THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 79. SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1912. NUMBER 30.

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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.

How to Have a Good Hay Crop in a Dry Season.

A neighbor who moved into a new house and made a garden in another place seeded the old one with grass seed (pricipally timothy and redtop). The second year after seeding was remarkably dry, and the best meadows in this region cut a very light swath. In striking contrast, the grass on that old garden spot was as tall and thick as ever grew in this country in a wet season, and good enough to satisfy any reasonable man. Why did this old garden spot raise better grass than the adjoining meadow? Why did it not suffer for moisture the same as other grass lands in the vicinity? Chiefly because it was so much richer to supply abundantly the necessary means of growth, and was fuller of humus to absorb and retain more of the rain water for the use of the plants. A large proportion of humus in the soil no doubt facilitated the rise of the ground water by capillary action. The garden had been manured with stable manure year after year for fifty years, until it was as rich as a guano island to the depth of eighteen inches or more.

Of course, seeding down old gardens to raise big crops of hay would not be wise so long as they produce good vegetables; but the conditions that made this old garden spot so productive in a dry season can be secured for whole meadows by the employment of the same means. The conditions are a soil made rich and deep with well rotted stable manure.

Of course it will cost considerable, but no good thing can be obtained without expenditure of money or labor by somebody, and it will be worth more by the increased crop of hay than its improvement cost. You may say: "Manure is all right for grass or grain, but we never have enough of it, and we keep all the stock our farms will carry." Try keeping more stock and the additional manure will supply the grass and grain to keep them.

Some farmer critics would say: "Robbing Peter to pay Paul; put all your manure on your meadows and have an empty corn crib. Corn is worth more than hay at any time." Maybe not. Let us examine that matter a little. Take the following states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. For the 10 years from 1901 to 1911 (inclusive) the average production of hay per acre was 1 26 tons and the average farm price per ton was $13.12. The average farm value per acre for the ten years was $16.53.

The average value of corn per acre in those same states for the same years was $21 98, only $5.45 more than an acre of hay. The corn ground had to be ploughed, harrowed, planted and cultivated four or five times, and the corn had to be cut up, husked and shelled. Good seed adds something to the cost. The only expense of raising an acre of hay after the meadow is seeded is in cutting and curing the hay. Does anybody believe that $5.45 will pay the difference in cost between raising a crop of corn and a crop of hay?

It is said there are meadows in England that have not been ploughed in a thousand years and the owners would consider it a great injury to have them ploughed. They are manured regularly with stable manure and dressed with commercial fertilizers. If any weeds appear they are immediately spudded out.

The climate of England is moister than America's. There are more rains there and they are better distributed through the growing season. With our droughty summers we probably could not keep our meadows seeded so long as those in England if we tried ever so hard; but we could keep them raising profitable crops of grass much longer than we now do by top dressing with manure, as do the English farmers.

The late George M. Clark, of Higganum, Conn., who raised such enormous crops of grass per acre as to almost stagger belief (and in spite of severe drouths), applied large quantities of stable manure to his meadows, besides a liberal amount of commercial fertilizers. Professor W. F. Massey says: "Farming for hay does not differ from the farming for grain in the need of keeping up the productivity of the land through fertilizers and a good rotation; hay farming may be the most profitable method of farming one can adopt."—J. W. Ingham, Tonawanda, Penn., in Tribune Farmer.

Danger in Inexpert Inbreeding.

Elba Thomas, of Scio, N. Y., writes that he has a very promising registered Holstein heifer, three years old, which is the mother of a bull now one year old, He asks me as to whether it will be a good or bad policy to breed this heifer to her own son. This is a question that confronts many farmers. Mr. Thomas has a promising heifer and she has produced him a promising bull, and perhaps there is not as promising a Holstein bull within reach of him as his own is for him to breed his heifer to. In case there is I say breed your promising heifer to the bull in no way related to her, yet of the same family. All incestuous breeding places the breeder on thin ice, especially when the mother has some physical defect, like a badly formed udder. She may be a large producer of milk and of good constitution, but her son will inherit the tendency to produce heifer calves with the same badly formed udders of his mother when used on common grade cows, and if bred back to his mother one can with a high degree of certainty depend upon her producing heifer calves with the same defect intensified; or if the offspring is a male, his get will invariably be heifers with badly formed udders. The same ratio holds good with other physical defects.

Thus it is on general principles hazardous to practice incestuous breeding except as the breeder is an expert in the physical conformation of animals he may be breeding. It is true that the types of all pure bred animals have been fixed by more or less inbreeding, some of which is incestuous breeding, but it has been done by experts. Therefore I say to Mr. Thomas and to others who are similarly situated: If you are not an expert in animal conformation, don't make the attempt. It might be a mistake that would ruin your fond hopes of success. It might be wisdom on the part of Mr. Thomas to call in an expert on animal conformation and have him closely examine the promising heifer and her son, and follow his advice.—C. D. Smead, V. S., in Tribune Farmer.

Give the Birds Some Green Food.

Green food, where liberty is enjoyed, will be gathered by the birds themselves. Where poultry must be closely confined to bare yards, in which not so much as a weed can start, the owner should provide a supply of this necessary element. It is abundant and cheap. It requires only a few moments to gather it. It is unreasonable not to provide it. A little green food will keep the fowls regular and healthy. It will give the crops the proper distension. And it will contain more elements of support and growth which may be lacking in the regular rations. It is a good thing; pass it along to all the feathered stock, old or young.

You need not be afraid the hens will eat too much crushed shells. Let them have all they want.

The thing which bars all progress is the lack of business organization on the farm.

Agricultural College Extension Work in Demand.

The past year the most successful in the history of the extension work of the agricultural college. A large increase in number of meetings and 25 per cent increase in the number of people reached. Is your town using this service? It is yours for the asking.

The agricultural extension work at the College of Agriculture was organized for the purpose of serving the people of Maine. That its efforts are meeting with approval is evidenced by the rapid growth of the service. Granges are using the extension service for lectures, demonstrations and co-operative work. Agricultural departments in high schools and academies are using it in holding extension schools covering from one to four days. Farmers and farmers' families have used it in making co-operative tests with corn, oats, and alfalfa, in taking correspondence courses, and in securing expert advice. Rural schools and school officials have used it in helping to organize boys' and girls' agricultural clubs, and in securing seed for conducting the contests; cow test and breeders' associations have used it for lectures and demonstrations of various kinds, including stock and crop judging; agricultural fairs have used it for placing exhibitions and judging farm products and animals. 35 per cent represents the increase in the number of meetings and demonstrations conducted by the extension department during the past year.

A circular announcing the plans for the summer extension service has just been issued and already many requests are being made for lectures and demonstrations. The entire agricultural faculty are available for the summer extension work so that it will be possible during the months of August and September to send workers into every county in Maine. Lectures and demonstrations are given on request from granges, agricultural associations, clubs, fairs, and for individuals. They deal with the vital problems of farm and country life. They are given without expense to local people. Anyone interested in the summer extension work should write to the Extension Department, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Starting the Calves Right.

Our neighbors are greatly exercised over the amount of butter we are making from two cows, one fourteen years old, and farrow, and the other six years old, a calf of the former. They are of mixed blood, Durham predominating. Of course, we have a good cream separator, as have some of our neighbors. I wish to say to these good people and many others like unto them: You did not begin soon enough with your cows; you half starved them when they were little calves. I do not mean that calves should be fed large quantities at a time, keep them in good shape, but keep them healthy and growing. All animals on a farm should be fed three times a day. Three sufficient meals a day are much better for all animals than two large ones. All animals should be fed regularly.

My little calves are fed new milk three times a day until they are two weeks old; small feeds, gradually increased in quantity as they grow older, and gradually changed to sweet warm skim milk. The pails from which they drink are kept as clean as the milking pails.

When the calf will eat nice bright clover hay, which many of them do at a month or six weeks, I give milk morning and night only, at noon giving water, which they soon learn to drink. I keep the hay always before them, and never feed grain until the second year; they will not eat too much hay. I am careful not to give them so much milk at a feed as to spoil their shape. I keep them satisfied and growing. My calves never bawl, yet are always ready for their feed, because they are fed by the clock, as all animals should be fed and as all cows should be milked. The result is my neighbors are exclaiming over the butter yield of my cows and the size and weight of my beef cattle. My calves are on good pasture in summer.—A. L. S., Ontario County, N. Y.

Maine a Faming State.

In some parts of the country where they boast of more level land, deeper and freer soil and milder climate, they are wont to look with some contempt on Maine as an agricultural state. That is because they don't know any better. They should visit the farms and homes of this state and see the signs of thrift and comfort. They should attend the agricultural fairs, in particular the large corn and fruit shows. They should read the accounts of meetings of dairymen and poultrymen. They should hear of the prizes won for best yields of corn. They should study the potato statistics. They should witness the numbers and activity of the farmers' organization, the Grange. By the test of the Grange alone the agriculture of Maine is in anything but a backward state. At the recent session of the National Grange, the Maine branch was the third in the list of states in amount of dues paid in, being exceeded in this respect by only two states—Pennsylvania and New York. In numbers, the Maine Grange approaches a membership of 60,000, and it is alert, vigorous and growing. — Presque Isle Star-Herald.

No one who lives in Aroostook County need feel under the necessity of taking anything but the first place when comparing Maine's farming land with farming land in any other part of the United States. As for the climate—well, a mild climate does not always produce the best and the greatest men.

Speaking about level land, however, the man who is inclined to feel any contempt for Maine farms should be introduced to the great plains of Washington County.—Maine Farmer.

The 1912 Apple Crop.

Many things will happen before the apples are picked, but predicting the size of any kind of a crop has now become so much of a science that the trade goes ahead and makes its plans months in advance, on the strength of the predictions. Just now the shippers are making long-distance plans to handle one of the biggest apple crops on record. The experts tell us that the American commercial crop will reach fifty million barrels. Last year at this time the same experts figured that the crop would be twenty-nine million barrels, and it proved to be a little under thirty million.

From all the apple raising regions the reports are exceptionally encouraging. In northern New England—which raises as good apples as are raised or can be raised anywhere in the world—the prospects are for a great crop. It is a pity that New England has not millions more of apple trees, and that many of the abandoned farms, and many other farms that ought to be abandoned as far as tillage is concerned, are not being transformed into orchards, which, properly cared for, would be gold mines for their owners.

The "box apple" region of Washington, Oregon and Idaho is doing wonderful things in the line of apples. That is, wonderful in quantity, for the quality is inferior to our New England apples. This year the northwestern crop will be nearly twice that of 1910, the largest yet produced there. It will be from 16,000 to 18,000 cars of 160 barrels to a car. At the present rate of growth and development, so the experts estimate, that region will ship about 50,000 cars of apples by 1915 and 140,000 cars by 1920. And the northwestern methods of orcharding, packing and shipment carry a lesson that the eastern orchardists cannot afford to ignore.—Boston Herald.

There are four sources of profit in dairying: the butter fat, the skim milk, the manure that goes back to the land and the calves. If well bred dairy stock is kept, this last can be made an important factor.—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

FRECKLES

By Gene Stratton-Porter

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CHAPTER XXIII.
THREE GUESSES.

"WHEN the younger son found that she had left London, he ran off and followed her," continued the angel. Freckles was listening most attentively now. "When she got here all alone and afraid," the angel went on, "and saw him coming to her, why, she was so glad she up and married him, just like anybody else would have done. He didn't want her to travel with the troupe, so when they got to Chicago they thought that would be a good place, and they stopped, and he hunted work. It was slow business, because he had never been taught to do a useful thing, and he didn't even know how to hunt work, least of all to do it when he found it: so pretty soon things were going wrong. But if he couldn't find work, she could always sing, so she sang at night, and made little things in the daytime. He didn't like her to sing in public, and he wouldn't let her when he could help himself; but winter came, it was very cold, and fire was expensive. Rents went up, and they had to move farther out to cheaper and cheaper places; an I you were coming—I mean, the boy that is lost was coming—and they were almost distracted. Then the man wrote and told his father all about it, and his father sent the letter back unopened and wrote him to never write again.

"When the baby came, there was mighty little left to pawn for food and a doctor, and nothing at all for a nurse. An old neighbor woman went in and took care of the young mother and the little baby, just because she was so sorry for them. By that time they were away out in the suburbs on the top floor of a little wooden house, among a lot of factories, and it kept getting colder, with less to eat. Then the man got desperate, and he went out to just find something to eat; and the woman was desperate, too. She got up, left the old woman to take care of her baby and went into the city to sing for some money. The woman got so cold she put the baby in bed and went home. Then a boiler blew up in a factory beside the little house and set it on fire. A piece of iron was pitched across the little house and broke through the roof. It came down smash, and cut just one little hand off the poor baby. It screamed and screamed, and the fire kept coming closer and closer.

"The old woman ran out with the rest of the people and saw what had happened. She knew there wasn't going to be time to wait for the firemen or anything, and she ran into the building. She could hear the poor little baby screaming, and she couldn't stand that, so she worked her way up to it. There it was, all hurt and bleeding. Then she was scared almost to death over thinking what its mother would do to her for going off and leaving it, so she ran to a home for little friendless babies that was near and banged on the door. Then she hid across the street until the baby was taken in, and then she ran back to see if her own house was burning up. The factory and the little house and a lot of others were all gone. The people there told her that the beautiful lady came back and ran into the house to find her baby. She had just gone in when her husband came, and he went in after her, and the house went down over both of them."

Freckles lay rigid, with his eyes on the angel's face, and she talked rapidly to the ceiling.

"Then the old woman was just sick about that poor little baby. She was afraid to tell them at the home, because she knew she never should have left it, but she wrote a letter and sent it to where the beautiful woman, when she was ill, had said her husband's people lived. She told all about the little baby that she could remember; when it was born, how it was named for the man's elder brother, that its hand had been cut off in the fire, and where she had put it to be doctored and taken care off. She told them that its mother and father were both burned, and she begged and implored them to come and get it.

"You think it would have melted a heart of ice, but that old man hadn't any heart to melt, for he got that letter and read it. He hid it away among his papers and never told a soul. A few months ago he died. When his elder son went to settle up his business he found that letter almost the first thing. He dropped everything, and came, with his wife, to hunt that baby, because he had always loved his brother dearly, and wanted him back. He had hunted for him all he dared all these years, and when he got here you were gone—I mean the baby was gone—and I had to tell you, Freckles, for you see it might have happened to you like that just as easy as to that other lost boy."

Freckles reached up and turned the angel's face until he compelled her eyes to meet his.

"Angel," said Freckles at last, catching her wrist, "are you trying to tell me that there is somebody hunting a boy that you're thinking might be me? Are you belavin' you've found me relations?"

Then the angel's eyes came home. The time had come. She pinioned Freckles' arms to his sides and bent above him.

"How strong are you, dear heart?" she breathed. "How brave are you? Can you bear it? Dare I tell you that?"

"No!" gasped Freckles. "Not if you're sure! I can't bear it! I'll die if you do!"

The day had been one unremitting strain with the angel! Nerve tension was drawn to the finest thread. It snapped suddenly.

"Die?" she flamed. "Die, if I tell you that! You said this morning that you would die if you didn't know your name, and if your people were honorable. Now I've gone and found you a name that stands for ages of honor, a mother that loved you enough to go into the fire and die for you, and the nicest kind of relatives, and you turn round and say you'll die over that! You just try dying and you'll get a good slap!"

The angel stood glaring at him. One second Freckles lay paralyzed and dumb with astonishment. The next the Irish in his soul rose above everything. A roar of laughter burst from him. The terrified angel caught him in her arms and tried to stifle the sound. She implored and commanded. The tears rolled from Freckles' eyes and he wheezed on. When he was too worn out to utter another sound, his eyes laughed silently.

When he was quiet and rested the angel commenced talking to him softly.

"Dear Freckles," she was saying, "across your knees there is the face of the mother that went into the fire for you, and I know the name—old and full of honor—to which you were born. Dear heart, which will you have first!"

"Me mother!"

She lifted the lovely pictured face and set it in the nook of his arm. Freckles caught her hand and drew her down beside him, and together they gazed at the picture.

"Me mother! Oh, me mother! Can you ever be forgiving me? Oh, me beautiful little mother!" chanted Freckles over and over in exalted wonder.

"Wait!" cried the angel to the mute question she could no more answer than he could ask. "Wait, I will write it!"

She hurried to the table, caught up the nurse's pencil and on the back of

"ME MOTHER! OH, ME MOTHER!"

a prescription tablet wrote, "Terence Maxwell O'More, Dunderry House, County Clare, Ireland."

Before she had finished came Freckles' voice, "Angel, are you hurrying?"

"Yes," said the angel, "I am. But there is a good deal of it. I have to put in your house and country, so that you will feel located."

"Me house?" marveled Freckles.

"Of course," said the angel. "Your uncle says your grandmother left your father her dower house and estate, because she knew his father would cut him off. You get that, and all your share of your grandfather's property besides. It is all set off for you and waiting. Lord O'More told me so. I suspect you are richer than McLean, Freckles."

She closed his fingers over the slip and straightened his hair.

"Now you are all right, dear Limberlost guard," she said. "You go to sleep and don't think of a thing but just pure joy, joy, joy! I'll keep your people until you wake up."

Freckles caught her skirt as she turned from him.

"I'll go to sleep in five minutes," he said, "if you will be doing just one thing more for me. Send for your father. Oh, angel, send for him quick!"

One instant the angel stood looking down on him. The next a crimson wave darkly stained her lovely face. Her chin began a spasmodic quivering and tears sprang into her eyes. Her hands caught at her chest as if she were stifling. Freckles' grasp on her tightened until he drew her up to and then down beside him. He slipped his arm about her and drew her face to his pillow.

"Don't angel; for the love of mercy don't be doing that," he implored. "I can't be bearing it. Tell me. You must tell me."

The angel shook her head.

"That ain't fair, angel," said Freckles. "You made me tell you when it was like tearing the heart raw from me breast. And you was for making everything heaven—just heaven and nothing else for me. If I'm so much more now than I was an hour ago, maybe I can be thinking of some way to fix things. You will be telling me?" he coaxed softly, moving his cheek against her hair.

The angel's head moved in negation. Freckles did a moment of intent thinking.

"Maybe I can be guessing," he whispered. "Will you be giving me three chances?"

There was just the faintest possible assent.

"You didn't want me to be knowing me name," guessed Freckles.

The angel's head sprang from the pillow and her tear stained face flamed with outraged indignation.

"Why, I did, too!" she burst out angrily.

"One gone," said Freckles calmly. "You didn't want me to have relatives, a home, and money."

"I did!" screamed the angel. "Didn't I go myself, all alone, into the city, and find them when I was afraid as death? I did too!"

"Two gone," said Freckles. "You didn't want the beautifulest girl in the world to be telling me"—

Down went the angel's face, and a heavy sob shook her. Freckles' clasp tightened about her shoulders, and his face, in its conflicting emotions, was a study. Despite all it meant to him to know at last his name and that he was of honorable birth—knowledge without which life was an eternal disgrace and burden—the one thing that was hammering in Freckles' heart and beating in his brain past any attempted expression was the fact that, while he might really have been nameless, the angel had told him that she loved him. He could find no word with which to begin to voice the rapture of his heart over that. But if she regretted it, if it had been a thing done out of her pity for his condition or her feeling of responsibility, if it killed him after all, there was only one thing left to do.

"Angel," whispered Freckles with his lips against her hair, "you haven't learned your history book very well, or you've forgotten."

"Forgotten what?" sobbed the angel.

"Forgotten about the real knight, ladybird," breathed Freckles softly. "Don't you know that if anything happened that made his lady sorry a real knight just simply couldn't be remembering it? Angel, darling little Swamp Angel, you be listening to me. There was one night on the trail, one solemn, grand, white night that there wasn't ever any other like before or since, when the dear boss put his arm about me and told me that he loved me, but—if you care, angel, if you don't want it that way, why, I ain't remembering that anybody else ever did—not in me whole life."

The angel lifted her head and looked into the depths of Freckles' honest gray eyes, and they met hers unwaveringly; but the pain in them was pitiful.

"Do you mean," she demanded, "that you don't remember that a brazen, forward girl told you, when you hadn't asked her, that she"—the angel choked on it a second, but she gave a gulp and brought it out bravely—"that she loved you?"

"No!" thundered Freckles. "No! I don't remember anything of the kind."

But all the song birds of his soul burst into melody over that one little clause, "When you hadn't asked her."

"But you will," said the angel. "You may live to be an old, old man, and then you will."

"I will not!" cried Freckles. "How can you think it, angel?"

"You won't even look as if you remember!"

"I will not!" persisted Freckles. "I'd rather give it all up now and go out into eternity alone, without ever seeing a soul of me same blood or me home or hearing another man call me by the name I was born to than to remember anything that would be hurting you, angel."

CHAPTER XXIV.
RINGS AND A FEATHER.

THE angel's tear stained face flashed into dazzling beauty.

"Oh, Freckles, forgive me!" she cried. "I've been through so much that I'm scarcely myself or I wouldn't be here bothering you when you should be sleeping. Of course you couldn't. You're too good a knight to remember a thing like that. Of course you are! And when you don't remember, why, then it's the same as if it never happened. Oh, Freckles, I'm so glad! I'm so happy! It's dear of you to not remember, Freckles; perfectly dear! It's no wonder I love you so. The wonder would be if I did not. I should like to know how I'm ever going to make you understand how much I love you!"

Pillow and all, she caught him to her breast, and then she was gone.

Freckles lay dazed with astonishment. At last his batting eyes rolled about the room, searching for something approaching the human to which he could appeal, and, falling on his mother's portrait, he set it up before him.

"For the love of life! Me little mother," he panted, "did you hear that? Did you hear it? Tell me, am I living or am I dead and all heaven come true this minute? Did you hear it? You are only a pictured face, and of course you can't talk, but the soul of you must be somewhere, and surely in this hour you are near enough to be hearing. Tell me, did you hear that? I can't ever be telling a living soul; but, darling little mother, that gave your life for mine, I can always be talking of it to you! Every day we'll talk it over and try to understand the miracle of it. Tell me, are all women like that? Were you like me Swamp Angel? If you were then I'm understanding why me father followed across the ocean and went into the fire after you."

Freckles' voice trailed off, his eyes dropped shut, and his head rolled back from sheer exhaustion. Later in the day he insisted on seeing Lord and Lady O'More, but he fainted before the look of his own face on that of another man.

The next morning the man of affairs, with a heart filled with misgivings, undertook the interview on which Freckles insisted. His fears were without cause. Freckles was the soul of honor and simplicity.

"Have they been telling you what's come to me?" he asked without even waiting for a greeting.

"Yes," said the angel's father.

"Do you think you have the very worst of it clear to your understanding?"

Under Freckles' earnest eyes the man of affairs answered soberly, "I think I have, Mr. O'More."

That was the first time Freckles heard his name from the lips of another man. One second he lay overcome, the next great tears filled his eyes, and he reached out his hand. Then th angel's father understood, and he clasped that hand and held it in a strong, firm grasp.

"Terence, my boy," he said, "let me do the talking. I came in here with the understanding that you wanted to ask me for my only child. I should like, at the proper time, to regard her marriage, if she has found the man she desires to marry, not as losing all I have, but as gaining a man I can depend on to love as a son and to take charge of my affairs for her when I retire from business. Bend all of your energies toward rapid recovery, and from this hour understand that my daughter and my home are yours."

"You're not forgetting this?"

Freckles lifted his right arm.

"Terence, I'm sorrier than I have words to express about that," said the man of affairs. "But if it's up to me to choose whether I give all I have left in this world to a man with a hand off his body or to one of these gambling, tippling, immoral spendthrifts of today, with both hands and feet off their souls and a rotten spot in the core, I choose you, and it seems that my daughter does the same. Put what is left you of that right arm to the best uses you can in this world, and never again mention or feel that it is defective as long as you live. Good day, sir!"

"One minute more," said Freckles. "Yesterday the angel was telling me that there was money coming to me from two sources. She said that me grandmother had left me father all of her fortune and her house because she knew that his father would be cutting him off, and that me uncle had also set aside for me what would be me father's interest in his father's estate.

"Whatever the sum is that me grandmother left me father, because she loved him and wanted him to be having it, that I'll be taking. 'Twas hers from her father, and she had the right to be giving it as she chose. Anything from the man that knowingly left me father and me mother to go cold and hungry and into the fire in misery when just a little would have made life so beautiful to them and saved me this crippled body—money that he willed from me when he knew I was living, of his blood and on charity among strangers, I don't touch, not if I freeze, starve and burn too! If there ain't enough besides that and I can't be earning enough to fix things for the angel"—

"We are not discussing money!" burst in the man of affairs. "We don't want any blood money! We have all we need without it. If you don't feel right and easy over it, don't you touch a cent of any of it."

"It's right I should have what me grandmother intinded for me father, and I want it," said Freckles, "but I'd die before I'd touch a cent of me grandfather's money!"

"Now," said the angel, "we are all going home. We have done all we can for Freckles. His people are here. He needs to know them. They are very anxious to get acquainted with him. We'll turn him over to them and go home. When he is well, why, then he will be perfectly free to go to Ireland or come to the Limberlost, just as he chooses. We will go right away."

McLean bore it for a week, and then he could stand it no longer. Communing with himself in the long, soundful nights of the swamp, he had learned to his astonishment that for the last year his heart had been circling the Limberlost with Freckles.

He started for Chicago, loaded with a big box of goldenrod, asters, fringed gentians and crimson leaves that the angel had carefully gathered for Freckles' room, and a little, long slender package. He would not admit it even to himself, but he was unable to remain longer away from Freckles and leave him to the care of Lord O'More.

In a few minutes' talk, while McLean waited admission to Freckles' room, his lordship had genially chatted of Freckles' rapid recovery, of his delight that he was unspotted by his early surroundings and his desire to visit the Limberlost with Freckles before they sailed. He said they were anxious to do all they could to help bind Freckles' arrangements with the angel, as both he and Lady O'More regarded her as the most promising girl they knew and one that could be fully fitted to fill the high position in which Freckles would place her.

Every word he uttered was pungent with bitterness to McLean. The swamp had lost its flavor without Freckles, and yet as Lord O'More talked McLean fervently wished that he was in the heart of it.

All the tan and sunburn had been washed from Freckles' face in sweats of agony. It was a smooth, even white, its brown rift showing but faintly. What the nurses and Lady O'More had done to Freckles' hair McLean could not guess, but it was the most beautiful that he had ever seen. Fine as floss, bright in color, waving and crisp, it fell about the white face.

They had got his arms into and his chest covered with a finely embroidered pale blue silk shirt, with soft white tie at the throat. Among the many changes that had taken place during his absence, the fact that Freckles was most attractive and barely escaped being handsome remained almost unnoticed by the boss, so great was his astonishment at seeing both cuffs turned back and the right arm in view. Freckles was using the maimed arm that heretofore he had always hidden.

"Oh, Lord, sir, but I'm glad to see you!" burst out Freckles, almost rolling from the bed as he reached for him. "I'm picking the angel's ring stone that me Aunt Alice ordered. It's an emerald—just me color, Lord O'More says. Every color of the old swamp is in it. I asked angel to have a little shamrock leaf cut on it, so every time I saw it I'd be thinking of the love, truth, and valor of that song she was teaching me. Ain't that a beautiful song?"

Freckles tilted about a tray of unset stones that would have ransomed several valuable kings.

"I tell you I'm glad to see you, sir," he said. "I tried to tell me uncle what I wanted, but this ain't for him to be mixed up in, anyway, and I don't think I made it clear to him. I can be telling you, sir. I told him that I would pay only $300 for the angel's stone. I'm thinking that with what he has laid up for me, and the bigness of things that the angel did for me, that seems like a stingy little sum to him. I know he thinks I ought to be giving a lot more, but I feel as if I just had to be buying that stone with money I earned meself, and that is all I have saved of me wages. I don't mind paying for the muff, or the dressing table, or Mrs. Duncan's things, from this other money, and later the angel can have every last cent of me grandmother's, if she'll take it, but just now—oh, sir, can't you see that I have to be buying this stone with what I have in the bank?"

"In other words, Freckles," said the boss, "you don't want to buy the angel's ring with money. You want to give for it your first awful fear of the swamp. You want to pay for it with the loneliness and heart hunger you have suffered there, with last winter's freezing on the line and this summer's burning in the sun. You want the price of that stone to be the fears that have chilled your heart—the sweat and blood of your body."

Freckles' face quivered with feeling.

"Dear Mr. McLean," he said, reaching up with a caress over the boss' black hair and along his cheek. "Dear boss, that's why I've wanted you so. I knew you would know. Now you will be looking at these? I don't want emeralds, because that's what she gave me."

Freckles heaped the pearls with the emeralds. He studied the diamonds a long time. The diamonds joined the emeralds and pearls. There was left a little red heap, and Freckles' fingers touched it with a new tenderness.

"I'm thinking here's me angel's stone," he exulted. "The Limberlost, and me with it, grew in mine, but it's going to bloom, and her with it, in this! There's the red of the wild poppies, the cardinal flowers and the little bunch of crushed foxfire that we found where she put it to save me. There's the light of the camp fire and the sun setting over Sleepy Snake creek. There's the red of the blood we were willing to give for each other. It's like her lips and like the drops that dried on her beautiful arm that first day, and I'm thinking it must be like the brave, tender, clean, red heart of her."

Freckles lifted the ruby to his lips and handed it to McLean.

"Freckles, may I ask you something?" he said.

"Why, sure," said Freckles. "There's nothing you would be asking that it wouldn't be giving me joy to be telling you."

McLean's eyes traveled to Freckles' right arm, with which he was pushing the jewels about.

"Oh, that!" cried Freckles with a merry laugh. You're wanting to know where all the bitterness is gone? Well, sir, 'twas carried from me soul, heart and body on the lips of an angel. Seems that hurt was necessary in the beginning to make today come true. The wound had always been raw, but the angel was healing it. If she doesn't care, I don't. May I be asking you a question? Well, then, if this accident and all that's come to me since had never happened, what was it you meant to do with me?"

"Why, Freckles," answered McLean, "I figured on taking you to Grand Rapids and putting you in the care of my mother. I had an idea it would be best to get a private tutor to coach you for a year or two, until you were fit to enter Ann Arbor or the Chicago university in good shape. Then I thought we'd finish in this country at Yale or Harvard, and end with Oxford, to get a good all round flavor."

"Is that all?" asked Freckles.

"No; that's leaving the music out. I intended to have your voice tested, and

"DEAR BOSS, DEAR FATHER, DON'T BE DOING THAT'"

if you really were endowed for a career as a great musician, and had inclinations that way, I wished to have you drop some of the college work and make music your chief study. Finally, I wanted us to take a trip over Europe and clear around the circle together."

"And then what?" queried Freckles breathlessly.

"Why, then," said McLean, "you know that my heart is hopelessly in the woods. I will never quit the timber business while there is timber to handle and breath in my body. I thought if you didn't make a profession of music, and had any inclination my way, we would stretch the partnership one more and take you into the firm, placing your work with me."

Freckles lifted anxious and eager eyes to McLean.

"You told me once on the trail, and again when we thought I was dying, that you loved me. Do these things that have come to me make any difference in any way with your feeling toward me?"

"None," said McLean. "Nothing could make me love you more, and you will never do anything that will make me love you less."

"Glory be to God!" burst out Freckles. "When I'm educated enough, we'll all—the angel and her father, the Bird Woman, you, and me—will go together and see me house and me relations and be taking that trip. When we get back, we'll add O'More to the lumber company, and golly, sir, but we'll make things hum! Good land, sir! Don't do that! Why, Mr. McLean, dear boss, dear father, don't be doing that! What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing!" boomed McLean's deep bass; "nothing at all!"

He abruptly turned away and hurried to the window.

"This is a mighty fine view," he said.

"I'll be glad to see Ireland," said Freckles, "but I ain't ever staying long. All me heart is the angel's, and the Limberlost is calling every minute.

"Me heart's all me Swamp Angel's, and me love is all hers, and I have her and the swamp so confused in me mind I never can be separating them. When I look at her, I see blue sky, the sun rifting through the leaves and pink and red flowers, and when I look at the Limberlost I see a pink face with blue eyes, gold hair, and red lips, and, it's the truth, sir, they're mixed till they're one to me!

"I'm afraid it will be hurting some, but I have the feeling that I can be making my dear people understand, so that they will be willing to let me come back home. Send Lady O'More to put these flowers God made in the place of these glasshouse llegancies, and please be cutting the string of this little package the angel's sent me."

As Freckles held up the package, the lights of the Limberlost flashed in the emerald on his finger. On the cover was printed: "To the Limberlost Guard!" Under it was a big, crisp, iridescent black feather.

THE END.

Too Smooth.

"I won't play poker with that fellow any more. He's entirely too smooth. He bobbed up last night with four aces."

"What's wrong about that?"

"I had dealt him four queens."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Changed Fortune.

"Wow! There went Smithkins in his new six. When I knew him a few years ago he had a junk shop."

"He still has, only he moved it to a fashionable street, kept the same stock and labeled it 'Antiques.'" — Leslie's Weekly.

A Real Friend.

"Brown volunteered to lend me some money."

"Did you take it?"

"No. That sort of friendship is too good to lose."—Detroit Free Press.

MILLET'S RIOT IN COLORS.

The Artist Enraged the Critics, but Forced Recognition.

In his early years as an artist the late Frank D. Millet had a hard struggle to gain recognition. He sent pictures to exhibitions, to be sure, and good pictures they were, but no one paid any particular attention to them or said anything about them.

One day Millet conceived an idea. He painted a picture of a lady in black sitting on a bright red sofa, standing against a vivid yellow background. The effect was just a trifle startling. Friends who saw it in the process of production expostulated with him and asked him what he was going to do with it. They were astounded when he announced that he was going to send it to the exhibition. They told him the critics would "wipe the floor" with him. "They can't do that without mentioning me," said Millet quietly, "and they've never even done that, as yet."

To the exhibition the picture went. It killed everything within twenty feet on either side of it. You couldn't help looking at it. It simply knocked you down and held you there.

The critics got into a towering passion over it. They wrote whole columns about it. They exhausted the English language in abusing it. They ridiculed the committee that permitted it to be hung. They had squibs and gibes about it, but every time they spoke of it they mentioned Frank Millet. He suddenly became the best known artist in town. Somebody, because of the stir it had made, bought the picture at a good price and removed it to the seclusion of his own home.

When the next exhibition came off Millet had another picture ready, one of a very different sort and very good, but no better than others which he had exhibited before. The critics had much to say about it and "noted with pleasure the marked improvement" that Mr. Millet had made, "an evidence," as they modestly put it, "of the value of criticism, even though severe, to a young artist." And the majority of them never realized that Millet had simply compelled their attention by a clever trick.

TUNIS DIVORCE COURT.

An Oriental Scene That Smacks of "The Arabian Nights."

The next time you happen to be in Tunis don't fail to pay a visit to the divorce court. It is the most Haroun-al-Raschidic institution this side of Samarkand. A great hall of justice, vaulted and floored with marble and strewn with eastern carpets, forms the setting, while husbands in turbans and lawyers in tarbooshes, white veiled women and green robed, gray bearded judges complete a scene which might have been taken straight from "The Arabian Nights."

The women, closely veiled and hooded and herded like so many cattle within an iron grill, take no part in the proceedings which so intimately affect their futures, their interests being left in the hands of a voluble and gesticulative avocat. In each of the four sides of the great hall is an alcove, and in each alcove, seated cross legged on a many cushioned divan, is a green robed, gold turbaned cadi. To him the husband states his case, the wife, through her avocat, putting in her defense—if she has any.

The judge considers the facts in silence, gravely stroking his long gray beard the while, and then delivers his decision—in nine cases out of ten, so I was told, in favor of the husband. Should either party be dissatisfied with the finding he or she can take an appeal by the simple process of walking across the hall and laying their case before one of the other judges, whose decision is final.

A case, even if appealed, is generally disposed of well under an hour and at a total cost of $1.20.—Metropolitan Magazine.

UNCONSCIOUS COUNTING.

Train the Mind to Number Grouped Objects at a Glance.

It has always formed a part of the professional conjurer's education to acquire the power of making instant mental note of many objects. A German advocate of the theory that every one should cultivate some similar system of counting has suggested that the ability of most persons of distinguishing from three to five objects at a glance may be so perfected that the mind will find it possible to take note of at least thirty articles in the same length of time. This authority, Preyer, has declared that he can count thirty objects of the same kind as easily as other persons can count three or four.

Apart from such usefulness as this acquired power may impart, the method of teaching it is of interest. The test of one's ability in counting is easily made by placing several small objects, such as pins or coins, under a sheet of paper and then lifting the paper so that one may glance at the articles and give an immediate guess as to their number.

At first the eye finds it possible to distinguish only three or four objects, but practice soon enables the experimenter to manage any under ten with facility. Above that number the process becomes more difficult. Conscious counting is not permitted. The articles must be merely "valued."

To perfect oneself in this practice black spots, forming various geometrical figures, may be made upon squares of white cardboard, the number being gradually increased and the positions altered.

It is said that the sensation of a person practiced in unconscious counting when looking attentively at large numbers of objects is that their number "shoots rapidly through the head." —Philadelphia Record.

A Tight Fit.

"How do you like the rooms in your new flat?" asked Bill Brown.

"Pretty fair," answered Jim Jones.

"What do you mean by pretty fair?"

"Well, they're a little tight across the shoulders, but otherwise seem to be a good fit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irony of Fate.

"Did your husband have luck on his shooting trip?"

"The very worst. He accidentally shot the friend who was going to take us on an automobile tour and missed the man to whom he owed a lot of money."—Baltimore American.

Security.

"Did you lend that forgetful friend of yours the book he asked for?"

"Yes, but I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."—Washington Star.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JULY 23, 1912.

ATWOOD & FORBES,
Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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TIMOTHY F. CALLAHAN, of Lewiston

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WILLIAM B. SKELTON, of Lewiston

For State Senator,
ALBERT J. STEARNS, - of Norway

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For Judge of Probate,
ADDISON E. HERRICK, - of Bethel

For Register of Probate,
ALBERT D. PARK, - - of Paris

For Sheriff,
J. MELVIN BARTLETT, of Stoneham

For County Commissioner,
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For County Treasurer,
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For Representatives to the Legislature,
Walter G. Morse, - - of Rumford
George L. Wilder, - - - of Oxford
Alton C. Wheeler, - - of Paris
Otis M. Richardson, - - of Canton
Almon F. Johnson, - - of Brownfield
Ernest C. Bowler, - - - of Bethel
Nathan G. Foster, - - - of Mexico

Here and There.

A largely attended meeting of the Republican State Committee and interested parties was held at Augusta Thursday to make plans for the coming campaign. It was decided that the speaking campaign should begin Aug. 5. There was a great deal of enthusiasm manifested, and the outcome of the campaign in putting an end to the Democratic administration is anticipated with confidence.

A waiter in a New York restaurant is said to be worth $60,000. It is explained, however, that he did not make it all from tips. Eighteen thousand of it came from a stock deal.

"Why the burden of the summer coat?" asks the Boston Herald in an editorial heading. And then it immediately proceeds to answer its own question by saying that it is because men don't dare to drop the burden.

And while men are smothered in discomfort in the heat because of the appearance they would present in a more comfortable costume, there comes the announcement of a new style of costume now being devised by the arbiters of fashion for women in Paris, which is as much like a man in shirtsleeves and suspenders as it is possible for a woman in a skirt to look.

America carried off the honors in the Olympics in Sweden which is very gratifying to our American pride. The secret of it is said to be that we take our athletics as a serious business, while most of the other nations make them what they are termed, "sports."

Since man began to fly, only two aviators have died otherwise than by falling from the air. Wilbur Wright died of typhoid fever, and Hubert Latham, it has just been learned, was killed by a wild buffalo while hunting in Africa.

Scientists have recently been digging into Indian graves in Maine, and discovering things of value to them there. An instance of the fact that the sacredness of the dead is to an extent a matter of the degree of remoteness.

Official pamphlets and addresses tell us that the rash known as brown-tail itch is caused by the hairy matter moulted by the brown-tail caterpillar at one of its moultings. And now some physicians are asserting that hairs loosened from the flying moths are responsible for the poisoning. Whichever is right, there is little doubt that the brown-tail will get credit for at least all that is due him in the line of skin affections.

The inspector reporting to the Interstate Commerce Commission on the recent accident on the Ligonier Valley road in which a score were killed, says there was no record of train orders, no train register, no printed rules for train operation, no block signals, not much of any system anyway—and draws the wise conclusion that the method of train operation was faulty.

It isn't really mixing into theology to remark that the International Bible Students' Association, in adopting a resolution repudiating the teaching of a place of "hell-fire and brimstone" for the torment of the wicked, is almost insulting the intelligence of the century. But when it includes in the repudiation not only a place, but also a state or condition of torment, there is a matter that may be subject to debate. "Talk about there not being any hell?" said an Oxford County woman once, "I know better. I've seen two or three of them right in my own town."

Isn't it almost funny that after the legislature has gone to the trouble of passing a law establishing an old home week in Maine, the towns which observe old home week never do it in the week established by law?

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

Paris Hill.

First Baptist Church, Rev. G. W. F. Hill, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12. Sabbath evening service at 7:30. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Covenant Meeting the last Friday before the 1st Sunday of the month at 2:30 P. M. All not otherwise connected are cordially invited.

A large picnic party from Hebron, most of the younger people of which came in a hayrack, were at the Hill Tuesday.

The Misses Elizabeth and Emma Dickerson of Chicago, are guests of Miss Olivia E. P. Stokes.

Rev. Jesse Hill, D. D., of Portland, and Mrs. Hill, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Staples at the Hubbard House last week.

Mrs. Loren B. Merrill, who has been seriously ill, is improving at this time and is able to sit up a little. Mrs. Merrill is under the care of a trained nurse.

The Pennsylvania automobile party arrived at Elmhurst last week, where they are to remain until September. The party is made up of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Craig, Albert, Joseph and George Craig and Miss Sarah Craig, Miss Emma Burchfield, Miss Mary Burchfield and Mrs. Elizabeth Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Shaw of Auburn were at Paris Hill over Sunday.

Mrs. Newton Cummings is visiting her mother at New Vineyard.

Mrs. Perry Johnson spent several days in Portland last week.

Mrs. Ruth Stearns Brooks and two children of Bridgeport, Conn., are guests of Mrs. Brooks' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin P. Stearns.

Miss Gertrude Case entertained a party of ten of her young friends at her home Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Clayton K. Brooks and Miss Barbara Brooks visited relatives in Dixfield several days last week.

Miss "Debbie" Case of St. Louis is a guest at Charles L. Case's. Miss Case was formerly a summer resident here, and has many friends who are glad to see her again.

Recent arrivals at the Hubbard House include Josiah Monroe, Philadelphia; Miss Margaret Briggs, Pittsburg; Miss Emma Young, South Waterford; Elizabeth R. Dickerson and Emma Dickerson, Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. Jesse Hill, Portland; C. C. Hildebrand, Detroit; Charles Perham, Boston.

The committees in charge of the Baptist fair which is to be held August 21st are as follows:

Fancy Table—Mrs. Mira Snow, Mrs. Emma Cummings, Mrs. Belle Merrill, Mrs. Helen Hill.
Apron Table—Mrs. Kate Hammond, Mrs. Lois Shaw, Mrs. Sadie Rowe.
Ice Cream—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Twitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hammond, Mrs. Ava Curtis, Mrs. Wilma Stearns.
Candy Table—Mrs. Abbie Abbott, Mrs. Rose Swan, Mrs. May Shaw.
Food and Fruit—Mrs. Georgia Curtis, Mrs. Julia Shaw, Mrs. Cynthia Pomeroy.
Coffee Table—Mrs. Gertrude Hammond, Mrs. Edna Cummings.
Mystery Tree—Miss Susie Chase, Miss Annie Parris.
Children's Table—Mrs. Clintie Shaw, Abbie Bryant, Gertrude Brooks, Lois Curtis, Myra Bridgham.

Mrs. Jarvis L. Carter and daughters have kindly consented to arrange for an entertainment for the evening, a program of which will be given later. The committees will be very grateful for all help any one may feel disposed to give.

Bryant's Pond.

Frank Hathorn has moved from the John A. Titus farm to Locke's Mills and C. L. Heath has taken his place at the meat market.

John Lindley of Melrose, Mass., arrived in town last week and will stay a few weeks with his mother, Mrs. A. M. Cash.

Miss Myrtle A. Bacon of Boston will spend the summer with her brother, Ralph M. Bacon. Miss Bacon is a teacher in the Locke Grammar School at Arlington Heights.

The carpenters have commenced work on a new cottage house for Dana O. Dudley.

The Great Northwestern Telegraph Co. are setting new poles on their line through this section. They employ a crew of ten men and are putting in additional wires.

Mrs. Dollie Carroll of Franklin, Mass., is visiting friends here.

Alton Bacon is shipping the pine lumber that was sawed here last winter. There is nearly half a million feet and Harry Howe has taken the contract to load it on the cars at the Dearborn Spool Co.'s siding.

Dickvale.

Hayden Child is helping his uncle, E G. Child, through haying.

Dwight Oldham, little son of Mrs. Josie Oldham, has the German measles.

Mrs. Will Child, who has been in poor health for some time, is on the gain.

Idella Wyman of Weld is spending a few weeks with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wyman.

Arthur Child lost his driving horse recently.

Mrs. Esther Gordon was in Lewiston the past week.

Mrs. Viola Child, who has been spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Enos Farnum of Milton, has returned home. Her granddaughter, Miss Cassie Farnum, came with her for a visit to relatives.

Mrs. Ida Putnam, who has been visiting her son, Bernard Putnam, returned to Canton Monday.

Ralph Putnam has gone to Turner to help his brother, L. C. Putnam, through haying.

Mrs. Olive Bisbee of Dixfield has returned home after a few days' visit to relatives in this place. She expects to go to Portland soon.

Ezekiel Hines of Canton spent Sunday with friends here.

Denmark.

Mrs. A. P. Cobb, Mrs. Harris and daughter are spending a short vacation in Portland and at the islands.

Alfred P. Cobb has taken parties to Bretton Woods, N. H., three times this week in the big red car.

A heavy thunder shower passed over this place early Friday morning.

The farmers are all about done haying.

There is one case of measles in town, reported by Dr. Marston of Brownfield, in the family of Paul Kusick.

Welchville.

Ira Ames of Waltham, Mass., has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Ames.

Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Furgerson of Framingham, Mass., are visiting friends in Welchville and Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coy are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

The Ladies' Circle is to hold a lawn party on the church lawn July 25, the proceeds to be used for repairs on the church.

Mrs. Libby of Portland is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Gray.

Ernest Carpenter and Joe Hunting are at muster in Portland.

Oxford.

Mr. Williams and party from Lynn, Mass., are stopping at Mr. Williams' camp on the shore of Lake Thompson.

The Sunday Schools and the boat club gave a picnic at Farris' camp Saturday. In the afternoon a motor boat race was held. The "Wabasha," belonging to Joseph Parrott, came out first, closely followed by the "Thistle," owned by Joe Jacque. There was also a ball game between the village team and Camp Oxford. The score was 8 to 6 in favor of the village team.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Perkins and Miss Eva Perkins of Cambridge, Mass., are visiting at H. G. O. Perkins'.

The Congregational Sunday School gave an entertainment and sociable Monday evening in S. of T. Hall. It was well attended and it is reported that they made well.

Bertie Martin has been quite sick with pneumonia.

Quite a number from here attended the Grange meeting at Otisfield Gore Saturday evening.

Mrs. Florence Hall and two daughters, Virginia and Elizabeth, from Augusta are visiting Mrs. Hall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hayes.

Rev. S. C. Eaton preached his farewell sermon Sunday, July 14, and is moving his family to Stonington.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hayes from Baltimore, Md., are visiting at Cyrus Hayes'.

Bethel.

Dr. and Mrs. Gehring returned from Cleveland, Ohio, last Monday.

Prof. Chapman has sold his "homestead" to Mrs. Lithgow, and is remodeling the Ryerson house, which he purchased for a residence.

Dr. F. I. Brown and family of South Portland are spending their vacation at the Philbrook farm.

Work has begun on the new hotel. The remainder of the old hotel is being demolished to give room for the new building.

J. C. Billings has a new Maxwell car.

Dr. R. R. Tibbetts is away for a two weeks' vacation.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Valentine's class of girls, (the Wohelo Club) served ice cream and cake upon Judge Herrick's lawn. The lawn was brightly lighted with Chinese lanterns, and a large number partook of the delicious ice cream and cake.

Mrs. Adelmar Edwards and daughter have visited Bethel relatives and will make a trip through the White Mountain region by automobile.

The pastor of the Universalist church, Rev. J. H. Little, is spending his vacation with his family at their cottage at Freeport, and there will be no services in the church until September.

Miss Alice Mason has spent the past week in Boston and vicinity.

Miss L. M. Stearns is with her sister, Mrs. Colby, in Massachusetts.

The funeral of Mr. J. B. Chapman took place last Monday at his late residence on Church Street.

Mr. J. V. Holt and family returned to Andover, Mass., Monday, July 22.

Mrs. E. C. Park is entertaining her brother, Frank Stearns, and daughter, from Shawnee, Oklahoma.

The hotel closes at noon this Saturday, and the traveling public will find the Maple Inn an attractive place where they will be sure of a good table and first class service.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

It is in sadness that we received news of the death of our only aunt, Mrs. Martha D. Wright, *nee* Packard, of Roxbury, Mass. One of her daughters there sent us the following words:

"*Dear Cousin Ellen:*
My beautiful lovely mother passed away July 10. I know you will sorrow with me at her loss.
Your heart broken cousin,
ABBIE."

Lines to Cousin Abbie:

Beautiful even in Death's embrace
As I beheld her lovely face
We watched her slowly pass away
To her bright home of endless day.

A broken-hearted daughter now
To God's behest must meekly bow;
Her face and voice, so sweet to me,
I hope in Heaven again to see.

Heaven now to me seems very near—
I'll watch and wait without a fear;
For she is beck'ning there to me,
Where free from pain I too will be.

West Bethel.

"The Lord's eternal altars are the hills,
And now that golden hearted summer reigns,
They rise above the billowy leagues of plains
Fresh with the quickening dew that dawn distills."

"I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy."

"Well, we live in a wondrous age,
And 'go ahead' is all the rage;
No place but what by magic wire
Is just as nigh as though 'twere nigher."

Dog days begin next Thursday.

Corn is very small for the season.

The days are fast growing shorter.

Cherries and blueberries are ripening.

Good weather for working on meadows.

A bountiful hay crop is being harvested.

Elbert Briggs and Lyle Cox were in Gilead village Thursday.

Rolfe Brothers keep the novelty lathes and dowel machines running.

Miss Violet Morrill is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harlan Bean in Auburn.

Amos K. Scribner of Gorham, N. H., visited relatives and friends in this village last week.

A night watchman is now employed by Rolfe Brothers in their mill, and the whistle is blown mornings at 5:45.

Miss Stella Allen of Cumberland is done working for H. P. Dennison, and Miss Ethel L. Allen of this village has taken her place in the Dennison store and post office.

George A. Murphy died early Monday morning at his home in this village after a short illness, and the funeral was held in the Union church Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Beeman officiating. Mrs. Murphy died several years ago, and he kept a hired housekeeper who cared for him during his sickness. He is survived by a son, four sisters and two brothers.

East Sumner.

From a piece of land containing about five square rods, Herbert Harlow sold $31 value in strawberries. One acre at this rate would yield $2,192. A small farm well tilled is often more profitable than a large farm tilled by hired help. We personally know of a party who years ago carried on a farm of some 300 acres and was obliged to hire much help, and now since he cut his farm down to some 30 acres, he saves more money annually than when trying to operate a large area. Farms are few that will pay a living profit if all the work done is by hired help at present prices and shorter days labor.

Station agent F. W. Palmer is visiting in Massachusetts a few days.

The new minister, Rev. J. N. Atwood, and his wife, are now occupying the parsonage.

Rev. L. M. Robinson has returned from a trip to Montreal and Quebec, and is now at the old homestead for a few days before returning to Philadelphia.

Hebron.

S. P. Stearns of South Paris and his son Mayor Frank Stearns and two children of Shawnee, Oklahoma, were the guests of H. K. Stearns recently.

Master Russell Whittier of Springfield, Mass., has been visiting Miss Hazel Donham for a few days.

An engineer from Portland was here last week surveying the campus for the regrading which is to be done soon.

H. K. Stearns and Vivian Bearce spent a few days recently at Camp Barker, Rangely, returning with the legal amount of fish, 15 pounds each. The largest fish, weighing four pounds, was caught by Mr. Stearns.

On Tuesday Mrs. Tilden entertained the Sunday school children taking them on a picnic to Paris Hill. The day was fine and the children happy.

Mrs. Bradford Sturtevant scalded her arm quite badly a few days ago.

Mrs. Capt. Scribner and her two daughters of New York are visiting Mrs. Scribner's sister, Mrs. W. E. Sargent.

Dr. Tilden is visiting relatives in Farmington.

H. L. Whitney of Boston came to their summer home here Wednesday for a short time.

Dr. Parmalee has been in this place several times recently. All would be pleased to have him back to stay.

Locke's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Legrow and son Carl, who have been spending their vacation at Camp Echo, returned to Portland Thursday. On Sunday they entertained Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Trask, Mr. and Mrs. David Foster, and Mrs. Eva Hobbs of Gorham, N. H. A delicious dinner was served, followed by cake and sherbet. Music was furnished by Master Carl on the cornet, and Mrs. Legrow at the organ. They have made many friends during their stay here, who hope to see them again next year. Mr. Legrow has taken some fine pictures in the vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bartlett, Miss Elsie Bartlett of East Bethel, and J. J. McGreevy of Baltimore, Md., were at "Outside Inn" one day last week.

Mrs. Elmer Fiske is not gaining as fast as her friends wish. Wednesday, Dr. Williamson of Portland consulted with Dr. Wight of Bethel.

Mrs. Ida Crooker is at West Paris caring for Mrs. Charles Briggs.

Miss Alice Cross, who attends school in Lewiston, is spending her vacation at home.

Norway Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Flood and three children of Farmington are visiting his father, David Flood. They came across country in an auto.

Miss Georgie Frost is visiting an aunt in Bethel.

Miss Martha Dunn is still ill at home, but is improving some.

Mrs. L. A. Titcomb visited her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Flint, a few days recently.

West Paris.

Rev. and Mrs. D. A. Ball and the Misses Laura and Alice Barden will go to Ferry Beach the first of this week to remain during the session of the Universalist meetings.

Thursday, Miss Della Lane, Mrs. D. H. Fifield and Mrs. J. R. Tucker took an auto trip, with Rev. C. H. Young driver, to Bridgton to visit their former pastor, Rev. I. S. Macduff. Miss Macduff returned with them and will spend a few days with friends here before going to her home in Claremont, N. H., for her vacation.

Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Knight and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson I. Mixer of South Paris were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler on Tuesday.

Dorothy, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wardwell, underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Central Maine General Hospital Saturday. Dr. Wheeler, also Dr. Atwood of Buckfield, went to Lewiston to be with her during the operation.

Miss Mabel Ricker is the guest of Mrs. P. J. Miles at Gorham.

Wirt McKenney of Boston and Miss Madge L. Tuell of Walpole, Mass., are the guests of relatives and friends here.

S. W. Dunham has returned home after an absence of several weeks with relatives in Massachusetts and Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Packard of Lisbon Falls are the guests of relatives in this vicinity.

L. H. Penley has a new Ford touring car.

Mrs. L. M. Mann is spending a few days at Rumford Falls.

Levi Shedd has been very ill for several days.

Carl Hayes, accompanied by Dr. Packard of Locke's Mills, went to Portland Friday for an operation upon his throat.

Mrs. Dudley has moved into her house on Maple Street. The family of Renie Higgins have also moved into her house.

Mrs. Sara Curtis, who has been ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. S. Briggs, at Portland, since last February, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs came with her and have been spending the week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Irish and daughter Elizabeth of Buckfield were the week-end guests of friends in town.

Mrs. A. D. Swift and son Dale have gone to Portland to spend the summer.

Mrs. Winnie Harwood Phillips, who has been receiving treatment in a hospital, was a guest at Roscoe Tuell's a day or two last week.

Mrs. J. H. Moody, Mrs. C. L. Ridlon and Miss Ethel Howe were in South Paris and Norway Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Emerton of Auburn were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Penley a few days last week. Mrs. Clara Ridlon returned with them in their auto, and will go from there to Benton to visit in the family of F. S. Scott.

Mrs. Dora Jackson is visiting friends at Milton.

Miss Alice Welcome and friend and Arthur Welcome of Waltham, Mass., arrived at W. W. Dunham's last week. Miss Welcome's friend has returned, but the others will remain for several weeks.

Greenwood.

And thus it is through life we go,
In paths of pleasure, grief and woe;
And all, some day, will find it so.

So says some one or something similar, and we have found it true thus far in life, and hardly expect to find it much different the rest of the way.

It was a real pleasure to hear the rain pouring down the other night, and again a day or two later, thus giving new life to the crops after a month or more of drought.

And now for a glance at a specimen of grief: William Woodis had nearly always lived in town, a man we had known from early boyhood; and only a few weeks ago he and his wife were here, spent a part of the afternoon and took supper with us. They seemed to be getting along well together, and he was well informed on the events of the day. Nothing more was heard of him until a few days ago, when the news came that he started to go somewhere with his team and was found dead and suspended to a limb of a tree by the halter, which he took from his wagon. The funeral occurred at his home two days later and he was buried in the cemetery at the Center. Mr. Woodis was twice married, his first wife having died more than twenty years ago, leaving four little children, one son and three daughters. A year or two later he married again, but left only a widow to mourn his sad and untimely death. Suicide is alarmingly on the increase, and what is the cause of it?

In regard to the burning of Camp Christopher last week, we were notified long before daylight by telephone, and one man from here, accompanied by a neighbor, hurried over to find the camp already burned down, and several men there, including Mr. West, bringing water from the pond to keep the fire in subjection, since being very dry it had began to spread. Speaking of the origin of the fire Mr. West called it a mystery, but acknowledged that he smoked, which in our humble opinion tells the whole story. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth," says St. James, and it is all true, especially in a dry time.

Another thunder shower Friday morning, and the crops are growing finely, including potato bugs.

North Waterford.

Daniel Lebroke has returned from Lovell after a few weeks' stay with his daughter.

Jess Littlefield and family are moving into the new up stairs rent in Paris Paige's house. They have a very nice little rent.

Over forty from here attended the free dance at Albany Saturday night.

Several of the children are having the mumps, also Lillian Douglas.

Will Rice is stopping here for a short time to see about his haying.

Mrs. Frank Coffin remains very sick.

Annie Hazelton took ether and had nine teeth extracted last week by Dentist Bryant.

North Buckfield.

Roger Clapp from Salem, Mass., arrived in this place the 11th to spend his vacation.

Mrs. Lydia Varney of Sumner, who is very poorly, is stopping with her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Heald.

Henry and Seward Sturtevant, with their cousin, Harold George, were at B. F. Heald's recently.

C. B. Keene and wife went to Hartford the 14th to visit their son Samuel and family.

Henry Hayden has sold his horse to Henry Davenport.

Grover Keene is working for Fred Bennett.

Mrs. Etta Winslow and daughter from South Paris are visiting at C. B. Keene's.

Tilson Morse is working for Frank Farrar.

Mrs. James Bicknell is quite sick at this writing.

West Sumner.

Rev. Chester Gore Miller of South Paris will preach on Sunday during the remainder of July and the month of August in the Universalist church at 10:45 A. M.

Mrs. Hiram Howe has gone to Rumford to remain with her daughter, Mrs. Lottie Merrill.

Mrs. Abbie Bates returned home from Welchville last Friday.

Miss Theda Glover is visiting Mrs. James Cobb on Sumner Hill.

E. Wallace Chandler has returned from his annual fishing trip to Rangeley, bringing some fine salmon as evidence of his success, one of which weighed 4 1-2 pounds and another 4 pounds. Mr. Chandler always remembers his friends on this occasion, and this year was no exception.

North Stoneham.

Florence Smith is visiting friends in Bartlettboro.

Fred Warren is cutting Mrs. N. H. Sawyer's hay on shares.

Stillman McAllister is staying with his sister, Eva Richards, of East Stoneham.

Alice Adams is at work for Mrs. H. M. Adams, and Winnie McKeen has come home.

Austin Warren, who is at work for H. B. McKeen, while tying up the cattle, got jammed between them in such a manner as to crack and bend three of his ribs.

Sarah McKeen, while bathing in Kezar Lake stepped on a piece of a bottle, cutting her foot so she has not stepped for two weeks.

Buckfield.

J. Madison Chesley of Auburn was in town a few days this week. Mr. Chesley was a former resident here and now lives with his son. He is 84 years old and is in good health.

Miss Vera Gould of Freeport has been the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Waite.

J. A. Rawson and T. S. Bridgham have been in Portland and Boston for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Lamb have been camping at Bear Pond at Camp Gile. There were no services in the Baptist church Sunday.

Mrs. C. S. Childs returned from a three weeks' visit with her brother, W. C. Spaulding of Caribou. Mr. Spaulding accompanied her home.

F. R. Dyer and A. F. Warren were in South Paris Tuesday.

Cyrus Cole of Boston has been with relatives here for a few days.

Miss Sadie Spaulding returned from a three weeks' visit with friends in Portland Monday.

Miss Mollie Cole has been with relatives in Portland for a week.

North Paris.

David Graves and family with friends are stopping at their cottage.

A family from Massachusetts will soon occupy the Abner Benson house for the summer.

A. B. Abbott is now able to be out and do light chores.

Mr. Brown and son, who have been quite poorly, are now better.

Mrs. Ida M. Brown and daughters have been at her parents' home for a few days, and are now in their camp near by.

George Gibbs has put him up a new barn.

H. D. McAlister and family are enjoying their new auto.

W. H. Brown is on the sick list.

Mrs. Winslow of South Paris visited her sister, Mrs. H. D. McAlister, recently.

Miss Ida Webb has returned from South Paris, where she has been visiting for a week or two.

Mrs. Samuel Estes and Miss Helen Doughty visited at Roscoe Tracy's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cushman and two children went to Greenwood a few days ago to attend the funeral of her uncle, Mr. Woodis. Mrs. Cushman and children remained for a short visit.

Miss Ora B. Field has gone to Auburn to work.

Maine News Notes.

The gypsies are on their annual tour of Maine, and as usual, are taking about everything that isn't nailed down.

Portland's new city hall, some years in building and now practically completed, will be dedicated on the 22d of August. Judge Joseph W. Symonds will deliver the oration.

Rev. A. M. Bradley of Hinsdale, N. H., has been chosed by the trustees of the Maine Universalist Convention as secretary of the convention and superintendent of churches, to succeed Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt of Hiram, who has been elected president of Westbrook Seminary. Mr. Bradley is a man about fifty years of age. He will probably locate either in Portland or Waterville.

Rev. Paul Harris Drake, formerly of the church in Beverly, Mass., where President Taft attended during his summer vacations, and who was dismissed from the Second Parish Unitarian church of Saco because of his Socialistic utterances in the pulpit, has decided to locate in Portland. He will begin his duties there immediately, where he will start a People's church, purely democratic and frankly Socialistic in nature.

Henry B. Dunning of Brunswick has in his possession a very interesting piece of Continental currency, it being a $7 bill, issued by authority of the Continental Congress in 1776. It bears on its face the words "Seven Dollars. This bill entitles the bearer to receive seven Spanish milled dollars or the value thereof in gold or silver." The bill is the property of Mrs. Ruth T. Milliken of Saco, and was received by one of her ancestors in payment of his services in the Continental Army.

"I have no apologies to make. I always take my medicine when I have to," said Charles W. Morse at a dinner given him by fifty Bath men, friends and former business associates, Monday night. The only reference to his imprisonment made by Mr. Morse was in reading from a letter he wrote to Attorney General Wickersham when petitions were being circulated for his pardon. He said he had written: "I am confined for an act which I would be proud to have any of my sons do."

The town of Foxcroft will be 100 years old Aug. 31, and the townspeople are making plans for a big celebration August 30 and 31. Nothing definite has been settled upon, but the program as talked will include a banquet and literary exercises, probably at the campground, Friday evening, Aug. 30th, with a big celebration the following day. Saturday's program will include a big trades and military parade and historical pageant, base ball, track and water sports, an antiquarian exhibition, and of course a flying machine. The town of Dover has been asked to join in the celebration.

G. A. R. Excursion to California.

The veterans of the Civil War are planning for their annual National Encampment, which is to be held this year in Los Angeles, Cal., during the week of Sept. 9th to 14th. This meeting has not been held on the Pacific coast since 1903, on which occasion the Department of Maine conducted an excursion party which numbered about 100.

It is well to reflect that immediately following the Civil War, the pioneers who opened up and developed the resources of the Middle West and Extreme West, consisted very largely of those coming from the ranks of the veterans. At this late date many are interested in visiting old scenes and old friends and all indications are that this meeting will be memorable in affording an opportunity becoming more and more rare each year, for comrades of the East and West to mingle together.

Department Commander, Wm. H. Holston of Westbrook, and Asst. Adj. General F. A. Motley of Woodfords, are bending every effort in all sections of the state, with the hope that more than usual interest will be aroused, and that Maine will send a delegation of such numbers as will be creditable to the Maine Department and arouse a sense of appreciation from our comrades on the Pacific Coast.

In their official announcements, the public are cordially invited to join with the G. A. R. comrades on this trip and are assured the same attention and courtesies as the comrades themselves will receive.

The arrangements provide for leaving Portland Sept. 2d, arriving at Los Angeles the afternoon of the 8th with special stops at Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City.

Chance Comment.

For the first time in history, a court in Alabama adjourned the other day out of respect to the memory of a Negro. The man thus honored had been janitor of the court house for many years. So far so good. It will doubtless be a long time before an Alabama court will adjourn out of respect to a colored man who holds any other than a menial position.

Entomologists say that the only real remedy for the gypsy moth is "nature" —that is, the natural growth of some kind of parasite which will feed upon the gypsy, as it does in the old world, and keep it in subjection, restoring the "balance of nature." It is needless to mention that endeavors are now being made in this country to assist nature by artificial means in this restoration of balance. This balance of nature is a wonderful thing, but sometimes it is a long time in arriving. About thirty-five years ago the Colorado potato beetle arrived in this part of the country, and no natural enemy has yet arisen to keep it in subjection, if indeed there is any created thing that will eat the pesky bugs.

WHIMSICAL WILLS

Human Nature as Shown In Queer Requests and Bequests.

FEAR OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

This Dread Has Often Been the Cause of Curious Provisions In Last Testaments—The Grave of a Man Who Disliked the Society of Women.

The remarkable will of a man who died not long ago directing the undertaker to stab him through the heart after he had been pronounced dead by his physician is not a unique one. The fear of being buried alive has driven many a man to stipulate in his will that extraordinary steps be taken to make sure of death.

Thus, for instance, a magnate of Plymouth, England, decreed by his will that his wife should cut off one of his toes or fingers to make sure he was dead, adding that he made the request so that "as she had been troubled with one old fool she will not think of marrying a second."

The will of Lord Lytton contained special directions as to the examination of his body in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, which appeared to be an apprehension of his.

A farmer of Hertfordshire, England, who died in 1720, was so certain that his lethal slumber was to be not really death, that he inserted in his will his written wish that, "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended from a beam in his barn and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side, through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. His nephew, who inherited the property, obeyed his whim and did not bury the coffin till 1751, allowing him an extra year of grace.

The Sieur Boby, who died in 1845 at the age of ninety-six, said in his will: "Eight and forty hours after my decease I desire that a post mortem examination be made, that my heart be taken out and placed in an urn, which shall be intrusted to M. Baudoin (the undertaker). In conformity with an arrangement between him and myself my heart is to be conveyed to a mausoleum in the department of La Mayenne and there to be deposited, as agreed."

Robert, the famous Earl of Mellent and Leicester, one of the early crusaders in the holy land, died in 1118 in the abbey of Preaux, where his body was buried, but his heart was conveyed to the hospital at Brackley, there to be preserved in salt. Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1239, ordered her heart to be sent in a silver cup to her brother, then abbot of Tewkesbury, to be buried there before the high altar. The heart of John Balliol, lord of Barnard castle, who died in 1269, was by his widow's desire inclosed in an ivory casket richly enameled with silver.

But all these examples, strange as they may be, are not especially remarkable among the countless numbers of curious wills which are recorded through many generations.

There is, for example, the will of a rich old bachelor, who, incensed at what he considered the attempts of his family to put him under the yoke of matrimony, vented his spite on the whole sex of women by saying in his will: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied."

John Reed, gaslighter of the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, filled that post for forty-four years. There is not on record a single performance at the theater at which he was not present. He never aspired to appear on the stage in his lifetime, but he was not without his mute ambitions, and before he died he contrived ingeniously to make sure of assuming a Shakespearean role after his death. A clause in his will read:

"My head is to be separated from my body immediately after my death, the latter to be buried in a grave, the former, duly macerated and prepared, to be brought to the theater, where I have served all my life, and to be employed to represent the skull of Yorick, and to this end I bequeath my head to the properties."—New York Sun.

Becoming Diffidence.

"Weren't you shy when the judge asked you your age in court?"

"Yes; I was about ten years shy, my dear."—Life.

My precept to all who build is that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner.—Cicero.

One Thing at a Time

"I can't afford to advertise on a large scale," said a merchant lately, "and with my varied stock I wouldn't know where to begin on a small scale."

It is a common fallacy that the advertising must cover the whole stock.

In point of fact it never does, even with the most lavish advertisers, and, if it did, the result would be a jumble of prolixity. The true policy is to select one article at a time—something moderately priced and meeting the want of the day—and push that at the people.—Philadelphia Record.

You are invited to try this plan in our columns. Change your ad. with every issue. Buyers watch our columns for store news.

MAIL CARRIERS WILL FLY.

This is an age of great discoveries. Progress rides on the air. Soon we may see Uncle Sam's mail carriers flying in all directions, transporting mail. People take a wonderful interest in a discovery that benefits them. That's why Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs, Colds and other throat and lung diseases is the most popular medicine in America. "It cured me of a dreadful cough," writes Mrs. J. F. Davis, Stickney Corner, Maine, "after doctor's treatment and all other remedies had failed." For coughs, colds or any bronchial affection it's unequaled. Price $50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free at Chas. H. Howard Co.

George H. Waugh, 79 years of age, and a highly respected citizen of East Monmouth, met death Wednesday afternoon by falling through an opening in the barn scaffold, a distance of about 18 feet to the floor. The old man's neck was broken and his shoulder dislocated by the fall.

INSECT BITE COSTS LEG.

A Boston man lost his leg from the bite of an insect two years before. To avert such calamities from stings and bites of insects use Bucklen's Arnica Salve promptly to kill the poison and prevent imflammation, swelling and pain. Heals burns, boils, ulcers, piles, eczema, cuts, bruises. Only 25 cents at the Chas. H Howard Co.

Andrew Sockalexis, the Old Town Indian runner, took fourth place in the Marathon run at the Olympic games in Sweden, being about six minutes behind the winner.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND

is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these killhopes by taking Dr. King's Life Pills. New strength, fine complexion, pure breath, cheerful spirits—things that win men—follow their use. Easy, safe, sure. 25 cents.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulets act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of WESTLEY P. ROWF, Bankrupt. } *In Bankruptcy.*

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

WESTLEY P. ROWE of Brownfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 15th day of June, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays, That he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 16th day of July, A. D. 1912.
WESTLEY P. ROWF, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 20th day of July, A. D. 1912, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 30th day of August, A. D. 1912, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the Court, That the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1912.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.
A true copy of petition and order thereon.
30-32 Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

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 July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve. 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 Rumford on the third Tuesday of August A. D. 1912, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

James M. Harlow late of Buckfield, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Sadie B. Harlow, the executrix therein named.

Charles T. Buck late of Paris, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Elizabeth A. Buck, administratrix.

Henry M. Tuell late of Paris, deceased; final account presented for allowance by Walter L. Gray, administrator.

Jonathan S. Herrick late of Norway, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Eugene F. Smith, administrator.

Lorena Abbott late of Norway, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Eugene F. Smith, executor.

Columbus C. Marsh late of Dixfield, deceased; final account presented for allowance by C. L. Dillingham, executor.

James M. Seavey late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by William C. Bosworth, executor.

Hannah B. Cushman late of Hebron, deceased; petition that Mae F. Bicknell or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by said Mae F. Bicknell, a daughter.

Florence W. Moulton of Porter; petition that her name may be changed to Florence E. Wormwood presented by said Florence W. Moulton.

Lorena Abbott late of Norway, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by Eugene F. Smith, executor.

Frank G. Nichols late of Dixfield, deceased; petition for determination of collateral inheritance tax presented by George L. Merrill, administrator.

Laforest Knight late of Dixfield, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Evie L. Knight, administratrix.

Elsie M. Holman of Dixfield, minor ward; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Gertrude I. Holman, guardian.

Lena M. and Alton L. Burgess of Peru, wards; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by John S. Harlow, guardian.

Laforest Knight late of Dixfield, deceased; petition for an allowance out of personal estate presented by Evie L. Knight, widow.

Jonathan S. Herrick late of Norway, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by Eugene F. Smith, administrator.

George A. Murphy late of Bethel, deceased; petition for the appointment of H. H. Hastings or some other suitable person as administrator of the estate of said deceased presented by William A. Farwell, a creditor.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.
A true copy—attest:
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

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

MOSES A. SWAN, late of Paris,

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.

July 16th, 1912. GERALD A. SWIFT.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

HENRY D. KNAPP, late of Canton,

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.

July 16th, 1912. NELLIE E. DAILEY.

Eastern Steamship Corporation

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE direct between Portland and New York. Steamers leave Franklin Wharf Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 p. m., also Mondays, 10:30 a. m., June 24th to Sept. 9.

$6 One Way Portland and New York $10 Round Trip

PORTLAND LINE Service to Boston, Eastport, Lubec and St. John. Portland Line Service Leave Franklin Wharf Portland, week days at 7 p. m., Sundays 8 p. m., returning leave Boston daily at 7 p. m. Steamships R. B. Fuller or Bay State.

International Line Service. Steamers leave Portland for Boston during July, 7 00 a. m. and August 8.00 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning leave Boston at 9 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Leave Portland 5 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and St. John. Steamships Governor Dingley and Governor Cobb.

Fare between Portland and Boston $1.25. Staterooms $1.00 and $1.50.

PORTLAND AND ROCKLAND LINE Steamer Monhegan leaves Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a.m. for Rockland and intermediate landings.

Express Service for Freight; all rates include Marine Insurance.

For reservations and all information address H. A. CLAY, Agent, Franklin Wharf, Portland.

A Clean Sweep

Two Piece Suits Reduced

We've eighteen two-piece suits left. We don't want to carry them over till next season; consequently before the next week is over we intend to clear them out at a reduced price. REMEMBER, there's not a thing the matter with them. They have all the finer points of tailoring, style and fashion. Most of them are conservative models that a man can wear for years to come. We've made a new price to prompt a ready riddance. Think of it. Better still, come and see them. Even at the regular price they were distinctive bargains.

$14.00 Suit,	Sale Price, $10.50
$10.00 Suit,	" " $ 7.50
$ 9.00 Suit,	" " $ 7.00
$ 8.50 Suit,	" " $ 6.50

J. F. Plummer,

31 Market Square, South Paris, Maine.

NEW COLORED LOCAL VIEW POST CARDS.

We have just received from Germany, 10,000 local view Post Cards finished by the new multi-chrome process.

They are the finest cards we have ever had, and you will surely want some of them. They cost a little more than the others but you will say they are well worth the difference in price.

2 for 5 cents.
25 cents per dozen.

AT THE PHARMACY OF

CHAS. H. HOWARD CO.

The Rexall Store

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE

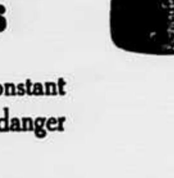
Guard the Family Health

Health is often endangered by unsanitary cooking utensils. Physicians have found that cancer is caused by enamel ware chipping off and irritating the stomach.

If you have children or invalids in the family beware of cheap cooking utensils that crack, scale, peel off, tarnish or rust. Disease germs lurk in the worn places and there is further danger of tainting the food. Health is too precious to take risks with it.

Be safe. Use

"1892"
Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils

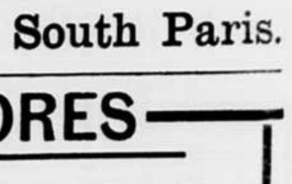


which are guaranteed for 15 years constant service and will never spoil food nor endanger health.

This new ware is featherweight, beautiful, easy to clean—does not tarnish nor rust. The slight extra cost is more than made up by long service and absolute safety.

Look for Trade mark on Every Piece

The Maltese cross with the words Pure Illinois "1892" Aluminum—the original, insures that you get the genuine. There are imitations, so be sure this trade mark is on every piece.



For Sale By

F. N. WRIGHT, South Paris.

30-31

BLUE STORES

New Goods for Hot Weather

JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON.

Mr. Noyes has been to market purchasing **Hot Weather Wearables** to replace our stocks which have been badly depleted during the terrible hot wave. The heat has been intense but one can be partially relieved by wearing proper clothing.

We Have the Coolest of Underwear,
B. V. D. AND POROSKNIT
Also a large assortment of Balbriggans and Jerseys

Cool, Neat and Dressy Shirts, Fashionable Neckwear, Attractive Hosiery, Straw Hats, Panamas, Khaki and Outing Clothing. Norfolk Suits.

IT PAYS TO BUY OF US.

Come and See Us. Will Prove Our Statement.

F. H. NOYES CO.

SOUTH PARIS (Two Stores) NORWAY

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.
Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing June 23, 1912,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (East): 5:25 a. m., express, daily; 6:00 a. m., local, daily; 9:45 a. m., local, daily except Sunday; 4:14 p. m., express, daily; 7:37 a. m., 6:00 p. m., Sunday excursion. Going west: 9:45 a. m., express, daily; 3:35 p. m., local, daily except Sunday; 7:07 p. m., local, daily; 10:11 p. m., express, daily; 10:22 a. m., 8:00 p. m., Sunday excursion.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, Rev. A. T. McWhorter, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sunday School 11:45 A. M.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:00 P. M.; Evening service 7:00 P. M.; Church prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

Methodist Church, Rev. T. N. Kewley, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayermeeting 10:00 A. M.; preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting 6:00 P. M.; class prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30; class meeting Friday evening 7:30.

Baptist Church, Rev. E. A. Davis, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:15 P. M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; Wednesday evening prayer service 7:30. Seats free. All are welcome.

Universalist Church, Rev. Chester Gore Miller, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. C. U. at 7 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Paris Lodge, No. 94. 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. 30, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall.
W. R. C.—W. K. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., meets first and third Saturday evenings of each month, in Grand Army Hall.
S. of V.—Joshua L. Chamberlain Camp meets on the first Tuesday night after the full of the moon.
P. of H.—Paris Grange, meets first and third Saturday of each month, in Grange Hall.
O. G. C.—Second and fourth Mondays of each month.
N. E. O. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.
K. of P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every Friday evening at Pythian Hall.

Miss Hattie A. Hooper is a guest at Hon. James S. Wright's.

Mrs. T. S. Barnes was the guest of relatives in Portland last week.

John T. Lindley of Boston, formerly of South Paris, has been spending a vacation here.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon A. Curtis of Everett, Mass., are guests of Mr. Curtis' mother, Mrs. Ellen M. Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Holt of Melrose Highlands, Mass., were guests at I. E. Andrews' a few days last week.

Arthur Howe and Miss Clara Howe of Medford, Mass., have been recent guests of their uncle, S. P. Stearns.

Rev. Milton V. McAlister and family of Eliot are visiting Mrs. McAlister's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Barrows.

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Littlefield went last Tuesday by automobile to Old Orchard, where they are spending a vacation of two weeks.

L. B. Carter and Miss Maud Carter have been spending the past week with the family of Dr. Packard at their camp near Locke's Mills.

George H. Davis drives on rural route No. 2 for A. L. Holmes while he and Mrs. Holmes are spending their vacation at their camp at Shagg Pond.

Capt. F. C. Tribou and family are at home from their cottage at the lake on account of the illness of Mrs. Tribou, who is under the care of a trained nurse.

Maurice L. Noyes has the foundation in, and the lumber is being delivered, for a cottage house on one of the lots he bought of H. N. Porter on High Street.

Raymond Penfold is at Rangeley, his mother, Mrs. W. P. Morton, and his grandmother, Mrs. L. J. Briggs, accompanying him to Lewiston on his way last Monday.

Dr. D. M. Stewart, lieutenant in the medical department of the Maine National Guard, is at Fort Williams with the Coast Artillery Corps on their ten days tour of duty.

Henry E. Howe came from Springfield, Mass., Tuesday, to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Heidner. Wednesday morning the family left for Shagg Pond, where they are occupying the Walker camp for a week or more.

R. H. Greenleaf of Albuquerque, N. M., started Tuesday on his return to his home, after visiting his nephew, George H. Davis, and other relatives and friends in Paris and Norway and vicinity. Mr. Greenleaf, although 79 years of age, is very well preserved, and makes the journey alone.

C. E. Tolman and family have moved from the house of Henry K. Stearns on Pleasant Street to the upper flat in E. S. Maxwell's house on Park Street. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Goldsmith, who have had rooms at Wirt Stanley's since coming to town, will go to housekeeping in the rent in the Stearns house vacated by the Tolmans.

Again the Square was filled with people last Tuesday evening, when Lumley Castle Band gave its second concert. The work of the band was fully up to that done at the former concert, and provoked much applause from the audience. Five more concerts will be given, the one this week being this Monday evening.

A conference of the Republican County Committee and others interested was held at the court house Tuesday. Hon. Warren C. Philbrook of Waterville, chairman of the State Committee, presided, and Hon. W. B. Skelton of Lewiston, candidate for Representative to Congress from the Second District, addressed the gathering. The situation in Oxford County and its several representative districts was thoroughly canvassed, and much enthusiasm for the campaign was shown. Nearly fifty were present, and all parts of the county were represented.

Henry Caswell died Thursday morning at the age of 91 years, on the town farm, where he has been for the past few years. He was the oldest man in town, and as such has held the Boston Post cane for the past year or so. Death was due to old age. Mr. Caswell had been in good general health, and had been to the village within a few weeks. The funeral was held at the Congregational vestry at 3 P. M. Friday, attended by Rev. A. T. McWhorter, and interment was in Fairview Cemetery. Mr. Caswell's family all died before him, and he has no relatives so far as known.

Preparations are being made to begin work on the railroad bridge across the Little Androscoggin south of the village. The abutments of this bridge, which are a big piece of stone work, were laid when the road was constructed over sixty years ago, under the direction of Ansel G. Dudley, a well known citizen of this town, who is now 87 years of age. These abutments, which are showing signs of strain, will be rebuilt, and in place of a part of them a viaduct seventy-five feet in length will be added at each end of the bridge, practically making the bridge 150 feet longer than it now is, or a little more than doubling the length of it. This will set the abutments farther back on both sides, and relieve the strain on them. The job will be a big and long one.

Tests of the Robinson moth trap, made by several people, indicate that whether they come anywhere near exterminating the moths, they will certainly catch an immense number of them. Unfortunately most of these tests were not made until after the two or three nights when the brown-tail flight was at its height. J. F. Plummer put out two of the traps over one night, and the next day was exhibiting the pans with a regular porridge of moths in them. Then he rigged a bigger pan and hung under the arc light on Pine Street. It stayed there three nights, after the brown tails had done most of their flying and the weather had turned cooler. When it was taken down the mass of moths of various kinds in it was nearly an inch deep. He says if the pan had hung under the light one night of the brown-tail flight, he believes it wouldn't have held the moths that would have dropped into it.

Miss Beatrice Swett visited a friend in Lewiston a few days last week.

Miss Eva Andrews is visiting relatives in Lovell for two or three weeks.

The Maine Telephone Co. is painting the telephone poles in the village.

F. L. Perkins of Mechanic Falls was with relatives in town over Sunday.

Adjourned meeting of the Board of Trade Tuesday evening of this week.

Mrs. Percy P. Allen and daughter are visiting Mrs. Allen's sister, Mrs. Tirrell, at Turner.

Mrs. J. P. Richardson and Miss Marie Newton have been visiting in Portland for a few days.

Miss Flora Ritner Harlow of Bridgeport, Ct., is at Walter P. Maxim's for a part of the summer.

Miss Phyllis Taylor and Miss Arline Crocker are at Old Orchard, at the home of Miss Laura Deane.

Mrs. L. E. Bean, Miss Cora J. Mason and Pauline are spending a few days in Portland and vicinity.

The friends of Miss Anna Morse gave her a post card shower on the occasion of her birthday Saturday.

Rev. Chester Gore Miller preached at West Sumner Sunday morning, and at Bryant's Pond in the afternoon.

Minot L. Whittle and son Robert W. Whittle left Monday morning to spend a few days in Boston and vicinity.

A meeting of the Universalist parish will be held next Friday evening, to make arrangements for the organ dedication.

The thermometer did stunts last week, going into the nineties the first of the week, and into the upper thirties a few days later.

Mrs. Frances Harlow and grandson, Floyd Harlow, have gone to Worcester, Mass., to remain with the family of Arthur T. Royal for a time.

Albert F. Stevens, who is sergeant in the Hospital Corps of the Maine National Guard, is at Fort Williams with the Corps on its tour of duty.

Mrs. C. E. McArdle left Saturday for Schenectady, N. Y., where she will remain with her daughter, Mrs. R. E. Strickland, for two or three months.

Hamlin Lodge, K. of P., has accepted an invitation to work the rank of Knight for Pennesseewassee Lodge Thursday night, July 25. All members take notice.

J. Gould Spofford of Newton, Mass., visited his father, Edwin I. Spofford, a few days last week, going from here to Orono, where his family are spending their vacation.

J. A. Noyes and family have moved into their new home on High Street, where a good little house in bungalow style, and a two-stall stable have just been completed.

Frank A. Briggs is at home for a few days from Woodsville, N. H., where he has been for some weeks working in the interest of the International Correspondence Schools.

Mrs. E. E. Chapman, who underwent a surgical operation at the Maine General Hospital in Portland about two weeks since, is doing very well, and expects to come home the last of this week.

C. Freeland Penley has purchased of O. K. Clifford the former N. D. Bolster house on High Street, and will occupy some rooms there. Dr. Leonard J. Neal will continue to have his residence and office there.

Mrs. C. M. Titcomb and son Chester Easson, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Shaw, with Sanger Maxim at the wheel, made a trip to Poland Spring on Sunday, the 14th, to call on Mr. Titcomb and Mrs. L. A. Shaw.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office July 22d:

Mrs. Walter Lunt.
S. C. Camm.
Marla Agela Fotina.
Murry Jackson, (card.)
George Porter (card.)
Box 448. (7 letters.)

Miss Barbara Chapman and Miss Ida Dean started Monday morning for Southport, Maine, where they will take a four weeks' normal course in music of Percy Graham, of Lynn, Mass., in preparation for the work of teaching music in the public schools.

All members of the Ladies' Circle of the G. A. R. who wish to accept the invitation to go to Hebron on Aug. 2d to attend a campfire, are requested to meet at Grand Army Hall on Saturday evening, July 27th, to consider ways and means of conveyance.

Changes are being made in the Universalist church to accommodate the new organ. The recess left for an organ when the church was built will be enlarged by extending it back toward the outer wall of the church about four feet, and its height increased a little more than two feet.

The class of 1909 of Paris High School and a few invited guests held a reunion Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Sturtevant, near Paris Hill. The party went in a hayrack and carried a picnic supper, which was served under the trees in the door yard. After the supper a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

After long waiting we at last got a real rainy day Sunday—at least nearly ten hours of it, the first in four weeks. While showers have gone around us in various directions, and Aroostook has been well wet down and Boston has had almost a cloudburst, here we have had only two or three light showers in the four weeks. The sound of rain was about the sweetest music we have heard for some time.

"You have no idea how much the blueberry crop means to the residents living in the vicinity of Streaked Mountain," said E. N. Haskell of the N. Dayton Bolster Company to the Democrat last week. The occasion of the remark was an order that Mr. Haskell had just received from Farmington calling for sixty quarts of blueberries daily during the season, and this will be only a fraction of the berries that the Bolster Company will handle. Add to this the berries bought for local consumption and the hundreds of quarts picked by people living near and far and you begin to realize that "Old Streaked" produces a valuable crop.

Dr. James W. Davis of Fort Fairfield died in a hospital in Melrose, Mass., Sunday night, following an operation for gall stones performed on Monday preceding. Dr. Davis would have been 61 years of age on the 10th of August. He was born in Woodstock, and was for a number of years in the practice of his profession as a dentist at South Paris. For the past few years he has been at Fort Fairfield, where he was in the practice of his profession. He leaves a widow, their marriage having taken place only a few months since, and three children by a former wife, E. R. Davis of Leominster, Mass., Edith R., wife of Dr. C. L. Buck of South Paris, and Mrs. Annie Hatfield of Limestone. The funeral will probably be held at Dr. Buck's on Skillings Avenue some time Wednesday.

Hose Company Meetings.

Hose Co. No. 3, E. O. Millett, foreman, will meet at their hose house Monday night at 7:30.

Hose Co. No. 4, J. E. Murch, foreman, will meet at their hose house Tuesday night at 7:30.

Hose Co. No. 2, Gerald Wing, foreman, will meet at their hose house Wednesday night at 7:30.

Hose Co. No. 5, John Mason, foreman, will meet at their hose house Thursday night at 7:15.

No Change of Track Location.

On the petition for change of location of the tracks of the Norway and Paris Street Railway, on which a hearing was recently held, the selectmen, in view of the large cost of the change, have entered decision that the petition is denied.

The Dennis Pike Real Estate Agency has negotiated the sale of the Leavitt cottage on the east shore of lake Pennesseewassee to Alexander MacLean for improvements.

The annual meeting of the Maine State Board of Trade will be held at Bangor Thursday and Friday, Sept. 19 and 20, and an interesting program is promised.

What Books Shall Our Children Read?

[Read by Mrs. Margaret Taylor at a meeting of the Seneca Club, South Paris.]

One of the most difficult problems of the home to-day is, What books shall we give our children to read? We are very careful indeed about what our children eat and what they wear, we choose for them just such colors or a particular style, we pay much attention to their hours for eating and sleeping, but who of us are equally careful about what we have in our homes for our children to read?

When a stranger calls at our home we instinctively enquire of ourselves who and what is he? Books are men and women transferred to paper, and before we admit them to the sanctity of our homes it would be wise to ask, What are they and by whom were they written? Wise and good thoughts produce good intelligent men and women. Evil thoughts bring forth also—but always after their kind, and therefore it is well to know your authors before you put their thoughts in the hands of your children. Converse with evil men corrupts good manners, is an indisputable fact, and it's just as true of books as of men. Who can tell the power of a good or bad one?

The little boy of long ago went to school in a monastery. He had no books. With the advent of the printing press he had his first book. It consisted of the alphabet and the Lord's prayer. Not many years elapsed before it might have been truthfully said "Of making many books there is no end," for the little folks were quickly and easily getting what their souls craved. The printing presses were kept busily humming adding their contributions to the children's literature, and we had in successive stages the didactic Edgeworth books, the dreary Sunday School books, the informing Rollo, the sensational Optic and Alger, the driveling Elsie, with their adoring armies of admirers, all now placed in the dungeon of disfavor by discerning mothers.

The world of to-day is convinced that reading is a necessary part of a child's education, and that we cannot too soon begin to inspire a love for good literature. The child's book of to-day is as to number, legion. Librarians are simply buried in the output, books poor, indifferent, good, beautiful, alluring, compelling, and from this mass what few—for few they must be—shall we choose for our children to read? Assuredly your personality enters largely into this decision, but there are many universal favorites which will be found in nearly every list, however much the tastes of those making the selections may differ.

In the past few years much has been written and said regarding fairy stories. Shall we read them to or allow our children to read them? a large majority of writers on this subject heartily approve of them, and recommend Grim's and Andersen's fairy tales, especially for unimaginative children. Don't hurry with your books of information. Old heads on little shoulders have ceased to be attractive. Let them have Mother Goose and Caldecott's Hey Diddle Diddle, Caldecott is also a master-craftsman in making picture books, and his books present lessons in good taste which might help to lessen the demand for the Buster Browns and Katzejammer kids of newspaper fame.

Of course the little folks must have the nonsense books, for the Owl and the Pussy Cat, and the Jumblies who went to sea in a sieve, are far too delightful not to have known in pinafore days, and "How would you like to go up in a swing?" "My bed is a boat," "My shadow," all those delightful verses of Stevenson's must be added without gainsaying. Then come trooping along in a long trail, Pied Piper, Alice in Wonderland, The Little Prudy series, Ray and Gerda, Robin Hood, Sir Galahad, Hans Brinker, Tom Brown, etc., and what memories to these belong. Never to have raced with Hans for the silver skates, never to have been exiled with the man without a country, or to wind one's horn in the merry greenwood with Robin Hood, or to have reverently journeyed in search of the Holy Grail with Sir Galahad, is to have missed much.

And fun, don't forget to add this, especially if your little folks are inclined to look on life seriously, and the right kind is to be found bubbling over in the Brownies, the Tar Babies, the Peterkins. Clean, wholesome fun will do them good.

But the difficulty increases with age, for so many books are thrust upon us that it seems impossible to choose from them all, but there still remains the true and the tried, like King Arthur and His Knights, Tales from Shakespeare, Swiss Family Robinson, Pilgrim's Progress, Christmas Carol, the Patty stories, the Alcott stories, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, the Carey books, and the Sherburn stories, Mary Carey, Mrs. Riggs' books, and many others, clean, pure, wholesome stories, which certainly cannot be said of most of the stories of to-day, in which the girls are dazzlingly beautiful, and as a rule wealthy, and the heroes may or may not be decent, but are remarkable all the same.

Many of the athletic books of the present, though overdrawn, are fine, and have proved helpful to the boys, and any way, they are much to be preferred to the Optic and Alger stories.

Again and again has the question been raised, shall our children read religious novels? and by this term is meant novels whose characters are drawn from the Bible, and it never has nor ever will be settled. There is this to be said in its favor, such stories create an interest in the Bible; and this might as truthfully be said in its disfavor, that the characters necessarily are so over drawn and distorted that one cannot recognize them in the original.

We may teach our children to be skillful with their hands, but the truth must not be lost sight of that a richer and finer development along all lines is easier for the child who has known good books than for the child who has known none or poor ones.

First, study your child, know along what line he needs mental or moral development, then study the authors and know which meets your need, and know for yourself that the man or woman whose written or printed thoughts are to influence the life entrusted to your guidance, is clean, pure, honest, intelligent, for words are but thoughts and a drop of ink may make thousands, perhaps millions, think.

My Beloved.

INSCRIBED TO MY SAINTED WIFE, ON HER BIRTHDAY, JULY 19TH.

There's a shadow on the hearthstone,
There's a mist before the light,
And a vacant chair beside me,
As I sit alone to-night.

They have buried my beloved
On the green and grassy crest,
Where the sunbeams love to linger,
Ere they fade into the West.

Through the glory of the sunset,
And the lofty realms of blue,
She will wave for me a welcome,
To a heart so warm and true.

Long and fondly Memory lingers,
And when fleeting years have rolled,
I shall clasp the gentle fingers,
Where I placed my pledge of gold.

We'll meet at last in Heaven above,
When these weary years have flown:—
I will love thee, as the angels love,
My Beautiful—my own.

LLEWELLYN A. WADSWORTH.

Hiram, Me.

Maine Osteopaths Incorporate.

The Maine Osteopathic Association met with their lawyer in Portland on the 10th and incorporated as a scientific and fraternal corporation. This association was organized to advance the science of osteopathy and for the mutual benefit of its members. It also aims to protect the public against unqualified practitioners. The following officers were elected:

President—Dr. Albert E. Chittenden, Portland.
Vice-President—Dr. Ralph A. Sweet, Rockland.
Secretary—Dr. Nora R. Brown, Waterville.
Treasurer—Dr. F. M. Kellet, Skowhegan.
Trustees—Dr. Leonard J. Neal, South Paris; Dr. Geo. H. Tuttle, Portland; Dr. Wm. S. Shaffer, Presque Isle.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all our good friends and neighbors who so kindly extended to us their sympathy and help in our late bereavement. We also thank all those who so kindly sent beautiful floral tributes.

MR. AND MRS BERT F. CUMMINGS AND FAMILY.

Girl wanted, to learn type-setting at the Democrat office. Permanent work for the right one.

NORWAY.

Rev. Caroline E. Angell of Freeport visited friends in town several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rowe, Jr., of Saco, are guests of Mrs. Rowe's parents for a few weeks.

Regular meeting of Norway Grange next Saturday.

Mrs. Lucelia Merriam has returned from her cottage at Falmouth Foreside.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Stone and daughter Beatrice, and Mrs. Stone's mother, Mrs. Julia French, are at Falmouth Foreside for a few weeks.

Mrs. A. T. Bennett and daughter and Miss Etta Noyes are at their cottage at Poland Campground for four weeks.

Mrs. Mary L. Howe has been entertaining her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Morrison of Bangor, and her grandson, Robley H. Morrison and family of Rumford, and other relatives at her cottage at the lake.

Misses Sara and Marion True entertained a party of friends at their home on Pleasant Street Monday evening in honor of Miss Marion's birthday.

Monday night, Walter Buck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Buck, after working in the hot sun all day, went after the cows as usual, but instead of returning with them wandered away. He was not heard from until Wednesday, when it was learned that he was at Gilead.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram L. Libby, who reached the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on May 1st, celebrated the event last Wednesday, the observance having been deferred on account of the inability of some of the relatives to be present at the exact date. A bountiful and substantial dinner was served at noon, at which a large family party sat down. Valuable reminders of the day were left by the guests. Included among the guests were Mrs. Libby's brother, Laforest Kimball, and wife, of Waltham, Mass., her sister, Mrs. Nellie Daniel of Worcester, Mass., and nephews, Guy B. Kimball, wife and daughter, and J. H. Brown, wife and three sons, of Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

Mrs. Victor L. Whitman is visited by her mother, Mrs. Carrie Dinsmore, and her sister, Mrs. Nellie Haxby of Clarinda, Iowa.

Mrs. J. W. Nash and daughter, Miss Berenice Nash, spent the past week with relatives at North Conway and Kearsarge, N. H.

Professor Richard Clement and family of Elizabeth, N. J., are occupying their cottage on the lake.

Mrs. Emma J. Bickford of Hanover, Mass., is the guest of her son, Robert F. Bickford.

Mrs. Nancy Stiles Thomas died at her home Wednesday after a long and painful illness from cancer, at the age of 76 years. She is survived by a son, Willis L. McAllister of North Lovell, and a daughter, Mrs. Martena Richardson of Norway, besides two sisters and a brother. The funeral on Saturday was attended by Rev. M. C. Ward.

Miss Edith Rideout is clerking in Smiley's store during the summer vacation.

S. H. Hayden and family of Haverhill, Mass., are at their cottage on the lake.

Another man, B. F. Greene of Portland, was before the Municipal Court Wednesday for running an auto over the closed road in Waterford. He appealed from a fine of $10 and costs of $14.98. Hon. James S. Wright appeared for the respondent.

Harry Rowe, who had been clerk for G. A. Smith at West Paris, was bound over in the Municipal Court for larceny, in the sum of $200, for which bonds were furnished. Mr. Smith was the complainant, who alleged the larceny of a watch, clothing and other articles. The young woman who was at a camp in Woodstock with Rowe when he was arrested had the watch in her possession, but she was allowed to go.

Mrs. J. F. Thompson and daughter Louise from Long Beach, Calif., are guests at Rock Island.

Mrs. A. J. Nevers and Miss Lauretta Nevers are visiting Dr. Harry Nevers in Lawrence, Mass.

The Congregational Sunday school will picnic at Gibson's Grove on Wednesday of this week.

William Stanton, formerly of Norway, now in the Boston office of the B. F. Spinney Co., is spending a two weeks' vacation here.

Mrs. Thomas Harney of South Framingham, Mass., and friend Mrs. Thorpe, are spending a few weeks in town and have rooms at H. J. Bangs'.

Miss Lena Schenk, who teaches in Providence, R. I., is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schenk, for the summer vacation.

Miss Anna Brooks is the new bookkeeper at the store of Z. L. Merchant & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutchinson are spending two weeks at Orr's Island.

Mrs. Horace Cole has returned from New York after spending some time there.

Mrs. Arthur Hebbard and son, Don Whitney, are at their cottage at Old Orchard for the summer.

Eugene Stevens has work in a garage at Portland.

Wednesday evening the Standard Bearers of the Methodist church were entertained at the home of Rev. B. C. Wentworth.

The new hotel on Lakeside Farm will be ready for opening Aug. 1st. The rooms are all engaged.

The Good Templars will meet this Monday evening at the Methodist vestry, and will then decide where future meetings shall be held. Grand Army Hall, where they have been meeting, having been sold to the Knights of Pythias.

Mrs. Clayton Smith of Pleasant Street has returned from Halifax, N. S., accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Dorson, and sister, Mrs. Nickerson, who will remain here for the winter.

A. A. Laferrier has been visiting his daughter in Hallowell.

Mrs. Vivian W. Hills is visiting relatives in Malden, Mass.

Miss Dora Kerwin of Concord, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. O. P. Brooks.

Miss Helen Bangs will take the place of Miss Anna Brooks with the B. F. Spinney Co.

Mrs. Freeland Howe, Jr., is visiting her parents in Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter Sedgwick of Boston are at O. P. Brooks'.

Vivian W. Hills attended the meeting of the Maine Association of Optometrists at Old Orchard Wednesday.

Miss Ethel Wentworth went to Thomaston last Monday to remain for the week, and will then finish her vacation at Old Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Pike of Auburn have been visiting Mr. Pike's sister, Mrs. Agnes Purington.

Mrs. Florence Buswell entertained her Sunday school class at her home Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Savage of Medford, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Savage's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Oxnard.

Officers of Oxford Castle, K. G. E., for the coming term, were installed Wednesday evening by District Grand Chief Harold P. Malone of Auburn, as follows:

S. P. C.—Walter E. Everett.
N. C.—Horace L. Cleveland.
V. C.—Urshal C. Gammon.
H. P.—Verne A. Ranger.
V. H.—Edwin S. Gammon.
S. H.—Ernest J. Mattor.
M. of R.—Merton L. Kimball.
K. of E.—Geo. L. Curtis.
W. B.—Geo. I. Wheeler.
W. C.—Frank M. Buswell.
Ens.—Geo. A. Maxim.
Esq.—Freeman M. Bennett.
1st G.—Geo. W. Winslow.
2d G.—H. Douglas Farrar.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN?

One hundred and twenty pounds, more or less, of bone and muscle don't make a woman. It's a good foundation. Put into it health and strength and she may rule a kingdom. But that's just what Electric Bitters give her. Thousands bless them for overcoming fainting and dizzy spells and for dispelling weakness, nervousness, backache and tired, listless, worn out feeling. "Electric Bitters have done me a world of good," writes Eliza Pool, Depew, Okla., "and I thank you, with all my heart, for making such a good medicine." Only 50c. Guaranteed by the Chas. H. Howard Company.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

Never can tell when you'll smash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

Anent the buffalo which is to grace one side of the new nickel, the Boston Herald discourses on the immense herds of those animals which once roamed the western country, and adds:

"But the buffalo was a juicy morsel, and the temptation to live on rather than with it was irresistible."

Yet the Herald must know that the principal cause of the virtual extermination of the buffalo was not man's appetite, but his lust for killing. Buffaloes by the thousand were slaughtered from that incentive alone.

The Interstate Commerce Commission announces a tentative revision of express rates, with an average reduction from present rates, as stated, of about fifteen per cent. As is generally known, the express business has been enormously profitable. But the companies immediately respond with a published statement that the new rates will not pay the cost of doing the business. Almost it is to laugh.

People Tell Each Other About Good Things.

Twenty years ago few people in the world knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. To-day after the genuine merit of Allen's Foot-Ease has been told year after year by one gratified person to another, there are millions abroad and in this country who would as soon go without a dentifrice as without the daily use of Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a cleanly, wholesome, healing, antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, which has given rest and comfort to tired and aching feet in all parts of the world. It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonial of cures of smarting, swollen, tender, perspiring feet. It prevents friction and wear of the stockings and will save in your stocking bill ten times its cost each year. Imitations pay the dealer a larger profit, otherwise you would never be offered a substitute when you ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, the original antiseptic powder for the feet. It gives a restfulness and a springy feeling that makes you forget that you have feet. Allen's Foot-Ease is the greatest comfort discovery of the age and so easy to use. It prevents soreness, blisters or puffing. Don't go on your vacation without a package of Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

Born.

In Hebron, July 12, to the wife of Harry W. Bearce, a daughter.
In Bryant's Pond, July 15, to the wife of Roy Titus, a daughter.
In Norway, July 14, to the wife of John McKay, a son.
In Norway, July 14, to the wife of A. E. Everett, a daughter.
In Norway, July 6, to the wife of Myron E. Farnum, a son.
In East Stoneham, July 9, to the wife of Herman A. Richards, a daughter.
In Andover, July 9, to the wife of Frank Learned, a daughter.
In Norway, July 11, to the wife of Reginald Dinsmore, a daughter.
In North Paris, July 11, to the wife of John Matt, a son.
In South Paris, July 15, to the wife of Louis Albert Fred Kirschner, a son, Louis Albert Fred.
In Paris, July 17, to the wife of Abel Huotari, a daughter.
In Rumford, July 17, to the wife of Walter G. Morse, a daughter.

Married.

In Portland, July 17, by Rev. J. K. Wilson, D. D., Mr. Charles R. Huntoon and Miss Helen I. Hopkins, both of Rumford.
In Fryeburg, July, Mr. Charles Hutchins and Miss Hattie Lord,
In Washington, July 5, Mr. Morton L. Clark, formerly of Buckfield, and Mrs. Jennie L. Durrell, formerly of West Paris.

Died.

In Paris, July 18, Henry Caswell, aged 91 years.
In Melrose, Mass., July 21, Dr. James W. Davis of Fort Fairfield, formerly of South Paris aged 60 years, 11 months.
In Roxbury, Mass., July 10, Mrs. Martha D. (Packard) Wright, aged 82 years, 4 months, 18 days. The last of the Stephen Packard family thatonce lived in Woodstock where the old family cemetery is.
In Porter, July 14, Ruth A. Gentleman.
In East Hebron, July 17, Harold C. Keene, aged 17 years.
In Greenwood, May 17, Granville M. Glines, aged 68 years.
In North Norway, July 16, Mrs. Emeline A. French, widow of Wm. P. French, aged 79 years, 2 months, 18 days.
In West Bethel, July 15, George A. Murphy, aged 76 years,
In Greenwood, July 15, William Woodis, aged 60 years.
In Norway, July 17, Mrs. Nancy S. Thomas, aged 77 years, 6 months, 13 days.

For Sale.

Yoke of four-year-old 7-foot oxen, Hereford and Durham, good workers.
B. F. CUMMINGS,
South Paris.
30

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of FRANK H. FISH, of Mexico, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Frank H. Fish, in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1912, the said Frank H. Fish was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the Referee, No. 8 Market Square, South Paris, on the 7th day of Aug., A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, July 20, 1912.
WALTER L. GRAY,
Referee in Bankruptcy.
30 32

COMPOUND INTEREST

The trouble with most advertisers is that they expect immediate returns of large proportions. One prominent advertiser illustrates the principle of advertising in this way:

"The money expended for advertising is the same as if placed at interest. The profits from the advertising are virtually the interest on the investment.

"The sums spent for advertising are properly chargeable to capital account because the resulting good will is something that has value, which, if the advertising has been properly done, can usually be sold for the face value of the investment.

"The rate of interest is determined by the skill with which the investment is made.

"Just as the quickest way to increase invested wealth is by compounding the interest, just so the quickest way to realise results from advertising is to compound the returns."—Advertising Experience.

Advertisers get good returns on the amount invested in our columns. We reach the people.

LOOK COOL

And be as Cool as You Look

WEAR B. V. D.

These coat cut, sleeveless undershirts and knee-length drawers are loose fitting. They are made from light, durable, soft feeling materials which let the air through, but are slow to wear out. No binding, no pulling, just comfort.

B. D. V. 50c, Unions $1.00

H. B. FOSTER,
One Price Clothier,
NORWAY, - - MAINE.

PARIS TRUST COMPANY.

Our grandfathers did not have the Electric Lights, Electric Cars, Telephones, Free Rural Delivery or CHECK ACCOUNTS.

Which one of these modern necessities can you afford to be without?

Almost all of the business done in this country, is done by men that have bank accounts, and CHECK BOOKS.

If you do not have one, come and see us.

It costs nothing, but will be of great value to you.

PARIS TRUST COMPANY,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER | FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Z. L. MERCHANT & CO.
Successors to S. B. and Z. S. Prince

Extraordinary Price Reductions in the Ready-to-Wear Department on Suits, Coats, Dresses and Waists.

Most worthy seasonable cloths at very little prices. In many instances not more than half the actual worth.

Yard Upon Yard of Wash Fabrics Underpriced.

Our Wash Goods section offers a wonderful opportunity to the woman who needs a few more wash garments or to the mother with tiny tots to be made spic and span.

Hundreds of yards at prices that mean the prettiest of warm weather dresses at surprisingly small expense.

FINE SHEER PRINTED BATISTE and MUSLINS in an assortment of light and dark colors.
28 inches wide, actual value 12½c. . . . . . . Reduced to 8½c.

COTTON FOULARDS
28 inches wide, actual value 15c. . . . . . . Reduced to 10c.

SILK FOULARDS
25 inches wide, actual value 25c. . . . . . . Reduced to 17c

LINEN DRESS GOODS
Colors blue, brown, lavender, green and white.
27 inches wide, actual values 35 to 39c. . . . . Reduced to 25c.

SILK WHIPCORDS
27 inches wide, actual value 29c. . . . . . . Reduced to 19c.

SATIN STRIPE VOILES
27 inches wide, actual value 29c. . . . . . . Reduced to 19c.

SATIN STRIPE VOILES
38 inches wide, actual value 49c. . . . . . . Reduced to 29c.

Yards of White Goods Underpriced
Knit Underwear and Hosiery
Splendid chance for saving in this department.
ODD LOTS put in at a little more than half price.

Black Silk Petticoats
One lot put in at about half price.

Wash Dress Skirts
White and colors all marked down.

Parasols
Balance of stock all marked down.

In our Kitchen Ware Department we have The Safety Valve Fruit Jars.

Not a Fruit Jar in name only, but a Fruit Jar of QUALITY, half pints, pints and quarts.

Store Will be Closed Friday Afternoon, July 26th.

THE ONE PRICE CASH STORE.

Z. L. MERCHANT & CO.
NORWAY, - - - - - - - - - - MAINE

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

TRY THE BARRY SHOE.

I know I can please you as far as style, and fit, and wear go—and I am sure you will be satisfied.

I have such a splendid assortment of the newest styles that you'll find it easy to make a satisfactory selection of the Barry Shoe at $4 or $5.

And as I guarantee every pair, you take no risk in buying, for I make right, anything that goes wrong.

Of course I have plenty of other kinds from $2 to $5.

And a complete line of PATRICIAN SHOES for Ladies.

W. O. Frothingham,
South Paris, - - - Maine.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for children; safe, sure. No opiates | FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals lungs

Timely Suggestions

We have a long part of the Summer ahead of us, Let us make it a comfortable part at little expense to you. this is how: We are heavily stocked with Muslin, Flaxon, Lenine and Gingham Dresses. Skirts of Linen, Lenine and Pique, so we have

MARKED THEM DOWN

$3.00 MUSLIN DRESSES for	$2.49
3.50 PURE LINEN DRESSES for	2.98
3.00 FLAXON DRESSES for	2.49
2.50 GINGHAM DRESSES for	1.98
2.00 LENINE DRESSES for	1.49
2.50 SKIRTS OF PURE LINEN for	1.98
3.50 SKIRTS OF WIDE STRIPE PIQUE for	2.98
1.98 SKIRTS OF LENINE for	1.49

Notice that we have made no attempt to describe the garments. The stock is so varied that you would never read this if we told all about them so we sum them up by saying THERE IS NOT A POOR STYLE IN LOTS ADVERTISED.

DRY GOODS Thomas Smiley SMILEY SYSTEM—SIX STORES
NORWAY, MAINE

The Safe Investment of Your Money

In considering the investment of your money the very first requirement is the security of the principal. There are other features, of course, but fundamental security is foremost. The proper selection of an investment bond which has this primary qualification requires technical knowledge. Naturally and necessarily the experienced banker, whose constant business it is to investigate securities of all kinds, is possessed of this technical knowledge.

If you are considering the investment of funds and will state your requirements in the way of interest return, maturity and amount, we will be pleased to send you a list of well secured bonds.

THE NORWAY NATIONAL BANK
OF NORWAY, MAINE.
Capital, $50,000.00
Surplus, $30,000.00
Undiv. Profits, $30,000.00

Insure your horse against the flies by using a Fly Net. You can find the Largest Assortment and Lowest Price in Flo Nets at the

TUCKER HARNESS STORE

Scrim Nets, 65c to $1.50. | Cord Nets, 75c to $1.50.
Leather Nets, $1.50 to $2.00

James N. Favor, PROP. OF THE TUCKER HARNESS STORE.
91 Main St., Norway, Maine.

MEN'S

Heavy Welt Shoes for $3.50. We have a line of Men's Shoes made for service but soft and comfortable. They are Tan Calf Blucher, Goodyear Welt, unlined, very easy for the feet and very durable. The price is $3.50 and they are worth it. If you work out of doors, and want comfort for your feet, you need a pair of them.

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.,
Opera House Block, - Norway, Maine.
Telephone 38-2. Residence 38-3.

HAYING TOOLS

Snaths, Forks, Hand Rakes, Drag Rakes, Stones, Rifles
Clipper Scythes

The Celebrated Solid India Steel Scythe

Paris Green, Arsenate of Lead and Swift's Poison

N. Dayton Bolster Co.
35 MARKET SQUARE, SOUTH PARIS, ME.
'Phone, 19-21.

3 Refrigerators at $7.00, $11.00 and $16.00.
At 25 per cent discount.

MILLINERY
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices
Also a Nice Line of
Shirtwaists, Ladies' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery
Call and see us

MRS. L. C. SMILEY,
MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

CUMMINGS

MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

South Paris, Maine.

We repair Mowing Machines.
We do Carriage Repairing.
We Manufacture Farm Wagons.
Get our prices.
We don't belong to the Union.

G. H. PENLEY,

Manager. 26tf

For Sale.

House and lot, situated in South Paris Village, on High Street, and known as the Sarah A. Penley homestead.

Inquire of James S. Wright, South Paris, Maine. 19tf

For Sale.

Green gray birch cord wood.

B. M. GREELY,
R. F. D. 2, South Paris, Me.

Happiest Girl in Lincoln

"I am only too glad to testify to the good qualities of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Miss Nora G. Hagerty, of Lincoln, Neb. "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation, stomach trouble and a terrible misery after eating, when I was taken sick with abscess of the bowels. We had some of the best doctors in Lincoln in attendance, and they all said I would have to be operated on right away. I had heard of Chamberlain's Tablets, and we got a bottle of them. I began to take them and in three days I was able to be up and got better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine as these tablets are. I can hardly believe myself that I am strong and healthy now. They saved me from a serious surgical operation."

OWING to the late spring, hoeing and haying will come all together and you will need one of our Riding Cultivators to do your work. We have got the best Riding Cultivator made. It will save you the work of several men and do the work better. Our prices are right.

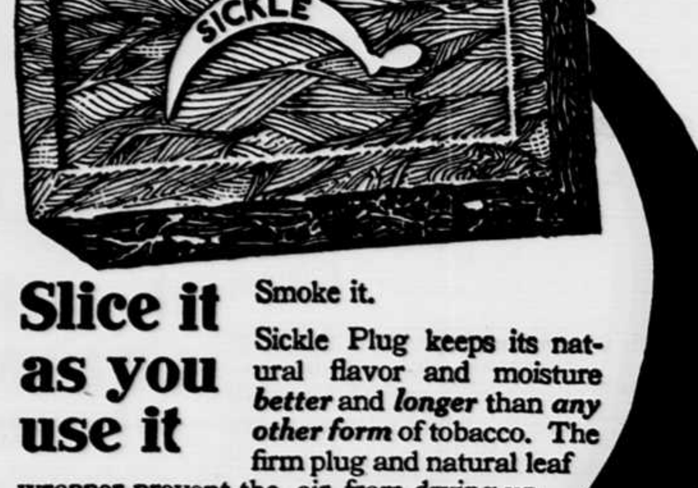
A. W. Walker & Son,

South Paris, Maine.

STANDARD SEWING MACHINES.

Send for Catalogue.

W. J. WHEELER & CO.,
South Paris.



Slice it as you use it

Smoke it.

Sickle Plug keeps its natural flavor and moisture *better* and *longer* than *any other form* of tobacco. The firm plug and natural leaf wrapper prevent the air from drying up the tobacco.

If you want a rich, cool, sweet, satisfying smoke—try it today.

At your dealer's

3 oz. 10c

SEE L. S. BILLINGS FOR

Lumber of All Kinds for Building Purposes.

OUR SPECIALTIES—Paroid Roofing, Shingles, Apple Barrel Heads, Flooring, Sheathing, etc.

I am the ONLY AGENT here for Paroid Roofing. There are other makes, but Paroid is the best.

L. S. BILLINGS, South Paris, Me.

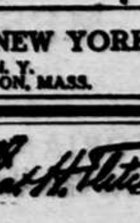
The New Perfection Oil Cook-stove Suits Everybody

It suits the most exacting French chef. It suits the housewife. It is found in luxurious villas—in camps—in farms—in humble city homes. Everybody uses it; everybody likes it. It is the all-round stove for all the year round. It bakes, broils, roasts and toasts as well as a coal range. It is equipped with a special heating plate, and we sell the New Perfection oven, broiler, toaster, and pancake griddle—each specially designed for use with the

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

All dealers sell the stove. It is handsomely finished in nickel, with cabinet top, drop shelves, towel racks, etc. Long chimneys, enameled turquoise-blue. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners.

Free Cook-Book with every stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing cost.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY ALBANY, N. Y. BUFFALO, N. Y. BOSTON, MASS.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1807.—Enigmas.

I.

It oft, too oft, at night is heard;
It's found on trees, though not a bird;
It rides the billows, tempest stirred;
All may be uttered in a word.

II.

A river set mid Scottish mosses;
A fabric fit for manly wear;
The first and worst of modern bosses—
We in one vocal sound declare.

No. 1808.—Decapitation.

A ONE, though good in steaming bread,
Should ne'er our ways environ;
TWO is, in yellow, brown or red,
A deadly foe to iron.

No. 1809.—Riddles.

I.

I am the abode of the lowly;
I am seldom clean;
I am mighty in power;
My work you have seen.

II.

I stand for welcome and for shelter,
With joy you often greet me too,
And yet behind me often stands
A sorrow unexpected—true.
Through me you go to your last rest,
And I may hide from sight the best.

III.

I am an act, both good and bad.
You give me—giving what you had.
My weight is small, and yet I bind.
Ignore me and this truth you find.
I'm written with full many a name,
Yet read me either way the same.

IV.

It may be said that I drag down.
Does my name a burden suggest?
I am just what the honest give
When money is paid for the best,
And yet I pause and often hold
Another from hurrying by.
I am part of the scales and clock;
If you hold me you cannot fly.

V.

I am one of ten. I may be before you or behind you. I lead the way and yet wait until I am bidden. I assist you in eating, working, playing. I need good attention, and when properly directed I furnish you with beautiful music.—Youth's Companion.

No. 1810.—Word Building.

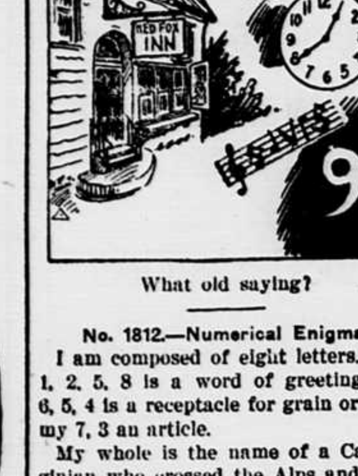
I.

One, two,
We speak to you.
Add three and four
And hear us roar.
Our last three try.
We are not high.
In our six combined
A color find.

II.

My first is Scotch for a certain part of the face; my second is English for the same feature; my third is a command to a horse; my fourth, certain English people are sure to drop; my fifth, most English people are fond of; my sixth, children are constantly asking.

No. 1811.—Rebus Puzzle.



What old saying?

No. 1812.—Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters. My 1, 2, 5, 8 is a word of greeting; my 6, 5, 4 is a receptacle for grain or coal; my 7, 3 an article.

My whole is the name of a Carthaginian who crossed the Alps and wintered in Capua.

No. 1813.—Charade.

"How cold I am!" exclaims my first.
"My touch would chill your blood."
My second says, "You'll be dispersed
By the uprising flood."

"But I am gentle, sweet and mild,
Most useful in my sphere.
I nourish both adult and child.
My touch you need not fear."

"What says my whole?" you now demand
I must not tell you more;
But you can find it, understand,
At the confectioner's store.

No. 1814.—Word Square.

1. A vessel used for producing artificial light.
2. Any plain surface or plot of ground.
3. Grain coarsely ground.
4. Of a dim or whitish color.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1800.—Buried Cities: 1. Genoa. 2. Cork. 3. Hammerfest. 4. Mobile. 5. Utica. 6. London. 7. Cleveland. 8. Rome. 9. St. Paul.

No. 1801.—Endless Chain: Orange, gentle, length, thrash, shiver, ermine, nectar, armada, damsel, elapse, search, change.

No. 1802.—Diamonds: 1. Q, due, quill, ell, L. 2. D, awe, dwarf, err, F.

No. 1803.—Letter Plurals: G's (gees); E's (ease); C's (sees); T's (tees); O's (owes); P's (peas); Q's (cues); J's (jays); U's (use); B's (bees); I's (eyes); Y's (wise).

No. 1804.—Rebus Puzzle: A dog chased a rabbit across the brook, but did not catch it.

No. 1805.—Charade: Hair, pin—hairpin.

No. 1806.—Charade: Con, cord—Concord.

An increasing number of people report regularly of the satisfactory results from taking Foley Kidney Pills and commend their healing and curative qualities. Foley Kidney Pills are a carefully prepared medicine, guaranteed to contain no harmful or habit forming drugs. They can have only a beneficial effect when used for kidney and bladder troubles, for backache, rheumatism, weak back or lumbago. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Baseball Captain—You shouldn't be so hard on the boys. They played very well. The game was lost through just one error.

Manager—Yes, so was paradise.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhœa and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

Campaigner—Uncle Cyrus, what is the feeling up in your part of Michigan?

Uncle Cyrus—Well, sir, the peach crop's gone to thunder, an' some of us, begosh, are going to vote for Debs!

N. J. Gorham, Cashier Bank of Woodville, Ga., had a very severe attack of kidney trouble and the pains in his kidneys and back were terrible. "I got a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills from our druggist and they entirely relieved me, I have more benefit from them than any other medicine." A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Mrs. Chinn—You know my husband just won't listen to good, common sense talk.

Mrs. Frank—How do you know?

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

The Housekeeping Allowance.

In families supported by a fixed income, it is a growing custom to set a definite allowance for housekeeping purposes. It is in fact the only businesslike way to conduct household affairs. The few objections raised against it are very trivial in nature. There is the class of selfish husbands who do not want to "tie themselves down" to a certain figure, lest it should interfere with their own pleasures or personal luxuries. There is also the class of unthinking wives who would be "bothered" by accounts, or "hampered" by any limitations. Such objectors invariably claim that by reasonable care the non-allowance method is just as economical in the end. Perhaps it is with a few exceptional people. But the most of us are only human, and are prone to yield to the temptations of extravagance, now and then. The allowance system is a sure preventive against continued extravagance. We are brought up with a round turn at the end of a week or month. Consequently we learn how to counterbalance the extras of one week by the prudence of the next, while those who depend upon their judgment are apt to forget all about last week's expenses. So, too, we who have an allowance, look ahead and save up for emergencies and great occasions, while the unsystematic housekeepers, taking no thought for the morrow, make no provision for the future.

To learn the true value of money is one of the most practical lessons of life. It trains the judgment and stimulates the powers of invention and observation. Reasonable economy does not, by any means, imply frugality or self-denial. It means skillful cooking and wise methods in buying.

Recipes.

MAPLE FUDGE.

For maple fudge, first get the genuine maple sugar, no imitation or half-and-half preparation, and grind it through a mill; this will make it light, and it will not pack in the cup. Take three cups of the ground sugar, one full cup of milk and a piece of butter as large as a small egg, mix all together and set over a hot fire. Cook till it boils away from the sides of the kettle, beating all the time. Then pour into a pan and beat until cold.

GRAINED CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup cream, butter half the size of an egg, three bars grated chocolate. Flavor with vanilla and stir constantly until it grains.

COFFEE FUDGE.

Boil together two cups granulated sugar and one cup strong coffee. Add either one teaspoon butter or one tablespoon rich cream. Boil until a spoonful of candy stiffens when beaten. Then take from the fire, beat hard with a big spoon until the candy begins to grow stiff, quickly beat in one cup broken shell bark or pecan nut meats, and pour out into buttered tin. This is an extremely toothsome candy and not well known.

EVERTON TOFFEE.

Take two cups molasses, one pound moist sugar and half pound butter. Cut the butter up in small pieces so that it can melt quickly, put it in the sauce pan, then add the molasses, and then the sugar, stir it slowly with a knife over a clear fire, and when everything has become thick and of a nice brown color, drop a little into a cup of cold water. If it becomes crisp the toffee is done, and should be poured into a buttered plate.

COCOANUT CANDY.

Use equal quantities of loaf sugar and grated cocoanut; add enough milk to the cocoanut to moisten the sugar. Put it to boil and stir almost constantly. When the candy begins to turn to sugar stir in the cocoanut as quickly as possible. Pour into buttered dishes. Cut while warm with a buttered knife.

VANILLA CARAMELS.

Boil together one pound sugar, one gill cream, one ounce honey, one-fourth spoon butter and half gill hot water, till on dropping it into cold water it crackles on touching the bottom; then add a teaspoon of vanilla and pour it on to an oiled dish to cool. When cool cut into caramel squares.

LEMON DROPS.

Pour on to a half pound powdered sugar just enough strained lemon juice to dissolve it and then boil it to the consistency of thick syrup. Drop this from the saucepan in round drops on to an oiled dish and set in a slack oven to harden, dusting it as it sets with a little icing sugar. Any fruit juice can be used in the same way instead of the lemon.

SALTED PECANS.

Mix one pound nuts with unbeaten white of an egg. Put in oven to dry. Sprinkle with salt while hot.

SEA FOAM.

Three cups light brown sugar, one cup water, one tablespoon vinegar, pour over beaten whites of two eggs, one cup nuts. Add vanilla when done.

SMITH COLLEGE FUDGE.

Melt a quarter cup butter. Mix together in a separate bowl one cup each of white and brown sugar, a quarter cup of molasses and half a cup of cream. Add to the melted butter and bring to a boil. Cook three minutes, stirring very rapidly at first, but decreasing toward the end. Take from the fire, add a teaspoon and a half of vanilla, then stir constantly until thickened. Pour into buttered pan and set in a cold place.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

Two cups pulverized sugar, one-half cup cream, boil five minutes, put sauce pan in pan of cold water to cool, add one teaspoon vanilla, and stir. Make into balls. When cold dip into melted chocolate.

FUDGE.

One cup of sweet milk, two cups granulated sugar, piece butter half as large as an egg, two squares of chocolate. Boil about twenty minutes, or until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Remove from the stove, add a teaspoon of vanilla and stir until the syrup is very smooth. Turn into a well-greased pan and when hard cut into squares.

DIVINITY.

Two cups white sugar, one-half cup Karo Corn Syrup, one-half cup water. Boil until hard in water. Stir into beaten whites of two eggs. Add chopped nuts.

MAPLE BUDS.

Two cups brown sugar, one-third cup of water. Boil together slowly for forty minutes. Add well beaten egg and fruit or nuts. Drop from spoon on oiled paper.

PLUM PUDDING CANDY.

One and one-half pounds confectionery sugar, whites of two eggs, juice of one orange, one-half pound each of cocoanut, English walnuts, dates, figs, raisins, currants, one-fourth pound citron, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and mace. Stir the whites of the eggs and the sugar which has been well sifted, together ten minutes. Add the spices and orange juice, and gradually the fruit which has been well chopped; stir until it is thoroughly mixed, then turn on to a board and knead ten minutes, adding more sugar if necessary. Pack in boxes and let stand at least a month.

VANILLA PULLED CANDY.

Two cups granulated sugar, one cup boiling water, one-fourth cup butter, one-fourth cup vinegar. Boil until it will harden in water; then add one tablespoon vanilla and put to cool on buttered tin. When cool, pull.

KISSES.

Whites of three eggs, one cup sugar, one teaspoon flavoring. Bake in a slow oven.

SPONGE CAKE.

Three eggs, one cup flour, one cup of sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, three tablespoons cold water, pinch of salt.

The Fingerless Glove.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove which modern babies, fishermen and Alpine climbers appreciate so greatly? We hear little of gloves in ancient times, and in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered no less than those of the glutton in Athenaeus who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare handed fellow diners. One of the earliest known wearers of a glove with only a thumb is an Anglo-Saxon lady known in Planche's "History of British Costume." Her gloves exactly resemble a modern baby's.

Tom Tiddler's Ground.

A favorite game with little folks is "Tom Tiddler's ground." A large base is formed by drawing a line across the playground, and one child, called "Tom Tiddler," takes his station within it, while the others run in, crying out, "Here am I on Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver.". If Tom Tiddler can touch any boy while he is on his (Tom's) ground the boy so touched takes his place as the guardian of the imaginary gold and silver.

Sincere Admiration.

"Why do you insist on keeping a parrot?"

"Because," answered the lonely man, "I like to hear it talk. The parrot is the only creature gifted with the power of speech that is content to repeat just what it hears without trying to make a good story of it."—Washington Star.

Man and the Dog.

We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet, and amid all the forms of life that surround us not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us.—From a Maeterlink Essay.

Slightly Puzzled.

"Say, pa?"

"What is it?"

"Which union does a jack of all trades belong to?"—New York Press.

Two Relatives.

Bess—Charlie, will you tell me what time it is? I've left my watch at my aunt's. Charlie—Awfully sorry, but I can't. I've left mine at my uncle's.

Nothing can work me damage but myself.—St Bernard

Summer colds are hard to get rid of, and frequently lead to asthma, bronchitis, and hay fever. Do not let your cold get a hold on you, but use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for quick relief. W. H. Allen, Chelsea, Wis., says: "We prefer Foley's Honey and Tar Compound to other cough medicines because it quickly cures coughs and colds. It will ward off a cold if taken in time." Contains no opiates. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

He—Did you ever observe what a difference clothes make on one's mind? Now, when I am in my riding togs, I'm all horse; when I have on my business, my mind's full of business; when I get into my evening dress my mind takes a purely social turn.

She—And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank?

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

He—Did you enjoy yourself at the ball the other night?

She—Yes; everybody told me that I was the most beautiful girl there.

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"Do? Hire a private secretary to answer fool questions."

In these days of high cost of living, a medicine that gets a man up out of bed and able to work in a few days is a valuable and welcome remedy. John Heath, Michigan Bar, Cal., had kidney and bladder trouble, was confined to his bed, unable to turn without help. "I commenced using Foley Kidney Pills and can truly say I was relieved at once." His example is worth following. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"A farmer, you know, chews plug tobacco and whittles a stick, while an agriculturist"—

The Senator paused, then said impressively:—

"An agriculturist smokes Egyptian cigarettes and plays the piano."

Sprains require careful treatment. Keep quiet and apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"Helen, what does that young man who called last night do?"

"He's a baseball player, father."

"Well, tell him to cut out his squeeze plays when he comes up here."

HAPPIEST GIRL IN LINCOLN.

A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble. I began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and got better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"Do you think that operatic celebrity is maintaining her artistic prestige?"

"Well," replied the close observer, "she sings as well as ever. But I don't think her articles on how to be beautiful are up to her former standard."

"I am surprised to hear that Dubleigh has broken down," said Stubbs. "He used to have a splendid constitution."

"Yes," said Wiggletrope, "but he began amending it."

George L. Higbie, Manton, Mich., used Foley Kidney Pills for kidney and bladder trouble. He says: "I find for my case no other medicine equals Foley Kidney Pills for beneficial effect." They are a safe and reliable medicine for kidney trouble and rheumatism. Contain no harmful drugs. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

A girl has such self control about some things that, when a man is proposing, she can sit perfectly still with a mosquito chewing her ankle off.

For summer diarrhœa in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by the Chas. H. Howard Co., South Paris.

"Did ye see as Jim got ten years' penal for stealing that 'oss?"

"Serve 'im right, too. Why didn't 'e buy the 'oss and not pay for 'im like any other gentleman."

A. M. Nason, farming near Canaan, Maine, was badly crippled with sciatic rheumatism due he says to uric acid in his blood. "Foley Kidney Pills entirely cured me and also removed numerous black specks that were continually before my eyes." Foley Kidney Pills are a uric acid solvent and are effective for the various forms of rheumatism. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"Has Dinny got a stiddy job yit, Mrs. Mulcahey?" asked Mrs. Brannigan.

"He has that," said Mrs. Mulcahey. "They've sint him to the pinitintchery for twinty years."

The Little Duck's Peril.

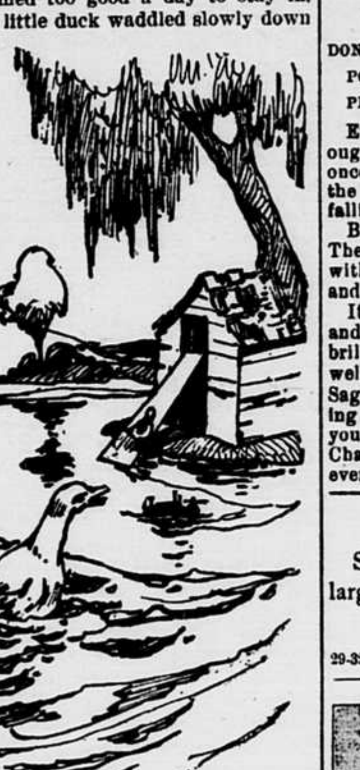
In the center of the big city park is a beautiful little pond, and in the pond is an island, and on the island stands a curious little house.

There are no windows, but only two long rows of doors, one on the ground, the other reached not by flights of stairs, but by boards sloping gently up to the second story and down almost to the water's edge.

Above this small house bend the long, graceful branches of willow trees, of a lovely light green, and in front of it, on the beach of sand and gravel, the little waves are always laughing.

Those who live in this house wear nothing but snow white clothing, with yellow stockings and shoes, for they are a great family of ducks which belong to the city.

One fine morning a baby duck came to the door of one of the upper rooms in the little house. He stood there awhile, looking up and down the shore. It seemed too good a day to stay in, so the little duck waddled slowly down



ONE RAP OF THE OLD DUCK'S BILL SENT THE RAT ON HIS BACK.

the sloping board walk, dipped his bill into the water to see if it was warm and then started to swim away.

He had gone nearly to the end of the island and was having a happy time when out from behind a big bush swam an old drake, or grandfather duck, big and strong and very cross.

The little duck was, of course, much frightened. He tried to turn round and swim back, but he just pounded the water with his feet and beat it with his small wings without going ahead any.

The big duck swam right up to him and gave him a hard thump with his bill, which drove his head clear under the water, so that he got his mouth full and almost choked. The big duck followed him and kept rapping him with his bill. Not until he was almost back to the little house did the old drake leave him. He went away quacking crossly.

The little duck crawled out of the water and lay on his side on the warm sand, trying to get his breath and too tired to move or even stand.

Just then he saw something that filled him with terror. Out of one of the lower doors in the house a big gray rat was creeping. His tiny black eyes were shining like beads, and he was looking right at the little duck.

Nearer and nearer the rat crept. The duck tried to get up on his feet.

He was so frightened that he cried "Peep, peep!" as loud as he could.

It was a small, weak voice, and the only one to hear it was the old drake. He knew that it was a cry for help, and he began to paddle and flutter as fast as he could toward the shore, all the time crying "Quack, quack!" in such a way that all the other ducks heard of it and knew something was wrong. In the face of real danger he quickly turned protector.

The rat had stopped now, as if he did not quite know what to do, and just as the drake reached the shore the rat turned and started to crawl back under the house. He was just too late. One rap of the old drake's bill sent him over on his back. Before he could get up he had hit him another rap, and, squealing loudly, he ran in under the duck house, glad to get away. The rat family had no dinner that night, and the old father rat had to stay in bed for three days.

As for the little duck, he was happy enough to have his mother take him by the wing and drag him up the board and into the nest.—Youth's Companion.

Too Hasty.

A traveling theatrical company was starting to parade in a small New England town when a big gander from a farmyard near at hand waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss.

One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed:

"Don't be so quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show."—Lippincott's.

Didn't Like the Reference.

Tramp—You know the sayin', mum, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Mrs. Subbubs—Very true. And since you speak in proverbs I'll refer you to another old saw. Tramp—Which one is dat, mum? Mrs. S.—The one back in the woodshed.—Boston Transcript.

Rings From Shishaldin.

On Unimak island, Alaska, is Shishaldin, which in some respects is the most remarkable volcano in the world. In addition to a continuous emission of dense white smoke or steam, circular rings apparently several hundred feet in diameter and of wonderful symmetry and whiteness emerge in puffs at short intervals from the very top of the mountain. It causes one to think of the possibility of old Pluto of Pandalon smoking a cigarette.

Easiest Way Out.

"Something ought to be done to ease the prejudice against Wall street," said the apprehensive citizen.

"Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "it is too much to ask us to move business into another thoroughfare. But we might change the name of the street."—Washington Star.

His Quarter.

"I approach you in a worthy cause, Mr. Titewad. We want to raise $100,000. A prominent philanthropist offers to contribute a quarter of it."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Titewad hastily, "I don't mind giving another quarter. Can you change a half?"—Housekeeper.

Overworked.

"The hour of 12 has struck!" hissed the ghost.

"I don't blame it," replied the materialist. "It was worked to death long ago."—Judge.

HEALTH RESTORED

After Years of Illness.

Mr. Hurd of So. Orrington was a constant sufferer from biliousness and indigestion. Read what he says.

"I have used the True "L. F." Atwood's Medicine for ten years. I was sick for a number of years, could not get any relief until I commenced to use "L. F." Atwood's Medicine. It made a well man of me. I use it for most every kind of sickness in my family and consider it one of the best medicines that is made."

A. N. Hurd, So. Orrington, Me.

A large bottle 35 cents at the nearby store, or a sample free by mail, if you never used it. Address,

"L. F." MEDICINE CO., Portland, Me.

Grass for Sale.

On my farm in Hartford. Upland and meadow, first quality. Will sell, or let out at halves.

S. S. HEALD,
27-30 South Paris.

Save Your Hair.

DON'T USE PREPARATIONS CONTAINING POISONOUS SUGAR OF LEAD OR SULPHUR.

Even if you have healthy hair you ought to use a little PARISIAN Sage once a week as a hair dressing. It keeps the hair healthy; prevents scalp itch, falling hair and dandruff, and—baldness.

But be sure you get PARISIAN Sage. There are many imitations. The girl with Auburn hair is on every carton and bottle of PARISIAN Sage.

It banishes dandruff, stops falling hair and scalp itch, and imparts to the hair a brilliancy and lustre that all women, as well as men, love so dearly. PARISIAN Sage is a daintily perfumed and refreshing hair dressing. It's the best hair tonic you can buy. Large bottles 50 cents at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s and dealers everywhere. 30 32

For Sale

Stand in South Paris village with large lot. Inquire of

JAMES A. HEATH,
29-32 Cross Street, South Paris.

The above is a cut of the

Robinson Insect Trap

Made to destroy the moths that kill ornamental trees and orchards and their fruit. It gets them to the last one before they lay their eggs. Its work must result in their extermination. Inexpensive as compared with spraying, vastly more effective and **Kills no Birds.**

ADDRESS:

W. S. ROBINSON,
HARTFORD, MAINE 27tf

IF YOU ARE ILL

from any disorder of the **STOMACH, LIVER** or **KIDNEYS**, or if your bowels are inactive at times, or you should suffer from headaches, get a 50 cent bottle of **SEVEN BARKS** of your druggist. If you are run down and don't feel as young and chipper as you used to, give **SEVEN BARKS** a fair trial; it will purify your blood, clear your system and brain, and make life worth living. It is absolutely harmless, is highly palatable, and will not disturb the most delicate stomach.

For sale at druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Don't fail to try it. Address

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Grass for Sale.

Eleven acres on land that can be cut with a machine. Enquire of

V. K. PARRIS,
28tf. Paris, Maine.

The Keeley Cure

FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG USERS

The Only Successful Treatment

It Destroys the Craving
No Nausea or Sickness
No Confinement
No Prostration or Collapse

General health improves from the beginning. Healthful surroundings, skilled physicians, rational and honest methods and a comfortable home

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
151 Congress St., Portland, Maine
TELEPHONE 2224

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50c & $1.00 Trial Bottle Free

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Foley Kidney Pills

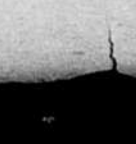
TONIC IN ACTION - QUICK IN RESULTS

Give prompt relief from BACKACHE, KIDNEY and BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION of the KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION of the BLADDER and all annoying URINARY IRREGULARITIES. A positive boon to MIDDLE AGED and ELDERLY PEOPLE and for WOMEN.

HAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION

S. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Connersville, Ind., is in his 85th year. He writes us: "I have lately suffered much from my kidneys and bladder. I had severe backaches and my kidney action was too frequent, causing me to lose much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to be up and around. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation."

A. E. SHURTLEFF & CO., South Paris.
S. E. NEWELL & CO., Paris.



WHAT does it mean to you to have your eyes tested for glasses?

Does it mean having your eyes treated? You answer "No," for they are not diseased, they need no medical attention.

If it is not this, what is it?

The fitting of glasses is a mechanical process, pure and simple. It has to do with light and how it enters your eyes.

It's the determining whether or not your eye balls are regular in shape, whether too long, too short, irregular in curve, etc.

It's the measuring of their depths, their curves, their nerve supply, their muscle balance that the fitting of glasses have to do. Mechanical processes, every one.

You will find our fitting room equipped with every instrument that a skilled refractionist requires in the taking of these measurements.

You will find that our knowledge and experience in the optical business, qualify and enable us to make thorough and accurate "Eye Tests," the fitting of comfortable, becoming, "suited to your requirement" glasses.

S. RICHARDS,

Optometrist

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Know It Well.

FAMILIAR FEATURES WELL KNOWN TO HUNDREDS OF SOUTH PARIS CITIZENS

A familiar burden in many homes.
The burden of a "bad back."
A lame, weak or aching back
Often tells you of kidney ills.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Here is convincing testimony.

C. C. Dearborn, carpenter, West Paris, Me., says: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and I think so well of them that I willingly recommend them. I hope that my statement will be the means of leading someone else to try this preparation. I suffered from pains in the small of my back and my kidneys were not acting right. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from Shurtleff's Drug Store, helped me from the first and I am continuing their use.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's— and take no other.

Men Wanted

to learn Auto driving and repairing. Thorough mechanical training. Best Spring positions will open soon. We can double your salary. Particulars free.

HAMLIN-FOSTER AUTO CO.,
3tf 454-456 Fore St., Portland, Me.

Pianos AND Organs

Second hand Pianos and Organs for sale at a bargain. Two square pianos I will sell at low price. A lot of second hand organs that I will sell at any old price. Come in and see them.

New Pianos, Stools, Scarfs, Instruction Books, Playerpianos always in stock at prices that are right.

Send for catalog.

W. J. Wheeler,

Billings' Block, South Paris.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25 cents. "French Gloss," 10 cents.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c. & 25c.

"ALBO" CLEANS and WHITENS canvas shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc-tin boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-26 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

29-41

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

At a Probate Court, at Paris, in vacation, in and for the County of Oxford, on the twelfth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve. 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 Rumford on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1912, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Orson L. Paine late of Dixfield, deceased; petition that Henry G. Thayer or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased, presented by Ella E. Paine, widow.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

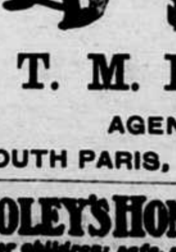
A true copy—attest:

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

Watch Lost.

May 7, in South Paris or on road leading over Paris Hill. Gold watch, Seth Thomas. Finder please report at Democrat office. 22tf

U. S. Cream Separator



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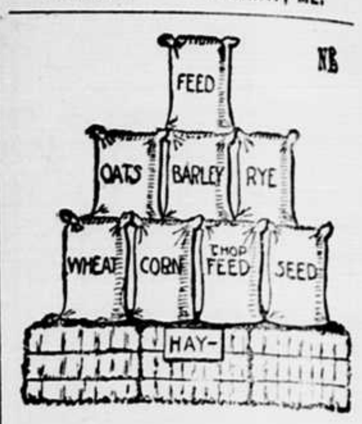
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for children; safe, sure. No opiates

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

No. 238. A NICE ONE AND ONE-HALF STORY SINGLE TENEMENT, 8-room residence in fine repair. Also a stable 25x30 feet, with stalls for horses; split stone cellar, hen house. Also two water services to dwelling of best spring water. There are three acres of land included which can be utilized for several very desirable house lots. This will appeal to one wanting a home in South Paris. Price $2,000.

The Dennis Pike Real Estate Agency,
Tel. 35-3 NORWAY, ME.



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We have just received a car of the Globe Elevator Co.'s Poultry Feed which is very nice and which consists as follows:

Cr. Corn, Chick Cr. Corn, Chicken Wheat, Feed Barley, Scratch Feed, Little Chick Feed, Poultry Feed, Buckwheat.

If you are in want of any of these goods should be pleased to hear from you.

C. B. Cummings & Sons,

Norway, - - - - - - - Maine.

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House For Sale.

A two-family house with stable at No. 12 Highland Street, South Paris. Price low to settle estate.

HENRY P. AUSTIN,
29-32 Bethel.

Dr. Austin Tenney

OCULIST,

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FRIDAY, AUG. 16,

and the third Friday of each following month. At Rumford office 2nd Friday of each month. Eyes treated. Glasses fitted. All work guaranteed.

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Slab Wood,
Edgings,
Stove Wood and Coal.

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Every one of your hens will lay "Golden Eggs" if you feed them The Park & Pollard Dry-Mash and Scratch Feed

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Get their Almanac and Yearbook, and learn all about the wonderful feed that is sold on the "money back plan."

Feed the maturing pullets GROWING FEED and DRY-MASH mixed, but as soon as they begin to lay, give them the DRY-MASH straight.

Don't delay, get them started now and you will have eggs all winter. There are no "just as good" feeds and you have no time to try them — eggs are too high.

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C. B. Cummings & Sons,
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A LOW PRICE

— ON —

Wool Carpets

to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

Chas. F. Ridlon,

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