THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 67. SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1900. NUMBER 44.

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Whereas, Sarah B. Howe, of Hebron, has notified me in writing that her book of deposit, No. 4061, issued by the South Paris Savings Bank, has been lost, and that she desires to have a duplicate book of deposit issued to her, notice is hereby given that such book will be issued, unless the original book is presented to me within the six months allowed by statute.
South Paris, Sept. 28, 1900.
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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

THE MORE PLOWING THE BETTER.

We are all becoming pretty well agreed that the great trouble with New England farming is that we have allowed the land to lie in grass too long without replowing.

It is a convenient way to farm and does not require a great expenditure of labor, as the harvesting of the crops is all there is to it. But old grass fields furnish small crops and but little money returns, and every time we mow over them we are dissatisfied with them, with our business, and with ourselves.

The field covered with a dense growth of grass and clover is a most encouraging and happy sight. It conveys to every passer-by an impression of prosperity and contentment. As proof of the position that lack of working the soil is a cause of its unproductiveness we have but to direct attention to the meagre crops of the unworked fields.

Of course plant food must be applied to the lands in connection with thorough cultivation, to make them yield maximum crops. But there is much material in an unavailable condition in the soil, and it is unavailable to the plants simply because the land is so solid that the air cannot circulate through it and by contact change it to such a condition that it may become available food for plants.

One thing is certain; unless the land is cultivated, the materials it contains will be very slow in yielding nourishment to plants. There are quite a number of instances within our knowledge where fields in a low state of production have been plowed, thoroughly tilled, and fertilized with three or four hundred pounds of fertilizer per acre, and seeded to clover and grass, and the crops that have grown the first year or two have been very satisfactory. The trouble with work of this kind, as undertaken by many, has been that they have expected lands treated in this way to yield a half dozen or more satisfactory crops, and because they did not, the practice was regarded by the operators as not worth repeating. If they could have realized that the soil when first cleared of its forest growth was well filled with rotten leaves, mold and vegetable matter, and that the presence of organic matter had much to do with the productiveness of the soil, and that when it was exhausted the soil particles settled together and the land became hard, the air was denied entrance and circulation, and its capacity for retaining moisture was reduced, they would have seen the necessity for replowing it again after it had yielded one or two crops of hay, and turning in the sod and aftermath that were upon the land, to decay in the soil and furnish it with humus.

While we do not believe in the practice of working over a large surface for indifferent crops, but do believe in intensive work, we recognize the fact that many farms have large areas of free land that are now unproductive, but which by team work, almost wholly, can be again brought into such condition that grass will grow upon them, and these moderate crops, used on the farm, will return manure for the fertilizing of the land where they grew, and the repeated and frequent plowing in of good grass and clover sods will change any naturally good, but abused soil into such a condition that its ownership will be a satisfaction rather than a matter of indifference.

If but three or four acres on a farm of such soil as I have spoken of, are plowed shallow, this fall, and tillage and seeding follow another season, it will be but a few years before another cow or two can be added to the herd and maintained from the produce of the improved land.

The application of this plan is not costly, for the money expenditure is not great, and most farmers who are in earnest can find the time of team and man for the starting of extra work.

This is no new and untried scheme, for it has been worked out on many Maine farms. The plan is as plain as the main traveled road to town, and if followed persistently is as sure of results.

I am not writing this for the edification of those farmers who have steam up and are at the head of the line, in thought and action, but it is to those other men, who are writing me at home, and whose inquiries I meet at institutes, who have plowable fields of twenty or forty acres and but half a dozen cows that I say: "Put a sharp share on the plow and drive the furrow straight across the field—from border to border—and only stop when you are sure you have reached the limit of your ability to till, well, next year. Plow no more little pieces, where you think the soil is best for corn or potato plots. The days of patchwork plowing are past, where men are making a business of farming.

There yet remains to us a month of good weather before the ground will freeze up this fall, in which time we can unlock some of the plant food that is now beyond the reach of the weak plants that are starving upon it. Sometime, somebody will let it loose and plants and animals will thrive in proportion to the thoroughness of the work. Is it worth your while to try it?—Cor. in Turf, Farm and Home.

GERMANY AND PORK.

The United States has had more trouble with Germany over the matter of meat importations than with all other nations combined. It seems to be a perpetual bone of contention that, like the ghost of Hamlet, will not down. There is no question as to the fact that trichinæ have infected American pork to a greater or less extent, but it by no means follows that it has ever reached a point to become dangerous to the welfare of the people in our own or foreign markets. So far as Germany is concerned she is simply a chronic kicker and is always hunting after some excuse to raise a prohibitive tariff against American products. Investigation and experiment have proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that the salting process is destructive to all parasites in pork. Fully cured pork is not dangerous, even if it contains trichinæ. The heat produced in cooking pork is equally as destructive to all forms of parasitic life, and as civilized people are not in the habit of eating raw meat it would seem that there is no particular occasion of lying awake nights over this danger. It may become necessary to pick a few flaws with German importations into this country and in the same manner raise a prohibitive tariff barrier. This would be the quickest and most effective way to bring the German government to its senses.—Lewiston Journal.

The census returns seem to indicate that the rush to the city is over. Many things encourage country life which did not exist a decade ago. The trolley has done a great work in encouraging suburban living while at the same time the steam railroads have increased their mileage to the advantage of the rural districts. The bicycle has helped, too, and so has the telephone. The free delivery of the mails in rural districts has had its effect in encouraging the farmer's boys to remain at home. New markets for agricultural products have stimulated farming. Labor-saving machinery is overcoming much of the dull drudgery of the farm and increases profits. In short the advantages of the city are reaching the country districts and it is better all around.—Lewiston Journal.

Nutmegs are slight stimulants, and when administered in warm water they make a gentle nervous sedative and a fair stomachic.

The maker of really good butter always has the advantage in that, let the market rule as it may, the best sells first and at the best prices.

WARM POULTRY HOUSES.

Several people who last summer thought they had a poultry house warm enough for any weather now have ample proof in the frozen combs of their flock that they were mistaken. These people would better go into the poultry house some cold day (the colder the better) and decide what changes and additions are necessary in order to make it as warm as it needs to be. They will thereby be better prepared to fit it up in proper shape for another winter. When a man is at work at a poultry house in his shirt sleeves on a balmy fall day and views the winter blizzard from that standpoint, it loses a good deal of its power and liveliness.

There is one thing which the owner of the house will find out while seated among his flock of shivering hens and fixing in his memory the betterments which are to be a part of the duties of the future. He will not discover that anything which was done in the house with a view to making it a comfortable winter home for the hens was wasted time or labor. When building it he may have been undecided about some work or expense which went into it. He may have been tempted to save a little on some of the items, but he will not be glad that he didn't do it. He will know that there is not a board or a sash or a pound of paper in the building which should have been left out of it. He has finished a term in the school of experience and paid his tuition.

Whoever provides himself with a well-built poultry house will fully appreciate the luxury of it when the mercury drops to 20 degrees below zero. To go into the poultry house at such a time and find the nesting boxes full of laying hens gives one something of the feeling of a conqueror. He has fought a winning fight with the forces of winter and has his foot on the neck of Jack Frost. He feels that he has accomplished something worth bragging about and his acquaintances have occasion to know that he feels that way.

Of course, money can be wasted on the poultry house, but no attempt should be made to escape any reasonable expense which will contribute to its warmth. In this northern climate a house which is walled in with but one thickness of boards, however close-fitting they may be, is not warm enough for laying hens. If lined or covered on the outside with building paper it will answer for moderate winter weather, but even in a house of this kind the combs of Plymouth Rocks will become frosted when the mercury drops to 20 degrees below zero. An inside lining of boards and paper with a dead air space between the two walls is the least that can be done if one wants to be secure against freezing temperature. No kind of care or feeding will lead to any good results unless the poultry house is built in a manner which gives comfort to the fowls. It is the best to make it right in the first place.—Farmers' Tribune.

KILLING WEEDS.

It would seem theoretically that one could eradicate the annual weeds by hoeing persistently every season for a few years, and by stirring the soil frequently get all the seeds in it to germinate, at the same time taking care to allow none to ripen seed. Practically there are difficulties in the way, so that while some claim to have in this way greatly lessened the number of weeds in a field, yet there are more than enough to keep a visible supply on hand each year. There are some seeds so light that they are carried far by the wind; others are eaten by birds and pass through them unbroken, while yet others attach themselves to passing persons or animals and obtain free transportation in that way, while others are given to methods of water transportation and are washed down hillsides by rain or carried along by brooks until they find a resting place in some new spot.

Then trouble arises with some kinds in the power they have of remaining for years dormant in the soil until they have just the right conditions of heat and air and moisture to start them into life. It has been related that soil from the bottom of mines, thousands of feet below the surface, freshly dug and kept where nothing could reach it from the outside, has been found to produce vegetation, and some plants of varieties which grew and disappeared from the earth before ever the primeval man left any traces of his existence here.

There is much less difficulty in exterminating the perennial plants which remain in one spot sending up shoots each year from the root, and extending more by an underground growth of roots than by the few seeds they scatter. Most of them can be so weakened by constant cutting of the stalks each season, perhaps once in two weeks or less frequently, according to their habit of growth, that in a few years they will die of exhaustion from trying to grow seed and perpetuate the species.

With some of them we can call to our aid the animals. The Canada thistle, when cut, will throw up young shoots that are well liked by sheep, especially if they are attracted to them by a handful of salt thrown over them. Poultry closely confined in small yards will pick every green thing so closely as soon to kill them all out root and branch. There are some kinds of swine which like the roots so well that they will keep them well eaten out so that but few will ever start again. The roots of the blind weed or wild morning glory, the artichoke and some others, are not only eagerly eaten by swine, but they will fatten on them and on some of the varieties of the common brakes or ferns, if not on all of them.

It is true there are places, like the lawn, where one does not care to pen up poultry or swine, or even to feed sheep and goats for the sake of destroying the weeds. Then frequent cutting of the leaves and the digging of roots must be depended upon, particularly for such plants as the docks, nettles and plantain. All will yield to persistent effort, and if some less careful neighbor does not grow plants to reseed your ground a few years will clear up these pests, but a little neglect may give them new vigor after they are almost dead.

Much, too, may be done, if not to kill out weeds, to discourage their growth, by such rapid growing plants on land made very rich as to fairly crowd out or smother down the weed growth to dwarf specimens which may serve to perpetuate themselves by seed, but which do but little damage of themselves. Clover on rich soils is such a crop, and so are some of our garden vegetables.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

HAPPY AROOSTOOK.

Aroostook County has been especially favored during the season just closing. While many other portions of the state were parched and dried with the drouth our northern neighbors had more rain than they knew what to do with. The result of all these favors of nature is one of the most abundant crops ever known in that part of the state. Barns are over-crowded with hay, and cellars are filled with farm products of every kind. We congratulate our Aroostook friends on their prosperity and hope that it may long be continued.—Lewiston Journal.

James McShee of Fort Fairfield says that he has been farming for many years, and that the best he was able to do was to save 40 large loads of manure a year to haul upon his land. But since the butter factory and creamery have come, with the cows and pigs to use up the skimmed milk he has been able to put upon his land 84 loads, which he finds better than buying commercial fertilizers.—Turf, Farm and Home.

Milking can never be done successfully by a machine; the mechanical operation may be there, but the magnetism of the human hand is wanting. The cow which has become used to the touch of one milker will decrease her yield whenever a strange hand takes hold of her teats.

THE NORTH WALK MYSTERY

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

AUTHOR OF "FROM CLIVE TO CLIMAX." "THE LAND OF THE CHANGING SUN." "ALMOST PERSUADED." "A MUTE CONFESSOR." ETC. ETC. ETC.

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CHAPTER III.

Dr. Lampkin and Hendricks turned round the house, taking the walk to the left. As they were passing the drawing room windows Hendricks glanced in.

"I see another young lady and two young men in there," he said; "members of the house party, no doubt."

"Shall you search the house?" asked Lampkin.

"I'd begin there first if it were not for disappointing the police. They think you don't know your business if you don't address your first inquiries to the corpse."

"I think I should begin at the house, too," said Lampkin.

"Why, old man?"

"I don't like the looks of that fellow Montcastle."

Hendricks said nothing.

"It looks to me as if there were some sort of secret understanding between him and this Miss Benton," the doctor went on, watching Hendricks' inexpressive face.

The detective stopped suddenly, turned and surveyed the building from the side, his sharp gray eyes fixed now on the windows, again on the doors. "Oh, beg pardon!" he said. "You were saying that Montcastle—yes, he started out to catch the 1:30 train for New York, but for some reason or other decided not to leave."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Lampkin excitedly.

"As sure as I can be of any of my deductions," replied the detective, allowing his glance to rove down into the garden, where, at the end of the north walk, he could see a policeman on guard.

"How can you be so devilish accurate?" asked the doctor.

Hendricks smiled. He drew the notebook from his pocket, opened it and took out the newspaper clipping.

"It's a time table," he said. "You see, a pencil mark has been drawn here at the 1:30 train. That shows why the clipping was preserved. I know it came from an afternoon paper because the schedule was changed yesterday. From the ragged edge of the paper, I can see that it was half cut, half torn, from a newspaper by an excited person in a dence of a hurry. From the way it had been crammed into the book all in a crease—from the fact that the light of the electric lamp at the corner would reach to the spot where we found the book I judge it was consulted again after the cab started and that it slipped from the hands of the owner."

"Unnoticed by him?" asked Lampkin.

"Perhaps he knew it and was in too great a hurry to stop to regain it. You know Montcastle said, as if it were on the tip of his tongue, that it contained nothing of importance. That looks as if he had since he lost it calculated on the consequences of its being found."

But why didn't he pick it up later?"

"Might have been afraid the place was watched. I"—

A door leading to the back veranda was opened.

"Sh!" said Hendricks, covertly sliding the book into the pocket of his coat.

Ralph Benton came down the steps and slowly approached them.

"Mr. Minard Hendricks, I believe," he began. "I am Ralph Benton. My sister told me you had come. If there is anything, Mr. Hendricks, that I can do to help you, I shall be only too willing. I want this thing run to the ground. Robbery was evidently not the motive, and if my father had an enemy"—

"Has an examination been made to show that your father was not robbed?"

Dr. Lampkin saw the young man start. For fully 20 seconds he stared at

"I see another young lady and two young men in there," he said.

Hendricks with a wavering expression of the eye without replying, and then he said awkwardly:

"I don't know—that is—I—I only thought it did not look that way. You see, my father's valuables are always kept in the safe in his laboratory."

"Men have been killed for very small amounts," said Hendricks, still studying the young man's face. "If no examination has yet been made, it would be impossible to say that robbery was not the motive. Who was first on the scene?"

"Mr. Stanwood, a guest of the house."

Lampkin saw a strange, baffled expression cross the face of the detective. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, as if to divert their attention from himself. "I forgot to introduce you. Mr. Benton, this is my friend, Dr. Lampkin."

"The hypnotic physician of New York?" said Ralph. "Glad to make your acquaintance. I have heard a friend of mine, Dr. Fralick, speak of your work." He turned to Hendricks.

"Have you seen my—the body?" he asked.

"Just going," replied Hendricks. "It is down this way, I believe."

"Yes, down the wide walk on the left, beyond the bed of rosebushes. My father was fond of walking there at night. He was troubled with insomnia and often went out there to conquer it."

"I see," remarked Hendricks; "too much brain work."

"Yes, he has been delving into scientific things and forming plans for new inventions in his line. When he got a new idea, he always spent several sleepless nights over it."

"That's the way with them all," assented the detective, and then his glance fell on Ralph's right hand. "I see you have knocked the skin off your hand," he said, taking it in his own and looking at it closely. "You ought to be careful with it. I have known little things like that to give men a lot of trouble."

"I bruised it on the bar in the gymnasium at the club," said the young man, quickly withdrawing his hand. "Do you mean to say—how could it give me trouble?"

"Inflammation and a thousand and one microbes," said Hendricks, turning toward the north walk. "Rub a little vaseline on it."

Lampkin saw Ralph draw a deep, free breath and his face brighten. "Thanks," he said. "I am as tough as an ox. I'll go down with you, if you have no objection. The police gave orders to keep every one away till you had seen the body."

"Come on, perfectly welcome," said Hendricks cordially.

The walk upon which the murdered man lay had recently been covered with fresh sand like the drive in front of the house. He lay on his back face upward, shot through the forehead.

"Stop!" cried Hendricks to Benton and the doctor as they were about to step on to the walk. "Keep to the grass. I want to preserve the tracks there in the sand. Mr. Benton, has no one been near him since he was killed except that Mr. Stanwood?"

"I believe not," replied Ralph.

"No one has been near him since we came, sir," said the policeman, drawing near. "We had orders'—"

"I know," interrupted the detective impatiently. "Mr. Benton, which do you think are Mr. Stanwood's tracks?"

"I—I really don't know," replied Ralph.

"Two men have been near him," said Hendricks. "We must first find which tracks were made by Mr. Stanwood. Send for him, please."

Ralph nodded to the policeman, who hastened to the house. Hendricks stepped carefully from the grass to the body. He stooped, picked up something so minute that the others could not tell what it was and put it into the pocket of his waistcoat.

"What did you find?" asked Ralph.

Without noticing the question Hendricks bent down and began to examine the bullet hole in the forehead of the dead man.

"Did your father smoke?" The detective looked straight at the young man.

"No," replied Ralph, "never to my knowledge."

At that moment Stanwood came hurriedly across the grass.

"Did you want to see me, sir?" he asked.

Hendricks stood up straight.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he said, "but I wanted to ask from which direction you approached the body when you discovered the murder."

"We were all over in the center walk," answered Stanwood. "I came in to the right of him—just there, I think, near his left arm."

"Yes, I see your tracks," said Hendricks. "But you did not have on those boots?"

"No; I hastily put on my slippers. I had little time to dress after Miss Hastings rapped on my door."

"Ah, she gave the alarm?" said Hendricks.

"Miss Hastings is a guest of my sister," explained Ralph, "a young lady from Boston."

Hendricks nodded reflectively.

"Did you have a light when you found the body, Mr. Stanwood?"

"No, sir."

"You struck a match to look at him?"

"No, I did not."

"I see the murderer's tracks," said Hendricks quickly, as if to divert their attention from his last question. "He did not wear broad heeled slippers, but boots of a rather stylish appearance." As Hendricks spoke he glanced round at their faces, and Dr. Lampkin fancied his eyes dwelt longer on Ralph Benton's than on that of any one else.

Ralph's eyes were downcast.

"Could the murderer have been so close as that?" he asked. "It seems to me that my father"— Ralph did not finish his sentence. The detective looked at him inquiringly as if to encourage him to proceed and then turned his attention to the tracks. Stepping back to the grass, he went along the edge of the walk in the direction of the house for about 35 feet, then stopped, crossed the walk and began to search through a bed of high grass. They saw him stoop and pick up something. It was a revolver.

"Here's the weapon," he said indifferently, "38 caliber."

Benton was the first to approach. He extended his hand for the weapon.

"I beg your pardon," said Hendricks politely. He stepped backward, holding the revolver very carefully by the tip of the barrel. "You see, doctor," he went on, turning to Lampkin, "this thing also has a damp and a dry side."

"I see," replied the doctor, looking at the revolver without touching it.

"It's a poor rule that won't work two ways, you see," said the detective, with a smile. He took a white silk handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped the weapon in it. "Can't be too careful in handling a thing like this after a murder," he continued. "There is no telling what a single spot or scratch might unfold."

He remained standing on the edge of the walk for several minutes without speaking, his eyes first on the footprint and then on the grass where he had found the revolver. Ralph Benton and Stanwood had moved down toward the body, leaving Hendricks and the doctor together.

"What is it?" whispered Lampkin.

"I can't make head or tail of it," said the detective, frowning, "and sometimes when I get stumped this way I become so nervous I can't advance an

He stepped backward, holding the revolver very carefully.

inch. For the love of human justice, doctor, focus some of your hypnotic business on me. First quiet me, make me thoroughly receptive, and then suggest to me that I have an all seeing eye. It is the only thing that will save my reputation. I am an idiot, a staring, simpering idiot."

"Can you really talk so stupidly and attend to business?" asked Lampkin. "I have never seen your match. What is the trouble?"

"Can't for the life of me understand why the murderer was so careful to toss his weapon into the grass. And then here is another mystery. Do you see the tracks leading from the body in the center of the walk?"

"Quite plainly now," replied Lampkin, "but I should not have noticed them if you had not pointed them out."

"Come here." Hendricks stepped along the edge of the grass in the direction of the house about ten yards farther. He pointed to the tracks in the walk.

"Can you imagine anything more perplexing than that?"

"What? I don't understand."

"The blamed things end right there," said the detective, with a grim smile of defeat. "It is as if the wearer of the boots had suddenly taken wings. I cannot imagine any possible way for him to have ceased walking at that point. I say, Mr. Benton," raising his voice, "would you mind sending for the gardener? I presume you have one."

"Oh, yes," replied Benton. "I'll bring him myself."

"Thank you very much," replied Hendricks. And when the young man had left he went back to the dead man and carefully retraced his steps, singling out each track the supposed murderer had made till they ended at the point mentioned.

Lampkin had an idea and drew near his friend.

"I see the imprint of a wheel on the opposite side," he said. "Could he have jumped to the grass and escaped in some sort of vehicle?"

"I thought of the jump because his toes do turn toward the grass over there," replied the detective, "but there is so sign of his having made a landing. As to the wheel, my friend, don't tell me you don't know how that was made."

"But I don't," confessed Lampkin.

"It will dawn on you," Hendricks returned, nervously chewing his mustache and pulling his beard.

CHAPTER IV.

The gardener was coming with Benton. The old man was pale and trembling with excitement.

"Don't be frightened," said the detective kindly. "It is not you I'm after, but I want you to help me run the villain down. What's your name?"

"Wilson, sir; John Wilson. I've been gardener here, sir, for"—

"Did you put this sand here yesterday?" interrupted Hendricks.

"Yes, sir. The master told me as long as it was going on the drive in front that I might as well put it in the walks to kill the crab grass. The sand gets very hard, sir, when it has rained on it, and it becomes almost the same as cement."

"What time did you do it?"

"About 4 o'clock, sir. I haven't yet finished the whole walk. The other end"—

"You used a wheelbarrow to bring the sand from that pile up there and you scattered it on with a hoe?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old man wonderingly. "My shovel was carried off in one of the carts. Master would not allow the heavy cart wheels to cut the turf here, and I had to use my barrow."

"You stood on the sides and smoothed the sand with a rake?"

"Yes, sir, but I didn't know you was here. I"—

Hendricks glanced at Lampkin and smiled. "There's a hang up compliment for you," he said. Then he pointed to where the tracks ended so abruptly and said to Wilson:

"Have you been sweeping or raking in this sand here since the body was found?"

"Why, no, sir. I haven't been down here at all. They told us in the kitchen that the policemen would not allow any of us to see the master."

"That certainly is very remarkable," broke in Ralph Benton, looking at the tracks. "Mr. Hendricks, where do you think the murderer stood when he fired at my father?"

Hendricks seemed not to have heard the question. He was looking toward the house.

"I see some men coming," he said. "Ah, it is the chief and the coroner!" He went forward to meet them, and Lampkin saw him shaking hands with the men and bowing.

"The jury for the inquest are gathering," said Ralph to Lampkin. "I'll go to the house and see about where it will be held. Will you go up, doctor?"

"No, thanks," replied Lampkin. "I'll wait for Hendricks. I see he is coming."

The chief and the coroner stopped to speak to Ralph, and Hendricks came back to Dr. Lampkin.

"I have just thought of something," he said, pointing to the tracks near the dead man. "You see, they look as if they came from the side gate."

"Yes. Then you don't think the crime was committed by any member of the household?" replied the doctor.

"I can't see what that's got to do with it," said Hendricks, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "Ah, I'm glad the sun is shining!" he said, stooping toward the grass and sighting across the level ground at the gate which opened from a side street. "Nature often lends me a helping hand. There is no artificiality about her, and she won't be tampered with."

"I don't follow you," said Lampkin, mystified.

"It is the dew again," explained Hendricks. "On the front lawn awhile ago, before the sun rose, we had only the frosty appearance to guide us, but now in the sunlight the whole surface of the grass is a carpet of green bespangled with blue, red and yellow diamonds—that is, except a path leading direct from this point to that gate over there."

Lampkin came to the side of the detective and sighted over the sward at the gate.

"Too fine for my eyes," he said. "Ah, now I see what you mean! By Jove, it is wonderfully clear!"

"The trouble is that it knocks the smoothness out of another theory," remarked the detective with a frown.

"What is that?"

"Never mind now. There are too many real things that demand immediate attention," replied Hendricks.

"What shall you do next?" asked the doctor.

"To kill time while the jury is getting together I'll show you that my dewdrop theory is correct," was the reply. "If you will come with me to that walk over there, I'll show you tracks crossing the sand in a direct line from here to the gate."

Hendricks led the way across the grass to the walk.

"There you are," he said, pointing to tracks in the sand.

"And coming this way, too," added Lampkin.

"They do not go out again, but are lost up there in the middle of the other walk," said the detective. "Doctor, there is a nut to crack. It is the blamedest puzzle I ever tackled. The whole thing is in a frightful muddle. I was never in my life so hampered with conflicting circumstances. One minute I smell a rat as big as a barn, and the next the scent is wafted away on a cyclone from an unexpected direction."

As he spoke Hendricks crossed the walk, opened the gate and examined the ground near the sidewalk. Lampkin heard him grunt and crossed over to him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"As I half guessed," answered Hendricks. "A hansom was driven up here last night. I see the wheel marks near the edge of the sidewalk."

"Ah, he came in a hansom, then!" exclaimed the doctor. "That's strange."

"I tell you I'm frightfully mixed, and this complicates matters more than ever," said Hendricks, pointing up the

Hendricks took a folded ruler from his pocket and got down on his knees.

walk. "There are the footprints of a man and woman going from the gate toward the house." Hendricks took a folded ruler from his pocket and got down on his knees. He first measured the tracks leading to where the dead man lay and then compared the measurement with those going toward the house.

"Impossible to be accurate in this dry, gravelly sand," he said. "The masculine tracks are very nearly the same size, and that's as near as I can come to it. I shall find out what this means, however, if I work on it the rest of my born days."

"I saw you pick up something beside the body and put it into your pocket, but could not see what it was," said the doctor. "Is it a secret from me?"

The detective laughed good humoredly and put his fingers into his vest pocket.

"Shan't keep a thing from you, old man," he replied. "I'd trust you with my head. Do you see this tiny thing?"

"It looks like the burned end of a match," returned the doctor, allowing Hendricks to drop it into his palm.

"Does it look like an ordinary burned end of a match?" asked Hendricks, warming up to a revelation and smiling boyishly.

"I believe so, except that perhaps it is very short."

"Short? I should think so when less than a quarter of an inch of it has been left unburned. Now imagine it blazing and let me see you hold it between your fingers."

Lampkin made the attempt, holding the bit of wood as near to the end as possible. "It is all I could have done," he said. "And it would have burned my fingers, I am sure. The fellow that struck it must have had a tough cigar to light."

"And been anxious to smoke," added Hendricks tentatively. Then he laughed softly.

"Oh, I see now," began the doctor eagerly, and then he stopped suddenly. "But, no; Stanwood said he did not strike a match, and Ralph Benton said his father did not smoke."

"The murderer does, though, and paused to light a cigar after he had fired a revolver within 200 yards of a house full of men and women," said Hendricks, with a dry laugh. "At least, that's about all the explanation I can get out of the end of the match. However, there is one thing you have not yet thought of as an explanation for the match having burned down so short."

"What is that?"

"I wonder it did not occur to you that it might have continued to burn on the ground after it fell from the hand of the man who struck it."

"I have always said I was an ass," said Lampkin. "A 5-year-old child could have thought of that."

"Then the 5-year-old child would have been far from the truth," said the detective, enjoying the game he was playing. He held the piece of match between the nail of his thumb and forefinger and extended it toward the doctor. "You see," he began, "that the match has burned evenly all round; no farther on one side than another."

"That's plain," replied Lampkin.

Hendricks returned the tiny bit of wood to his pocket and took a match from his case and struck it.

"Watch this," he said, and when the match was half consumed he laid it still burning on the ground. The flame was instantly diminished, for only the top of the match continued to burn. Presently it went out, and Hendricks picked it up. "See," he said, with a gratified smile. "The unburned part, owing to the moisture of the earth, is longer where it lay against the sand. When I picked up the match near the body of the dead man, it was lying flat on the sand as this one was just now."

"So you know it was held unusually long in somebody's fingers?" said Lampkin.

"I have still another proof of it."

"What is that?"

Hendricks took out his lens and held it over the piece of match he had found near the corpse.

"If you will look closely," he said, "you'll see slight indentations at the very edge of the fire line on two sides of it."

"I see," exclaimed Lampkin. "They were made by finger nails."

"Exactly," returned the detective, "and nails which were pressed down firmly for some reason or other."

"You are simply wonderful," said Dr. Lampkin admiringly. "But what became of the burned, charred part of the match?"

"Good! You are progressing!" cried Hendricks, slapping his companion on the shoulder. "I looked for it. It must have clung a little while to the clothing of the murderer, for I found it on the walk half way between the body and the spot where the tracks ended. I did not pick it up because it could be of no use to me."

Lampkin's brow was contracted thoughtfully.

"What do you deduce from the whole match idea?" he asked.

"Absolutely nothing so far," replied the detective. "Later I may see some reason for a person desiring to see the face of a man he has shot down in the darkness and running the risk of being captured in order to do so."

"That much is certainly interesting," replied Lampkin. "It looks a little as if he were in doubt as to whom he had shot, doesn't it?"

Hendricks stepped from behind the trunk of a big tree to get a view of the spot where the body lay.

"I see quite a crowd over there," he said. "It is Meynell, the coroner, and his men. Let's join them. The inquest, I understand from the chief, was delayed so that I might be present. We got here quicker than was expected, as if I'd wait to take a bath and eat a hot breakfast while such a matter as this was in the wind."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Cleanliness is Next to Godliness."

If you would be really clean, begin with your blood. A mottled skin cannot be washed away, eruptions will continue unless the blood is pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood by disintegrating and dissolving the bad germs. Hood's is the royal road to real cleanliness, both inward and outward.

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An Acrobatic Spider.

A curious instance of the ability of an insect to successfully measure distance was evidenced once while I was traveling through northern Argentina. I first made the acquaintance of my friend on the back veranda of a little village tavern. I was lying in a hammock. About two feet from me was a 8 by 3 inch hand rail of wood, supported by wooden balusters. As I lay there I noticed a fly alight on the top of the wood. While I watched him, the fly apparently turned into a spider. I could not believe my eyes, but on closer inspection I saw that a spider jumped from somewhere and alighted on top of my fly.

I thought this worth watching and found that this was his method of procedure: A fly would alight on top of the railing, the spider would take in the distance at a glance and would disappear down the side of the rail, walk along toward the fly, but out of sight, until he reached the place on the side of the rail at right angles to the position occupied by the fly when he last saw it. Then he would walk nearly to the top of the rail and fasten his web, then walk down, paying out his web as he went till he was as far from the place where he had fastened his web as was the fly, then one vigorous leap, the web swinging him round in the arc of a circle, and he would alight on top of the fly.

I have never seen one miss this seemingly difficult leap, except when the fly left his position before the spider had finished his preliminaries.—E. A. Suverkrop in Scientific American.

Black Sea Peculiarities.

The Black sea has peculiarities which distinguish it from the Mediterranean, Atlantic or Pacific. The greatest ascertained depth is 1,200 fathoms. A surface current flows continually from the Black sea into the Mediterranean through the Bosporus and Dardanelles and an undercurrent of salt water from the Mediterranean into the Black sea. This undercurrent of water is warm and sinks to the bottom and in consequence of its great density prevents vertical circulation. The result is that these deeper waters are rendered stagnant. They are saturated with sulphureted hydrogen, and consequently life is impossible. In an expedition in which Sir John Murray took part the water brought up by means of a water bottle from a depth of 300 fathoms smelled exactly like rotten eggs. No life therefore is possible in the Black sea beyond a depth of

ESTABLISHED 1829.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 30, 1900.

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.

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

South Paris,	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
	Shurtleff's Drug store.
Norway,	Noyes' Drug Store.
	Stone's Drug Store.
Buckfield,	Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Fryeburg,	A. F. Lewis, Insurance Office.
Paris Hill,	Mrs. Harlow, Post Office.
West Paris,	Samuel T. White.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION NOV. 6.

For President,

William McKinley,

Of Ohio.

For Vice-President,

Theodore Roosevelt,

Of New York.

For Presidential Electors (Maine),
JOSEPH O. SMITH of Skowhegan.
GEORGE P. WESCOTT of Portland.
CHARLES F. LIBBY of Portland.
JAMES W. WAKEFIELD of Bath.
FRED ATWOOD of Winterport.
ALMON H. FOGG of Houlton.

COMING EVENTS.

Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Oxford Association of Universalists, Turner Centre.
Nov. 7.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Bolster's Mills.
Nov. 6, 7.—Annual convention of Oxford County Sunday School Association, Bethel.
Nov. 13, 14—Annual exhibition and winter meeting of Maine State Pomological Society, Norway.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted.
Good Underwear.
Pine Tree Cough Syrup.
Parker's Hair Balsam.
Wall Paper.
Fur Robes.
Footwear.
Notice of Appointment.
Criminal costs allowed by the Supreme Judicial Court.
Criminal costs allowed by County Commissioners.

HERE AND THERE.

The election of a president and vice-president of the United States is only a week distant. In this State we have not been quite so constantly and forcibly reminded of the national campaign since the state election; but in most of the states of the Union the campaign is at its height, and the apathy which at one time seemed to prevail has given way to an intense interest in the outcome. Nov. 6 is the date.

While all sorts of claims are made by the various committees, the opinion of those best qualified to form an unbiased judgment as to the result is strikingly favorable to the success of the Republican candidates. The large majority of four years ago is not expected, but a safe majority is indicated. Although betting on elections is an evil, and should not be encouraged, nothing is a surer index of the probabilities. A few weeks since the odds on McKinley in New York was 2 1-2 to 1. It has since risen gradually to 4 to 1, and some bets have been placed even at 6 to 1.

The undertakers of Maine, who last week organized a state association to advance their common interests, evidently do not regard their calling as a business or a trade, but place it in the list of the professions. They voted "that all members found guilty of soliciting patronage, in any manner, shall be expelled from membership."

The arrival of the old Maine Farmers' Almanac for 1901 is a fresh reminder that the dawn of the twentieth century is only a few weeks distant, and that the old controversy has still a chance for another hearing. After the election excitement has died down, we may expect a brief renewal of the end-of-the-century question.

POLITICAL NOTES.

It ought not to be difficult to convince the wage-earner that if there were benefits arising from a degenerated currency they would reach him least and last of all.—Grover Cleveland.

The Teller Silver Republican Club of Denver has completely disappeared. Over 300 of its members have organized a McKinley Club. Here is provocation for more tears by Mr. Teller.

Strikes occur under all administrations, but under Republican administrations the strikes are for higher wages and the working men usually get the increase demanded. But under Democratic administrations the strikes are against reduction of wages, and the working men usually have to accept the reduction.

While not saying directly that he will vote for President McKinley, Ex-Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, says: "I am an expansionist. I think the Democratic party made a mistake when they raised the cry of anti-imperialism, and I don't believe there is any such thing. As for the Southern people, I don't see how any of them, especially those in the cotton business, can see anything not beneficial to them in the policy of expansion. I think Mr. McKinley has made a most excellent President. He is thoroughly conscientious, intensely patriotic and has the best interests of the country, North and South, at heart."

FREE DELIVERY AGAIN.

Farming districts which are enjoying the rural free mail delivery are getting alarmed lest the privilege be taken away from them if Bryan is elected. Quite likely. Democrats do not want any kind of Republican success to continue. They hate, above all things, to be compelled to carry out to success anything the Republicans have started, and they never do it when they see a way to get out of it. Accordingly the Democratic platform this year is silent on rural free delivery, while the Republican platform declares for an extension of the system wherever it may be justified. Like other enterprises, this is a good one to trust only to its friends. Democratic success will throw a cloud over the whole matter of free rural mail delivery.

Few not residing in the starch districts of Aroostook probably have no idea of the extent of the starch manufacture. All know that it is one of Aroostook's big industries and that the smaller potatoes, not useful for market purposes, and the rotted ones, are ground up at the factories for making starch and beyond this the public knowledge extends but a short distance. It is no new industry but a very useful one for the potato growers, making a demand as it does for the unmarketable portion of the crop. There are about fifty starch factories in the county of which Thomas H. Phair of Presque Isle, the starch king, operates 13. Last year the total output was about 7,000 tons, while the average yearly demand in the United States is but from 11,000 to 12,000 tons. Starch is in universal use but a little of it goes a great ways. Last year, however, there was too much starch manufactured, and it is probable that this year's output will be considerably less.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

PARIS HILL.

First Baptist Church, Rev. H. H. Bishop, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M.

Universalist Church: Sunday School every Sunday at 11 A. M.

Mrs. Fred J. Wood of Snow's Falls visited Mrs. Leslie E. Newell a few days last week.

H. W. Lyon, Jr., is editor-in-chief of the Hall Boy, a refreshingly original paper published by the students of Nazareth Hall, Pa.

Mrs. Mary B. Wiley of Bethel visited her sister, Mrs. Carter, a few days last week, and then left for Gloversville, N. Y., where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Stowe of Sumner Hill has bought the stand of Gilbert E. Shaw on Tremont Street and will occupy it with her daughter. They intend to move here some time this week. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw will keep house for Alfred Daniels at the farm this winter, and have already moved there.

Several young ladies met Tuesday evening with Mrs. E. G. Harlow to consider the matter of some reading or study for the winter. It was decided to study China, and the first meeting for that purpose will be held with Miss May Perkins Tuesday evening of this week.

Professor L. C. Bateman of Auburn was the guest of H. D. Hammond Friday and Saturday.

George F. Stearns of Atlanta, Ga., visited his sister, Mrs. L. S. Hammond, over Sunday.

Mrs. E. G. Harlow entertained the members of her Sunday School class at her home Saturday evening.

The engagement of Miss Lydia M. Brown to Mr. Bart Jacob of New York city is announced. Mr. Jacob is a graduate of Harvard in the class of '96, and has been in China in the interest of a railway construction company, but returned shortly before the Boxer outbreak. The marriage will not take place for some months.

The ladies, both old and young, who are interested in having the Universalist Circles during the coming season are requested to meet with Mrs. J. H. Rawson on Monday evening of this week at half past seven o'clock. All those who are willing to aid in any way about suppers or entertainments are urgently requested to be present. Remember the time, Monday evening at half past seven.

Benj Maxim of Paris Hill, 86 years old lacking one month, picked fifty bushels of Ben Davis apples from the trees and put them in bags in six hours and twenty minutes.

The remains of Col. G. A. Robinson, who died two or three years since in New Haven, Ct., were brought here last week for interment on Rawson Knoll. Col. Robinson was a grandson of Col. Ebenezer Rawson.

John Emery of Portland was at W. H. Cummings' over Sunday, and while here inspected the fine improvements made by Mrs. Snow in the old home of his grandfather, the late Judge Emery.

Chas. H. Colby has moved from the S. P. Maxim farm to the Orange F. Small farm, and Charles Andrews has moved from the Wm N. Daniels farm to the farm vacated by Mr. Colby.

RUMFORD.

Miss May Ray and Mrs. Stuart went to Slatersville.

Mrs. Dexter Elliott, Mrs. Eugene Barker, Mrs. Fred Abbott, Mrs. John Estes, Mrs. Freeman Stevens and Mrs. E. F. Elliott went to Boston on the excursion Oct. 22d.

Miss Daisy Martin, daughter of Mr. Asa Martin, died Saturday morning after a short illness. The flowers at the funeral were many and beautiful.

C. V. Martin from Auburn was in town Sunday.

S. L. Moody and family returned from Andover Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Small are at Asa Martin's.

Mrs. Amanda York is at J. H. Barker's boarding.

Mrs. S. R. Hutchins is keeping house for Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ray.

SOUTH RUMFORD.

Mr. Brown's family did not move into C. K. Cary's house, as reported last week.

Charles Lapham from the Falls is living in the Allen house.

Among those who went to Boston on the excursion were Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Thurston, Mrs. S. R. Thurston, Herbert Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sloan, E. E. Abbott and daughter, and Mrs. Edith Thurston and little son Howard. Mrs. Thurston and son have gone to live with her husband, Sammy Thurston, as he has work in Boston, and lives there.

S. R. Thurston has a new wagon and Arthur Cameron a new bicycle.

EAST WATERFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Cole are visiting her sister, Mrs. G. F. Ames. Mrs. Cole's health is improving.

Jennie Ames is at home.

Selectman C. H. Pride went to Milton Plantation Saturday on a pauper case.

Mrs. Jesse Field has moved to the Sumner Davis place in Harrison.

Harold McGown has gone to Berlin, N. H., to work in a bank and attend school.

Saturday, a man turning apples into a barrel near the road frightened Mrs. L. M. Sanderson's horse, and she was thrown out, injuring one wrist and badly shaking her. The accident happened near her brother's, John Shaw's, and she is still there.

Skinner Bros. are putting up a wind mill to carry water to the house and barn. They have dug a well near the pond.

Bertha Miller sprained her ankle so badly she is obliged to use crutches.

Ray Johnson spent Saturday and Sunday in Boston.

Mrs. Edith and Mrs. Alice McIntire are visiting in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Martha Pride and family spent Sunday with her brother, Winslow Marston. It was a surprise birthday party. They report twenty-two at dinner.

EAST HEBRON.

Friday morning the ground was white with frost and the air sharp and winter like.

At this time many apples remain on the trees, although the apple picking commenced unusually early in the season.

Farmers are doing the fall plowing and preparing for an early winter.

Miss Hattie Young from North Turner is with her sister, Mrs. Frank Hodsdon.

T. L. Rogers' health is quite poor of late.

H. N. Merrill raised 900 barrels of apples this season. W. H. Berry 3000 bushels. Other farmers had a large amount, but they remain unmeasured for the present.

A. M. Fogg had nearly 25 bushels of Baldwins frozen on the 19th that became soft and unfit for use. The Haas and Ben Davis apples were spoiled for other purposes than cider in cold places in the orchards.

R. G. Beal recently visited his little granddaughter, Bessie Berry, in Carthage.

Mrs. S. H. Keene is gaining quite slowly.

Marjory Bearce of West Minot passed a few days last week with her grandparents, A. P. Allen and wife.

A man came through the place last week with a fine load of onions raised in New Gloucester.

Apple agents are quite busy buying and sending many carloads of them to different places.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Joe Fairbanks is at home.

Will Garey is working away from home.

Mrs. Charles Cross went on the excursion to Boston last Monday.

Mrs. A. L. Emery's mother, Mrs Crooker, is stopping with her.

Mr. Berryment is working at Berlin, N. H.

The ladies' sewing circle met with Mrs. Alice Farrington last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ralph Emery was called to Abington, Mass., by the illness of her mother. Mr. Emery and their two daughters, Marcia and Lorene, went last Monday.

ANDOVER.

The lovely weather this fall has given the farmers a grand opportunity to finish their fall's work.

Died, in Andover, Oct. 19, Mr. Chas. Cutting.

Mrs. John Hewey met with a painful accident last week. In stepping from the hall steps she made a misstep and broke her leg just above the ankle. She was taken home and a physician called to treat her.

The Andover Manufacturing Co. have their new mill up and boarded. This will be a good thing for the town, as they intend to manufacture some 1500 cords of birch annually, which will be shipped to Frye station.

Hay is high about here.

Young stock is low.

Good cows sell from $20 to $35.

Porter, French and Thurston each put crews into the woods this week. More lumbering is being done about here than for years.

BROWNFIELD.

Mr. H. B. Hartford of Standish was at J. L. Frink's office this week.

Mrs. Chadbourne is spending her vacation at West Fryeburg.

Many friends of Miss Patty Wentworth called on her Oct. 24th, it being her 98th birthday.

Mrs. Drusilla Chapman, who has been living in this village, has moved to East Brownfield.

Mr. J. Cousins is going to move into Mr. Frank Johnson's rent.

Mr. Fred Bradbury has bought of Mr. H. B. Hartford of Standish a house and lot at East Brownfield.

BYRON.

Mr. and Mrs. Jotham Shaw with their daughter Nellie, and her husband, R. E Taylor, of Bemis, are on a visit to A. W. Green, teacher in Quincy, Mass. They expect to be gone about two weeks.

Samuel Easter shot a small bear in the Bradeen orchard one day last week.

W. A. Knapp and wife visited friends in town recently.

Clifton Young, who has been at work on a farm in Turner, came home Thursday.

Geo. and James Taylor are on a visit with friends at Bridgton for a few days.

People are getting anxious for the steel bridge to be put on at Coos Canyon. It has been due for several weeks.

Crews are going up the Houghton stream for the winter's logging.

A great bird hunt between the sportsmen of Byron and Roxbury came off Saturday, with an oyster supper in the evening, given by the ladies' sewing circle.

NORTH ALBANY.

Messrs. Holt and Glines have been through here threshing grain this week.

Frank and Roscoe Emery have had some plastering done to their houses.

Mrs. Carrie Penley is at her parents' for a short visit.

Bryce Kimball and sons are cutting poplar for Richmond Wescott.

Mrs. Imogene Brown is at Newry with her sister, Mrs. Mary Cole, who is very sick.

Miss Mary Kimball took advantage of the excursion to visit friends in Massachusetts.

It seems quite late for berries, but Oct. 19 Robert Kimball picked some nice blueberries, and the 25th the writer saw some strawberry blossoms.

Ed McFee and wife are soon to move to the "Mills", where he expects to work for Kilborn & Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Cummings have moved on to the Hastings place, and two of their children attend school.

William Capen is at work for Martha Kimball for a few days. Guy Herrick is still at work there.

"What lovely weather!" is heard on all sides.

GREENWOOD.

Everybody will be glad to learn that Daniel Bryant has so far recovered from his fall, and his wife from her burn, that they started on a visit to their friends in New Gloucester and Freeport last Monday.

John Titus has engaged to cut and haul the spool wood, pulp wood and cord wood on the lot of land owned by Capt. Dearborn, and lying near Bryant's Pond on the Locke's Mills road.

The apple harvest is not yet ended. Evidently farmers are not so much in a hurry in that kind of work as they would be were there two or three times the money in every barrel.

A. S. Brooks' young folks had an old-fashioned apple bee last Saturday evening, and very pleasant was the occasion according to report.

The scourges of the black fly, horn fly, gad fly, bot fly and house fly are ended, or much abated for the present; but there is another kind to trouble us later on, and everybody will get a hint of what that is when they see the snow fly.

The Standard Storyteller of September comes to us well filled with interesting matter as usual. Alden Chase is still writing up the former noted men of Woodstock, and everything his pen produces has a sparkle of originality and is highly entertaining.

We are also indebted to some one for a late copy of the American Citizen. It handles Catholicism without gloves on, and continues to pour out its seven vials of wrath upon everything tinctured with that kind of blood.

Joseph Emmons is finishing his house, which he commenced several years ago at the City, and will soon move into it. His son, Walter Emmons, has bought the Benjamin Bacon farm, so called, situated near Albion Tubbs', and is repairing the house preparatory to moving into it. The farm has been vacated for a number of years.

Dannie Bryant has beat the neighborhood, thus far, in shooting game. He called at the Bennett place just now with a fox that he shot, while out hunting partridges, with a common shot gun.

PERU.

Percival Knight and wife held their reception on the evening of the 20th. About seventy of their friends met with them and passed a very pleasant evening. J. E. Conant introduced the newly wedded pair to their friends, who wished them a long and happy life. There was a nice treat of apples and candy. They were presented some very nice presents:

J. E. Conant and wife—Glass set.
Geo. and Dan Conant—Glass berry dish.
Daisy Conant—Cook basin.
Edna Rolfe—Pair towels.
Alice Hopkins—Pair towels.
Nelly Harriman—Pair towels.
Lydia J. Knight—Pair towels.
Mrs. Barrett—Pair towels.
Mrs. Cora Gammon—Tablecloth.
Ervin Kidder and wife—Pair blankets.
Mrs. Brown—$1.
Mrs. Hamilton—$1.
Elmer Brown—$1.
Mr. Hazelton and family—Fruit dish.
Mrs. D. Delano and family—Six gilt band tumblers.
J. M. Gammon and Mr. Len Davenport and wife—Glass set.
Mrs. Emily Turner—Vinegar cruet and syrup pitcher.
Mrs. W. H. Walker—Cheese plate.
Ervin Getchell—Silk handkerchief.
Mr. and Mrs. C. S Walker—Glass pitcher.
Mrs. Adella Harlow—Berry dish.
Miss Ada Gerrish—Two cake plates and rose mat.
Edith Knox—Cake plate.
Mrs. Sabra Robinson—Two bowls.
Iola and Alma Walker—Fruit plate.
Mrs. Partridge of Orland—One large and one dessert spoon.
Mrs. Lotta Partridge of Orland—Six silver teaspoons.
Dennis Harriman—Pickle dish.
Fred Newton and wife—Six silver teaspoons.
Sadie Kidder—Tidy.
Hattie Getchell—Picture throw.
Will Slom of South Gardiner—Six napkins.
Hiram Stillman and wife, O. C. Hopkins and wife, W. H. Bent and wife, Wilson Stillman and wife, Henry Robinson and wife, Alfred Walker and wife, P. G. Barrett and wife, Forest Bassett and wife, Stephen Getchell and wife, Howard Turner and wife, Mrs Emily Turner, Clarence and Ethel Robinson—One-half dozen silver-plated knives and forks and one bed spread.

Nelly Ames of Livermore is visiting at her uncle's, J. E. Conant's.

Clint Poland has returned from Boston, where he has been visiting.

Mrs. Eunice Poland has gone to Concord, Mass., to spend the winter with her son, Andrew.

EAST BETHEL.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Kimball have returned to Boston.

Mrs. K. B. Holt is visiting relatives in Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Farnum are working for Z. W. Bartlett.

Eugene Bean recently entertained his friends with an old-time husking.

Mrs. Etta Burgess has sold her farm in this place, and will soon move to Bethel village.

Mr. Perry Page is building a new house near Bean's ferry.

Mrs. D. B. Holt has returned home from a long visit to Greenville.

BETHEL.

A large number of our people left for Boston Monday.

Mr. Walter S. Chandler and family of Norway came to visit Mr. Chandler's parents Saturday week. Mrs. Chandler and children remained for a few weeks' visit while Mr. Chandler returned to his work.

Mr. Wilfred Bowler has purchased the studio he vacated last spring and has resumed his photographic business.

Clinton Barchard, who met with so serious an accident last Saturday, though critically ill, may recover.

Last Tuesday the W. C. T. U. held an interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. L. T. Barker. After adjournment light refreshments were served and an hour spent socially.

The Union has again been remembered by a gift of money by Mr. George H. Shirley who has always proved a true friend to the temperance cause.

Mrs. Wm. Rogers Chapman, accompanied by her father, Mr. Faulkner of Chicago, left Bethel Friday. Prof. and Mrs. Chapman have closed their summer home here for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henrich Myers have closed their summer home and will spend the winter in California.

Hon. Eben Kilborn has returned after several months of foreign travel.

Mr. Almon T. Rowe and family have closed their Bethel residence and returned to their home in Boston.

Mr. Daniel Hastings, recently returned from Ubet, Montana, is making extensive repairs upon his house.

Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, assisted by Mr. Rackliff, gave a delightful entertainment under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor. Friday evening they presented an entirely new program. Mr. and Mrs Pierce are both fine elocutionists and Mr. Rackliff rendered first class music with much taste and skill. It was a pleasing and wholesome entertainment.

Nov. 6 the Little Androscoggin Valley Sunday School Convention will open in the Congregational church with an address in the evening by Mr. Halliday.

Dr. Sturdivant has returned and opened his office on Main Street.

Miss L. C. Hall is in Keene, N. H., and Massachusetts visiting friends, and her sister, Miss S. L. Hall, has charge of the business.

Miss Burnham is prepared to serve the ladies of Bethel and vicinity in her millinery department, which is now well supplied with fall and winter styles, also her line of underclothing in linen and outing flannel has been replenished, and the ladies will do well to examine her stock of goods before purchasing elsewhere.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Mrs. Mary Wiley has gone to the state of New York to spend the winter.

A. M. Carter and B. W. Kimball hauled beets, turnips and potatoes to Bethel Hill last week for the Berlin Mills Co.

M. Charles Eames and wife and C. G. Kimball went on the excursion to Boston last Monday from this place.

Miss Maud Russell has given up school for the present on account of her eyes. Last week she kept house for Mrs. Hiram Bean of Bethel Hill.

HEBRON.

The students of the academy held their middle-term sociable Wednesday evening. It was said to be very interesting and entertaining.

The work on the new store is progressing rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Melcher of Deering are expected to spend Sunday, the 28th, here with their son, H. L. Melcher.

Your regular Hebron correspondent will be able hereafter to furnish the items for the Democrat readers.

WILSON'S MILLS.

E. H. Brooks has gone on a vacation trip. He will visit his sister, Mrs. Rule Holmes, in Vermont, and then go to Norway and Lewiston.

Rev. Mr. Gifford delivered his farewell sermon Oct. 14, and started for his home in Massachusetts Monday morning. He has been an earnest, honest worker for the Master among the people.

The Misses Minnie and Lena Olson have gone to Groveton on a visit, and will go from there to Portland.

Lewis Olson, who has been carrying the Parmacheenee mail the past season, came home Thursday.

Small jobbers, who haul from the public lot, are taking their supplies up the river. Among these are J. W. Buckman, Fred York and Edgar Bennett.

A. R. Pennock is going to Parmacheenee Lake to drive teams for the club through the winter.

Violets, strawberry blossoms, and once in a while ripe strawberries and raspberries Oct. 19th.

NORTH PARIS.

Elon and Edson Whitman have moved back to Woodstock on to their old farm, where they hire rent with E. H. Pike.

Farmers are drawing off their apples at 50 cents a barrel, which is 25 cents less than they should receive.

Eugene Hammond and John Brock are packing apples in this vicinity.

P. A. Crawford is drawing apples for B. K. Dow.

P. A. Crawford caught a coon in one of his traps last week, which weighed twenty-eight pounds, and dressed nineteen and one-half pounds.

Mrs. Cyrus Hazelton gave birth to a boy baby Oct. 22. Weight 10 1-2 pounds.

Phin Curtis has bought a horse of Charles Brett, also one of Charles Stevens, to work this winter.

C. B. Stevens and wife have gone to Vermont on a visit.

Mrs. Bartlett has moved to Dr. Andrews' at West Sumner.

G. R. Drake and wife of Massachusetts, with Mrs. Roscoe Tuell, visited at A. J. Abbott's last week. Mrs. Abbott's sister, Mrs. Carsley of Farmington, with her sister Ella, visited at her place last week.

LOVELL.

Linwood E. Harrison is at home on his vacation for two weeks.

Three deer were seen in the road above the village Friday morning. A half dozen men started for them with rifles and the rest of the people hid in cellars and out of the way places until the danger was over. We mean danger from the rifles not the deer.

Henry G. Walker and wife are visiting in Saco.

Elia Charles, Carrie Hubbard and Mrs. Abbott went on the excursion Monday to Boston.

Daniel McAllister and wife have been to Jackson, N. H., to attend the wedding of their son Adelbert.

Charles Chandler and wife are at home for a vacation from Rockland, Mass.

W. O. Brown says the greatest change in prices was the fall in canned fruit which happened in his cellar one night recently, when a shelf loaded with cans "went down with all on board."

OXFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Parrott of Portland were at George Parrott's last week.

Rev. Dr. Brooks of Paris preached at the Congregational church Sunday and Rev. Mr. Buchanan and Mrs. Buchanan were taken into the church.

The Quarterly Conference of the M. E. church was held here Wednesday.

Mrs. Celia Thomas, wife of Robert Thomas, of East Oxford, died Oct. 17th. She had a shock and did not recover consciousness. Her funeral was held on Friday, Rev. Mr. Buchanan officiating.

The Pierce family gave an entertainment at Robinson Hall Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E.

A supper and entertainment at the M. E. vestry Wednesday evening, the proceeds to help defray the expense of repairing the vestry.

Born, Oct. 19th, to the wife of Felice Lessu, a daughter.

SUMNER HILL.

Three-hour Circle at Mrs. Nellie Bisbee's last Wednesday.

Mrs. S. G. Barrett has been to Portland on a two weeks' visit.

James Heald lost one of his cows last week.

Fred Barrett of Portland visited in the place last week.

Mrs. Stowe has bought a stand on Paris Hill.

Mrs. Gilman Cushman's health is very poor. Her son, Dr. Will Cushman, visited her recently.

A Miss Kimball of South Woodstock is at work for Mrs. Emma Barrett.

BUCKFIELD.

A. W. Libby, marble and granite worker, was the successful bidder on the stone work for the foundation of the new library building, and is getting out the stone at his granite quarry at East Buckfield.

The Methodist church is receiving a coat of paint.

N. E. Morrill and wife, Mrs. J. A. Rawson, Mrs. I. W. Shaw and Mrs. Asa Atwood went to Boston on this week's excursion.

Robinson Dean is dangerously ill at his residence at this writing. Dr. Sturgis of Lewiston has been called in consultation with Dr. Caldwell, his family physician.

E. G. Cole attended the undertakers' convention at Augusta this week.

Nathan Caldwell of Vermont is visiting his uncle, Dr. J. C. Caldwell.

Horace Murch has moved from the Baptist parsonage to I. W. Shaw's tenement on Water Street.

Rev. B. F. Turner will begin his pastorate with the Baptist church Sunday, Nov. 4. On and after that date the services will commence at 10:30 A. M., instead of 11 o'clock. The following from the Norridgewock Gazette speaks for itself:

Rev. B. F. Turner of the Baptist church tendered his resignation Sunday morning to take effect the 28th of this month. He will commence his labors in his new field at Buckfield the first of next month. The matter was a painful surprise to his congregation here, most of them having had no previous intimation of their pastor's intentions. In fact Mr. Turner himself only had short notice and only came to the facts during the week preceding. There is a universal lament among the people, and it is seldom indeed that a pastor has the opportunity of leaving a town and have nearly every individual feel that a personal friend has moved away as is the case in this instance. Mr. and Mrs. Turner and family came here five years ago this fall and entered heartily into the work before them, and never during the time have shirked a responsibility. The financial condition of the church has also been kept in a business-like way and considerable repairing done, all of which work the pastor has made himself personally interested in. His new field will be near Hebron, where his daughter Maud is attending school, so that the family can remain united.

MEXICO.

Mrs. F. P. and Mrs. Millie Gleason have returned from an extended visit to Massachusetts.

Frank Parson and wife have been visiting Mrs. Parson's mother, Mrs. J. T. Hall.

Allen Flanders and wife from Boston were here last week. Mrs. Flanders before her marriage was Lula Newton of Buckfield.

One of H. T. Richards' work horses died Sunday morning after only a few hours' illness.

Burchard Whitman is driving one of L. H. Reed's spans at Rumford Falls.

Elwin H. Gleason is building quite a large house near the John O. Kidder stand.

Nelson Bushley is building a house on land purchased of G. H. Gleason and C. M. Kimball at the intersection of the Swift River bridge road with the road leading to Roxbury.

A. J. Marsh has erected a double tenement house on the Jack McLean lot, a very nice large one. Both tenements were engaged long before the house was completed.

Owen Smith from Andover has hired the Robert Reed house which H. A. Day is going to vacate this week.

Adelbert Kidder from Hartford is going to move into the house he owns on River Street, as soon as he votes (in Hartford) for McKinley, determined that his vote and that of his adult son shall count. What's the matter with Adelbert?

Eugene Dorr is spending his vacation here, intending to remain two weeks longer before returning to South Paris.

Herbert Corkum has sold his livery business to a brother and has purchased Mrs. Jennie Richards' half of the Benj. Storer farm.

Recent deaths of my old acquantances: Mrs. Edwin Barrett of Mexico, Martha, wife of Hosea B. Whitman of Mexico, Newell M. Lufkin of Rumford, Mrs. Mary Kimball of Dixfield, widow of John Wesley Kimball, formerly of Mexico, and Luther H. Ludden of Dixfield.

Samuel Hill Raymond and Henry Raymond from Upton visited here last week.

Elisha R. Harrington, who has been kept in doors for many weeks suffering from a wound received in the Rebellion, has so far recovered as to ride from his home to this village and Dixfield.

Charles Morrison of Fryeburg is visiting his son Charles, who, with his family live in the Bennett house.

Isaac Quigley and Daniel Shea left here last Thursday for Michigan, where they are to "boss" rooms in a sulphite mill, now under the management of manager of work at Rumford Falls.

Hon. W. W. Bolster from Auburn was at L. H. Reed's two or three days last week.

WEST PERU.

B. S. Austin and wife moved on to their farm last week. Mr. Austin intends to build a new house and barn next spring.

Harrison Burgess dislocated his shoulder last week. He was driving along in the road when the kingbolt to his wagon broke throwing him out.

Chas. Demeritt was in town last week.

Alton Brackett and family of Lewiston made a flying visit here last week.

J. A. Arnold, Jr., is attending high school at Rumford Falls.

DICKVALE.

W. H. Ames of Portland is building a mill near Speckled Mountain where he will put in steam power to saw the hard wood lumber on the Lovejoy lots.

T. A. Wyman has a crew yarding timber on Black Mountain.

Cuvier Putnam, who was at first thought to be sick with measles, proved only to have a painful sore in his head, which was bad enough.

D. C. Chenery found a Mayflower in blossom Oct. 24th.

HIRAM.

Mr. Allen M. Pierce of Somerville, Mass., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Pierce, Friday.

Rev. J. G. W. Herold is considering a call to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Cornish.

Mr. Alonzo Martin of Cumberland Mills was in town this week.

Hon. Peter B. Young is in poor health.

Mrs. Robert Troup of New York city, who has boarded at Eli C. Wadsworth's several months, went home Friday.

The whooping cough is prevalent in Hiram.

Dr. E. R. Chellis reports a case of typhoid fever at Benjamin Gilpatrick's in South Hiram.

Winfield S. Hutchins is removing from the Col. Twitchell farm to Hiram village.

Frank W. Gould is sick in bed and failing.

Thermometer Oct. 18th 10 above zero. Oct. 24th 77 above zero.

Hiram post office is now located at the house of Miss Hannah E. Bucknell.

Foster Edwards of East Vassalboro had the escape of his life one day recently. He was hunting for the two deer that have been seen in that locality. It chanced that Charlie Cross and Wilmer Pelton, two young men, were out hunting, too. While skirting Pettee's Pond Edwards heard a rustling that attracted his attention and stopped for a moment. Almost immediately there were the reports of two rifles. One bullet passed through the campaign hat that Edwards was wearing. The other went so close to the back of his neck that he felt the sting of it. He dropped, and at the same time yelled like a loon. The two boys were very much frightened, but approached Mr. Edwards and talked the matter over with him. He gave them some instructions as to how a real deer looked and allowed them to go.

Three men were injured Tuesday while blasting rocks on the farm of William Ellis near Fairfield Centre. The men are Robert Smith, Hiram Welch and John Corcoran. One heavy blast did not explode. After the men had waited for a time they advanced to the ledge and Corcoran started to pull out the fuse. Immediately the charge exploded. Corcoran was blown for some distance. His shoulder was broken and his face was filled with powder. He was also badly shaken up. He is in danger of succumbing to the shock. Welch got the full force of the charge in the side. Some of his ribs were crushed in and his face and body were driven full of powder flakes. It is not expected that he will survive. Smith's arm was broken, and he was badly bruised by the flying debris.

MAINE NEWS NOTES.

About fifty undertakers met at the state house Wednesday and organized the Maine Undertakers' Association, for mutual interest.

Information has been received at Ellsworth of the drowning of Henry Nevils and a companion named Hutchinson at Merchants Island, a few miles off the coast, a few days ago. The men belonged in Stonington, Maine. The boat capsized in a squall, and they were unable to reach land.

Some two weeks since Martin O'Donnell, a young man of 21, was brutally assaulted on Franklin Street, Portland, about 10 o'clock in the evening. Other parties relate seeing him in an altercation with two hoboes, but the man himself has no recollection of anything except feeling a blow from behind, from which he became unconscious. It is thought O'Donnell will die. The affair was not reported to the police, but became known to them several days after in a roundabout way, and there is more or less mystery surrounding it.

The third serious shooting accident of the season occurred on Sunday, the 21st. Harry C. Hilliker, a restaurant keeper of Lowell, Mass., was shot and badly wounded at the Rogers farm, on the East Branch of the Penobscot between Patten and Mt. Katahdin, by his companion, Joseph Hubert of Augusta, Maine. The men were moving through an alder swamp after moose when Hubert, who was walking behind Hilliker, caught his rifle in a bush. The hammer was pulled back and snapped, exploding the cartridge. The bullet entered Hilliker's back near the base of the spine and passing through the abdominal cavity left the body through the front. He is thought to have a very slight chance of recovery.

Hon. S. A. Bickford of East Orange, N. J., was brought to North Anson Wednesday suffering from a fractured right leg and badly sprained wrist. Mr. Bickford was hunting in the vicinity of the Chain-of-Ponds when he fell over a precipice and received the injuries named. He was accompanied by Guide Joe Green of Eustis, who brought the injured man out of the woods on his shoulders. From the place of accident to camp was six miles. After reaching the camp late in the evening Green found some long shingles and extemporized a splint for the broken leg. The next morning Green again shouldered his patient and carried him nine miles more to another camp, where there was a team and a wagon road. Bickford weighs about 185 pounds.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION IN 1901.

The ends of the earth will be laid under tribute for the 1901 volume of The Youth's Companion. Statesmen, Diplomats, Travelers, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Cow-Punchers and Self-Made Men and Women of Many Vocations will contribute to the entertainment of young and old in Companion homes. Theodore Roosevelt will write upon "The Essence of Heroism." The Secretary of the Treasury will answer the question, "What is Money?" Frank T. Bullen, the old sailor who spins fascinating yarns of life at sea, will contribute a story. W. D. Howells will describe the relations between "Young Contributors and Editors." Paul Leicester Ford will write about "The Man of the Dictionary"—Noah Webster. There is not space here to begin to tell of the good things already provided for readers of the new volume of The Youth's Companion—interesting, instructive, inspiring—from the pens of famous men and women.

Illustrated Announcement of the 1901 volume and sample copies of the paper sent free to any address.

All new subscribers who send in their subscriptions now will receive not only the 52 issues of The Companion for 1901, but also all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1900 free from the time of subscription, besides the beautiful "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901, lithographed in 12 colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Boston, Mass.

GOVERNOR'S NOMINATIONS.

The list of nominations made last week by Governor Powers does not include the judge of the Supreme Court or the railroad commissioner. Nominations of interest in this section are:

Inland Fish and Game Warden—Herbert L. DeCoster, Hartford.

Notaries Public—Aretas E. Stearns, Rumford; Arthur E. Morrison, Rumford.

Justices of the Peace and Quorum—Samuel P. Cushman, Hebron; J. Lyman Ripley, Andover; Elwin H. Gleason, Rumford.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DAVID CITY, NEB., April 1, 1900.
*Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy,

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing Oct. 7, 1900, at 8 o'clock, A. M.

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down—6:03 A. M., 9:28 A. M., 4:20 P. M.
Going up—9:53 A. M., 3:38 P. M., 7:38 P. M.

The 6:03 A. M. train down and 7:38 P. M. train up, daily, Sundays included.

Sunday paper train arrives 9:16 A. M.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church. Rev. W. E. Brooks, D. D., pastor. Preaching services, 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sunday School 12 M.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 P. M.; Church prayer meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All, not otherwise connected, are cordially invited.

Methodist Church, Rev. A. W. Pottle, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayer meeting, 9:30 A. M.; preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting, 6:15 P. M.; evening prayer meeting 7 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening; class meeting, Friday evening.

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

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Paris Lodge, No. 94. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

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

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 30, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets first Thursday and third Saturday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall.

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

P. of H.—Paris Grange, from May 1 to Oct. 1, meets second and fourth Saturday; during the remainder of the year, meets every Saturday, in Grange Hall.

U. O. G. C.—Second and fourth Mondays of each month.

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

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

Election next week.

Mrs. William H. Blake is visiting her son in Beverly, Mass.

Miss Mattie Richards is visiting friends in Boston for a few weeks.

Cecil A. True's Big Specialty Co. played in New Hall Tuesday evening.

William J. Wheeler purchased a promising and well bred young horse from Ellis Whitman of Buckfield last week.

Albert D. Park and wife visited at East Sumner last week, and Mr. Park went from that place to Dixfield to attend an auction.

Mrs. Ellen C. Brown and her daughter, Mrs. Susie E. Gooding, of Yarmouth, came to town Thursday and are the guests of Mrs. Stowe.

Miss Catherine G. Briggs left Monday morning for the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston, to take a course of training for a nurse.

George F. Stearns of Atlanta, Ga., who has spent the summer with his sister at Melrose, Mass., is visiting his relatives in town for a short time.

Mrs. Newell Cook received from her sister, Mrs. Durkee of Bethel, an apple which measures thirteen inches one way and twelve and a half the other.

Howard Wheeler was at home a few days last week, to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Alice M. Wheeler. He is now stationed at Burlington, Vt.

Mt. Pleasant Rebekah Lodge has declined the invitation to visit Fidelity Lodge of Lewiston, not being able to obtain satisfactory rates on the railroad.

Mrs. T. S. Barnes entertained the members of the Christian Endeavor Society at her home Friday evening. Progressive angling was the evening's diversion.

Mrs. Mary Gardner Hobart of Chicago, who has been spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Gardner, at Mechanic Falls, was in town one day last week calling on her South Paris friends.

The cider mill continues to receive apples faster than they can be converted into juice and pomace. Several cords of apples in sacks are stacked outside the building, and the pile grows instead of diminishing.

A sociable attended by some of the scholars and other young people, and managed by Henry Merrill and Donald Bean, was held in Golden Cross Hall Friday evening. Music for the games was furnished by Dean's Orchestra.

The Tribou case tried at Ellsworth, as noted last week, was decided by the jury in favor of the plaintiff, they finding that Capt. Tribou did use undue influence and restraint to compel Miss Tribou to sign the papers in question. It is said by those best acquainted with the situation that this will not by any means be the end of the matter.

A change has been made in the list of lectures for the People's Popular Course, so that the second lecture will be given by Rev. C. W. Bradlee of Biddeford in place of Rev. A. S. Ladd, D. D., who will come at one of the later dates. Rev. Mr. Bradlee's subject is "Punctual People," and the lecture will be given this Monday evening at the Methodist church, at 8 o'clock.

H. G. Fletcher has had so good success in handling the fast pacer, Chas. M., that the breeder of that horse, Geo. Burnham, Jr., of Portland, has sent to Mr. Fletcher another very handsome colt having thesame dam as Chas. M., and sired by Larrabee. It is understood that Mr. Burnham has given Mr. Fletcher a large interest in this colt for the handling. The colt is certainly in good hands, and if there's any "go" in him Herbert will develop it.

Rev. C. C. Phelan of Lewiston opened the People's Popular Course last Monday evening with his lecture on the "Value of American Patriotism" at the Methodist church. Mr. Phelan is a very interesting speaker, and held his audience for nearly two hours. Some came away with the impression that he is a radical Republican and anti-Catholic, though he took pains to guard against the formation of such an idea; but whatever his views may be, he is without question a thorough believer in sincere patriotism as a duty.

On a shelf in Fletcher's barber shop there has been lying for the past few days a big Alexander apple, and beside it an apple of another variety and comparatively small. Of course there is a considerable difference in the size of the apples, and customers have been amusing themselves and others by estimating the circumference of the two specimens. The star guesses to date are those of two business men of the square, one of whom set the small one at 4 inches and the large one at 17, while the other placed the figures at 5 and 20 inches. The apples measure 8 and 13 1-2 inches respectively.

Harry T. Jordan, formerly of this place, son of Mrs. H. N. Bolster, has recently received a good offer, which he has accepted, to become the manager of B. F. Keith's new theatre, now being erected in Philadelphia. Mr. Jordan is a graduate of Colby in the class of '93. During his college years he was at Poland Spring through the summer months, and published the Poland Spring paper called the Hilltop. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Mr. Keith. For several years he has been clerk at the Raleigh, Washington, D. C. He will take charge of the new theatre as soon as it is completed. Mr. Jordan has many friends here who are glad to see him prosper.

Reference has previously been made to the return of Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Manley to their missionary work in India. From letters and programmes received by Mrs. Manley's father, C. Freeland Penley of this place, it is learned that there were in the party which sailed from Boston thirty missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union, part of whom were returning, and the rest going out for the first time, to stations in China, India and Burma. Farewell services were held in honor of the departing missionaries, beginning on Sunday afternoon, Oct 7, and extending through the next two days, and on Wednesday, when the party sailed, there was a throng at the wharf to see them off. They sailed on the steamer Winifredian for England, and expected to be about seven weeks in reaching their stations. Mr. and Mrs. Manley return to Kurnool, India.

T. R. Day of Bryant's Pond was in town Saturday.

Dr. C. L. Buck is putting electric lights into his dental rooms.

Miss Eva B. Montgomery of Portland is a guest at Nelson G. Elder's.

Presiding Elder Ladd preached at the Methodist church Sunday morning.

Miss Anna Mason of Auburn is visiting her parents, Emery W. Mason and wife.

Elisha Gilman of Boston has been a guest of Emery W. Mason for a few days.

Edgar H. Brooks of Wilson's Mills has been visiting at W. H. Stiles' for a few days.

The farmers will be paid for their sweet corn this week at the office of A. W. Walker & Son.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Oct. 29:

Mrs. Jenelle Pinkham.

The Relief Corps meeting this week will be held Wednesday evening instead of Thursday evening.

The Relief Corps will have a supper next Saturday, Nov. 3, at 6 o'clock. An apron sale after supper. All invited.

Almon Churchill has bought the Bonney place on Hill Street, now occupied by N. F. Strickland, but will not move there until spring.

Charles G. Andrews is out with one arm strapped down, as the result of a fall from the top of a barrel, in which he broke one rib, several days since.

W. W. Payne, formerly of Wilton, moved his family to South Paris last week. Mr. Payne enters the employ of the Paris Manufacturing Company.

Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Buck wish to express their gratitude to their friends who assisted them in the time of their recent trouble and bereavement, also to those who furnished flowers.

Pythian Block is about all plastered, but the mortar ran out, and a wait of a few days is now being made for more lime to season. The builders still have a good margin on their contract time.

The former pupils of Mrs. Harry A. Morton, to the number of about forty, gave her a surprise party Saturday afternoon, and left her some gifts as tokens of their good will. They were entertained with games in the park.

The South Paris High School football team went to Bethel Saturday, met the Gould Academy team, and were defeated, 16 to 0. Our boys are said to be considerably in need of team practice, but the Gould team is considerably heavier than South Paris. A return game will be played here next Saturday afternoon, and it promises to be a good game.

B. P. Adkins has secured a position in Hopedale, Mass., and intends to move his family there soon. On account of the removal Mr. Adkins will sell his household goods, carriages, hay, farming tools, and many other articles including an incubator and a full set of blacksmith tools by public auction at his residence on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, at 9 o'clock A. M. Mr. Adkins has been employed by the Paris Manufacturing Company for about eighteen years, and now takes a position in a factory for the manufacture of cotton machinery.

As announced last week, Professor L. C. Bateman of Auburn addressed the members of Paris Grange and friends of the order at an open meeting Saturday afternoon. His subject was "The Lost Arts," and for an hour and a half he held the close attention of his audience. Professor Bateman has traveled extensively, not only in America, but in Europe, Asia and Africa, and has had great opportunities of seeing the products of those lost arts of which he speaks. He is, as is well known, a ready and eloquent speaker, with a good command of language and a style of delivery at once easy and impressive. He is sometimes rather extravagant in expression, but withal very entertaining and instructive.

BISCOE DISTRICT.

Ray Farrar is working for A. J. Penley.

W. F. Foster has gone to work in Auburn.

A. H. Andrews has been visiting in this vicinity.

C. R. Penley has been to Rumford buying cows.

Frank Barrett was recently through here looking after apples.

Mrs. A. J. Penley has returned from a week's visit in Waterford.

Mrs. Lena Perham from Massachusetts has visited her cousin, Mrs. Crockett.

J. Nichols, who fell out of an apple tree and started his ribs, is now better.

Fred Farrar recently swapped horses with Geo. Robinson. Mr. Farrar has been nearly blind, and suffered severely with his eyes and head, but is now somewhat better.

STEARNS—WHEELER.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Wheeler at South Paris, was the scene of a very pretty home wedding last Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Alice Marian, was united in marriage with Mr. Albert John Stearns of Norway.

The parlors, dining room and hall had been handsomely decorated for the occasion with evergreen, autumn leaves, palms, ferns and other plants, roses and chrysanthemums. The decorating was done by Rosk, the Auburn florist, and was very effective and beautiful.

At 8 o'clock Mrs. Cora S. Briggs played Mendelssohn's Wedding March on the piano, and the bridal party entered, led by the ring bearers, Donald S. Bartlett and Frances E. Bartlett, nephew and niece of the groom, and took their position under an arch of asparagus fern, in the large bow window.

The marriage ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. W. E. Brooks, D. D. The double ring service was used, and the bride was given away by her father.

The bride was charmingly attired in white crepe de chine trimmed with lace, and carried white roses and maidenhair fern. Miss Susie M. Wheeler, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She was gowned in white muslin and carried pink chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid, Miss Florence Merritt of Worcester, Mass., cousin of the bride, was in pink silk and carried white chrysanthemums. Ralph T. Parker of Rumford Falls was best man.

Besides a small party of relatives of the bride and groom, there were present only a few intimate friends of the bride—Misses Olive Stuart, Mertie Maxim, Alice Greene and Eva Walker of South Paris, and Miss Margaret A. Baker of Norway.

After the ceremony refreshments were served by the young lady friends named above.

The happy couple left on the early train Thursday morning for a tour of about two weeks, during which they will visit Boston, Worcester, Washington and other places. After their return, they will reside in a house which has been fitted up for them on Orchard Street, Norway, and will be at home to their friends there after Dec. 1st.

The wedding gifts received were numerous and valuable.

The groom is the son of Hon. and Mrs. Joseph F. Stearns of Lovell, is now in the practice of law at Norway, and is recognized as one destined to rise in his profession. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Wheeler of South Paris, and is a graduate of South Paris High School in the class of '94. Both come of families prominent in the business and political affairs of town and county, and are worthy representatives of those families, both highly esteemed. They start out in life with the sincere good wishes of a large circle of friends.

Relatives from away who were in attendance, besides those mentioned above, were Mrs. S. L. Knox of Hartford, Ct., aunt of the bride; Misses Georgie and Laura Dean of Buckfield, her cousins; Hon. and Mrs. Joseph F. Stearns of Lovell, parents of the groom; Mrs. Charles Bartlett of Stoneham, his sister, with her little daughter; Mrs. McKeen of Haverhill, Mass., his aunt; Fred O. Stearns of Rumford Falls, his cousin.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The annual union Sunday School convention of Oxford County Sunday School Association will be held in the Congregational church of Bethel Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 6 and 7, 1900, beginning Tuesday evening, the 6th, at 7:30. The purpose is to make this one of the best conventions, if not the best, ever held under the auspices of the association. Mr. I. N. Halliday, the state field worker, fresh from the inspiration of the state convention, will be present to give impetus and power to the meeting. Other able and experienced workers are assigned to themes of supreme importance; and to give a double assurance of a successful meeting Rev. Dr. Smith Baker, state president, will give the closing address on Wednesday evening, his theme being "The Teacher and His Book."

The following programme has been rent out:

TUESDAY EVENING.

7:30. Song and Prayer Service, conducted by Rev. Arthur Varley, Bethel.
8:00. Address—The Real Mission of the American Bible School. Mr. I. N. Halliday, State Field Worker.
9:00. Announcements and a Thank-offering for the State work.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

10:00. Devotional Services, led by Rev. W. B. Kittredge, Bethel.
10:20. Appointment of Committees and Business.
10:30. Address—Encouragement to Better Things, Mr. I. N. Halliday.
11:00. Paper—Unsolved Problems in Sunday School work, with Suggestions, Mr. W. H. Eastman. Discussion.
11:30. Report of County Secretary, Mr. C. E. Tolman.
12:00. Partaking of the love-provided bounties of the good ladies of Bethel.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

1:30. Service of Song and Light Seeking.
1:45. Report of committees and election of officers.
2:00. Teachers' Meetings, Their Importance, How Secured and Conducted, Rev. A. W. Pottle, South Paris. Questions and answers.
2:30. Address—Great Points in Good Teaching, Mr. I. N. Halliday.
3:00. Primary Department and How to Teach Young Children, Mrs. Angie R. Brooks, South Paris. Discussion.
3:40. Round Table—The Home Department, Conducted by Mr. I. N. Halliday.
4:20. Questions propounded by all and answered by Mr. I. N. Halliday.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

5:00. Fellowship of Love and the Inner Man Supplied.
7:30. Song Service, under direction of the Choir of the Bethel Congregational Church.
7:50. Report of Committee on Resolutions and a Thank-offering for County work.
8:00. Address—The Teacher and His Book, Rev. Smith Baker, D. D. Closing Song, "God be with you till we meet again." Benediction.

HARVEST SUPPER.

The ladies of the South Paris Congregational Church are planning to outdo themselves. This seems impossible, at least to me, but such is evidently the case. For years they have provided harvest suppers. They have been delicious, going to the right spot. It is hardly conceivable that they could be better, but their spirit seems to say: "We have never done so well that we could not do better." They have provided substantials in the past. They are going to do the same this year. They have tickled the palate with pie and cake of well-nigh every variety, there will be no failure in this direction, in fact, it is quietly understood, owing to the craving of one of the pastors, not belonging to the Baptist or Methodist denomination, that there will be an unusually large supply of *cream* pies. It is hardly worth while to speak of fragrant coffee and cream, and many other delicacies as doughnuts and cheese, etc., etc. And this does not complete the list of good things, nor do they stop at reaching the heart through the inner man. There is to be music and singing. McArdle's Orchestra will be present to add to the joyful festivities of the hour, while recitations and readings, and there is no knowing how much else, will round out and complete the pleasures of the hour.

On what evening is this feast of good things to be held? Thursday evening, Nov. 1, 1900. Supper at 6:30. Where? In the vestry of the Congregational church. Who are invited? All the hungry, all who would spend a delightful evening at a nominal cost. To all such the invitation is, Come.

STATE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AND WINTER MEETING TO BE HELD AT NORWAY.

The annual exhibition and winter meeting of the Maine State Pomological Society will be held at the Opera House, Norway, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 13 and 14. Quite a lengthy list of large premiums is offered for fruit and flowers. For the best general exhibition of apples grown by the exhibitor in any part of the state the premiums are $10, $6 and $4. For the best general exhibition of apples grown by the exhibitor in any county of the state, the premiums are $6 and $3 for each county. For single plates of specimens, the premiums on several of the best known standard varieties of apples are $3 and $2, and on others $1 and 50 cents. Pear premiums are $1 and 50 cents. Then there are numerous premiums on canned fruits, preserves and jellies, honey, maple syrup, plants, flowers, etc.

All entries must be made to the secretary on or before 12 o'clock A. M., and all fruit must be in place before 1 o'clock P. M., Nov. 13.

Charles S. Pope of Manchester is secretary of the society. Entries may be made to him at that place until Nov. 10, and after that date at Norway.

The public are cordially invited to attend the meetings, and all fruit growers and florists in the state are urged to send in exhibits and compete for the premiums.

For full premium list and particulars address the secretary, Charles S. Pope, Manchester, Maine.

TEACHERS' LECTURES.

A course of lectures especially designed for the benefit of teachers, is to be given at Norway and South Paris by members of the Bowdoin College faculty. The first will be given at the high school room, Norway, Wednesday evening, Oct. 31st, at 7 o'clock, by Professor W. B. Mitchell. Subject, "The Teaching of English Composition." Admission is free to everybody. If the lectures are well patronized, a number will be given, and they will probably be alternated between Norway and South Paris.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., now the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world, have received a gold medal from the Paris Exposition of this year. In view of the many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their goods which have recently been put upon the market, they find it necessary to caution consumers against these attempts to deceive, and to ask them to examine every package they purchase and make sure that it bears the well-known trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," and the full name and place of manufacture—Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

PENSION MATTERS.

Reissue and increase, $8 per month, has been granted to Daniel J. Fox, Kezar Falls.

Samuel B. Nash, North Waterford, has received an increase to $8 per month.

The Chinese ask "how is your liver?" instead of "how do you do?" for when the liver is active the health is good. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are famous little pills for the liver and bowels. F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris, Williamson & Kimball.

On Loud's Island off Lincoln County a man is grumbling because he has been obliged to move to the mainland to get schooling privileges for his children. The Rockland Opinion says that some sort of state aid ought to be extended to Loud's Island for the support of its school. But Loud's Island has never paid the state or county tax and has been priding itself on the fact that it is a Noman's land and is able to go it alone.

Small in size and great in results are De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills that cleanse the liver and bowels. They do not gripe. F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris, Williamson & Kimball.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

Second Congregational Church, Rev. B. S. Rideout, Pastor. Preaching service Sunday, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Men's Prayer Meeting at 6:30; Social Meeting, 7:15 P. M.; regular weekly Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening; Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting Friday evening 7:30.

Universalist Church, Rev. Caroline E. Angell, Pastor. Preaching service on Sunday, at 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12 M.; Y. P. C. U. meeting, 7:00 P. M.

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

Baptist Church. Rev. J. A. Harding, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M. Prayer Meeting Sunday evening 7 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Friday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Royal Arch Chapter, No. 29, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, after full moon. Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, Wednesday evening after full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Norway Lodge.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wildey Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 56, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block every Thursday Evening. U. R. A. O. Noyes Division, No. 12, meets third Friday of each month. Lake Assembly, No. 33, P. S., second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

P. of H.—Norway Grange meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month at Grange Hall.

G. A. R.—Harry Rust Post, No. 54, meets in New G. A. R. Hall on the first Tuesday Evening of each month.

W. R. C.—Meets in New G. A. R. Hall, Monday evening.

N. E. O. P.—Lakeside Lodge, No. 177, meets in New G. A. R. Hall, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

O. U. A. M.—Norway and South Paris Council, No. 10, meets at G. A. R. Hall every Tuesday evening.

U. O. P. F.—Elm Tree Colony, No. 198, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.

U. O. G. C.—Norway Commandery, No. 247, meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.

By vote of the town all taxes for 1900 become due on the 15th of November with interest at six per cent thereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stearns will occupy the Clement place on Orchard Street.

Mrs. Sarah A. Marston will board with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bacon on Whitman Street during the winter months.

John M. Frank and Wm. Bolton are at work for E. F. Smith laying a sidewalk and grading the yard.

Vivian W. Hills was in Boston during the week on a business trip.

Frank H. Beck and Annie E. Jordan were married at the Universalist parsonage Monday, Oct. 22d. They left for Boston on their wedding tour. Mr. Beck is engaged in trade in Noyes Block. The young people are held in high esteem by all, who wish them a long, prosperous and happy life. They will board with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Jordan, on Whitman Street.

The Browning Reading Club will hold its next meeting with Mrs. Lena Andrews, on Paris Street, Monday evening, Oct. 29th, at 7:30 o'clock.

It is reported that the brick block built by Cyrus S. Tucker on Main Street, was sold by the executrices of his estate Thursday for $3,000 and the widow's rights in the property. It was sold to his sister, Mrs. M. A. Oxnard.

E. C. Winslow is clerking for J. O. Crooker. Mr. Winslow was with C. F. Ridlon for a long time.

The Ladies' Social Circle gave an entertainment at the vestry of the Congregational church Monday evening. It was a "Comedy Duo" in which Harry Raymond and Zulette Spencer Pierce presented in costume impersonations of Richard Carville, etc.

George H. Bennett has put water into his residence on Whitman Street from the Cummings spring.

The Maine Pomological Society, at its meeting at the Opera House in this place Nov. 13 and 14, Tuesday and Wednesday, will offer between four and five hundred dollars in premiums.

There will be a church rally and "roll call" at the M. E. church Monday afternoon and evening, Oct. 29th. The afternoon service will commence at 2:30 o'clock and the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Both are public.

Wallace Sheen will enjoy the month of November in Albany looking up game and having a general good time.

E. C. Thompson and J. P. Edwards have returned from their Dead River hunting trip. They captured quite an amount of game.

J. H. Jewett has returned from Rumford Falls, where he has been at work for some time past.

The Alabama Troubadours will show at the Opera House on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30.

Roy Jordan is clerking for Frank H. Beck this week.

Quin Pratt is suffering from an injury received while at work for the G. T. R. R. His foot was badly jammed by a stick of timber.

The Rowe-King Stock Company at the Opera House, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was a success. They played For Liberty and Love, Quo Vadis, and a Free Born American.

The W. C. T. U. will hold their annual benefit supper and entertainment at Concert Hall Thursday evening, Nov. 1st. It is hoped that all will attend for the money goes for the best of purposes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Williamson were in Boston during the week on a pleasure and business trip.

Arthur Hebbard accompanied the members of Kora Temple of Lewiston to Providence, R. I., Thursday. He returns Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Barnes moved into their new home on Pleasant Street last week. It will be remembered that Mr. Barnes bought the J. E. Long place some time since.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Allen of Mattapoisett, Mass., are visiting at F. A. Danforth's.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Pike have taken rooms over the cottage studio on Cottage Street, having moved from the Porter house.

Horace Cole, after a long sickness, died at his residence on Oak Avenue Friday evening, Oct. 26th. He was born in Norway, Oct. 4th, 1840. He first married Alice E. Denison of Norway by whom he had three children, all of whom survive him, Edward D., Herbert D., and Annie May Cole. For his second wife he married Mary Knightly who survives him. He served several years in the civil war in the navy and later as a musician in the infantry service. For more than a quarter of a century he was engaged in business as jeweler and watchmaker in Noyes Block on Main Street. He was a member of Norway Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., Harry Rust Post, No. 54, G. A. R., and greatly interested in the Universalist church, and in politics a Republican. The funeral services were held Sunday at 2 P. M. and interment in Pine Grove cemetery.

Postmaster Stiles is thoroughly interested in the Rural Free Delivery System and after a careful consideration of the town's best interests has started a petition to have the same established in Norway. One route has already been mapped out, and the movement will probably result in the laying out of two or more in town. This system has met with unbounded approval wherever it has been instituted, for it gives to the farmers every advantage now enjoyed by residents of villages and cities, besides increasing the value of their farms. The petition without doubt will be supported by our congressman so that there will be no delay at Washington. It is understood not to be the intention of the department to discontinue the smaller post offices as many suppose, but the object is to give the people additional postal facilities to those they now enjoy.

The second fatal accidental shooting of the game season in the Maine woods occurred at Nahmakanta, Thursday, the 18th, when W. L. Pond of Torringford, Conn., was killed by his companion, Wiley M. Latimer of Torringford, who mistook him for a deer. He died almost instantly. They were hunting a little way apart, and Pond made a rustling noise among the bushes. Latimer heard the noise, and, thinking it was made by a deer, fired, without stopping to investigate, in the direction of the bushes. A cry of pain followed the shot and Latimer rushed to the spot to find his companion just about to expire. In a minute Pond was dead. The bullet passed through his body. Pond was about 40 years of age, and was engaged in the grocery business in Torringford. He leaves a wife and four children. He had been coming to Maine regularly for several years.

Game receipts at Bangor are increasing somewhat, though not yet up to the same period of last year's shooting season.

BORN.

In North Paris, Oct. 22, to the wife of Cyrus Hazelton, a son.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 16, to the wife of Lewis Glover, a daughter.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 25, to the wife of Henry Dupil, a son.

In Dixfield, Oct. 9, to the wife of Fred Hawkes, a son.

In Dixfield, Oct. 20, to the wife of Geo. Jones, a daughter.

In East Hiram, Oct. 18, to the wife of Eleazer Flint, a son.

In Dixfield, Oct. 20, to the wife of George Jones, a daughter.

In Oxford, Oct. 19, to the wife of Felice Lesau, a daughter.

In Norway, Sept. 28, to the wife of Clarence A. Hunt, a son.

In Norway, Oct. 16, to the wife of Harry F. Dale, a son.

In East Waterford, Oct, 18, to the wife of Llewellyn Saunders, a son.

In West Bethel, Oct. 21, to the wife of A. J. Haskell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

In South Paris, Oct. 24, by Rev. W. E. Brooks, D. D., Mr. Albert John Stearns of Norway and Miss Alice Marian Wheeler of South Paris.

In Buckfield, Oct. 21, by Rev. H. C. Munson, Mr. Horatio C. Murch and Miss Alice Blanche Damon.

In South Paris, Oct. 27, by Rev. E. W. Pierce, Mr. Charles M. Johnson of South Paris, and Miss Angie Field Andrews of Paris.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 24, at the Baptist Parsonage, by Rev. J. D. Graham, Mr. David T. Severy and Miss Daisy E. Morse, both of Rumford Falls.

In West Paris, Oct. 18, by P. C. Fickett, Esq., Mr. Roscoe J. Child and Miss Lottie L. Bryant both of Woodstock.

In Kezar Falls, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. H. Bounds, Mr. William Bushby and Miss Ethel Stacy, both of Kezar Falls.

In Andover, Oct 17, by Rev. J. F. Keith, Mr. Charles Franklin Duran and Miss Susan Ella McMillan, both of Andover.

In Andover, Oct. 21, by Rev. J. F. Keith, Mr. Oliver G. Goddard and Miss Oda Glover, both of Rumford.

In South Paris, Oct. 21, by Rev. Fr. Flynn, Mr. John Ballou and Mrs. Lucy Cheveult, both of Oxford.

DIED.

In Dixfield, Oct. 19, Luther H. Ludden, aged 81 years.

In East Hiram, Oct. 18, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Eleazer Flint.

In Andover, Oct. 19, Charles Cutting.

In Norway, Oct. 21, Thomas D. Knightly, aged 70 years, 11 months, 2 days.

In Marshall, Tex., Oct. 15, Charles Green, formerly of South Paris, aged about 75 years.

In Waterford, Oct. 13, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Abner Davis of Roxbury, Mass.

In Mexico, Oct. 7, Mrs. Edwin Barrett.

In Lewiston, Oct. 18, Fred W. Hall of Rumford Falls.

In Fryeburg, Oct. 3, Mrs. Augusta (Wiley) Charles, aged 48 years.

In Norway, Oct. 13, son of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest McDaniels, aged 6 months, 25 days.

In East Oxford, Oct. 17, Mrs. Celia, wife of R. C. Thomas.

In Rumford, Oct. 20, Daisy E. Martin, aged 20 years.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 22, Reina Russell, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russell, aged 2 years, 22 days.

In Paris, Oct. 26, Mrs. Martha L., wife of Harry H. McKeen, aged 57 years.

In Norway, Oct. 26, Horace Cole, aged 60 years.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 22, Mr. Thomas S. Bancroft, aged 29 years.

STATE OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF OXFORD.

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE,
South Paris, Maine, Oct. 27, 1900.

The following list containing the aggregate amount of costs allowed in each criminal case as audited and allowed at the October term 1900, of the Court of County Commissioners for said County of Oxford and specifying the court or magistrate that allowed the same and before whom the case originated is published in accordance with the provisions of Sec. 19 of Chap. 116 and of Sec. 12 of Chap. 136 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Maine:

BEFORE NORWAY MUNICIPAL COURT, H. C. DAVIS, JUDGE.

State vs. Mason,	$ 41 37
Saunders,	26 66
Judkins,	14 85
Saunders,	8 91
Liquor,	13 76
Smith,	24 68
Liquor,	13 75
Douglass,	7 77
Cotton,	13 96
Knightly,	19 74
Crooker et als,	18 54
Pingree,	10 89

BEFORE RUMFORD FALLS MUNICIPAL COURT, G. WILLARD JOHNSON, JUDGE.

State vs. Hanson,	$ 12 24
McLellan,	15 24
Conley,	8 32
Trudie,	10 29
Intox. liquor,	7 61
Stevens,	12 36
McWilliams,	12 36
Stolen goods,	3 44
Buckeley,	11 87
Collins,	8 74
Morris,	8 32
Shoff,	11 94
Little,	10 54
Petrin,	4 60
Daley,	15 49
Ford,	10 54
Liquor,	8 70
Wall,	12 61
Johnson,	9 99
Owen,	11 64
Crockett,	20 74

BEFORE GEO. W. SPEERS, TRIAL JUSTICE.

State vs. Sumner,	$ 11 04
Downs,	19 01

BEFORE A. F. LEWIS, TRIAL JUSTICE, FRYEBURG.

State vs. Twombly,	$ 14 54
Crooker,	12 58

BEFORE BENJ. A. SWASEY, TRIAL JUSTICE, CANTON.

State vs. Tozier,	$ 11 18
Gowell,	11 06
Liquor,	7 96

BEFORE L. R. WELD, TRIAL JUSTICE, DIXFIELD.

State vs. Downs,	$ 8 32
Foster,	4 04
Ryan,	4 04
Scott,	4 04
McLaughlin,	4 04

BEFORE A. W. GROVER, TRIAL JUSTICE, BETHEL.

State vs. Liquor,	$ 15 87
Liquor,	10 87

MITTIMUSSES.

State vs. O'Connell,	$ 10 30
McLellan,	7 75
McWilliams,	7 75
Hanson,	7 75
Stevens,	7 75
Saunders,	1 74
Saunders,	1 74
Little,	12 94
Trudie,	14 21
Ford,	10 60
Buckley,	12 92
Daley,	11 21
Smith,	1 74
Judkins,	1 74
Crooker,	1 74
Cole,	1 74
Downs,	4 69
Twombly,	8 10
Gowell,	14 41
Mason,	1 89
Pingree,	1 74
Curran,	1 12
Sutton,	1 12

GEORGE M. ATWOOD,
Treasurer of Oxford County.

STATE OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF OXFORD.

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE,
South Paris, Maine, Oct. 27, 1900.

The following list containing the aggregate amount of costs allowed in each criminal case as audited and allowed at the October term 1900, of the Supreme Judicial Court for said County of Oxford and specifying the court or magistrate that allowed the same and before whom the case originated is published in accordance with the provisions of Sec. 19 of Chap. 116 and of Sec. 12 of Chap. 136 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Maine:

BEFORE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, OCTOBER TERM, 1900.

State vs. Barnes,	$ 8 46
Merrill et al,	3 00
Russell,	15 92
Walker,	28 40
Stone et al,	7 50
Small,	38 30
Sutton,	25 03
Ryerson,	4 36
Blebee,	8 30
Falardo,	1 24
Furey,	14 31
Curran et al,	40 41
Moran et al,	4 50
Sutton,	1 50
Packard,	9 62
Walker,	23 06

BEFORE NORWAY MUNICIPAL COURT, H. C. DAVIS, JUDGE.

State vs. Packard,	$ 16 16
Judkins,	12 89
Libby,	16 41
Holden,	17 40
Holmes,	16 03
Slabon,	16 32

BEFORE RUMFORD FALLS MUNICIPAL COURT, G. WILLARD JOHNSON, JUDGE.

State vs. Lebrecque,	$ 12 76
Voter,	14 23
Boyle,	11 27
Drapeau,	14 69
Falardo,	14 37
Morin,	13 86
Barnes,	14 37
Stillman,	39

W. J. WHEELER,

South Paris.

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

BEST of all Good Seeds

We grow our seeds and guarantee their purity. Raised far north, under unexcelled conditions of growth, they excel in earliness, hardiness and vitality.

Among our own introductions are the *Bright and Early Tomato, Granite State Musk Melon, Eastman's Early Sweet Corn* and the *Lightning Bean* — each the earliest of its kind — *Metcalf Squash, Tattooed Yankee Pop Corn, Fillbasket Potato*, etc., etc., and this year our PURITY CUCUMBER, (a prize catcher) offered by no other house. Catalogue free.

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Builders' Finish !

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

Also Window & Door Frames.

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

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The Best and Safest Family Medicine

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders
Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and Female Ailments.

The World's Medicine

Annual Sale Exceeds 6,000,000 Boxes.
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Proprietary Medicine in the world, and this has been achieved

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COAL! DO YOU WANT IT? WE ARE NEVER OUT. A postal or telephone to us will bring you a supply promptly.

A. W. WALKER & SON,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Ice, Coal, Cement, Lime, Hair, Brick, Sand, &c.

INFORMATION WANTED!

I desire to obtain information regarding the present whereabouts of my son, Harry J. R. Clark, formerly of South Paris.
Address,
MRS. SARAH R. CLARK,
South Paris, Maine.

Take a Tonic

Take a safe tonic. Purely vegetable. Cannot harm children or adults. Take **True's Elixir**, the TRUE TONIC. Builds up "run down" children or adults. Makes new, rich blood. Corrects irregularities of stomach and bowels. Three generations have used and blessed **True's Elixir.** 35 cents a bottle. At your druggist.

Write for free copy "Children and their Diseases." DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

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Send all orders to THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT, South Paris, Me.

THE PUZZLER

No. 299.—Metagram.

I am a color. Change my head and I become part of a hat; again, and I become a scowl; again, and I suffocate in water; again, and I become larger.

No. 300.—A Word Puzzle.

A word which signifies "to greatly please." Decapitate and have "injury;" decapitate and have part of the body; add a letter and have a large, disciplined body of men.

Restore to the first word, transpose and have a month; decapitate and have a feature of Gothic architecture.

No. 301.—Geographical Puzzles.

What river in England is represented by the first picture?

In the second picture what island of Great Britain is represented?

No. 302.—Changes.

1. I am used in a ballroom. Behead me, and I am an article.
2. I am made of paper. Behead me, and I am an animal.
3. I am a city. Behead me, and I am something cold.
4. I am an article of dress. Behead me, and I am an animal.
5. I am a city. Behead me, and when you are dead you have it forever.

No. 303.—Concealed Central Acrostic.

In each of the following quotations one word is concealed. When the concealed words are rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of one of Shakespeare's plays:

1. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.
2. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind.
3. In simple and pure soul I come to you.
4. So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
5. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
6. Death remember'd, should be like a mirror
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.

No. 304.—Riddle In Meter.

I am the meter that you greet
When you may wish to measure heat.
You hang me in a shady spot,
But not that I may be forgot,
For many people call to see
How warm or cold they ought to be.

No. 305.—Enigma.

There is a beautiful imaginary country called 123456789. It is the home of the 12345, which is sometimes called a 125. These strange inhabitants dance in the human form on the 6789, and with wings they navigate the 234. Its home is 124 away. It is sometimes refulgent with many a 475 and lovely as the 925.

No. 306.—Arithmograph.

A town in England, the scene of an important battle in which the reigning sovereign was killed.

1. 4, 6, 2, 7, 8, to be angry.
2. 1, 2, 4, a courteous salutation; a weapon.
3. 8, 5, 3, 7, one who entertains guests; an army.
4. 3, 2, 5, 7, condensed smoke.
5. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, a shelter built of slight materials.
6. 1, 6, 2, 4, the edge of a hill or any high place.
7. 8, 2, 5, 7, the cry of a bird of night.
8. 3, 5, 6, 7, kind or species; to separate, to select.

No. 307.—Biographical Notes.

(Famous Authors.)

1. Not a dullard.
2. An infallible mind.
3. He seldom smiled.
4. The burglar's friend.
5. A protest to the muses.
6. He had a tropical fancy.
7. Of no use without a key.
8. A good fishing companion.
9. Worse than a "full" man.
10. Handy around a keg.
11. A good man on the bench.
12. A poor bathing companion.
13. Never did things by halves.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Some male hair dressers dye old maids.

Milk is a man's first drink, but it's only a matter of time till he comes to his bier.

In a card game a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a good deal.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 289.—Hidden Book Titles: "Ben-Hur," Wallace; "Donovan," Lyall; "Dred," Stowe.

No. 290.—A Riddle: Lion.

No. 291.—Arithmetical Puzzle: I. Numbers 7 and 1. 2. Twice 25 is 50; twice 5 is 10, and 10 plus 20 is 30.

No. 292.—Connected Squares: I. 1. Grand. 2. Razor. 3. Azure. 4. Norma. 5. Dream. II. 1. Valid. 2. Alone. 3. Local. 4. Inapt. 5. Delta. III. 1. Manes. 2. Avert. 3. Negro. 4. Error. 5. Stork.

No. 293.—Charade: Candle-stick.

No. 294.—Pyramid: 1. H. 2. Hop. 3. Domal. 4. Homeric. Centrals—Home.

No. 295.—Illustrated Diagonal: Diagonal—Holmes. 1. Hamper. 2. Bottle. 3. Collar. 4. Hammer. 5. Trowel. 6. Swords.

No. 296.—Hourglass: Centrals—Harpies. Across—1. Pythons. 2. Roast. 3. Ere. 4. P. 5. Pia. 6. Elegy. 7. Dresses. Diagonals—Prepays, stepped.

No. 297.—Dissected Words: 1. Band, ban, and. 2. Mark, mar, ark. 3. Eyes, eye, yes. 4. Mate, mat, ate.

No. 298.—Buried Garden Vegetables: 1. Tomato. 2. Potato. 3. Lettuce. 4. Carrot.

For morbid conditions take BEECHAM'S PILLS

The Flatterer. Mrs. B.—But I can't go to the reception. I have worn my best dress to three parties already. Mr. B.—Pshaw! The dress doesn't make a bit of difference when you are in it to look at, dear. She went.

Your Best Work cannot be done without good health, and you can't have good health without pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. It gives appetite, strength and vigor, and cures disease.

Must Discriminate. "For mercy's sake, Mildred!" exclaimed Mrs. Highmore, shocked at the negligee attire of her youngest daughter, who had gone to the front door to look at a fire on the other side of the street, "don't you know you never ought to appear in public with your collar unbuttoned and your sleeves rolled up except when you are playing golf?"

A boon to travelers. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures dysentery, diarrhœa, seasickness, nausea. Pleasant to take. Acts promptly.

Judging By Other Instances. "You think we ought to undertake the publication of this novel, do you?" asked the head of the publishing house. "Well, I think it would be a financial success," cautiously replied the reader. "Why?" "Because it is written by a girl, and deals with subjects of which she ought to know very little."

All who suffer from piles will be glad to learn that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will give them instant and permanent relief. It will cure eczema and all skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris, Williamson & Kimball.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

A CURE FOR BLACKHEADS.

SIMPLE METHOD BY WHICH A VICTIM CAN FIND RELIEF.

The most usual of all face blemishes is undoubtedly blackheads. Acne is an affectation of the sebaceous glands, and to fully understand its causes and treatment a knowledge of the glands is necessary. The entire face is covered with fine hairs. At the side of each hair root two small glands are located. These glands are supplied with secretion for the nourishment of the tiny hair. This secretion is called sebum, and the glands which secrete it are called sebaceous glands.

The cause of acne or blackheads is that the sebum dries over the entrance of one or more of the glands and converts the gland into a closed sac; the glands continually secrete and finding no outlet distend. Upon the surface the distended gland shows but a tiny white head. If it be squeezed out between the fingers the mass of dry sebum is forced out in a worm-like thread. This has given rise to the idea that the sebum is a flesh worm. It is nothing of the sort. It is the beginning of acne. The condition may stop here by the deposit of sebum being forced out—plenty of warm water and soap will do it—or it will become aggravated by infection with one of the color producing bacteria and become blackened. The spot is then called a blackhead. There is a common belief that blackheads occur only upon faces of persons who do not use sufficient soap and water, but this is a wrong conclusion. There is no doubt that the coloring of the blackhead is neither dirt nor is it due to dirt, but to the growth of certain organisms.

Like the first stage of acne—whiteheads—this stage may be cured in a similar manner—by causing the glands to discharge the foreign matter, and thus allowing them to return to their normal condition. If this is not done the blackheads continue to grow slowly and indefinitely and finally become small abscesses or pustules.

The abscesses or pustules invariably leave scars wherever they appear.

The cure for acne is simple and satisfactory if properly carried out. Absolute cleanliness is the starting point. The matter from any pustules is of a highly infective character, and the contents of one pustule is sufficient to inoculate every gland in the body, and since these abscesses open themselves if not properly attended to, this is the explanation why when one pustule appears upon the face so many others are apt to follow.

Soap and water figure largely in the cure.

Persons liable to acne should wash their faces frequently with warm water and the best soap. It is exceedingly important to use the very best of soap. Good soaps are antiseptic, ordinary soaps are not; besides they are an irritant. A good sulphur soap is best. Rubbing the face gently with a moderately rough towel after it has been well washed with plenty of warm water and sulphur soap will remove the dried secretions from the glands; when there are pustules upon the face the rubbing must be done very carefully, so as not to diffuse their contents elsewhere upon the face.

Acne usually appears upon the faces of those who are absolutely healthy, and even if it be otherwise internal treatment has no beneficial effect. However, there is one general treatment that is of great value because it has a distinct local action. This is fresh air—salt air preferably—and sunshine. Fresh air and sunshine are invaluable in the treatment of acne because they kill the various microbes which lurk about the face.

With the exception of the following ointment—sulphur ointment, one part and lanoline, two parts—no cosmetics should be used while the cure is progressing. The above ointment should be applied every night and washed off in the morning. The cure should be effected in about three or four weeks.—Daily Eastern Argus.

WRINKLES.

"TAKE CARE OF THE WRINKLES AND YOUTH WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF."

The little lines about eyes and mouth do not always mean age, but they suggest it, and no one stops to ask whether they come from years or weariness. They are there. They are unsightly. That is sufficient. Fortunately, they may be removed unless they have been neglected too long, or one is well past her 48th birthday, and even then they may be modified. The tissues must be built up and the muscles strengthened. Every night the signs of the day's cares must be removed as religiously as the day's dust. The lines of the face all tend downward, and the pleasant upward curve of the child's mouth is certain to become the mournful droop of the woman's unless the tendency is counteracted by judicious treatment. One of the most successful face specialists in New York advises as follows:

"Remove all dust and powder from the face by a bath of warm water. Then dip the fingers of both hands into a pure cold cream and apply to the face by a gentle movement, always upward and outward. That is, turn the hands palms up, with finger tips touching under the chin, and stroke up to the ears. Do this a number of times—at least twenty-five—and renew the cream often. Then gently pinch the flesh, not the skin merely, but taking hold deeply enough to catch the muscles and manipulate them. Never forget for an instant that the motion must be upward always.

"To remove or prevent wrinkles from forming about the eyes dip the first and second fingers of each hand in the cream, and, beginning at the inner point of the eyes, close to the nose, smooth the flesh around them up to the forehead as if you were ironing it. That is just what you want to do, you know—to iron the wrinkles out.

"Then there are the perpendicular lines, above the nose. With well anointed fingers smooth them out by a firm upward and outward pressure, occasionally catching the flesh where the lines are in a horizontal fold and kneading it gently. The same treatment should be applied to the lines that are so likely to settle from weariness or worry at the corners of the mouth. Lift the flesh, and by kneading it strengthen the underlying muscles until the lines shall finally disappear.

"In all these manipulations be sure that the skin alone is not rubbed or kneaded. Such a process would only add to the trouble. It is the muscular structure underneath that needs treatment. Make the muscles tense and the flesh firm, and there will be no wrinkles in the skin.

"A good lotion for a wrinkling skin is made by a mixture of one dram of alum and one ounce of refined glycerine in a pint of water. The astringent properties of the alum tend to contract the skin, but this is of no permanent avail unless accompanied by the massage and feeding process described."—New York Tribune.

WOMAN'S DRESS AT HOME.

At home a woman should be guided in her manner of dressing by an even greater desire to please than elsewhere. Her husband may be the most unobservant of men, but he will know when she looks neat and attractive, with hair newly dressed, and some pretty arrangement about the bodice of her gown. The practice of wearing soiled finery at home cannot be too strongly depreciated.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

(Culled from Conan Doyle's Books.)

Never both be cross at the same time. Wait your turn.

You were gentleman and lady before you were husband and wife. Don't forget it.

A blind love is a foolish love. Encourage the best.

There is only one thing worse than quarrels in public. That is caresses.

The man who respects his wife does not turn her into a mendicant. Give her a purse of her own.—Exchange.

WHERE IT FELL SHORT.

"Well," said the prominent citizen proudly, after having conducted his visitor around in one of the finest automobiles ever built, "What do you think of the place, anyway?"

"Oh, it's quite a metropolis in some respects. Still, of course, it's really only a one-horse town, after all."

"Wh-hat?" gasped the man who had been twice mayor and once the representative in congress of his beloved city, "a one-horse town! My dear fellow, have you seen the new census reports? Look at the population we have! Here, let me show you our figures as compared with some of the other large—"

"Yes, I know all about that. You have made a fine gain during the last ten years, as far as people go. But it isn't people alone that count."

"I know that. Still, you must admit that we have some fine public buildings, and that our business streets are well built up."

"I know. Your post office, court house, city hall, public library, and art gallery are all very fine. Your boulevard and park systems are excellent, too, and one's first impression on entering the place is of a thriving, bustling business centre. Your chamber of commerce struck me as being particularly fine from an architectural standpoint, and your public school buildings seem to be models of their kind."

The prominent citizen ran his fingers up through his hair and shifted his weight from one leg to the other. He looked doubtfully at his visitor for a moment, as if not quite sure that he had understood. Then he said, half bitterly:

"And yet you think it is a one-horse town?"

"Why, yes, certainly," was the reply. "You have only a nine-hole golf course here, you know!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

JUST A HINT.

"Father," said Tommy the other day, "why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?"

Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought, and was hardly prepared to answer offhand.

"Why, why," said he, stumblingly, "it's so because it is, I suppose."

"Well," said Tommy, "since I'm your father I'm going to give you a ticket to a theatre and a dollar besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so mean as the rest of them are. Go in and have a good time while you're young. I never had a chance myself!"

Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank amazement at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing a silver coin, he said:

"Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself."—New York Success.

Logical. Willie—Mamma, I dreamed last night that papa gave me a bicycle for my birthday, and you gave me a watch. Mamma—But, Willie, you know dreams go by contraries. Willie—Then you will give me the bicycle and papa the watch?

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills. 25 cents.

Her Anxiety. Daughter—Oh, mamma, I do wish I were pretty! Mother—You needn't, dear; sensible men think very little about beauty. Daughter—But it isn't sensible men I'm thinking about, mamma; it's Charlie.

Mamma—Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday. Johnny—H'm! I'll bet the teacher told you. A woman can never keep a secret.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

A Saving Little Wife. Mr. Payne—What! $68 for an evening dress? Why, I thought you were going to have your last year's black lace made over. Mrs. Payne—I did, dear. I had it made over red satin, and that's what cost so.

Balsams from the Northern Wood are in Pyny-Pectoral, the certain cure for coughs.

Merciful on Both Sides. Dolly—Oh, dear! My summer candy bill is $45! Polly—Goodness! What will your father say? Dolly—Well, I'm going to tell it to him $5 at a time."

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful." Miss Julia Filbridge, West Cornell, Conn.

Pa—You have have been a good boy to-day, Johnny; so I guess I'll give you ten cents for pocket money. Johnny—I think I'd rather have it for spending money, pa."

Only one remedy in the world that will at once stop itchiness of the skin in any part of the body. Doan's Ointment At any drug store, 50 cents.

He Knew. Sabbath School Teacher (striving to inculcate a love of truth)—Now, Willy, suppose you were to promise your mother to come straight home from Sunday School, and then did not do so, what would you be doing? Willy Waters—Goin' a-swimmin', ma'am.

Ivy poisoning, poison wounds, and all other accidental injuries may be quickly cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is also a certain cure for piles and skin diseases. Take no other. F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris, Williamson & Kimball.

All That Was Needed. Cassidy—Wudn't yez loike to live on a farrm, Pat? Pat—Oh, ut's the only way to live! Ef they only had illivated roads, cable-carrs, plinty of saloons, concert halls, tinimint houses, dirt, noise and polacemen on a farm, oi'd move on a farm tomorrow.

Reports show that over fifteen hundred lives have been saved through the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Most of these were cases of grippe, croup, asthma, whooping cough, bronchitis and pneumonia. Its early use prevents consumption. F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Williamson & Kimball.

Why She Had None. "Have you noticed," sad the secretary of the meeting to the Treasurer, "that the little woman in the corner is the only one who has suggested no beautiful theory of child-training?" "Oh, she hasn't any," replied the Treasurer. "How does that happen?" asked the Secretary. "She's married and has children herself."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

He Understood His Business. First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something. Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together, you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied just like any other, if you expect to make a success of it, see?

Let me say I have used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims. Very truly yours, (Rev.) H. W. Hathaway, Elizabeth, N. J.

I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and to all appearances am cured of catarrh. The terrible headaches from which I long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cts. or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

HIS START IN LIFE.

IT WAS A GOOD ONE AND WAS THRUST ON HIM BY ACCIDENT.

The Incident Wouldn't Have Happened if a Shortsighted Real Estate Auctioneer Had Not Forgotten His Eyeglasses.

"I owe my start in life to the fact that an estimable old gentleman forgot to put his eyeglasses in his pocket one morning," said a prosperous business man from a sister city. "It's rather a curious story," he went on, "and I'll tell it as briefly as possible. A good many years ago, when I was a young fellow of 25 or thereabouts, I drifted into Louisville in search of a job that didn't materialize, and the upshot of it was that I found myself practically broke in a strange city. Up to that time I had always worked for small wages and had never succeeded in accumulating as much as $50, but I had an abiding faith that if I could once get hold of a modest stake I could launch out for myself and make some money.

"One morning, when I was wandering about with only two or three silver dollars in my pocket, looking for a chance to go to work at anything that might offer, I dropped into a big down stairs room where some real estate was being sold at auction. A large crowd was present, and there was an indescribable feeling of tension in the air that warned me something unusual was about to happen.

"While I was standing there, only vaguely interested, the auctioneer, who was quite an elderly gentleman, put up a piece of improved city property and after a considerable pause received a bid of $200. I could see that the smallness of the amount excited surprise, and I was also aware of a commotion in one corner where half a dozen previous bidders were gathered together in an excited group. They seemed to be quarreling about something, and meanwhile the auctioneer was indignantly appealing for a respectable offer.

"'Make it $2,500!' he shouted. 'Does any gentleman bid $2,500?' He looked directly at me, and I made a gesture of denial. 'Thank you!' he exclaimed, greatly to my surprise. 'The gentleman over there bids $2,500, and, if I can help it, no combination of buyers is going to be allowed to dictate prices at this sale!' With that he suddenly knocked down the property to me.

"No sooner was this done," continued the story teller, "than a great uproar of protests arose from the group in the corner. They insisted that they had been given no chance to bid, but the auctioneer stood firm and, calling me to the platform, requested my name and address and a 20 per cent cash deposit on the $2,500.

"By that time I realized, of course, that some extraordinary chance had thrown a fine piece of property into my hands at a fraction of its real value, and I did some quick thinking. 'I've sent a messenger for the money,' I said as coolly as I could, 'and I'll have it here in 15 minutes.'

"The auctioneer looked at the clock. 'All right,' he replied, 'I'll give you that limit.'

"Then I took a desperate chance. I pushed through the crowd, which was already interested in the next sale, and beckoned to a little fat man who had been one of the loudest kickers a few moments before.

"'Look here,' I said, drawing him aside. 'Do you want to be my silent partner for an hour or so?'

"'What d'you mean?' said he.

"I gave him the truth in a dozen words. 'Now let me have that $500 deposit money,' I added, 'and we'll share the profits, whatever they are.'

"The little man looked at me shrewdly. 'This is a big joke on all of us,' he said, grinning, 'and I guess I'll risk the deal.'

"At the same time he counted out $500 and put it in my hands. I raced back to the desk with the cash, clinched the sale and before noon had the deed in my possession. Then, to make a long story short, my silent partner offered me $1,000 cash for my interest, and as $1,000 looked about as big as a mountain at that stage of the game I promptly accepted. That thousand, fortunately placed, gave me the start that has kept me going ever since.

"But what about the eyeglasses, did you say? Why, the auctioneer, as I afterward learned, was very near-sighted, and on the morning to which I refer he had forgotten his glasses. That was why he mistook my gesture of disavowal for a sign of assent and forced me, in spite of myself, into a good thing. I never understood the exact true inwardness of the deal, but the facts in the rough were that a clique of speculators had formed a combine to keep down prices, but, owing to some misunderstanding, failed to bid promptly on the property which I secured. The auctioneer was on to the game and anxious to break it up; hence his precipitancy in knocking down the lot to yours truly. I heard, later on, that my portly silent partner made $8,000 out of the transaction, but I didn't begrudge him the money. The $500 he gave me on faith that morning was worth fully 10 per cent a minute."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rotten Fish as Food.

One of the national delicacies of northern Russia is "tresca," an appalling dish, consisting of codfish caught the previous summer, and eaten in an advanced stage of decomposition. Its odor alone is beyond words, its taste the writer fortunately does not know. It is difficult to stay long in the room with it, and yet it is preferred to fresh meat or fish, both of which are cheap and easily obtainable in most villages and obviate the trouble of drying and rotting, which dried tresca implies.

"The poor," says Chancelour, "are very innumerable and live most miserably, for I have seen them eat the pickle of hearing and other very stinking fish. Nor the fish cannot be so rotten but they will eat it and extoll it to be more wholesome than other fish or fresh meates. In mine opinion there is no such people under the sunne for their hardness of liveing."—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Oyster.

The oyster is as fixed and sedentary as the potato, and its cultivation is just as easy. In Europe its propagation has been reduced to a scientific basis, but in this country only a beginning has been made.

An oyster is ready for market in about five years. The bivalves have so much to contend with that perhaps only one in 2,000,000 lives to grow up and be eaten by human beings.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not to Be Encouraged.

"What do you think of a man who regularly carries his business home with him?"

"Well, that depends. Now, if a man's business is to sell liquor, for instance, it isn't just the thing for him to take a great deal of it home with him every night."—Boston Transcript.

No Reciprocity.

"Annie Nibbins is the meanest kind of a gossip."

"What variety is that?"

"She's the kind that doesn't tell anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."—Chicago Record.

NO MAKESHIFT.

In This Case the Work was Properly Done.

Any reader who has had backache and found relief by rubbing the back with liniments and lotions, understands that the relief obtained was but a makeshift, for the ache returns. There's a way to do it so the ache will not come back. Read how it's done.

Mr. Fred A. Wood, of 105 Thurbers avenue, Providence, R. I., messenger for the Earle and Prews Express Co., says: "In the winter of 1897 I became so enthusiastic an admirer of Doan's Kidney Pills, after they cured me of kidney trouble, I wrote to the agents unsolicited, telling them about my cure and stating that if my recommendation would help the preparation along I would be only too pleased to furnish it. It has appeared in our Providence newspapers since, and now in the month of May, 1899, I emphatically state there is not one word I wish to retract. On the other hand, I am only too pleased to re-endorse a preparation which acts so faithfully to the representations made for it as Doan's Kidney Pills."

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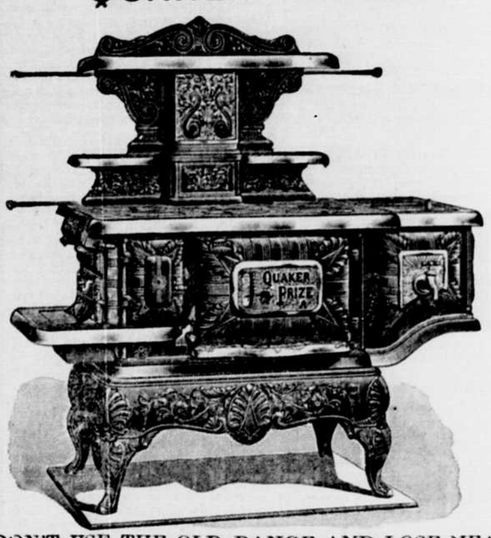

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