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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.

The Solvent Action of Rain.

HOW IT AFFECTS THE SALTS OF PLANTS. —RESULTS OF RECENT EXPERIMENTS.

There are two lines of scientific investigation now in progress which, while entirely independent, have an intimate relation with each other, as they affect good farm practice. These are the studies of the disposition by plants of the elements or salts taken up during the period of growth, but not found in the matured plant, on the one hand, and the functions of the mineral salts or ash content of plants in animal nutrition.

With regard to the latter question, the Ohio Experiment Station is conducting a series of investigations the progress of which has already been once reported on in popular form. The studies are necessarily somewhat technical, but there is much in the subject which the intelligent layman can understand. The unfavorable or constipating effect of forage which is deficient in soluble salts has been noted, and over-ripe and weathered forage seems to owe its injuriously constipating quality to a lack of these substances. The loss of feeding value in hay which has been subjected to soaking rains is generally recognized. We also know that the loss is comparatively slight if the rain occurs immediately after the hay is cut, especially if the crop is green.

It has been generally believed, however, that the difference in feeding value between the hay made from green grains and the straw from ripe grain was due to the increase in the amount of tough fiber in the mature plant, and to the transference of protein and oils from other portions of the plant to the seed. The loss of total ash content of the plant, which has been noted by chemists, was believed to be due to a portion of the sap returning to the root and carrying salts in solution which were there possibly returned to the soil.

Recently elaborate experiments have been tried by which it has been demonstrated that nearly, if not all, of the soluble salts so lost can be recovered from the dew and rain which drip from the plant as it ripens. In fact, it seems to be proved that even thriving, growing plants are not immune to the dissolving action of rain, but give up a part of their food, held in solution by their sap, with every thoroughly soaking rain. These losses seem to be immediately made good by the plant from the moistened soil, and a general increase of ash content takes place up to the completion of growth and the beginning of ripening.

As the plant matures, the salt seems to be brought to the surface of leaves and stems, where they are crystallized as the sap evaporates, or are left otherwise exposed and easily dissolved by rain. It seems to have been actually demonstrated that about one-half of the food value of hay can be soaked out by rain water, and a like loss takes place in the straw of standing grain while the seeds are hardening, provided the rainfall is sufficient.

The experimenters believe that the mineral constituents of plants at maturity afford little clue to the total amounts of available plant food actually needed and taken up by the plant in the course of the growing season. Under normal conditions of rainfall the plant seems to be taking in a great deal more plant food than is to be found in its completed structure, differing in this respect from animal life only in the proportion cast off and in the method of eliminating it from the system. Whether it will next be shown that in the event of insufficient rainfall the plant gives off this excess of food in the form of dust remains to be seen, but reported experiments show a much larger ash content in plants protected from rain and dew than in similar plants grown out of doors, and it has been frequently noted that soils used in pot cultures in greenhouse work are exhausted much more rapidly than are similar soils producing similar plants when exposed to ordinary atmospheric agencies.

The results of the most recent experiments show that about 20 per cent of the total nitrogen, 30 per cent of the phosphoric acid, and 65 per cent of the potash can be readily removed from a ripening wheat crop by the action of rain. This discovery gives added force to the assertion so frequently made that the farmer can afford to take every practicable precaution to conserve the rainfall, and should prevent as far as possible all run-off from either naked soil or that covered by crops. It seems further that the rain which reaches the earth through a mature crop is the best worth saving of all the rainfall of the year. This hypothesis, which seems to have been demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt, furnishes an explanation for some facts often observed on the farm.

For example, it has been noticed that when a portion of a field of hay is raked and another portion is caught in the swath and subjected to a week of intermittent rainfall, the second growth seems to make a more vigorous start under the hay than on the raked land alongside. In fact, if the cut hay is not thick enough actually to smother the new growth, the latter will soon so cover the hay as to hide it, and give the whole field a uniformly green appearance. A part of this beneficial effect may be due to shading or mulching the land; but this can hardly account for the first vigor of the young shoots which push up through the hay, for the hay would not be there except for an excess of rainfall, and this would seem to obviate the need of shade or mulch. It will now be of interest to have careful observations on the subsequent growth and final yield of crops of hay which have started under weathered hay, as compared with the growth on ordinary raked stubble.

Another example of rank growth, possibly due to this leaching process, is the circle of vegetation often seen around the bases of both hay cocks and grain shocks when the latter remain long in the field. Here again we are accustomed to consider the mulching as the prime cause of the rapid growth, but it now seems that the drip from the hay or straw may be an important factor.

The rapid growth of clover and grass which has been sown with wheat, which occurs during the last two weeks preceding harvest, especially in wet seasons, is observed by every eastern farmer who raises these crops together. I have always supposed that this was due to the lessening demands upon soil fertility and moisture by the maturing wheat, or possibly to the admission of more sunlight as the foliage of the wheat wilted. It now seems likely that a part of the growth is due to the washing back to the soil of plant food stored in the ripening wheat plants.

The interrelation of this whole question with that of the place of the ash constituents of plants in animal nutrition is apparent. More definite knowledge may modify our present notions as to proper time and method of securing many of our forage plants. Relative ability to resist the solvent action of rains may determine the crops to be grown for feeding certain animals. The silo receives added commendation as against dry curing of fodder. Forage grown in arid regions is more valuable than that grown and cured in wet regions, unless an excessive fibre content is developed. The most desirable stage of growth at which to cut certain forage crops may be found to be different from that which is now preferred. A better knowledge of the supplementary feeds necessary for best results with forage cut or cured under differing climatic conditions may be obtained. Finally, added emphasis may be given to the desirability of feeding crops without harvesting whenever practicable, owing to more even distribution and quicker return of residual plant food to the soil. —W. A. Sherman, Fairfax County, Va., in Country Gentleman.

Cultivate the Garden Early.

When the seeds are sown and the transplanting is mostly done in the family fruit and vegetable garden, one must begin cultivation. It is not best to wait for the weeds to appear, for cultivation should primarily be for other purposes than destroying weeds. We should cultivate to aerate the soil, and to make use of the principle of capillary attraction, to bring up the water in the water veins under the soil, where plants can use it. We are learning more about acid soils that are non-productive. Many apply large quantities of stable manure to the garden plat year after year, and it becomes less and less productive. It is like the human body that becomes clogged with waste material which the excretory organs do not carry off. I have used lime to correct this condition, and while it is generally beneficial, I know now that its best use is for plant food, and that soils rich in plant food that are acid, need cleansing to make them productive. Nature's greatest purifying agents are sunshine and air. Soils need thorough aeration that are frequently fertilized with animal manures; then they will not so soon become non-productive.

It is not always best to change the location of the kitchen garden, as it may be well fenced in and so near the house as to be convenient. Aeration by means of cultivation will make the same ground serve from year to year. Only well-drained soils are in the best condition for this frequent cultivation. There must be no free water in the soil that does not run out quickly after a rain. When the soil crumbles in the hand, and does not pack, is the time to start the cultivator.

Spring and early summer cultivation, where it does not disturb plant roots, should be fairly deep. When going between newly-planted crops, if possible cultivate at first as deep as the soil was plowed, and cultivate more shallow as the roots grow out from the plants. Cultivate with a cultivator having small teeth, close together, so as to break up the soil into fine particles. I use a 12-tooth horse cultivator for rows of plants not closer than eighteen inches. This deep and fine cultivation is the best way of aerating the soil. With plants in check rows, so one can go though each way, there need be but a little of the soil the cultivator does not reach. In narrow rows and in mellow soil, the hand wheel cultivators may be used, but I prefer to plan the garden so as to do all the work possible with the horse.

Another purpose of cultivation mentioned is to obtain underground moisture, or to raise the water table to the roots of the plants. We know how water rises through a sponge dipped in water, by the principle of capillary attraction. The same law causes water to rise from the water-veins underneath, when the soil is so finely pulverized by cultivation that it is porous. The finer the particles, the more water rises and is retained. It will now be seen that by the same process by which we aerate long manured and cropped soils and make them again fertile and productive, we are able to use the water in the soil nature has provided in her underground reservoir for our plants, so they are not without needed water in times of drouth. This is a kind of irrigation that is available to all.—Country Gentleman.

The Possible Outcome.

Without in any sense being an alarmist it will be well if we face conditions as they are and prepare for what may be in store.

After many years of plenty, with abundant harvests on every hand, we have, for the past two years, met some adverse conditions, notably in the cutting off of the hay crops. This spring everything has been untimely so that in some ways we are one month ahead of a normal year. At the same time because of light rainfall and little snow the lakes and ponds of central Maine are way below their usual spring levels, indicating a shortage of water in the ground. Without borrowing trouble in the least it will be well that we recognize the situation and prepare for a possible contingency. More land is under the plow in Maine to-day than in any previous year and this suggests the utilization of a good portion for the growing of forage crops with which to supplement a possible light hay crop. All over Maine men are paying from eighteen to twenty-five dollars for hay and the supply is not abundant. If we get a fair crop this year these forage crops will by no means be lost, for hay will hereafter sell at a paying price. It will be well to provide for a condition which certainly is threatened because of the severe drouths of 1908 and '09 and the injury done the grass roots. If this is overcome there is no loss and the farmers with large fields of millet, hungarian, oats and peas, or roots, will be the man who will carry his stock through in best shape next winter and at lowest cash cost.

Yearly the Farmer has been preaching the gospel of home production in larger measure to check the enormous drain for western feed, but never has there been greater cause for this earnest word than to-day.

Grow all you can that the flocks and herds may be increased, for prices for farm crops and animals will not return to former levels. Don't neglect the opportunity this year to fill the barns with forage crops and corn and so save the hay next winter.—Maine Farmer.

Insect Notes for 1909.

The Maine Agricultural Experiment Station is now mailing Bulletin 177 containing accounts of insects which have proved more or less injurious in various parts of the state the past year. The Saddled prominent, a greenish Caterpillar so destructive to beech and other deciduous trees; the Brown-tail moth, a serious and wide spread orchard and forest tree pest; the Gypsy Moth and the San Jose scale recently discovered residents in the state, the Spruce and Larch Sawflies, plant lice, flies, mosquitoes and some others are briefly discussed. Of the less widely known insects, the Spindle worm injurious to elder bushes and corn, the Birch leaf Bucculatrix so very prevalent last season feeding on the leaves of white and yellow birch that in the early fall every tree appeared infested and had a brown and scorched appearance visible even at a great distance, the Apple-leaf-Sewer a small greenish-brown leaf-folding caterpillar, the Lesser apple worm so often confused with the coddling moth, some fungus gnats, crane flies, a potato maggot and a fruit feeding beetle are described at greater length.

A Copy of Bulletin 177 will be sent to any resident of Maine on request. Requests should be addressed to the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Maine. In writing please mention this paper.

The great demand for milch cows is sending the prices skyward and those who sold as many did in September for twelve to fifteen dollars, because of a short hay crop must now pay forty to fifty and not get as good as was sold. The most contagious disease is a scare and it is also expensive. The only thing to do, when in business, is to hold on through the dull years, cut out all unprofitable labor and wait for clear skies. If instead of wiping out herds, the boarders had been sold, business would not have been interrupted.—Maine Farmer.

The Babcock tester never finds very good cows which are owned by a poor feeder.

The Stowaway

By

LOUIS TRACY

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN CERTAIN PEOPLE MEET UNEXPECTEDLY.

IRIS came back from the void to find herself lying on a truckle bed in a dimly lighted hovel. She gazed up with uncomprehending eyes at two brown skinned women bending over her.

One, the elder, was chafing her hands. The other, a tall, graceful girl, was stirring something in an earthenware vessel.

"Where am I? How did I come here?" Iris asked.

Then she remembered, and memory brought a feeling of helplessness not wholly devoid of self reproach. It was bad enough that her presence should add so greatly to the dangers besetting her friends. It was far worse that she should have fainted at the very moment when such weakness might well prove fatal to them.

Why did she faint? Ah! A lively blush chased the pallor from her cheeks, and a few strenuous heart beats restored animation to her limbs. Of course in thinking that she had yielded solely to the stress of surcharged emotions Iris was mistaken. What she really needed was food. A young woman of perfect physique and dowered with the best of health does not collapse into unconsciousness because a young man embraces her and each at the same moment makes the blissful discovery that the wide world contains no other individual of supreme importance. She hardly realized how hungry she was until the girl handed her the bowl, which contained a couple of eggs beaten up in milk, while small quantities of rum and sugar cane juice made the compound palatable.

While the girl Manoela was furtively appraising the clothing worn by Iris her mother was listening ever for hasty footsteps among the trailing vines.

At last, with a muttered prayer, she went to the door and unfastened the stout wooden staple that prevented intruders from entering unbidden. Some one approached.

"Is that you, Manoel?" asked Luisa Gomez in a hushed voice.

There was no answer. The woman drew back. She would have closed the door, but a slim, active figure sprang across the threshold. She shrieked in terror. The newcomer was a Brazilian officer.

"I think you are here, mademoiselle," he said in French. "I am come to share your retreat for a little while. Perchance by daybreak I may arrive at some plan. At present you and I are in difficulties, is it not?"

Iris recognized the voluble, jerky speech. A wild foreboding gripped her heart until she was like to shudder under its fierce anguish.

"You, Captain San Benavides!" she asked, and her utterance was unnaturally calm.

"I, mademoiselle," he said, "and, alas, I am alone. May I come in? It is not well to show a light at this hour, seeing that the island is overrun with infuriated soldiers."

The concluding sentence was addressed to Luisa Gomez in Portuguese. Realizing instinctively that the man came as a friend, she stood aside, trembling, on the verge of tears. He entered, and the door was closed behind him.

"I am the only man who escaped, mademoiselle. The others? Well, it is war, and war is a lottery."

"Do you mean that they have been killed, all killed?" she murmured, with a pitiful sob.

"I—I think so."

"You think? Do you not know?"

He sighed. His hand sought an empty cigarette case. Such was the correct military air, he fancied—to treat misfortunes rather as jests. He frowned because the case was empty, but smiled at Iris.

"It is so hard, mademoiselle, when one speaks these things in a strange tongue. Permit me to explain that which has arrived. We encountered a picket and surprised it. Having secured some weapons and accoutements, we hastened to the quay, where was moored the little steamship. Unhappily she was crowded with soldiers. They fired, and there was a short fight. I was knocked down, and what do you call it—etourdi—while one might count ten. I rose, half blinded, and what do I see? The vessel leaving the quay full of men engaged in combat, while just beyond the point a warship is signaling her arrival. It was a Brazilian warship, mademoiselle. She showed two red rockets, followed by a white one. It was only a matter of minutes before she met the little steamship. I tell you that it was bad luck, that—a vile blow. I was angry, yes. I stamp my foot and say foolish things. Then I run."

Iris made no reply. She hid her face in her hands. She could frame no more questions. San Benavides was trying to tell her that Hozier and the rest had been overwhelmed by fate at the very instant escape seemed to be within reach. The Brazilian, probably because of difficulties that beset him in using a foreign language, did not make it clear that he had flung himself flat in the dust when he heard the order to fire given by some one on board the launch.

Then the lightning of a woman's intuition pierced the abyss of despair. Surely there were curious blanks in this thrilling narrative. As was her way when thoroughly aroused, Iris stood up and seized San Benavides almost roughly by the arm. Her distraught eyes searched his face with a pathetic earnestness.

"Why do you think that the launch did not get away?" she cried. "It was dark. The moon might have been in shadow. If the launch met the warship and was seen there must have been firing."

"Chere mademoiselle, there was much firing," he protested.

"At sea?"

The words came dully. She was stricken again even more shrewdly. The gloom was closing in on her, yet she forced herself to drag the truth from his unwilling lips.

"Yes. Of course I could not wait there in that open place. I was compelled to seek shelter. Troops were running from town and citadel. I avoided them by a miracle. And my sole concern then was your safety."

"Oh, my safety!" she wailed brokenly. "How does it avail me that my friends should be slain? Why was I not with them? I would rather have died as they died than live in the knowledge that I was the cause of their death."

San Benavides essayed a confidential hand on her shoulder. She shrank from him. He purred amiably:

"Mademoiselle is profoundly unhappy. Under such circumstances one says things that are unmerited, is it not? If any one is to blame it is my wretched country, which cannot settle its political affairs without bloodshed. Ah, mademoiselle, I weep with you and tender you my most respectful homage."

"I WOULD RATHER HAVE DIED."

A deluge of tropical rain beat on the hut with a sudden fury. Conversation at once became difficult, nearly impossible. Iris threw herself back on the trestle in a passion of grief that rivales the outer tempest.

The girl, Manoela, weeping out of sympathy, crept to Iris' side and gently stroked her hair. Like her mother she could only guess that the English lady's friends were captured, perhaps dead. Even her limited experience of life's vicissitudes had taught her what short shrift was given to those who defied authority. The republic of Brazil does not permit its criminals to be executed, but it shows no mercy to rebels. Manoela, of course, believed that the Englishmen were helping the imprisoned Dom Corria to regain power. She remembered how a mutiny was once crushed on the island, and her eyes streamed.

Meanwhile Luisa Gomez was touched by the good looking soldier's plight.

"We must try to help you, Senhor Capitano," she said. "If the others are dead or taken you may not be missed."

He threw out his hands in an eloquent gesture. Life or death was a matter of complete indifference to him it implied.

"We shall know in the morning," he said. "Have you any cigarettes?"

"But listen, senhor. Why not take off your uniform and dress in my clothes? You can cut off your mustaches and wear a mantilha over your face, and we will keep you here until there is a chance of reaching a ship. Certainly that is better than being shot."

He glanced at Iris. Vanity being his first consideration, it is probable that he would have refused to be made ridiculous in her eyes had not a knock on the door galvanized him into a fever of fright. He sprang up and glared wildly around for some means of eluding the threatened scrutiny of a search party. Luisa Gomez flung him a rough skirt and a shawl. He huddled into a corner near the bed and draped the two garments over his head and limbs.

Then the woman unbarred the door. A man staggered in. He was alone, and a swirl of wind and rain caused the lamp to flicker so madly that no one could distinguish his features until the door was closed again.

But Iris knew him. Though her eyes were dim with tears, though the newcomer carried a broken gun in his hands and his face was blood stained, she knew.

With a shriek that dismayed the other women, who could not guess that joy is more boisterous than sorrow, she leaped up and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she sobbed. "He told me you were dead, and I believed him!"

The manner of her greeting was delightful to one who had faced death for her sake many times during the past hour, yet Hozier was so surprised by its warmth that he could find never a word at the moment. But he had the good sense to throw aside the shattered rifle and return her embrace with interest.

When they parted in that same squalid hut at midnight he took with him the intoxication of her kiss. Yet he scarce brought himself to believe that the night's happenings were real or that they two would ever meet again on earth. And now here was Iris quivering against his breast. He could feel the beating of her heart. The perfume of her hair was as incense in his nostrils. She was clinging to him as if they had loved through all eternity.

San Benavides supplied a timely tonic.

Throwing aside the rags which covered him, he tried to rise. Philip caught a glimpse of the uniform, the sheen of the naked sword. He was about to tear himself from Iris' clasp and spring at this new enemy when the Brazilian spoke.

"Mil diabos!" he cried in a rage. "This cursed Ingles still lives, and here am I posing before him like an old hag!"

His voice alone saved him from being pinned to the floor by a man who had adopted no light measures with others of his countrymen during the past half hour, as the dented gun barrel minus its stock well showed. But the captain's mortified fury helped to restore Philip's sanity. Lifting Iris' glowing face to his own, he whispered:

"Tell me, sweetheart, how comes it that our Brazilian friend is here?"

"He ran away when some shots were fired," which was rather unfair of Iris. "He said the launch had been sunk by a man-of-war"—

"But he is wrong. I saw no man-of-war. We captured the launch. By this time she is well out at sea. Unfortunately Marcel was killed and Domingo badly wounded. There was no one to come for you, so I jumped overboard and swam ashore. I had to fight my way here, and it will soon be known that there are some of us left on the island. I thought that perhaps I might take you back to the Grand-pere cavern. These people may give us food. I have some few sovereigns in my pocket."

"Oh, yes, yes!" She was excited now and radiantly happy. "Of course Captain San Benavides must accompany us. He says the soldiers will shoot him if they capture him. I, too, have money. Let me ask him to explain matters to this dear woman and her daughter. They have been more than kind to me already."

She turned to the sulky San Benavides and told him what Hozier had suggested. He brightened at that and began a voluble speech to Luisa Gomez. Interrupting himself, he inquired in French how Hozier proposed to reach the rock.

"On a catamaran. There are two on the beach, and I can handle one of them all right," said Philip. "But what is this yarn of a warship? When last I sighted the launch she was standing out of the harbor, and the first clouds of the storm helped to screen her from the citadel."

"IF THAT WASN'T HOZIER'S VOICE I'M GOIN' DOTTY."

Iris interpreted. San Benavides repeated his story of the rockets. In her present tumult the girl forgot the touch of realism with regard to the firing that he had heard. Certainly there was a good deal of promiscuous rifle shooting after the departure of the launch, but warships use cannon to enforce their demands, and the boom of a big gun had not woke the echoes of Fernando Noronha that night. Philip deemed the present no time for argument. He despised San Benavides and gave no credence to him. Just now the Brazilian was an evil that must be endured.

Luisa Gomez promised to help in every possible way. Her eyes sparkled at the sight of gold, but the poor woman would have assisted them out of sheer pity. Nevertheless the gift of a couple of sovereigns, backed by the promise of many more if her husband devoted himself to their service, spurred her to a frenzy of activity.

There was not a moment to be lost. The squall had spent itself, and a peep through the chinks of the door showed that the moon would quickly be in evidence again. It was essential that they should cross the channel while the scattering clouds still dimmed her brightness, so Manoela and her mother collected such store of food and milk and water as they could lay hands on. Well laden, all five hastened to the creek, and Hozier, Iris and San Benavides boarded the larger of the two catamarans.

When the catamaran rounded the last outlying crag and they were all straining their eyes to find the sentinel pillars they became aware that a small boat was being pulled cautiously toward them from the opposite side of the rock.

Iris gasped. She heard Hozier mutter under his breath, while San Benavides revealed his dismay by an oath and a convulsive tightening of the hands that rested on the girl's shoulders.

Hozier strove with a few desperate strokes of the paddle to reach the shadows of the passage before the catamaran was seen by the boat's occupants. He might have succeeded. But there was even a greater probability that the unwieldy catamaran might be caught by the swell and dashed sidelong against one of the half submerged rocks that thrust their black fangs above the water.

Happily they were spared either alternative. At the very instant that their lot must be put to the test of chance Coke's hoarse accents came to their incredulous ears.

"Let her go, Olsen," he was growling. "We've a clear course now, an' that infernal moon will spile everything if we're spotted."

In this instance hearing was believing, and Philip was the first to guess what had actually occurred.

"Boat ahoy, skipper!" he sang out in a joyous hail.

Coke stood up. He glared hard at the reef.

"Did ye 'ear it?" he cried to De Sylva. "Sink me, I 'ope I ain't a-copyin' pore ole Watts, but if that wasn't Hozier's voice I'm goin' dotty."

"It's all right, skipper," said Philip, sending the catamaran ahead with a mighty sweep. "Miss Yorke is here—Captain San Benavides too. I was sure you would look for us if you cleared the harbor safely."

Then Coke proclaimed his sentiments in the approved ritual of the high seas, while the big Norseman at the oars swung the boat's head round until both craft were traveling in company to the waiting launch. Before anything in the nature of an explanation was forthcoming from the occupants of either the boat or the catamaran a broad beam of white light swept over the crest of the island from north to south. It disappeared to return more slowly until it rested on Rat island, at the extreme northwest of the group. It remained steady there, showing a wild panorama of rocky heights and tumbling sea.

"A searchlight!" growled Coke.

"Then there really was a warship!" murmured Iris.

"Ha!" said San Benavides, and his tone was almost gratified, for he had gathered that Hozier was skeptical when told of the rockets. But in that respect at least he was not mistaken. A man-of-war had entered the roadstead, and her powerful lamp was now scouring sea and coast for the missing launch. And in that moment of fresh peril it was forgotten by all but one of the men who had survived so many dangers since the sun last gilded the peak of Fernando Noronha that were it not for Iris having been left behind and Philip's mad plunge overboard to go to her and the point blank refusal of the Andromeda's captain and crew to put to sea without an effort to save the pair of them the launch would not now be hidden behind the black mass of the Grand-pere rock.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE HIGH SEAS.

AGAIN did that awe inspiring wand of light describe a great arc in the sky. But it was plain to be seen that it sprang from an altered base. The warship was in motion. She was about to steam around the group of islands.

Boat and catamaran raced at once for the launch. A babel of strange oaths jarred the brooding silence. Alarm, almost panic, stirred men's hearts and bubbled forth in wild speech. Under pressure of this new peril the instinct of self preservation burst the bonds of discipline.

"Me for the tall timbers, maties. It's each one for hisself now."

"Aye, aye!" came the chorus. "Shove her ashore! Give us a chanst there. We've none at sea."

Dom Corria, being something of a fatalist, did not interfere. He drew San Benavides aside.

"All is ended!" he said quietly. "We shall never see Brazil again, Salvador meu! Carmela must find another lover, it seems."

It was left to Hozier to solve a problem that threatened to develop into a disastrous brawl. Danger sharpens a brave man's wits, but love makes him fey. To succor Iris was now his sole concern. He swung a couple of the excited sailors out of his way and managed to stem the torrent of Coke's futile curses.

"Give in to them!" he cried eagerly. "Tell them they are going ashore in the creek. That will stop the racket. If they listen to me I can still find a means of escape."

"Avast yelpin', you swabs!" bellowed Coke. "D'ye want to let every bally sojer on the island know where you are? We're makin' for the creek. Will that please you? Now, Mr. Norrie, let her rip!"

The head of the launch swung toward the protecting shadows. Hozier seized the precious respite. He spoke loudly enough that all should hear, and he began with a rebuke.

"I am sorry that those of us who are left should have disgraced the fine record set up by the Andromeda's crew since the ship struck," he said. "Your messmates who fell fighting would hardly believe St. Peter himself if he told them that we were on the verge of open mutiny. I am ashamed of you. Let us have no more of that sort of thing. Sink or swim, we must pull together."

"Bully for you!" said the man who had suggested tree climbing as an expedient.

"Shut up!" was the wrathful answer. "You've made plenty of row already. I only hope you have not attracted attention on the Island. You may not have been heard owing to the disturbance on the other side, but no thanks to any of you for that. Our skipper's first notion was to put to sea. Wasn't it natural? Do you want to be hunted over Fernando Noronha at daybreak? But he would have seen the uselessness of trying to slip the cruiser before the launch had gone a cable's length. Now, here is a scheme that strikes me as workable. At any rate, it offers a forlorn hope. There is a sharp bend in the creek just where the tidal water ends. I fancy the launch will float a little higher up, but we must risk it. We will take her in, unship the mast, tie a few boughs and vines on the funnel, and not twenty searchlights will find us."

"SHUT UP!" WAS THE ANSWER.

A rumble of approving murmurs showed that he had scotched the dragon. He continued rapidly:

"No vessel of deep draft can come close in shore from the east. The cruiser will have the Grand-pere rock abeam within an hour, but to make sure two of you will climb the ridge and watch her movements. The rest will load up every available inch of space with wood and water and food. How can we win clear of Fernando Noronha without fuel? It is a hundred to one that the launch would not steam twenty miles on her present coal supply. Such as it is, we must keep it for an emergency, even if we are compelled to tear up the deck and dismantle the cabin."

"Talks like a book!" snorted Coke.

Hozier was coolly reminding them of those vital things which frenzy had failed wholly to take into account. Confidence was reborn in them.

Meanwhile here was the launch thrusting her nose into the mud and shingle of this malevolent island.

To his further annoyance, San Benavides, who depended on his compatriot for a summary of the latest scheme, asked Iris to accompany De Sylva and himself to the hut.

"They are stupid creatures, these peasants," he said. "When they see you they will not be frightened."

There was so much reason in the statement that Iris was a ready volunteer. Soon all hands were at work, and it was due to the girl's forethought that strips of linen were procured from Luisa Gomez and healing herbs applied to the cuts and bruises of the injured men. Sylva was for leaving the two soldiers on the island, but Coke's sailorlike acumen prevented the commission of that blunder.

"No; that will never do," he said with irritating offhandness. "These jokers will be found at daylight, an' they'll be able to say exactly wot time we quit. The wimmin can make out they was scared stiff an' darsent stir. It 'ud be different with the sojers. An' we ain't goin' to have such a 'eartbreakin' start, even if the cruiser clears away soon after 2 o'clock."

"Where do you propose to make for?"

"Where d'ye think, mister? Nor'-east by nor', to be sure, until we sight some homeward bound ship."

"You mean to abandon everything, then?" said De Sylva. He seemed to be watching the onward sweep of the searchlight as the warship went to the north. But Coke was shrewd. He felt that there was something behind the words, and he suspected the ex-president's motives.

"I don't see any 'elp for it," he answered. "Gord's trewth, wot is there to abandon? I've lost me ship, an' me money, an' me papers, an' 'arf me men. Unless one was lookin' for trouble, this ain't no treasure island, mister."

"Yet it might be made one."

"As how?"

"Do you not realize how greatly the members of the present government fear my return to Brazil? Here I am their prisoner, practically friendless, almost alone. They dare not kill me by process of law, yet they are moving heaven and earth to prevent my escape or shoot me down in the act. Why? Because they know that the people are longing to hail me as president again. Suppose you and your men took me to Pernambuco."

"S'pose Halifax!" snapped Coke.

"Please listen. You can but refuse when you look at the facts fairly. If, as I say, I were put ashore at Pernambuco, or at any other of half a dozen ports I can name, I should be among my own followers. You, Captain Coke, and every officer and man of your ship and her owners and the relatives of those who have lost their lives would not only be paid all just claims by the new government, but adequately rewarded. In your own case the recompense would be princely; but, assuming that we board a vessel bound for Europe, what certainty have you that you will ever receive a penny?"

"Oh, reely, that's comin' it a bit thick, mister," growled Coke.

"You believe I am exaggerating the difficulties of your position? Pray consider. Your vessel is broken up. She was fired on while at anchor on the wrong side of the island, on the very day selected for my escape. You and your men manage to dodge the bullets, and, under my leadership, assisted by Captain San Benavides, you overrun the place by night, kill several soldiers, seize a launch, despoil peasants of their crops and stores and make off with a good deal of property belonging to the Brazilian government, not to mention the presence in your midst of such a significant personage as myself. Speaking candidly, Senhor Captain, what chance have you of convincing any international court of your innocence? Who will believe that you were not a true fillibuster?"

"Wot exactly is your offer?"

"Ample compensation officially. Five thousand pounds to you in person."

"Five thousand!" Coke cleared a throat husky with doubt. "That 'ud make things pretty easy for the missus an' the girls," he muttered. "An' there's no new ship for me w'en Dickey Bulmer cocks 'is eye at Hozier. It's a moral there'll be a holy row between 'im an' David. D'ye mean it, mister?"

"Even if I fail and my life is spared I will pay you the money out of my own private funds," was the vehement reply.

"Well, well, leave the job to me."

"I promise on my honor—" De Sylva began.

But the nearer surface of the sea flashed into a dazzling distinctness, and Coke dragged him down to the launch. The cruiser had rounded Rat island and was devoting one sweeping glance eastward ere she sought her prey in creek or tortuous channel.

At last after a wearying delay she vanished. Five minutes later Watts and Olsen brought the welcome news that she was returning to the roadstead.

It was then half past 2 o'clock, and the sun would rise soon after 5. Now or never the launch must make her effort. Ready hands tore away her disguise, she was tilted by crowding in the poop nearly every man on board, the engines throbbed, and she was afloat.

"FIVE THOUSAND! THAT 'UD MAKE THINGS PRETTY EASY."

At daybreak the thousand foot peak of Fernando Noronha was a dark blur on the western horizon. No sail or smudge of smoke broke the remainder of the far flung circle. The fugitives could breathe freely once more. They were not pursued.

Iris fell asleep when assured that the dreaded warship was not in sight. Hozier, too, utterly exhausted by all that he had gone through, slept as if he were dead. Coke took the first watch in person. He chatted with the men, surprised them by his candor on the question of compensation and announced his resolve to make for the 300 mile channel between Fernando Noronha and the mainland.

When Hozier awoke to find the launch heading west he was vastly astonished by Coke's program.

Watts let the cat out of the bag later.

"Those of us 'oo don't leave [illegible] Wot's-his-name in the lurch g[illegible] ten years' full pay, extry [illegible] above wot the court al[illegible] "Ten years' pay an' a [illegible] It's enough to make [illegible] man."

Hozier laughed. T[illegible] would have asked no better luck than the helping of Dom Corria to regain his presidentship. Now there was Iris to protect. He would not be content to leave her in charge of the first grimy collier they encountered, nor was he by any means sure that she would agree to be thus disposed of. He was puzzled by the singular unanimity of purpose displayed by his shipmates. But that was their affair. His was to insure Iris' safety. The future he must leave to Providence.

And, indeed, Providence contrived things very differently.

By nightfall the launch was a hundred miles west of the island. Norrie got eight knots out of her, but it needed no special calculation to discover that she would barely make the coast of Brazil if she consumed every ounce of coal and wood on board. Were it not for Hozier's foresight she would have been drifting with the gulf stream four hours after leaving the island. As it was, unless they received a fresh supply of fuel from another ship, they must unquestionably take the straightest line to the mainland.

During the day they had sighted three vessels, but at such distances that signaling was useless. Moreover, they had to be cautious. The cruiser, trusting to her speed, might try a long cast north and south of the launch's supposed path. The hours of daylight were tortured by constant fear. Even Iris was glad when the darkness came and they were hidden.

At 4 o'clock in the morning, by general reckoning, they were mid

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, MAY 24, 1910.

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

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

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

Coming Events.

June 7.—Oxford Pomona Grange, North Waterford.
June 15.—Democratic state convention, Augusta.
June 29.—Republican state convention, Augusta.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

4 Notices of Sheriff's Sale.
Free.
Shirt Waists.
Blue Stores.
Out Door Goods.
Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.
Plumbing and House Heating.
Life is a Blank.
Catarrh
Dandruff Cured.
Lost.
Probate Notices.
5 Notices of Appointment.
Concrete Steps.
Paris Hill Water Co.
Dr. F. W. Rounds.
Tomatoes.
Blacksmith Wanted.
Ford Cars.
Look! Read!

A Republican State Convention

will be held in

City Hall, Augusta, Wednesday, June 29, 1910,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

For the purpose of nominating candidates for Governor and State auditor to be supported at the September election, and transacting such other business as may properly come before it.

The basis of representation is as follows: Each city, town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate; and for each 75 votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1908 an additional delegate; and for a fraction of 40 votes in excess of 75 votes, a further additional delegate. Vacancies in the delegation of any city, town or plantation can only be filled by residents of the county in which the vacancy exists.

The State committee will be in session in the ante-room of the City Hall at nine o'clock of the day of the convention, for the purpose of receiving credentials of delegates. In order to be eligible to participate in the convention, delegates must be elected subsequent to date of the call for this convention.

All electors of Maine, whatever their political affiliation may have been, who believe in the general principles and policy of the Republican party and desire its success at the polls in the coming election in this State, are cordially invited to unite under this call in electing delegates to the convention.

Per order, Republican State Committee.
BYRON BOYD.

FRANK H. BRIGGS,
Secretary.
Augusta, May 2, 1910.

Under this call, the towns and plantations of Oxford County will be entitled to the following numbers of delegates respectively:

OXFORD.

Albany,	1	Norway,	5
Andover,	3	Oxford,	3
Bethel,	4	Paris,	8
Brownfield,	3	Peru,	2
Buckfield,	3	Porter,	3
Byron,	1	Roxbury,	1
Canton,	3	Rumford,	8
Denmark,	2	Stoneham,	1
Dixfield,	3	Stow,	1
Fryeburg,	4	Sumner,	2
Gilead,	1	Sweden,	1
Grafton,	1	Upton,	1
Greenwood,	2	Waterford,	2
Hanover,	1	Woodstock,	3
Hartford,	2		
Hebron,	2	PLANTATIONS:	
Hiram,	3	Lincoln,	1
Lovell,	3	Magalloway,	1
Mason,	1	Milton,	1
Mexico,	4		
Newry,	1	Total,	91

Second District Republican Convention.

The Second District Republican Convention will be held in City Hall, Lewiston, Maine, June 30th, 1910, 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress to be voted for at the September election; electing a district committee and transact any other business that may properly come before it.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each city, town, and plantation will be entitled to one delegate, and for each 75 votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1908 an additional delegate, and for a fraction of 40 votes in excess of 75 an additional delegate. Vacancies in the delegation of any city, town or plantation can only be filled by a resident of the county in which the vacancy exists.

The District committee will be in session in the reception room of the hall at 12 o'clock M. on the morning of the convention for the purpose of receiving the credentials of the delegates. Delegates in order to be eligible to participate in the convention must be elected subsequent to the date of the call for this convention.

The chairman of the various delegations are requested to forward a full list of the delegates and alternates to the secretary of the district committee, H. H. Hastings, Bethel, Maine, as soon as they are chosen.

Per order Republican District Committee.
FRED W. WIGHT, Chairman.
H. H. HASTINGS, Secretary.
Lewiston, Maine, May 6, 1910.

State Summer Schools for Teachers.

GORHAM—CASTINE—FARMINGTON.

The summer schools at the above named places will be in session three weeks, beginning July 11th, 1910.

The courses of these schools will include reviews of the branches taught in the common schools together with brief courses in the essentials of school methods, school management, and school law. The work will be especially planned to help teachers of limited training and experience and will aim particularly to be of practical service to teachers of rural and village schools.

There will be no expense to teachers attending these schools, except for travel and board and for the material used in the courses in hand work.

Daily sessions of each school will be held for five days each week. Sessions will generally be held in the forenoon, leaving the afternoon free for recreation, field work and pleasure excursions.

Certificates of attendance will be granted to teachers who attend regularly the sessions.

A state teachers' examination will be held at the close of each school for the benefit of any who may desire to qualify for the state certificate.

Full information regarding courses, board and other points will be sent on application to the directors of any of the schools. Inquiries should be addressed to the following principals:

W. G. MALLET, Farmington,
W. R. RUSSELL, Gorham,
A. F. RICHARDSON, Castine.

A summer term of the Aroostook State Normal School will be held at Presque Isle for six weeks beginning Tuesday, July 12, 1910.

SUMMER TERM FOR SUPERINTENDENTS.

The Castine Conference for superintendents of schools will open Monday evening, July 11, at 7:30 and will continue through the week closing with the evening session Friday, July 15. The programme will include practical discussions of problems of school supervision and administration.

Requests for information regarding board at Castine should be addressed to Principal A. F. Richardson, Castine, Maine.

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE,
SUMMER TERM.

The summer term of the University of Maine will begin June 27, and continue six weeks. The instruction is provided for the most part by the members of the University Faculty. Credit is given on the University books for work which is completed. Courses are offered in mathematics, languages, sciences, history, education, political economy, nature study, elementary agriculture and horticulture, cookery, sewing, household economics, diet and library science.

For information regarding the summer term, teachers should address Dean James S. Stevens, Orono, Maine.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR,
SUMMER SCHOOL.

A summer school for teachers of drawing will be held under the auspices of the Commonwealth Art Colony, from July 25 to August 20, 1910. The courses of this sch[illegible] given under superior inst[illegible]

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.

George W. Cole purchased a new Ford touring car of Ripley & Fletcher last week.

Admiral Lyon is having built a tank tower over the well that was drilled last fall and adding another bath room to his house. The water is to be pumped to the tank by a gasoline engine.

Mrs. Lewis M. Brown arrived at the Hubbard House last week and is superintending preparations for moving from "Old Brick" to the Gov. Perham homestead.

Joseph B. Cole, who has been employed at mason work at the Poland Spring House for several weeks, has returned home.

Wallace H. Cummings brought in about forty trout recently that are said to be one of the handsomest strings that has been seen here in recent years.

Mrs. C. R. Davis and daughter, Miss Lillian, from Flushing, N. Y., have arrived at White Mountain View House.

Mrs. C. W. Field and Miss Stewart of New York, who have taken Mrs. Snow's house "Cross Roads" for the summer, arrived here last week.

Miss E. G. May arrived here from Boston last week.

Miss Julia Brinckle is on a visit of a few days to Boston.

Hon. Prentiss Cummings of Boston is expected at his summer home here this week. He will come through with his touring car.

Greenwood.

Did the comet have anything to do about bringing the rain storm Wednesday afternoon and the following night?

Were not aware it was getting very dry, until the news came that the fire while burning brush had got beyond control at Bryant Pond and the mill crew was called out to fight it down.

Another frost Monday morning killing all the strawberry blossoms in some places, but not here.

Scott Merrill of Norway came up the first of the week and looked at the Nelson Jackson farm with a view to buying it. Not long ago Mr. Merrill ran Daniel Bryant's farm two years, and if he buys the farm in question he will again become a neighbor, and one worth having, so here's hoping the trade will materialize.

There was a meeting at the City last Sabbath afternoon, sermon by Rev. D. R. Ford of West Paris from the text, "What hast thou done?" He produced several interesting points, and was listened to by a good congregation for that place. Intends to be there again in two weeks.

It was previously mentioned that Martin Higgins had taken a job of Royal Martin peeling pulp wood, and was building a camp near his work. He now occupies it, living entirely alone, buying his food in its raw state and doing his own cooking. Mr. Higgins is a middle-aged man, was never married, knowing of course, that while in a state of celibacy there will be no occasion to apply for a divorce on the ground of "cruel and abusive treatment." And as to that matter what a fine thing it would be for many others to live in the same way and thus in some measure remove the disgraceful practice.

Elon Whitman and wife are now in their new home with their granddaughter, Mrs. Edmond Harlow, and husband They have no children, and knowing the parties there seems to be no reason why they will not be well cared for during the remainder of their lives, both of whom are in their eighties.

Wilson's Mills.

S. W. Bennett of Norway is stopping with his sister, Bertha Wilson.

Fred Shaw has gone to Parmacheenee Lake to drive the carry team.

Harvey Hurley of Upton has moved on to the Bean place.

Joe Hart was in Colebrook Friday on business.

C. T. Fox is working for H. W. Fickett.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Littlehale and daughter, Mrs. Lillian Brooks and son, of Gorham, Maine, are visiting at P. J. Littlehale's.

J. R. Wener and C. Bridge of Berlin were in town peddling the past week.

Mr. Fernald of Bethel has been testing the cattle in town; only three were found diseased.

Mrs. George Cleveland and son of Colebrook were at the Aziscoos House Sunday to see Mr. Cleveland, who is working at the dam.

North Buckfield.

Mrs. A. F. Mason, Mrs. W. Heald, and Mrs. M. A. Sturtevant were in Lewiston Wednesday.

A tribe of gypsies recently passed through here on their way to Waterville.

Work has been delayed at Heald's saw mill on account of a broken saw.

Ross Varney of Haverhill, Mass., is stopping at Wash Heald's.

Mrs. Lester Ricker is spending a week with her mother, Mrs. F. E. Heald.

Hazel Warren spent last week with her uncle, Frank Turner, at Hotel Atwood, Lewiston.

J. C. Heald, who has been on the sick list, is better at this writing.

Robie Sturtevant and Howard Glover were at B F. Heald's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bicknell of Norway were calling on friends recently.

Locke's Mills.

Mr. Addison Bryant and Miss Anna Billings of Milton spent Sunday at David Foster's.

All roads led to the auction at W. P. Kittredge's last Tuesday. There was a big crowd, and everything was sold. Mr. and Mrs. Kittredge have made many friends during their three years' stay here. They will return to Portland, their former home, about the first of June.

Memorial Day will be observed here by appropriate exercises.

Mrs. Lizzie Tibbetts returned to her home in Auburn Thursday.

Mrs. Howard Maxim has been very ill with diphtheria.

Mr. Azel Bryant was at Upton Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Dannie Bryant and Mrs. Newton Bryant visited friends in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed were at Camp Comfort Monday and Tuesday.

Hebron.

Z L. Packard W. R. C. held their usual meeting Friday afternoon.

Mrs. A. M. Richardson got home from the C. M. G. Hospital Tuesday of last week with every prospect of a perfect recovery.

Miss Grace Bumpus and Miss Columbia Bumpus were in South Paris and Norway Tuesday.

The road machine is out doing good work.

Students are expected back to the Academy Friday and the term will go on as usual. All precaution has been taken, and no more cases of scarlet fever, so danger is past.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Glover have a baby boy born May 7th.

Mrs. Alton Hibbs is gaining, and it is hoped will come home in good health.

West Lovell.

Misses Evelyn and Nellie Lord started Thursday for Augusta, where they have positions as stenographers.

The selectmen sold the school house in the old Foxboro District that was, on May 19th. This house was bought of the district by the town when the district system was done away with for three hundred dollars. It was bid off by Alexander Laroque for seventy-five dollars.

Hartford.

The house owned and occupied by George G. Spaulding in this town was burned last Tuesday. The family were away from the house at the time the fire [illegible] out, and nothing was saved from [illegible]

[illegible] on Tuesday burned over [illegible] of land belonging to Mrs. Nellie Bonney and railroad in the north [illegible] A large force of men under control.

Bethel.

Monday "The King of Tramps" was played to a full house.

Tuesday evening, a moving picture exhibition was given in Odeon Hall.

Tuesday afternoon, the W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Horace Andrews. An interesting report of the county convention was given by the president and delegates.

The remains of Mr. Samuel Whitney were brought to Bethel from Berlin, N. H., where he died at the home of his son. Funeral services were held at the home of his son, E. E. Whitney, Thursday afternoon.

News of the death of Maurice Goddard, son of the late E. B. Goddard, was received by his brothers in Bethel, who went to Providence, R. I., returning with the body Thursday. The funeral was held at the home of his brother, Fritz Goddard, Friday afternoon, Rev. C. L Banghart officiating.

Rev. Isabella S Macduff of West Paris was the guest of Miss Alice Mason Thursday afternoon and Friday.

Mrs. Berto Bryant of Bangor is the guest of her mother, Mrs. True, while her husband, Dr. Berto Bryant, is abroad for a two months' trip.

Dr. Brann, formerly in Dr. F. B. Tuell's office in Bethel, has returned home to Augusta where he has opened dental rooms.

Dr. F. B. Tuell has been spending the week in Boston.

Rev. and Mrs. Curtis have returned from their vacation and services were resumed at the Congregational church May 22d.

There were no schools in the village Friday, the teachers were attending the convention at Norway.

Friday evening Mrs. Geo. King and Miss Jane Gibson gave a reception in Grange Hall to all who took part in the operetta, "Little Bo-Peep," last week. It was a very pleasant affair.

Judge Herrick and J. U. Purington were in Portland Friday on business.

Mr. and Mrs Fred Chandler have been to Bethel to see their daughter Hilda who has been ill with tonsilitis.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Mrs. Marcus E. Swan, *nee* Ferren, has just been here to get a dog into the house that was out of doors because he was homesick. As soon as she called him he came to her in a happy mood and let her hitch him in the Maple and Pine Farm house where now is to be his home. He came from Bethel village and Mrs. Swan raised him from a pup. What loyalty and faithfulness in the lower order of creation! Why not always find it in what is called the higher order? Though a human friend may fail us, a dog will not.

Mr. Block from Norway was here the 19th inst. with a fine assortment of imported goods for sale.

A letter from our dear brother, S. G P., of Elmira, N. Y., says in part, "The spring commenced here early but the weather continues cool with frequent frosts. The winter was the coldest I have known, often it was fine, ten and fifteen below zero with almost steady sleighing from Christmas to March, when the weather changed to very mild, but later has been cooler. I am working hard all the while. It seems good to have Sunday come to get some rest. Fifteeen houses means considerable doing. Have just completed over two hundred feet in length of new cement walk for the last house I built."

A Miss Raymond from Upton is a guest at the old Russell place with the Smith family.

The Temple Review, published in Philadelphia, brings us a sermon each week by Russell H. Conwell, pastor of the largest Protestant church in America.

Dr. Twaddle was here recently to see a patient.

Mrs. Wm. Farwell has been helping the sick at the old Tapley Kimball house.

W. E. Furbush of Mexico has been here again with fresh fish and meat and fruits, also the younger son of Geo. Smith with fruits for sale.

Little Blanche Kimball has about 50 chicks and has sold 23. Those who rob a neighbor "must reap what they sow."

West Bethel.

"Oh, the violets waken between the showers,
Like the blue of the April skies,
And the roadside blooms into clover white,
While the buttercups, shy, spring up in a night,
And the meadow glows with the golden light
Of the daisies' honest eyes."

"Scowling and growing will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling;
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;
Why should you think you will find her by roving?
Never was greater mistake than to hate—
Try loving.

Cool and cloudy weather continues.

Mrs. L. E Bean has sold her automobile.

Fish are becoming very scarce in the brooks and rivers of Bethel and Mason.

Dea. E. P. Grover and son Adrian are building a large new hen house.

Elmer C. Allen and sister visited several friends in South Paris Wednesday.

While a few have their planting done others have not begun plowing.

Alanson Tyler has moved his family and picture frame business to Bethel Hill.

Alden F. Mason has his large hen house on Main Street nearly completed.

A telephone wire is being put up to the camp on the summit of Caribou Mountain.

Miss Ethel L. Allen is at home from Brookline, Mass., to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Allen.

It is reported that G D. Morrill has bought of A. M. Stahl of Berlin, N. H., the large farm with the hotel and other buildings thereon, formerly owned by the late A. S. Bean.

The publisher of the Oxford County Citizen offered six prizes last year for the best poetical selections for a department of "Heart Thrilling Gems." Last week E. R. Briggs was awarded the first and only cash prize.

Oxford.

Mrs. Emma Knight, wife of Mr. F. F. Knight, died suddenly Monday, May 9, of heart disease. Her funeral was held on Wednesday at her late residence, Rev. Mr. Newport officiating. Mrs. Knight was much beloved by all who knew her and will be greatly missed. She leaves a husband, a son, a sister and other relatives. She was buried in the Knight family lot in the old Bell Hill Cemetery at Otisfield.

A large delegation from T. A. Roberts W. R. C. visited Dwinal Corps at Mechanic Falls May 10th, and report a very pleasant time. An excellent dinner was served.

Charles Durell and Frank Hawkes are here for a short time.

T. A. Roberts W. R. C. had a supper and entertainment, "Festival of Mother Goose," last week, with a good attendance.

The Hersey Guild met with Mrs. Frank Keene Monday evening.

Mrs. Cyrus Chaplin has been quite ill since the death of her husband.

Mr. Robbins, the Methodist minister, has moved into the Estes rent at Welchville.

East Bethel.

Farmers are busy working their land and more than the usual acreage will be planted.

Mrs. F. B. Howe passed last week with her aunt, Mrs. Agnes Straw, at Bethel.

Miss Elsie Bartlett, who is teaching at Shelburne, New Hampshire, visited her home here last week.

Mrs. H. E. Bartlett visited her son at Bethel last week and attended "The King of Tramps."

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn of Grover Hill visited at C. M. Kimball's last week. They will soon move to West Bethel where they have recently purchased a farm.

The writer recently set 13 eggs and had 13 chickens hatch, one ahead.

North Waterford.

Will Rice's hand is slowly improving.

Harry Morey caught two chipmunks and sold them to Linwood Flint, the animal man.

W. H. Kilgore has returned from the west with more horses to sell.

Mrs. Don Smith of Norway was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Fred Hazelton, a few days last week. She has gone back to her home now.

Mrs. Martha Flint is gaining and can move the arm that was paralyzed.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bickford of Stoneham are visiting at Rice's Hotel. Ida Hodgkins is there also.

Buckfield.

Miss Louise Blabee of Rumford spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss Ellen Cole.

Old Pat, the bull dog, belonging to Ben and Barrett Spaulding, was accidentally run over and killed by the family automobile Wednesday afternoon just above the High Street crossing. Pat was a general favorite and will be much missed.

The Irish boys with their families gathered from Rumford, West Paris and Bath to spend Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Irish.

Miss Alice Nulty returned from Portland Saturday. She has been employed in a millinery establishment there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Twitchell were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Packard Wednesday.

Miss Iva Gardner returned from Portland Thursday. She is just recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

The high school ball team defeated the South Paris High team Saturday by a score of six to one. The Paris boys had hard luck in the sixth inning when the Buckfields made four runs which clinched the game.

An old fashioned bee was held on the school campus Friday when about twenty teams with men to man them and many men to work shoveling on either end of the route, worked all day filling the gully near the town house. Stone wall, rubbish of all kinds and gravel poured in a steady stream all day and an amount of work that any crew might be proud of was accomplished. A bountiful dinner was served at Nezinscot Hall at noon by the girls of the school with a few older ladies to assist. Dinner was served to about 100.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Gardner were here over Sunday from Dixfield.

Bryant's Pond.

Planting has hardly commenced in this section. The ground on most farms has been too wet to plant or sow crops.

Grass is coming well.

The Billings cottage at Twitchell Pond was dedicated Thursday evening. Many attended from this village and report an enjoyable time.

Gerald B. Whitman, one of the prosperous business men of Haverhill, Mass., made a brief visit to the old Whitman homestead this week.

Lesmore Currier has a crew putting in the foundation and cellar for his new house on the Day lot. Having moved from the Morse house, he and his family are tenting out until his new house is completed.

Sewall W. Brooks, aged about 46 years, was found dead in his house Tuesday forenoon. He was last seen late Monday afternoon. Mr. Brooks was a native of Lovell and was unmarried. The funeral was held here Thursday forenoon at the residence of his brother, Seymour Brooks, Rev. C. D. McKenzie conducted the service. The burial was at North Lovell, his former home. He is survived by an aged father, Capt. W. C. Brooks of North Lovell, Clifford of Harrison, Charles of Norway, and Seymour of this village.

West Sumner.

The comet has come and gone and still the earth jogs on. There were many out last night star gazing and all were doomed to disappointment for a heavy bank of clouds obscured the comet from view. One man went so far as to say he believed the comet was only "newspaper talk."

W. E. Lothrop, who has been serving on the jury, returned from Rumford Tuesday.

Herschel Libby and W. E. Doble, both teachers in this town, attended the teachers' convention at Norway Friday.

Minot Doble of Norway visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Doble, a few days last week.

L. P. Merrill and son Ralph of Rumford were in town Tuesday.

Wallace Chandler has covered the roof of his house with the new asbestos roofing and thinks he shall in time replace the clapboards on the sides of the house with the same non-combustible material.

Herbert Barrows, who sliced off a piece of his left thumb last week on a saw while at work in the planing mill, is more comfortable. Dr. Caldwell has been called to consult with Dr. Atwood. The doctors fear the thumb will have to be amputated at the first joint.

Everett Robbins, who is suffering from the effects of the grippe, is about the same. The doctor says Mr. Robbins will not be able to do any work this spring or early summer.

A waterspout was seen Saturday on Pleasant Pond by some men who were at work near by. A loud cracking, roaring sound was heard and the spout was seen to rise 40 or 50 feet in the air near the south shore of the pond and gradually growing larger it rapidly advanced to the center of the pond, burst and disappeared. An old resident, who was an eye witness to the singular phenomenon, said had I been the only person present I should never have dared to tell of it. I have lived near the pond many years yet never saw anything of the kind before.

Wm. A. Barrows W. R. Corps has received and accepted an invitation to dine with Union Grange on Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Barrett and Mrs. Effie Robinson attended the Rebekah lodge at West Paris Tuesday evening.

The Misses Jenne of South Paris will open a millinery parlor at Mrs. Frank Young's Tuesday, May 24.

The many friends of Mrs. Hiram Howe and Mrs. Clementia Abbott will be glad to hear that they are both convalescent and able to be about the house. Mrs. Howe expects to return from Rumford soon and Mrs. Abbott will accompany her.

E. E. Field was in town Thursday circulating a paper to raise a fund to help defray the expenses of Mrs. Carl Peterson of North Paris who is at the Central Maine General Hospital.

Snow Bound Reading Club was entertained by Mrs. H. H. Ryerson Thursday afternoon. Roll call answered by quotations from Susan Cooledge. When the question box was opened some one wanted to know why Sharon Robinson was called Slocum. In current events it was reported that the latest scheme for money making among the doctors was selling comet pills. Refreshments were served of fruit and a drink made of unfermented grape juice. The next meeting will be June 2d.

One morning last week when Dea. Moses Dow arose and was lighting the fire he glanced out the back kitchen window and there grazing complacently in the field was a fine looking doe. When he opened the back door the deer cleared the fence at a bound and was soon out of sight in the woods.

Albany.

Mrs. Frank Manley of Auburn visited her aunt, Mrs. F. G. Sloan, a few days last week.

Josiah Kimball of Stark, N. H., was in town recently.

Charlie Conners, Geo. Conners and F. G. Sloan's mares each have young foals. At the present price of horses it seems as though it might pay to raise our own horses as well as our own grain.

Brownfield.

Cole & Robinson's Chautauqua Minstrels gave an amusing and interesting entertainment to a large and appreciative audience at town hall May 17.

Mr. John Stewart has purchased a house lot of S. Warren on Main Street.

Mrs. Bradeen has sold her house on Main Street to Mrs. Sarah Harnden.

Mrs. Greenlaugh is visiting her sister, Mrs. Blake, who is seriously ill.

Dr. Fitch has a new auto.

Alvin Perkins is at home from Massachusetts.

Mexico.

After closing the envelope containing last week's locals we had more callers, Judge Enoch Foster, Wm. J. Wheeler and Ronello Barrows.

Eliphalet Goodwin and wife reached home from their North Carolina winter home last week. They are to remain here but a few days before going to Harpswell to spend the summer at the seashore.

E. R. Stevens, who is in ill health, has sold his stock of general merchandise to his son, Thos. M., who will continue the business. Thomas M. has sold his livery business to George Russell.

Herbert B. Corkum, who sold his farm in this town to Henry Holt three years ago and moved to Wilton, has bought the farm again and moved back to Mexico. Mr. Holt has moved to Ridlonville.

O. P. Smith has bought a nice bay mare of George Russell—a sprightly roader.

West Paris.

Miss Bertha A. Curtis of Lynnfield, Mass., whose death occurred Wednesday, was the only daughter of Emerson G. and Mantha Cummings Curtis, and was born and reared in this village until nine years of age; when the death of Mrs. Curtis twenty-three years ago, made it advisable for Bertha to be cared for in the home of her aunt, Mrs. John Hooper, of Lynnfield, where as Mr. and Mrs. Hooper had no living children she was given the place of a daughter. Miss Curtis had recently submitted to an operation for a bad case of appendicitis and was supposed to be doing well, consequently the news of her death was a terrible shock to her father, who went to Lynnfield Thursday. The funeral was held at her late home Friday, Mr. Curtis returning with the remains Saturday afternoon for interment in the family lot in West Paris Cemetery. Besides her father she is survived by one brother, Percy Curtis, of Boston, her aunt, Mrs. Anstis Cummings Hooper, with whom she lived, and two uncles, Geo. Cummings of Dorchester, Mass., and Henry Cummings of Lewiston. Miss Curtis was an estimable young lady and her loss is keenly felt by those to whom she was near and dear, who have the sympathy of the community.

The body of Edwin Richardson, who died at Paris town farm, was brought here Tuesday for burial. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Richardson and lived at North Paris for many years. Two sons, Alfred and Herbert, of West Paris, and one daughter, Florence, of Peru, survive him. The deceased was a great sufferer from rheumatism and for many years was in a crippled condition and unable to work.

Mr. Chas. Field of Massachusetts is at J. R. Tucker's.

John Willis of Waterford has been a recent guest at L. F. Willis'.

Mrs. Clara Ridlon was in Norway, Friday.

The teachers of the village school attended the teachers' convention in Norway last week.

Friday night the grammar school held a sociable in Centennial Hall. Music was furnished by Tuell and Martin. Ice cream and cake were on sale.

Miss Jennie Pierce of New York arrived here Friday.

Mr. Geo. D. Robertson of South Paris was in town last week to superintend the removal of the body of the late Geo. W. Bryant from West Paris Cemetery to South Paris.

Walter Ricker has returned from Otisfield where he has been visiting friends for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Emery, Mrs. Maud Pratt Farwell and daughter of Bethel were in town recently.

Mrs. Dorcas Churchill is nurse for Mrs. S. W. Dunham.

Mrs. Clarence Curtis and children of Dorchester, Mass., are visiting at A. R Bucknam's.

Mrs. Flora Widder and little son Paul of Chelsea, Mass., are guests of Mrs. Widder's father, Henry B. Dunham.

East Sumner.

Geo. Maxim, who is at the C. M. Hospital at Lewiston, is reported as comfortable and in a fair way to recovery.

A. L. Palmer attended a meeting of the postmasters at Lewiston on Thursday, going via Turner electrics.

The comet on the night of the 18th seemed to leak and also left quite a breeze the next day. The world still moves and farmers are doing their planting as usual. Probably seed time and harvest will continue until after election.

Sumner.

O. L. Varney has bought him a new horse.

H. Stetson met with a very painful accident Monday. His horse became frightened at an auto and tipped him and his wife out, breaking both bones in his leg below the knee. Mrs. Stetson was not hurt of any amount.

Harry Tibbetts' mother from Massachusetts is visiting him for a short time.

Martha McPherson is working for Mrs. W. L. Dyer.

Maine News Notes.

Gen. Charles P. Mattocks, one of the most distinguished citizens of Maine, with a brilliant military, business and official record, died at his home in Portland last Monday, at a little less than 70 years of age.

The Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias met in Bangor last week. The reports show a net increase in the membership for the year of 178, the number of members Dec. 31, 1909, being 16,853 Fred L. Tower of Portland was elected Grand Chancellor.

Joseph P. A. Powell, a young man employed as a driver for the George C. Shaw Co. in Portland, was killed in the freight elevator of the Congress Street store of the company Tuesday. He was alone, and it is not known just how the accident occurred.

A cat belonging to a Biddeford man has produced a litter of freak kittens. According to the Biddeford Journal there were six kittens, two of which died soon after birth. Two were perfectly formed and but one of these is now living. One that died had no legs. One has but two legs, and two have three, two being in front and the third a hind leg. All the kittens are naturally formed except as to the legs, and are apparently as healthy as any kittens. The kittens that had no limbs died four days after the birth.

Ernestine Townsend, the 12 year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Townsend of Saco, was fatally shot at 7:30 o'clock Tuesday evening while sitting by the window, a stray bullet evidently from a high power rifle hitting her in the left side of the head just above the ear. The bullet penetrated the skull and brain and death resulted soon after. It is said that a number of Albanians who live at the brick yard a few hundred yards from the Townsend house have been firing with rifles at a target of late, and it is thought the bullet came from there. One of the Albanians has admitted under questioning that he was firing at a mark, and it was probably he who fired the fatal shot. This affair is particularly sad from the fact that this is the third child Mr. Townsend has lost by sudden or accidental death. One boy had his neck broken in a football game nine years ago. When the little girl, Ernestine, was born they named her as near the name of the boy (whose name was Ernest) as they could, he being an especial favorite. Another boy was found dead in the telegraph station at West Biddeford.

Here and There.

On the basis of an "estimate" of the census now in progress—which estimate it would undoubtedly be more proper to call a "guesstimate"—showing a very small increase in Maine's population, some of our own papers are beginning to "knock" the state. But they are Democratic papers, and as it is done purely for political purposes, it must be forgiven them.

The young man who stole the whole bank in Cambridge, and the man who helped him carry it off, will have plenty of time to reflect upon the matter during their respective sentences of fifteen and twelve to fifteen years in prison which have been imposed upon them.

That is, unless they should go scot free on account of the most technical kind of a legal technicality, which will be invoked on their behalf. It is said that Charles W. Morse may also be released on the same technicality, which had evaded discovery by his able counsel. It might perhaps be a good thing for a few bank looters to be let off on this technical point, because their cases are so well known to the public, and the educational value of them would be so great. The day would thus be hastened when our legal procedure will be freed from some of its present absurdities, and the law will be used to promote justice, not to defeat it as is too often the case now.

Maine Political Notes.

The Democratic convention in the Second Congressional District will be held in Lewiston City Hall Tuesday, June 14, at 1 P. M. The basis of representation is the Democratic vote of 1908, one delegate for each seventy-five votes or majority fraction thereof.

An Extract That Jogs the Memory.

If you have never read Eugene Wood's "Back Home" you have not read all the good books that this world affords. No matter how far back in years that home may be this book will take you there by the shortest route and quicker than bird ever flew. Memory is fleet of foot and has wings that put the wireless out of commission. The subjects of its seven chapters are: The Old Red School House, The Sabbath School, The Revolving Year, The Swimming Hole, The Firemen's Tournament, The Devouring Element, Circus Day, The County Fair, and Christmas Back Home. If you are past middle life this extract will make you think of things:

JOHN.

"If you would learn the secret of our nation's greatness, take your stand some winter's morning just before nine o'clock, where you can overlook a circle of some two or three miles' radius, the center being the Old Red School House. You will see little figures picking their way along the miry roads or ploughing through deep drifts, cutting across the fields, all drawing to the school house, Bub in his cow-hide boots, his cap with ear-laps, a knitted comforter about his neck, and his hands glowing in scarlet mittens; and little Sis in a thick shawl, trudging along behind him, stepping in his tracks. They chirrup, 'Good morning, Sir!' As far as you can see them you have to watch them, and something rises in your throat. Lord, love 'em! Lord, love the children! And then it comes to you, and it makes you catch your breath to think of it, that every two or three miles all over this land wherever there are children at all, there is the Old Red School House. At this very hour a living tide, upbearing the hopes and prayers of God alone knows how many loving hearts, the tide on which all of our longed-for ships are to come in, is setting to the school house. Oh, what is martial glory, what is conquest of an empire, what is state-craft alongside of this? Happy is the people that is in such a case!

"The city schools are now the pattern for the country schools; but in my day, although a little they were pouring the new wine of frothing educational reform into the old bottles, they had not quite attained the full distention of the present. We still had some kind of a good time, but nothing like the good times they had out at the school near grandpap's where I sometimes visited. There you could whisper. Yes, sir, you could whisper. So long as you didn't talk out loud, it was all right. And there was no rising at the tap of the bell, falling in line and walking in lock-step. Seemingly it never entered the heads of the school board that anybody would ever be sent to state prison. They left the scholars unprepared for any such career. They have remedied all that in city schools. Now, when a boy grows up and goes to Sing Sing, he knows exactly what to do and how to behave. It all comes back to him.

"But what I call the finest part of going to school in the country was, that you didn't go home to dinner. Grandma had a boy only a few years older than I was, and when I went a visiting she fixed us up a 'piece'—they call it 'luncheon' now. What made this particular 'piece' taste so wonderfully good was that it was in a round bottomed basket, woven of splints, dyed blue and black and red, and all in such funny pattern. It was an Indian basket. * * *

"I was out at grandpap's one time when they butchered. And, say! Did your grandma ever roast pigs' tails in the ashes for you? And—and the crullers. No, I don't mean doughnuts. I mean crullers, all twisted up. They go good with cider. Sometimes my grandma cut out thin pallid little men of cruller dough, and dropped them into the hot lard for my Uncle Jimmy and me. And when she fished them out they were all swelled up and 'pussy' and golden brown. And there was pie. Neither at the school nooning nor at the table did one put a piece of pie upon a plate and haggle at it with a fork. You took the piece of pie in your hand and pointed the sharp end toward you, and gently crowded it into your face. It didn't require much pressure either.

"And there were apples, real apples. I think they must make apples in factories nowadays. They taste like it. These were real ones, picked off the trees. Out at grandpap's they had Bellflowers, and Winesaps, and Seek-no-furthers, and, I think, Sheep-noses, and one kind of apple that I can't find any more, though I have sought for it carefully. It was the finest apple I ever set tooth in. It had a sort of rollicking flavor, if you know what I mean, and the name of it was the Rambo. Dear me, how good it was! I think I would rather have one right now than great riches. They had a big red apple in those days that I forget the name of. Oh, it was a whopper. You'd nibble at it, and nibble at it before you could get a purchase on it. Then after you got your teeth in, you'd pull and pull, and all of a sudden the apple would go 'tock,' and your head would fly back from the recoil, and you had a bite about the size of your hand. You 'chomped' on it with your cheek all bulged out, and blame near drowned yourself in the juice of it."

Death of E. O. Stickney.

Edward O. Stickney died at his home five miles west of Merced Monday, May 2, after an illness of several months' duration. His death, was, therefore, not unexpected, but it is deeply deplored by hosts of friends and is a severe blow to his family. Mr. Stickney was 60 years of age, he was born in Maine, and came to Merced county in early manhood, about thirty-five years ago. He has since resided here, reared a family, successfully engaged in farming, and left an estate estimated to amount to $75,000. He was a man of strength and independence of character, frank and genial, sagacious in business affairs, companionable and generous, and of sterling honesty and integrity. A wife, three daughters and a son survive him. The funeral will take place to-day (Thursday) at 1 o'clock, from the Stickney home, Rev. James Miles Webb conducting the religious service. The interment will be in the K of P. cemetery, the last rites being under the auspices of Yosemite Lodge, No. 30, K. of P.—Merced (Calif.) Star.

Edward Osgood Stickney was born in Brownfield, Maine, Jan. 28, 1850. He was the only son of John L. and Sarah Thoms Stickney. The house in which he was born is still standing, the home place being a part of the old Stickney farm which has been in the family more than a hundred years.

Mr. Stickney married Sar

A MEMORIAL DAY REFLECTION.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

1861.

Ah, there was thrill in the bugle note of the days of sixty-one!
"To arms, to arms!" was the shrill of the fife—to strife of sword and gun!
And "Come, oh, come!" was the call of the drum—come into the
Ah, there was thrill in the bugle note of the days of sixty-one!
"To arms, to arms!" was the shrill of the fife—to strife of sword and gun!
And "Come, oh, come!" was the call of the drum—come into the
spending rank by!
And march away to the martial fray by the Rappahanock's banks!
We were young and erect as we marshaled then for the great republic's cause,
And we dreamed of fame and a deathless name and the hero's high applause.

1910.

Ah, there is dirge in the funeral note of this Memorial day!
And "Death, oh, death!" is the bugle's breath as the music melts away.
But "Come, oh, come!" is the call of the drum—come into the graveyard lone
And the blossoming spray as a tribute lay on the soldier's crumbling stone.
We are old and bent as we marshal now in the days of our nation's peace,
And we dream no more of the cannon's roar, but of strife's and life's surcease.

GRANT AT THE FRONT, 1863.

CAMP OF FRENCH'S BRIGADE, VIRGINIA, 1864.

THE LITTLE BRIDGE BURNER.

A Civil War Story.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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"HELLO! You boy, there!"

A boy about twelve years old hoeing in a field dropped his hoe and came to the rail fence that divided the field from the road. A company of cavalry with one piece of artillery was waiting for him, at the head their captain. It was he who had called the boy. The little fellow climbed the fence, sitting on the top rail with a leg on each side of it. His trousers were rolled above the knees, his brown legs were covered with Georgia clay, his forehead protruded from a rent in a dingy straw hat, no coat covered his galluses, and there was not much shirt. One thing contrasted with the rest—an intelligent countenance and a pair of earnest, restless eyes.

"SEEN ANY CONFEDERATES ABOUND HERE TODAY?"

"Seen any Confederates around here today?" asked the officer.

"I? Seen any rebels? No."

"Why do you call them rebels?"

"Dunno, onless that's what pop calls 'em."

"Your pop's Union?"

"Yes; so 'm I."

It was a summer afternoon. A mild breeze was blowing over the plantation, not yet disturbed by war. The officer, unmindful of the peaceful scene, sat on his horse thinking of some matter evidently of great importance to him.

"How far is it to the bridge?" he asked the boy.

"'Bout five mile."

"Straight road?"

"Waal, to go thar from hyer you uns 'll have to foller this road that a-way"—pointing—"fo' a matter o' ten minutes, then cross the branch by the ford to the left and through a smart stretch o' timber. Then you"—

"Come along and show us the way. Get up here behind me."

The officer lifted the boy to a seat behind him and gave the order, "Forward!"

"Haven't heard of any soldiers being at the bridge, have you?"

"No."

"How long since you have heard from it?"

"Pap must 'a' come across it yistiday on his way from the postoffice. He didn't say nothin' about sogers thar."

These bluecoats were the tip of the right flank of Sherman's foremost advance. They had been ordered to destroy a bridge provided the Confederates had not guarded it. If they were there the captain had orders to drive them away to effect his purpose.

"Can we see the bridge," he asked the boy, "before we get to it?"

"Yes; from the top of a hill a couple of miles this side."

When they reached the crest indicated there beneath them in the distance was a wooden bridge. The captain brought his fieldglasses to bear and saw that it was not guarded. But scattered about on the undulating ground between him and it were clusters of white tents. He uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"They would eat up our little force," he said to one of his lieutenants.

"I see no artillery, and we've got a gun," replied the other.

"The gun will only hinder us. If we attack we'll have to make a dash."

"THE LITTLE RASCAL HAS STARTED IT."

"What y' want to do?" asked the boy.

The captain made no reply. He was absorbed in thinking of some way to carry out his object even if he lost every man in his command. The lieutenant told the boy that they wished to burn the bridge.

"I wonder," said the little fellow thoughtfully, "if I could do it."

The captain turned sharply to the proposer of this remarkable plan. A boy to do what armed troops dare not try to do!

How the urchin succeeded in winning consent to his plan the captain himself, who tells the story, cannot give a satisfactory account. Combustibles had been brought along, and the most fiery and compact of these were concealed about the boy's person. A bundle of pitch pine was also given him, which in itself would not attract attention in a region where pine is plenty. The captain took his little emissary as far as he dared, then set him down to proceed without attracting attention, gave him a hug and bade him goodby with a fervent "God bless you, my boy!" Then the officer returned to the hilltop and watched. An hour later a light smoke cloud rose from the bridge.

"By jingo," he exclaimed, "the little rascal has started it anyway."

"You mean the little hero," said the lieutenant. "All now depends upon their not discovering the fire till it is too late."

A tongue of flame flashed up and was followed by another. Then there was a hurrying in one of the camps, and in a few minutes a dozen men mounted and rode to the bridge. Meanwhile a volume of smoke mingled with flame rose from the bridge and floated slowly away. Then figures, minute from a distance, were seen trying to quench the fire. But they had nothing to work with. The bridge burned on, broke in the middle and fell into the stream.

The work accomplished, the captain sent his force back under command of the lieutenant to report the fact to his superior. He remained with a view of getting tidings from the little bridge burner. Darkness was setting in when a spot appeared down the road. It moved but slowly. Suddenly the captain started to meet it. The boy bridge burner staggered toward him and fell into his arms. Then he noticed that the little fellow's clothing was covered with blood. A Confederate had shot him, not knowing that he was a child, just as he was disappearing in some bushes after accomplishing his work.

FELL INTO HIS ARMS.

The little bridge burner recovered. He was too young to enter the Union army, but the government educated him to command men in its next war.

POULTRY IN HIS BASS DRUM.

Unlucky Drummer Had to Share His Prize With the Colonel.

During the latter years of the war the armies were frequently obliged to make rapid marches without their provision trains and at other times were obliged to pass through devastated regions, where there was not the slightest prospect of obtaining anything in the way of food. As a result of all this the men were constantly devising ways and means of obtaining, secreting and transporting food about their persons.

On one of the marches of the Army of the Cumberland the soldiers had orders not to forage, but as their rations were rather low it took sharp watching on the part of the officers to prevent the men from foraging whenever the chance presented itself. On one occasion the bass drummer of one of the regimental bands managed to secure two turkeys and six chickens, which he secreted in the interior of his bass drum. When they reached camp that evening the band was ordered out to play for a review that had been arranged on the spur of the moment for a distinguished officer who had arrived on a visit. All this happened before the bass drummer had time to remove his live poultry from the inside of his drum, and, of course, when he struck it it gave forth no sound whatever. This exasperated the colonel, who shouted repeatedly to drum harder. Finally, in a great rage, he came down to where the latter stood pounding for dear life and sweating like a field hand.

"Why in blank, blank, blank don't you beat that drum louder?" he shouted.

"Colonel," said the drummer in a voice husky with anguish, "there's two turkeys and six chickens inside this drum, and half of them are for you."

"Well, why in blazes didn't you say so?" the colonel replied. "Fall out at once and go back to your quarters."

As a matter of course the colonel subsequently shared in the repast.

Grant in the Saddle.

Grant was at his best in the saddle. The one real record that he made for himself at the academy, the one time that he excelled all his fellows, was at the final mounted exercises of his graduating class, when, riding a famous horse named York, he was called upon to clear the leaping bar that the gruff old riding master had placed higher than a man's head. He dashed out from his place in the ranks, a smooth faced, slender young fellow on a powerful chestnut sorrel, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall, turned and went directly at the bar, the great horse increasing his pace as he neared it, and then, as if he and his rider were one, rising and clearing it with a magnificent bound. The leap is still recorded at the academy as "Grant's upon York."—St. Nicholas.

The Florin.

The florin, one of the most famous of modern coins, originated in Florence. Some say that it gave the name to the city, while others assert that it was first so called because it had on it a flower de luce, from the Italian florone, or flower, for the same reason that an English silver piece is called a crown or certain gold pieces in France indifferently a napoleon or a louis or the ten dollar gold piece in America an eagle. Two countries, Austria and Holland, have retained the florin as a unit of monetary value, taking it at a time when it was very universal in Europe, its usage having been rendered general by the financial supremacy of the little states of northern Italy and the imperfect coinage system of the other countries of the continent.

A WREATH ON LINCOLN'S TOMB

BY JAMES A. EDGERTON

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LAST year saw Lincoln's triumph. O'er his tomb
The century plant of fame burst into bloom,
And all the earth was filled with its perfume.

IT was most meet that in that selfsame year
The skies above his land should wholly clear
And the last clouds of section disappear.

FOR that was his own dream. He sought to write
But one word---"Union." On the future's height
It now is written in eternal light.

WHATEVER stress of madness or of crime
Shall rack the world, that covenant sublime
Is now secure through all the storms of time.

AND one who sits today in Lincoln's seat
Has made the bonds of union more complete,
Has made the name of union yet more sweet.

THE new time over all the land is born:
Over the cotton's snow and silken corn
The north and south clasp hands and face the morn.

O'ER blue and gray strew flowers with love's perfume
And for a wreath to strew on Lincoln's tomb
Weave the word "Union" out of fragrant bloom.

NOW grandpa tells a story to the child upon his knee
About the great big war that helped to make the nation free,
And while she dreams of future days (they'll come so soon, so fast!)
The veteran of '61 is dreaming of the past.

MORE "YOUNGEST VETERANS."

Recent Discussion Brings Forward Two Under Sixty.

That highly interesting hero, the "youngest veteran" of the civil war, continues to bob up serenely now and then. He seems to be almost if not quite as numerous as the last survivor of the charge of the Light brigade at Balaklava. The surprisingly large number of men still living who enlisted when mere lads helps to uphold the statement frequently made by individuals and proved by the records of the war department that the great conflict was fought and won by boys—young fellows who enlisted in their teens. The records show a preponderance of such early enlistments.

Last March a New York paper printed a brief obituary of the "youngest veteran," who had just died at the age of sixty-two. The editor received a flood of communications from claimants to that distinction. One modest veteran from Brooklyn, signing himself simply "Cavalry," wrote, "I served two years and six months and am not yet sixty-two." Then F. Blemly, living in another part of Greater New York, giving his birth date as Jan. 31, 1849, came forward with this statement: "I served under Sheridan and Custer in the Shenandoah valley until the close of the war, and I have a year yet to hang on to the saddle before I reach sixty-two."

Youngest Veteran Blemly was checkmated by Charles Carr of Brooklyn, formerly of Company C, Fourth Ohio cavalry, who said he was born March 18, 1849, nearly six weeks later than Blemly, and "served throughout the Atlanta campaign under General Sherman."

From New Jersey came the claim of David W. Ryan, only fifty-nine years old, who served as bugler in Company H, Second New Jersey cavalry. Youngest Veteran Ryan seemed to have the pennant, but Michael Donoho of Auburn, N. Y., assaulted his position and captured the standard, being still under fifty-nine. Born May 27, 1851, Donoho joined D'Eppenvoll's zouaves and went to the front in 1861. Afterward he served with the One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York regiment, being mustered out at Syracuse Aug. 19, 1865. Youngest Veteran Donoho, according to this record, was only a ten-year-old when he joined the zouaves and began to wear the baggy breeches and the soft sash belt of that branch of the service.

It is highly probable that if this friendly controversy had extended to the west there would have been several youthful veterans somewhere around the edges of sixty to lay claim to the honor.

GRANT BEFORE VICKSBURG.

An Incident of the Late War Between the States.

By J. H. ROCKWELL.

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IN the latter part of 1862, when General Grant was preparing to make a movement by land to reach the rear of Vicksburg, in accordance with the plans he had made for the capture of that city, he saw that he did not have a sufficient number of men to command success and that it was imperative that he should have 8,000 or 10,000 more. His plans had been sent to Washington and approved, but to his request for men the answer came that he must go ahead with the force already under his command. In response to this Grant informed the president that he could not do it, that the attempt would end in failure and that the expedition would better be abandoned than attempted without re-enforcements. Determined that the war department should fully understand the situation, he ordered a former member of his staff, General M. D. Leggett of Ohio, then commanding one of his brigades, to proceed to Washington and lay the whole matter before Mr. Lincoln and the secretary of war.

LISTENED WITH THE CLOSEST ATTENTION.

General Leggett had a personal acquaintance with Secretary Stanton and knew there was little hope of changing his mind when once made up and accordingly decided to gain access to the president before the secretary of war should forestall him by the presentation of the war department side of the case. He therefore called upon the secretary at 8 o'clock in the morning of the day after his arrival and said to him: "Mr. Stanton, I wish you would take me to Mr. Lincoln, introduce me to him and let me do the talking. I don't want you to ruin my case with objections."

"All right," was the response, and the call was made. General Leggett was permitted to present General Grant's idea as fully and clearly as possible, while Mr. Lincoln listened.

When he had concluded the president took him in hand and gave him the most severe and critical cross examination he had ever undergone as to the situation in the west, Grant's purposes, etc. Mr. Stanton added several questions of his own, and when he had ended the president quietly remarked, "Well, he must have the troops."

"But where will you get them?" asked the secretary.

Turning to General Leggett, the president said, "How many men must he have?"

"Sixteen thousand," General Leggett responded.

Turning to the secretary, the president asked a series of questions as to the disposition of certain forces not then in the field—how many were at Cleveland, how many at Detroit, how many here and how many there—until he had gone over the available force in the west and had demonstrated that 12,000 or 16,000 troops could be sent to Grant.

Then Mr. Lincoln asked General Leggett when he intended to leave Washington.

"At 5 p. m.," the general answered.

"Well, I want you until then," said Mr. Lincoln.

A carriage was ordered and the two entered it and were driven to the Soldiers' home, where the president was then living. Of all the questioning and close examinations General Leggett had ever experienced those of that day were the most severe.

It must be borne in mind that the Grant who was then planning so great and important a move as the reduction of Vicksburg was not the Grant of Appomattox, but only of Donelson and Henry, and known then to neither Mr. Lincoln nor fame, as in the later days. But the president was determined to learn all he could from the witness then present, and as General Leggett was loyal in heart as well as in speech to his chief and had already had a dawning realization of the great figure Grant was to play in the civil war his responses were clear and to the point and visibly impressed Mr. Lincoln as being as true as they were complimentary.

QUESTIONING GENERAL LEGGETT.

General Leggett returned to the west, and when the Union troops marched into Vicksburg he had the honor, although suffering from severe wounds, to ride into that city at the head of the First brigade, which was granted the privilege of being the first to enter, receive the surrender and raise the Union flag.

Swift Thinker.

Harker—You seem in a deep study. A penny for your thoughts, old man. Bluffwood—Oh. I'm a rapid thinker and have 500 thoughts at once! Pass me over a five spot.—Exchange.

A Cheap Hat.

She—I dreamed last night that you had bought me a hat for a present. He—Well, that's the first dream of a hat you ever had that didn't cost me money.

Railled by General Steedman.

When the line of General Steedman's division of the reserve corps was wavering in the face of the leaden hail at Chickamauga he rode out and took the flag from the color bearer. "Go back, boys—go back," he exclaimed, "but the flag can't go with you." He was a man of powerful figure. The line was strengthened and swept on against the foe.

STATE OF MAINE.

Treasurer's Office, Augusta, May 4, 1910.

Upon the following townships or tracts of land in Oxford County not liable to be taxed in any town, the following assessments for State, County and forestry District Taxes have been made for the year 1910:

OXFORD COUNTY WILD LANDS.

TOWNSHIPS.	State Tax.	County Tax.	District Tax.
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 1 in the fifth range of lots in said grant. Said lot is reputed to be owned by Mrs. Lucinda E. Bean, and contains one hundred acres, more or less	$10 00	$3 10	$3 00
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lots 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 in the fifth range of lots; lots 4, 6 and 9 in the sixth range of lots; lots 2, 7 and 8 in the seventh range of lots; lot 4 in the eighth range of lots, all in said grant. Said lots are reputed to be owned by Mrs. Lucinda E. Bean and contain one thousand one hundred acres, more or less	33 00	10 23	9 90
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lots, 1, 2, 3, and the gore easterly of lot 1 in the seventh range of lots in said grant. Said described land is reputed to be owned by Hastings Brothers, et al, in common and undivided, and contains two hundred four acres, more or less	6 12	1 90	1 84
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 7 in the fifth range of lots and lot 7 in the sixth range of lots in said grant. Said lots are reputed to be owned by Allison Brown ,et al, and contain one hundred fifty acres, more or less	4 50	1 40	1 35
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lots 8 and 9 in the fifth range of lots in said grant. Said lots are reputed to be owned by C. S. Edwards and contain two hundred ten acres, more or less	6 30	1 95	1 89
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 1 in the sixth range of lots in said grant, reputed to be owned: North half, W. A. Farwell, 50 acres, more or less; southeast part, Artemus Mason 32 acres more or less; southwest part, Mrs. Ada Farwell, 18 acres, more or less. Total acreage one hundred fifty acres, more or less	4 50	1 40	1 35
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lots 2 and 3 in the sixth range of lots in said grant. Said lots are reputed to be owned by Ralph Bean and contain two hundred acres, more or less	6 00	1 86	1 80
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 5 in the sixth range of lots in said grant. Said lot is reputed to be owned by F. B. Brooks, et al, in common and undivided, and contains one hundred fifty acres, more or less	4 50	1 40	1 35
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 8 in the sixth range of lots in said grant. Said lot is reputed to be owned by Henry F. Stiles and contains one hundred fifty acres, more or less	4 50	1 40	1 35
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 1 in the seventh range of lots in said grant. Said lot is reputed to be owned by Fred Edwards and contains eighty-eight acres, more or less	2 64	82	79
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 3 in the seventh range of lots in said grant. Said lot is reputed to be owned by Deforest Connor and contains one hundred acres, more or less	3 00	93	90
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 4 in the seventh range of lots in said grant reputed to be owned: North half, Deforest Connor; southeast quarter, Charles Valentine; southwest quarter, J. W. Bennett. Total acreage one hundred acres, more or less	3 00	93	90
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 5 in the seventh range of lots in said grant, reputed to be owned: Northeast corner, Allison Brown, 15 acres, more or less; northwest corner, Deforest Connor 15 acres, more or less; south part, Elmer Stowell 70 acres, more or less. Total acreage one hundred fifty acres, more or less	4 50	1 40	1 35
FRYEBURY ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 6 in the seventh range of lots in said grant, reputed to be owned: East half, Elmer Stowell; west half, Mrs. Lucinda E. Bean. Total acreage one hundred acres, more or less	3 00	93	90
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of ,being lot 9 in the seventh range of lots; lots 5, 6, and 7 in the eighth range of lots; lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the ninth range of lots, all in said grant. Said lots are reported to be owned by Hastings Brothers, in common and undivided, and contain seven hundred twenty-one acres, more or less	21 63	6 71	6 49
FRYEBURG, ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 1 in the southeast corner of said grant, reputed to be owned: southeast part to Pleasant River on northwest. Mrs. C. L. Abbott 15 acres, more or less; tract west of Pleasant River to land of C. F. Brown 30 acres, more or less. Total acreage fifty five acres, more or less	1 65	51	50
FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRANT, part of, being lot 2 in the southeast part of said grant. Said lot is reputed to be owned by E. Morrill and contains twenty-one acres, more or less	63	20	19
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and that part of lot 6 lying easterly of the height of land in the second range of lots in said township; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and that part of lot 6 lying easterly of the height of land in the third range of lots in said township; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and that part of lot 7 lying easterly of the height of land in the fourth range of lots in said township; lots 5 and 6 and that part of lot 7 lying easterly and southerly of the height of land in the fifth range of lots in said township; lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and that part of lot 8 lying easterly of the height of land in the sixth range of lots in said township; lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and that part of lot 1 lying south and west of the river and that part of lots 8 and 9 lying easterly and southerly of the height of land in the seventh range of lots in said township; lot 1, west half of lot 2, that part of lot 6 not included in the Public Lot, and lots 7, 8, and 9 in the eighth range of lots in said township; lots 1 and 2 and that part of lots 4, 5 and 6 not included within the Public Lot, and lots 7, 8 and 9 in the ninth range of lots in said township; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the tenth range of lots in said township; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in the eleventh range of lots in said township; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the twelfth range of lots in said township; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in the thirteenth range of lots in said township; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the fourteenth range of lots in said township; the west half of lot 2 and lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 in the fifteenth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described lots are reputed to be owned by the Umbagog Paper Co., and contain twenty-three thousand one hundred sixteen acres, more or less	577 90	179 15	173 37
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in the first range of lots in said township; the west half of lot 2 in the sixth range of lots in said township; that part of lot 4 included in the State Lot in the eighth range of lots in said township; that part of lot 4 included in the State Lot in the ninth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by the International Paper Co., et al, in common and undivided, and contains one thousand nine hundred sixty-nine acres, more or less	49 23	15 26	14 77
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lots 6, 7, 8 and 9 in the first range of lots in said township; lots 7, 8 and 9 and that part of lot 6 that lies westerly of the height of land in the second range of lots in said township; lots 7, 8 and 9 and that part of lot 6 lying westerly of the height of land in the third range of lots in said township; lots 8, 9 and that part of lot 7 that lies westerly of the height of land in the fourth range of lots in said township; lot 9 and that part of lots 7 and 8 lying westerly and northerly of the height of land in the fifth range of lots in said township; lot 9 and that part of lot 8 lying westerly of the height of land in the sixth range of lots in said township; that part of lots 8 and 9 lying northerly and westerly of the height of land in the seventh range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by the Geo. W. Blanchard & Son Co., and contains four thousand eighty-four acres, more or less	51 05	15 83	15 32
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lot 2 in the fourth range of lots in said township; a 20-acre strip across the west side of lot 2 and that part of lot 3 lying east of the river in the third range of lots in said township; that part of lot 2 lying east of the river in the fifth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described lots are reputed to be owned by Charles O. Demerritt and contain five hundred twenty-one acres, more or less	20 84	6 46	6 25
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lots 1 and 3 in the fifth range of lots in said township; lot 1 in the sixth range of lots in said township; the southwest quarter of lot 2 and the east half of lot 3 in the eighth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by the Alonzo Fifield estate and contains eight hundred forty-five acres, more or less	33 80	10 48	10 14
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being that part of lot 2 lying west of the river in the fourth range of lots in said township; lot 2 in the fifth range of lots in said township; that part of lot 1 lying west of the river and the east half of lot 2 in the sixth range of lots in said township; the east half of lot 2 in the eighth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lots are reputed to be owned by S. N. Littlehale and contain four hundred eighty acres, more or less	19 20	5 95	5 76
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lot 4 in the fifth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lot is reputed to be owned, in common and undivided, by the Alonzo Fifield estate, et al, and contains two hundred eighteen acres, more or less	8 72	2 70	2 62
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being that part of lot 1 lying east of the river in the seventh range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by G. F. Littlehale and contains sixty acres, more or less	1 50	47	45
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lot 2 in the seventh range of lots in said township and the northwest quarter of lot 2 in the eighth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by J. A. Twaddle and contains two hundred eighty-one acres, more or less	7 02	2 18	2 11
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lot 3 in the ninth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lot is reputed to be owned by one Mason and contains two hundred twenty-two acres, more or less	5 55	1 72	1 66
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being the north half of lot 9 in the thirteenth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by T. E. Estes and contains one hundred nineteen acres, more or less	2 97	92	89
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being the south half of lot 9 in the thirteenth range of lots in said township; the east half of lot 2 in the fifteenth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by Hastings Brothers and contains one hundred sixty-nine acres, more or less	4 23	1 31	1 27
T. A. NO. 1, (Riley), part of, being lot 1 in the fifteenth range of lots in said township, according to a survey and plan of said township made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lot is reputed to be owned by Jane Chapman and contains one hundred forty-five acres, more or less	3 62	1 12	1 09
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being lots 40, 41, 42, 47, 48, 49, and a lot of 104 acres north of and adjoining lot 49 and the Public Lot in said surplus, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lots are reputed to be owned by the International Paper Co., and contain seven hundred fifty-eight acres, more or less	18 95	5 87	5 69
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being lots 22, 23 and 32 in said surplus, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lots are reputed to be owned by S. A. Abbott and contain three hundred sixteen acres, more or less	7 90	2 45	2 37
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being lots 30 and 31 in said surplus, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lots are reputed to be owned by Mrs. C. P. Bartlett and contains two hundred six acres, more or less	5 15	1 60	1 55
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being an irregular lot of land in said surplus lying easterly of and adjoining the Moody brook, so called ,and being bounded on all sides by land said to be owned by the Umbagog Paper Co. Said lot is reputed to be owned by Charles and George Smith and contains eighty-one acres, more or less	2 02	63	60
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being a lot of land in the northwesterly corner of said surplus, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of the town of Grafton; thence running southerly along the east line of said Grafton to the northwest corner of the Public Lot that lies in the northwest part of said Andover North Surplus; thence easterly along the north line of said Public Lot 160 rods, more or less, to the northeast corner of said Public Lot; thence easterly in the same direction 34 rods, more or less; thence northerly 26 rods to the road leading to the town of Upton; thence northwesterly along said road to the south line of C. Surplus, so called; thence westerly along the south line of said C. surplus to the point of beginning, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by the Berlin Mills Co. and contains one hundred seventy-four acres, more or less	4 35	1 35	1 30
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of ,being lot 24 in said surplus, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lot is reputed to be owned by D. A. Marston and contains one hundred fifteen acres, more or less	2 87	89	86
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being an irregular tract of land lying in the west part of said surplus, bounded as described as follows: Beginning at a point on the Andover and Upton road about 975 rods southeasterly from the point at which said road crosses the north line of said Andover North Surplus; thence northerly 35 rods, more or less; thence easterly 225 rods, more or less; thence southerly 95 rods, more or less; thence westerly 180 rods to the east side of said Andover and Upton road; thence northwesterly along said road to the point of beginning, being lot 7 in said surplus, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lot is reputed to be owned by Charles Chase and contains one hundred thirty-six acres, more or less	3 40	1 05	1 02

TOWNSHIPS.	State Tax.	County Tax.	District Tax.
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of., being lots 43, 44, 45 and 46 in said surplus, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said lots are reputed to be owned by the Umbagog Paper Co., and contain four hundred thirty-six acres, more or less	10 90	3 38	3 27
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being a lot of land in the west part of said surplus bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of land said to be owned by John Gibbs; thence east along the north line of said Gibb's land 400 rods, more or less; thence northerly 169 rods, more or less; thence westerly 400 rods, more or less; thence southerly 164 rods, more or less; thence southwesterly 12 rods, more or less, to the point of beginning, according to a survey and plan of said Andover North Surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by Charles Chase and contains four hundred twenty-three acres, more or less	10 58	3 28	3 17
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being a lot of land in the west part of said surplus bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of land said to be owned by H. W. Dunn; thence easterly along the north line of said Dunn's land across the Andover and Upton road and the west branch of the Ellis river 400 rods, more or less, to the northwest corner of said Dunn's land; thence northwesterly 85 rods, more or less, to the southeast corner of land said to be owned by John Gibbs, thence westerly across the Andover and Upton road and the west branch of the Ellis river 400 rods, more or less, to the southeast corner of said Gibb's land; thence southeasterly 85 rods, more or less, to the point of beginning, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said land is reputed to be owned by H. H. Hutchins and contains two hundred fourteen acres, more or less	5 35	1 66	1 60
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being a lot of land in the west part of said surplus bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of land said to be owned by H. H. Hutchins; thence easterly along the north line of said Hutchin's land across the Andover and Upton road and the west branch of the Ellis river 400 rods, more or less, to the northeast corner of said Hutchins' land; thence northwesterly 87 rods, more or less, to the southeast corner of land said to be owned by Charles Chase; thence westerly across the Andover and Upton road and the west branch of the Ellis river 400 rods, more or less, to the southwest corner of said Chase's land; thence southeasterly 87 rods, more or less, to the point of beginning, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by John Gibbs and contains two hundred eighteen acres, more or less	5 45	1 69	1 63
Andover NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being a lot of land in the west part of said surplus bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the south line of said surplus 320 rods, more or less, from the southwest corner of said surplus; thence easterly along the south line of said surplus across the Andover and Upton road and the west branch of the Ellis river 400 rods, more or less; thence northwesterly 100 rods, more or less; thence westerly across the west branch of the Ellis river and the Andover and Upton road 400 rods, more or less; thence southeasterly 100 rods, more or less, to the point of beginning according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy, in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by H. W. Dunn and contains two hundred fifty-two acres, more or less	6 30	1 95	1 89
ANDOVER NORTH SURPLUS, part of, being a tract of land in said surplus bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of the town of Byron; thence south along the west line of said town of Byron 640 rods, more or less, to the northeast corner of lot numbered 45 in said surplus; thence west along the north line of lots 45, 46, 47 and 48 in said surplus to the northwest corner of lot 48; thence north 60 rods, more or less; thence west 272 rods, more or less, to the northeast corner of lot 30; thence west along the north line of lots 30, 31 and 32 to the northwest corner of lot 32; thence south on the west line of lots 32 and 24 to the north line of the town of Andover; thence west along the north line of the town of Andover to the southeast corner of land said to be owned by H. W. Dunn; thence northerly along the east lines of said Dunn's land, land said to be owned by H. H. Hutchins, land said to be owned by John Gibbs and lands said to be owned by Charles Chase 441 rods, more or less, to the northeast corner of said Chase's land; thence west along said Chase's land 400 rods, more or less; thence southerly along the west lines of said Chase's land, said Gibb's land, said Hutchins' land and said Dunn's land 448 rods, more or less, to the north line of Andover West Surplus; thence west on the north line of said Andover West Surplus 320 rods, more or less, to the east line of the town of Grafton; thence northerly along the east line of the town of Grafton to the southwest corner of the Public Lot that lies in the west part of said Andover North Surplus; thence easterly along the south line of the Public Lot, 172 rods, more or less, to the southeast corner of said Public Lot; thence northerly along the east line of the Public Lot 320 rods, more or less, to the northeast corner of the Public Lot; thence easterly along the south line of land said to be owned by the Berlin Mills Co., 84 rods, more or less; thence northerly along the east line of land of the said Berlin Mills Co. 25 rods, more or less, to the Andover and Upton road; thence northerly along said road to the south line of C surplus; thence easterly along the south line of said C Surplus and township C to the point of beginning; excepting, however, from said description a lot of 81 acres said to be owned by Charles and George Smith, on the east side of the Moody brook; also excepting a lot of 138 acres lying on the east side of the Andover and Upton road in the northwest part of said surplus, and said to be owned by Charles Chase, according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy ,in 1905. Said described land is reputed to be owned by the Umbagog Paper Co., and contains twelve thousand two hundred fourteen acres, more or less	305 35	94 66	91 60
ANDOVER WEST SURPLUS, part of, being the entire surplus with the exception of the north part of lots 1, 2 and 3 and the northeast part of lot 4 in the first range of lots in said surplus, (known as the Stoddard Lots), according to a survey and plan of said surplus made by E. McC. Macy ,in 1905. Said described land, with the exception noted, is reputed to be owned by the Umbagog Paper Co., and contains six thousand two hundred fifty-two acres, more or less	156 30	48 45	46 89
ANDOVER WEST SURPLUS, part of, being the north part of lots 1, 2 and 3 and the northeast part of lot 4 in the first range of lots in said surplus, and known as the Stoddard Lots, according

A Living Monument.

Around my cot, in stately grace,
Their branches towering high,
Through sun and storm the maples stand
And wintry blasts defy.

I linger in their quiet shade
When summer days are here;
I watch their leaves grow bright and fade
With every passing year.

But one, more dear than all the rest,
Stands by the grassy lane,
Whose whispering leaves a story tell
That's filled with grief and pain.

A story that shall bring to mind
A season long gone by,
And stir in many a heart some sad
And tender memory.

When war clouds hovered o'er the land,
And dangers threatening lay,
'Twas planted by a soldier's hand
Before he marched away.

No braver heart than his e'er beat
Beneath the loyal blue;
In all that worthy host no life
More worthy, grand and true.

He marched away in all the strength
Of manhood's early years,
Leaving the fields he dearly loved
In sadness and in tears.

And in that struggle fierce and long,
E'er heeding duty's call,
He shared, with patient fortitude,
The toiling and the toil.

But when a remnant of that band
Took up their homeward way,
They left him in the lowly mound
Where rest the "blue and gray."

The soldier sleeps! The tree lives on,
Its perfume fills the air;
Sweet tribute to the memory
Of him who placed it there!

A few more years its form shall wave
Above the daisied turf,
A faithful sentinel to guard
The home which gave him birth.

Then, like all beauty born of earth,
Decline and pass away
Its mossy trunk and time scarred limbs
Foretell a sure decay.

The soldier sleeps! But that old flag,
For which he gave his life,
Floats o'er a nation undisturbed
By dread of civil strife;

Whose loyal sons like brothers meet
Beneath its folds again;
Assurance that our patriot blood
Has not been shed in vain.

Long may the beauteous ensign wave!
Its colors ever bright
With all that speaks for human weal,
For liberty and light.

Though mingling with the silent dust
Its brave defenders lie,
Their memory, cherished in our hearts,
Can never, never die.

AMANDA MAXIM VINING.

Strong, Maine.

A Little Memorial Day Talk.

What would our lives be worth were memory paralyzed; if all the past of our lives were blotted from the book of remembrance and should be to us as if it had never been; if all the prints and the pictures on the magic mirror were shattered and broken and lost? Can you conceive of a condition more deplorable?

Each and all of us have our own private collection of prints and pictures, hanging at differet angles on the frescoed walls of our own little art galleries—so to speak—differing as our individualities differ, differing as our experiences differ. Some were not of our own choosing; some were forced upon us, and some of our own choosing are but mere daubs, showing, surely, an uncultivated taste. Such we would be proper glad to turn face to the wall and forget. But they are fixed, fixed as the walls on which they hang. Possibly they may fade away and disappear altogether in the light that is coming; and possibly they may be touched up, freshened, brightened, beautified and renovated in the Higher Grade, in the Renovating Rooms where the "Old Masters" are, in the House of Many Mansions. It wouldn't be at all surprising.

It goes without saying, that you who have worn the blue, have your own special collection, your own select assortment of prints and pictures, that differ widely from ours. It goes without saying, that they are more highly colored than our little blue-tinted films—a crimson sunrise and a bloody sunset, with unspeakable things in the middle distance. But they are not on exhibition, and cannot be, neither can they be duplicated, for the negatives were smashed on battlefields that have been washed by the rains and have been swept by the winds of nearly half a hundred years. Mellowed by distance and toned down by the softening touch of time, although retaining unpleasant features, yet you would not willingly turn them face to the wall and forget. You do not regret, you never have regretted, that you answered to your names when Duty called you, trumpets tongued. No man ever regretted because of a duty done when well done as yours was done. You do not regret that you went marching on in that trial of "John Brown's Soul," that you kept step to the music of the Union, to the martial music of "Billy and Phon," and such as they, that you followed the flag through evil report and through good report, through sunshine and shadow, through bitter defeat on to final victory, when you could say with a glow at the heart, and with shouts: "The stripes are all there, and the stars undimmed!" On till silence fell on sea, on land, and the birds of peace were left free to build their nests in the cannon's mouth. * * *

Four long years of agony. A nation's judgment day for a nation's sins. I guess that is about the dimensions of it. I fancy that they whose lot was cast within the storm center, within the Golgotha of perpetual fire, received a pretty practical idea of hell in the abstract. And as you looked upon it in the rough, perhaps you too might have caught off to a similar idea. Well, the judgment, like a blood-dropping cloud, was lifted at last and drifted away as such things will; but Time held a slow glass and Death mowed a broad swath, and—the "Cause" was lost; and both the North and the South have every reason to thank God that it was lost and eternally lost.

His judgments are true and righteous altogether, and good follows after every time, without exception. There are no exceptions; there never have been and there never will be. O, you can take my word for it all right, for I never tell a lie—or hardly ever.

The New South is already richer, abler and more joyous than the Old. And they do say that, of late, she has quite largely cut whiskey out of her bill of fare. They do say that quite a respectable part of her territory has become dry territory—parched, drouthy as the "Great American Desert" before irrigation set in. That's all right. Glad of it. She has awakened from her century-long, Rip Van Winkle slumber, and has developed her many resources wonderfully since the storm clouds rolled away. She has opened up her immense coal fields and ironbeds and has become, in manufacture, commerce and literature, a fresh and vital force. And nothing but the dull thunders of Sinai could have shattered her crazy dream of empire. The still, small voice could not enter into ears that were deaf as the ears of the dead.

The swiftness with which the wounds of war were healed has strengthened confidence in American government and American character. But we are not to be hoodwinked into the idea, into the belief that our people have crossed over Jordan into the land of Canaan, into a land flowing with milk and honey; that our nation has come to its own, into a state of perfection; that it is a nation whose God is the Lord, not yet, and not quite, and it may not get there until it has drunk deep of the cup of bitterness, or—until we have "turned the rascals out" — turned them inside out, too. There's a job for you. Can you do it? Can it be done? I think so, unless the Almighty has lost all interest in us as a nation and has left us to our own blind devices, and I don't think he has, except perhaps temporarily. There has been divine rescue-work in times of deadly peril all down the long highway of the past, even down to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Sometimes the thought comes home to us in the gloaming, when all around is still, that your Uncle Sam, since his head has begun to swell some, has taken altogether too much credit to himself for rescue-work, and has given altogether too little credit to Him who rules the world. It does not detract one iota from your successful attempts along that line, that the God of armies was your shield and buckler in the day of battle, that he stood with you behind the guns, and gave you the victory, and you took it and were glad. *Your* defeats were *His* victories, every one of which was a forward movement along the line marked out on the divine chart, the ultimate end of which was liberty for His people. Every sound, from bullets that whistled to cannon that thundered all along the battle line of the loyal legions—and the disloyal as well—from '61 to '65, was a concentrated voice of command saying: "Let my people go!" It was a command that *must* be obeyed, and was obeyed at last to the saving of the nation.

And now it is up to the redeemed nation to make good, to treat his people white and right, holding in everlasting remembrance the fact that, though delaying long, justice is neither dead nor asleep, but is very much alive, and is in the habit of getting there on time, on schedule time, not necessarily on our time, our schedule time, you understand. As he does his will in the armies of heaven and among the children of men, it is easy to believe that his will was done when he gave you Appomatox and victory, and it is easy to believe that he was very much pleased with the way and manner in which you acted the part assigned you in the great tragedy, and that he dismissed you with a benediction, with a: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Servants? Yes. Faithful? Yes, in that you shot straight and shot to kill. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Without the shedding of blood there was no remission of the sin of slavery, and so the blood was shed. And that's all right, but rough. Perhaps you may have noticed that several things have arisen above the horizon since "Time" was in his teens, that are open to the objection of roughness; one of which you shot full of holes till it collapsed and disappeared altogether, never to come back any more.

And now sit up and take notice of another that has not disappeared, but shows up in spots, rough and ragged and vile. A white slavery where girls disappear under the lure, into a compelled bondage, never to come back any more, that the dealers in lust may clutch a dirty damnable dollar, and the heavens, as yet, have not rained down fire and brimstone on our Sodom by the lake, on our Sodom by the sea. O, the shedding of blood is a pleasant pastime, a genuine joy in comparison.

It is common talk that brother Pharoah led a strenuous life and an evil one, but justice overtook him at last, and he caught it in the neck and was hustled out of existence in short order, for an offense similar to our own. And that's all right, too. O, there is no safety whatever in trampling on the image of God in the hearts and the lives of men, white, black or brown. There is sure to be a recoil some time, somewhere, somehow. And that's all right, too.

JOHN.

The Law of the Road.

(Some of the readers of the Democrat have expressed a desire to have published the laws of the state relating to the use of the roads, with which all who use the roads ought to be familiar. Below is given the principal part of the general laws, omitting only some portions not of interest in this part of the state.)

Section 1. As used in this chapter, the word "way" includes all kinds of public ways. And the word "team" all kinds of conveyances on such ways for persons and property.

Section 2. When persons traveling with a team are approaching to meet on a way, they shall seasonably turn to the right of the middle of the traveled part of it so far that they can pass each other without interference. When it is unsafe, or difficult on account of weight of load to do so, a person about to be met or overtaken if requested, shall stop a reasonable time, at a convenient place, to enable the other to pass.

Section 3. When a person with a team is stationary, or traveling slowly on a way at a place unsafe or inconvenient for passing him with a team, he shall, if requested, drive to the right or left, or stop a reasonable time at a convenient place, to allow the other to pass.

Section 4. No person shall leave his team stationary on a way so as to obstruct the free passage of other teams; or allow his team to be on a way without adriver.

Section 5 Three or more bells must be fastened to one of the foremost horses drawing teams on snow without wheels.

Section 6. Any person injured by violation of either of the previous sections, may recover damages in an action on the case, commenced within one year. Such violator forfeits no less than one, nor more than twenty dollars, to be recovered on complaint made within sixty days.

Section 7. No automobile or motor vehicle shall be driven or operated upon any highway, townway, public street, avenue, driveway, park or parkway, at a greater rate of speed than fifteen miles an hour, or upon any highway, townway, public street, avenue, driveway, park or parkway, within the compact or built-up portions of any city, town or village, the limits of which shall be fixed by the municipal officers thereof, at a greater rate of speed than eight miles an hour, except where such city or town may by ordinance or by law permit a greater rate of speed.

Section 8. No person driving or in charge of an automobile or motor vehicle on any highway, townway, public street, avenue, driveway, park or parkway, shall drive the same at any speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the traffic and use of the way by others, or so as to endanger the life or limb of any person; and racing any such vehicle on any such ways or parks is hereby forbidden.

Section 9. Every person driving or operating an automobile or motor vehicle shall at request and signal by putting up the hand, or by other visible signal, from a person riding or driving a horse or horses or other domestic animals, cause such vehicle to come to a stop as soon as possible and to remain stationary as long as may be necessary to allow such animal or animals to pass.

Section 10. Every such automobile or motor vehicle shall have attached thereto a suitable bell or other appliance, for giving notice of its approach, which, when rung or otherwise operated, may be heard at a distance of three hundred feet; and shall also carry a lighted lamp between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise.

Section 11. Municipal officers of any city or town may designate places on any streets or ways therein, where, in their judgment, by reason of cliffs, embankments or other exceptional natural conditions, the meeting of automobiles or motor vehicles and horses would be attended with unusual danger. Such designation shall be made by causing the words "automobiles—go slow" to be conspicuously displayed on sign-boards at the right hand side of each approach to the place to be designated, and not more than one hundred and fifty feet distant therefrom; and an automobile or motor vehicle, before meeting any horse between such limits, shall be brought to a standstill, and shall not proceed, unless by request of the rider or driver of the horse, until such horse shall have passed; and no such vehicle shall pass any place so designated at a greater speed than four miles an hour.

Section 12. Whoever violates any provision of the five preceding sections shall be punished by fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding ten days.

Section 13. No team shall travel faster than a walk on a bridge erected wholly or partly by the state, or on any bridge covered with plank and fifty feet long composing part of a way, or on any bridge owned by a corporation, if a board with the words "three dollars fine for riding or driving on this bridge faster than a walk," legibly painted in black letters on a white ground, is kept exposed in some conspicuous place at each end thereof.

Section 14. Whoever willfully violates the preceding section, forfeits three dollars, to be recovered on complaint made by any owner of said bridge, or by any municipal officer of the town in which it is located, to the owners of the bridge, or to the town required to keep it in repair; but no person passing after sunset and before sunrise is so liable without proof that he previously had knowledge of such prohibition.

Section 15. If the driver of a team having passengers therein conveyed for hire, leaves it without any person in charge and without fastening it securely, he may be fined not exceeding thirty dollars or imprisoned not exceeding one month.

Section 16. Teams with wheels, if drawn by more than two horses, oxen or mules, must have the rims of their wheels at least four inches wide, and if drawn by more than four horses, oxen or mules, at least five inches wide, when traveling on * * * the road leading from Newry Corner in the town of Newry, in Oxford County, to the Grand Trunk railway station in Bethel village in the town of Bethel, and when traveling on the road leading from East Bethel in said town of Bethel to Locke's Mills, so-called, in the town of Greenwood, and when traveling on the road leading from the town of Mason in said Oxford County to West Bethel village, and when traveling on any of the streets or roads in said Bethel village; and no team drawn by more than six horses, oxen or mules shall travel thereon. This section is not applicable to stage or pleasure carriages, or to those owned by the state or the United States, or to any cart or wagon owned by the settlers in the vicinity and used for farming purposes. The owner or driver of a team violating this section, forfeits twenty dollars and one dollar more for each mile of road passed, to be recovered by complaint before a municipal or police court or trial justice in the county where the offense was committed, and on a libel or complaint, he may issue his warrant to seize and detain such team to respond to such fine and cost.

Section 17. All automobiles and motor vehicles shall be registered by the owner or person in control thereof in accordance with the provisions of this act. Application for such registration may be made, by mail or otherwise, to the secretary of state upon blanks prepared under his authority * * * and with such application shall be deposited a registration fee of two dollars. The said secretary shall then register, in a book to be kept for the purpose, the automobile or motor vehicle described in the application, giving to such automobile or motor vehicle a distinguishing number or other mark, and shall thereupon issue to the applicant a certificate of registration. Said certificate shall contain the name, place of residence and address of the applicant, and the registered number or mark, shall prescribe the manner in which said registered number or mark shall be inscribed or displayed upon the automobile or motor vehicle, and shall be in such form as the secretary may determine. The secretary of state shall also furnish the applicant two enameled iron plates containing the word "Maine" in letters not less than one inch in height and the number of registration in Arabic numerals not less than four inches in height. The number plates must be attached to the front and back of automobiles and one number plate must be attached to the back of motor cycles. On both automobiles and motor cycles the numbers must be so placed to be always plainly visible. A proper record of all applications and of all certificates issued shall be kept by the secretary of state in his office and shall be open to the inspection of any person during reasonable business hours. The certificate of registration shall always be carried in some easily accessible place in the automobile, or motor vehicle described therein. Upon the sale of any automobile or motor vehicle its registration shall expire, and the vender shall immediately return the certificate of registration to the secretary of state, with notice of sale, and of the name, place of residence and address of the vendee.

(Section 18 provides that any manufacturer of or dealer in automobiles, instead of registering each vehicle separately, may be granted a general certificate of registration, for a fee of ten dollars.)

Section 19. Licenses for operating automobiles and motor vehicles shall be issued by the secretary of state. Application shall be made upon blanks prepared by the secretary of state for this purpose, and the licenses issued shall be in such form and shall contain such provisions as said secretary of state may determine. To such licensee shall be assigned some distinguishing number or mark, and a proper record of all applications for license and of all licenses issued shall be kept by the secretary of state at his office, and shall be open to the inspection of any person during reasonable business hours. Each license shall state the time, place of residence of the licensee and the distinguishing number or mark assigned to him. The fee for each license to operate shall be two dollars. All fees shall be deposited at the time of making the application. The secretary of state may at any time suspend or revoke any license for any violation of this act or regulation made thereunder. Before a license to operate is granted, the applicant shall present such evidence as to his qualifications as may be required by the secretary of state.

Section 20. Except as otherwise provided herein no automobile or motor vehicle after the first day of June, nineteen hundred five, shall be operated upon any highway, townway, public street, avenue, driveway, park or parkway, unless registered as heretofore provided, and no person shall on or after the first day of June in the year nineteen hundred five, operate an automobile or motor vehicle upon any highway, townway, public street, avenue, driveway, park or parkway, unless licensed to do so under the provisions of this act.

Section 21. Automobiles or motor vehicles owned by non-residents of this state and driven by a person licensed in this or in some other state may be operated on the roads and highways of this state unless prohibited by special law or town ordinance duly authorized by the legislature, subject, however, to the provisions of sections seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven and twelve, and provided that such person shall show in front and at the back of his automobile and at the back of his motor cycle the registration number granted him in such other state and the name of the other state in Arabic letters at least one inch high. The provisions of this and the preceding sections shall not prevent the operating of automobiles by unlicensed persons if riding with or accompanied by a licensed operator.

Section 22. Whoever violates any provision of the five preceding sections shall be punished by fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding ten days.

TALE OF A TRAMP, A CAMP, AND A WHOLE LOT OF DAMP.

To start with, there are various ways of getting to Shagg Pond. One way is per automobile. Another less expensive way is to walk. Also there are other varieties of procedure. The only form of public conveyance in the vicinity, a stage, stops a mile short of the pond, and even that isn't available unless you happen to be coming from the direction where the stage starts.

Now the Tramp, having a touch of spring fever and two or three days which might be interpreted into comparative leisure, pointed his eyes in the direction of Shagg, and allowed the rest of his anatomy to follow the eyes, by the most economical route, namely, leaving the train at West Paris and "hiking" the twelve miles of highway to his destination.

With accommodations available at the far end of the road, as well as at least a partial chance to secure supplies, it is really surprising how small a pack will do for a three days' vacation. A canvas bag of only a few pounds' weight, slung on the back, includes everything that is essential. As for apparel, there is a chance for the exercise of taste and good sense. In this case the Tramp followed the plan prescribed for a trip over the White Mountains. Inquiring of one of experience with regard to taking waterproof clothing, it was negatived, and in answer to the inquiry, "But if it rains?" came the entirely matter-of-fact reply, "Oh, if it rains, you get wet."

And that's the way it worked—but of that later.

For several days it had been "gloomy" weather. No sunshine, no rain except an occasional almost imperceptible mist, just gray clouds. If it should hold that way, while not ideal weather for a hike, it would be at least comfortable, and after camp was reached, let it rain if it wanted to.

WHAT THE TRAMP SEES FROM THE VERANDA.

Now the rain that day exemplified a bad habit—or a good one, either, for that matter. When the Tramp started from West Paris, there was a little fine mist, so little of it that, though it never for a moment ceased, a day's journey in it would not soak the clothing or mud the road. After two or three miles of the road had been covered, it began to rain, gently, then gradually and almost imperceptibly increased, until, in the course of an hour, it was a downpour. It was too late then to back out, and break off the habit. The water was soaking through the clothing at many points, the feet were parboiled, the road had turned from gravel and loam to pea soup. And still the rain drove, never for a minute stopping, but occasionally slacking a little, with a lightening of the clouds, only to set in with renewed vigor after two or three minutes. But there was nothing to do but to put it through and finish the journey.

Half way, a good friend appeared at the door of his house and compelled the traveler to come in, rest and take a lunch. So the lunch in the pack was let alone, and a civilized repast and an hour of rest and refreshment, while the rain poured, renewed the spirits exceedingly.

A deceptive lightening of the clouds at the end of the hour raised a hope that a change was coming, but the only change was a little more vigor to the storm, and a book, with the rain making music on the shingles overhead—

Say, it was worth while getting soaked!

At early daylight the next morning the Tramp awoke and from his cot looked out across the pond. The clouds were breaking overhead, and against the face of the mountains opposite were floating masses of mist, touched by the rising sun and transformed into amber and gold. But it's best not to try a description of the scene, for it must be woefully lacking. Shagg Pond is not among real mountains, it's only big hills that are around it; but you see many sights such as belong to real mountains, and one of those mornings at Shagg is a thing to remember.

The day was beautiful. Of course the Tramp went fishing. But there can't be much said about the results, for they were as unsubstantial as a comet's tail. And the water was too high, and the Tramp isn't a fisherman by instinct, but enjoys the song of the thrush almost as well as the purr of the reel. So the flowers, and the green leaves of spring, and the spicy checkerberries, almost as large as cherries, and the views of rock and stream and cliff and lake, got fully as much attention as did the fish.

And when the next morning the Tramp started out on the hike for home, he knew that it had been his privilege to furnish an exemplification of the fact that, if you want to enjoy the good things of life, it helps you sometimes to have a little of the discomforts, for a contrast.

A Fascinating Drama.

The peopling of the great Canadian West is a fascinating drama, whether we view it from the large or the small end of the telescope—i.e., from the point of the great railroad builder throwing a steel spine across the continent, or from the point of one little family unit finding its tree farm under the ægis of this transportation line.

The line of the Grand Trunk Pacific across Canada is essentially the belt of homes. Who is it that answers the call of the wheat? The young, the brave, the hopeful, the helpful, says Miss Agnes Dean in the March issue of the "Magazine of Commerce." The writing tools to write the drama are the strong arms of men and of faith possessed women. It is a good play for the world to watch. The first scene is enacted on the prairie farm where the virgin sod is turned under to a crop of wheat for the first since creation's dawn. The setting sun, and the waiting wheat train of Grand Trunk cars. Our drama closes with the loaf of bread clutched in the eager grasp of the little child in some crowded city of the old world.—"Manchester (Eng) City News," March 19, 1910.

Hotel Clerk—Do you want a room with a bath?

Uncle Hiram—Wa'all, no o; I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night.

A REGULAR TOM BOY

was Susie—climbing trees and fences, jumping ditches, whistling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve and cured her quick. Heals everything healable—Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Old Sores, Corns or Piles. Try it. 25c under. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

:: A :: Deception

An American Heiress Imposes Upon Her Titled Suitor.

By SARAH J. ATWATER

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The center of art in Europe is Florence. The town is always full of Americans, and there are usually American art students there. One day an American girl, in rich apparel, while gazing at the paintings hung in the Pitti palace in that artistic city stopped at the easel of a copyist—a girl about her own age—who was copying a Titian, admired her work and entered into conversation with her. The artist was a Miss May Monroe of St. Louis, the other Miss Margaret De Forest of New York. The acquaintance thus begun was continued, and in time Miss De Forest engaged Miss Monroe to paint her portrait.

"I am going to take you into my confidence," said Miss De Forest to Miss Monroe one day while sitting for the picture, "and ask you to do me a favor. I possess an immense fortune and have come abroad for the purpose of meeting a suitor who has never seen me. Mutual friends have made an arrangement by which Count Desmond de l'Amoureux, descended from one of the oldest families in France, is to visit me, and if we are both agreed we are to marry. I am not to be taken in by any adventurer and have investigated the count's position thoroughly. He possesses valuable estates which with my fortune would enable us to take a very prominent position in European society.

"But I will marry no man who does not love me. My wish is that you shall impersonate me to the count, I impersonating you, a protegee of my real self. If I like him I will endeavor to win him away from you. In that way I shall know that he loves me for myself."

"That would make a very pretty romance," said Miss Monroe.

"Unless you fall in love with him yourself."

"No fear of that. I'm engaged to be married."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; to a young American, a struggling artist like myself."

"That is fortunate. We can take him into the secret and, forming a party of four, go about together, thus enabling me to carry out my plan."

"And enjoy ourselves as well."

Count Desmond de l'Amoureux arrived and was introduced to the two girls, they occupying reversed positions. Bernard Wright was introduced to the count as the fiance of the real Margaret De Forest. The four visited together the galleries, the mediaeval buildings and the environs of Florence, enjoying every moment. The party filled a carriage, and many were the drives they took over the beautiful hills and dales about the city in the delicious Florentine sunshine.

Young Wright, devoted to his art and, with the usual artistic temperament, careless as to material possessions, entered upon his part of the deception reluctantly and merely to please Miss Monroe. He paid his devoirs perfunctorily to the heiress, but was by no means bored at doing so. His real mistress was his brush. Miss Monroe seemed to enjoy immensely personating an heiress and was very patronizing to the real Miss De Forest. Count de l'Amoureux was evidently from the first very much pleased with the girl whom he supposed to be Miss De Forest, and Miss Monroe knew with a woman's quick intuition that it was not interest alone that moved him.

Miss De Forest soon began to practice artful means to draw the nobleman away from her substitute. Margaret was an attractive girl and knew how to win a man. Nevertheless the count was constant to May. One day while sitting with her on the Piazza Michelangelo, a hill overlooking the city and the Arno flowing through its quayed banks and under its old fashioned bridges, he said:

"Where did you pick up your protegee?"

"I met her here in Florence. She's a lovely girl."

"H'm! I don't fancy her."

Miss Monroe laughed.

"Why are you merry?" asked the count.

"I was thinking, supposing I were to turn over my fortune to her, how long would it be before you would transfer your attentions from me to her."

"I will grant that there was a time when I might have done this, when we first met, though I fancied you in preference immediately. But now that I have known you a transfer would be impossible."

"Suppose you try."

"Try! What do you mean?"

"I think May cares for you. Before entering upon any contract to become your wife I should prefer that you remain for a time under her influence. She and I are bosom friends and shall always be much together. I don't care to have an affair between my husband and my friend. I prefer to trust his constancy before marriage."

"But you must have seen that Miss Monroe has not been averse to my attentions and that I have not given them."

"Devote yourself to her for two weeks."

"It would seem an age."

Miss Monroe flatly refused to excuse her suitor from the test, and he finally consented, the period being reduced from two weeks to two days. He attempted to make a beginning the next afternoon when the four were walking together in the Pitti gardens. He joined Miss De Forest.

She turned away from him.

Now, it is not pleasing to the amour propre of a nobleman who has descended from one of the proudest houses in France to be snubbed by an American girl of ordinary lineage, and a protegee at that. The count was furious. He regretted that he had not accepted the two weeks' period of trial offered, since it would give him time to teach this young woman whom he did not like that she could not with impunity turn away an attention from the Count de l'Amoureux. He found himself in an equivocal position. Miss Monroe had not seen the snub he had received, and he was too proud to confess it to her. And yet for two days he was expected to devote himself to the girl who would not accept his attentions. What was to be done? He begged Miss Monroe to let him off from the balance of his trial on the ground that it was obnoxious to him. She refused. He passed a weary time till the period had passed nursing his wrath. Then the lady who had snubbed him relented.

The temptation to give her a bit of punishment was too great for the count to resist. A little side play from this time went on all the while which Miss Monroe was not supposed to notice. The count was really making love to Miss De Forest with a view to tossing her away when he should have won in the game. It was not long before he discovered that the protegee was a girl of superior judgment and endowments to the one whom he believed it was to his interest to marry. About the time he had made up his mind to this Miss De Forest began to court the attention of Bernard Wright. Young Wright did not appear to be especially desirous to give it, but this did not make any difference to the count. He saw that the girl preferred another to himself. The pique he felt he attributed to the danger of losing his revenge.

The spring was fading into summer, and yet the count was not engaged. Indeed, he was beginning to think that he would go back to France to remain, for a time at least, a bachelor. The lady to whom he was devoting himself openly had intimated her willingness to accept him, but he did not propose. The lady whom he was endeavoring to punish was punishing him. There were times when he was tempted to commit the folly of throwing himself, his position and his name away on her—that is, if she would accept him, a matter of which he could not form any opinion.

One evening he was standing on that old bridge, the Ponte Vecchio, looking over the Arno to the westward. The sun had set, but the day lingered. The placid river reflected the houses and the quays, bordered by a long chain of lights on either side. The old stone bridges were reflected, too, the reflection of one appearing under the one next beyond, the stone and the image together forming a circle. The nobleman was thinking of the American protegee. Suddenly a soft voice behind him called:

"Count!"

He turned and saw Margaret.

"Where did you come from?" he asked.

"Visiting the palace of the king. I am on my way to the hotel. Isn't it a lovely sight?"

"Ravishing."

"And to think that I must leave it! I go tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!"

"Yes; I am called home to America."

"Then if I must part from you this is a fit scene to remember as the last we saw together in this unique city."

She rested her arms on the stone coping, and they looked at the beautiful sight together. Presently he said:

"I, too, go tomorrow."

"Ah!"

"Yes; I return to France."

"Engaged?"

"No; I came with a view to enhance my position by a favorable marriage. I have given that up."

"Why?"

"Because I have been turned from my purpose."

Wright and Miss Monroe came up as he spoke the last words. The four enjoyed the view for awhile, then walked on together.

The next morning the count left Florence by an early train and Miss De Forest by a later one.

The count went to Paris, where at a hotel overlooking the garden of the Tuileries he strove to turn from his mind the girl with whom he had parted on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. Hoping for better success at his home, he was about to take a train when he received a card on one side of which was the name "Margaret De Forest" and on the other: "I am about to start for America. Should be pleased to see you once more before I go. Call this evening."

L'Amoureux hesitated whether to excuse himself or to accept. A desire to see one connected with May Monroe in so many pleasant rambles conquered, and he determined to accept.

The lady who entered the reception room surprised him.

"Why," he said, "I received Miss De Forest's card."

"I sent you Miss De Forest's card."

"Why so?"

"Because I am Miss De Forest."

The count stood stupefied.

She told him the story of the deception. A Frenchman, he could not understand the ways of a Yankee woman, but his delight at the denouement of the little comedy in which he had played the fool was unbounded.

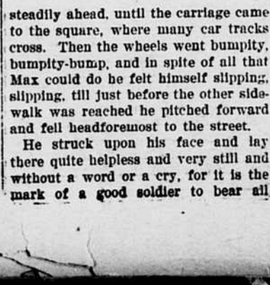
"And now," he said, "we will begin what we meant to begin in Florence."

Max, the Little Red Soldier

The little red soldier stood up so straight and the expression of his face was so fierce and warlike that you would hardly believe he was only nine inches tall. You could see at once that he was a Hessian soldier, born in far off Germany, where they make the finest soldiers in the world. The moment you looked into his beady blue eyes and noticed his firmly closed mouth you felt sure that he would never be one to answer back when he was ordered to do anything, but would stay just where he was placed and be always a silent and faithful fellow.

The little captain to whose company the red soldier belonged was very fond of him, but he was not always careful of his comfort. He called him Max and kept him on duty nearly all the time, and sometimes when he had placed him on guard by the big gate he forgot to recall him before he went to bed, so that poor Max would be found the next morning still standing at his post cold and wet, and the coachman would bring him in to breakfast.

Then one afternoon it was decided that the captain should go to ride. The carriage, with Beda to push it, was made ready, and Max was placed in front at the captain's feet. There he stood, straight and silent, looking steadily ahead, until the carriage came to the square, where many car tracks cross. Then the wheels went bumpity, bumpity-bump, and in spite of all that Max could do he felt himself slipping, slipping, till just before the other sidewalk was reached he pitched forward and fell headforemost to the street.



MAX WAS LEFT WHERE HE LAY.

He struck upon his face and lay there quite helpless and very still and without a word or a cry, for it is the mark of a good soldier to bear all kinds of wounds and every sort of pain without a whimper.

The sound of the carriage wheels grew fainter and fainter.

The little captain had been looking the other way and had not seen the accident, so Max was left where he lay, bruised, wounded and powerless to move, with not a friend in sight.

One man, as he walked along, thought of poor Max lying there on his face in the dust, with the hot sun beating down upon his faded red coat, and he almost wished he had stopped to help him. He could not go back, because he was in a hurry, but by and by, after he had walked a long way and saw a carriage standing empty under a tree, with Beda reading on a bench and the little captain playing on the ground, he suddenly thought again of Max and said: "Madam, I wonder if the little boy has lost a doll. I noticed a red dressed doll lying on the crossing back here."

Then there was a great search and no little soldier to be found, and the little captain began to cry, because he was very fond of Max, and Beda put him quickly into the carriage and began to run back along the walk as fast as she could go, with the carriage bumping and jumping and thumping.

All this time the little red soldier had lain where he fell, unable to breathe, with his face in the dust and his head on the track. And a car which had started very far away had been coming nearer and nearer until the rumble was so loud that Max could not hear anything else, and the rail began to sing and tremble, so that his head shook up and down.

It seemed as if nothing could save him, when suddenly he felt himself lifted up and up, high in the air, and the dust was brushed from his face and the sun shone once more in his blue eyes. Then he was thrust straight into the pocket of the jumper of the big workingman who had rescued him, and only his head and shoulders stuck out. And the workingman laughed all to himself and strode away with long steps.

And all at once there were the little captain, still crying, and Beda and the carriage. And the workingman laughed again and put Max into the captain's arms. And everybody said it was a very narrow escape and that these foreign soldiers ought to be more careful about the street crossings.

Max had not whimpered or cried out, for a little red soldier, nine inches tall, crying for help would have seemed such a strange thing.

The little captain was very glad, and he did not put Max on duty at all that night, but let him have a nice long sleep where it was warm and dry and cozy.—Youth's Companion.

Reputations.

"The autocrat," remarked the recondite person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said, 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the practical person, "but my son—just out of college, you know, and in the habit of thinking humpbacked thoughts, as it were—said something only this morning that appealed to me. 'Some men,' he said, 'get a reputation and keep it; other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rare Self Control.

"He's a remarkable man. When he sees an unfamiliar word he looks it up in the dictionary and finds out what it means."

"Nothing so remarkable about that."

"Yes, but he doesn't try to lug it into conversation right away."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Composition.

"How could he have married that termagant wife of his? I don't see what she was made of."

"That is the answer. She was made of money."—Baltimore American.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF MAINE.
COUNTY OF OXFORD, ss.

May 3rd, A. D. 1910.

Taken this third day of May, A. D. 1910, on execution dated the fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1910, issued on a judgment rendered by the Superior Court for the County of Cumberland, at the term thereof begun and held on the first Tuesday of March, A. D. 1910, to wit, on the fourth day of April, A. D. 1910, in favor of The Chapman National Bank, a national banking association legally existing under the laws of the United States, located at Portland, in said County of Cumberland, against Herman Mason of Bethel in our County of Oxford, for the sum of Five Thousand Three Hundred seventy-four dollars and ninety-one cents, debt or damage, and will be sold at public auction, at the County Court House in the Town of Paris in said County of Oxford, to the highest bidder, on the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock and five minutes in the forenoon, the following described real estate and all the right, title and interest which the said Herman Mason has and had in and to the same on the seventh day of August, A. D. 1909, at twelve o'clock and five minutes in the afternoon, the time when the same was attached on the writ in the same suit, to wit:

The following described pieces and parcels of land, situate in the Town of Bethel, County of Oxford and State of Maine, inherited as heir of the late William W. Mason of said Bethel, deceased, viz:

All the land described in a deed from Eunice H. Mason and Ayers Mason to William W. Mason, dated May 11th, 1865, recorded in Oxford County records, Book 136, Page 386, to which deed and record reference is made for a more particular description.

All that land described in a deed from Betsey K. Swift to William W. Mason, dated Sept. 6th, 1875, recorded in said records, Book 172, Page 200; also same property described in deed from Betsey K. Swift, Guardian, to said Mason, dated Sept. 6th, 1875, recorded in said records, Book 169, Pages 527 and 528, to which deed and record of same reference is made for a more particular description.

Also all the land described in a deed from Mighill Mason to William W. Mason, dated January 24th, 1873, recorded in said records, Book 167, Page 168, to which deed and record reference is made for a more particular description.

Also certain parcels of land situated in the Town of Albany, in said Oxford County, viz:—All the land described in a deed from John A. Pingree to William W. Mason, dated September 3rd, 1873, recorded in said records, Book 168, Page 6.

Also all the land described in the following deed of land in Newry, in said Oxford County, viz:—Deed from Andrew N. Stowe and Melvin Stowe to William W. Mason, dated June 19, 1875 recorded in Book 172, Page 144, to which deed and record reference is made for a more particular description; reserving the parcels sold to A. N. Stowe and Francis C. Stowe by deeds dated Aug. 13th, 1885, and April 16th, 1885.

All the land described in a deed from Calvin Bisbee to William W. Mason of land in Riley Plantation, in said County, dated Nov. 11th, 1886, recorded in Book 189, Page 116, to which deed and record reference is made for a more particular description.

Also all the lands in the Town of Byron, in said County, described in the following deeds, viz:—Deed from Abigail J. Hodsdon to William W. Mason, dated June 12th, 1888, recorded in Book 217, Page 504; deed from Charles P. Bartlett to William W. Mason dated January 9th, 1890, recorded in said records, Book 221, Page 320; deed from Charles P. Bartlett to William W. Mason dated August 20, 1890, recorded in said records, Book 216, Page 464. Reserving all lands described in said deeds, sold by said William W. Mason, to which deeds and records of same, reference is made for a more particular description.

Also all the lands in the Town of Roxbury, in said County, described in the following deeds, viz:—Deed from William O. Mitchell to William W. Mason, dated February 17th, 1890, recorded in said records, Book 221, Page 383; deed from Octavia I. Edmunds to William W. Mason, dated May 16th, 1890, recorded in said records, Book 221, Page 575; deed from P. M. Edmunds to William W. Mason, dated May 16th, 1890, recorded in said records, Book 221, Page 574; deed from Charles H. Philbrook to William W. Mason, dated May 16th, 1890, recorded in said records, Book 216, Page 334; deed from Joseph Goodhout to William W. Mason, dated August 21st, 1889, recorded in said records, Book 221, Page 75; deed from Sewall Goff to William W. Mason, dated May 30th, 1892, recorded in said records, Book 223, Page 257. To all of these deeds and records of same, reference is made for a more particular description.

A parcel of land situated in the Town of Roxbury, deeded to I. W. Mason, Herman Mason, Frank

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing September 26, 1909,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:36 A. M., daily; 9:50 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:36 P. M., daily; 6:00 P. M., Sunday only.
Going up (west)—9:50 A. M., daily; 3:35 P. M., daily except Sunday; 8:47 P. M., daily; 10:22 A. M., Sunday only.

Miss Martha Maxim of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of relatives here.

D. W. Pratt and Miss Lizzie Robbins of Redding were at South Paris last Monday.

Eben H. Marshall is spending a vacation visiting relatives in eastern Massachusetts.

Miss Florence M. Richardson is taking her vacation and visiting relatives in Exeter, N. H.

The opera Queen Esther is in preparation by local singers, to be given here a few weeks later.

On account of the teachers' convention at Norway, none of the schools were in session on Friday.

By special act of congress, Ingalls F. Evans has been granted a pension of $24.00 per month.

Mrs. D. E. Dresser entered the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston for treatment the first of last week.

As Monday of next week is Memorial Day, the Democrat will not be issued until Tuesday. Inconvenient, but unavoidable.

Charles H. Howard has been taking a short vacation from his work in the drug store. He and his family spent a few days in Portland last week.

Miss Abbie Starbird, who has been in the Philippines for the past year and a half, is now on her way home, and will probably arrive here early next month.

Rev. J. E. Cochrane of Brunswick has been in town for a few days, coming on Thursday especially to attend the anniversary of the Baptist church, of which he was the first pastor.

A broken-backed freight car, humped up in the middle like a camel's back, attracted considerable attention as it stood on a siding at the railroad yard Wednesday night and Thursday.

William P. Morton and George F. Eastman spent two days fishing at Concord Pond and vicinity last week; and by utilizing the light of the moon for traveling, they were able to get in full time.

Advertised letters at South Paris post office, May 23:

B. Fletcher.
Jim Foster (card).
W. Howe (card).
E. W. Knight (card and letter).
A. J. Sananer.

S. F. DAVIS, P. M.

The officers of the Enterpean Club, recently elected for the coming year, are:

President—Mrs. Agnes Morton.
Vice-President—Mrs. Virgie Wilson.
Secretary—Mrs. Stella Burnham.
Treasurer—Miss Jessie Tolman.
Librarian—Miss Grace Thayer.
Programme Committee—Mrs. Nellie Brickett, Miss Grace Thayer, Mrs. Fannie Eastman.
Press Reporter—Mrs. Agnes Morton.

N. Dayton Bolster, one of the best known citizens of the town, arrived on Sunday at the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, and besides other remembrances of the occasion, he received a bunch of sixty pinks, accompanied by good wishes over the autographs of some seventy-five of his friends about town.

Another range advertisement contest is started by Hobbs' Variety Store in this week's Democrat, as will be seen by reference to the upper left hand corner of the fourth page of this paper. Since that side of the paper was printed, however, the date of closing has been changed from Nov. 16 to Nov. 23.

Another recent real estate transfer of note is the purchase of the Stowe house, next the Congregational church on Main Street, by Albert L. Holmes. Mr. Holmes will make repairs on the buildings, and occupy them. The buildings on this place are quite old, but the grounds are shaded by some of the finest trees in the village.

Mrs. Gertrude M. Waterhouse died Wednesday night at her home on High Street, after a long illness, at the age of 28 years. She was the wife of Lafayette Waterhouse, and leaves two children, Edith G., 10 years of age, and Clarence, 7 years. The funeral was held on Friday at the Congregational church, attended by Rev. A. T. McWhorter, and burial was in Riverside Cemetery.

Mrs. Ann G. Morse, one of the oldest residents of the place, and held in the highest esteem by every one, reached her eighty-ninth birthday last Wednesday. The principal feature of the day for her was a shower of post cards, of which she received seventy-three from as many friends. There were also messages, sweets, plants and flowers, and many other tokens from relatives and friends, to add to the pleasure of the day.

On account of the looseness of the sand where the sewer is being put in, it is necessary to support it all the way, and the men work between two walls of vertical planks held by timbers. In order to keep the grade of the sewer, and have it low enough in the hollow by George Hussey's on High Street, it has to go quite deep in the part laid this year, and at its lowest point will be about fourteen feet below the surface.

Horace H. Ricker, who died at Peak's Island on the 14th inst., was one of the oldest and best known traveling men of the state. In early life he lived for a while at South Paris. He was for some years in the wholesale drug business in Portland with his son, the firm name being H. H. Ricker & Co. The business was sold to Cook, Everett & Pennell, and for many years Mr. Ricker had been traveling salesman for them, and was frequently here.

Miss Rose A. Murphy gave a "comet party" at her home Wednesday evening to about fifteen of her young friends in South Paris and Norway. Each guest to find the chair assigned was required to follow up the tail of the comet, which was a twine, until the seat was located, and there were other interesting astronomical features to the entertainment. A number of novel games were played, refreshments were served, and with a general social time the evening was made complete.

A fine job of decorating has been done on the Supreme Court room by the Stuart brothers, who have been at work on it for a number of weeks. Ceiling and walls have been tinted and frescoed, and all the woodwork painted, entirely changing the appearance of the room, which has before had (once) white walls. They are now graining the chairs and settees used in the room, which, having been accumulated in the course of years, have heretofore been decidedly miscellaneous as to color and finish.

Fred W. Bonney was in Malden, Mass., on Friday to attend the funeral of his half-brother, Harry L. Bonney, who died on Wednesday. Harry L. Bonney spent the summer at South Paris three years ago while suffering from a nervous breakdown caused by overwork. He was for a while some years ago in the store of F. H. Atwood at Rumford Falls, and later was a motorman in Boston for four years. He leaves a wife, a mother who lives in Bath, and a brother Herbert in Quincy, Mass.

Most of us will not see Halley's comet on its return engagement some seventy-five years hence. People who saw it at its last appearance in 1835 are now rather rare. There is at least one in South Paris, Mrs. A. T. Forbes, who has a distinct recollection of it, she being at that time a little less than seven years old. Perhaps the sight of it would not have been so deeply impressed upon her memory, but for a disappointment which served that purpose. On one occasion she looked out of the window for another sight of the comet, and beheld only what many observers have already seen a number of times during the present season, a pall of black clouds. That disappointment fixed the comet in her memory.

Sunshine is still a semi-occasional feature.

Mrs. Fred B. Wiggin visited friends in Portland last week.

Mrs. M. P. Gerry of Lisbon Falls visited relatives here Sunday.

Miss Helen Rogers was a guest of friends at Mechanic Falls Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar B. Merrow of Auburn visited relatives at South Paris over Sunday.

Good Cheer meeting at the ladies' parlor of the Universalist church Wednesday afternoon of this week at 2:30 P. M.

Hamlin Lodge, K. of P., will work the rank of Knight next Friday evening. Rehearsal for the floor work Thursday evening.

The double week-end provided by next Sunday and Monday will be spent by quite a number of our people at Shagg Pond.

Isaac Fogg of Portland was a guest at S. E. Tucker's a few days last week. Mr. Fogg is 85 years of age, but well preserved and still active.

Mrs. H. W. Starbird attended the State Assembly of Pythian Sisters at Bangor last week, as representative from Hamlin Temple of this place.

Ralph Andrews and Chester Easson have gone into summer sleeping quarters in a tent set up just east of C. G. Andrews' house on Maple Street.

The stores, offices and other business places of South Paris will close all day on Memorial Day, Monday, May 30th. Please make your plans accordingly.

Ripley & Fletcher sold three more Ford cars last week. A touring car to George W. Cole of Paris Hill, another to Percy M. Walker of this village and a roadster to George Charles of Fryeburg.

U. G. Wheeler and Mr. Lane of Everett, Mass., arrived here Friday night, and Saturday morning left for Shagg Pond, where they are putting in a few days fishing, stopping at Mr. Wheeler's camp, Camp Everett.

If we should happen to have a clear sky this Monday evening, you may possibly be able to get a glimpse of the comet. Also if the sky is clear, and you care to be up at midnight for the sake of observing it, you may see an eclipse of the moon. The moon enters the shadow shortly after 11 o'clock, and leaves it a little before three.

Anniversary of the Baptist Church.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the South Paris Baptist Church was celebrated on Thursday evening, May 19th, by a reunion of about two hundred members of the church and congregation and friends from the mother church at Paris Hill and the sister church at Norway.

At 6:30 P. M. nearly two hundred enjoyed the excellent supper provided by the ladies of the church in the large vestry. Dr. F. L. Wilkins of Portland asked God's blessing on the occasion and the large company joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds."

At 7:45 the people moved from the vestry to the handsome auditorium for further exercises. Mrs. Nellie L. Brickett, the church organist, presided at the new Estey pipe organ with great acceptance throughout the evening. After the organ prelude, the pastor, Rev. E. A. Davis, offered the invocation. A statement concerning the founding of the church was briefly made by the first pastor, Rev. J. E. Cochrane, State Missionary. The Scriptures, Acts 2:29-47, were read by the pastor. Then there followed a selection by the male quartette, consisting of L. S. Sessions, Geo. A. Cutting, L. Hollis and Albert Dean.

The roll of church members was read by Dea. Geo. B. Crockett, church clerk, and one hundred and seven responded to the roll call. The quartette sang another selection, and a special thank offering was then received toward funds for new furnaces.

Rev. J. E. Cochrane offered prayer. The quartette sang a beautiful response.

Rev. Frank L. Wilkins, D. D., pastor of the Free Street Baptist church of Portland, gave the anniversary address on the subject—The Church of To-Day. 1. It must be a self-respecting church, not a club but God's organization, come down from God out of Heaven. 2. It must be a Scriptural church made up of believers in the Word—converted people, and have two ordinances, baptism and the Lord's supper—symbols of the life of the believer with Christ. 3. A singing church. Baptists have produced great singers in the church, such as Prof. Gilmore of Rochester University, N. Y., who wrote "He Leadeth Me," Dr. John Fawcett, who wrote "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," by Dr. S. F. Smith. 4. It must be a sympathetic church. 5. A soul-winning church. The address was an inspiration and greatly appreciated by the people.

Following the address there was a selection by the quartette and at the close the audience sang the doxology. Rev. G. W. F. Hill, pastor of the mother church at Paris Hill, offered the closing prayer.

During the evening letters were read from former pastors, Ramsdell, Chesbro, Pinkham and Mayo.

This splendid occasion closed with a fine postlude by Mrs. Brickett. The male quartette was much appreciated.

Note was made during the exercises of the new church sign, neatly decorated and placed at the outside of the church door. This was the gift of two members of the church, and the decorator was specially thanked.

The church is grateful to all who helped make this anniversary a great success. The celebration was continued on Sunday, May 22d, all day, Rev. J. E. Cochrane and others participating in the exercises. The Sunday School had a special programme at the noon hour.

Horseshoers' Association Meets.

There was a good attendance Wednesday at the annual meeting of Local No. 562 of the Master Horseshoers' National Protective Association, held at South Paris. A number arrived on the forenoon trains in both directions, and exchange of greetings was lively for a while.

Members and visitors a little later made their way to Engine House Hall, where the meeting was held. The forenoon was spent socially. At noon the party proceeded to Good Cheer Hall, where an excellent dinner was served by the Good Cheer Society. Some over forty sat down to the tables.

In the afternoon an interesting address was given by Rev. J. H. Little of Bethel.

This association was organized nine years ago as the Oxford Blacksmiths' Association, and later became a branch of the national association. Its officers are:

President—A. F. Cloutier, Buckfield.
Vice-Presidents—C. H. Robinson, South Paris, Robert Paterson, South Paris.
Secretary—F. H. Cook, Norway.
Financial Secretary—E. H. Haggett, Norway.
Treasurer—Frank H. Hurd, Norway.
Tyler—E. H. Marshall, South Paris.

Members present at Wednesday's meeting were A. F. Cloutier, S. J. Record, E. H. Haggett, C. H. Robinson, Frank H. Hurd, Henry Z. Perkins, Arthur Miller, W. B. Mills, Scott Patterson, Robert Paterson, Irving Douglass, Oscar I. Pitts, F. E. Barrows, H. P. Millett, B. M. Richardson, J. W. Dresser, David Emmons, Saunders brothers, J. Keefe, F. H. Cook.

Visitors were also present as follows:

Thomas Marcotte, West Poland.
W. H. Robinson, Portland.
E. W. Fullerton, Portland.
Arnold Holden, Bath.
A. J. Holden, Portland.
W. E. Dunham, Portland.
F. O. Hodsdon, Sabattus.
H. O. Douglass, Bridgton.
Lot M. Morrill, South Windham.
R. J. Skillin, West Pownal.
B. F. Skillings, Gray.
F. W. Pease, Seymour, Conn.
J. J. Smith, Portland.
W. J. True, North Yarmouth.
Rev. J. H. Little, Bethel.

John Boulas Killed.

A Syrian peddler whose home is in Portland, Nassar Boulas by name, though he was commonly known as John Boulas, was fatally injured at Bryant's Pond on Saturday, the 14th. He had taken the bridle off his horse to have it repaired in a harness shop in front of which he had stopped. An automobile started the horse, and Boulas jumped for the horse's nose, but was thrown to the ground and the wheels of the heavy wagon passed over him. He died about four hours later from internal injuries. Boulas leaves a wife and three children in Portland.

Oxford County Teachers' Convention.

GOOD ATTENDANCE AND PROGRAM AT THE SESSIONS AT NORWAY.

A beautiful morning Friday, seemingly vouchsafed us by a repentant spring, aided somewhat in bringing the school teachers out to the convention of the Oxford County Teachers' Association, which was held at Norway. The forenoon trains brought large delegations, and several parties who had taken advantage of the pleasant conditions arrived by auto a little later.

Dinner was served at the Congregational church, and supper at Concert Hall, and the teachers were accommodated for the night at the homes in town.

The sessions began at 2 P. M., in the assembly room of the Norway High School, which was filled to its capacity with teachers and superintendents, a large number of chairs in all available spaces supplementing the seats.

The president of the association, Superintendent H. J. Chase of Rumford, called the assembly to order, and congratulated the association in a few words on the favorable conditions existing. Prayer was offered by Rev. B. C. Wentworth, and there were two selections of music, the first a song by the pupils of the ninth grade of the Norway schools, and the other by Norway high school students, conducted by Miss Washburn. Both were earnestly applauded, and were a revelation to those who do not know of the work in music that is being done in the schools in these days.

The report of the previous meeting had to be omitted, as a fire in the house of Superintendent Smith of Buckfield, the secretary, had destroyed the records of the association. Routine business was transacted, and Principal Mallett of the Farmington Normal School was introduced to speak on "The Use of the Margin."

By the margin, Principal Mallett explained, he meant the margin of our lives, that which gives color, form and perspective—that portion of our lives not given to our daily tasks, but the leisure we have, which we may use as we see fit. Every life has or ought to have its margin, which is sometimes like that in some books, too narrow. The use of the margin is a revelation of character. I can judge the work of a teacher almost as accurately by observing her use of her margin, as by direct observation of the work itself.

There is no teaching class or caste in this country, as in some parts of Europe, but many teachers come from families where there is no tradition of learning or teaching. The net result is gain in individuality, but a loss in efficiency in the profession as a whole.

The great problem of the schools today is to secure a trained and competent body of teachers. The school in these days must furnish not only learning, but the training which the children used to get at home. Teaching is properly not a trade, to be used for the private gain of the teacher, but a profession, using powers beneficial to man for man's benefit.

After training, the second requisite of a teacher is that he must grow. This is where the use of the margin counts. This is the reason for vacations, for teachers' conventions, for the companionship of the immortals in literature. Use the margin for recreation, for securing good company, good digestion, good nature. Let us teachers imbue all our lives with the spirit of our profession.

A. W. Clark of Boston followed with a talk on "The Commonplace in Teaching Penmanship." This was a very practical talk on the little things in connection with the teaching of penmanship, illustrated by blackboard work.

Friday evening a lecture was given in the Norway Opera House by George H. Whitcher, superintendent of schools in Berlin, N. H., on "A Practical System of Industrial Training," illustrated by a large number of slides showing work done in Berlin public schools. It was an interesting lecture, though the general opinion seemed to be that at least except in Rumford there is at present no place for such a system in this county.

The first two hours of the forenoon Saturday, from 9 to 11 o'clock, were occupied by department sessions, the convention being divided into three sections, high and grammar school, primary school, and rural school. Each section met in a separate room of the building, and a variety of subjects were considered in papers and discussions. There was very slight deviation from the program as printed, and the discussions were profitable. State Superintendent Smith was a participant in the programs.

At 11 o'clock the final general session was held, the principal address being given by C. A. Record, formerly of this county, now superintendent of schools in Haverhill, Mass. The keynote of Mr. Record's address was that teaching is not, like commerce or manufacture, to be judged by its immediate visible results. The purpose of teaching is not to have the largest number possible pass the examination on any given subject. Teach boys and girls, not subjects. The purpose of teaching is to make citizens—a trite expression, but true.

State Superintendent Payson Smith was in charge of the question box which was the last thing on the program, and a number of questions, largely relating to matters of school administration, were asked and considered.

Officers for the coming year were elected as follows:

President—L. M. Felch, Norway.
Vice-President—E. F. Clason, South Paris.
Secretary and Treasurer—I. A. Smith, Buckfield.
Executive Committee—L. M. Felch, E. F. Clason, I. A. Smith, Miss Mary A. Bridgham, Rumford.

An exhibit of school work from some of the towns of the vicinity in the lower rooms of the building attracted much attention.

Over 150 teachers and superintendents were registered as in attendance, and it is likely that some failed to register.

Valuations and Taxes.

The selectmen of Paris are now engaged in getting this year's tax ready for commitment to the collector, and while they still have some work to do, it will be only a short time before the collector will be on your track. There has been a good increase in valuation for the year, and the tax rate, as the Democrat indicated on town meeting day, has thus been kept at an even twenty mills. The figures of valuation are as follows:

Resident real estate	$1,030,905.00
Non-resident real estate	95,475.00
Resident personal estate	328,825.00
Non resident personal estate	15,600.00
Total valuation	$1,470,805.00
Valuation in 1909	1,421,390.00
Increase	$ 45,415.00

Amount to be raised by taxation, $31,789.77
Rate, 02.
Polls taxed, 924, at $3.00.
Number of dogs, male, 184; female, 15.

In the South Paris Village Corporation the assessors find an increase of valuation of about $18,000, making the total valuation something over $724,000. The corporation tax rate is 4 mills.

Memorial Day Exercises.

Sunday, May 29th, comrades of the G. A. R., Ladies, and Sons of Veterans, are requested to meet at Grand Army Hall at 1 o'clock P. M. to form in line and march to the Congregationalist church, where services will commence at 2 P. M. Sermon by Rev. A. T. McWhorter.

Monday, May 30th, will be observed by W. K. Kimball Post as Memorial Day. All allied organizations, children of the public schools, and patriotic citizens, are cordially invited to participate in the ceremonies of the day. The Lumley Castle Brass Band will furnish music for the occasion. The line will be formed in front of Grand Army Hall at 10 o'clock A. M. and will march to Riverside Cemetery where will be held the usual exercises of decorating the graves.

Afternoon services at New Hall at 2 P. M. Address by Mr. L. C. Bateman of Lewiston.

HENRY MAXIM, Adjt.

Special Corporation Meeting.

A special meeting of the South Paris Village Corporation is called to be held in Engine House Hall Thursday evening, May 26, at 7:30. The articles to be acted on are as follows:

Art. 2. To see what sum of money the corporation will grant and raise to finish the water system and pay the contractor for the balance of his work and instruct the Treasurer to hire the same.

Art. 3. To see if the corporation will vote to extend the water system to the dwelling of G. K. Ripley on the road to Paris Hill.

Supreme Judicial Court.

MAY TERM, 1910.

Hon. H. C. Peabody, Justice Presiding.
Charles F. Whitman, Clerk.
Ralph T. Parker, County Attorney.
Hiram R. Hubbard, Sheriff.
William A. Bicknell, Crier.
J. A. Hayden, Stenographer.
J. A. McMennamin, Messenger.

The Democrat's report of the May term of Supreme Court at Rumford continues from the point where it was suspended in the last issue.

Delmar D. Holman vs. Jules Bordeau, appelant. Parties live in Dixfield. This suit was brought to recover for a road cart which it is alleged by the plaintiff the defendant took from his home and never returned or paid for. He reckoned the value of the cart at $15.00. Defendant admitted having the road cart to go to Lewiston, but said it broke down on the way, it had been offered for sale for $8.00 and he did not think it worth the freight to send it home, so he left it in Lewiston. He had offered to settle with Mr. Holman, but Holman had told him it was all right. Verdict for defendant. Foster for plaintiff; McCarthy for defendant.

Martin White vs. Albert L. Wills. Martin lives in Rumford, Wills in Ridlonville. This suit was brought to recover damages for injuries received in a collision on Railroad Street in Rumford between the teams of the two parties. The case took nearly a day in trial. Verdict for plaintiff, $147.91. McCarthy for plaintiff; Hutchins for defendant.

Henry R. Porter vs. American Express Co. and trustee. The plaintiff is engaged in lumbering in the Rangeley region. This suit is brought to recover the value of a pair of harnesses which were burned when the Maine Central station at South Rangeley was burned last November. The harnesses were made in Andover, and shipped to Mr. Porter at South Rangeley, arriving there about the first of November. Mr. Porter and his clerk testified that no notice of the arrival of the harnesses was ever received by them. On the night of the 8th of November the station was burned. For the defence there was testimony to show that immediately after the arrival of the harnesses, the agent at South Rangeley mailed a card to Mr. Porter, notifying him of the arrival. A verdict for the defence was ordered by the court. Bisbee & Parker for plaintiff; White & Carter for defence.

In a suit brought by a company in Iowa against E. L. Cowan of Rumford, a non-suit was ordered by the court. This suit was brought to recover for a lot of calendars for the defendant. Defendant alleged that the calendars were delivered at a later date than the contract specified, and so late a date that they were useless. McCarthy for plaintiff; Bisbee & Parker for defendant.

CRIMINAL MATTERS.

Although this is not a criminal term, a small amount of criminal business was transacted. In the case against Fred Russell for illegal possession, appealed from the Rumford Falls Municipal Court, Russell changed his plea to guilty, and the sentence of the lower court was affirmed, $100 and costs and 60 days in jail, or 60 days additional in default of payment of fine.

Joseph C. Record of Peru was tried Tuesday on an indictment found at the March term of court, charging him with larceny of goods from the Maine Central Railroad, for which he was formerly station agent at East Peru. County Attorney Parker conducted the case for the state, and Dyer for the defence. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Record was sentenced to three months in the county jail.

On another indictment for a similar offence Record pleaded nolo contendere, and received a sentence of thirty days in jail.

Eleazer C. Poland, with whom Record boarded while station agent at East Peru, was tried on an indictment charging him with larceny and receiving stolen goods. County Attorney Parker for the state, Blanchard for defence. Verdict, not guilty.

These two men, Record and Poland, had been jointly indicted for breaking and entering the railroad station, but the breaking and entering was nol prossed by the county attorney.

Mike Urban of Rumford, on a nuisance indictment, was sentenced to two months in the county jail.

Howard McPhee of Rumford, on a nuisance indictment which had been placed on file, was given three months in jail.

Thomas Hughes paid a fine of $50 and costs for illegal transportation of liquor.

A. P. Libby for illegal transportation was given a sentence of fine of $100 and costs, or sixty days in jail.

I. W. Mason of Hale paid a fine of $5.00 and costs for throwing sawdust into Swift River.

John F. Barrett, a young man who was not making his first appearance, was before the court. Barrett was indicted at the March term in 1909 for forgery, at the March term this year for larceny, but was put on probation in both matters. Not long after being released from the March term he was again apprehended for larceny, and in the Rumford Falls Municipal Court was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail, from which he was taken to the Rumford court. County Attorney Parker asked for a state prison sentence on the larceny indictment, but Judge Peabody decided to give him another chance, and continued him on probation. It is understood that Barrett will leave the state.

Court adjourned Wednesday.

DIVORCES.

Legal separation was granted in the following cases:

Carrie R. Walker of Rumford from Clyde Walker of Rumford for gross and confirmed habits of intoxication.

Alice Taylor of Buckfield from Carroll A. Taylor of Paris for desertion.

Selden A. Dailey of Mexico from Nellie E. Dailey of Jay for desertion.

Caroline E. Litchfield of Norway from Charles B. Litchfield of Boston for cruel and abusive treatment.

Alfred C. Coffren of Norwood, Mass., from Sadie M. Coffren now in Paris jail for adultery. Custody of the minor children given to the father.

Nellie A. Damon of Sumner from Ernest L. Damon of Sumner for cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of minor children given to the mother.

Lena M. Staples of Mexico from Walter L. Staples of Mexico for cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of minor children given to the mother.

Nellie May McIntire of Peru from Ulysses Grant McIntire of Peru for cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of minor children given to the father.

Examination for Postmaster.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on Saturday, June 11, 1910, an examination will be held at West Paris, Maine, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster of class (b) at Snow's Falls, Maine. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $36 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of the examination, with the exception that in a state where women are declared by statute to be of full age for all purposes at 18 years, women 18 years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Snow's Falls or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within seven days before the date of the examination, otherwise it may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

U. S. CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

A REGULAR TOM BOY

was Susie—climbing trees and fences, jumping ditches, whistling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve and cured her quick. Heals everything healable—Boils, Ulcers, Eczema, Old Sores, Corns or Piles. Try it. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

NORWAY.

Freeland Howe reports a most pleasant fishing trip at the lakes.

Leon M. Longley has purchased an auto.

Walter L. Hutchins has taken the upper tenement in Dr. L. H. Trufant's house on Main Street.

Most of the Norway attorneys who attended the Rumford term of the Supreme Judicial Court went to Bryant's Pond and from there to Rumford by auto or stage.

On Monday morning Roland, the little six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Crockett on Bridge Street, died after a long and painful sickness of tuberculosis. The little fellow was patient to the end. The funeral services were held on Wednesday, Rev. M. C. Ward officiating.

Capt. M. P. Stiles was at home from his Portland office the last of the week.

Charles D. Morse is improving his Pike Hill residence by the addition of a wide piazza on the easterly side and important repairs on the house and stable.

Thomas Smiley was in town looking after his Norway store during the week. Mr. Smiley makes his home at Portland, from which place he directs and manages his several stores.

A fire alarm was sent in from box 35 Tuesday noon. The fire was in the stable of H. F. & E. E. Andrews on Main Street. It broke out in the office and it is not known from what cause. It may have been from a pipe. Prompt action avoided what might have been a serious matter. Slight damage.

Prof. C. J. H. Ropes of the Bangor Seminary occupied the Congregational pulpit Sunday. He was former pastor at Ellsworth.

Fred C. Lovering was at the C. M. G. Hospital the first of the week where he submitted to an operation for appendicitis. The operation was very successful and Mr. Lovering is rapidly recovering.

Dr. A. H. Staples finished his engagement with Dr. F. E. Drake last week. He will open an office at Brunswick. F. W. Rounds of South Paris takes the position in Dr. Drake's office.

The meeting of the interested sportsmen of the village resulted in an organization of a fish and game association with the following officers:

President—Albert J. Stearns.
Vice-President—John Shepard.
Secretary—I. W. Walte.

The next meeting will be held Tuesday evening.

Wednesday evening at the opera house will be given the last entertainment in the Star Course of entertainments. The Boston Carnival Company with Mrs. Charlotte Adams Dunne will give their spectacular entertainment with classic posings, etc. Geo. B. Cutler, singing humorist, will assist.

Mr. Hugh Pendexter, wife and son, of Rochester, N. Y., are with Mrs. Pendexter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Faunce, for the summer.

The Pennesseewassee Athletic Association have leased the Taylor boat house on Water Street and will use it for a gymnasium and club room.

The drama, "The Country Minister," will be repeated by the high school Memorial night, May 30th, and the proceeds given to the athletic association.

The men of Norway Grange will each plant a peck of potatoes for the benefit of the hall indebtedness, at least, that is the vote of the Grange so to do.

Alexander MacLean, who passed the winter in Florida, arrived in town a few days ago for the summer. He reports the orange business a success.

George Tubbs and wife are enjoying life at their lake cottage for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Q. Elliott will take up their residence at the farm in a few days. They will pass the summer months there, returning to their village home in the fall.

Rev. M. C. Ward was called to Worcester, Mass., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ward's uncle last week.

Rev. R. J. Bruce of Spurr's Corner, the new Congregational minister, will on May 29th preach at the Congregational church.

Oxford Lodge of Masons will visit Jefferson Lodge at Bryant's Pond Tuesday evening, when that lodge observes its fiftieth anniversary. A special train has been secured, which will leave Norway at 7 o'clock.

Victor Mason and family have moved to East Stoneham where he has work in the mill.

Vera Hawkins of Berlin, N. H., was the guest of her friend, Susie Walker, this week.

Two entertainments at the Opera House, this week were well attended. On Tuesday evening, "The King of Tramps," and on Thursday evening, "Billy, the Boy Artist." Thursday evening the house was crowded. All seats were taken and there was very little standing room.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leavitt and son of Swampscott, Mass., were the guests of Mrs. Leavitt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Faunce, during the week.

Capt. J. Waldo Nash and Ray Eastman after a three weeks' fishing trip at the Rangeleys have returned to Norway.

Editor Sanborn is at Sugar Island, Moosehead Lake, at the Greenleaf Camps for a few days' fishing and outing.

Mrs. Alice Horne of North Weymouth, Mass., has visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith.

Ralph Harriman is at home from his school studies in Philadelphia for the summer vacation. For a long time, prior to his going to Philadelphia, he was the very popular clerk at F. P. Stone's drug store.

Memorial Sunday services will be held at the M. E. church Sunday morning, 29th, at 10:30 A. M. Harry Rust Post, W. R. C., Co. D, 2d Infantry, Spanish War Veterans will attend. Memorial Day exercises as usual. Address by Rev. C. G. Miller, music Paris Brass Band, schools, male quartette, invocation by Rev. M. C. Ward.

Arthur E. Denison, an attorney of No. 13, Arlington Street, North Cambridge, who died Thursday, was a former resident of Norway. Mr. Denison was cashier of Norway National Bank from April, 1872, to January, 1875, when he resigned and was succeeded by Howard D. Smith, the present incumbent.

The Oxford County Teachers' Convention, of which an account is given elsewhere, was very largely attended Friday and Saturday.

Wednesday evening of this week the last of the Star Course entertainments will be given at Norway Opera House. The famous Apollo Quartet of Boston will appear, and the Boston Carnival Company with Mrs. Charlotte Adams Dunne will give a brilliant spectacular entertainment with classic posings, illusions, and kaleidoscope of light. In addition Geo. B. Cutler, the singing humorist, will be on the program. This is really two entertainments in one for the low prices of 25 cents for general admission and 35 and 50 cents for reserved seats.

LION FONDLES A CHILD.

In Pittsburg a savage lion fondled the hand that a child thrust into his cage. Danger to a child is sometimes great when least regarded. Often it comes through Colds, Croup, and Whooping Cough. They slay thousands that Dr. King's New Discovery could have saved. "A few doses cured our baby of a very bad case of Croup," writes Mrs. George B. Davis of Flat Rock, N. C., "We always give it to him when he takes cold. It's a wonderful medicine for babies." Best for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Hemorrhages, Weak Lungs. 50c. $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

R. W. Haines of Skowhegan bears the distinction of landing the only salmon caught from the Kennebec River in forty-eight years. On Wednesday morning, May 4th, Mr. Haines cast a line into the whirlpool beneath the Skowhegan Falls, hooked, and after fifty-five minutes' play successfully landed a nineteen-pound and four ounce salmon, measuring two feet three and one-half inches long. Anglers both young and old are out in scores looking for the mate.

A MAN WANTS TO DIE

only when a lazy liver and sluggish bowels cause frightful despondency. But Dr. King's New Life Pills expel poisons from the system; bring hope and courage; cure all Liver, Stomach and Kidney troubles; impart health and vigor to the weak, nervous and ailing. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s.

Base Ball.

N. H. S., 4. P. H. S., 1.

Norway defeated Paris on the Fair Grounds Saturday for the second time this year. Paris played better than in the previous game but not well enough to win. Davis played the best ball for Paris, while Haskell and Russell excelled for Norway.

NORWAY H. S.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haskell, 3-b	5	1	2	3	1	1
Russell, 2-b	3	1	1	3	3	0
Frost, c. f	3	0	1	0	0	0
Kimball, s.s	3	0	1	1	3	1
C. Dunham, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Partridge, c	4	0	0	11	1	0
Barker, 1-b	3	1	1	8	0	1
Shepard, l. f	4	1	0	1	0	0
Stevens, p	4	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	33	4	6	27	8	4

PARIS H. S.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
A. King, s.s	4	0	0	2	3	3
Lowell, p	4	1	0	1	1	0
H. Dunham, 3-b	4	0	1	2	1	1
Witham, 1-b	3	0	0	11	0	0
P. King, l. f	4	0	0	2	1	0
Newton, c	4	0	1	4	3	0
Bigelow, r. f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Easson, c. f	3	0	0	0	0	2
Davis, 2-b	3	0	0	1	7	0
Totals	33	1	3	24	16	6

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
N. H S.	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	x—4
P. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Earned runs, 0. Two base-hit, Haskell. Stolen bases, Lowell, H. Dunham, P. King, Barker, Partridge, Russell. First base on balls, off Lowell 2. Struck out, by Lowell 3; by Stevens 12. Left on bases, P. H. S. 6; N. H. S. 9. Sacrifice fly, Witham. Sacrifice hit, Kimball. Balk, Lowell. First base on errors, P. H. S. 3; N. H. S. 8. Hit by pitched ball, Barker.
Umpire, Lanen. Scorer, Rawson.

Next Saturday Paris goes to Mechanic Falls to play the return game.

The Lumley Castle team went to Mechanic Falls Saturday and played the Mechanic Falls Grammar School team (though the Lumley boys assert that there were three "ringers" on the Falls team.) The score was 4 to 3 in favor of Mechanic Falls.

The Radcliffe team of Norway played its first game at the fair grounds Saturday afternoon, with the Mohawks of Portland. Leith and Lanen were the battery for Radcliffe. Score 4 to 2 in favor of the Mohawks. Radcliffe has a good lot of material for a winning team.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

is patient, even with a nagging wife, for he knows she heeds help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters-the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, backache and weak kidneys have used them and become healthy and happy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Born.

In Hebron, May 7, to the wife of Ralph Glover, a son.

In Kezar Falls, May 10, to the wife of Bertrand Fox, a son, Robert Charles.

In South Paris, May 20, to the wife of Albion I. Hatch, a daughter.

Married.

In West Paris, May 14, at the Methodist parsonage, Mr.

Free! - Free! - Free!

A KING KINEO RANGE.

$2.00 down and $2.00 a month.

THE PERSON bringing the largest number of this entire advertisement to Hobbs' Variety Store, Norway, Wednesday, November 16, 1910, at 3 P. M., will receive a No. 8-20, King Kineo Range, valued at $60.00, FREE. Ask your friends to begin to save this advertisement for you.

Only a Step

from Health to Sickness. By driving all impurities from the system "L. F." Atwood's Medicine will speedily cure the most obstinate colds. It is easy to keep in perfect condition—immune from serious attack. Keep "L. F." Atwood's Medicine in the house and take a dose at the first sign of failing health.

Northeast Harbor, Me.

"One of my family was not well last Spring, being troubled with biliousness and headache, and procured one bottle of 'L. F.' Medicine. After taking same she was decidedly better." PARKER W. FENNELLY.

See that "L. F." in large red letters is on the bottle. A large bottle 35 cts. **Write for liberal sample to**

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

STANDARD SEWING MACHINES.

Send for Catalogue.

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

INSURANCE.

FIRE, AUTOMOBILE,
EMPLOYERS' AND PUBLIC LIABILITY,
STEAM BOILER,
FIDELITY BONDS,
BANK AND HOUSEHOLD BURGLARY,
ACCIDENT AND HEALTH.

When you need some "Insurance that Protects", I will be glad to hear from you.

PERLEY F. RIPLEY,
PARIS, - - MAINE.

PLEASE Keep in MIND!

When in want of anything in our lines give us a call.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. WE SELL

Doors, Windows, Frames, Builders' Finish, Glass, Putty, Nails, Builders' Hardware, Sheathing Paper,

House Paints, Barn Paints, Roof Paints, Wagon Paints, Floor Paints, Floor Dressing, Floor Finish, Liquid Filler, Linseed Oil, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes.

Our paints include Impervious, Heath & Milligan, and Sherwin-Williams.

Paroid Roofing—The best of all roofings. THE TIME TESTED KIND. Don't try imitations.

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I can save you money. Come and see.

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16-28

The Land of Puzzledom

No. 923.—Decapitations.

Behead a power and leave a pair of animals; a heavenly body and leave a viscous liquid; old and leave a story; a bit of colored paper and leave a term in blasting; to rob and leave a duck; a building and leave rent; mineral and leave a sound; a sudden blow and leave a distance; a serf and leave to wash; to sink suddenly and leave a mass.

No. 924.—Concealed Parts of a House.

Has Edgar returned from his trip?
Did you hear the word?
We will close the box.
Have Randall's friends arrived?

No. 925.—Charades.

I.

When my first in my whole shall be
How oft my second do we,
For well we know
My whole will show
The goodies we like to see.

II.

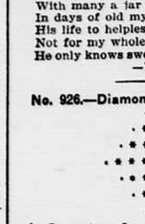
If my first is my second and third,
Then 'tis good for the owner, I've heard.
If my first has no good second, then
No purchaser you'll find in men.
If my third is my whole, then see
As sweetmeat it can never be.
But if my whole stands by your door
Sweet fragrance it will round you pour.

III.

Without my first we'd never roam,
But bored would stay at home,
And in my second often get
With many a jar and fret.
In days of old my third oft gave
His life to helpless virtue save.
Not for my whole are war's alarms.
He only knows sweet pleasure's charms.

—Youth's Companion.

No. 926.—Diamond In a Diamond.



1. In cots. 2. A dull person. 3. Washes. 4. Defenses. 5. A small fruit. 6. A pen. 7. In cots.

Included Diamond: 1. In cots. 2. Hail. 3. Open. 4. To be mistaken. 5. In cots.—St. Nicholas.

No. 927.—Eight Buried Poets.

(One in each line.)

The sun is darting rays of gold
Upon the moor, enchanting spot,
Whose purple heights, by Ronald loved,
Up open to his humble cot.

And sundry denizens of air
Are flying, aye, each to its nest,
And, eager, make at such an hour
All haste to reach the mansions blest.

No. 928.—Anatomical Letter Enigma.

My first is in foot, but not in hand;
My second in music, but not in band;
My third is in nut, but not in shell;
My fourth is in ring, but not in bell;
My fifth is in sheep, but not in fold;
My sixth is in dollar, but not in gold;
My whole spells a part
Of child, woman and man.
'Tis spelled with six letters.
Find it if you can.

No. 929.—Illustrated Rebus.

What parts of a clock are represented?

No. 930.—Geographical Double Acrostic

My primals name two great cities; so do my finals. Crosswords (of equal length):

1. A country of South America.
2. A county of Texas.
3. A province and city of central Russia.
4. The most southern point of Great Britain.
5. A Philippine town on the coast of Panay.
6. The name of a county in both Virginia and Kentucky.
7. A seaport city of Spain.
8. A mountain mentioned in the Bible.
9. A city on the great lakes.
10. A city of Wisconsin.
11. One of the great oceans.
12. A city of Texas.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 916.—Double Central Syncopation: John Howard. 1. Justly, July. 2. Orgies, ores. 3. Haggle, Hale. 4. Nimble, Nile. 5. Hobble, hole. 6. Ordeal, oral. 7. Wabble, wale. 8. Apples, apes. 9. Raisin, rain. 10. Dabble, dale.

No. 917.—Conundrum: It was a supposition (sup position).

No. 918.—An Ancient Motto: "Do unto others as you would be done by."

No. 919.—Rhombold:

VIOLET
TEASEL
RUSSET
DATARY
YANKEE

No. 920.—Numerical Enigma: "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." Words: Python, hem, tree, we, fly, hatchet, he, wealth, lilies.

No. 921.—Riddles: 1. Pole. 2. Port.

No. 922.—Charade: Chip, monk, chip munk.

Nasal Catarrh, an inflammation of the delicate membrane lining the air-passages, is not cured by any mixture taken into the stomach. Don't waste time on them. Take Ely's Cream Balm through the nostrils, so that the fevered, swollen tissues are reached at once. Never mind how long you have suffered nor how often you have been disappointed, we know Ely's Cream Balm is the remedy you should use. All druggists, 50c. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Considerable Busy.

"I dunno as we do have so much to do in the winter as in the summer," said Abimelech Clovertop to the commercial traveler, with whom he had fallen into conversation at the country store. "An' yit, although the winter is our restin' spell, we manage to keep considerable busy. You get up from three-thirty to four in the mornin' an' scun out to your barn an' milk fo'teen to fifteen cows, an' strain there milk into a can an' git it to the railroad station three miles away before breakfast, an' then mebbe you cut cordwood all fo'noon an' cut ice all arternoon an' feed an' water thutty or forty head o' stock, an turn to at night an' milk ag'in an feed an' bed down all the critters by lantern light, an' git ready for a good start in the mornin' an' chore around until bedtime—You do all that, an' it keeps you considerable busy even in the winter time when there ain't much doin' on a farm. Still, it's in the summer time that you have to reely hustle to make farmin' pay. Then you air busy."

"That fellow made money, but he certainly is a faker."

"Indeed, he is. Why, the habit was so strong, that's why he built his new house on a bluff."

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

Psychology of Food.

DISCUSSED BY YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS.

"Eat pig and you will be pig," insisted the Vegetarian, disdaining a share of the chops which the Epicurean was browning in her chafing dish.

"That remark always makes me think of the wag who retorted, 'Eat nuts and you will be nutty,'" laughed the Cynic.

The Sage nodded knowingly. "Without going to either extreme," she mused, "we must admit that food has a physical value and a psychical value."

"Fancy corn beef and cabbage having a soul," suggested the Cynic. "Nevertheless I have known souls that were elementally corn beef and cabbagey."

"Of course," admitted the Epicurean, "sight and smell and taste are senses which act upon the psychic, and they also react upon the appetite, which is purely physical."

"You're getting beyond your depth," warned the Scientist. "Stick to facts."

"Which means, I suppose, known facts. You will never admit that there are some unknown facts. You—

"Stick rather to the subject," interrupted the Sage. "'Let us talk about the psychology of food. Perhaps I can explain what I mean by an illustration. The taste for olives is a cultivated one. To me the taste was particularly unpleasant. One afternoon in early spring I went to a reception. The weather was unseasonably warm, and when I reached the place of entertainment, I was overheated. In the refreshment room one of the hostesses was serving hot coffee and sandwiches. I could conjure up no desire for them. An assistant offered me an olive. The dish which she held out to me was of a beautiful shade of green and the olives were covered with cracked ice. Much to my surprise they looked good to me. I took one and ate it with the keenest relish. I am very fond of them now. The mental suggestion produced by the ice and the attraction of the color created in me a new physical appetite."

"Nonsense," scoffed the Scientist.

"It isn't nonsense," contradicted the Epicurean. "I acquired my taste for coffee in much the same manner. As a child I did not care for it. One morning I came down stairs from a very cold bedroom into a cold dining-room. I was shivering. I looked at my iced grapefruit. I looked at my cold cereal and its pitcher of thick cream. Very much to my mother's surprise I called for a cup of coffee. It tasted good and the warmth permeated my whole body. To this day the aroma of steaming coffee—"

"Is an appeal," supplemented the Sage, "not to your appetite, but an appeal to one of the pleasant memories which your subliminal self stores so carefully."

The Vegetarian now contributed an experience. "When I was converted to a belief in vegetarianism, my physician, who discouraged what he regarded as a fad, urged upon me the necessity of an apple diet. I loathed apples, but made up my mind to eat them. Each day I ordered a baked apple put at my place. I cannot say that I disliked the taste, for I do not know how it did taste. I could not force myself to put the wrinkled unsightly thing to my mouth. One day a friend sent me an apple porcupine. It was a large, firm apple, pared and cored and cooked to clearness in a thick syrup. After it had been cooked in this way, its round sides were made to bristle with blanched almonds and the entire dish daintily browned in the oven. When I saw it I had a strong desire to eat it, which I did with great satisfaction."

"Nevertheless," said the Cynic, "you cannot find the soul of hash, common every day hash."

"I am glad you spoke of that," smiled the Sage, "because there is no dish in the world so much a victim of these laws of the psychology of food. Hash, properly made, is one of the most delicious meat preparations we have. The unimaginative man and woman enjoy it to its fullest. The humorist and comedian are responsible for its rejection by the fastidious. When it is placed before us at a hotel or restaurant we cling to the myth that it has been made of the scraps from the plates. We fail to taste it, therefore, although it may be, and doubtless is, the most palatable and nourishing dish before us. I believe, however, that in the privacy and security of our own home we all eat and enjoy this dish of which for some reason or other we pretend to be ashamed. An Irishman has said that a chafing dish is a frying pan breaking into society. The same might be said of the croquette and hash."

"Grant us, at least, the soullessness of bread-and-apple pudding," urged the Scientist.

"Not even that," denied the Sage. "Have you ever eaten it?"

"Never, it always sounds so mussy."

"And it looks mussy as it is usually served," continued the Sage. "Try it this way. Saute strips of bread and roll them in powdered sugar. With these line individual baking dishes. Cook a rich apple sauce, rub it through a colander and fill the bread cups. Brown in oven and sprinkle with powdered sugar."

"No psychology about that," argued the Scientist. "One tastes good and the other does not."

"But the food values are the same."

The Scientist was unconvinced. "If a pound of beef has a certain food value, I do not know why—"

"There are a lot of things you do not know," admitted the Cynic.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Hints.

Meats and fish which spatter in cooking may be seared first and then placed in the oven to finish cooking.

Paper bags which accumulate so fast may be put to good use in the kitchen.

In wiping the kitchen range use a small bag as a glove.

When frying doughnuts lay in a paper bag and they will lose much of their greasiness.

Rolls may be rewarmed and made crisp and good if placed in a paper bag in a hot oven.

When boiled custard is slightly overcooked, it may be brought back to the right consistency, if it be thoroughly beaten with an egg-beater.

When a kettle is liable to boil over grease the rim lightly all around with a bit of butter. The contents will touch this danger line, but will not pass it. This is a good thing to remember when boiling syrups or making candies.

Glass preserve jars for keeping groceries in a pantry will be found most useful. They are easily cleaned, neat to look at, and the contents are seen at a glance, so one knows when the supplies are running low. It is well to paste a label on each one, then there will be no danger of using a wrong article. Such things as tea, coffee, rice, tapioca, raisins, currants, cream of tartar, powdered sugar, salt, etc., may be kept clean and fresh in these jars.

A good covering for an ironing board may be made from unbleached cotton cloth. Cut it about two inches larger than the board, hem it all around, and at intervals of six inches sew on tape, to tie it on the board. If two covers are made a fresh one can always be kept ready for use.

A buttonhole worked in the corner of the dishcloth will be found better than a loop by which to hang it up, because a buttonhole will last as long as the cloth itself, whereas a loop often gets pulled off.

To get fresh jelly when it is needed make a practice of straining fruit juice in the summer the same as when you are usually making jelly, but put the juice into jars, boiling hot, just as in canning, and without sugar; then, at any time in the winter, sugar may be added and jelly made and it will be nice and fresh And the work will not be nearly so hard as on a hot summer's day.

An excellent remedy for insomnia, is to bathe the feet in cold water every night before retiring. If one awakens during the night, and begins to think, get up and plunge the feet in cold water, dry them, go back to bed and one will go to sleep like a baby.

Add a teaspoonful of cocoa to a recipe for sour cream cake and see how delicious the result will be.

Diced, tart apples are a delightful addition to chicken salad.

The Wars of Our Country.

LVI.—Spanish War—The Blockade.

By Albert Payson Terhune

ADMIRAL SAMPSON on April 22, 1898, had been sent to blockade Cuban ports. Admiral Cervera on April 29 started for Cuba from Cape Verde with four armored cruisers and three torpedo boat destroyers. Sampson, receiving word of the approach, was on the lookout for the Spanish squadron, hoping to meet and give battle to Cervera the moment the latter should appear.

Then followed a series of misadventures. The oncoming Spaniards were as difficult to locate as the proverbial needle in a haystack. All that was certainly known was that Cervera was bound westward.

With ten vessels of his fleet, ranging from battleship to collier, Sampson sailed eastward along the Cuban coast to intercept Cervera. With an idea that the Spanish flotilla would make first for San Juan harbor Sampson started thither on May 8. Accidents delayed him, and he did not reach the place until May 12. He found no trace of Cervera, so proceeded to bombard the San Juan forts. The Spanish batteries replied, and for three hours the battle waged. No great damage was done on either side.

On the preceding day two sharp fights had occurred, one at Cardenas, the other at Cienfuegos. A few United States ships blockaded the former town. Three Spanish gunboats were in its shallow harbor. The Americans attacked them. The torpedo boat Winslow, carrying three one-pounder guns, led the assault. Instantly she became the target for shore batteries and gunboats alike. With engines, boilers and steering geer damaged, the Winslow drifted helplessly toward the shore. Several of her crew were killed, and her commander, Lieutenant Bernardou, was badly wounded. The revenue cutter Hudson pluckily dashed in under the galling fire and towed the stricken torpedo boat to safety.

The engagement at Cienfuegos was still more spectacular. Four launches, under command of Lieutenant Winslow, went, under shadow of gray dawn, from the blockading ships to cut the submarine cables running from a point alongshore. The warships, by keeping up a constant fire, tried to protect the launches, while a Spanish force on and near the beach swept the little expedition with a murderous rifle fusillade. For several hours the launch party worked in a heavy sea under these perilous conditions. By that time two of the three cables were cut. The third was considered useless and left undisturbed.

On May 15 Sampson learned that Cervera's fleet had been sighted off Curacao on the 14th, bound for San Juan. Had Sampson reached San Juan harbor a few days later, instead of on May 12, he would undoubtedly have caught the Spanish admiral there. But, learning of San Juan's bombardment, the Spaniard changed his course and made straight for the big harbor of Santiago de Cuba, which he reached on May 19.

Sampson's blockading flotilla meantime had been joined by Commodore Schley's squadron from Hampton Roads. More aimless cruisings, cross purposes, maneuvers of investigation, etc., resulted. Then our government learned definitely the whereabouts of Cervera's fleet. Sampson hurried to Santiago and on June 1 arrived off the narrow mouth of its harbor ready to bombard the shore forts. A blockade was established. Cervera was safely "bottled" inside the harbor and must either stay there until a United States army could be landed to cut off his supplies, leaving the surrounding seas meanwhile wholly under American control, or else fight his way out.

SWAM FREE OF THE WRECK.

To prevent his escape, since the presence of submarine mines prevented Sampson from entering in pursuit, it was planned to sink the disabled United States collier Merrimac in the channel leading into the bay, thus choking the outlet. To Naval Constructor Hobson was assigned the duty of preparing and executing this move. Hundreds of volunteers begged to join in the exploit, but Hobson took along only seven picked men. Then when finally he got under way the tide was so swift as to drive the Merrimac too far up the channel (under a brisk fire from the Spanish batteries) to block the passage of any outgoing warships. There she sank. Hobson and his little crew swam free of the wreck and were made prisoners.

LVII.—Spanish War—The Invasion.

By Albert Payson Terhune

CERVERA'S fleet was "bottled" in Santiago harbor. The only other serviceable squadron was on the other side of the Atlantic. So it was safe to send the United States army to Cuba, and transportation work was begun at once.

The first landing was made at Guantanamo bay, thirty-eight miles east of Santiago. Five miles back from the bay were a town and a fort. The bluffs above the water were also strongly defended. On June 10, 1898, Captain McCalla of the Marblehead bombarded these bluffs. Twenty-four shells were fired, and the enemy were driven from their intrenchments. The next day, under cover of a fusillade from the warships and a rear attack by Cuban soldiers, 600 Yankee marines were landed at Caimanera. This was the first American force to set foot on Cuban soil.

Under cover of a furious bombardment from our fleet and a demonstration by the Cubans 6,000 of General Shafter's troops were safely landed at Daiquiri, seventeen miles east of Santiago, on June 22 and 6,000 more on June 23. A detachment under General Lawton was sent inland toward Santiago. General Young's dismounted cavalry brigade, 964 strong, advanced ahead of the main army to support Lawton. At Las Guasimas, between Siboney and Santiago, they met the first noteworthy opposition of the campaign. There they found about fifty Spaniards intrenched in the forest. Young's command was fired on, as were the rough riders, who were marching by another route. Recovering from the unexpected volleys that swept their ranks, the cavalrymen charged their hidden foes. After an hour's hot fighting the Spaniards were beaten back with a loss of thirty-six in killed and wounded. The American loss in killed and wounded was sixty-eight.

Between 16,000 and 17,000 United States troops were by this time landed in Cuba, and lines were thrown out which gradually closed about Santiago. Were that city taken Cervera's "bottled" fleet would be cut off from coal or food from shore and must perforce put to sea, where Sampson and Schley awaited it outside the harbor.

The "army of occupation" shipped south by Uncle Sam formed a strange aggregation. Sons of men who had fought for the Union in the civil war stood shoulder to shoulder with sons of Confederate veterans. Officers who had served in the Confederacy—General Joe Wheeler and others—now did gallant service for the United States.

Most picturesque of all the various military bodies massed against Spain was the cavalry regiment known as "Roosevelt's rough riders." Captain Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt, at that time assistant secretary of the navy, had recruited this regiment from various quarters.

Yet these varied elements were welded together into a courageous, effective fighting body. The fact that the men were all "crack" riders amounted to little, as their work in Cuba was all done afoot. They proved their bravery in more than one battle and greatly added to the fame of one of their two organizers. Wood was colonel and Roosevelt lieutenant colonel. There was enough of the spectacular and unusual in the regiment's makeup to attract public notice and to make the rough riders for the moment the most talked of men in the army. Their actual effectiveness compared with that of other troops can better be decided by future generations.

ADVANCED TO WITHIN THREE MILES OF SANTIAGO.

By June 27 the whole American force had advanced to within about three miles of Santiago. On the last day of June our army was face to face with the Spanish forces, who occupied the defenses to east and northeast of the city. A council of war was held, and it was resolved to begin a general attack at dawn next day. General Lawton's division was to storm the hill village of El Caney with its blockhouse and brick fort. Generals Wheeler and Kent were detailed to force the Spanish lines to eastward and near Santiago along the summit of San Juan hill. The United States troops actually engaged numbered about 15,000. It is estimated that the Spanish were but 4,750 strong. But the latter fought to a great extent under shelter.

July 1, 1898, dawned upon the first real battle fought by United States soldiers since 1865.

LVIII.—Spanish War—El Caney and San Juan.

By Albert Payson Terhune

SOON after dawn on July 1, 1898, the combined assaults on El Caney and San Juan hills were to begin, the latter attack to be delayed until the Spaniards at El Caney were well under fire. A fort and blockhouse crowned El Caney hill. These and the village itself were defended by about 520 Spaniards. Against them marched 6,654 United States troops under Generals Lawton, Ludlow and Chaffee and Colonel Miles.

It is no slur upon American arms to give full credit to a brave foe. And few soldiers in history have fought more gallantly than did the Spanish defenders of El Caney. Overwhelmingly outnumbered, badly equipped and ill drilled, they nevertheless held the infinitely larger Yankee force at bay for nine hours and gave splendid account of themselves. Nor was the suffering all on their side. The Americans were on short rations, weighted down by clothing far too heavy for tropical wear, and hundreds were sick as a result of bad food and a worse climate.

As the Americans came on a murderous fire from hidden sharpshooters swept their ranks. These Spanish marksmen used smokeless powder and were thus hard to locate, as from trench, thicket and treetop they picked off the invaders. Capron's battery opened the attack. By 9 o'clock the infantry vanguard was within almost a quarter mile of the village and exposed to a merciless fusillade from the blockhouse and fort.

The Spaniards were forced back from their outer intrenchments into the fort. Then late in the afternoon a general charge carried the fort by storm. There were few prisoners to show for the nine hour battle and final victory, for only a handful of El Caney's defenders remained alive to fall into the conquerers' hands. The American losses were 88 killed and 355 wounded.

Meantime General Wheeler, with the "dismounted cavalry" division, and General Kent, with the First division of infantry, 8,836 men in all, had been assailing the main body of Spaniards, who were intrenched along the top of San Juan heights. A blockhouse on the crest of San Juan was fired upon at 8 a. m. by Grimes' battery from the opposite heights of El Pozo. This opened the fight.

The San Juan cannons answered the challenge, and an artillery duel was on.

The American infantry and dismounted cavalry were marched toward the narrow San Juan river an hour later and prepared to climb the hill from several points. The heavy sharpshooter fire delayed them. Spanish riflemen in treetops and copses again proving their effectiveness. Within a few minutes the Second United States brigade, massing for the assault, lost no less than three successive commanders, who fell dead or badly wounded.

The rough riders under Roosevelt (Wood having been promoted the previous day to a brigade command), the negro cavalrymen and portions of the Seventy-first New York and of several other regiments were ordered to capture the Spanish position at the top of Kettle hill and the San Juan heights. In the face of a terrific fire they broke cover and began the advance.

THE CHARGE UP SAN JUAN.

The charging line was thin and seemed unequal to its tremendous task. Moreover, it was swept at every step by a ceaseless fire from the hilltop. But within fifteen minutes the summit was reached and the Spaniards intrenched there were driven helter skelter to the blockhouse and down into the next valley. Re-enforcements from the Ninth, Twenty-fourth and Thirteenth infantry and Parker's Gatling battery then helped clear the whole ridge of foes, capture the blockhouse and win the battle. The American loss at San Juan was 144 killed and 951 wounded.

The heights above Santiago were thus carried by storm. The city of Santiago lay at the invaders' mercy.

On the morning of July 3 General Shafter demanded the surrender of Santiago, and a ten days' truce followed while negotiations between himself and the doomed city's commandant were pending. Thus ended the most important of the land engagements of the Spanish-American war.

He Got the Book.

Bishop Doane used to tell the following story on himself:

"Dr. Doane," said a parishioner at the end of a service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Doane.

"I have so," said the parishioner.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," was the reply.

The next morning an unabridged dictionary was sent to the rector.—Judge.

Small Audience.

Bacon—Did you say the professor always counts ten before he speaks? Egbert—No; he only counted eight at yesterday's lecture.—Yonkers Statesman.

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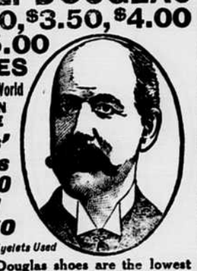

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If you could visit our large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes.

CAUTION—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom to protect the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitute. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your town, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

—FOR SALE BY—

J. F. Plummer, So. Paris.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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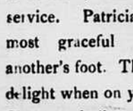
We Want Agents,

Local and traveling. Age 25 to 50. Employment the whole year, if desired. Outfit free. Pay weekly. Write for terms.

Homer N. Chase & Co., Nurserymen,
20-23 AUBURN, MAINE.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Wanted.

A Young Lady to work in a Dry Goods Store.

Must be neat in appearance, pleasant disposition, in good health and of good character. A good place for the right party. Apply by letter, giving age and previous occupation, and at least two references as to character.

DRY GOODS,
Care Oxford Democrat,
South Paris, Me.

FOR SALE.

A 40 acre farm, one mile out from the village, on telephone line. Scenery that feels the mind, soil that feeds the body. House, ell, shed and barn connected. Spring that never fails. Price $1000 and no back talk.

Inquire of J. B. MASON, or the owner two miles below. J. N. IRISH.

Buckfield, Me., March 3, 1910. 15tf

For Sale.

A few tons of good hay.
E. N. HASKELL,
18tf South Paris.

To Let

Or sell, farm house of seven rooms with stable. Near The Beeches.
SEWALL M. ROWE,
R. F. D. No. 1. South Paris.
19tf

Union Garage

Paris Hill, Maine.

I wish to announce that my new garage is now ready for business.

STORAGE, CARE and REPAIR of **AUTOMOBILES** promptly attended to. Also a full line of AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES constantly on hand and for sale.

I keep a 40 h.p. car for public service and shall be glad to take out parties at any time.

Newton Cummings,
Agent for the Inter-State cars,
PARIS HILL, - MAINE.

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.

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR STOMACH?

Do you want a better one—one that won't belch gas, or turn sour, or feel heavy or make you feel miserable?

MI-O-NA Cures Indigestion

It relieves stomach distress in five minutes. It turns old, unsatisfactory, rebellious stomachs into new ones, ever ready to digest the heartiest meal.

We guarantee Mi-o-na tablets to cure stomach disease. Money back if they fail.

50 Cents a Large Box

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

Paroid Roofing,

THE BEST OF ALL.

I wish to announce to the public that I am the ONLY AGENT in Paris for Paroid Roofing. Call and get prices on this brand. All others are imitations.

L. S. BILLINGS,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.
5-17 '10 1yr.

NOTICE.

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

JOHN THOMPSON late of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and gives 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.

May 10th, 1910. RALPH T. PARKER.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of the partnership of MARCOUX & LEVASSEUR, the individual copartners of which are Lida Marcoux and Noel Levasseur, and they individually, of Rumford, Bankrupts. } In Bankruptcy.

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

LIDA MARCOUX and NOEL LEVASSEUR of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represent, that on the 30th day of October, 1909, they were duly adjudged bankrupt; that as copartners and individually under the Acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy, they have duly surrendered all their property and rights of property, and have fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching their bankruptcy.

Wherefore they pray, that they may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against their estate individually and as copartners, under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 25th day of April, A. D. 1910.

NOEL LEVASSEUR,
LIDA MARCOUX,
Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 7th day of May, A. D. 1910, on reading the foregoing petition, it is—

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 27th day of May, A. D. 1910, 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 petitioners 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 7th day of May, A. D. 1910.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

A true copy of petition and order thereon

Attest:—JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

NOTICE.

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

In the matter of GEORGE G. JUDKINS, of Rumford, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of George G. Judkins, in the County of O