments of Administrator.
2 Appointments of Administratrix.
2 Appointments of Executor.
Probate Notices.
Insolvency Notices.
Plants.
3 Messenger's Notices.
Pasturing.
Wanted.
War.
Thomas Smiley.

FAST DAY.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

In deference to the practice of the early settlers of New England, and following a precedent that has obtained ever since Maine was admitted into the Union of States, and also with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, I do appoint Thursday, the 28th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, as a day of fasting and prayer.

It is fitting that this time-honored custom should still be respected, and I earnestly request all the people of our State to properly observe the day in their homes and churches, and to refrain from all unnecessary labor, remembering, reverently, the source from which so many favors have come to us.

Given at the Executive Chamber, in Augusta, this twenty-fourth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-second.

LLEWELLYN POWERS.

By the Governor.
BYRON BOYD, Secretary of State.

AT WAR.

The United States is at war with Spain. History has been making fast the past week, and the expected—the inevitable—is here. The passage of the resolutions by congress, declaring that the people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and empowering the president to use the army and navy of the United States to enforce that declaration, was followed at once by the rupture of diplomatic relations with Spain. Now our ships of war are blockading Havana, and a state of war exists between the United States and Spain—though no formal declaration has as yet been made.

Whatever previous differences of opinion may have existed in the minds of the American as to the manner in which the intolerable condition of things in the island of Cuba was to be brought to an end, there is no difference now as to the end to be accomplished. Spanish misrule in Cuba must end, and the island must be free. That is our purpose and aim in this contest, and that is the justification which we have for engaging in that horrible last resort, war.

How long the war will last, or what it will cost in blood and treasure, is a question that no man can answer. As to the final outcome, there is no reasonable doubt. On one side is a country of vast resources and unimpaired credit, which has been enjoying peace for a generation; on the other side a country rich in little but pride, weakened by large expenditures for wars in its colonies, and on the verge of bankruptcy. It may be a prolonged struggle, though it is to be hoped it may not. But Spain is doomed to lose Cuba.

The actual acts of war so far committed have been confined to the capture of unarmed vessels, and no blood has been shed. If the whole war could be carried on in that way, the destruction of a few million dollars' worth of property would be insignificant. The real trouble is yet to come.

THE RESOLUTIONS

PASSED BY CONGRESS AND SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT, WHICH WILL PLUNGE THE COUNTRY INTO WAR.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,

First, that the people of the island of Cuba are and ought of right to be free and independent.

Second, that it is the duty of the United States to demand and the government of the United States does hereby demand that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government on the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several states to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth, that the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

THE "CABINET MEMBER'S WIFE."

The authorship of the much discussed "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," printed in The Ladies' Home Journal, will be revealed in the June issue of that magazine, when the name of Anna Farquhar will appear as the author. It is surmised that the domestic experiences described in these letters were those of Mrs. W. H. H. Miller, wife of the Attorney-General in President Harrison's cabinet—since Miss Farquhar is known to be a personal friend of the Miller family, and to have spent considerable time with them in Washington during their official residence there. The author of these letters was born and raised in Indianapolis, in neighborly relations with the Harrison and Miller families, but for ten years past she has lived a studious professional life in New York, London and Boston. She is now connected with the editorial staff of the Boston Transcript. In addition to her "Cabinet Member's Wife" letters she has published one novel—"A Singer's Heart"—and another one is about to be issued. She is a young woman, exceedingly clever, and only her closest friends have known her connection with the Washington letters, which have attracted such wide attention.

NOMINATED BY GOVERNOR.

Among a batch of recent appointments by the governor are the following:

Notary Public—Walter E. Holmes, Welchville.

Trial Justice—L. R. Weld, Dixfield; A. B. Washburn, North Waterford.

Justice of the Peace and Quorum—H. D. Abbott, South Andover; Henry H. Richards, Byron.

Hon. A. A. Strout, a well known lawyer of Portland, of more than local reputation, died in Boston Tuesday, at the age of nearly 63 years.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

PARIS HILL.

First Baptist Church, Rev. H. A. Roberts, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00 P. M.

Universalist Church: Rev. E. W. Pierce, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Meeting of Young People's Christian Union, Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Fobes of Lexington, Mass., have been here for a few days, and have engaged the house of Mrs. Horace Cummings, in which she now lives, for a summer residence. They will come the last of May. Mrs. Cummings is to return to the hotel house.

Rev. H. L. Williams of Lisbon occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church Sunday, and Rev. W. B. Dukeshire of Farmington occupied the pulpit at the Universalist church. Both are members of the Methodist conference, and in attendance upon that body.

Quite an extensive job of plumbing, repairing and improving has been done at the Hubbard House.

BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. Benj. Spaulding is visiting friends in Portland and vicinity.

Hon. A. P. Bonney of Auburn is in town this week.

The spring term of the schools commenced Monday, the 25th, with the following teachers:

High School, Mr. A. G. Wright.
Intermediate, Miss Alice Crockett.
Primary, Miss A. H. Prince.
Federal District, Miss Winnie Chase.
Russell District, Mrs. Rose Tuttle.
Rumpus District, Blanche Whittemore.
Lothrop District, Kathryne Royal.
Walkton District, Maude Heald.
Prince District, C. Lula Briggs.
Brock District, Persis Harlow.
North District, unknown.

Rev. R. A. Rich was chosen superintendent of schools by the school committee Saturday, the 16th, to legalize the town vote at the March meeting.

Mrs. Ripley Tuttle, an aged lady, fell in her room Friday afternoon, and being alone and unable to rise, lay there most of the afternoon, when her grandson, Howard Shaw, happened in about 4 o'clock and found her. It was feared one of her arms was fractured. She has been poorly several years.

EAST WATERFORD.

Another town meeting the 25th, this time to try for a school in the Young District.

Joseph B. Haskell has returned from a business trip to New York.

Mrs. C. H. Pride and little Marjorie are spending the week with her parents.

Freeman Stanley has moved from Albany to his place on the plains.

Alton Ames has gone to Bethel to work in a mill.

Joseph Patterson has gone to Massachusetts to get work.

Mrs. Holt is very low.

RUMFORD.

Mr. W. T. Elliott is at Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Small are to move to Rumford Falls next week.

Mrs. Amanda York is gaining.

Miss Grace Elliott was at Bryant Pond last week.

Rev. Mr. Congdon preached his last sermon at the Corner Sunday, April 17. There will be services at the church again in two weeks.

School in District No. 1 is to begin the 25th inst.

W. W. Virgin was at Norway last week.

NEWRY.

Is it war at last? Seems to me there is a "big fuss," as the nigger said.

W. F. Small, with the assistance of Charlie Frost, is trimming and grafting his apple trees.

W. A. Foster is shingling his house.

E. F. Stearns has lately brought a fine Holstein bull to his farm in Newry.

Mrs. Fanny Widber, of the Branch, has been sick for a few days.

S. A. Eames lost one of his horses a short time ago.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Llewellyn Bryant has swapped horses with Will Coolidge.

S. S. Felt has gone to Portland to work.

There has been quite a good deal of sickness in this vicinity.

Measles are having a great run here as well as elsewhere. Quite a number have been seriously sick with them.

O. P. Farrington has been very sick indeed, but is gaining.

Mrs. Abby Trask recently visited her brother and other friends in Gorham, N. H. While there she had the pleasure of again listening to Rev. Gertrude Earle, formerly of Bryant Pond. Miss Earle has won a host of friends in Gorham during her year's stay with them and has been engaged for another year.

D. D. Cross is working for Isaiah Coburn in Bethel.

Mrs. K. T. Bryant visited her son, L. P. Bryant, last week.

Sumner Grover of Albany was at J. B. Barnett's last week Wednesday.

Fred Morton went to Auburn last Monday to visit his sister, Mrs. E. L. Tebbets.

Ed Herrick's oldest girl is quite sick.

Miss Nellie Estes of West Paris is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Charles Brooks. Mr. Brooks has been in Bermuda all winter, but expects to come home soon.

L. P. Bryant has been engaged to take the scholars from Howe Hill District to the school here for the three terms this year.

Guy Coffin has been attending Gould Academy, Bethel, but was obliged to come home on account of being sick.

O. P. Farrington has been very sick with measles, but is better at this writing.

Will Coolidge and wife visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Noyes, last week Sunday and Monday.

Rev. E. F. Doughty and wife attended conference at Norway last week.

BYRON.

We learn that all the timber has been hauled to siding on B. and T. territory in No. 6. The company has some more timber to car down to Rumford Falls. It has been talked that the company may extend the road to E township, and possibly to Rangeley, where there is a large amount of timber. We haven't learned what the decision has been.

We have seen two droves of horses going out from B. and T. camps, some fifteen or twenty in each drove.

A. S. Young is having some nice lambs this spring, seventeen or more thus far. A black one weighed thirteen pounds. He drove home a pair of black 3-year-old steers, coming from Weld Tuesday last. He sent a lot of potatoes to his brother, R. C. Young, Livermore.

Mr. Houle walked to Bemis and back this week.

When at Rumford Falls Monday we noticed Billy Gregg and Fred Smith of Andover, unloading some fine horses from the cars, said to come from New York. They seemed full of life, and it appeared to take some smart men to lead them to the stable. We learn that Mr. Gregg is to train these beauties.

We noticed on the train from Rumford Falls John Houghton, Samuel Knapp from Byron and John Reed from Roxbury, who had been to the Falls on business.

Huge piles of stove wood have taken the place of snowdrifts around the wood sheds in this section.

ROXBURY.

The weather is so cool that the river is low and O'Brion and his twenty drivers have been idle for two days waiting for more water. There is plenty of snow in the woods, but it needs warm weather to change it to water and fill up the river.

A few have commenced farming on dry land.

Mrs. D. A. Gammon has gone to New Hampshire to canvass. Mr. Gammon has gone to Auburn for a short time, but will spend the season here same as last year.

The war talk goes ahead of talk about the weather.

Jim Irish has a cosset sheep that sheared 13 1-4 pounds of very clean wool.

L. H. Reed is nearly done sawing birch.

Swain & Reed run their dowel department several nights to keep up with their orders.

BETHEL.

The Methodist Society is well represented at the conference in Norway.

Tuesday afternoon the W. C. T. U. held an interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. Littlehale.

Thursday afternoon the Ladies' Club made a departure from their regular meeting and had a real sewing circle in the church parlor. The ladies were entertained by Miss True, who read a very thoughtful article from the Cosmopolitan, dealing with a vital side of philanthropy. The committee had the tables spread, and at 6 o'clock the company was re-inforced by the gentlemen and young people. All enjoyed a picnic supper and a social hour. It was a successful experiment, worth trying again.

Gould Academy is nearly completed, and will soon be ready for occupancy.

Thursday evening the Rebekahs presented the drama "The Fruit of His Folly," to a large audience in Odeon Hall. The promise of a first-class drama presented by local talent was fully realized. Every part had a finish in presentation that would have done credit to those who profess to be more than amateurs. Miss Annie Chipman of Gorham, N. H., violinist, assisted, and was appreciated as she always is. The effort that has been made to prepare this drama was well rewarded by the appreciation of the audience, and financially as well.

Nearly all the schools in town will begin next Monday.

It is expected the academy will be completed so that the schools in the brick building will begin Monday, May 21.

GRAFTON.

E. I. Brown went past here last week with a crew of men to his drive on the Diamond, and the Magalloway River.

George Muse and James Cannin are working for M. H. Thurston on his drive on Ellis River.

Walter Brinck is working for A. F. Brooks.

Lawrence Searles is going to work for E. I. Brown on his farm here.

Mrs. Florice McInnis is at her father's, A. F. Brooks'.

There is a little snow left in the fields here yet, but it is fast disappearing.

HEBRON.

Prof. J. F. Moody was at the old home a day or two last week and planted early peas and potatoes April 16th.

Rev. S. D. Richardson is having his ploughing done.

Mrs. Martha LeBaron went to South Paris Tuesday to visit her cousin, Mrs. Phebe Hall.

The Ladies' Circle held an apron sale Tuesday afternoon and evening. Refreshments were served and over $20 realized.

C. H. George, Esq., returned from Providence, R. I., a few days ago.

C. N. Pratt has rented the S. C. Shaw place in Paris and will move there in a few days.

WEST SUMNER.

A. D. Littlehale and son are at work for Dr. Andrews.

Oscar Chandler and Wilson Ryerson have returned from South Paris where they have been at work.

Hiram Howe and Geo. E. Pulsifer are making some repairs on their buildings.

Mrs. Mary Freeman, aged about 90, was buried Wednesday. She lived with her daughter, Mrs. M. J. Pulsifer.

Mrs. Elia C. Bisbee, of Rumford Falls, visited her father, J. J. Abbott, over Sunday.

Samuel Dolloff is having quite a serious time with his hand. He pushed an awl into the forefinger Mar. 8th, and since then it has been a painful affair. The first finger was taken off last Saturday and since then he has been better.

BROWNFIELD.

Miss Mabel Poor is dangerously sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Frink have gone to Portland to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. A. R. Eaton has returned from Conway, N. H., where she has been stopping during the winter.

Annual meeting of the members of the public library met Tuesday to elect officers for the ensuing year.

There is to be a social gathering at town hall Friday evening.

Mrs. Wendolin has gone to Sebago to visit friends.

Miss Grace Weeks and Miss Ethel Thorn started for California Monday, the 18th.

CANTON POINT.

War news plenty.

B. C. Waite has commenced farming.

I. A. Ellis and son are repairing their house, putting in new windows and doors and a coat of paint. B. B. Dailey is doing the carpenter work, and John Darrington the painting. Mr. Ellis is a very good farmer and a good neighbor.

Mr. Jones, our blacksmith, has a very good run of work.

A. J. Foster and F. Bartlett will soon go to Boston to work.

Ralph Foster was seen on our streets Thursday, driving a very nice looking colt, belonging to Mr. Pingree of Lewiston.

E. H. Johnson is painting his farm wagon.

C. M. Holland is looking better and is on the gain.

Ellis Delano and Elton Dailey went to Dixfield Thursday on business.

Our streets are drying up fast.

Mrs. Gammon from Canton is dressmaking for Mrs. C. M. Packard.

Mrs. J. H. Dailey went to Hartford Wednesday and returned Thursday.

G. M. Parks has a very nice flock of sheep.

Mr. C. M. Packard is closing up business here. Mr. Packard has been a good trader and a good postmaster, a good man in the right place.

Our sick ones are on the gain.

OXFORD.

Rev. Caroline Angell of Norway will preach the memorial sermon to the T. A. Roberts Post, G. A. R., at the M. E. church in the afternoon. All others are invited to be present.

Hon. Leroy T. Carleton of Winthrop will deliver the Memorial Day address at Robinson Hall, May 30th.

Mr. Morson, a student from Bowdoin College, preached at the Congregational church Sunday.

Charles Reed died of consumption April 17th, aged 22 years.

An entertainment was given at Robinson Hall Wednesday evening; "An Old Fashioned School," music, fancy booths, ice cream, cake, etc., the object being to raise money for church debts.

Andrews & Lovejoy's drive of logs went through Monday.

The schools opened Monday; principal of the high school Mr. A. L. Burnell, Deering; assistant, Miss Small; intermediate Miss Foster and primary Miss Perkins.

WEST BETHEL.

S. W. Potter, of Gilead, was in town last Monday on business.

Henry Cross has lately bought that part of Mr. McAllister's farm lying east of the road.

Leon Tyler's wife and two children are sick with the measles. His oldest son took them at school and gave them to the rest of the family.

It is understood that Moses Libby will occupy his house the coming summer with his whole family, consisting of wife, daughter and several grandchildren.

George A. Grover, in the kindness of his heart, let his cattle out to have a little fun in the pasture and, one not coming up with the rest was looked for and found in a mud hole the next morning, dead.

The traveling is yet quite poor as the snow is melting, and preventing the ground from drying.

A. S. Bean's drive of spruce goes slow as the water is hardly high enough at present.

WILSON'S MILLS.

M. D. Sturtevant has taken what timber there is in the Dead Diamond that goes to Rumford, to drive as far as Diamond Peaks.

E. S. Bennett has been in Sturtevant's store since his return from Kennebago.

F. A. Flint is having his house painted. David York is doing the work.

Fred Taylor is sawing wood by horse power.

E. I. Brown has a crew at work getting out the timber that was put into Abbott Brook.

John Goodnough, Arthur Sweat and wife and H. W. Fickett are at work at Flint's hotel.

A number in town are on the sick list with coughs and colds.

LOVELL.

The boys have had good luck in dipping smelts at the mill brook.

Henry D. Walker started Monday with his meat cart. He bought of J. F. Hobbs a fine beef cow.

Frank L. Howe is buying a carload of cattle to be shipped from Fryeburg Monday.

John Farrington is doing some grafting this year.

Mrs. John C. Whitehouse sold to a Mr. Fessenden, of Denmark, a pair of 3-year-old steers for $120.

Mrs. E. H. Witham was taken sick about two weeks since with symptoms of fever or the grippe, but which terminated in acute insanity. She was taken to the asylum at Augusta on Thursday by Dr. Noyes and Mr. F. L. Pottle. The physicians consider her case quite serious. Much sympathy is felt in the community for the family, her husband, mother, and two small children.

DENMARK.

Mr. Chas. McKenna is in town for a few days.

Mr. Augustine Ingalls is surveying timber for Mr. McKenna on Moore Brook.

The 76th anniversary of Odd Fellowship will be observed by Denmark Lodge, No. 50, I. O. O. F., at their hall Tuesday evening, April 26th.

Frank Jewett has purchased the residence of E. E. Swan in which Mr. Jewett has been living the past year.

It is reported that Will Warren was arrested here by an officer from Norway Wednesday, but for what cause is unknown.

Mr. E. E. Swan is gaining slowly.

Mr. Joseph Bennett remains about the same.

A little stranger at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dresser. It is a baby boy born Thursday, April 20th.

EAST SUMNER.

The Baptist church is being repainted.

Memorial Day services at East Sumner this year.

Buckfield band is to furnish music for Sumner's centennial.

Mrs. Adeline, widow of Alex Robinson, was buried on Tuesday. It was just eighteen years ago to a day that her husband died. She was a sister of the late Truman Shaw of Buckfield. Her age was 84 years, 2 months and 17 days.

Miss Jennie M. Stetson has gone to take charge of a school in New Hampshire.

Miss Mary Crockett is to teach at East Sumner. She has taught fifty-nine terms of school.

Halt! We want the Cuban war put off till after house cleaning—in congress, we mean.

GREENWOOD.

"Warm April showers will bring Mayflowers,"
So wise people used to claim;
But warm sunshine, without the showers,
Will bring Mayflowers all the same.

The partridges are out again with their muffled drums, which sound like distant thunder, and so are the bullfrogs, croaking away like all possessed.

We called on John Titus last Monday and found he had done some breaking up and was hauling out dressing, while Dea. Thomas was working up the woodpile. All the upper end of Indian Pond was clear of ice, which was nine days earlier than it went out last year. But there was another object which was not so pleasant to look at, it being Daniel Bryant's dead mare, which lay on the ground out in the field. She strayed away from home, and while Mr. Titus and his boys were trying to drive her back she managed to break one of her legs. The only recourse then was to end her days, which was done with a bullet. She was a good mare, although well along in years. But Mr. Bryant is not left without a horse; he has one seven years old, and also a yearling colt, both foaled by the unfortunate mare.

Solomon Hebdo and one of his countrymen were along here peddling again the other day, and stopped over night with one of our neighbors. They seem to be honest, Christian men, and are trying hard to learn the English language. They are Syrians, it will be remembered, and if they stop here long we fear they will learn the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Rev. A. K. Bryant preached his farewell sermon at the City last Sunday, his subject being the duty of giving for Christian and charitable purposes.

Rev. C. A. Brooks and wife came up to visit his parents the first of the week, and then went to the Maine Methodist Conference at Norway.

Winter made one more effort to establish himself here last Wednesday morning, and succeeded so far as to cover the ground with snow.

A letter from Charles Dunham of West Bethel recently, informs us that his health is no better than when we were there last October. His weight is almost 200, and he can only get about by using two canes. Those choking spasms continue to follow him up, and he begins to think there is some kind of a living creature in his stomach that is making the trouble. The only way he can rest nights is to take a swallow of salt water, which he keeps near by, whenever the "varmint," as he calls it, begins to rise in his throat. If there is a live animal in his stomach the X-ray machine ought to reveal the fact, and show just what it is.

Those mosquitoes mentioned by South Paris last week, make their appearance here early every spring, but not in large numbers, otherwise they would drive the inhabitants out of the land. They are of a dark color, much larger than the common mosquito; their sting is almost like that of a bee, while the noise they make on the wing resembles a small buzz saw. They have always been known about here as the bull mosquito, although it may not be their generic name.

NORTH PARIS.

Mrs. Hardy has returned to Dea. Dunham's.

Mrs. C. A. Abbott has returned from a two weeks' visit to her sons at South Paris.

Ida Abbott is teaching at West Paris.

Charley Ross sold his team to his brother Daniel, and bought another of Mrs. Bradbury.

Geo. Chase is working for Mrs. Bradbury of West Paris.

And now the war is on, we hear. Old Maine ready to volunteer for the defence of Sucker Harbor, and we demand at least one monitor for the defence of this harbor. We suggest James Robinson as commander of the land forces, as his time and pipe hang heavy on his hands, and we know that James, when he gets good and ready with sleeves rolled up, will make a gallant defence. We shall look down upon the smoke of battle from a far-off hill-top.

Percy Mayhew has hired out to work for Rollin Stetson this season.

John Mayhew will work for Charles Chase this summer.

Rev. D. B. Dow of Guilford visited at his father's April 19th. He came to attend the M. E. conference at Norway.

School will commence in the Tuell District April 25th, Miss Persis Childs, teacher.

Elon Whitman is building a hen house.

C. E. Wheeler, of Chesterville, who travels for the Bowker Fertilizer Co., was at E. E. Field's April 21st.

Quin Allen is peddling fish in this section.

Do not forget the library meeting at 2 P. M. April 30th.

SOUTH HIRAM.

E. M. Noble was in town Monday.

The school board are making a few repairs on the school house in District No. 9.

Mr. Henry Griggs and daughter Grace were in the place Monday.

Frank Goodwin is putting an addition on to his barn.

Seth Spring is painting his house.

Mrs. Monroe French went to Boston Monday on a visit.

Mrs. Ruth Gould, who has been spending a few weeks in Fryeburg and Stow, returned home last week.

War is the leading topic of conversation.

Miss Georgia Smith is very sick.

Melvin Merrifield goes to Jackson, N. H., this week, where he is at work for S. M. Thompson.

E. A. Soule, drummer for the Milliken, Tomlinson Co., of Portland, was in town Wednesday.

Sociable and supper at the hotel Wednesday evening. Proceeds for the benefit of the M. E. church.

John Ridlon, of Boston, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

ANDOVER.

River driving is the chief talk here now. The cold weather is a serious hindrance to that work.

The Congregational Circle held an auction sale of fine ladies in the hall. Rather a unique affair. A good time was enjoyed.

Considerable building here just now.

The Cuban war is so engrossing the minds of our citizens, but little else is talked.

The comic operetta will be repeated the evening of April 28th. The play is worth your time and money, so let's patronize them.

Mr. Newton, who has been confined to his bed so many weeks, is improving slowly.

Hotel Milton is getting ready for summer company. This is a pleasant location for a hotel, and all who patronize it will be well cared for.

Mr. Suter is having an addition to his piazza put on.

Messrs. Roberts and Howe are at work for Hon. H. V. Poor, making improvements to the Morrill house.

WEST PARIS.

Rev. B. S. Rideout of the Norway Congregational church will deliver a lecture at the Baptist church at West Paris Monday evening, April 25, at 8 o'clock. His subject will be "Cuba, the Island, its People, and the Causes which Led to the Present Struggle." Tickets 10 cents, and half the receipts will be given to our public library. A good attendance is hoped for.

SNOW'S FALLS.

Robert E. Shaw has closed his connection with the Grand Trunk, and is getting ready for the summer's farming.

Fred J. Wood has recently fenced his lot with two strands of twisted wire ribbon.

Albion W. Andrews recently walked over from his home in No. 10, and paid us a short visit.

Angie Andrews has been helping Mrs. F. J. Wood for a week past.

A load of hay was hauled on a sled here last Thursday by B. C. Curtis' horses.

F. J. Wood started on a business trip last Friday morning. He intended to go through the northern part of the county if roads were found half decent.

George E. Buck has hired out for the season to his father, Charles T. Buck.

George Larrabee has swapped horses.

Mrs. James L. Suckles and daughter Della are reported on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Walton and Miss Walton returned last Thursday from a week's visit in Greenwood.

All the boats of our village have now emerged from their winter quarters and we are ready for picnics now at any time.

FRYEBURG.

Mr. James Johnson is moving to the Harbor. He has bought the farm of Mr. Joseph Johnson.

Mr. John Locke is very ill with a kidney trouble.

Mr. Frank Merrill is ill with a heart trouble, and many others with severe colds.

Mr. Will Hutchins has moved into the Kenniston house on Smith Street.

Mr. Frank Giles is going to Colorado for his health—starts May 11, accompanied by his wife. He is moving his goods to North Fryeburg. They will be missed by their many friends here.

Supper and entertainment at the vestry Friday evening.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

Mr. T. J. Allard of Conway is in town for a week.

Mrs. O. A. Perkins is showing her new stock of spring and summer millinery.

J. S. Gray has closed his house and gone to Conway to work. His two little girls are staying with their grandmother, Mrs. Geo. Soule.

Mrs. A. F. Johnson is visiting her mother at Effingham, N. H.

George Haley commenced his school in Stow this week.

EAST BETHEL.

A number in this place have had their wood sawed by horse power.

Fred C. Bean is repainting his buildings.

Farmers are preparing for work on the farm. Some are already plowing.

Merrill E. Bartlett is laying a hardwood floor and sheathing the walls of his kitchen.

W. H. Tracy is taking down the old spring-board, and will put up a stable in connection with his buildings.

Mr. E. C. Bowler, superintendent of Bethel schools, visited this place last week.

EAST HEBRON.

Mr. Tibbits and bride are finely settled in the parsonage.

Report comes from Lebanon that Mrs. Bradeen has scarlet fever. The two children are kept away from her, hoping they may escape the disease.

The grange are making many changes and improvements in their building, with Walter Rose of Minot for their carpenter.

Jennie Hodsdon has gone to North Auburn to assist Mrs. B. Holmes, whose husband is very sick.

A. M. Fogg and T. L. Rogers went to Paris last Tuesday.

Several from this vicinity carried syrup to Auburn and Lewiston last week, and could not find a sale for it. No. 1 apples sold at 25 cents per peck, and few customers could be found at that price.

Dr. Robinson's hogs have raised little pigs. They sell quickly this season.

Farmers are preparing for spring work.

Wood piles are unusually small this spring in most cases.

Will Downing will move to North Auburn May 15th, and Mr. Worthley will move to his new home.

Charles Pierce has hired out to a man in Lynn for seven months. He has planted potatoes, and has turnips of a week's growth. Grass and trees are looking fine there.

What has become of our Catholic peddlers and tramps? Have they gone to Spain?

MASON.

Neal McLain has moved into one of A. S. Bean's rents near his mill in this place.

Eli Grover has been working on A. S. Bean's drive the past week.

S. O. Grover and wife visited in Albany last Tuesday.

Leland Mills of Waterford was in town the past week.

A. S. Bean and Allen McLoud of West Bethel were in town last Sunday.

F. I. Bean has started up his mill, sawing long lumber.

Ernest Hutchinson is at home from Haverhill, Mass., spending his vacation at his father's, Horace Hutchinson's.

It is reported that there will be no preaching at our church this year. If so it will be the first year for over half a century. Rev. John Paine supplied here many years as a local preacher when I was a boy, sixty years ago.

BRYANT POND.

Elbridge Crooker and wife of this place have just returned from Lawrence, Mass., where they have spent the past ten days visiting his brother, who is president of a large wholesale and retail rubber store. They were much interested in their visit by being shown the places of interest in Lowell, Boston, Dorchester, and the state insane asylum at Danvers. Also in the interesting talk his brother gave on his recent trip through the south, making Tampa Bay his principal stopping place, there meeting many Cubans, and talking with some of the survivors of the ill-fated Maine.

NORTHWEST BETHEL.

Henry Schools has spent his vacation here and gone to Gilead to drive a four-horse team for J. W. Bennett. Schools is an expert teamster.

School will begin here the 25th. The school house has been thoroughly cleaned.

Howard Stearns has a badly cut foot.

Dell Stearns is a student at the Academy and is full of praise of the teachers there.

Levi Brown of Gorham was at Sylvanus Mason's for a visit recently.

E. S. and Seth Mason are doing carpenter work at Bethel.

Ex-Governor Garcelon, 86 years of age, expresses a determination to offer his services to the government as a surgeon for the war. Notwithstanding his age Dr. Garcelon is as rugged as most men of sixty, and daily drives miles in the practice of his profession.

WAR

is coming, help will be scarce. I have a complete line of the BEST improved farming tools made to take its place. Victor Plows, Tyler's Spring Tooth Lever Set Sulky Harrows. Monroe's Roller Rotary Riding Harrows.

H. H. MONROE, Rockland, Me:

I have one of Monroe harrows I will put up one hundred dollars that there is no other harrow now in use that can do as good work on all kinds of ground. Provided if the harrow that is put in the trial against mine is fairly beaten, the owners of the same shall pay me one hundred dollars. I will buy the harrow that beats mine and pay one hundred dollars.

WILLIAM N. ULMAR,
ROCKLAND, ME.

Being well acquainted with W. N. Ulmer, I consider him in every way reliable and able to pay the above named forfeit, and any other amount which he might agree to pay.

Signed, JOHN LOVEJOY, P. M.

Eureka Corn Planter, Monarch Corn Weeder, the king of all weeders, McCormick Corn Harvester which is without a rival. Tyler's Steel King Culivator. One car load of Swift's high grade Lowell Fertilizers. Also 40 tons of good hay. Improved farming tools and high grade Fertilizers is what makes the hay grow. These goods will be sold at the lowest prices.

C. R. PENLEY,
South Paris.

PASTURING.

I have the Elder pasture, one of the largest and best pastures in town, and would like to get young stock to pasture.

C. W. SHAW,
South Paris, Me.

WANTED. Good energetic salesmen to canvass for doorplates and numbers and advertising matter. Call on or address,
PARIS ADVERTISING CO.,
South Paris, Me.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1898, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause:

MARY K. RICHARDSON, late of Dixfield, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof presented by Mary Kimball, the executrix therein named.

SAMANTHA P. DAVIS, late of Hebron, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Auranus M. Fogg as administrator with the will annexed, presented by Angela Curtis, daughter.

EMELINE ROBINSON, late of Paris, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof presented by William H Robinson, the executor therein named.

THOMAS S. CROCKER, late of Paris, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof presented by Rose L. Crocker, the executrix therein named.

ROSANNA B. MITCHELL, late of Paris, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof presented by Julia G. Bates, the executrix therein named.

HULDAH R. MERRILL, late of Buckfield, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Thomas L. Rogers as administrator with the will annexed, presented by Thomas L. Rogers, brother and legatee.

HARRIET A. SMITH, late of Norway, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof presented by Eugene F. Smith, the executor therein named.

IVORY KENISON, late of Porter, deceased. Petition for license to sell and convey real estate and petition for allowance of private claim against said estate, presented by Catherine Kenison, administratrix.

JAMES B. COLE, ward, of Denmark. First account presented for allowance by C. O. Pendexter, guardian.

JOHN WILSON, late of Sweden, deceased. Petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Vianna H. Wilson, executrix.

HORACE EDGERLY, late of Paris, deceased. Petition for the appointment of Horace N. Bolster as administrator, presented by creditors of said deceased.

ALBERT STANWOOD, late of Waterford, deceased. Petition for the appointment of some suitable person as administrator, presented by Eugene Nelson, a creditor of said deceased.

G. T. STEVENS, Judge of said Court.
Acting in Interchange.

A true copy—Attest:—
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

ARTHUR E. COLE, Dentist.
Crown and Bridge work a specialty.
BUCKFIELD, ME.

MISS. A. N. PERRY

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF

Infants' Furnishings.

Please call and examine the large line of Long and Short Cloaks, Silk and Muslin Bonnets, Mull Hats,

WRAPPER VESTS, SACQUES, SOCKS, ETC.

Rubber Goods Furnished to Order.

Ready Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,

Constantly on Hand.

Beal Block, NORWAY, MAINE.

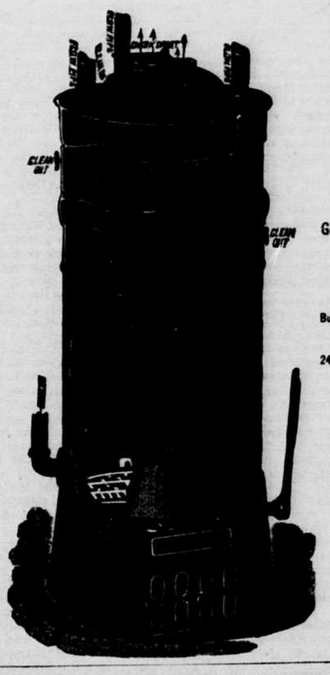
Gentlemen!

We want you to see our line of DRESS SHOES before you purchase. We have TWELVE STYLES of $3.00 Shoes and they are bargains. Call and see. Yours truly,

Smiley Shoe Store,

E. N. SWETT, Manager, NORWAY, MAINE.

The new CASCO BOILER for steam and Hot Water Heating. Sold by all dealers. Write for catalogue.



Geo. H. Hersey, Manufacturer, Buckfield, Maine, and 247 Commercial St., PORTLAND.

Great Success!

Our Special Shirt Sale will be continued this week.

MEN'S EXTRA HEAVY

Black Striped working shirt, cut full size, full length and

WARRANTED FAST COLOR

for 29c. each.

MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS.

"Little Silver Dollar". Put up and warwarranted by us to be equal any Dollar Shirt on the market, 69c. each. Every Shirt bears our name and warrant.

NORWAY CLOTHING HOUSE,
A. L Sanborn & Co., Proprietors, 132 Main St.,
NORWAY, MAINE.

Now Ready for Spring Trade

with a new stock of **Carpets and Straw Mattings.**

We will try and make it for your interest to buy your new carpet of us. Oil Cloths, R

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after March 9, 1898, trains leave South Paris: Going down; 6:40, 9:50 A. M., 3:14 P. M.; going up: 9:16 A. M., 3:40, 8:03 P. M.

Sunday trains: Going down, 6:40 A. M.; going up, 7:16 A. M., 8:03 P. M.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

Office Hours: 6:00 to 7:00 A. M.; 8:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.

Mails close: For Portland, &c., 6:25, 9:30 A. M., 3:00 P. M.; for Gorham, &c., 9:00 A. M., 3:25 P. M.

Mails arrive at post office: From Portland, &c., 9:26 A. M., 3:50 P. M.; from Gorham, &c., 10:00 A. M., 3:50 P. M.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, R. J. Haughton, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching services, 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening; Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening.

Methodist Church, Rev. I. A. Bean, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayer meeting, 9:30 A. M.; preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting, 6 P. M.; evening prayer meeting 7 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening; class meeting, Friday evening.

Baptist Church. Rev. T. J. Ramsdell, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 38, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

P. of H.—Paris Grange, second Saturday of each month. The Grange store is open for trade Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

G. A. R.—Second and fourth Mondays of each month.

I. O. G. T.—South Paris Lodge, No. 311, meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in the G. A. R. Hall.

G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets Saturday on or before full moon, in G. A. R. Hall.

W. R. Kimball Relief Corps meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall.

I. O. O. F.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets at G. A. R. Hall second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.

K. of P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every evening at Masonic Hall.

P. of A.—Norway and South Paris Council, No. 95, meets in G. A. R. Hall every Tuesday evening.

The Secretary's Office in Odd Fellows' Block is open for drawing orders and other town business every Saturday afternoon during the months of April, May and June.

S. A. True, Esq., of Portland, was at South Paris Saturday.

Charles R. Elder, Esq., of Boston, visited relatives here last week.

Wirt Stanley and wife are spending a few days with John F. Stanley and wife at Lake Auburn.

Master Ralph T. Gray returned to Bridgton with his brother, Walter L. Gray, for a visit.

Abraham Doble is making some repairs about his buildings on Gothic Street, including new piazza floor, new stable doors, etc.

W. R. Stuart has bought of William H. Blake a house lot on the west side of Western Avenue, just below the road which goes up to the house of George A. Briggs.

The whist party this week will be on Friday evening, in Grand Army Hall. The party of last Thursday evening was well attended, and, like all the others, a very pleasant affair.

Llewellyn Pulsifer and wife have come to town with their household goods, and will occupy their new building as soon as it is ready, which according to present indications will not be a distant time.

A union Fast Day service will be held at the Congregational church next Thursday evening at 7:30. It is hoped that there will be a good attendance as the pastors will speak upon matters of local interest.

George W. Cook has begun on the cellar for a new house for Alton C. Maxim, on the north side of Gothic Street, between W. B. Russell's house and B. Y. Russell's store. It will be a two-story, double tenement house.

The hydrant in Market Square was moved the first of the week to a position just outside the plot, a little south of the drinking fountain. The old electric light pole was taken out, and the grading of the plot was done.

Wallace Ryerson is building a pavilion over the steps at the lower end of the walk in front of his house on Pleasant Street. Besides being ornamental, it serves as a shelter from sun or rain while waiting for the car.

Judge Stevens of Augusta presided in the Probate and Insolvency Courts last week, and found a large volume of business for action. Twenty-eight new estates were entered in the Probate Court, and action of some kind taken on about twenty wills. It was the largest volume of business transacted at any court for months.

The May term of Supreme Judicial Court will sit Tuesday of next week, Judge Strout presiding. One traverse jury only will be in attendance as usual. It is rumored that a suit for alienation of affections against a well-known citizen of the county will be entered, but it is not known whether anything will be done with it at this term.

Quite a quantity of shrubs and ornamental trees are being set in the flower beds and lawns of the county grounds, under the direction of Register of Probate Park, who is in charge of the ornamental features of the grounds. The variety consists of roses, tree and rush hydrangeas, calycanthus, flowering almonds, spiræa, honeysuckles, althea, syringa, and numerous other kinds. About eighty shrubs in all will be set. The grounds are now in first-class condition, and some of the crocuses in the beds are in bloom.

The challenge game of ball for Fast Day is billed for the Penley field, at 1:30 P. M. The single men of South Paris against the married men, for a supper. At present made up, the single men's team consists of Nathan A. Chase, R. F. Cole, Charles Johnson, A. J. Bigelow, A. Blake, Ernest P. Parlin, F. H. Hamlin, L. P. Gerrish, —— Murch. The element has not been able to secure an official list of the married men's team, but it includes C. W. Bowker, H. G. Fletcher, Carroll Curtis, C. E. McAdie, H. C. Howe, Wirt Stanley, Rodney Chandler. There'll be lots of fun.

Notwithstanding the rain a large congregation gathered at the Baptist church on Sunday morning. The preacher was Rev. F. C. Rogers, of Portland, who delivered a very able and original sermon from the text, "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job." The speaker pictured a modern Job dwelling in the city of Portland upon whom great losses and afflictions came but who bore them in a spirit of Christian resignation. Of his three friends who came to comfort him, one was a Christian Scientist, another bore life's misfortunes with stoical indifference, and the third looked upon life and death only from the standpoint of physical science. In the evening Rev. W. B. Dukeshire of Farmington preached a very acceptable and helpful sermon from the text "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

A number of South Paris people have become interested in the new Washington light which was invented in Belgium by an American, a descendant of George Washington, and which has been very recently introduced into the United States, and is creating a genuine sensation, from the fact that it produces the finest artificial light ever seen, and as powerful as an arc electric from common kerosene oil at a cost of only one-third of one cent per hour. The parties who have purchased the right to manufacture and sell the new invention in Maine, met at the Preble House in Portland last Saturday and organized a corporation for the purpose, to be known as the Washington Lighting Company of Maine. The officers of the company are as follows:

Pres.—Dr. H. Sterling Pomeroy, Boston.
Treas.—Otis E. Moulton, Dover, N. H.
Clerk—George M. Atwood, South Paris, Maine.
Directors—Dr. H. Sterling Pomeroy, Boston; Otis E. Moulton, Dover, N. H.; George H. Wentworth, Dover, N. H.; Wallace Ryerson, South Paris, Maine; George M. Atwood, South Paris, Maine.

The new lights will be introduced into Maine as soon as possible, though the demand for them is so great that with the present manufacturing facilities it will be some time before orders can be filled. The Maine company intend to eventually establish a factory for their manufacture in this state. The offices of the company will probably be located in Portland.

Shurtleff's drug store has a bulletin board out, on which the important news will be displayed as fast as it comes in.

On account of New Hall having been engaged for Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings by a theatre company, the weekly whist party will meet at Grand Army Hall on Friday evening of this week.

The Odd Fellows' anniversary sermon, which was to have been given Sunday, was postponed for a week on account of the conference. It will be given by Rev. Miss Angell, at the Congregational church at 2:30 P. M. next Sunday.

The New England Telephone Company has made arrangements to supply bulletins of important war news to the public telephone stations, and a bulletin board will be put out at the public station at Sturtevant's drug store, and the bulletins displayed as fast as they come.

ELM HILL.

Mrs. Will Jackson has been quite sick.

Abbie Curtis spent last week with Dora Dudley.

H. L. Swift lost a nice ox with pneumonia Monday.

Frank DeCoster has been home from Auburn on a vacation.

Freeland Swan had another shock last Tuesday, leaving him very weak.

Fred Merrill, who has been with H. P. Ellis the past year, is soon to return to South Paris.

That this school had been assigned to Jennie Tirrell appeared to give general satisfaction. Miss Tirrell taught here two years ago with good success.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ripley wish to extend their sincere thanks to the neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted them in their late bereavement.

MR. AND MRS. J. D. RIPLEY.

South Paris, Maine, April 25th, 1898.

THE POSTAL DEFICIT.

Editor Democrat:

What's the matter with Uncle Sam's postal service? Why the yearly deficit of from $8,000,000 to $12,000,000? Why this sudden increase in box-rent charges? How many readers of the Democrat can find satisfactory answers to these questions?

A few facts gleaned from an editorial in a recent issue of the Springfield Republican throw much needed light on this subject. When the House of Representatives was considering the post office appropriation bill not long ago an effort was made to reduce the railroad appropriation, but was defeated by a vote of 52 to 74. "And yet," to quote from the Republican, "it was asserted in the debate, without successful contradiction, that the railroads were being paid at the average rate of about eight cents a pound for the carriage of the mails, and were at the same time, and for equal average distances, charging express companies less than half a cent a pound for the carriage of similar matter. It further appeared that there had been no reduction in the railway mail charges since 1878, while freight rates in the same time have declined some 40 per cent. And this enormous average charge of eight cents a pound is imposed on the basis of weights established for four years during some specified month when the railroads have every opportunity to pad the mails and are pretty well known in many cases to exercise it.

"Moreover, it appeared that the government was paying the railroads in addition an average yearly rental for postal cars of some $5600, or more money each year than would be required to build the cars."

After all it seems that the trouble is not so much with the postal service as with our congressmen, who have fallen into the hands of the railroads and are being used to help bamboozle and cheat Uncle Sam. Is it any wonder that thoughtful people are beginning to question whether this is not a government of the people by the corporations and for the corporations?

M. H. A.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, The angel of death has again visited us and severed another link in the fraternal chain that binds us together, by removing our esteemed sister, Jane Bonney; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we regret her removal we shall ever cherish pleasant memories of our associations with one whose influence was ever for the right and whose Christian character should be an example for us all.

Resolved, That by her death Union Grange has lost a worthy and efficient member, and while we bow in submission and the unshaken faith in the wisdom and goodness of all the ways of the Infinite to the will of Him who has taken our sister away, we still deplore our loss and are saddened by the reflection that we are deprived of the presence and counsel of one to whom we all turn with love and respect.

Rest thee, sister, from thy labor,
Rest in God's eternal love;
He has called thee to thy mansion,
There to dwell with Him above.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon our records; also a copy of these resolutions sent to the family of the deceased, and to the leading papers for publication.

ELLA S. HEALD,
EUNICE S. FOSTER,
B. F. CARY, } Committee.

LETTERS TO SOUTH PARIS PEOPLE.

Dr. H. Woodbury, South Paris:

Dear Sir: Having a knowledge of chemistry, you can appreciate the advantage of a pure paint ground and mixed by machinery over one mixed by hand in a paint tub with a stick. The Painters' Magazine, an authority on the subject, says:

"The finer the paint is ground, the more oil will it take up and the longer will it wear. Another point in this connection is that the particles lie closer together, making more of a compact mass to withstand the elements."

Although our paint is composed *only* of Pure Lead, Pure Zinc, Pure Linseed Oil and Pure Tinting Colors, yet were it not properly ground and mixed by machinery—twice ground and twice mixed is our process—it would wear no longer than paint mixed in a paint tub with a stick. As it is, it will wear fully twice as long. Yours truly,

F. W. DEVOE & CO.

FIVE TRAMPS CAUGHT.

BETHEL, April 23.

Conductor Hatch of freight train No. 95 found just after his train left South Paris Friday night that the seal on one of the cars had been broken and some men were in the car. On arrival of his train at Bryant Pond he telegraphed to Bethel for an officer to meet him and arrest them. Night Operator Williams called Constable H. C. Barker. On opening the car five tramps were found inside, and were taken to the lockup. The next morning they were taken before Trial Justice A. W. Grover and given a hearing. He found probable cause to hold them to the Supreme Judicial Court at Paris in May. They gave their names as Charles Martin, Rhode Island; William O'Neil, Bangor; John McArthur, Lincoln; Charles Spears, Oldtown; John Adams, Portsmouth, N. H.

Imagine the feelings of a certain Brewer man who is well known as one of the most absent-minded beings in town, when he found himself seated in his sleigh trying to urge his horse along over the bare ground with no snow in sight anywhere. It happened this way. He was asked by his wife if he would harness up and take her to Bangor to do some shopping. He went directly to the stable, harnessed his horse into the sleigh, then jumped upon the seat and drove out to the door where his wife was waiting. "For the Lord's sake, what are you going to do with that sleigh?" she asked. The Brewer man came to his senses, and seeing what he had done blushed to the roots of his ears and replied: "Well, I'll be durned! If I ain't growin' fooler and fooler every day." He changed over to a wagon.

PENSIONS.

Restoration, reissue and increase of pension, $12 to $17, is reported for Albion C. Chapman, deceased, Bethel, and a widow's pension of $12 to Catherine F. Chapman, Bethel.

THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

A WEEK OF WELL ATTENDED AND PROFITABLE MEETINGS.—THE BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

The hospitalities of Norway and South Paris have been extended during the past week to the brethren of the Maine Methodist Conference, and the most familiar figures seen on the streets and on the cars have been those of dignified, clerical looking gentlemen in Prince Albert coats and white ties. It is to be hoped that the Methodist brethren have enjoyed and profited by their visit in Oxford County; and it is certain that the people of the two towns have found both enjoyment and profit in the occasion, and have been glad that such an opportunity was afforded them.

Besides the large amount of business coming before the conference, the various anniversary meetings, addresses and devotional meetings have furnished intellectual and spiritual feasts, which have been attended by large audiences, at some of the evening meetings beyond the seating capacity of Norway Hall, where the meetings were held.

The day Tuesday was devoted to the examination of candidates for the ministry. The following were the candidates before the conference:

For admission on trial:

A. T. Craig, Berlin, N. H.
H. C. Wilson, Lewiston.
G. D. Stanley, Oxford.
H. G. Ryder, New Sharon.
William Graham, Kingfield.
R. S. Leard, Baldwin.

First year class:

F. H. Billington, East Livermore.
F. C. Norcross, Madison.
William Bragg, Fryeburg Harbor.
C. H. Young, North Auburn.
A. S. Staples, Mt. Vernon.

Second year class:

T. P. Baker, Mechanic Falls.
H. C. Dunnock, Portland.
T. C. Chapman, Alfred.
C. S. Leach, Livermore.

Third year class:

J. L. Hoyle, Rumford Falls.
D. F. Faulkner, Kittery.
H. L. Nichols, Kennebunkport.
James H. Bounds, South Waterford.
J. B. Howard, Falmouth and Cumberland.
J. A. Ford, Bowery Beach.

Fourth year class:

H. L. Williams, Lisbon Falls.
William Cashmore, Gorham.

At 5 o'clock the Itinerants' Institute held its annual meeting and chose these officers:

President—Rev. E. O. Thayer, Ph. D.
Vice-president—Rev. W. F. Berry.
Secretary—Rev. E. C. Strout.
Treasurer—Rev. A. Hamilton.

At 7:30 in the evening the annual conference prayer meeting was held at the church, in charge of Rev. John W. Lewis, who has recently been transferred from the Nebraska conference. It was an earnest and inspiring meeting.

Bishop Cranston arrived on the evening train Tuesday, and Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock after the daily devotional service, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, assisted by the presiding elders.

The business session of the conference opened at 10 o'clock. Bishop Cranston made an immediately favorable impression. He is a man of scholarly attainments, and of pleasing address. He dispatches business with ease and speed, and his mental action is so quick and clear that he rarely fails, in stating a motion, to make it more clear and concise than as originally worded.

Following the call of the roll these conference officers were chosen:

Secretary of Conference—Rev. W. F. Berry.
Historical Secretary—Rev. G. C. Andrews.
Statistical Secretary—Rev. Charles F. Parsons.
Conference Treasurer—Rev. William S. Jones.

Quite an amount of routine business was then disposed of, and the conference was addressed briefly by Professor Stark of Wesleyan University, in behalf of that institution. He reported an increase of 12 instructors and about 100 students since 1890, and averred that the institution had maintained its high intellectual and moral standard.

The reports of the presiding elders were then presented—Rev. A. S. Ladd, D. D., of the Augusta District; Rev. J. A. Corey of the Lewiston District; and Rev. E. O. Thayer of the Portland District. A few notes from these reports:

New churches have been built at North Jay and Pleasantdale, and new parsonages at South Berwick, Buckfield, Fryeburg Harbor, West Paris and Wesley Church, Bath. New churches are expected to be built this year at Yarmouth and Falmouth.

Hon. Waldo Pettengill has offered to build a parsonage at Rumford Falls, on condition that the society will extinguish the debt on the church, and the money for that purpose has been practically all pledged.

Various other additions to property and reductions of debt were reported.

All agreed that this had been the hardest year of the hard times period.

A goodly number of accessions to the church membership were reported, though it was stated that the increase would appear small in the statistics, owing to a general thorough revision of the church rolls.

Rev. Dr. Ladd, in speaking of the Kent's Hill school, sympathized with the conference in its indignation at the choice of a brewer on the board of trustees—and at this point was interrupted by a burst of applause; nevertheless the school is in good condition. He recommended that a portion of the trustees be chosen by the conference and a portion by the alumni, all for fixed terms, not for life, and closed with the suggestion "that we spend less time in criticism, and more in prayer."

The session of Wednesday afternoon was devoted to the anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. R. H. Turner of Portland presided and made a brief address. Mrs. J. H. Bounds sang a solo. Miss Ruth Sites of China was then introduced to give the address of the afternoon. Miss Sites is the daughter of missionaries, and a missionary herself. She is a young woman of pleasing appearance, of a cultured though simple and direct style of speech, and evidently thoroughly devoted to her work. She spoke for an hour, dealing with the methods and results of her work, the obstacles to be overcome, etc., and held the closest attention of her large audience.

Wednesday evening the church was filled to overflowing for the anniversary of the Epworth League, for which the church had been specially decorated. Rev. A. A. Lewis of Gardiner presided. The music for the occasion, which was very good, was furnished by the leagues of Norway and South Paris. The meeting opened with a praise service and prayer by H. C. Wilson of Auburn. The report of the work of the past year was read by the secretary, Rev. H. L. Nichols of Kennebunkport. Addresses were given by Rev. B. C. Wentworth of Skowhegan, on "Characteristics of a True Epworth Leaguer," and Rev. C. W. Bradlee of Biddeford on "How to Work in an Epworth League"; and Bishop Cranston gave the closing address.

During the afternoon candidates for local elders and deacons' orders were examined. G. D. Stanley of Oxford was admitted to the former, and Frank R. Welch of Newfield to the latter.

The sessions after Wednesday were held in the opera house. At the business session Thursday morning, Rev. C. B. Mason, D. D., was introduced to the audience. Dr. Mason is as black a man as there is in the country, and is corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Educational Society, in behalf of which he addressed the conference, briefly but eloquently.

Rev. Charles R. Parkhurst, D. D., of Boston, then presented to the conference the claims of Zion's Herald, the paper representing the denomination in New England.

F. C. Norcross of Madison and C. H. Young of North Auburn, two first year's men, were passed to studies of the second year. W. C. Wentworth of New York, A. S. Staples of Mt. Vernon, were continued in the studies of the first year, and Charles Jones of Conway, N. H., was discontinued.

The hour of 11 was set for the reception of fraternal greetings, and at that hour the conference was addressed by Rev. T. J. Ramsdell of the South Paris Baptist church, and Rev. B. S. Rideout of the Norway Congregational church. Each, speaking for his own denomination, presented cordial and hearty greetings, and Bishop Cranston responded in his happy manner, all the remarks being indicative of the highest degree of interdenominational comity.

Thursday afternoon the meeting was devoted to the anniversary of the Preachers' Aid Society, presided over by Rev. I. Luce, and addressed by Rev. C. W. Bradlee, Rev. E. S. Stackpole, and Rev. C. A. Southard.

The state Epworth League at 1:30 P. M. held its annual meeting and chose these officers:

President—A. A. Lewis.
Vice-Presidents—I. A. Bean and W. B. Dukeshire.
Secretary and Treasurer—H. L. Nichols.
Executive Committee—Augusta District, C. F. Parsons, E. R. Drummond; Lewiston District—O. P. Baker and Harry Manser; Portland District, William Cashmore and H. F. Strout.

The Preachers' Aid Society chose these officers:

President—Rev. Israel Luce, South Berwick.
Vice-President—Rev. R. T. Adams, Winthrop.
Secretary—Rev. S. Hooper, Winthrop.
Treasurer—Rev. William J. Knowlton.
Auditor—W. F. Berry, Portland.
Managers—Rev. C. A. Southard, Lewiston; Rev. D. B. Holt, Bridgton and Denmark; Rev. W. Canham and Rev. F. C. Rogers.

The evening was occupied with the anniversary exercises of the Freedmen's Aid Society. Rev. H. A. Clifford presided, and Rev. Dr. Mason made the address of the evening. Dr. Mason is an able and eloquent speaker, and held the close attention of the audience.

Friday morning the conference was addressed by Rev. G. C. Wilson, a representative of the Bible Society, in behalf of that organization.

Rev. Dr. A. F. Chase, president of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Kent's Hill, addressed the conference briefly in relation to the work of that school.

Harry G. Ryder of New Sharon, H. C. Wilson of Lewiston, G. D. Stanley of Oxford and A. T. Craig of Berlin, N. H., were admitted as pastors on trial.

Thomas P. Baker of Mechanic Falls, T. C. Chapman of Alfred, C. S. Leach of Livermore and H. E. Dunnack of Portland, who have been pastors on probation two years, were admitted to the full membership of the conference. Bishop Cranston's address to these pastors was plain spoken, eloquent and impressive.

F. H. Billington of East Livermore, who has been on trial one year as pastor, was advanced one year.

The question of place of holding next year's conference was decided in favor of Farmington, by a vote of 35 for that town to 19 for Berwick.

The memorial service Friday afternoon was presided over by Rev. G. D. Lindsay, and memorials were read of Mrs. E. M. Randall of Portland, Mrs. Luther P. French of Skowhegan, Mrs. F. E. Purrington of Oakland, Mrs. R. H. Kimball of Mercer, Mrs. S. D. Brown of South Paris, Rev. R. H. Kimball of Mercer, Rev. John M. Woodbury of Old Orchard, Elder Cyrus Lawton of North Anson.

The Local Preachers' Association at its annual reunion chose these officers:

President—W. H. H. McAllister.
Vice-presidents—M. K. Mabry, William Bragg, F. R. Welch.

The illustrated lecture of Frank R. Roberson, on India, filled the hall Friday evening. Mr. Roberson started an enthusiastic burst of cheers by showing as his first pictures "Old Glory" and President McKinley. He then took his hearers across the continent, across the Pacific, into that wonderful land, India. Mr. Roberson has a magnificent lot of views, and they are skillfully handled, in every sense. The lecture which accompanies them partakes of the color of the pictures, and serves rather as a frame and setting for them than as the text which they illustrate. The impression upon the mind at the close is not that of a connected panoramic view of the country and its people, but rather of a succession of glimpses of scenic bits, architectural magnificence, and gorgeous flashes of color. It is nevertheless highly entertaining and instructive.

In spite of the threatening clouds about the usual number gathered at Norway Hall Saturday morning. Devotional exercises were held at 8:30 o'clock, conducted by Evangelist John W. Lewis.

At 9 o'clock a business session was held. Miss M. E. Lunn, superintendent of the Deacons' Home in Boston, was introduced and addressed the audience in the interest of this home and hospital.

Rev. A. F. Chase, Ph. D., president of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Kent's Hill was transferred from the East Maine to the Maine Conference. Luther Freeman from the New England Conference and J. W. Lewis from the Nebraska conference were also transferred to the Maine conference.

J. E. Chancey was received from the Baptist church from his credentials and the usual disciplinary questions were propounded by the Bishop, Earl Cranston. Mr. Chancey was received and recognized as deacon.

Prof. A. W. Anthony, of Lewiston, presented the fraternal greetings of the Free Baptists of Maine.

Rev. D. B. Holt of Bridgton presented a resolution for the appointment of a committee to receive all applications for aid from the conference fund.

Rev. R. J. Haughton, pastor of the South Paris Congregational church, and Rev. H. A. Roberts, pastor of the Baptist church at Paris Hill, were introduced and spoke in behalf of their churches.

Dr. A. E. Schell of Chicago, general secretary of the Epworth League, both in the United States and China, gave a brief but interesting address.

C. A. Terhune was admitted to the conference on trial. Frank R. Welch of Wayne, a local preacher, was elected to deacon's orders, and Geo. D. Stanley of Oxford to elder's orders.

The East Maine proposition to reduce the number of general delegates to the general conference was carried by a vote of 42 to 17.

The Rock River Conference proposition to equalize the lay and clerical representations of the yearly conference was then acted on, but the vote stood affirmative 5, negative 73.

The following persons were reported and advanced to the fourth year's studies:

J. A. Ford, D. F. Faulkner, R. A. Rich, J. H. Bounds, W. H. Varney, J. L. Hoyle, J. B. Howard and H. L. Nichols.

The following were appointed as trials of appeals:

J. B. Lapham, S. Hooper, W. P. Merrill, G. D Holmes, D. B. Holt and C. A. Southard.

Voted that the published minutes be the official journal of the conference.

Voted that the committee on moral reform be made a permanent committee on temperance and prohibition.

Two services were held in the afternoon, one at the M. E. church commencing at 3 o'clock; the other was the anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society held in Norway Hall under the auspices of the ladies. The sisters had spent much time and labor in preparing the programme and the result was highly appreciated by the audience. Mrs. Beede of Farmington, who is well-known to the W. C. T. U. workers, presided. Appropriate music was provided by the Conference Male Quartette. The scriptures were read by Mrs. E. O. Thayer, wife of Presiding Elder Thayer of the Portland District. Mrs. H. A. Clifford, formerly an instructor in one of our Southern schools, made the prayer, after which Mrs. Beede, in a very pleasing manner, welcomed the audience in the name of the society; in the name of the broad fields; in the name of the workers militant; in the name of the Master who bids us preach the gospel to every creature. She then introduced to us the speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. S. L. Beiler, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Beiler is an easy and convincing speaker. Her address was both interesting and instructive and she held the close attention of her audience. She took as her subject the country in which all civilized nations are at the present time interested, the much talked of Alaska. Having returned from the country of ice only a few months since, she is well qualified to speak on this subject. She took us in imagination with her as she sailed from Tacoma, describing the beautiful scenery and points of interest between Tacoma and Sitka, where she left, she tells us, all civilization and comfort. She gave a very interesting account of Alaska and the work there.

Reports from the treasurers and secretaries on the different districts were read.

At the business session the committee on resolutions offered a resolution commending President McKinley in his present attitude to Cuba, and pledging the support of the conference in the coming struggle.

A resolution was offered by Dr. Stackpole, a member of the interdenominational commission, that the M. E. church withdraw from Mexico, Maine, according to the decision of the commission. After a prolonged discussion the resolution was laid on the table.

The evening service was held in Norway Hall, Rev. E. T. Adams presiding. Mr. Upham of Drew Theological Seminary gave the address of the evening. The speaker's view of the parliament of religions held during the world's fair was not at all favorable. He considered it a reflection on the advocates of the Christian religion. The superiority of the teachings of Jesus Christ over all others was shown in no uncertain tones. Mr. Upham is a deep thinker and an able speaker.

The services of Sunday were carried out substantially according to the published programme, the only material change being caused by the absence of Rev. S. L. Beiler, D. D., of Washington, who was detained by sickness. Other pulpits in the two towns were supplied as follows:

10:45 A. M. Norway Universalist. Rev. Luther Freeman.
10:45 Norway Congregational. Rev. Dr. Schell.
2:20 P. M. Norway Baptist. Rev. C. W. Bradlee.
10:30 A. M. Paris Hill Baptist. Rev. H. L. Williams.
11:00 Paris Hill Universalist. Rev. W. B. Dukeshire.
10:45 South Paris Baptist. Rev. F. C. Rogers.
10:45 South Paris Congregationalist. Rev. E. S. Stackpole, D.D.
7:00 P. M. South Paris Congregationalist. Rev. F. C. Rogers.
7:00 South Paris Baptist. Rev. W. B. Dukeshire.
2:30 South Paris Methodist. Grand Temperance Rally.

The conference held its last business session at 8 o'clock Monday morning, in order to enable the members to leave on the forenoon train, and final adjournment was made at 9:30, after reading the appointments, as follows:

AUGUSTA DISTRICT.

A. S. LADD, Presiding Elder.

Augusta—E. S. Stackpole.
Bingham and Mayfield—to be supplied.
East Livermore and Fayette—F. H. Billington.
East Readfield—to be supplied.
East Wilton—H. A. Clifford.
Fairfield and Fairfield Centre—O. S. Pillsbury.
Farmington—W. B. Dukeshire.
Gardiner—A. A. Lewis.
Hallowell—D. E. Miller.
Industry and Starks—to be supplied.
Kent's Hill and Readfield Corner—J. B. Lapham.
Kingfield, Salem and Eustis—to be supplied.
Leeds and Greene—to be supplied.
Livermore and Hartford—S. E. Leach.
Livermore Falls—G. R. Palmer.
Madison—F. C. Norcross.
Monmouth—H. L. Nichols.
Mt. Vernon and Vienna—to be supplied.
New Sharon, Farmington Falls and Mercer—to be supplied.
North Anson and Embden—to be supplied.
North Augusta—to be supplied.
Oakland and Sidney—C. Furington.
Phillips—B. F. Fickett.
Richmond—S. Hooper.
Skowhegan—B. C. Wentworth.
Solon—T. Whiteside.
Strong and Freeman—T. N. Kewley.
Temple—to be supplied.
Waterville—G. D. Lindsay.
Wayne and North Leeds—to be supplied.
Weld—to be supplied.
Wilton and North Jay—Hosea Hewitt.
Winthrop—E. T. Adams.

LEWISTON DISTRICT.

Presiding Elder—J. A. COREY.

Andover———Berentzen.
Auburn—C. S. Cummings.
Baldwin and Hiram—C. H. Young.
Bath, Beacon Street—C. F. Parsons.
Bath, Wesley Church—J. T. Crosby.
Berlin, N. H.—supplied by A. T. Craig.
Bethel and Mason—J. W. Lewis.
Bowdoinham—A. W. Pottle.
Bridgton and Denmark—D. B. Holt.
Brunswick—G. D. Holmes.
Buckfield—G. B. Hannaford.
Chebeague—A. C. Trafton.
Conway, N. H.—T. P. Baker.
Cumberland and Falmouth—J. B. Howard.
East North Yarmouth and Yarmouthville—T. D. Davies.
Empire and Minot—R. A. Rich.
Fryeburg and Stow—supplied by W. Bragg.
Gorham, N. H.—F. A. Leitch.
Harpswell and Orr's Island—G. C. Andrews.
Lewiston, Park Street—C. A. Southard.
Lewiston, Hammond Street—H. C. Wilson.
Lisbon and Lisbon Falls—H. L. Williams.
Locke's Mills—supplied by E. F. Doughty.
Long Island—W. H. Congdon.
Mechanic Falls—A. Hamilton.
Naples—H. A. Peare.
Newry—supplied by O. L. Stone.
North Auburn and Turner—W. H. Barber.
North Conway and Bartlett, N. H.—J. H. Trask.
Norway and Bolster's Mills—W. B. Eldridge.
North Norway—to be supplied.
Oxford and Welchville—G. D. Stanley.
Rumford—J. D. Graham.
Rumford Falls—J. L. Hoyle.
South Auburn—to be supplied.
South Paris—I. A. Bean.
South Waterford and Sweden—supplied by G. W. Barber.
West Bath—to be supplied.
West Cumberland and South Gray—to be supplied.
West Durham and Pownal—W. H. Varney.
West Paris—R. A. Leard.

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

Presiding Elder—E. O. THAYER.

Alfred—T. C. Chapman.
Berwick—W. P. Merrill.
Biddeford—C. W. Bradlee.
Bowery Beach—J. A. Ford.
Buxton and South Standish—D. Pratt.
Cornish—G. F. Milliward.
Eliot—F. C. Potter.
Goodwin's Mills and Hollis—E. Gerry.
Gorham, North Street—W. F. Marshall.
Gorham, School Street—Wm. Cashmore.
Kennebunk and Saco Road—W. P. Lord.
Kennebunkport and Cape Porpoise—L. H. Bean.
Kezar Falls—J. Nixon.
Kittery, Second Church—D. F. Faulkner.
Knightville—D. R. Ford.
Maryland Ridge—Supplied by D. Nelson.
Newfield—Supplied by F. R. Welch.
Ogunquit—to be supplied.
Old Orchard and Saco Ferry—F. Grovenor.
Pleasantdale—J. H. Roberts.
Portland, Chestnut Street—Luther Freeman.
Portland, Congress Street—W. F. Berry.
Portland, Peak's Island—W. S. Jones.
Portland, Pine Street—F. C. Rogers.
Portland, West End—H. E. Dunnack.
Saco—E. C. Strout.
Sanford—A. K. Bryant.
South Berwick—I. Luce.
South Biddeford, the Pool and Oak Ridge—supplied by A. A. Callagan.
South Eliot and Kittery, First Church—E. W Kennison.
South Portland—W. F. Holmes.
West Kennebunk—J. H. Bounds.
West Scarboro—F. W. Smith.
Westbrook—C. C. Phelan.
Woodfords and East Deering—J. R. Clifford.
York—supplied by W. S. Bovard.

MAINE NEWS NOTES.

The Maine sardine is a small fish, but it is large enough to be the occasion of forming a $3,000,000 corporation.

The Rockland lady who answered in one day fifteen rings of the door bell, all from peddlers, hopes, in common with many others, that the next legislature will put a bounty on this class of pests.

Blake Dow, a former postmaster at Fairfield, died Monday morning from the effects of poison taken last week in a fit of despondency caused by the sudden death of his wife. At the time of his wife's death he had purchased a ticket for Alaska and had intended going to the gold fields in that region.

A well-known Belfast man, who is sometimes a little absent minded, was seen on his way to work one morning recently with a coal hod in his hand. When his attention was called to the fact, a very disgusted look overspread his face as he turned homeward to get the dinner pail which had been left in place of the coal hod. Of course all promised to say nothing about it.

A Boston Herald dispatch from Blaine reports that "H. W. Safford's law office at Mars Hill was blown up Wednesday morning by gunpowder wrapped in cotton batting, which was let down the chimney at the end of a rope. When Mr. Safford built a fire in the stove there was an explosion which wrecked the chimney and blew out three windows. Mr. Safford narrowly escaped injury from the flying bricks. The perpetrators of the deed evidently made their preparations during the night and their identity has not been discovered. Henry Wing, who was in the building at the time of the explosion, escaped with slight injuries."

The town of Wells is stirred up over the discovery in a piece of woods of a human skull with a bullet hole in the left side, from which the leaden bullet dropped out when the skull was examined. There is a deep mystery surrounding this skull, and it is increased by the fact that although the woods have been thoroughly searched, no other portions of the body have been brought to light. Some who think that the head of Hiram Sawtelle was never found, believe this skull belonged to him. His body was found not far from the place where the skull was unearthed, and this gives color to the belief that this is the skull of the murdered Hiram Sawtelle.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1896.

MESSRS. ELY BROS:—I have used Ely's Cream Balm a number of years, and find it works like a charm. It has cured me of the most obstinate case of cold in the head in less than forty-eight hours from the time I felt the cold coming on. I would not be without it.

Respectfully yours,
283 Hart Street. FRED'K FRIES.

Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren Street, New York City.

Hood's pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

Universalist Church, Rev. Caroline E. Angell, Pastor. Preaching service on Sunday, at 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 11:45 A. M; Y. P. C. U. meeting, 7:00 P. M.

Second Congregational Church, Rev. B. S. Rideout, Pastor. Preaching service Sunday, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 11:45 A. M.; Social Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; regular weekly Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening; Young People's Meeting Friday evening.

Methodist Church, Rev. W. B. Eldridge, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Social Evening Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; prayer meeting, Tuesday evening; class meeting, Friday evening.

Baptist Church Willard C. Cook, Pastor. Preaching service, 2:30 P. M; Sabbath School, 3:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting, Saturday evening.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Union R. A. C., No. 36, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon, at Masonic H

W. J. WHEELER,

South Paris.

Pianos and Organs,
Piano Stools,
Covers
—AND—
Instruction Books.
—AT—
Reasonable Prices.

Two Farms for Sale.

My home farm of 75 acres of land, 20 in tillage and the rest in wood and pasture. One of the best pastures in Paris. Good fair buildings, with good cellars under both. A young orchard of 200 apple trees, 20 pear trees, cultivated strawberries and raspberries, grapes and plums. 200 apple clons set four years ago bore some last year, and the orchard bore the odd year. 186 cakes of ice, 22 inches square, 15 inches thick, all packed. Maple orchard. Place cuts from 20 to 25 tons of hay; have cut two crops on six acres for two years. Plowing mostly done for next year. Can mow all but a little with a machine. Is all level. School house on the farm. 2 1-2 miles from South Paris, in Hall district.

Or will sell the A. T. Maxim place of 160 acres, with a lot of wood and timber.

F. M. PENLEY,
Box 149, South Paris, Maine.

BOSTON STEAMERS

Daily Service Sundays Excepted.

THE NEW AND PALATIAL STEAMERS

Bay State and Portland

alternately leave FRANKLIN WHARF, Portland, every evening at 7 o'clock, arriving in season for connections with earliest trains for points beyond.

Returning steamers leave Boston every evening at 7 P. M.

J. B. COYLE, Manager.
J. F. LISCOMB, Genl. Agt.

FOR SALE:

House lot, situated between South Paris and Norway near Electra Park; one pair horses, harnesses, farm wagon, etc.

For terms call on or write to

C. E. BENNETT,
South Paris.

MURPHY, Hatter and Furrier,
Sign Gold Hat, McGillicuddy Block.
Cor. Lisbon & Ash Sts. LEWISTON, ME.

WHEN in Lewiston you will find the very finest in the eating line at Long's Restaurant.
57 Lisbon St. Near Music Hall, LEWISTON, ME.

BUY Equipoise Waists, Corsets, Gloves and Millinery. Bridal & Mourning Outfits a Specialty.
LEMONT & BOLAND, LEWISTON, 117 Lisbon St.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

J. A. LAMBE,

SUCCESSOR TO

H. N. BOLSTER,

22 Market Sq., SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Keeps a full line of

Groceries Dry Goods Paper Hangings, Carpets.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear,

Paints, Oils, Lime, Hair and Cement.

CALL AND SEE US.

SEND YOUR JOB PRINTING
To The Democrat Office.

N. M. SMALL & SON, Bryant's Pond, Maine. Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Furnishing Goods and Clothing, Boots & Shoes Repaired.

AGENTS!

We have a good opening for a few live salesmen. We pay salary or commission. Write us for terms.

W. D. CHASE & CO., Nurserymen, Malden, Mass.

NUTT'S Cough Syrup
CURES COUGHS COLDS CROUP
Regular size 25c. Three times the quantity 50c.
Sold by F. A. SHURTLEFF.

I WANT people everywhere to take orders for me, $150 a month easily made.

Address with stamp F. R. WADLEIGH, Alton, N. H.

WANTED Men and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $25 per week should write at once to Mattoon & Co., Oswego, N.Y.

FERTILIZERS.

Thes pring is here and the consideration of the season's crop will push other subjects aside for a while. Then the question comes up how shall we secure the best results for our labor. Good seed is the first essential and then what Fertilizer to use. It is an acknowledged fact that there is no higher grade in the market than the PACKERS, UNION.

For sale by

A. W. WALKER & SON.

E. W. CHANDLER,
Builders' Finish!

I will furnish DOORS and WINDOWS of any Size or Style at reasonable prices.

Also Window & Door Frames.

If in want of any kind of Finish for Inside or Outside work, send in your orders. Pine Lumber and Shingles on hand Cheap for Cash.

Planing, Sewing and Job Work.
Matched Hard Wood Floor Boards for sale.

E. W. CHANDLER,
West Sumner, - - Maine.

GIVEN FREE
EACH MONTH
(During 1897)

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash
20 Second Prizes, each of $100 Pierce Special Bicycles
40 Third Prizes, each of $25 Gold Watches

FOR

Sunlight
SOAP
WRAPPERS

For particulars send your name and full address to Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Streets, New York.

A LOCAL Disease
A Climatic Affection

CATARRH

Nothing but a local remedy or change of climate will cure it. Get a well-known pharmaceutical remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm It is quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflamation Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine, No Mercury. No Injurious drug. Full Size 50c.; Trial Size 10c. at Druggists or by mail.

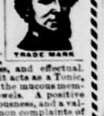
ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren Street, New York

COLD IN HEAD

WORMS

Hundreds of Children and adults have worms but are treated for other diseases. The symptoms are—indigestion, with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath, hard and full belly, with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; heat and itching sensation in the rectum and about the anus, eyes heavy and dark, itching of the nose, short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth, starting during sleep; slow fever, and often in children, convulsions.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR



is the best worm remedy made. It has been in use 46 years. It is purely vegetable, harmless, and effectual. Where no worms are present it acts as a Tonic, and corrects the conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels. A positive cure for Constipation and Biliousness, and a valuable remedy in all the common complaints of children. Price 25c. Ask your druggist for it.

Dr. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.
Special treatment for Tape Worms. Write for free pamphlet.

READ OUR NEIGHBORS' ADVERTISMENTS Then come and buy General Merchandise of us.
C. B. ATWOOD & CO., BUCKFIELD, ME.

Agency of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. South Paris, Maine.
C. E. TOLMAN, Manager.

THE EASTMAN SEED CO., Choice Seeds of our own growing a specialty. Catalogue free.) EAST SUMNER, ME.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of

JULIA A. MERRILL, late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

March 15th, 1898. JUDSON M. DUDLEY.

PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS.

Pure blooded Barred Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching. 30 cts. per setting.

GEO. H. DAVIS,
April 4th, 1898. South Paris, Maine.

NOTICE.

Prentiss Library Corporation. In conformity with the prayer of seven petitioners members of the above corporation for a meeting of said corporation I hereby notify such corporation to meet at the school house in school District No. 16 in the town of Paris, on Saturday the thirtieth day of April 1898, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of choosing a Board of Officers as specified in the by laws of the corporation, also to see if the corporation will vote to amend article 9d in the by laws, relating to the method of calling a meeting for the election of Officers and to transact any business that may come before said meeting.

North Paris, April 4, 1898.
WM. E. CURTIS, Librarian.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

ADDISON MONK, late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

March 15th, 1898. AURANUS M. FOGG.

SIGNS SIGNS SIGNS SIGNS

PARIS ADV. CO.
W. P. MORTON, Mgr.,
No. 2 WESTERN AVENUE,
South Paris, - - - Me.

The only Shop in Oxford Co. devoted exclusively to

Sign and Decorative Paintings.

We make Board and Cloth Advertising Signs.

Store Signs and Agency Signs.

Show Cards and Price Tickets. Signs on Wood, Cloth, Tin, or Glass. Control best BULLETIN BOARD SPACE in the County. Make

Town Guide Boards.

Street Signs, Door Plates and House numbers.

Work sent by Freight, Express or Mail to any place in the State. Call or write for estimates.

FARM FOR SALE.

85 acre Farm. Suitably divided into tillage, pasture and wood lot, situated in what is known as Tuell Town, North Paris, Me. 5 minutes' walk to school house. Buildings connected. 2 story house, ell, carriage house and wood shed all newly repaired and painted outside. Barn 40x70 ft. with good cellar. Running water at house and barn. 200 thrifty apple trees, beside plum, pear and cherry trees. Cuts 20 tons of hay, nice deep loam soil in good state of cultivation. To obtain further particulars apply to

HENRY M. TUELL,
North Paris.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.
Clerk's Office, Supreme Judicial Court.
April 2, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that it is the intention of Wm. F. Jones of Norway, to apply for admission to practice law in the Judicial Courts of this state at the May Term 1898, of said court.

CHARLES F. WHITMAN, Clerk.

WOODBURY'S SEEDS,

of finest quantity in any quality for the Flower and Vegetable gardens. A few new and choice seed potatoes.

DAVID B. WOODBURY,
South Paris, Maine.

ARTHUR E. COLE, Dentist.
Crown and Bridge work a specialty.
BUCKFIELD, ME.

H. A. BRADEEN, Milton Plantation, Maine. Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes at Bottom Prices.

FRANK HAPGOOD, successor to John Hap. good. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery, Cigars and Sporting Goods, BETHEL.

THE EXCELSIOR FRAME CO., Gold and Silver Picture Frames, SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

C. H. TUTTLE, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings, Watches and Jewelry. BUCKFIELD, ME.

THE PUZZLER

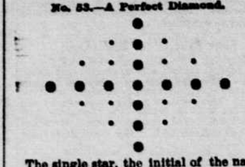
No. 52.—Riddles.

I am round and deep, just like a cup,
And when brimful stand bottom up.

I live in a mill where much grinding is done,
And for sampling the grist I am A number one.

I am that tall creature of whom it is said
He makes his best bows without bending his head.

No. 53.—A Perfect Diamond.



The single star, the initial of the name of a president. The row of three, the name of a book in the Bible. The row of five, the name of a naval hero of the Revolutionary war. The row of seven, a boat which played a very important part in the civil war. The row of five, a kind of nut. The East Indians chew this nut in connection with the leaves of a certain species of pepper tree and a little shell lime. The row of three, a name for the sun. The single star, the initial of the name of the president of the first American congress.

No. 54.—Numerical Enigma.

My 1-9-10-11 is the head.
My 2-9-10 is a grain.
My 3-9-10-11 is a companion.
My 4-9-10 is to cause to waste away.
My 5-9-10-11 is a passageway.
My 6-9-10-11 is to reproach.
My 7-10-11 means gnawed.
My 8-9-10-11 is a boy's nickname.
My 9-10-11 is a goddess.
The whole is a fruit.

No. 55.—Metagrams.

Change the first letter of each word, and the following transformations will appear:

1. A fish.
2. A trial of speed.
3. Part of the head.
4. A spice; an ensign of authority.
5. An ornamental fabric.
6. A step.
1. A kind of fuel.
2. Felt most in summer.
3. Animal food.
4. To strike; to conquer.
5. Orderly.
6. An extraordinary act of strength or skill.

No. 56.—Easy Picture Puzzle.

The pictures each stand for a word. The first letters of these words will make another which means something that little folks are fond of

No. 57.—The Red, White and Blue.

When I am "white,"
I beam in sight
With motion graceful, airy, light.
But see you know
Away I go
That those may rise who still are low.

And when I'm "blue"
I come to you
At dinner, lunch and supper too.
A dainty dish
Of well served fish—
What more could hungry people wish?

But when I'm "red"
You'll see instead
A grim wraith all true Scotchmen dread
In castles old
And damp and cold
This long tooth specter dwells, I'm told

No. 58.—Words Transformed.

1. I am a word of four letters naming a drink. Change my head, and you will see the following transformations:
2. The chief source from which the above is procured.
3. Of delicate texture.
4. Cattle.
5. To mourn; to languish.
6. A source of wealth; sometimes a scene of great calamity.
7. Length without breadth.
8. A square number.

No. 59.—Anagrams.

[Good things on the table.]

1. Fate robes.
2. Fire pet charts.
3. Cocoa rake is way.
4. No dupe grading.
5. To acre mats.
6. Tower braid bel seeds.
7. Caca tune cook.
8. Fries checks and ice.
9. Rag pens sing.
10. Are cool match scale.

Mission and Mansion.

"What sort of girl is she?"
"Oh, she is a miss with a mission!"
"Ah!"
"And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 47.—Charade: Cat-tail.
No. 48.—Illustrated Rebus: "Knowledge is indispensable for the advancement and civilization of mankind."
No. 49.—Decapitation: Brook, rook.
No. 50.—Numerical Enigma:

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise.
The rose has but a summer reign.
The daisy never dies.

No. 51.—Transposed Blanks: 1. Reviled, deliver. 2. Depart, parted. 3. Freed, defer. 4. Candle, lanced. 5. Rested, desert. 6. Sober, bores.

Eczema, scald head, hives, itchiness of the skin of any sort, instantly relieved, permanently cured. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

Beginning Early. "I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line." "Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot." "She was until our baby was born six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl we will not like."

It's the little colds that grow into big colds that end in consumption and death. Watch the little colds. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness. 25c.

Boy (from the composing room)—Where's the dramatic editor? Belated Reporter—He's gone home. What do you want? Boy—Want to know whether he meant to say "the play is full of erudition," or "the play is full of crudities." We can't tell from his manuscript.

When you are suffering from catarrh or cold in the head you want relief right away. Only 10 cents is required to test it. Ask your druggist for the trial size of Ely's Cream Balm, or try the 50 cent size. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren Street, New York City.

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste nor smell, and could hear but little. Ely's Cream cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shantz, Rahway, N. J.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

Correspondence on topics of interest to the ladies is solicited. Address: EDITOR HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN, Oxford Democrat, Paris, Maine.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

Taking some particular scene or event in poem or story, it is reproduced in living pictures, the club members assuming the characters and costuming to conform to the period represented. With little trouble beautiful effects may be obtained, the chief requisite aside from the costumes being a double door or archway, which can be tightly screened with rose-tinted gauze or tarlatan to subdue and soften the outlines and colorings of the tableaux. A little professional skill is valuable in arranging the lights in a manner to throw out the light and shade to best advantage in the picture. Nothing can be more exquisite than the tableaux designated as "Statuary," and achieved by draping with cheese-cloth or some soft white material, and powdering features, hands, arms and hair to simulate famous works in marble. So popular have been these entertainments for church and charity, as well as for evenings at home, that posing and arranging the groups has proved an agreeable and profitable business of late years. Living pictures are quite within the ability of the private club to accomplish, and oftentimes sufficient artistic taste is available for copying statuary also. The result of these tableaux-vivants is so charming they are worthy a trial, notwithstanding the verdict of a hostess, who, from experience, declares that "nothing but an earthquake so generally upsets a house from top to bottom."

In old times the invitation to "stay and take pot-luck" was frequently and sincerely extended. It implied that the chance visitor was quite welcome, at his or her own risk as the case might be, to remain and share the meal in course of preparation for the family—in other words, the contents of the pot, whatever it happened to be. The term as used in the present day refers to a function as unconventional and amusing as the bright, clever woman with whom it originated. Living in a quiet town, she insisted she was "slowly being devoured by ennui," and to stir up the neighborhood" sent out invitations for a

POT-LUCK PARTY.

As co-operation was advised in other things, why not in entertaining? therefore it was indicated that each guest was to contribute either food for the body or mind. A single dish each, and of these only, together with a like contribution from herself, the feast would consist. While the exact menu cannot be given, it is sufficient to say that pastry, cakes, flesh, fowl, sweets, sours, stories, poems, games, jokes and conundrums united in making it a remarkable collation. As repetitions of the notable party have been given, it is needless to say that dullness has departed from that especial locality for this season at least. Mrs. B. congratulates herself that, while original and unlike any other, the "pot-luck party" was a success by way of fun, and certainly notable in variety of refreshments.

ABOUT FIGS

If dried figs are washed in warm water, and then soaked in cold water ten or fifteen hours (the time depending on temperature), they will expand to their original size, and much resemble freshly picked figs, both in flavor and appearance.

Good figs make a rich, sweet table sauce, if cut in small pieces, say size of common raisins, and then allowed to stand eight or ten hours, well covered with cold water. Or, for an extra rich sauce, use less water and before serving add some milk. Of course, the richness can be varied to suit the taste by using more or less water.

Stewed figs, either whole or cut in small pieces, are also excellent. If, for variety, either a mild or strong acid is wanted, it can be imparted by adding more or less pure lemon juice to the water in which they are to be softened or cooked. To avoid a bitter flavor use no other part of the lemon.

Pulled figs are figs sre simply dried in their natural shape, hence they are best to soak or stew whole. Some of the best and poorest varieties are pulled figs. The quality of figs varies greatly. Some have a very thick skin and lack richness. Others have a thin, tender skin and are rich and sweet. It seems difficult to find figs, even the finest quality, entirely free from an occasional unripe, over-ripe or soured one. Imperfect drying conditions doubtless cause many to sour.

Poor figs, if not spoiled, are improved by cooking. Stewing destroys or modifies slight imperfections, and converts them into a good table sauce. Figs served in any form need no sweetening; they need acid rather than sugar.

HOUSE CLEANING SUGGESTIONS.

WASHING PAINT.

Set pail on a bit of carpet or thick cloth, so it will leave no mark. Use woolen cloths.

If new cloth hem or overcast edges.

A little soda or ammonia in the water helps.

Finger marks can be taken off with powdered chalk, sprinkled on a cloth which must be flannel.

Never use soap on white or very light paint.

On hard wood use good soap, and change the water very often, and rub up and down, washing off the soapy lather with the flannel rinsed out in the water.

Follow with a dry cloth.

Wiping dry and using clean water prevents the smeary look sometimes seen on paint.

BRUSHING BLINDS.

Open windows from the top.

Stand on paper or cloth on the sill and brush blinds inside and out with bristle brush.

Stand on floor to do lower parts.

Fasten the blinds back and close the windows.

CLEANING WALLS.

Cover a broom with cloth and wipe down woodwork and wall in straight lines, pressing hard.

If the cloths become very much soiled, they must be shaken or turned or a fresh one substituted.

BLACKING STOVE.

Wash the stove all over with clean warm water.

Mix the blacking according to the directions on wrapper.

If the stove is greasy, wash it with strong suds and soda over night.

A little sugar or molasses in the mixing will make blacking adhere.

If the pipe needs blacking, begin with that.

Rub blacking only on the top, taking pains to daub into the corners.

Begin to polish at dryest parts; brush vigorously till every part shines. Dull spots will rust.

Open the draughts and light the fire. When the wood is burning thoroughly, throw on gently enough coal to just cover the wood; too much coal smothers the fire; a few coals leave room for a draught.

Throw on more when these are nearly burned, and during the day burn cinders saved from sifting ashes.

Do not lift full coal hod, but put coal on with small shovel.

To renew a fire in a sick room, fill paper bags with coal in another room and lay on fire.

A freshly built fire is the best for baking.

When a hot fire is not needed, close draughts to save the coal, but do not forget to keep watch of it.

SCRUBBING FLOOR.

Scrub with brush, hot water and soap, and dry off with a cloth, changing the water often.

Brush in the grain of the wood and back away from the place you are scrubbing, leaving a dry place between the knees and the wet place at least a quarter of a yard wide.

One of the caprices of that rather mythical young damsel known as the "summer girl" is this year to decorate her fan, in lieu of autographs, with the pretty letter-heads of the various hotels at which she and the favored few of her intimates may stop in their out-of-town wanderings.

CHAS. A. DANA AS AN EDITOR.

HE WAS VERY PUNCTILIOUS AS TO TYPOGRAPHICAL DETAILS.

In all matters of detail, in literary manner, in the use of words, in grammar, punctuation and typographical method, he was the most careful and exacting of editors. One time an editorial contained two lines of poetry in type of the same size as that of the text, and, as I was the author of it, Mr. Dana sent me an edifying note under his familiar signature: "Reason, Revelation, Science, Philosophy and Aesthetics all require that these lines should have been put in small type." Upon another occasion, when he thought that a verb had been improperly used in a manuscript, he wrote an admonitory sentence: "To say 'there are' in this passage would be unpoetic, and consequently disgusting."

He took the blame whenever an error escaped his eye: "I take shame to myself," he wrote one time when the author of an editorial had confounded Boston brown bread with Graham bread, "for having printed this thing without scrutinizing it. The Sun is ignorant and wrong."

One day a man in California had sent an inquiry to the editor of the Sun: "Will you please tell me how to become a Christian?" and as I often dealt with religious questions at the time this appeal was received, Mr. Dana blue-penciled the back of the man's note with these words: "Why not give him a ripping answer: Give him the socialist side of Christianity."

When the writer of a book review had italicized eight or ten of his words, Mr. Dana commented thus: "This review is the best in the whole lot, and is very good, but why in the world an experienced writer like —— wants to pepper his manuscript with nasty little italics, I can't imagine."

When the writer of an editorial paragraph in the Sun wrote of "Govs. Cameron and Crittenden," the ever watchful critic in the sanctum got after him in a note left for me: "The term 'Govs.' 'Gens.', 'Capts.', etc., is disgusting. The titles have no plural as attached to any individual name; they should be repeated, or a circumlocution should be used."—John Swinton in the Chautauquan.

A SANITARY REFORM FOR THE MIND.

It is easy to demonstrate that the mental health of the community is a much higher concern than the physical health and comfort. The analogy suggests the extension of protection. Take such a detail as the teeth in the mouths of the community. If there is needed a license for the practice of dentistry, why not for the practice of literature? If the teeth are ruined, science is capable of furnishing a new set, and our blessed tariff lets them in free of duty, which is more than it does for a set of literature; but there is no way of getting a new set of mind, if the mind is once demoralized by reading year after year slovenly and untrained writing. A person may have the conceit that he is capable of cutting his own eye-teeth, and so he may be in matters of business, but no young mind of a person who can read is safe against the daily demoralization of bad writing. If the intellect of the public is of equal importance with its bodies, surely it is worthy of equal protection. Notoriously it does not get it in the matter of reading. I am not speaking now of vicious literature; that comes under the head of morals. But men and women, boys and girls, are daily making books and newspapers who do not know how to write, who have neither skill, training, nor conscience in the matter. They deluge the reading world with a false product which does irreparable injury to the unprotected public.—"Editor's Study," Harper's Magazine.

A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

"How lucky you are to come now! I am just home from the K——s' reception. Come up into my boudoir and we will have a nice little chat. Why, what makes you look so sober? No trouble, I hope, for you?"

"I want you to tell me just how you pass your time. Give me a sample day, as it were," answered the caller, abruptly.

"Oh, you are after the drones, as usual," laughed the younger woman. "Well, there have to be drones, you know, in every hive, so I can't see why you need quarrel with nature's plans. However, here is the way I spend my days usually. I am out late about every night, so of course I cannot get up to Fred's early breakfast. He has his about 8 o'clock, for he must be down town by 9, so I don't see him till dinner. I cannot be disturbed, so I generally eat my breakfast in bed, and by noon I manage to get dressed and answer my notes and see to my invitations and such things. Then I go out, go down town shopping or to see my dressmaker. I usually lunch down town. Then I make a few informal visits, and come home in time to dress for my afternoon receptions, teas, or some nice concert or matinee. Then I come home and dress for dinner and the evening. Fred is always so dead tired that I can't get him to go out in the evening very often, and, truth to tell, he is apt to be stupid at dinner unless we have guests, which I contrive to have pretty often. It brightens him up, and it's much more cheerful for me. Whenever I ask Fred what makes him so silent, he says he is thinking of business. Now I think that a man ought to leave his business down town. I am sure he is there long enough to attend to it."

"So it is for this sort of women that some men toil and struggle," meditated the older woman. "They spend years in this dull, monotonous grind, and have no home life, no companionship, no influence to keep their feet in the narrow path of business rectitude, no spiritual uplifting to steady them in the discipline of life! Nothing but shelter, food, and the privilege of paying ceaseless bills.

Truly the honored name of wife is disgraced by the career of these selfish child-women, and even more truly wonderful is it that more men do not go down in moral and financial wrecks, having no help at home.—Harper's Bazar.

A GENTLE HINT.

The attorney had made a motion for a new trial in a civil action, and the judge looked it over carefully.

Um, he said thoughtfully, um, this sets forth that the verdict was unsupported by the evidence, was contrary to the evidence, was against the weight of the evidence, and the evidence was insufficient to support the verdict as to any or all of the issues; because of errors of the justice in admitting and excluding evidence; errors of law in the instructions to the jury, improper conduct on the part of counsel for the caveator in addressing jury, and in bills of exceptions.

Yes, your honor, replied the attorney. And do you believe it?

Certainly I do.

Well, well, and the judge grew sympathetic, it's a pity that the judge, and attorneys, and officials, and jury, and witnesses in that court don't know as much as you do. It really is, because if they did it would save me a great deal of worry and bother. Wouldn't you like to have a job as court instructor or something of that sort?

A ponderous basso having just completed a long solo at an afternoon concert, a little girl's voice was heard saying, "Mamma, has the gentleman quite done gargling?"

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

She—Golf can positively be traced in Scottish history to 1457, and it is believed to have been played much earlier than that date. He—I suppose the balls lost in the first game have not yet been recovered.

Ordinary household accidents have no terrors when there's a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the medicine chest. Heals burns, cuts, bruises, sprains. Instant relief.

A Patriot. "Is your wife interested in all this war talk?" "Interested? She went down cellar to-day and threw out eleven jars of Spanish pickles."

Seekers after gold know they may be disappointed, but seekers after health take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do them wonderful good.

THE MAXIM GUN.

Editor Democrat:

Having seen in your last issue a communication from your admirable and humane correspondent, tending to disparage the character and motives of the inventor of the Maxim gun, I take this opportunity to attempt to dispel some of the erroneous ideas regarding said gentleman; having in the last two years spent considerable time at his house in London as his guest, I feel myself fairly equipped as regards material wherewith to combat any unworthy sentiments people may entertain from the fact of his being the inventor and manufacturer of the most marvelous, death-dealing instrument in the world.

To see him in his own home would convince the most skeptical that he is first, last, and always, a man of peace—and regarding this great invention, he confidently believes it will ultimately be the means of carrying the olive branch of peace to all nations, for with its death-dealing properties every country will be only too glad to arbitrate, or settle its grievances in some other way than killing off its subjects. Heaven speed the day!

To quote from your correspondent—"What kind of an American would an inventor be, who, when war was imminent between his own native land and another, would sell such a destructive weapon to his country's foes—if war was imminent when sold!" I wish to say that Spain and every other country on the globe except the United States adopted his gun years ago, when it was first put on the market, notwithstanding the fact that he gave the United States the first chance, and spent time and money in vain, trying to convince them of its superiority over all others, but they would not listen, or have anything to do with it—one reason being the fact that some congressman in office at that time was interested in the Gatling gun, so that was adopted and the Maxim refused recognition. Of course there remained no other course for the inventor than to dispose of his wares elsewhere if not in his own country—and for that reason he is to-day a citizen of another country than his own—and the opportunity forever lost for the United States to secure exclusive right to this wonderful instrument of warfare, with which they could effectually scare off all hostile tribes.

The gun in question, however, which fires 775 shots a minute, is not the one that is likely to figure conspicuously in the prospective war with Spain, as it is meant for land service rather than for marine warfare, not being a long range shooter. However, when the war cloud began to loom up over the horizon of the United States, then they suddenly discovered the supremacy of the Maxim gun, and ordered a $200,000 supply.

The inventor has more recently patented one which exceeds any other in long range shooting, but is of course not so rapid in firing, though is far ahead of any other in that respect. This government has also secured $175,000 worth of these, which was all they had made at the time.

In other respects, also, the inventor considers he has been unjustly and unfairly treated by his own country. In an interview with him published in Cassler's Magazine, he says of one of his gun mountings patented in England in 1886: "This was one of the greatest hits I ever made. It was broadly patented in the United States, and the American government applied it to all their guns, for it was found to be very much better than anything else known. In fact it was so good that a member of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance induced a subordinate to take out another patent on it so as to use and evade my apparatus without paying a royalty. Then my patent of July, 1889, was the first apparatus ever used in the world for training large guns by electrical means. The United States government are using it extensively in the navy without compensation to me, notwithstanding the fact that I was the inventor."

In an article in the Strand Magazine by an interviewer he also says: "I have not been treated well by my own country, and I am now of the opinion that England offers fairer scope and openings for the inventor than America, where opportunities and contracts are not usually given on grounds of merit, but sold for the most advantageous terms—for this reason my gun is not adopted there, whilst my gun carriage and smokeless powder have been misappropriated in America." Notwithstanding all this he is not vindictive, but on the contrary most deeply patriotic and never fails to take up the cudgels for his own country whenever opportunity offers, and would have been only too glad to have taken up his gun in its defence long ago had he been given the chance.

Sensational newspapers are undoubtedly responsible for many misleading opinions, and they should be always taken with a grain of salt—indeed in most cases with a good big lump.

Of course it is deplorable that there should ever be necessity for making or selling such implements of carnage, but as this country is rich enough to buy all the guns that were ever made, Uncle Sam should have seen to it long ago that his domain was sufficiently protected, so that no hostile tribe would dare venture near with warlike intent, and then we should have peace forever after! But evidently this government has been paying more attention to the making of millionaires than to the making of defences for the safety of its people.

War always involves the slaughter of the innocent, but ever since the world began it has held sway continuously somewhere in the universe, and until the world ends we fear the brute element in human nature will never be entirely subdued; but we *did* hope that our own loved country would never again entertain the horrible spectre in its breast for an instant. If these people who are now making such war with their mouths could read that graphic and harrowing description in your last issue of the experiences of *one day* in our last cruel war, they would never want this country to see another, but we all know that if the ones who are so fierce for bloodshed were the ones themselves to stand up and fight, or their homes the ones to be made desolate by the sacrifice of their own sons, then this inhuman war cry would never have rent the earth.

"Well," they say, "suppose you who cry for peace belonged to the families of some of the men who were blown up on the Maine!" "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. To be sure *some one* belongs to the families of those brave men. But will it bring them back to life to kill ten thousand times as many more and thus make as many more homes desolate? If that incident be made the basis of war, then surely we have substituted the methods of barbarism for those of Christianity and civilization.

We might all learn a lesson in Christianity from the Chinese nation despite the fact of our sending missionaries there to convert the heathen, for that nation contends that all the territory in the world is not worth fighting for, but rather let other countries come right in and stake out their claims and take whatever will satisfy their greed.

That constantly reiterated cry of "peace with honor" is growing tiresome. Was there ever any war that was honorable? No, it is barbarism and disgrace. Heaven save us from such ignominy and humiliation, and keep the flower of our American manhood from being slayers and slain! Amen. M M

No. Cambridge, Mass., April 12, 1898.

Here is the Courier-Gazette's report of a recent Rockland affair: "The ladies' relief corps recently advertised to wear bloomers at one of their suppers and entertainments, and also to sell bloomers. It is needless to add that there was a large attendance. More men suddenly realized that they needed a good supper and wanted to help out the corps, than one would have thought possible to scrape up in the whole city. The supper and entertainment, as already described in the columns of the Courier-Gazette, proved a howling success, but the men looked in vain for any trace of that wearing apparel known to the bicycling fraternity as bloomers. One man's curiosity (this time it wasn't a woman who was curious) got the better of him, and he inquired in a whisper of one of the corps members where the bloomers were. 'Why, here,' she replied, pointing to a fragrant carnation, 'and we have lots of 'em for sale. Won't you buy one? Only five cents.' What could the poor man do?"

The Wheelmen and the Tiger.

"It was close here," said the opium planter, "that they caught a tiger credited with having done to death 300 natives. Only last week while out for a walk I saw a tiger leisurely pass across the road. Are you likely to be attacked? Well, I don't know. You may and may not, but I rather think a bicycle would frighten a tiger."

Of course we said it would be rather nice to see a tiger, that it would provide an appreciated adventurous fillip. But, as a matter of fact, we regretted having talked determinedly about the absolute necessity of getting away with the moonrise. We tried to shake our host's convictions that it was at night tigers were on the prowl. But he would not accommodate us.

Maybe, we conjectured, the animals keep close to the roadway, watching for victims. So as our Rovers went spinning along in the mellow moonlight eyes were strained ahead for any prowling object. Once there was a quick steadying down of pace. There was some beast running along in the shade. It wasn't big enough for a camel, it was too big for a dog, so it must be a tiger. Never a word was said. Each pretended not to notice anything. Still there was an affinity of funk. "Now, I wonder what brute that is?" one of us at last asked in a pretended don't care voice. "Oh, nothing particular—hyena or something," was the reply. All the while the animal was behaving in a distinctly mysterious way. We could see its dark form in the gloom. It was traveling ahead at a leisurely pace, occasionally rustling the branches. We settled down to a dead crawl in its wake. Suddenly the brute strayed upon a patch of moonlight. It was a poor little insignificant donkey.—Travel.

Romance of a Diamond.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century a soldier belonging to one of the French garrisons in India became enamored of the eyes of Brahma in the temple of Serringham. These eyes were diamonds, more brilliant than ever shone under the eyebrows of Crapaud's European divinities. Their luster captivated his soul. He haunted the temple and, yielding to the might of the god, became a convert to his worship. At least so he persuaded the priests, who went so far as to admit him to some care of the temple, doubtless trusting Brahma to protect his own. But on a stormy night the convert disappeared, and with him one of the idol's eyes, the other having resisted all his efforts to dislodge it. So Brahma was left squinting, and the perfidious Frenchman sold his prize to a captain in the English navy for about $10,000. Later it was bought by the Armenian merchant Schaffras for more than five times this sum and shown by him to Catherine of Russia, who offered for it about $400,000, a life pension of $