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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

CATERPILLARS.

"Up and at them," that's what I read recently in one of the agricultural journals of the state. How easy to write such a sentence; just as easy as rolling off a log, but how little the one who wrote it realized the amount of work involved.

In ordinary years when we have only the common tent caterpillar to contend with, the work is comparatively light, but in a season like the present, when two tribes are out in extraordinary numbers the case is very different. It is no boy's play but hard and tiresome work. It has cost me a good deal of time and money to do what I have done but I am thankful to say that we have accomplished something; destroyed thousands of eggs and also thousands of caterpillars since being hatched. Early in March we commenced gathering the clusters of eggs and went over some 600 trees large and small, pretty thoroughly. It was trying to the eyes and painful to the back of the neck but we had the satisfaction of knowing when we came to spray these same trees later on that the forces of the enemy had been greatly reduced.

When we first commenced to spray we used but 4 ounces of Paris green to 50 gallons of water, but soon increased the amount to 8 ounces, finding that amount much more effective in destroying them and not injurious to the foliage as we used the same amount of lime; five pounds to each 50 gallon cask of water. We also used at the same time the regular Bordeaux mixture for the fungous disease called apple scab. After we commenced spraying we kept at it for nearly a week, using 2000 gallons of water on nearly 1000 trees.

We had to do this work just when we wanted to be planting and sowing but it was "up and at 'em" as the editor said, or let them have it all their own way and to that we could not agree, so we adjourned planting for a while and have, consequently, got considerable to do in that line now. We have quite a powerful force pump and an extension rod attached to 45 feet of hose, so that we can spray on one or both sides of a tree or reach any tree where we cannot drive the team very near.

THE RESULT.

On the trees where we used but 4 ounces of green it took much longer to kill them and at this date they are all gone on the small trees and but very few left on the large trees. Where we used 8 ounces of green, they are, with few exceptions, all dead or have disappeared and the foliage of all the sprayed trees looks much better than those not sprayed. I understood Mr. Chas. Pope to say that after spraying about 400 trees he stopped because the trees were blossoming. At first we hesitated about spraying after the trees were in partial bloom. Greenings, bellflowers and early varieties were much more forward than other sorts, but we kept right on and I have seen no injury therefrom, either to the fruit trees or to my bees. I noticed that my bees—six colonies—were gathering their honey from other sources; the pollen of apple tree blossoms not being forward enough for them at that time. Had we commenced spraying three to four days earlier than we did, it would have been better. We could then have annihilated the whole tribe in a very short time. The fact is our spraying apparatus was not in readiness as soon as it should have been and we did some planting when we ought to have been spraying. There is nothing better than experience to teach a person just what to do and when to do it.—W. P. A. in Maine Farmer.

DAIRY GRANULES.

Many suppose as soon as cattle can get a bite of fresh grass they need no more grain. This is a great mistake.

Pasteurized butter does not have so much evanescent high flavor, and therefore holds up and retains its original flavors for a much longer period of time.—H. E. Schuknecht.

A cow will not give more or better milk because she is of a certain color, but the color may show that she has come of potent ancestors of good milk stock.—Farm Journal.

E. D. Tillson, Ontario, says of his herd of 55 Holstein-Friesians the best cow the past year gave 17,731 pounds of milk in ten months and 20 days, testing 3.7 butter fat making 765 pounds of butter.

The producer taking pains to have a good supply when milk is short, or when there is a market, in dry seasons from August 1st to January, and often in April, should be paid more for his milk.—B. C. Sears, Penn.

BURR KNAPP'S FARM FURROWS.

One of the greatest faults is fault finding.

The milking stool is a poor currycomb.

He who eats more than he produces, robs the world.

Some men who pet their neighbor's children will only pound their own.

No grind, no grist.

Failure sighs while success hustles.

An old field may produce new grain.

Lazy bees no honey; lazy farmer no money.

Who refuses toil has no right to the soil.

Every shine has its shadows and even a shadow has its use.

If you do not want it, the greatest of bargains is not cheap.

WHAT IS A GOOD MILCH COW?

A cow that gives a can of milk a day for the year does very well. Many give more but more give less.

FREDERICK PICKERING.

Newington, N. H.

A fair average cow should give eight and one-half quarts of milk per day for 11 months in the year.

SUB.

Elliot, Conn.

It is a good deal easier to grow plenty of forage of some kind than it is to have an abundance of each of the kinds that are needed on a farm upon which various classes of stock are kept. And it is less trouble to do the planting or sowing of forage crops at one job than it is to do this work at intervals. But unfortunately, but none the less certainly, the easiest method does not give the best results.

Pale and Thin

Could Not Help Herself for Three Months -- Impure Blood Causes Great Suffering -- How Relief Came -- Better than Ever Before.

"I have been in poor health owing to impure blood, weak stomach, biliousness and sick headaches, ever since I was a child eight years old. I have suffered everything for the past 14 years. I got so low that I could not help myself for three months, and was pale and thin. My neighbors did not expect me to live through the winter. I asked my doctor if I could take Hood's Sarsaparilla and he said that I could take as much of it as I liked. I very soon found it helped me very much. I continued its use until I had taken six bottles, and at that time I looked better than I ever did since I can remember. I shall never be without Hood's Sarsaparilla as long as I can get it. It helped me more than any other medicine that I have ever taken. I advise anyone who is in poor health to try this great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. I owe my life to this medicine." ELIZA A. RUMRILL, Box 1176, Claremont, N. H.

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HAS THE CLIMATE CHANGED?

A recent article from some magazine, copied into the Sunday Tribune, intimates, if it does not explicitly assert, that those who talk of the climate having changed are forgetful. They are usually oldish men, it seems from this (meteorologically) erudite magazinist, and they remember the abnormal seasons of their youth, not the ordinary.

Thomas Jefferson, according to this (meteorologically) learned essayist, tumbled into this puerile mistake once on a time. And, of course, he "hadn't oughter." It was very weak of him. Now, I am not called upon to defend the meteorological or the political opinions of the late lamented Thomas Jefferson. I sincerely doubt whether the (meteorologically) learned magazinist's poohpoohing of him or my (meteorologically) unlearned defence of him is of the slightest interest to the one-time Jefferson. He is where he either knows more about climate than we do or cares less, and, on the whole, it may be that he was lucky in escaping some of the climate which has intervened between his day and this. For example that of the last nineteen months in Eastern New York.

In debating whether or not the climate has changed it is necessary, first of all, to know what is meant by "climate." Am I far out of the way when I say that it seems to me "climate" is just weather become chronic?

How long does it take a thing to become chronic? If a man had the yellow fever for nineteen months it would be apt to be called chronic, eh? If he had the jumping toothache for 604 days and nights, the neighbors within immediate juxtaposition would be justified in concluding from his language and other things that it, too, had become "chronic," wouldn't they?

I am not a meteorologist—just a plain farmer man, working the soil for what I can get out of it. In this part of the community we farmer men have to work out doors. This necessitates at least tolerable weather. It also leads us to notice when it rains or snows or hails or otherwise elementally disgorges dampness upon us.

And right here let me say, parenthetically, that a too close addiction to barometers and thermometers and anemometers and other thingometers tends to an apparent dulling of the faculty of personal and practical observation of the real weather—the thing that wets you or blows through you. I've known highly scientific meteorologists, sitting surrounded with all sorts of maps and ometers, satisfiedly reckon up that they had correctly foretold the weather of the last month in the proportion of 86 7-10 per cent of success to 13 3-10 per cent of failure, when, as a matter of simple, out door fact, they had "hit it" about half the time, and "missed it" the other half, just as any guesser might be expected to under the the laws of chance.

Not being a meteorologist and not possessing an anemometer or a rainmeter or any other paraphernalia of that sort, I simply know when it rains or when it is fair. When it rains I can't work out doors; when it is fair I can—usually. For some little time I have kept a daily record of the weather on this unbecomingly crude and unscientifically practical plan.

And I know, not only from my own memory, but from the daily jottings of this record—put down every night at the close of the day's work—that a sudden and marked change came over the manifestations of the weather, with the opening of October, 1896, which change has now become chronic, after nineteen months—604 days, to be exact—of pluvial and pestiferous persistence.

My record tells me whether each day was fair or cloudy or foul with rain or snow.

I find that of the 604 days between October 1, 1896, and the writing of this, 233 have been fair, 271 have been stormy and 100 have been cloudy all the day, but without rain or snow—just dark, gloomy, disagreeable, depressing, dumpish days. That is, ignoring the merely cloudy days of the last 604 days, 38 per cent have been fair and 45 per cent have been actually stormy.

My record enables me to know that of the 604 days which immediately preceded this period ending where it began, with October 1, 1896, 341 were fair, 173 stormy and 90 cloudy. That is, again ignoring the merely cloudy days, 56 per cent of the time was fair and 28 per cent was stormy. Put the record in a tabular form, if you please, just to let the items sit beside each other for comparison:

	Fair	P. C.	Stormy	P. C.
Last 604 days,	233	38	271	45
First 604 days,	341	56	173	28

I withhold mention of the practical stoppage of farming in this vicinity compelled by this change of "weather," or "climate." Merely two facts, illustrative, can be tersely stated: Good farmers among my neighbors usually finish haying by July 20, July 30 being the very latest permissible. Last season I could see from my windows several hundred acres of grass unmown September 15, because at no time between July 10 and that date had the freshet-soaked soil been capable of bearing up a mowing machine. That is one fact. The second is this: Since the thawing of the ground, about April 10, this spring, sufficiently to admit cultivation, there have been up to this 27th day of May just eight days on which it was fair enough to plow or harrow, plant or "seed down." And it is raining now, for the seventh consecutive day!

It may be that the "climate" has not changed. But if it hasn't I wish some (meteorologically) learned magnate would kindly inform one dispirited farmer what on earth has happened to the "weather."—New York Tribune.

CARE OF GRAPEVINES.

What is the proper way to take care of grape vines in the growing season? The grapes do not ripen more than half a crop. The gardener is an old German; he has some very old ideas of grape culture, and keeps the vines cut back very close; he also trims the leaves so as to let the sun in to ripen the fruit. Is this proper? (1) What is the best method of keeping the bees from stinging the fruit and spoiling it? (2) Should the ground around the vines be dug in the spring? (3) W. J. M., Troy, N. Y. [1. European methods of pruning grapevines—keeping them short and the stock a mere stump—are not adapted for our free-growing varieties. There is, however, a wide range in the training, from covering a large arbor to a trellis of only eight or ten feet. The main point is to have fresh, bearing wood each year, while not checking the general growth too much. If the vines are young, with established arms, the bearing canes are cut back each year to a bud or two, new shoots trained to a desired height, but not cut back, simply pinch three or four leaves above the fruit when set. Or they may be allowed to grow along the top of trellis, to avoid the forcing of laterals below. On large arbors, with established vines, the pruning is more intricate, but the principle is the same. Never cut away the leaves; they are the lungs and stomach of the plant. The grapes need the sun, not directly, but through the leaves, and ripen far better in their shade than if they are pulled off. 2 Bees do not attack grapes unless there is already a crack or puncture in the skin. 3. The ground around the vines should be lightly hoed over or cultivated—surface culture strictly, as the feeding roots form near the surface.

The farmer who is horrified at the idea of burning his corn practically does the same thing when he stints his fattening stock, when he feeds it to poorly bred animals, when he attempts to make it take the place of shelter, and when he is careless in his methods of handling it. To feed a poorly balanced ration is one way of burning it. To waste corn is certainly worse than warming one's self by it on a winter day.

IN THE LAND OF THE BLUEBELL AND HEATHER.

NO. 10.

(From the Democrat's Foreign Correspondent.)

PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

Time warns us that we must linger no longer, and experience has taught us that if we want to get anywhere in Scotland Sunday we must go there Saturday night—and as the neighboring town of Paisley offers more attractions than do these unromantic city walls, to its obscurity we hie. You will doubtless recognize the name of Paisley as a familiar one if you have ever been the owner of a Paisley shawl. At one time a very extensive business was carried on in their manufacture, but the encroachments of fashion having put shawls in disrepute, the industry has waned in the last two decades. Not so the great thread factories, for be you rich or poor, you must now and then "have a hole in s' your coats," to which Coats' thread will offer a remedy. The free library and museum of the town was presented by Sir Peter Coats, also the observatory, and the New Memorial Church of the Coats family is one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in Scotland. A beautiful park was also donated by the benevolent Coats' thread family, whose works are the largest of the kind in the world, employing 6500 hands.

The Old Abbey Church is a very ancient one. Attached to one side is a small chapel containing the tomb of Marjory Bruce, daughter of Robert Bruce, and wife of Walter Stuart, founder of the church and ancestor of the royal Stuart family, which began with their son, Robert II. This lady was killed by a fall from her horse in this neighborhood. Paisley is the birthplace of Prof. Wilson, the American ornithologist.

Learning that there was an Auld Licht Kirk in the neighboring hamlet of Kirk o' Donnell, the direction was sought, and on enquiring how far it was, "Ay, it's a gude step," was the answer.

Confessing to be but little wiser we asked our informant how long it would take to walk there.

"I dinna ken how lang it maun tak' ye," says the host, "but if it wer' mysel' it wad tak' me till Monday mornin'," from which we infer that our good host of this little hostelry, The Strath-Clyde, is not an Auld Licht, but a New Licht.

"Ah, mine host, then you would prefer not to get there till the good Dominie is through with his Sabbath Day labors. Is his doctrine such that you would prefer to be out of hearing? What *does* he preach about?"

"Ay, mem, I canna tell ye muckle that he preaches aboot, but gin he maun askit o' me what he should preach aboot, I should say,—preach aboot twa meenits."

Here the gude-wife put in her oar with, "Na, Na, he does na gie the Lord a meenit's peace. He's dingin' at Him the whole time. Its ask-askin', an beg-beggin' frae mornin' till night. That's a' the way wi' the Auld Lichts."

No conveyance could be hired on the Sabbath day, even to take one to church—indeed no labor or hire of any sort is indulged in. The housewife must even peel her potatoes Saturday night, and I believe it was in this very parish of Kirk o' Donnell that the minister came into the pulpit one morning with one cheek unshaven, because the clock struck twelve Saturday night, before he had finished. But if they *can* tie up the iron horse and the electric steed, and decline to encourage worldly traffic so far as to refuse to let you have a four-legged beast, they can't tie up your own beast of locomotion vulgarly called "shanks' mare," so that faithful steed was harnessed up in a pair of stout leather *shoon*, and with a stout umbrella as companion—to serve a triple purpose, viz.: rain, alpenstock and *shillalah*—the long journey was begun.

But what need of weapon of defence in this peace-abiding country, with gudeman and gude-wife sae gentle and sae kind, and laddie and lassie sae gude and true? None indeed! We soon come to the ruin of Cadyon Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the house of Hamilton, of which Scott sang in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:

"When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyon's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours."

The situation of the ruin is romantic in the extreme, embosomed in wood, covered by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the picturesque Evan. It was in the house of Hamilton that a favorite servant once offended his master extremely and was commanded to leave his service immediately. "That I will not," said the domestic. "If your honour disna ken when ye hae a gude servant, I ken when I hae a gude master." On another occasion the master was much tried with him and ordered him out again, saying, "John, you and I shall never sleep under the same roof again," John replied: "Where the deil can yer honor be ganging?"

Just back of the picturesque ruin is a grove of immense oak trees, all that is left of the great Caledonian Forest which anciently extended from one extreme of Scotland to the other. In this forest was long preserved the white breed of Scottish wild cattle, but their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, all except a few, still kept here in confinement. Their appearance is beautiful, being milk-white with black muzzles, horns and hoops. The males originally had long white manes.

Near by is Crookstown Castle, where Queen Mary was betrothed to Darnley, and where they spent their honeymoon—which did not last long presumably, for, not being able to blow him up enough to suit her, she caused it to be done effectually with gunpowder.

Bothwell Bridge is the scene of the famous battle of the Covenanters in 1679. Here also is the birthplace of Wallace, called then the Manor of Ellerslie—now called Elderslie and owned by Archibald Speirs, Esq.

But now, as the picturesque little Kirk comes in sight, the sad words "Too late! Too late! ye cannot enter now," come to mind, for alas! the service had already begun, and surely no stranger would dare venture inside the sacred precinct at such an hour, so all that was left for the solitary wandering sheep without the fold, was to sit down on the doorsteps and listen. Presently there came, wafted through the crack in the door, the sound of a hymn sung by the congregation—

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Israel great;
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.

And then the voice of the preacher is heard speaking evidently to the sexton: "I perceive a multitude at the door. Go bring them in from the highways and byways that they may hear the word of the Lord, and hearing may heed." So the sexton came out and escorted the "multitude" in, and sat it down directly in front of the preacher, who then opened the large Bible and proceeded to read the second chapter of the Book of Ruth, the story of the young Moabitess who left her own country and went among an unknown people—and when came his fervent appeal for Divine protection for all who were wanderers on the face of the earth—for all who go forth alone—and yet not alone, for "Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore."—then—but over the remainder of this impressive episode, the homesick wanderer begs to draw a veil.

MARTHA MAXIM.

Keeping Shady. "What's become of all those fellows who used to be writing dialect stories?" "They're hiding. Too many people are out with guns to make it safe for them."

NECK OR NOTHING.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Following upon a clouded sunset had come one of those sudden changes in the weather common to that climate and season, and night set in in such chilly fashion that Seth cast about his threadbare wardrobe in an impatient and hopeless search for something that might serve as a substitute for a topcoat.

He "was bound to see that thing out if he had to set the night through in his shirt sleeves on that windy gallery."

The Scriptural apportionment of seven women to one man came very near of achievement at Sans Souci in those days, and Seth felt a sense of responsibility for their physical welfare that was not confined to the careful herding of their diminishing flocks or the raising of acceptable food crops.

That "a lot of impudent Yankee cusses" should have visited Sans Souci and let their "rough tongues" loose on the madam and sissy was an indignity that stirred him to hot but impotent wrath.

He had so expressed himself with ineffectual remorse when the story of the morning had been told him, variously and excitedly.

"I don't know as I could a-done anything if I'd b'en here, but seems like there oughter b'en a man bout to a-saved you all some."

"We ain't through with 'em yet, sonny. You'll have a chance at 'em," said his mother, with pathetic pride in the courage of the Martins. "It wouldn't surprise me one particle if them sassy rogues was to come back tonight and stick a torch to us all while we was asleep."

It was this frightful prophecy that set Seth to hunting up a topcoat, which, of course, he did not find.

He relinquished the search with a patient sigh and compromised on a moth eaten comforter, which he was cheerfully convinced would secure him against the added pangs of sore throat.

They were an unexacting lot, those hemmed in rebels, men and women, and had learned the great lesson of doing without thoroughly well. And a man who has learned to do without such superfluities as flour and coffee and sugar and shoes and hats is not apt to grow captious over the absence of a topcoat.

"If it worn't for the women folks, I could stand it better, durn'd if I couldn't. I'd enjoy mortifyin the flesh in some fashion, seein I'm shut off from doin any of the fightin, but mammy's old and the madam's delicate, and dog-on me if it don't make me snortin mad to have them pestered."

Thus Seth to himself, pacing slowly and softly up and down the vine curtained gallery, a lonely, bewildered sentinel, not knowing in the least what the moments might bring forth, accepting duty for his password and ready to follow his commander, conscience, into the very jaws of death.

Two huge tubbed oleanders flanked the front steps on either side. The soft, slow patter of the rain upon their thick leaves made him nervous. It lessened his chances of hearing approaching footsteps and tended to further confuse his bewildered senses.

At one moment the pattering sounded like the faroff clatter of innumerable hoofs, then again it fell with the sharp distinctness of clinking spurs on nearby heels, while over the shadowy groups of the dark shrubs the night wind swept its aeolian harp with restless fingers.

When unstinted physical labor has filled the day, sleep makes imperative demands on a man, let him be never so nervously excited otherwise, and Seth had to keep in constant motion to ward off drowsiness. He would never forgive himself if those predicted torch bearers should accomplish their wicked ends while he slept.

"D—n 'em, they may shoot me fur it, but I'll get in one or two licks fust."

His footfall was noiseless, nothing between him and the damp gallery floor but the stout woolen socks knitted by his mother's dexterous fingers.

The wooden sabots he had laboriously achieved for outdoor wear were too painfully audible for such a delicate mission as that night was devoted to. This sentinel duty had not been discussed with the women. They had all retired early after that nerve trying day, and he hoped they were all sleeping off the recollection of its trials. Seth was affectionately minded to spare them every unnecessary pang, and if they knew he was "footing it" out there in the chill darkness some of them would "fret over it."

There was no suggestion of the hero in Seth Martin's personality at the best. Heroes do not slouch through the obscure byways of the world on shambling feet and with down dropped head. Pride of record lifts their heads above the earthworm's trail. But Seth had no record to be proud of.

Destiny had assigned him this position as keeper of the home. It had not been his choice. He should never be able to quite forget what he suffered when all of the "men folks" had turned their faces from Sans Souci, leaving him and old Dolbear "to keep things together."

How much easier to have gone into the fight! With all his might he had been "keeping things together." Dolbear was his only counselor. It would never do to fret the women with such wearisome details. For them always the ready ingenuity, the patient smile, the encouraging note, struck from his own despairing soul with such determined elasticity as to carry comfort in spite of its false ring.

Nothing heroic in all that. Nothing even remotely suggestive of heroism in the tall, stooping form, the peering, anxious blue eyes, the work worn aspect of the man who waited and watched through the rain drenched twilight of the night that darkened into the blackness of a midnight fraught with unfriendly possibilities. Waited and watched, pacing cautiously to and fro, backward and forward, with muffled tread, until—no—yes—

Unmistakably the clicking sound of an iron latch lifted and dropped. Unmistakably measured heavy footfalls, not stealthy, like his own, simply deliberate, and Seth, standing still behind the green curtains of the madeira vines, saw three men advancing up the jasmine bordered walk.

A formidable array it looked to the ill clad, shoeless, unarmed watcher on the veranda, their belted jackets weighted with formidable holsters, their visored caps gleaming dully from out the gloom.

The squad halted abruptly at the foot of the steps to reconnoiter the barred and darkened front of the governor's mansion.

"They must go to roost with the chickens in these diggin's," said the leader of the little band. "What o'clock was it when we left town, corp?"

"Nigh on to 'leven," the corporal answered with a yawn, "and we've been a good hour on the road."

"Right you are. Such cussed bad roads I never seen. My orders was to fetch the feller without botherin the ladies, but how in the devil are we to manage it?"

"Old Blackie said he was in the turnip patch this morning."

"It's likely we'll find him there now. Hoein turnips is such fascinatin work a chap never gets up on it once he gets at it."

The feebleness of the suggestion and the infinite scorn of its rejection produced a ripple of subdued laughter. With a display of finesse scarcely to be expected of him Seth advanced boldly under cover of this amicable diversion.

Heroically resolved that if it rested with him the women inside should not be "pestered," he descended the short flight of stairs in his unshod noiselessness, looming darkly before the gaze of the squad with unheralded abruptness.

"Maybe I'm the feller you are lookin for, gents," he said in his slow, gentle drawl.

"Maybe you are if your name happens to be Seth D. Martin."

"That's my name."

"Then maybe you wouldn't mind ridin out to Sessumsport with us tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Just so."

"Are you actin under orders to fetch me?"

"That's just 'bout the size of it."

"What can anybody want of me? I ain't never even heard a bullet whistle, I'm sorry to say. I'm too pitifully insignificant to be wuth arrestin."

"Our major thinks different, it seems."

"Major who?"

"Major of the Fifth. He's in command out yonder at the river, and it's him as sent for you. Come, now, where's your nag? Never mind about your dress coat, we'll excuse that."

And the squad laughed delightedly at the wit of their leader. Seth answered them with slow gentleness:

"I reckon you'll have to excuse more'n a dress coat, gents. I believe I'd rather go just as I am than to hustle 'bout inside and wake the ladies up. I suppose now," he added, stooping to persuasion, "if I gave you the word of a gentleman that if I was wanted out to Sessumsport I would come of my own accord early in the morning it wouldn't induce you to let me stay here till day breaks?"

"Not by a jugful. Our major is a martinet. When he gives an order, we obey it, we don't question it. Our orders are to fetch one Seth D. Martin to his headquarters, out in the courthouse at Sessumsport, and if you are inclined to go peaceably it will be better for you and the women folks—for everybody concerned. If your beast is turned out, you'll have to double up with one of the boys."

"I would like to leave a note, then, for my mother."

"Perhaps it would be best to go quietly," he argued mentally. Indeed there was no room for choice in the matter.

"I won't keep you waitin long. I'll just step into the library and scratch off a line."

"You won't try to skip?"

"Skip?"

"Vamoose the ranch?"

"You mean dodge you?"

"That's about the size of it."

"Seth Martin ain't got much to be proud of, gentlemen," said Seth, lifting his stooping form with an angry gesture, "but he ain't never yet caught himself tryin to dodge anything or any man."

"Good for Seth Martin. All the same, Corporal Greenleaf, step inside with Freshy while he writes that note to his ma."

There was something in the light, scoffing voice that stung Seth into silence. He turned away from the men and walked quickly toward the library, closely followed by Corporal Greenleaf.

On the library table he knew he would find one of the soft, tallowy candles his mother and the madam were so inordinately proud of, stuck in one of the tall silver candlesticks that had be longed to generations of Strongs. It always stood ready for night emergencies.

Seth lighted it, and with a sense of desecration resting heavily upon him seated himself at the governor's writing table to write a comforting note to his mother.

Corporal Greenleaf took possession of the big leather armchair that was rarely ever occupied, now that the governor was gone, and, laying his heavy cap across his knees, gave himself up to contemplation of the splendid appointments of the room.

Seth's pen scratching rapidly across the sheet of paper was the only audible sound.

"It ain't a' easy letter to write," he said, lifting his head to smile apologetically at the corporal. "You see, I don't want to scare them any more than can be helped. I've told her I've been 'rested, but I can't just exactly tell her what the major of the Fifth wants of me. Do you happen to know now?"

The simple earnestness of this rustic won upon his more sophisticated guard strangely. Corporal Greenleaf uncrossed and recrossed his military legs with deliberation, toyed meditatively with the rowel of his huge spurs and answered confusedly: "Blessed if I do. I reckon, however, it's safe to tell her that you're in no danger of being roasted alive or passed through the sausage grinder; not fat 'nough on your bones for that."

"Thank you," said Seth, courteously smiling a faint acceptance of the corporal's broad personalities before resuming the laborious undertaking of writing his mother the first letter he had ever indited:

DEAR OLD MAMMY—Don't you go and get scared now when I don't turn up about breakfast time. The Yankees out at Sessumsport want me for something o' rather, and I'm under a'rest. I would have woke you up to tell you all this by word er mouth, but I thought you needed all the sleep you could git after yesterday's scare. I don't see as anybody's got much against me. I wisht they had more, but I reckon they'll turn me loose when they find out what small game they've bagged. The feller that's watchin me while I'm writin this don't seem to think there's anything very terrifying ahead of me, so you mustn't be curious in my anything dreadful. If I ain't back long by 12 o'clock, please tell Dolbear to hitch up and hoe out the rest of them turnips. I had laid off to do it myself fust thing this mornin, but these rents is so pressin in their invitation I'm bleeged to go with 'em.

P. S.—The above is a joke. With love to sis
Your attached son, S. D. MARTIN.

Pallid, breathless, terrified, with this note fluttering in her trembling hand, Mrs. Martin burst into the room occupied jointly by Liza and Mamie Colyer, who were both startled into intense, wide awakeness by her wailing cry.

"Liza, oh, Liza, wake up, honey, and give me some comfort. My heart's like to break."

Liza, barefoot, rosy from slumber, bright eyed and disheveled, was by her side in a second.

"What is it, mimmie? The smokehouse?"

"Smokehouse! Oh, my Lord, no! It's your brother, your brother Seth. The onlies' one I had left."

"Seth!"

"He's done took, honey. They've 'rested him. The Yankees is got him out at Sessumsport this ve'y minute, and how do I know what they're doin to him? And, oh, my Lawd, I just bet anything it was them red stripes down the side of his poor legs. He said them stripes made him look like a major general, and I reckon them fools thought he was. Poor boy! And him never having a chance to shoot anything but beef cattle."

She wiped her fast flowing tears on the cuff of her gown sleeve and sighed resignedly.

"You needn't say a word, Liza. It was them red stripes. But when women has to cut their men folk's breeches out'n old shawls it ain't always easy to tell where the stripes is goin to hit. Oh, my Lawd! Now, girls, you know it ain't," and they mingled their tears together while casting about for words of comfort.

At the same moment out at Sessumsport Seth was being ushered into the presence of the man who had ordered his arrest.

The whole business was bewildering in the extreme; the startling summons, breaking up the solemn silence of his sentinel watch; the long, trying ride, with nothing more flexible to steady himself by than the leather strap about Corporal Greenleaf's ample waist line; the unfamiliar aspect of Sessumsport, seen by the gray light of dawn, besprinkled with the white tents of an encamped brigade; the old courthouse, transformed into military headquarters, with the huge national flag fluttering limply in the rain dampened air; the room in Widow Morgan's cottage into which he was ushered by his guard, with much show of respect for its solitary occupant. That occupant, rigidly erect in front of a table strewn with maps and papers, turned toward the door and rose as Corporal Greenleaf saluted and informed him that his orders had been carried out to the letter.

"And yhere's your man, major," waving his hand toward Seth with an air of not considering the game worth the candle.

"You can go, corporal, and put a guard before the door. I am not to be interrupted."

Then Major Martin of the Fifth made a step toward the trembling, bewildered prisoner standing alone, where he and Corporal Greenleaf had stood together a moment before. The Federal officer extended his hand. The rebel prisoner did not notice it.

"Brother Seth, we meet again, strangely."

The sound of the old familiar voice, rich, mellow, unchanged, completed Seth's downfall.

He covered his pallid face with his work hardened hands. His tall, gaunt form quivered with the shock of recognition.

"Strong! Strong Martin! Oh, my God, boy, that I should live to see you wearing that uniform!"

And tears trickled down his weather stained cheeks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queerest Town In England.

The most curious town in England is Northwich. There is not a straight street nor, in fact, a straight house in the place. Every part of it has the appearance of having suffered from the visitation of an earthquake. Northwich is the center of the salt industry in Cheshire, England. On nearly all sides of the town are big salt works, with their engines pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week. At a depth of some 200 or 300 feet are immense subterranean lakes of brine, and as the contents of these are pumped and pumped away the upper crust of earth is correspondingly weakened and the result is an occasional subsidence. These subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, and they are drawn all ways, and give the town an extremely dissipated appearance.—New York Sun.

He Was Actually Clean!

Colonel Ibbetson, who died recently in England, was a capital whist player and an insatiable reader. In the interval between games he invariably plunged into a book, never indulging in futile discussions about the plays. He was the hero of the last sensational elopement to Gretna Green. Forty-four years ago he ran off with the Lady Adela Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey. They were never fully pardoned, as it was thought that she had been guilty of a grave misalliance. Indeed the story is told that when they got back to town Lady Adela was reported to have exclaimed to her sister, "I had no idea till I married that the lower orders were so clean in their habits."

To a person who uses the brain a good deal a light novel or an amusing book of travels or social essays will be found to be of the very greatest value as a rest tonic. Where one is fond of children an hour spent in the nursery will be most resting.

The vineyards of Italy cover nearly 6,000,000 acres.

Railroad Engineer

Testifies to Benefits Received From

Dr. Miles' Remedies.

THERE is no more responsible position on earth than that of a railroad engineer. On his steady nerves, clear brain, bright eye and perfect self command, depend the safety of the train and the lives of its passengers Dr. Miles' Nervine and other remedies are especially adapted to keeping the n

ESTABLISHED 1828.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JUNE 21, 1898.

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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

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

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

SINGLE COPIES.

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

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

COMING EVENTS.

June 27.—Second Congressional District Republican Convention, Auburn.
June 28.—Republican State Convention, Augusta.
June 29.—District Lodge, I. O. G. T., Canton.
June 30.—Republican County Convention, South Paris.
June 30.—Democratic State Convention, Bangor.
July 2.—Oxford Pomona Grange, East Sumner
July 28-Aug. 11—School of Methods, Martha's Grove, Fryeburg.
Aug. 2-20.—Chautauqua Assembly, Martha's Grove, Fryeburg.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is a Well Known Fact.
Dropped.
Walter A. Wood.
New Cash Store.
"The Beeches".
Uncle Sam's War Glasses.
I Want to Clothe You.
It Leads Them All.
Farm for Sale.
Farm Wanted.
Buy the McCormick.

A Republican State Convention

WILL BE HELD IN

CITY HALL, AUGUSTA,

Tuesday, June 28, 1898,

AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor to be supported at the September election, and transacting any other business that may properly come before it.

The voters of Maine, without regard to past political differences, who are in favor of sustaining President McKinley and his administration in the conduct of the war with Spain; who are in favor of sustaining the present wise and economical administration of our State affairs are cordially invited to join with the Republicans in choosing delegates to this convention.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each city, town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate, and for each 75 votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1896, an additional delegate, and for a fraction of 40 votes in excess of 75 votes, a further additional delegate. Vacancies in the delegation of any city, town or plantation can only be filled by a resident of the county in which the vacancy exists.

The State committee will be in session in the city council rooms of City hall, at 9 o'clock on the morning of the convention, for the purpose of receiving the credentials of delegates. Delegates, in order to be eligible to participate in the convention, must be elected subsequent to the date of the call for this convention.

Per order, Republican State Committee.

J. H. MANLEY, Chairman.

BYRON BOYD, Secretary.

Augusta, Me., April 25, 1898.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republicans of the Second Congressional District of Maine, composed of the counties of Androscoggin, Franklin, Knox, Lincoln, Oxford and Sagadahoc, are requested to send delegates to a convention to be held in

Auburn Hall, Auburn, Monday, June 27, 1898,

at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for representative to the fifty-sixth congress of the United States and to elect a district committee.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each city, town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate and for each seventy-five votes cast for the Republican candidate for 1896, and for a fraction of forty votes in excess of seventy-five votes, an additional delegate.

Vacancies in the delegation of any city, town or plantation, can only be filled by residents of the county in which the vacancies exist. The committee will be in session at the hall at 11 A. M. on the day of the convention to receive credentials.

W. H. FOGLER, Chairman.

J. W. BRACKETT, Secretary.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of Oxford County are requested to meet in convention at the Court House, South Paris, on Thursday, June 30, 1898, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following county officers, viz. Two Senators, Clerk of Courts, County Treasurer, County Attorney, Register of Deeds for Eastern District, Register of Deeds for Western District, one County Commissioner, and Sheriff. Also to choose a Republican County Committee.

The basis of representation will be as follows: each town and plantation organized for election purposes will be entitled to one delegate, and for each 75 votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1896, an additional delegate, and for a fraction of 40 votes in excess of 75 votes, a further additional delegate.

The Republican County Committee will be in session at the Grand Jury room at the Court House at South Paris at 8 o'clock on the morning of the Convention to receive the credentials of the delegates.

Delegates, in order to be eligible to participate in the convention, must be elected subsequent to the date of the call for this convention.

Per order of the Republican County Committee.

ELLERY C. PARK, Chairman.

Bethel, Maine, April 30, 1898.

The several towns and plantations will be entitled to delegates according to the following list, viz.:

Albany,	2	Norway,	7
Andover,	3	Oxford,	3
Bethel,	5	Paris,	9
Brownfield,	3	Upton,	2
Buckfield,	3	Porter,	3
Byron,	1	Roxbury,	1
Canton,	3	Rumford,	7
Denmark,	2	Stoneham,	2
Dixfield,	3	Stow,	1
Fryeburg,	4	Sumner,	3
Gilead,	1	Sweden,	1
Grafton,	1	Upton,	1
Greenwood,	2	Waterford,	3
Hanover,	1	Woodstock,	3
Hartford,	3	PLANTATIONS.	
Hebron,	2	Franklin,	1
Hiram,	3	Lincoln,	1
Lovell,	3	Magalloway,	1
Mason,	1	Milton,	1
Mexico,	3		
Newry,	1	Total	100

FRYEBURG ACADEMY GRADUATION.

The baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Fryeburg Academy was delivered on Sunday, June 12, at the Congregational church, by Rev. W. B. Allis, pastor of the Congregational church at North Conway, N. H. A large congregation was present. Mr. Allis' text was Rev. 3:8: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

The graduating exercises were held in the same church Tuesday afternoon. Decorations of plants were very beautiful. The following was the programme of the exercises:

Music, Orchestra.
Prayer, Rev. E. H. Abbott.
Opening Address, Harvey D. Gibson, No. Conway, N. H.
History, Olive L. Knox, No. Fryeburg.
Music, Orchestra.
Oration—A Righteous War, Carl S. Hatch, Fryeburg.
Prophecy, Mary B. Spring, Hiram.
Music, Orchestra.
Gifts, Lida H. Johnson, No. Fryeburg.
Parting address, Mary A. Marston, Brownfield.
Music, Orchestra.
Conferring of Diplomas, Judge A. H. Walker.
Singing of Ode, Written by Florence B. Spring.
Benediction, Rev. B. N. Stone.

In the evening an enjoyable concert was given with the following programme:

Overture—Eureka, Catlin.
Orchestra.
Reading—Ananias the Second, Miss Susan M. Walker.
Trombone Solo, Mr. Harlow.
Vocal Solo—Sands of Dee, Day.
Miss Henrietta Rice.
Violin Solo, Mr. F. A. Given.
Song, Male Quartette.
Medley—Popular Airs, Hadley.
Orchestra.
Reading, Miss Walker.
Cornet Solo, Mr. Blanchard.
Solo—Mandalay, Cobb.
Miss Rice.
Finale—American Republic, Ringleben.
Orchestra.

At the close of the concert a reception was given to the outgoing class by the juniors in the parlors of The Oxford.

The Boston alumni presented to the school a picture of the Roman Forum through a former principal, Walter A. Robinson. Mr. A. F. Lewis made appropriate remarks.

At the annual meeting of the trustees a unanimous vote was taken to invite Mr. E. R. Woodbury to remain as principal the coming year. The past year has been one of excellent progress.

Frank Trott, 28 years of age, shot himself in the head at Perry Wednesday night and cannot live. No cause is given for the act.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

PARIS HILL.

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

Universalist Church: Rev. E. W. Pierce, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Meeting of Young People's Christian Union, Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. Lewis B. Brown, 2d, and Mr. Howard, of Harvard, 1900, spent a few days at Mr. Lewis M. Brown's last week.

The ordinance of baptism was administered to one person at the morning service at the Baptist church Sunday.

The Y. P. C. U. of the Universalist church will, according to the suggestions sent out, observe next Sunday as "hospital Sunday." At the evening service a collection will be taken to assist in buying medicines and delicacies for our soldiers that are in the hospitals, and the services of the evening will be in keeping with the occasion.

Professor Maynard Maxim and family of Montpelier, Vt., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Maxim, in this place.

The children's concert, which was to be given at the Baptist church last Sunday evening, was postponed on account of rain. It will be given next Sunday morning at the usual hour of service, 11 o'clock. No postponement on account of weather. The public most cordially invited.

The exercises of the school exhibition Saturday evening were largely of a patriotic character. The stage was draped in flags and bunting. The programme included several recitations, two or three essays, a flag drill, the singing of several national songs by the whole school, and other songs and entertaining features. The entire program was so well rendered as to be deserving of nothing but the highest commendation. Ice cream and cake were sold, and a short sociable enjoyed after the exercises.

The commencement concert at Paris Hill Academy last Thursday evening by the Norway quartette, Mrs. Cora S. Briggs, soloist and accompanist, and Miss Louise Marie Callahan, reader, failed to draw such an audience as its quality deserved. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo—Second Mazurka, Godard.
Mrs. Briggs.
Quartet—Spring Waltz Song, Ventwich.
Mrs. Kimball, Miss Beal, Messrs. Briggs and Kimball.
Solo—Happy Days, Strelezki.
Miss Beal.
Reading—Old Ace, Brooks.
Miss Louise Marie Callahan.
Duet—Excelsior, Balfe.
Mrs. Kimball and Mr. Briggs.
Solo—The Holy City, Adams.
Mrs. Kimball.
Duet—Across The Lagoon, Loge.
Mrs. Kimball and Miss Beal.
Trio—Praise Ye The Lord, Glebel.
Mrs. Kimball, Messrs. Kimball and Briggs.
Reading—Selected,
Miss Callahan.
Solo—Bandoleo, Leslie Stuart.
Mr. Briggs.
Quartet—Forget Me Not, Giese.

Nearly every number received an encore. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs are well-known favorites here, and their work is always of the best and fully appreciated. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, Miss Beal and Miss Callahan were heard here for the first time and gave most excellent satisfaction. Mrs. Kimball's fine soprano voice was especially praised. Miss Beal's alto showed scientific training, and Miss Callahan's readings proved her an accomplished artist.

WEST PARIS.

H. W. Childs had the misfortune to break his left shoulder while harrowing with a young horse recently.

The drama "The Donation Party" is postponed one week. It will be played June 24th.

EAST OXFORD.

Hon. George O. Robinson went to Cambridge Saturday, intending to return with his family by the middle of this week.

Mr. Washington Dean's house was struck by lightning Wednesday, June 8, but fortunately no great damage was done, only a few bricks of the chimney being torn down.

Miss Mary Stone is doing table work in one of the hotels at Bridgton.

Mrs. S. S. Rowe has been quite sick with a very bad attack of tonsilitis, but is better at this writing.

Mrs. C. C. Rowe's father visited her Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Frank Paine and wife were the guests of John Chase Sunday.

Mr. B. M. Pratt's youngest son has been quite sick with sore throat.

Miss Gertrude Foster was visiting at C. C. Rowe's Sunday. She goes to Old Orchard as soon as her school at Oxford village closes, which will be in two weeks.

A. L. Soule was in Lewiston Thursday.

Mrs. A. M. Paine and daughter were in Norway Friday.

Mr. Record of East Hebron is training a colt for A. L. Soule.

Mrs. Frank Elwell of North Paris visited at her father's, Mr. Abner Paine's, Sunday.

EAST SUMNER.

Well, Sumner's grand centennial has passed into history and most of the distant visitors have returned. It was an event of deep interest and great pleasure to all its participants. The crowd was large and orderly and all seemed to honor the rare occasion. Most of our old citizens were present and none seemed to enjoy the event better than they. The happy occasion will long be remembered by those present. We wish to thank all who contributed to the success of the event. Especially the following who rendered timely financial aid:

Prentiss Cummings, Boston.
O. K. Gerrish.
Mrs. L. B. Bisbee, Camden.
W. E. Pulsifer, New York.
John H. Stetson, Lysander Heald, Weymouth, Mass.
H. Hersey Heald, Sandwich, Mass.
Freeland Howe, Norway.
Mrs. J. L. Derby.
Wallace Ryerson, South Paris.
Hiram Tuell, Bethel.
Josiah Cushman, Abington, Mass.
John F. Cobb, Auburn.
Messrs. John and Horatio Turner, of Boston, who gave the nice large flag, and doubtless others whose names have not reached us.

Without their timely aid the affair could not have been the grand success that it was. It devolved great labor on a few who spared no effort to make it an enjoyable occasion. A few at West Sumner devoted their time for days to the arduous work of preparation. The centennial chorus choir that rendered such fine music under the direction of Ernest R. H. Stetson is entitled to many thanks for their valuable aid. Many visitors desire to know their names and we give them below: S. C. Heald and wife, Miss Alma Pinkham, Mrs. Lizzie Robinson, Dr. J. B. Robinson, Fred Palmer and wife, Mrs. Mabel Cobb, Mrs. Lottie Russell, J. E. Warren, Luther Irish. This chorus choir under Director Stetson can, and do, render fine music. The town committee extend thanks to all that aided in the successful affair.

CANTON POINT.

Ed Jones and Mr. Barker from Livermore Falls passed through our place Wednesday.

B. B. Dailey has harrowed up his corn on account of poor seed.

Ellis Delano is working on the road.

The steam mill at Gilbertville started Wednesday.

A. Delano has a sick cow.

Carroll Hutchinson and wife visited E. H. Johnson, Tuesday.

NORWAY LAKE.

Mrs. Samuel Partridge died Tuesday morning, and was buried Thursday.

Mrs. E. J. Noyes and daughter Leola, of Lovell, are visiting at J. L. Partridge's.

Mrs. L. D. Hobbs is failing rapidly. She is very feeble in body and mind.

Mrs. Eunice N. Frye of Portland met the club ladies at Mrs. Stephens Wednesday afternoon, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all. Cocoa, lemonade and cake were served.

EAST BETHEL.

Walter Reed of Hanover is visiting at C. C. Bean's.

Mrs. McAllister of Stoneham recently visited her daughter, Mrs. Maurice Bean.

Mr. W. J. Macnell visited this place last week in the interest of Mr. Bowler, photographer of Bethel.

Mrs. Emma Merrill spent last week at her old home in this place.

Mr. Williams, of Springfield, Maine, spent a few days at J. M. Bartlett's last week.

BETHEL.

Rev. Arthur Varley occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church last Sabbath.

Tuesday afternoon the W. C. T. U. held a pleasant meeting with Mrs. J. C. Billings. A special effort will be made by the superintendent of temperance instruction in public schools to introduce a first-class temperance physiology. We are fortunate in having a supervisor who will co-operate in this important line of work. The boys and girls of to-day are to be the men and women of to-morrow.

Tuesday evening a very pleasant and unique entertainment was given in the Universalist chapel, a "snip party." All report a fine time. Ice cream and cake were served.

Dr. F. B. Tuell, Mr. Gilbert Tuell and wife, former residents of Sumner, and Judge Woodbury, attended the centennial of that town.

Last Wednesday evening the sad news of the death of Henry Farwell reached this place. The removal of the patient to Augusta only quieted him, but could not relieve the disease. The cause of his sickness was found to be a clot of blood on the brain. All that human skill could do has been done, but just in the prime of life, with a bright future promising, he has gone. Mr. Farwell, the 22d of last June, was married to Miss Alice Larey of Gilead, a lady of refinement and most lovable qualities. Only eleven short months of happy married life was granted to them, then came the serious illness, which terminated in death at Augusta June 15. The funeral was held at the Congregational church Friday, under the auspices of the Odd Fellows. Rev. Israel Jordan, former pastor of the church, came from Casco to officiate, and was assisted by Rev. F. E. Barton, pastor of the Universalist church. Very deep sympathy is felt for the widow and an aged mother, with the remaining two brothers and a sister.

Mrs. Sarah Foster has returned from the Maine General Hospital.

The event of the week will be the grand concert at Odeon Hall Monday evening.

Mr. J. C. Billings is to be the next postmaster for Bethel, so the caucus decided Saturday afternoon. This office has been most vigorously sought after by several candidates and Mr. Billings is the successful man.

PERU

Mrs. Jane McDonald has gone to Rumford Falls visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Kerr.

Mrs. Sabra Robinson has gone to Sumner on a visit.

Miss Leona Gammon has gone to Waltham, Mass., on a visit.

Barrett & Kidder bought the Wm. H. Bent stand and are shingling it.

Quite a number from this place went to Sumner to the centennial on the 13th.

J. E. Conant was in Livermore Falls over Sunday.

J. M. Gammon is visiting in Andover.

BROWNFIELD.

Frank Meserve has moved into one of the Bean rents.

Dr. Fitch has completed his new stable.

Mr. Frank Ham has had some improvements made on his buildings.

Mrs. Andrew Durgin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Whitney.

Mrs. Fred Thayer has a young son.

Mr. Samuel Warren is quite feeble, also Mrs. Wm. Brooks.

It still continues quite sickly in town.

WELCHVILLE.

Miss Belle Lunt is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Edward Chase, in Freeport.

The surviving members of Co. D, 17th Maine Regiment, held their annual reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Chaplin, Wednesday, June 15th.

Mrs. David Morse, after a long and painful sickness, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Dyer, Tuesday, June 14th. She was loved and respected by all who knew her.

NORTH PARIS.

A. D. Andrews has hired A. D. Littlehale for the season.

John Reeves has left A. D. Andrews' and gone to Portland.

West Paris Grange elected four officers June 11 to fill vacancies:

Lecturer—Mrs. Millie Davis.
Ass't Steward—John Porter.
Secretary—Elva Marshall.
Pomona—Mrs. Ada Bardon.

There was a special meeting June 18 to confer degrees. June 25, in the afternoon, will be children's day, and ice cream and cake will be served.

Mrs. Mary Churchill has been visiting at King Churchill's.

Mrs Laura Dunn Allen died June 12, and was buried June 14.

Cliff Dunham is at home on a visit, and took in the Sumner centennial.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Curtis were in the south part of the town visiting June 11 and 12.

Mrs. Lorana Adams was badly injured in a runaway accident near Bryant's Pond June 15.

DENMARK.

On Saturday morning, June 11, the dwelling house of Mr. Cole Harmon was discovered to be on fire, and in the short space of an hour was burned to the ground. Mr. Harmon lost everything, a horse and a large number of hens. Insured.

Mr. Henry Fessenden died Thursday, the 16th, at his home on Tear Cap.

Mr. E. E. Swan is failing fast.

It is very sickly in this section at the present time.

Mr. S. G. Davis is reported as being more comfortable.

Mr. Augustine Ingalls is sawing box boards.

Mr. S. E. Gilman has fitted up a blacksmith's shop at the Richardson place.

MEXICO.

Saturday afternoon at a mass convention of the Republicans of the towns of Mexico, Roxbury and Byron, held at the school house in the Poplar Hill District in Mexico, Henry W. Park was chosen chairman and Henry H. Richards secretary. On motion of Stephen Taylor of Byron, seconded by R. L. Taylor of Mexico, John Reed of Roxbury was nominated as candidate for the legislature. There was a large attendance present at the caucus.

Thursday afternoon, the 9th, the 3 year old daughter of Wm. I. Holt was so badly scalded by falling into and tipping over a pail of hot water that she died from the effects Friday afternoon.

Saturday morning Nelson Tufverson and wife awoke to find in the bed with them their little daughter, nearly one year old, dead. Both children were buried Sunday afternoon.

WILSON'S MILLS.

Sabbath School was organized June 5. Sarah S. Bennett is superintendent, Mrs. R. S. Bean assistant superintendent, and Mrs. D. C. Bennett secretary, treasurer and librarian.

Bids were received Monday, the 6th, at 1 o'clock, on bridge site for building the abutments. There were quite a number of bidders, several being up from Errol. Horace Bennett and Fred Taylor were lowest bidders. They have the contract and have commenced work.

Ernest Bennett went to Bethel Wednesday to attend lodge meeting of F. and A. M.

Very violent thunder showers Wednesday in this locality. Lightning struck in several places, and the river rose rapidly for some hours.

F. A. Flint, road commissioner, has a crew at work, putting road in repair.

ROXBURY.

We are all glad to see the sun once more.

Our road commissioner, J. H. Jenne, lost one of his heavy horses, by his getting loose and eating too much meal.

At a joint caucus of the towns of Mexico, Roxbury and Byron, John Reed of this town was nominated by accalamation for representative to legislature.

Rev. A. Tillson of Canada stopped here on his way to conference at the Isthmus school house in Rumford.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

Miss Bertha Hill is visiting friends at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Rogers have a baby boy born June 16.

Mrs. L. R. Giles went to Saco last week to attend the graduating exercises at Thornton Academy.

Hon. W. H. Stickney and family are at home for the summer.

Mr. C. D. Fessenden was called to Hiram Saturday to attend the funeral of his brother, Mr. Henry Fessenden.

HEBRON.

Geo. Whitney, Esq., of Oxford, was in the place Monday.

Mrs. W. E. Sargent is expected home from New York this week.

Prof. Teague and quite a number of students were at Rev. S. D. Richardson's Thursday looking over his fine collection of minerals.

Mrs. W. A. Bartlett has received a handsome dinner set of 112 pieces, the gift of her son, J. E. Bartlett of Boston.

We are glad to report that caterpillars are dying off.

Gardens are growing finely. I. P. Bearce has potatoes in blossom.

We would say to the person who entered our garden one day (or night) this week and cut the topmost branch from the Spirea von Houtti, much injuring the looks of the shrub, and also picked our most choice geranium blossom, that we are always willing to give away flowers, and shall be glad next time to be asked.

SOUTH HIRAM.

Arthur Smith, who has been at work in Chatham, N. H., came home Monday for a few days.

Miss Bessie Morrill is boarding at D. Stearns'.

Quite a number from this place went to Hiram Falls Sunday.

Miss Mabel Mason is working at Wm. Ridlon's.

Mrs. Rosa Leavitt of Chatham, N. H., is visiting at D. Stearns'.

Born, in Quincy, Mass., June 10th, to the wife of Lester Weeks, a son.

Mrs. Eliza Mason, who stopped a few days with her grandson, Fred S. Libby, of this town, returned to her home in Freedom, Saturday.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. Rozetta Bicknell was at Rumford Falls last week visiting her niece, Mrs. Emerson Ames.

Miss Ella Ames returned with Mrs. Bicknell for a short visit.

Mrs. N. B. Emery is at Cumberland Centre on a visit.

A large delegation of our people were at Sumner at the centennial.

O. L. Varney, Oscar Chandler, Alton and Charles Damon, all of Sumner, are at work for Washie Heald on his stable.

H. B. Hersey's daughters, Mrs. Frank Warren of Hartford, and Fannie of Auburn, have been at home on a visit.

GREENWOOD.

Fair weather has come again, so let all the people clap their hands, and the people rejoice and be glad. The rain continued to come until this part of the earth was completely water-logged, and we could almost imagine it was turned into a huge derelict, and floating along on the ocean of time.

The shower last Wednesday week not only washed the roads badly places, but also several fields of sweet corn, so that the owners talk of sowing them to grain.

George Judkins is getting out the timber for a small barn in place of the buildings demolished by the cyclone. The hewing is being done by Elijah Libby.

All are hoping to hear that they had a good time at the Sumner centennial last Monday. Would have been there had duty not called in another direction. May be more favorable next time. We never lived in Sumner, but have worked and been to meeting there in years gone by. Probably Slocum remembers the time when the wind blew the roof off the ell of the starch factory, and "Uncle" David Tinkham and myself put it on again, since we boarded in his father's family during the time. And he doubtless recollects the double wedding in the Congregational church on the Hill, as he was there and in it.

Our better half took cold soon after returning from her visit, which resulted in so severe an attack of asthma as to require the assistance of Dr. Carroll. His medicine worked like a charm, from which it was inferred that although comparatively young in years he knew his business, and was master of the situation. The doctor says he has come back to the Pond to stay this time, and everybody hopes he has. All think he will prove to be the right man in the right place.

Daniel Bryant had a most uncomfortable time with sciatic rheumatism recently.

Harry Cole and wife called at the Bennett place to see the sick woman Wednesday evening, and the next morning I. W. Swan and wife called for the same purpose.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Azel Bryant is quite sick with the measles.

Charles Brooks has gone away for the summer.

Mrs. Jennie Herrick was very sick the past week.

Mrs. Addison Bryant has been visiting relatives in this place.

Miss Delia Glines has returned to her home in Bethel.

June 14th, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barnett received an addition to their family in the form of a little son.

Mrs. Phebe Crooker has been stopping at her home here for a short time, but has now gone to Conway, N. H., to stay through the summer.

Mrs. Lizzie Demond is taking care of Mrs. Barnett and little son.

Mrs. Dana Bartlett and daughter Nona of Bethel visited Mrs. J. B. Barnett last Thursday.

Sunday, June 12th, Rev. F. E. Barton of Bethel preached here at 2:30 P. M. A goodly number were in attendance and all went away feeling glad to have had another opportunity to hear Mr. Barton speak.

Mrs. Mary R. Farnham, who has been visiting her son, W. H. Farnham, returned to her home at North Rumford Friday, the 10th.

Azel Bryant and Walter Swift are among the latest victims of the measles.

Delia Glines of Bethel, who has been working for Mrs. Geo. Hussey, has returned home. We understand Belle Farr is to take her place.

S. S. Felt, who has been working in Portland for some time, returned home Thursday, the 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barnett have a little son born Tuesday, the 14th.

W. H. Farnham picked quite a number of ripe strawberries the 10th.

Charles Ryerson at the village is having quite a run of business at his trade, that of jeweler and watch repairing.

Rev. F. E. Barton, Universalist minister of Bethel, spoke at the Union church Sunday, the 12th. He will be with us the second Sunday in every month until further notice at the same hour, 2:30 P. M.

EAST HEBRON.

Mrs. Dunsmore from Temple is taking care of her daughter, Mrs. Luther Tibbetts, who is very sick.

Mrs. W. H. Berry has sores in her head of late, that have been quite painful. Her health was quite poor before this addition to her other complaints.

A. C. Dow's store was broken into and entered by breaking in a lower sash in his store room. Various articles were taken. Arthur hangs his best suit in the small room; his hat was taken, the pants appeared to have been tried on and found too small and were left on a bed. Jars of candy were emptied and the contents taken. A large piece of cheese was left on the counter, indicating he had taken a lunch while in the store. He left a very dirty undergarment that looks as if soap and water had never had an introduction to it, and a cap. Fred B. Keene in the afternoon of Sunday, the 12th, saw a young man lying down in B. C. Keene's pines. Fred asked him where he was going and he said to Bemis. He asked him where he came from, he replied, by a long white barn with figures on it (Charles Holbrook's, doubtless, as he was seen by several on that road). Fred says the cap was the same one he saw on his head. As the store was broken into Sunday night, the two are thought to be one and the same. He was a large, tall chap, and did not look very neat before the hat and shirts were taken. The postmaster has a key and dropped a quarter in the money drawer with the pennies. This, Arthur, contrary to his custom, placed in his pocket, leaving nothing but coppers for the burglar. They hope to trace him and have him arrested ere long.

Charles Chase of Buckfield cut an acre of stout clover that was badly lodged, for R. P. Fuller June 15 and 16.

A. P. Brown is seen walking out on fair days. He says he has suffered on account of his work, more than from his broken shoulder.

T. L. Rogers has potatoes in blossom.

BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. John Calvin Stevens of Portland and Mrs. Olive Wiswell, of Machias, were the guests of Mrs. H. D. Waldron this week.

Mr. J. U. Landman of Bates College was in town over Sunday, the 12th.

Mrs. Ambrose Buck and daughter, Mrs. Charles Nash, of Lewiston, were in town this week calling on old time neighbors.

Chas. R. Whitten, of Macomber, Farr & Whitten, Augusta, was at the old homestead, the residence of his mother, this week.

Carlton Gardner and wife, of South Paris, made a short visit to friends in town Thursday.

The utility of the portable chemical fire extinguishers has been twice tested here. Recently at the residence of C. B. Atwood, where a fire got well started from an overheated chimney, and water seemed of little account, the extinguisher got in its work, working almost like a miracle.

Wm. J. Wheeler, of South Paris, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. Gautier, wife of Charles Gautier, is very ill at present writing and probably will not survive many days.

Geo. M. Atwood and wife of Paris Hill and Mrs. Edith Edwards, of South Paris, called on Buckfield friends Friday.

An old fashioned hay crop is the present outlook.

Hartford is getting to be a dangerous town to be safe in—two knock downs in a short space of time. The last an encounter on the road, by the road commissioner and Chas. Davis. At last advices Davis was unconscious.

ANDOVER.

A celebration is talked of for the 4th. This is a move in the right direction as the people expect to spend a little change, and if they can find as good a time at home for the money, they will leave their money in town which is right.

The county commissioners are to meet here one week from to-day to view the Swain Notch route, to discontinue same if in their judgment they think proper.

Several cases of measles still lurk around.

The whooping cough is paying its respects to several in town.

Children's Day was observed in Andover by services in the Methodist church. The house was filled mostly by children. A lively programme was most successfully carried out. The following is the order of exercises:

Song, Sunshine Everywhere, Choir.
Scripture, Superintendent.
Prayer, Rev. Mr. Adams.
Anthem, Rock of Ages, Quartette.
Address of Welcome, Irving W. Hanson.
Recitation, Sunshine Land, Mattie Hall.
Song, "Woodland Echoes,"
Celia and Fred Abbott.
Recitation, My First Piece, Ora Chamberlain.
Collection
Song, So Shall My Word Be, Four young ladies.
Recitation, The Seed is the Word,
Vaughn Porter.
Recitation, Abide with Me, Helen Learned.
Song, Love is the Sunshine, Choir.
Recitation, Little Efforts, Ethel Chamberlain.
Recitation, Kindness to the Birds,
Florence Akers.
Song, The Message of To-day,
Five young ladies.
Recitation, Marion Abbott.
Song, What the Birdies Teach Us,
Irving Hanson.
Recitation, The Bridge Keeper's Story.
Recitation, The Daises, Dot Grover.
Recitation and Song, Seven young ladies.
Recitation, The Lesson, Helen Morton.
Recitation, Papa's Letter, Eleanor Bacon.
Recitation, We Thank Thee, Four little girls.
Song, Consider the Children,
Etta Akers and Vaughn Porter.
Recitation, Where is She, Valeska Demorey.
Recitation, The Bridge of Sunset, Qua Hanson.
Remarks, Pastor.
Song, The Good Old Way, Choir.
Benediction.

Almost a frost on low ground this morning.

Farmers are busy hoeing.

Corn is small and many pieces didn't come up very well.

Grass looks very well on new land. Old fields won't amount to very much.

BYRON.

"Buckskin Sam" is down from Bemis painting and papering for Johtam Shaw and Stephen Taylor. He is an expert at the business. He brought down several large trout.

Mr. James Starbird from Turner is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Oscar Merrill, section agent on the R. F. & R. L. R. R., has recently bought the east half of the A. M. Jenkins farm of Amos Alden and has moved the barn to the south of the house. He had a razing about a week ago and a raising a few days later.

Mrs. Jotham Shaw has an attack of erysipelas in her face. She visited Dr. Proctor of Weld Wednesday in regard to the case.

J. E. Shaw is about to begin repairs on his barn. He is to right it up, repair and shingle it. Mr. Cal Barns is to do the work.

G. T. Hodsdon, road commissioner, and crew have been at work on highways in the woods toward No. 6. We are glad to see people "mending their ways."

We learn that E. B. Small, who was in this town last winter and who went barefoot with frozen feet, died recently from exposure in the woods at Vienna, where he had gone to fast forty days. He had been out twenty days.

BRYANT POND.

A very serious accident happened here on the morning of June 14. Mrs. Alonzo Felt and Mrs. L. Adams were driving into town, and their horse got frightened at a boy with a bag of hay on his back, causing him to jump to one side, throwing the top from the buggy, and both ladies with it. Mrs. Felt was thrown on to a bed of rocks, breaking two of her ribs, and bruising her badly otherwise. Mrs. Adams was badly shaken up, and when found was unconscious and remained so for some time. Both ladies were carried into Mr. Gerry Wing's, as the accident happened a short distance from his residence. Mrs. Adams is there at this writing, but is recovering so she will be able to be moved in a few days. Mrs. Felt was carried from Mr. Wing's to Mr. Edwin Cole's, where she is at this time. Her injuries are so severe she will probably remain there for some time. Dr. Carroll and Dr. Yates attended both ladies. After throwing the ladies out the horse ran under a shed, injuring himself but slightly, but utterly demolishing the carriage.

Mr. Samuel Frost is in town. We understand he is to spend the remainder of his days with his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Carroll.

Mrs. James Powers is on the sick list, and her daughter Blanche, whose ankle was injured some nine months ago by jumping from a carriage, is still unable to bear her weight on her foot.

Work was commenced in Dearborn's mill Monday morning. It seems good to hear the mill whistle again.

Mr. W. C. Stevens of Rumford Falls was in town this week.

Frances Chase is at home from Kent's Hill.

Mrs. Dr. Yates visited at Mr. Charles Dunham's on Friday of this week.

Mr. Irvin Bowker was at home for a short time Friday.

Mrs. Ezra Stevens has been on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Rankin of Mechanic Falls.

The minstrel show given here by the West Paris people was well attended, and a good time enjoyed by all.

There was a band concert on the common on the evening of June 16.

Mrs. Tobin's sister, Mrs. Atwood, from Phillips, with her husband and two little sons, are visiting at the Glen Mountain House.

SOUTH RUMFORD.

Mrs. Clara Bessey and daughter Maggie have gone to Grafton for a few days' visit to her sister, Mrs. John Hewey.

W. F. Clark is helping Burton Fernald cut and peel poplar.

S. B. Jones is at home doing his spring work.

Mrs. Warren Adams from Rumford Corner visited her daughter, Mrs. Clara Fuller, a few days last week.

Frank Hemingway, from Washington, is visiting his parents after an absence of twenty-one years.

DICKVALE.

The road commissioner is repairing our roads.

Grass is looking well and caterpillars are booming.

L. C. Putnam baptized one candidate June 12.

T. A. Wyman has a job with his team on the road machine.

We hear of wars and rumors of war right in our midst.

C. N. Child is again at work in Dixfield.

E. F. Child has traded a horse for a horse and cow.

FRYEBURG.

The Oxford is now open for the season.

Mrs. McKenney of Portland is here at Dr. Gordon's.

Mr. A. R. Jenness escaped with a sprained ankle from what might have been a serious accident. When getting into his wagon the horse started and Mr. Jenness' foot was caught in the wheel.

Mr. Allen, the druggist with C. T. Ladd, has returned to the city with his family.

Supt. Evans, of the M. C. R. R., has made the station headquarters for his private car, making fishing excursions in this neighborhood.

We hear that Mr. Frank Giles, who went West for his health, is improving.

Mrs. G. S. Barrows is in Portland for a few days.

Miss Pinnon from Spencer is visiting at Mrs. Grace Page's.

Mr. and Mrs. Hay of New York have spent a week at Miss A. N. Page's.

Miss Taylor, teacher in the academy in '92-'93, is visiting in the village.

Dr. Allen is slowly recovering from a severe attack of appendicitis.

Light frost Thursday morning.

LYNCHVILLE.

Mrs. Charles Buck spent last week at Bethel with her sister, Ida Mason.

Ned Schully from Norway was at Henry Plummer's over Sunday.

Lizzie Holt has been at work for Mrs. C. L. Bartlett of Stoneham.

Silas McKeen went to Fryeburg Wednesday.

Lin Palmer is boarding at L. H. Burnham's while Will Palmer's folks are away.

Addie Holt has returned from her visit at Newry.

Mrs. Austin McAllister has been quite sick with a sore throat; also one of Grant McAllister's little boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gammon of West Stoneham visited their daughter, Mrs. H. B. McKeen, Thursday.

OXFORD.

Mr. John Murdock and wife of Mechanic Falls, and their son, Francis Murdock, of Norway, with his bride, spent Sunday here.

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

On and after June 20, 1898, trains leave South Paris: Going down: 5:00 A. M., (Sundays included), 9:55 A. M., 4:16 P. M.; Going up: 9:53 A. M., 3:40 P. M., 10:11 P. M. (Sundays included). Sunday paper train arrives 10:19 A. M.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

Mails close: For Portland, &c., 9:28 A. M., 4:00 P. M.; for Gorham, &c., 9:38 A. M., 3:25 P. M.

Mails arrive at post office: From Portland, &c., 10:02 A. M., 3:50 P. M.; from Gorham, &c., 10:02 A. M., 4:25 P. M.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

K. of P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets in 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.

U. O. A. M.—Norway and South Paris Council, No. 9, meets in G. A. R. Hall every Tuesday evening.

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

Mrs. Sadie E. Gooding of Yarmouth is visiting at Mr. Stowe's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. True of Portland visited at Mrs. True's Saturday.

Keith Spofford has a summer's job in Hurd's drug store at North Berwick.

Mr. L. F. Barker, the veteran town clerk of Bethel, was in town on business last Thursday.

Mrs. N. D. Bolster, Miss Ruth and Master Philip spent a few days in Auburn last week.

H. P. Brett of Beverly, Mass., has been visiting his father and brother in this place for a few days.

Emery E. Lowell of South Paris has been granted an increase of pension from $6 to $8 per month.

J. Frank Howland and wife have been spending a few days at their country house at Mountain View Farm.

A pipe is being laid to supply W. B. Stuart's new house on Western Avenue with water from the Hillside system.

Mrs. Wallace Ryerson and Mrs. L. B. Andrews attended the graduating exercises of the Rumford Falls High School last week.

Mrs. F. E. Douglas is expected to come from Brookline, Mass., the first of this week to spend the summer with her family here.

The dental offices in South Paris and Norway will, according to the usual practice, be closed Saturday afternoons during July and August.

Mrs. George C. Frye of Portland, a well-known club woman, was in the place Wednesday, on her way to deliver an address before the Norway Lake Woman's Club.

City Electrician Levi L. Cummings of Portland, a former Paris boy, son of the late Benjamin Chandler Cummings, was in the place last week. It was his first visit to the town in a number of years.

After next Sunday, the Congregational church will be closed mornings, until the first Sunday morning in August. Rev. Mr. Haughton will take his annual vacation during July. The evening meetings will be held as usual.

S. M. King shipped a nice yearling heifer from his famous Kingleside Farm Jersey herd to Henry H. Payson of Hope, Maine, last Thursday. We hope that Mr. Payson of Hope may ere now have seen his hope fully realized.

Engine No. 114, which has pulled the Norway train for a good many years, has gone into the repair shop, and whether she will come out again is uncertain, as the Grand Trunk has several other light engines which can be put in good shape at less expense.

A South Paris lady makes this answer to a question which has puzzled a great many people in the last few weeks:

Why did it rain?
Because the whole of the U. S. is at war with Spain.
And the clouds were in sympathy with us for the loss of the Maine.

Henry Caswell recently had the misfortune to lose a cow, and his neighbors and fellow-workmen in Billings' mill chipped in and raised money enough to buy him another. Mr. Caswell appreciates the kindness, and wishes publicly to thank those who contributed for the purpose.

S. P. Maxim has purchased and torn down the old Grand Trunk house near the railroad track south of the sled factory. This house and another, since destroyed, that stood south of the depot crossing, were erected for the use of employes of the road at the time that the railroad was built.

Arrangements have been made with the railroads of the state to sell tickets for the Republican state convention at Bangor, June 28th, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on the Grand Trunk, Central and Rumford Falls, and Maine Central roads will be good going to Augusta Monday or Tuesday, June 27th or 28th, and good to return either Tuesday or Wednesday.

Children's Day will be observed by Paris Grange at their next regular meeting, June 25th. The different districts are assigned as follows:

Snow Dist.—Mrs. Shaw and L. B. Fay.
Paris Hill—Gertrude Hammond.
Cooley Dist.—S. D. Jackson.
Stearns Dist.—Mary Swift.
South Paris Dist.—Flora Maxim.
House Dist.—Fausdie Andrews.

After the exercises a treat will be prepared for the children.

John Bennett of this place has been granted a patent on an improved method of bonding and tying. The process can be applied to granite curbing, or in any case where flat surfaces of stone or wood are placed together and a solid joint is desired. The idea is very simple and at the same time effective, and in all the tests that have been made of it so far the stone has broken at some other point instead of giving way at the joint.

Nearly or quite a hundred Rebekahs from South Paris and Norway went to Lewiston Tuesday evening to visit Fidelity Lodge. The Norway degree team did the work, and Fidelity Lodge afterward furnished a fine entertainment and supper. The visitors had a first-class time. Our sedate friend, A. E. Morse, says he is afraid if he hadn't been along there would have been a good deal of frivolity going on, but as he was in the company, they kept very quiet.

Next Sunday Children's Day will be observed at the Congregational church. In the morning a sermon will be preached appropriate to the occasion by the pastor. In the evening a "patriotic concert" will be given. There will be a flag processsional, patriotic recitations, and patriotic songs. Some of Will Carleton's latest patriotic poems will be rendered. An offering will be taken on behalf of our own 1st Maine Regiment—gone "to defend the national honor in the war with Spain." Every church in Maine is asked to take an offering the last Sunday in June to provide such comforts and delicacies as are not provided by the government, for the sick and wounded of our regiment. Everybody is invited to this concert, and to have a part in this grand work for our own "Maine boys at the front."

Mrs. Ethan Willis is visiting friends in Massachusetts.

The river is the highest it has been since the snow went off.

Miss Sadie Green of New York is a guest at Judge Wilson's.

Miss Walker of Denmark has been visiting at A. W. Walker's.

Mrs. Park is at East Sumner, called there by the illness of her mother.

The tearing down of the remains of the ell at the Ham place was begun Monday morning.

Miss Julia P. Morton has returned from Rumford Falls, where she is engaged in teaching.

The graduating class of the high school went to Flagg & Plummer, Lewiston, Saturday, for their class pictures.

The store in Masonic Building is being fitted up for W. L. Farrar's occupancy. He will open a stock of groceries some time next week.

The class of '98 of the South Paris grammar school with their teacher and invited guests had a very enjoyable picnic at Electra Park Saturday afternoon.

The Good Templars will hold a meeting this Monday evening in Norway at the home of Miss Hortense Gregg. All members are cordially invited to come.

The Democrat is informed that principal Gerrish of the high school, whose work during the past year has been very satisfactory, will be retained for the year to come.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Howland, who have been at Mountain View Farm for a few days, returned to Boston Monday. Mr. Howland's daughter, with a company of friends, is expected at the farm in July.

The Mechanic Falls nine who were beaten by the South Paris second nine on the 11th, came here Saturday afternoon and played a return game in the school yard. Score 16 to 3 in favor of South Paris second.

Charles H. Howard is one of six candidates who passed out of eighteen who recently took the examination before the Maine commissioners of pharmacy. Of the six, three graduated this year from the Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

There's one South Paris woman who has decided to be a dressmaker. Customers are requested to stand on their heads to be measured! She bought a pattern, cut and made a waist for herself and then made the very important discovery that the thing was up-side down! Now she's out gunning for the one who told the Democrat about it and there'll be lively business for an undertaker soon!

You can subscribe for the new war loan 3 per cent United States bonds at the post office or at the savings bank in any amount from $20 up, at par. The loan will probably be subscribed somewhere from three to five times over, but individual subscribers are to be given the preference, and it is probable that the whole loan of two hundred millions will be taken by individual subscriptions in the United States.

You may know John Martin and have some knowledge of his reputation as a successful tickler of the soil. We had the pleasure of his company while driving up Hill Street the other day. Says John, "I suppose you've heard of the garden of Eden?" We admitted it. "Well, sir," continued Brother Martin, "it's been moved! It's now located right over that fence there, and that gateway that you see is the 'golden gate', and inside you'll find corn up to your knees, and potatoes that are more vigorous than a Spanish fleet!"

The following is the honor list of the Pleasant Street school, summer term. Those not absent one-half day:

Bertha Jacobs,	Merton Millett,
Hazel Jordan,	Ray Jenne,
Vida Jenne,	Frank Perkins,
Hazel Edwards,	Harold Cutting,
Margery Butler,	Carroll Cutting,
Ernest Jordan,	Vernon Thomas,
Claud Thomas,	Frank Thomas.

Willis Walker, Earl Bessey were absent only one day. Eva Muirhead was absent only two days of the last week, on account of accident.

GERTRUDE JONES, Teacher.

As per advertisement, the selectmen received bids last Saturday for the building of the new road from a point near the residence of Aaron O. Corbett to the Hebron line. The bids include the completion of the road and furnishing of all material for culverts, bridges, etc., and were as follows:

Wm. B. Russell,	$3.35 per rod.
C. W. Shaw,	1.90 " "
J. F. King and W. K. Clifford,	1.89 " "

The contract was let to King and Clifford, the lowest bidders, the road to be completed and ready for travel by Oct. 15.

The names of those pupils of the Main Street primary school who were not absent one-half day for the term closing June 17, are as follows:

Eva Swett,	Georgia Clark,
Josie Waldron,	Robbie Ham,
Rose Murphy,	Timmie Child,
Helen Holman,	Stanley Shurtleff,
Effie Hardy,	Bertie Cash,
Geneva Young,	Nell Lovejoy,
Marguerite Swan,	Clinton McKeen,
Rosie Clark,	Henry Howe,
Irving Barrows,	Prescott Pratt.

Those absent not over one day.

Amy Hayden,	Carl Robinson,
Lula Merrill,	Wilber Swan,
Stella Record,	Willie Dwinal,
Louise Sumner,	Roland Haggett,
Mildred Ham,	Merton Hilliar,
Ruth Blood,	Walter Dwinal.

EMMA E. SHURTLEFF, Teacher.

The following are the names of pupils at the Porter Street school who were not absent during the present term:

Frances I. Cummings,	Gladys I. Damon,
Ruth E. Farrar,	Murl J. Monk,
Gracie V. Dean,	Mary L. Berry,
Ella R. Doble,	Robert Henry,
Philip L. Bonney,	Harland Damon,
Ida M. Field,	Rizpah K. Morton,
Linnie F. Dean,	Harry A. Titcomb,
Carroll L. Doten,	Wylder Needham,
Lilla M. Swift,	Vaun R. Clark,
Angie M. Ripley,	Lucy E. Henry,
Ethel L. Curtis,	Lottie W. Clark,
Clyde T. Hebbard,	Virgil A. Rawson.

Those that were absent one-half day:

Leslie R. Curtis,	Charlie F. Henry.

Those that were absent one day:

Charlie Ripley,	Wilma L. Robinson,
May Daintree,	Flora B. Murch.

HATTIE M. LEACH, Teacher.

The summer arrangement of trains on the Grand Trunk went into effect at 7 o'clock Monday morning. Trains go down at 5:09 and 9:53 A. M., and 4:16 P. M.; go up at 9:53 A. M., and 3:40 and 10:11 P. M. The early and late trains run Sunday, and the Sunday paper train arrives at 10:19. The schedule is practically the same that we had last summer, and has the same few advantages and many disadvantages. To the man who wants to go to Boston, do a few hours' business and get home the same night, it offers an opportunity to do so; but for the accommodation of local travel in general, it is about as inconvenient as any service of three trains each way could be.

Mrs. Alice P. Manley, *nee* Penley, who went to Rangoon, Burmah, with her husband, Rev. W. R. Manley, in October, 1879, as missionary, and was after one year's stay there transferred to Ongole, India, where they stayed a few years, and then ordered to the Udayagiri Station, which place they have occupied until very lately, took steamer at Bombay the 18th of this month for home. She expects to make the port of New York about the last of July or the first of August. Mr. Manley will accompany her as far as London, England, and then return to his missionary work in India. Mrs. Manley comes home for a rest and to get her children out of India's unhealthy climate. Mrs. Manley will probably after a few years' rest return to her life chosen work that she loves so well.

ELM HILL.

H. P. Ellis has a new mowing machine.

Supervisor W. L. Gray visited the school last Thursday.

G. F. Stone, of Norway, has taken some nice views of the school.

Live stock still continues to die in this vicinity. Last week Ellion Record found one of his twin steers dead in the pasture.

Those from here who attended Sumner centennial last week were A. F. Hollis and family, Mr. Nickerson and wife, Hery Kerr and wife and Mrs. Cyrus Twitchell.

S. P. H. S., '98.

A CLASS OF SEVEN GRADUATE FROM THE SOUTH PARIS HIGH SCHOOL.

The Baptist church was filled to the doors Thursday evening for the graduating exercises of the class of '98 of South Paris High School. The pulpit platform of the church was heavily banked with plants and flowers, and decorated with streamers in the class colors—green and white.

At a little after 8 o'clock, to the music of a march played by Miss Marion Jones, the members of the class entered, marshalled by Mr. Willard G. Pratt, the only male member of the class. The orchestra played an opening selection, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Ramsdell. The full programme of the evening was carried out as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Music, Orchestra.
Prayer.
Music, Orchestra.

Salutatory*—The ropes of the past ring the bells of the future, — Ethel Mae Dean.
Stepping Stones, — Gertrude Harriett Abbott.
Art, — Mary Adaline McArdle.
Music, Duet.
Class History, — Mertie Grace Walker.
Progress of the Century, — Willard Gustavus Pratt.
Music, Solo.
Class Prophecy*, — Georgia Luella Hayden.
Valedictory—Enduring Monuments. — Susie Mae Wheeler.
Music.
Conferring of Diplomas.

*Equal rank.

CLASS ODE.

By Katie A. Royal.

To-night life's brightest link is broken,
As we each with saddened hearts
Bid farewell to all these pleasures
In which we've all taken part.
Now before us lies the future,
Each one has some work to do,
Each to learn a different lesson,
As in life we journey through.

No more in the dear old school room,
With the teachers, school-mates, all,
When the bell summons to silence,
Shall we heed its welcome call.
In our memory 'twill re-echo,
When amidst the busy strife,
We shall pause for one brief moment,
Just to think of our school life.

Time's golden sands are passing,
Hastening us on our way,
To where "hope", a beckoning sunbeam,
Calls us hence from this sad day.
May we each fondly cherish
Sweetest memories of the past,
Of the bright and happy school-days
Which, so soon, are o'er at last.

The parts were of uniform excellence, and do not require special and individual mention. Each earned and received hearty applause. Miss Hayden's prophecy was somewhat novel in form. She illustrated her prophecies by reading them from the leaves of trailing vines, a bunch of which she carried in her hand. It was a pretty idea, gracefully carried out.

Superintendent of Schools Walter L. Gray presented the diplomas with a brief but well-worded address.

The musical numbers of the program included a duet by Mrs. Finney and Miss Cook, and a solo by Mrs. Finney—both very fine.

Of the seven graduates, Miss Dean and Miss Wheeler have taken the college course, Miss Hayden the Latin scientific, and Misses Abbott, Walker and McArdle, and Mr. Pratt, the English course.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL GRADUATION.

The church was filled again Friday evening for the exercises of the grammar school. The decorations were the same in general effect, except that the motto over the platform had been changed to "Perseverance Wins," and the drapery to red, white and blue, the colors of the grammar school class. The following programme was carried out:

PROGRAMME.

"Perseverance Wins."

Piano Duet,
Misses Alice Wheeler and Minnie Garland.
Prayer.

*Salutatory, — Frank A. Bonney.
*Salutatory—The power of steam, — G. Osmond Chase (Excused.)
The use of money, — Mildred H. Kenney.
Inventions, — Stanley M. Wheeler.
Solo, — Howard W. Shaw.
An early battle of the Revolution, — Frank C. Doble.
The use of slang, — E. Jane Muirhead.
Cuba, — Harold E. Hebbard.
Violin duet,
Albert Murphy, Miss Lizzie Murphy.
Accompanied by Harold Thayer.
*Class History, — Robert Tufts.
A sketch of Mt. Mica, — Addie Giles.
Maine's poet, — Roy E. Cole.
Duet,
Misses Alice M. Holt and Hattie E. Robinson.
The advantages of country life, — J. Gould Spofford.
One of the marvels of Maine's history, — Inez E. Needham.
Some of the products of the ocean, — Harold T. Briggs.
Quartette,
Misses Alice M. Holt, Hattie E. Robinson,
Masters John McArdle, Howard Shaw.
Labor, — John C. McArdle.
*Class Prophecy, — Allie Marston.
*Valedictory—Electricity, — Harold T. Thayer.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Class Ode.
Benediction.

*Assigned by rank.

CLASS ODE.

By Lizzie B. Murphy.

Kind friends, we're glad to meet you here,
With hearts and hands so free.
We've done our best the hour to cheer
With gladness and with glee.
To-night life's first bright chapter ends,
We've turned its pages o'er,
And many a lesson each has learned
To guide us evermore.

While in our youthful minds we treasure
Thoughts too deep to tell;
And now our toil is only pleasure—
In happiness we dwell.
Though oft this lesson we've been taught,
Sigh not for greater things!
And with our motto for our guide
Let "Perseverance Win."

Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu!
Dear teacher, one and all.
For as we near the parting hour
We hear the High School call.
And ever as we older grow,
Our memories will not forsake
The useful lessons you have taught
The class of '98.

The programme is apparently long, but the numbers were short, and the exercises were entertaining throughout. The topics were such as could be readily grasped by the writers, while several of them were of more or less direct local interest. The delivery was good throughout, and the entire programme manifested the careful labor that the scholars and their teacher, Mrs. Ordway, have put into the preparation.

Superintendent of Schools Walter L. Gray presented the diplomas, and then, turning to Mrs. Ordway, in behalf of the class presented her with a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems.

The following are the names of the graduates:

Alice May Holt,	Hattie Eunice Robinson,
Addie Lodicea Giles,	Inez Esther Needham,
Allie Marston,	Judson Gould Spofford,
Emma Jane Muirhead,	John Charles McArdle,
Frank Currier Doble,	Lizzie Belvia Murphy,
Frank Alton Bonney,	Mildred Hattie Kenney,
Gerald Osmond Chase,	Milton McAllister,
Harold T. Thayer,	Roy Emerson Cole,
Harold E. Hebbard,	Robert Tufts,
Howard Walker Shaw,	Stanley M. Wheeler,
Harold Tilton Briggs.	

THE INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL.

The intermediate school closed June 17th. Those scholars who were not absent one-half day during the spring term were:

Sara I. Swett,	Clara E. Stinchfield,
Harold C. Fletcher,	Harry J. Fifield,
Wallace A. Clifford,	Lura G. Chase,
Roy J. Bird,	Lillian Waldron,
Iva B. Haggett,	Lettie Farrar,
Donald Briggs,	Isabel Morton,
Agnes Richards,	Guy Farrar,
Blanche Barrows,	Ruby Clark,
Nellie Jackson,	Carrie Clifford,
Albert Morse,	Bertha Merrill,
Annie Stinchfield,	Lewis Keen,
Bertie Chesley,	Herbert Cole,
Robert Wheeler,	Perley Cole.

Those absent only one day or less were:

Chester Merrill,	Ernest L. Kenney,
Florence Tufts,	Carl Briggs,
Charlie Merrill,	Harlie Adkins,
Mortie Bolster,	Ethel Crockett,
Ralph Bennett,	Roy Bennett,
Mildred Parlin.	

Whole number attending school 62; average number 57.

A class of nineteen were graduated from this school and will enter the grammar school next fall. The class parts were given by the following pupils:

Salutatory—The Legend of the Bell, — Flossie A. Tufts.
Class History— — Harold C. Fletcher.
Class Prophecy— — Sara I. Swett.
Valedictory—Springtime, — Clara E. Stinchfield.
Class Ode— — Wallace A. Clifford.
Motto—Ever Onward.
Class Color—Nile green and pink.

I wish to thank the A class for the present which I received from them. They will ever be kindly remembered by their teacher

ADDIE E. IRELAND.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

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

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

Methodist Church, Rev. W. S. Eldridge, Pastor. Preaching services, 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 H. A. Roberts Pastor. (Residence Paris Hill.) Preaching service, 2:00 P. M; Sabbath School, 3:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting, Saturday evening.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Union R. A. C., No. 36, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon, at Masonic Hall. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Monday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, on or after full moon.

I. O. O. F.—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. 36, 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.

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 third Friday 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.

The Norway Local Board of Health have an eye to business these days. They are on the lookout for places needing attention.

Judge Foster of Bethel was in town Thursday and Friday.

Harry R. Virgin of Portland was in town this week.

Corporal Laferrier of the 1st Maine made his people a visit the first of the week. He was detailed to come north to do recruiting work with others.

John Hayes, the new baker, has a modern and stylish bake cart. It is a city cart and up to date. Howard Moulton is driver.

The village people have been treated to a concert every evening this week, by a gentleman at the corner of Main and Cottage Streets. The doctor offered for sale, incidentally, some very desirable medicine.

The fishing on the lake continues excellent. Many visit the lake and a few return with some big fish. Mrs. C. M. Smith captured one of 8 1-4 pounds. Nearly all capture something.

County Commissioner Ridlon was at the Elm House Thursday and Friday.

A. P. Bassett was in the western part of the county during the week.

Jeweler Burnham has a new sign up in front of his place of trade in the Hathaway Block.

Chas. H. Adams has taken the contract to build the new Masonic Block at Knightville, South Portland. Rather a good strike for these hard times.

Mrs. Geo. Devine is visiting her brother, A. E. Stearns, at Rumford Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Knight and family of Manchester, Mass., are at the Hayden cottage.

Arthur J. Plummer, of Haverhill, Mass., is spending a few days with friends in town.

F. A. Hayden, of the Boston Dental College, is enjoying his vacation with his people in town. He will resume his studies after the summer vacation.

Miss Cynthia Walker of Rumford made a business trip to Norway the first of the week.

Nearly fifty members of Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge of this place visited Fidelity Lodge at Lewiston Tuesday evening. They returned in the small hours of the morning and report a first-class reception and entertainment.

Charles Davis of Paris pleaded guilty to assault and battery, in the municipal court Monday and was fined one dollar and costs. He assaulted one Daniel F. Arlin of Paris.

Edna H. Stephens and her sister, Janet C. Stephens, have been awarded parts in commencement exercises at Colby.

Pennesseewassee Lodge, K. of P., observed Sunday as memorial day. The society listened to a very interesting sermon at the Baptist church by Rev. H. A. Roberts. The memorial services by the order were held at the hall. Owing to the rain the members did not march to the cemetery.

The largest gathering of Royal Arch or Chapter Masons Norway ever saw assembled at Masonic Hall Wednesday evening. The occasion was the consolidation of Union Royal Arch Chapter, No. 36, of Norway, and Oxford Chapter, No. 29, of Bethel. The chapter will hereafter be known by the name of Oxford Chapter, No. 29, of Norway. Most Excellent Grand High Priest Albro E. Chase, assisted by several Past High Priests performed the ceremonies. The officers of Union Chapter become the officers of the new chapter, viz.:

H. P.—J. O. Crooker.
K.—C. H. Adams.
S.—W. C. Leavitt.
Treas.—C. S. Tucker.
Sec.—H. D. Smith.
C. of H.—H. Woodbury, M. D.
P. S.—Dr. H. L. Bartlett.
R. A. C.—H. C. Paragard.
M. 3d Veil—A. D. Park.
M. 2d Veil—F. N. Barker, M. D.
M. 1st Veil—A. W. Walker.
Sent.—H. E. Mixer.

A banquet was served in the I. O. O. F. Hall at which nearly a hundred were seated.

Charles Goshlaw died at the Elm House Wednesday afternoon, at the age of 46 years, after a long sickness. He died of heart failure. He was born in Vermont but passed the most of his forty-six years in Oxford, Mass. At an early age he engaged in the shoe business and for several years was foreman in a large shoe factory in Oxford. Five years ago he came to Norway and took charge of the making room in B. F. Spinney & Co.'s factory. In '96 he was promoted to the position of superintendent of the factory and by his excellent work and kindly ways was greatly esteemed by all. He was a member of Norway Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F. His widow, two brothers, and two sisters survive him. After services at the Elm House, where he and his wife always made their home, the remains were taken to Oxford, Mass., Friday morning, Rev. C. E. Angell officiating.

Eugene Lebroke rescued Mildred and Helen Bangs Wednesday afternoon. Little Helen was fishing on the bank of Pennesseewassee river and fell in. Mildred in trying to rescue her sister also fell into the stream. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bangs.

Editor Sanborn, of the Advertiser, has gone on a three weeks' fishing trip to the waters about Moosehead Lake.

Strong efforts are being made to have Levi Frost, who is serving a sentence in Auburn jail, pardoned. F. W. Sanborn solicited petitioners here and C. E. Holt went to Bethel where the breaking and entering was done.

Walter Annis, who was pardoned a short time since, was before the municipal court Friday and pleaded guilty to larceny and was sentenced to thirty days in Paris jail. Since he was pardoned he has served a sentence in Auburn at the expiration of which he was arrested by Deputy Cross and brought to Norway, and is now serving his second term. Not much encouragement for the sympathizing friends.

F. D. Briggs was run into by a bicycle Thursday afternoon. He was thrown to the ground and with the assistance of a cane walks about with difficulty.

Arthur Hebbard has bought the Greene place, corner Bridge and Water Streets.

E. H. Herrick of Greenwood was in town Saturday. Mr. Herrick is a member of the Republican County Committee.

OUR CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.

Chandler Garland, who has from boyhood been a citizen of Paris, and who has served us for a long time as deputy sheriff, is now conceded by all good citizens of this vicinity as the one man for our next sheriff. His record in the past has certainly been one to recommend him for this office. In the discharge of his duties as deputy, he has shown neither fear nor favor. A man who is better fitted for this responsible office would not be easily found. We are safe in saying that he has a solid backing in this, his own part of the county, at least.

Furthermore, this section of the county has not had a representative in this office from our immediate vicinity for a long period of time. For this reason we think that the county at large should give us and our candidate a chance.

J. A. LAKE.

SAMUEL RAWSON FULLER.

Mr. Fuller, whose death was noticed in our last issue, was born at Rumford in this state, Feb. 6, 1830. He was the son of Dr. Simeon Fuller and Mary Ann Rawson, both of whom went from Paris. His father died when he was quite young, so that after attending the district schools, and spending a short time at Farmington, he started out to make his own way in the world at the age of fifteen years. He commenced work at Lowell, Mass., and was afterwards at Bangor for some time. After this he was engaged in the lumber trade at Milwaukee, and also at Hannibal, remaining at the latter place until 1862.

The next three years were spent principally in New York City, after which he went to Chicago, where he was in active business until the time of his death. In 1870 he married Miss Frances Emma Bush of Troy, N. Y., by whom he had one daughter. Mr. Fuller had traveled much in this country, and to some extent abroad, and was well informed upon all matters of general interest. He never lost his love for his native state, and has for many years spent his summer vacations in this part of the country.

A few years ago his long continued and strict attention to business began to tell upon his health; and last October a severe attack of heart disease suggested a retirement from active pursuits. He was able to go out during the spring, but was very far from well, and he died suddenly upon the tenth of this month. Mr. Fuller was a man of sound common sense, and was eminently successful in business. He was always ready to lend a helping hand to those who needed it, but he preferred to do it in a very quiet way. He was well known and highly esteemed in business circles, and his life furnishes an excellent example of what may be accomplished by an intelligent study of the country's business, by steady industry, and a firm self-reliance under all conditions. Socially Mr. Fuller was a very genial man, and a most entertaining companion; and his quiet, pleasant ways will be long remembered by his numerous friends.

OXFORD POMONA GRANGE.

Time of meeting Saturday, July 23. Place, East Sumner. Program:

A. M.

Routine Business.
Conferring 5th degree.
Woman's half hour.
Question, Resolved, "That the patriotism of the women has always equaled that of the men."
Opened by S. E. Jackson, followed by Emma Phillips.
Music.
Recess.

P. M.

Address of Welcome, — W. H. Eastman.
Response, — Worthy Master Hammond.
Music.
Declamation, — Canton Grange.
Song, — Franklin Grange.
Question, Subject, 4th of July, its Origin, — A. R. Andrews.
Its Signification, — W. H. Eastman.
Why Should it be Perpetuated? — J. A. Roberts.
General Discussion.
Music.

This is our 4th of July and we recommend that as far as possible all selections be of a patriotic nature.

C. H. GEORGE,
G. W. Q. PERHAM, } Committee.
GEO. CUMMINGS,
SEC.

James H. Robbins of Biddeford, has good reason to claim that he belongs to a family of fighters. His great-grandfather and a brother of the latter fought in the revolutionary war, James and his three brothers were in the civil war, and his son and three nephews are at Chickamaugua Park with Co. G, 1st Regt., Maine Volunteers.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our thanks to the friends who brought so many beautiful flowers, and aided us in our late bereavement.

E. E. ALLEN AND FAMILY.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Have you seen those boots for ladies that Smiley shoe store is selling for $2.00? They are bargains.

If you want the very latest style in gents' shirts you can find them at L. B. Andrews' store, South Paris. Call in and Bert will show them to you.

There is nothing equal to success. The Keeley Institute, 151 Congress St., Portland, is daily asserting its importance and value in meeting the demands made upon it by those who desire to become cured of rum, opium, and tobacco diseases, as well as of nervousness and nervous prostration. Correspondence solicited.

Before You Ride Your Wheel

Be sure to shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It keeps your feet cool and comfortable, prevents sweating feet, and makes your endurance ten-fold greater. Over 100,000 wheel people are using Allen's Foot-Ease. They all praise it. Ladies, insist on having it. It gives rest and comfort to smarting, hot, swollen, aching, nervous feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

BORN.

In East Brownfield, June 16, to the wife of Addison Rogers, a son.
In Locke's Mills, June 14, to the wife of Joseph B. Barnett, a son.
In Brownfield, to the wife of Fred Thayer, a son.
In Norway, June 15, to the wife of Ray Bradbury, a daughter.

MARRIED.

In South Paris, June 18, by Rev. T. J. Ramsdell, Mr. Will E. Pratt of West Paris and Miss Bertha Mae Colburn of Paris.
In South Paris, June 15, by James S. Wright, Esq., Mr. C. Freeland Penley and Mrs. Winnifred I. Corbett, both of South Paris.
In Otisfield, June 4, by J. W. Noble, Esq., Mr. Benjamin F. Sultor and Miss Nellie Crooker, both of Norway.
In Denmark, June 1, by Rev. Chas. F. Sargent, Mr. Eugene D. Gray of Harrison and Miss Nellie M. Berry of Denmark.

DIED.

In Paris, June 12, Laura, wife of Edward E. Allen, aged 34 years.
In Augusta, June 15, Henry Farwell of Bethel, aged 38 years.
In Welchville, June 14, Mrs. David Morse, aged 51 years.
In Norway, June 9, Mrs. Hattie O. (Robbins), wife of Charles Crosby, aged 56 years, 6 months, 12 days.
In Norway, June 16, Charles Goshlaw, aged 46 years, 12 days.
In Norway, June 15, Mrs. Samuel Partridge.

FARM WANTED.

I want to lease a farm with stock, tools and apple trees, with privilege of purchasing.
Address, R. F. GAY,
South Weymouth, Mass.

BUY THE

McCORMICK,

and get the BEST MACHINE made.

They are the stillest running,
They are the strongest made,
They have roller bearings,
They have the simplest gear,
They have the lightest draft.

More than one third of all the machines sold throughout the world in 1897 were McCORMICK.

Mower Knives, Sections, Heads and Guards for all kinds of Mowers.

Tyler's Champion horse rake, Yankee horse rake, New England horse rake, Champion steel Tedder.

For sale by

C. R. PENLEY,

SOUTH PARIS.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned wishing to change their business, offer their farm for sale. One of the best in the Town of Paris, 2 miles from Post-office and Church, 4 miles from Depot. House and Ell in good repair, 100 foot Barn now 4 years ago. All modern appliances for dairy or stock, all machine work on upland, plenty of pasture and woodland, also a very fine orchard of 1000 grafted trees in bearing. Any one wanting a fine farm will find it to their advantage to call on the subscribers.

A. & A. D. ANDREWS,
North Paris, Me.

Will sell stock with farm if wanted.

It Leads Them All!

THE ADRIANCE

BUCKEYE MOWER.

SOLD BY

H. P. MILLETT,

SOUTH PARIS.

IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT

That we carry an immense stock of FOOTWEAR. We would like to have time and space to tell you all about it. But as we have neither time nor space we will try and give you a little idea in regard to it. We have in stock, in all sizes B, C, D, E, EE and W, widths, over thirty styles of Ladies' Oxford ties, prices from $1.00 to $2.50. Over thirty-five styles of Ladies' Button and Lace Boots from $1.00 to $3.50. Over thirty-five styles of Men's Congress and Lace Boots in 4, 5, 6, 7 and 9 widths, all prices from $1.25 to $5.00. Also as good an assortment for Boys, Youths, Misses and Children. We can suit you and fit you properly. We also carry a nice line of Trunks, Bags and Extension Cases. Fine Boot and Shoe repairing a specialty. Yours truly,

Smiley Shoe Store,

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

W. J. WHEELER,

South Paris.

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

Two Farms for Sale.

My home farm of 75 acres of land, 20 in tillage and the rest in wood and pasture. One of the best pastures in Paris. Good fair buildings, with good cellars under both. A young orchard of 200 apple trees, 20 pear trees, cultivated strawberries and raspberries, grapes and plums. 200 apple clons set four years ago here some last year, and the orchard bore the odd year. 180 cakes of ice, 22 inches square, 15 inches thick, all packed. Maple orchard. Place cuts from 30 to 35 tons of hay; have cut two crops on six acres for two years. Plowing mostly done for next year. Can mow all but a little with a machine. Is all level. School house on the farm. 2 1-2 miles from South Paris, in Hall district.

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

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

Daily Service Sundays Excepted.

THE NEW AND PALATIAL STEAMERS

Bay State and Portland

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

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

J. B. COYLE, Manager.
J. F. LISCOMB, Gen'l. Agt.

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

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

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

Scientific American

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

AGENTS!

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

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

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

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

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

To John C. Philbrick of Mexico in said county:

Whereas, John C. Philbrick, on the twenty-seventh day of January A. D. 1897, mortgaged to Robinson Dean of Buckfield, in said county, one black horse with a white strip in face, the same I (said Philbrick) had of America Benson. One new stuffed sleigh and one new harness and also one riding wagon, to secure payment of thirty-five dollars, which mortgage is recorded in the town records of the town of Mexico, Book 4, Page 443, and whereas the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, now therefore, notice is hereby given of my intention to foreclose said mortgage for breach of its conditions.

May 31, A. D. 1898. ROBINSON DEAN.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the will of HULDAH R. MERRILL, late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

May 17, 1898. THOMAS L. ROGERS.

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

Most fascinating invention of the age. Always ready to entertain. It requires no skill to operate it and reproduce the music of bands, orchestras, vocalists or instrumental soloists. There is nothing like it for an evening's entertainment. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut-and-dried subjects, specially prepared in a laboratory, but the Graphophone is not limited to such performances. On the Graphophone you can easily make and instantly reproduce records of the voice, or any sound. Thus it constantly awakens new interest and its charm is ever fresh. The reproductions are clear and brilliant.

Graphophones are sold for $10 and up

Manufactured under the patents of Bell, Tainter, Edison and Macdonald. Our establishment is headquarters of the world for Talking Machines and Talking Machine Supplies. Write for catalogue.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Dept. 30.
1155, 1157, 1159, 143, 145 BROADWAY, N. Y.
NEW YORK. PARIS. CHICAGO.
ST. LOUIS. PHILADELPHIA.
BALTIMORE. WASHINGTON. BUFFALO.

E. W. CHANDLER,
Builders' Finish!

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

Also Window & Door Frames.

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

Planing, Sawing and Job Work.

Matched Hard Wood Floor Boards for sale.

E. W. CHANDLER,
Oxford Corner, - - Maine.

GIVEN FREE
EACH MONTH
(During 1897)

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash
20 Second Prizes, each of $100 Pianos Special Singing
40 Third Prizes, each of $25 Gold Watches
FOR
Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

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

Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness after meals, Headache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure Sick Headache. For a

Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver
IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN
Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival

And have the **LARGEST SALE** of any Patent Medicine in the World.

25c. at all Drug Stores.

WAR

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

H. H. MONROE, Rockland, Me:

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

WILLIAM N. ULMAR,
ROCKLAND, ME.

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

Signed, JOHN LOVEJOY, P. M.

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

C. R. PENLEY,
South Paris.

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

1000 AGENTS WANTED for
The Life and Times of Gladstone, by
DR. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH;

the story of the life and deeds of England's greatest statesman by Americans greatest historian; the best and most instructive biography of the age; 650 imperial octavo pages, 150 illustrations.

BALCH BROTHERS CO.,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

COAL! COAL!

During fifteen years in the Coal business with the help of Mr. Brett I have sold and delivered 6000 tons of Coal at South Paris and Paris Hill, and I wish to give notice at this time that I am still selling Coal at the very lowest market prices. All orders by mail or left at Shurtleff's mill will be booked for June or future delivery.

Also can be found at my mill that stands within four feet of the Grand Trunk Railway track MEAL, CORN, OATS, all grades of FLOUR, COTTON SEED MEAL, GLUTEN, BRAN, MIDDLINGS and MIXED FEED, GRAHAM, RYE MEAL, in fact everything that is kept at any first class Feed mill. Sold at retail or by the car load. I make a specialty of delivering mixed cars of Meal and Feed to any Station on the Grand Trunk.

A. E. Shurtleff,
South Paris,

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of JORDAN STACY, late of Porter, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

June 7, 1898. LYDIA F. STACY.

$5.00 REWARD.

A reward of five dollars will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person for breaking electric street globes in Norway or South Paris.

OXFORD LIGHT COMPANY.
W. J. JONES, Supt.

COWS FOR SALE.

10 cows for sale, part new milch and a nice lot to pick from. Anyone wanting a cow will do well to investigate this sale.

CUMMINGS & SCRIBNER, Paris, Maine.
May 9, 1898.

THE PUZZLER

No. 111.—Word Puzzles.

A word of nine letters expressing a useful guide, containing shorter words without transposition:

1—1, 2, 3, 4, dreadful, distressing.
2—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, strait, open, plain.
3—3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, the head of a parish.
4—3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, the dwelling place of the above.
5—6, 7, 8, 9, one of a political party.

A word expressing a command:

1—1, 2, 3, one of the human race.
2—2, 3, 4, a much used conjunction.
3—4, 5, 6, 7, a fruit; a point of time.
4—5, 6, 7, what you did at your last meal.

A savage fabulous animal:

1—1, 2, 3, 4, to move heavily; a hindrance.
2—2, 3, 4, a tatter.
3—3, 4, 5, in past time.
4—4, 5, depart!
5—5, 6, not off.

No. 112.—Added Heads.

1. Add a head to part of the head and have a wild animal of cold and temperate climates.
2. Add a head to a large domestic animal and have a small wild animal.
3. Add a head to a certain fluid and have a fur bearing animal.
4. Add a head to a certain enormous boat and have a small boat.
5. Add a head to a shoemaker's tool and have "a small ship's boat, usually rowed by four or six oars."

No. 113.—Numerical Enigma.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a river.
My 11, 12, 13, 14 is part of the earth.
My 3, 12, 4 is a little animal.
My 7, 12, 8, 9, 11 is a girl's name.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is part of the hand.
My 3, 2, 8, 9, 10, 4 is a boy's name.
My 8, 9, 14 is a place to sleep in.
My 5, 12, 4 is something for the head.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a cold region.
My 8, 9, 10, 13, 12, 10, 14 is a kind of dog.
My 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 9, 10 is a thing to hold water in.
My 8, 9, 12, 10 is an animal.
My 10, 9, 14 is a color.
My 7, 9, 14, 12, 11 is a reward.
My whole is a county in England.

No. 114.—Pictorial Rebus.

No. 115.—Transposition.

I've a missive just received,
'Twas from Beulah, I believed,
As I fondly read the superscription o'er,
How the fancy did delight me,
That the little dear should write me,
And it tickled me five minutes, maybe more.
Then, neatly with scissors I cut it,
Determined to know more about it,
So PRIMAL to peruse this precious little store—
Ah, how neatly she did fold it,
'Tis a pleasure to behold it,
And her daintiness compels my admiration more.
Come, a guess! She gives a party,
And in this invitation hearty
My noble presence thereat sweetly doth implore.
FINE to come, my little treasure?
I certainly will with pleasure,
And happy, too, I'll be to come you may be sure.
What's this? And from my tailor?
Maledictions! May the jailer
Seize this villain—this audacious bore!
And in a cell may he encaged be,
With a bill to thus outrage me!
Ye gods, this disappointment makes me sore!

No. 116.—Decapitations.

1. Behead vivacious and leave peril.
2. A small insect and leave a meadow.
3. Unobstructed and leave a Shakespearean character.
4. A pin and leave a cavity.

No. 117.—Musical Anagrams.

(Names of pieces.)

1. C. M did she wed wash ring?
2. Be thy beep rods H.
3. Teal tax B.
4. Feed con lost cat din.
5. She drum chat Ed.
6. Cats weld maze far.
7. It going forth hoe hut.
8. Him sew tin.
9. Screech cote shirt shot.
10. She tracked tin.
11. Fan wale cage hoop stove.
12. Is an goat.
13. M. C. coo chair cab.
14. Stir the froth bars.
15. Noon sail cot.

Wanted to Know.

If a man "pursues a path," is the path supposed to run away from him? Of what thickness is a "line of conduct?"

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 104.—Reversals: 1. Spat, taps. 2. Ram, mar.

No. 105.—Concealments: 1. Sill. 2. Till. 3. Pronoun. 4. Lot. 5. Ali (cante, Alicante).

No. 106.—Easy Picture Puzzle: Slate, late. Stop, top. Learn, earn (urn). Come, drum. Cry, y.

No. 107.—Diamond: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Agent. 4. Spectre. 5. Entry. 6. Try. 7. E.

No. 108.—A Puzzle:

Correct the punctuation thus:

A boy caind "queer" had meny freaks
In his brain: puzzles, books and "squeaks"
In his pockets; a dog or two
Beside the fire; a birch canoe
Slung from the roof; a pony white
Hitched to a cart; a monstrous kite
In a tree top; his bright new sled
On a snowy slope; a rosebush red
In a flower border; forty chicks
Scrateled and ate; and such fowl tricks
In his henyard; a weasel slept
In a hollow tree; his hat he kept
In a pasteboard box; his fishes swam
In a tank of glass; he tied a ram
In an old shed; he entertained
His friends. All faithfully maintained
The truth of this. Do not you see
The solution of the mystery?

No. 109.—Word Squares:

S E A T	T I M E	M I R E
E R N E	I D O L	I R O N
A N O N	M O I L	R O A D
T E N T	E L L A	E N D S

No. 110.—Anagrams: William Makepeace Thackeray, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mothers lose their dread for "that terrible second summer" when they have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house. Nature's specific for bowel complaints of every sort.

Her Exception. "He is flippant. He can't be serious if he tries." "Yes, he can. He is very serious when he tries to be funny."

If you have any disease due to impure or impoverished blood, like scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, or catarrh, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be promptly cured.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman to the saucy small boy, "gray hairs should be respected." "That ain't what my sister says," replied the S. S. B. "She says they should be pulled out."

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

"Time is money, you know," remarked the tailor. "Well, I take notice you never seem to think so when I ask you to wait two months for your bill," said the gilded youth.

To give you an opportunity of testing the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most reliable cure for catarrh and cold in the head, a generous 10 cent trial size can be had of your druggist, or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50 cents.

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

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is claimed for it.—H. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

EMERGENCY DINNERS.

Sometimes we read of menus evolved under pressure, or at short notice, from the contents of cupboards which rival Mother Hubbard's in barrenness. Many of these feasts would be impossible without the lamp of a genie or the aid of a fairy godmother. Doubtless their only foundation is the lively imagination of a space writer, but they may serve a good purpose in showing us how to turn to good account whatever the occasion offers.

A cold chicken or a portion of a leg of mutton is usually an essential upon which to build such repasts, but there may be occasions when even such viands are wanting. For her own peace of mind every housekeeper should be prepared to meet the common emergencies which may be the result of heavy storms, sudden company, or the failure of expected supplies.

One shelf of the storeroom (not too easily accessible) should contain a dozen or more assorted cans, chosen with special reference to the preparation for a full meal on short order. With these should be kept a card of plain directions, for one's ideas sometimes vanish on such occasions. This shelf should be kept strictly for emergency use, and restocked as soon as exhausted.

Such a resort is not essential for the city housekeeper, for the corner grocery can supply her needs at short notice; but it is a great comfort in the country house, where the nearest grocery may be miles away, and its supplies not of the best.

Some housekeepers pride themselves on never serving canned foods, considering their use an indication of inefficiency. Others are not yet convinced of the wholesomeness of canned foods, and therefore decry their continual use. The cost of such food of the best quality prevents their use in other households. But none of these objections are valid in the case of emergencies.

No person would claim that canned foods are to be chosen when fresh ones are available, but the ease in keeping them and quickness of preparation are great advantages at times.

Among the most useful canned foods are the salmon, shrimp and chicken; the corn, peas, tomatoes and celery for vegetables; peaches, apricots and grated pineapple for fruit. Our shelf should be supplied with one or two cans of each class. Where milk is not easily procured a few cans of evaporated cream are desirable. This is unsweetened, and therefore can be used for soups. Other things convenient in the household at any time, and which should be kept on hand, are prepared flour, gelatine, beef extract, dried herbs, mushroom ketchup, or some good table sauce. A cooked salad dressing can be kept indefinitely, while a mayonnaise is quickly prepared when eggs, oil and vinegar are available.

Butter, sugar, eggs, potatoes, crackers, stale bread, rice and macaroni usually are to be found in a store closet otherwise bare.

Canned chicken will give us croquettes or a casserole with rice, or it may be served with a curry sauce in a border of rice, or with a cream sauce on toast. With a can of celery and one of chicken an excellent salad may be served.

Canned chicken soup can be served as it comes, or used like stock in more elaborate soups.

Peas may be served plain, or sifted and made into a chartreuse or timbal, or into a cream soup. Asparagus can be used in the same ways.

The tomato can is one of our faithful allies. It may give us a plain tomato soup, or the mock bisque, or a sauce to serve with rice, macaroni, or meat, or combined with gelatine we have the tomato jelly salad, available when green salads are not.

The country housekeeper can have lettuce at hand, if she will, for nearly half a year.

With a supply of canned fruit and prepared flour a wide range of desserts is possible. The prepared flour can be obtained in small packages, or may be made at home by mixing the usual proportions of flour and baking powder. Then it is easy to have steamed roly poly pudding, fruit dumplings and shortcakes.

By the substitution of the strained fruit pulp and juice, or the grated pineapple for orange juice in an orange jelly or charlotte, we may obtain several varities of fruit sponges or jellied fruits.

Thus it is easy to see how our emergency shelf may provide several different menus—as below. The last probably requires more time for preparation than is usually at our command in most emergencies, but serves to show the possibilities of our dozen cans.

Consomme Royal.
Salmon Loaf.
Timbal of Green Peas.
Peach Dumplings.

Green Pea Soup.
Casserole of Chicken.
Corn Pudding.
Tomato Jelly Salad.
Apricot Shortcake.

Scalloped Salmon.
Croustades of Asparagus.
Chicken Salad.
Peach Sponge.

Tomato Soup.
Creamed Chicken.
Shrimp Salad.
Roly Poly Pudding.

Mock Bisque Soup.
Chicken Croquettes.
Macaroni with Tomato Sauce.
Jellied Pineapple.

QUICK CONSOMME ROYAL.

Tie in a piece of cheese cloth any or all of these flavorers: a small onion cut fine, a half bay leaf, a blade of mace, two or three cloves and pepper corns, and cook this in three pints of water for half an hour, or till reduced to one quart. Then add one teaspoonful of beef extract, season with salt and pour over the custard placed in the tureen.

CUSTARD.

Beat one egg smooth, add two tablespoonfuls of milk, water, or stock, season with salt and pepper and strain into a cup. Set in water and steam or bake until firm. Cool and cut in slices and then into fancy shapes.

CASSEROLE OF RICE AND MEAT.

Boil one cupful of rice in two quarts of boiling water till tender, drain and line a mold. Fill with one pint of cold meat well seasoned and moistened with one cupful tomato sauce, or with one cupful stock mixed with one beaten egg. Cover with the rice and steam or bake in a pan of water for about forty minutes. Turn from the mold and serve with tomato sauce.

SALMON LOAF.

Mince one can salmon, add one cupful stale bread crumbs (the white, without crust), two beaten eggs, one-half cupful milk. Season to taste with salt, pepper, parsley and lemon juice. Put in a mold and steam or bake for thirty minutes. Turn from the mold and serve hot with white or Hollandaise sauce.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD.

Soften one-half box of gelatine in half cup cold water. Dissolve with one cupful hot soup stock. Add one pint strained tomato, season to taste, and chill in molds. Serve on shredded cabbage or lettuce with mayonnaise, or boiled dressing.

FRUIT SPONGE.

Make a soft custard with one pint of milk and the yolks of two or three eggs. Take from the fire and add one-half box of gelatine soaked in one-half cupful of cold water, one scant cupful of sugar and a speck of salt. Strain and cool, stirring occasionally. When it begins to thicken beat thoroughly, add one pint sifted fruit pulp, and the stiffly-beaten whites of the three eggs. Pack in molds and serve cold. Whipped cream may be used as a garnish.

CORN PUDDING.

One can of corn chopped fine (about one pint) two eggs beaten, one-half cup milk (omit if the corn is very liquid), one-half teaspoonful of salt, a speck of pepper. Bake in a buttered pudding dish, from twenty to thirty minutes, or till firm like a custard. Serve hot.—Miss Anna Barrows in American Kitchen Magazine.

THIS IS WAR.

SOME LESSONS OUR SOLDIERS WILL LEARN.

Richard Harding Davis and Poultney Bigelow seem to be engaged in a newspaper controversy at long range as to how well our army is being taken care of at the Tampa encampment. The debate rages wherever any soldiers are quartered; some visitors think everything is all right, or at least as good as could be expected, while others come away saddened, and even indignant, at the war officials for allowing the boys in blue to be so poorly fed and cared for. In the newspaper accounts the favorable view is likely to get its full weight, because of a desire on the part of the correspondents to keep on the right side of the department officers, and also on account of the press censorship, which naturally excludes a recital of such features as tend to discourage enlistments. But to the impartial observer it makes considerable difference what time in the day and what day of the week the camp is visited. And after all allowances are made on each side of the discussion, the fact remains that this is war, and those persons who understand this best are most easily satisfied with what they find at Camp Alger, Tampa, Chickamauga and wherever else our soldiers are quartered. The letter of a Missouri boy to his parents, which has just been printed, contains an incident which illustrates the phrase, "This is war."

"We happen to have a German quartermaster," the young man writes, "and so arriving here we stood all the first day in a drizzling rain, without tents, blankets or rations, on a hill overlooking the river and valley in the distance—a picturesque and inspiring view that would ordinarily draw admiration from the most unappreciative natures, but under existing circumstances Sunday School words were not profuse. As night was drawing near, and blankets and straw were conspicuously absent, the writer, with several other officers, approached our quartermaster with the question, 'What of the night?' We were greeted with, 'Vat is it you vant?' We gulttily murmured, 'Blankets.' 'Dis is var,' he replied. 'Ve vould have cried like babies if ve could not come. I vould have cried myself. Now ve are here. Dis is var.'"

There is less complaint about the food at Camp Alger now than there was a few weeks ago. The boys are learning that camp life is not one of luxury, and that they must expect to endure hardness. I overheard a good natured "dressing down" which a veteran of the civil war gave a group of boys of the 65th New York the other day, who were commenting on their privations: "No sugar and milk for your coffee," repeated the veteran in disgust. "I never heard of such a thing as having sugar and milk in coffee. Preposterous to think of it! Do you want to be rolled up in cotton batting? The trouble with you boys is that you are being fed altogether too well and have never been allowed to get real hungry yet. The time will come if you see much actual service when raw pork will be a treat, and a thin strip placed between two pieces of hard-tack will be eaten with great relish. Of course it is much better to have pork cooked, but when you cannot get it that way you will take it in almost any shape. The time will come when this food would taste mighty good, I tell you." This sort of Job's comfort is not without a certain good effect, and still the boys occasionally suggest that the food is not just what they have been used to at home. The 9th Massachusetts, which arrived at Camp Alger last Wednesday, had its first fresh meat on Monday, eating in the meantime bacon, canned corn beef, potatoes, beans, bread, hard-tack, coffee. There is an agreeable regularity in the appearance of these staples, and the problem of what to get for breakfast does not disturb Camp Alger housekeepers. There is no scanning the bill of fare; every meal is very much like the last. Michigan men who came in last week were for five days kept upon a steady diet of one sandwich and one mug of coffee for each meal, and the sandwich was made of canned corn beef. Hard-tack, according to the boys, is a much maligned food staple, and if it could be had when fresh and crisp, they say it would not be bad since it is really a cracker made of flour and water.

But besides the recognition of the fact that this is what army life means and a settling down to the consequences, reports from other fields have a quieting effect. One of the local newspapers printed on Sunday a private letter from one of the District boys at Chickamaugua in which he said that all of his company were hoping to be forwarded to Tampa, because they had implicit confidence that it could not be worse than where they were. But the Bigelow-Davis debate has so affected the reputation of Tampa here as a comfortable and commodious hostelry that most of the Camp Alger boys are willing to stay where they are unless they can go into actual field service. In fact, conditions at the camp are improving rapidly, due to the agitation of the newspapers and the efforts of some active congressmen. The commission that Secretary Alger sent to investigate things brought in a verdict of "Not guilty, but don't do it again." They found water, sanitation and everything in excellent condition, but recommended that no more troops be sent there. And yet in spite of this recommendation and the report that Camp Alger was to be abandoned, the Third Virginia Regiment came in on Sunday, and I happened to be at Dunn-Loring station on its arrival. The two striking features of a fresh regiment are the extreme youthfulness of the men and the immense amount of luggage which they have to carry. Besides the rubber and woolen blankets, knapsack, rifle, canteen and ordinary equipment, many of the boys were carrying boxes and hand satchels, evidently bringing into camp a few extras from their friends at home. But it would have to be a very valuable article to be worth carrying on foot long over the dusty roads at the south. When the Virginia boys got of the trains and formed into lines they immediately started for camp. It was about midday, the sun was beating down hard, and the prospect of a three-mile walk, at the end of which tent-making and housekeeping would have to be done, was not enviable. Some of the boys had got hold of big pieces of bread, and could be seen eating away at them while waiting for the marching orders to be given.—Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.

A STRONG WRITER.

"Stephen," said the colonel, speaking to an old negro who had come out to cut the grass in the yard, "I am told that you intend to give your son a good education."

"Dat's whut I does, sah. I knows whut it is ter struggle erlong widout l'arning', an' I is 'termined dat my son shan't travel b'ar foot over de same flint-rock road dat I did."

"A noble resolution, Stephen. There is something beautiful in the uncultivated mind that has a reverence for knowledge. Is your boy learning rapidly?"

"Ez fast ez er hoss ken trot, sah. W'y, last week he writ er letter ter his aunt dat libes mo' den twenty miles frum yere, an' after while he gwine write ter his udder aunt dat libs fifty miles away."

"Why doesn't he write to her now?"

"Oh, he kain't write so fur yit. He ken write twenty miles fust rate, but I tole him not to try to write fifty miles till he got stronger wid his pen. But he gwine ter git dar, I tell you. Won't be mo'n er year fo' dat boy ken set down at one end o' de gubernment an' write er letter cl'ar ter de udder end."

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

"He sent her documents giving her control of their child." "Gracious! I wish I knew where to obtain documents that would give us control of our child."

Can't be perfect health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.

Editor—In Smith's obituary I wrote 'He met his death like a hero,' and it come out 'He met his debts like a hero.' Foreman—I'm very sorry. Editor—I wouldn't care so much, only I do so hate anything that smacks of adulation of the dead.

'Tisn't safe to be a day without Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house. Never can tell what moment an accident is going to happen.

Sensible Arrangement.

What Sir Daniel Lysons believes to have been the first case of a settlement of an "affair of honor" on the Duke of Wellington's plan is described by him in his "Early Reminicences." It occurred in Halifax about the middle of the present century:

One day Captain Evans came to me boiling over with wrath and indignation. He said he had been grossly insulted by Captain Harvey, the governor's son, and begged me to act as his friend. I agreed, provided he promised to do exactly as I told him. He consented.

I called on Captain Harvey's friend, Captain Bourke, and we agreed to abide by the Duke of Wellington's order about dueling, which had just then been promulgated at Halifax.

We carried out our intention as follows: We made each of our principals write out his own version of what had occurred. We then chose an umpire. We selected Colonel Horn of the Twentieth regiment, a clear headed and much respected officer. With his approval we sent him the two statements, and he directed us to come to his house the following morning with our principals.

At the appointed time we arrived and were shown into the dining room. We bowed formally to each other across the table and awaited the appearance of our referee. Colonel Horn soon entered, and, addressing our principals, said:

"Gentlemen, in the first place, I must thank you for having made my duty so light. Nothing could be more open, generous or gentlemanlike than your statements. The best advice I can give you is that you shake hands and forget that the occurrence has ever happened."

They at once walked up to each other and shook hands cordially. They were the best of friends ever after.

Control of Palsied Hands.

The control men get over their hands by constant practice was being discussed. One cited the case of an artist who is afflicted with palsy so badly that he cannot convey his food or drink to his mouth unaided. And yet this man with pallet and brush in hand can paint as well as ever he could. Before his brush touches the canvas his hand trembles violently, but the moment he feels the brush touch his picture his stroke becomes firm and strong and just what he desires it to be.

Almost a parallel case is that of a veteran soldier well known in Kansas City, "Peg Leg" Smith. Smith is now in the Soldiers' home in Leavenworth. When in Kansas City, he used to run a cigar wheel at the city hall square.

Smith comes to Kansas City frequently, and when here likes to go to a shooting gallery on Walnut street and shoot at the targets. He is a good shot and enjoys looking along a rifle barrel. Smith has the palsy in an alarming degree. When he raises the rifle and aims it at the target, it jerks around in such a lively manner that one would wager he could not hit the side of a house, but just as he is about to pull the trigger his hand steadies and the next instant the bell rings. The palsied man has hit the bullseye.—Kansas City Star.

A Quaint Picture of Harvey.

"He (William Harvey) was not tall, but of the lowest stature, round faced, olivaster complexion; little eie, round, very black, full of spirit; his haire was black as a raven, but quite white 20 yeares before he dyed. I have heard him say, that after his booke of the Circulation of the Blood came-out, that he fell mightily in his practize, and that 'twas beleeved by the vulgar that he was crack-brained; and all the physitians were against his opinion, and anvyed him; many wrote against him. With much adoe at last, in about 20 or 80 yeares time, it was received in all the Universities in the world; and, as Mr. Hobbes sayes in his book 'De Corpore,' he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his owne doctrine established in his lifetime.

"He was much and often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus; he would then sitt with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine house, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himselfe to his stove, and so 'twas gonne. He was hott-headed, and his thoughts working would many times keepe him from sleepinge; he told me that then his way was to rise out of his bed and walke about his chamber in his shirt till he was pretty coole, i. e., till he began to have a horror, and then returne to bed, and sleepe very comfortably."—Aubrey's "Lives."

GARFIELD'S STRUGGLES.

How He Burned the Midnight Oil When at Williams College.

Garfield was said to be only one of a very few who kept up their literary studies while in Washington. He never did so well but it seemed he could easily do better. He always gave the impression that he had much more power than he used. As Trevelyan said of his parliamentary hero, Garfield succeeded because all the world could not have kept him in the background, and because, once in front, he played his part with an intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserve of energy on which it was in his power to draw.

"When I was a freshman in Williams college," said Garfield, "I looked out one night and saw in the window of my only competitor for first place in mathematics a light twinkling a few minutes longer than I was wont to keep mine burning. I then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation. I did so and passed above my rival. I smile today at the old rivalry, but I am thankful for the way my attention was called to the value of a little margin of time well employed. I have since learned that it is just such a margin, whether of time or attention or earnestness or power, that wins in every battle, great or small."—Success.

Prototype of the Du Maurier Girl.

On the mantelpiece in my studio at home there stands a certain lady. She is but lightly clad, and what simple garment she wears is not in the fashion of our day. How well I know her! Almost thoroughly by this time, for she has been the silent companion of my work for 30 years. She has lost both her arms and one of her feet, which I deplore, and also the tip of her nose, but that has been made good.

She is only three feet high or thereabouts and quite 2,000 years old or more, but she is ever young—

Age cannot wither nor custom stale
Her infinite variety—

and a very giantess in beauty, for she is a reduction in plaster of the famous statue of the Louvre.

They call her the Venus of Milo or Melos. It is a calumny, a libel. She is no Venus except in good looks, and if she errs at all it is on the side of austerity. She is not only "pootiness," but "wirtue" incarnate (if one can be incarnate in marble) from the crown of her lovely head to the sole of her remaining foot—a very beautiful foot, though by no means a small one—it has never worn a high heel shoe.—George du Maurier in Harper's Magazine.

Something Smaller.

Professor—If you are at all interested in geological specimens, madam, will you not accept some of these beautiful specimens of quartz?

Mrs. Mushroom—They are almost too large for me to carry. Have you any pistol?—Pearson's Weekly.

The Original Siamese Twins.

The sleepy village of Biddenden, not far from Tenterden, celebrates yearly the memory of the two maids of that ancient hamlet who were the original precursors of the Siamese twins. In life they were joined together by a mysterious cord of flesh, and they died on the same day, leaving their property to be distributed among the poor of the parish and among all who care to apply for a dole of bread and cheese on Easter day. This benefaction has been in existence for six or seven centuries, and at present its value is about $200 a year.

Formerly the doles consisted of bread and cheese and ale, but the latter produced so much hilarity in the village that it was abolished, and the charity is now limited to the two first mentioned nutritive articles. The bread is made up in the form of cakes, bearing a rude representation of the twin maids of Biddenden, and are generally preserved as curiosities by the recipients. They are baked very hard and are admirably adapted to give work to dentists by breaking the molars of those who attempt to penetrate their mysteries. The poor of the parish as distinguished from necessitous strangers are supplied with ordinary quartern loaves and cheese.—London Telegraph.

The Story the Cub Reporter Didn't Get.

One day a cub reporter was sent to cover a meeting of an east side literary club, which was to debate about arbitration and its effect upon international peace, but he came back to the office within an hour looking disappointed.

"Where's your story?" asked the city editor.

"There wasn't any story to write," replied the new reporter, picking up a newspaper. "They couldn't agree upon the wording of the subject, and they got to arguing and calling names, and finally the meeting broke up in a free fight. So I came back, sir."

The city editor came down from his desk and gazed pitifully upon the cub. "They were to have debated on peace," he said sorrowfully "and the meeting broke up in a fight, and there was nothing to write! You may go." That is a story they tell along the row, and it is an old one.—Scribner's.

A MAINE POSTMASTER.

Undertakes a Contract Without the Sanction of the New Administration.

All the mail matter dropped in our postoffice addressed to East Surry,