THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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JOHN S. HARLOW,

Attorney at Law,

DIXFIELD, - MAINE.

PROBATE NOTICES.

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

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

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published at South Paris, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of Nov., A. D. 1902, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

MARTHA H. SPOFFORD, late of Paris, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof presented by Edwin I. Spofford, the executor therein named.

ETHAN WILLIS, late of Paris, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof presented by James S. Wright, the executor therein named.

PAMELIA C. YEATON, late of Oxford, deceased. Final and private accounts presented for allowance by Simeon K. Yeaton, administrator.

ERNEST C. GAMMON ET ALS of Paris, minors. Final account presented for allowance by Franklin Maxim, guardian.

SARAH K. DESHON, late of Canton, deceased. Petition for order of distribution presented by Alanson S. Hathaway and Ansel G. Staples, executors.

FLORINDA B. PETTENGILL, late of Hartford, deceased. First and final and private accounts presented for allowance by James W. Libby, administrator.

ERLAND C. AND LEO G. TORREY, wards, of Dixfield. First account presented for allowance by Philetus W. Torrey, guardian.

ADDISON E. HERRICK,
Judge of said Court.

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

NOTICE.

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

DEBORAH B. FOYE, late of Hartford, 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.

Oct. 21st, 1902. WILLIAM FOYE.

NOTICE.

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

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

Oct. 21st, 1902. JOHN F. PLUMMER.

NOTICE.

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

ANSON W. BOWKER, late of Woolstock, 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.

Oct. 21st, 1902. JAMES L. BOWKER.

NOTICE.

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

LOVELL L. GARDINER, late of Sumner, 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.

Oct. 21st, 1902. CLARA Y. GARDINER.

WANTED.

Four men to chop cord wood near South Paris village. Winter's work.
SOUTH PARIS LUMBER CO.

LAMPS!

A very large collection of Decorated Lamps from $1.00 to $6.00.

Hobbs' Variety Store,

NORWAY, ME.

FOR SALE!

THE HERBERT M. TUCKER FARM,

situated on the Buckfield road, three miles from South Paris village. The farm contains 75 acres. The tillage land is in a high state of cultivation. The pastures are good and there is plenty of wood near the house. Large and small fruit in abundance. Barn 40x62 and carriage house 36x40 are new, are finely finished outside and in, and cost $1600. Water in house and barn. The farm carries twenty head of cattle and pair of horses. On rural delivery and cream routes. Very pleasant location.

A RARE CHANCE FOR SOMEONE.

For particulars and terms inquire of

WILSON & GRAY, So. Paris,
or S. M. KING near the premises.

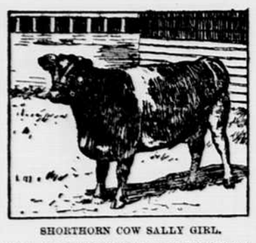
FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

SHORTHORN CATTLE.

Popular With Small Farmers—Adapted to Diversified Farming.

The Shorthorn breed of English cattle in the course of its development has been represented mainly by three family types—the Bates, noted for style and finish, with a combination of milk and beef qualities; the Booths, famous for wide backs, length of quarters, deep flesh and beefing attributes; the Cruickshanks or Scotch family, noted for heavy weight, with broad, deep forms, heavy flesh, vigor and early maturity.

The Shorthorn of today should reflect a blending of the three family



SHORTHORN COW SALLY GIRL.

types in possessing a good beef form, good milking qualities and a vigorous constitution.

The common colors are red, white and roan. In size the Shorthorn ranks among the largest of all breeds.

One hundred and fifty thousand as the number of living registered Shorthorns in the United States is a recent estimate thought to be approximately correct. Of these it is stated that 5 per cent are on the range and 95 per cent in the hands of the "small farmer," the strong feature of the breed being its adaptability to the requirements of diversified farming.—W. L. Hutchinson, Mississippi.

FALL PLOWING.

As Late In the Season as Possible Is One Farmer's Preferred Time.

We like to defer our fall plowing just as late in the season as possible. Between the first freezings and thawings is the best time. Then whatever vegetable matter, stubble or refuse we turn under begins to decay at once and by planting time will yield up such plant food as may be contained therein, says an Orange Judd Farmer writer.

The ground is not so soft and wet in fall as it is in spring, and there is less damage sustained by teams tramping over it. When the team stops on wet ground in spring, there is apt to be a clod all through the summer. A majority of these clods may be pulverized, it is true, by rolling, harrowing and dragging, but this is expensive and may be avoided by plowing in the fall. When we turn up and expose a bare soil to sunshine in summer or frost in winter, the available fertility is thereby increased and no mistake. And all know that the more available fertility we can get into the soil the larger will be the crop yield.

The mechanical condition of soils that will admit of fall plowing is always better than it is on lands plowed in spring. The freezing and thawing break down every lump, and we have that condition which seems to be the most desirable, "as mellow as an ash heap."

By fall plowing we get rid of various kinds of worms and insects that are a menace to the crops and not infrequently destroy them. We have never had corn injured by cutworms or any other worms on land that had been fall plowed.

Fall plowing enables us to start our spring crops earlier in the season, and one year with another it is the early sown oats and the early planted corn that give us the largest yield. Then it is far easier to cultivate land plowed in fall. Weed seeds do not start so early or grow off so vigorously for some reason or other.

FERTILIZER FOR LETTUCE.

Manure Unnecessary In Growing Vigorous, Quick Maturing Lettuce.

In intensive agriculture there is often a tendency to waste plant food. A waste of stable manure in forcing lettuce seems to be proved by tests recently made at the Geneva (N. Y.) agricultural station.

In the field culture tests except in a very few instances no direct injury was caused by supplying extra plant food. There was merely a loss of profit from failure to obtain sufficient crop increase to pay for the additional quantity of fertilizer. In lettuce growing under glass, however, especially on sandy loam soils, the use of more than an inch and a half or two inches of manure on the soil was not only wasteful of manure, but lowered the yield of lettuce.

The manuer nevertheless is essential to the production of vigorous, quick maturing lettuce. Chemical fertilizers cannot replace it even though used in abundance.

The use of commercial fertilizers without manure resulted in a decided increase in yield over crops on untreated soil, but in every trial they proved inadequate for bringing a crop to maturity in sufficiently short time to be profitable. "The best crops were grown where the soil was fertilized with stable manure."

The use of 5 per cent of manure with the fertilizers always resulted in a very great increase in yield. With this small amount of manure dried blood gave better results as a source of nitrogen than either nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia.

Where large amounts of manure were incorporated in the soil for forcing lettuce the yield was increased by compacting the soil. This shows that unfavorable effects which follow excessive applications of manure may be caused in part at least by thereby loosening the soil so much as to put it in an unfavorable mechanical condition for the lettuce plant.

The clay loam used in these experiments has always proved superior to light sandy loam for forcing lettuce.

Sprouting Grain For Stock Feed.

There has been a good deal said in the agricultural papers recently about the advantages of sprouting grain for stock food, many writers claiming a wonderful increase in nutritive value by the process. As the only addition to the grain is water, where the alleged addition to the feed value comes from is beyond our comprehension, says Texas Farm and Ranch. The process of sprouting and the chemical changes that accompany the process may add to the palatableness and even digestibility of the grain.

THE HEN AND HER CARE.

The World Has Moved and Taken the Hen Along With It.

A few years ago we used to think a beam in the top of the barn was good enough for the hens. Never thought of watering them. They could pick up a living around the barn floor. But we were surprised enough in those days if we found an egg. Ten chances to one it was cracked open from "stem to gudgeon" by the frost if we did happen to find one. Now we know this was simply the worst way imaginable to treat the hens. The world has moved and taken the hen along with it.

Profit In Eggs All Winter.

From present indications there will be profit in eggs all winter. It stands us in hand to save all the young pullets out of last spring's hatch and push them ahead as fast as possible. It is the pullet that lays during the cold weather that pays best. The beef trust has done one thing not down on the programme. It has given the farmer very much better prices for his eggs than for several years past. No argument here for the trust, but a big one for the old farm hen. Sell off all the roosters except what you intend to winter now. It is a waste of food material to keep a lot of roosters just for the sake of hearing them crow. The pullets need the room they occupy.

In the Way of Diet.

The question is sometimes asked whether or not oyster shells are essential to the production of eggs. Anybody who has watched his hens very much knows how almost wild they are to get to the bag of shells, especially if they have been deprived of them for a time. The hen knows about as well as any of us what she needs in the way of diet.

Is milk any better for her than water? Eggs are largely albumen. Milk contains albumen; water does not. Put the two together for yourself.

Nest Box and Mites.

No nest box ever patented could woo from the biddies more eggs than an old soap box. They seem to feel as much at home there as anywhere.

The smallest mite is big enough to make a hen uncomfortable, and she will not do her best if not comfortable. Our duty is plain.—Cor. Farm Journal.

BLOWER OR CARRIER.

The Elevation of Silage by Wind Is Making Rapid Progress.

The blower is fast taking the place of the ordinary chain carrier so far as feed and silage cutters are concerned. A great many farmers and dairymen are of course a little skeptical, and they possibly have good reason for being so, as a great many blower outfits have in the past failed to do their work satisfactorily. The elevation of silage by wind is, practically speaking, in its infancy, but it has made rapid progress within the last few years. The failure of some blower outfits to do their work has not in all cases been the fault of the outfit, but the lack of sufficient power and in many cases the use of ordinary judgment in their operation.

There is no denying the fact that a blower outfit when working satisfactorily is much better in every way than an ordinary chain carrier. These outfits of course require considerably more power than an outfit with chain carrier, and we would advise no one to attempt to operate such an outfit unless he has ample power. In elevating dry material the amount of power required is not greatly in excess of that required for an outfit with chain carrier. In elevating green silage to the height of the average silo, which varies from thirty to forty feet, the excess power required will run from 50 to 75 per cent.

Another feature with reference to the elevation of silage by wind is the fact that the more perpendicular the pipe can be set the less liability there is of clogging. Where the pipe is set at a low angle particles of the silage will drop to the low side of the pipe, and the wind will pass over it until finally sufficient silage has accumulated entirely to clog the pipe. Where the latter is set at a steep angle or entirely perpendicular the wind pressure is always directly underneath the silage, and it has no chance to clog.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

FERTILIZER TESTS.

Surprising Effect of South Carolina Rock and Slag.

There is no doubt that results reported from fertilizer experiments with phosphoric acid at the Maryland experiment station, as shown by the total products of the crops for five years, are at variance with the principles commonly taught and practice generally followed in the matter of fertilization.

The average total results are reported as showing that insoluble phosphoric acid—that is, phosphates which have not been treated or dissolved in sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol)—has more pounds of crop, both straw and marketable grain, than the phosphoric acid in the soluble and reverted forms—that is, in phosphates which have been dissolved in sulphuric acid. Not only has the yield produced by the insoluble phosphoric acid been greater than that produced by the soluble phosphoric acid, but the cost has been only about one-half. In brief it is concluded, judging from results obtained, that—

Crops are able to use the insoluble phosphoric of South Carolina rock.

Slag phosphate gives a greater total yield than any of the other insoluble phosphates. The yield of corn (grain) was not quite as much with slag phosphate as with bonemeal, yet the yield of wheat and grass was greater. All yields were produced at less cost with slag phosphates than with bonemeal.

Bonemeal was the best form of insoluble phosphate for corn, but its accumulative and supposed lasting effects did not show on the wheat and grass.

Bonemeal has also had an advantage over the other phosphates in furnishing organic matter in the soil in order to procure the best results with the insoluble phosphates.

What Others Say.

The corn shredder has the name of being the most dangerous piece of farm machinery now in vogue. Use care with it.

Not a few farmers think the right place for the cornstalk is where it grew. Can facts, figures and science show them in error?

A point that makes the Shorthorn my choice is its gentle disposition. It is seldom one meets with a vicious bull and never a vicious cow.

"All flesh is grass," saith the Scriptures. When we reflect that much of the best flesh is corn, oats and cottonseed meal, we conclude that the text has a figurative meaning.

Cut and shred every ton of cornstalks you have. They are worth from $12 up to sell and from $15 up to feed your own stock.

THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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CHAPTER III.

VLADIMIR SENT TO SIBERIA.

ATTACHED to the police of the government of Perm was an inspector named Ignatz Jansky. He was ambitious to rise and was of that mental and physical caliber that makes a man successful when he bends all his energies, regardless of all scruples, to the attainment of his goal.

Inspector Jansky, having received a message from Prince Neslerov, hastened to obey, for he knew the power of Neslerov, and if there should chance to be promotion in his path at any time Neslerov, as a wealthy noble of Graslov, could further his possibilities.

Inspector Jansky entered the palace of the prince with a humility that would have charmed the poor devils whom his eagerness had sent to Siberia.

"Sit down," said the prince, and the inspector sat down with a suddenness that proved his desire to please his sponsor. "I sent for you."

"You did, your excellency. I received your message and made all haste to obey."

"I trust it did not inconvenience you to a great extent," said the prince, who was quite familiar with the peculiarities of the inspector's nature.

"Not at all, your excellency—that is, not so much but what it gave me pleasure to obey. I am always busy, as you know."

"Yes, you are assiduous. Well, I have news for you. But first I should be pleased to receive from you an answer to a question. What do you wish for the most?"

Jansky hesitated. His servile mind saw far into the future, as a rule, but it could not fathom the meaning of this strange question. What did it matter to the prince what he wanted most unless the prince was disposed to grant it?

"I should like promotion, your excellency. Of course, I make no claim. You have befriended me. You have made me what I am. I have in my humble way endeavored to so acquit myself that you would not be displeased. I would not ask you for more. But, since you ask my dearest wish, it is promotion."

"It is a possibility," the prince replied.

Having said this, he deliberately lighted a cigar, leaving the inspector on nettles, wondering if the possibility were to materialize into a fact.

"As I said before, it is a possibility," said Neslerov and relapsed into silence.

"I suppose it is always a possibility to one so powerful as your excellency," said Jansky, who had a fine talent for flattery.

"At this particular moment it is more easily accomplished than at any other time."

"If your excellency will explain—if anything is expected of me, I would"—

"Duty, only duty," broke in the prince. "But I will explain. You are already aware that when you were made inspector of police in Perm the field of police activity extended but little farther east. The Cossack guards and the Tartar cavalry composed the police over the border. But this new railway is revolutionizing all that. In each government through which this line of travel passes or is to pass a department of police is to be established. There will be new cities develop. There will be railway stations. The population of Siberia will increase and, though complex enough at all times, will now present a far greater variety than ever before. The entrance of foreigners, of conspirators, will have to be made less difficult. The escape of a convict will now be almost a mere act of stepping upon a train and saying farewell to his guards.

"It will be, therefore, quite necessary to establish a system of police with officers of more ability and shrewdness than the Cossacks who now command the rude guards who stand sentinels over the czar's great dominion in Asia.

"Such a department of police has already been established in Tobolsk, through which the railway is now completed. It is time now for us to think of such a department in Tomsk."

As the prince and governor paused the inspector's breath came short and fast.

"And, your excellency, in the goodness of your heart you have thought of me?"

"I have been thinking—of several. I have befriended you. I desire to do so again. But there are difficulties which we must consider. Your present position, while not a low one, still is so low that the leap from it to the position of superintendent of police of the government of Tomsk would excite the imaginations of certain people at St. Petersburg."

"Superintendent of police of Tomsk!" Jansky cried.

"Certainly. That is the position for which I intend you. I have watched your career. You are eager, ambitious and resourceful. What better man could I have in such a position? It is upon you whom I must rely to prevent the encroachments of our enemies. It will be the superintendent of my police who will be my closest confidant. Who could be more acceptable to me than you?"

"I thank you, your excellency. I thank"—

"Wait. Thank me with deeds when we succeed. As I said before, there are difficulties. One cannot leap too great a distance at once without a cause. We must find a cause."

"A cause, your excellency?"

"What I mean is some potent reason for this great promotion. The chief of the Tomsk police will have a palace, a large income and will be second only to myself in power. To obtain that one must do something worthy."

"Oh, if I could but win that distinction!"

"I think it even now within your power."

"You have discovered something?"

"Yes—a very nesting place for nihilists."

"Good! Give me an idea where this place is, your excellency. There will be no more nesting."

"Do you know a forge on the forest road leading out of Perm to the south?"

"A forge? A horseshoeing place?"

"Well, that and all ironworking. It is kept by a man named Paulpoff."

"Paulpoff, the giant who breaks horseshoes with his thumbs and forefingers? The simple minded son of old Michael? What has he to do with nihilists?"

"He is their leader," Neslerov said quietly.

Jansky turned white, whether from surprise or horror at the devilish plot he scented we do not know. But he sat there waiting. The police of Tomsk needed a chief. The chief would have a palace and a large salary.

"Yes," continued Neslerov, "this Paulpoff, as I accidentally discovered, is the leader of a band of nihilists who meet there in the shops. I chanced to pass there yesterday and overheard a bit of conversation between the son and the old man. It seems there is to be a meeting in a few nights."

"A meeting of nihilists in the shops of Paulpoff?"

"Yes. Now, it has long been suspected that there were many nihilists at Perm, but the police have not been able to uncover them. Let me advise you. Keep this to yourself—a secret between you and me. We will go to the forge and arrest these Paulpoffs. If we find proof that they are nihilists, they will go across the border and you will be mentioned for promotion. Then the opportunity will come to me to speak to the minister of justice for you, and undoubtedly you will be given to me as the chief of the Tomsk police."

Jansky nodded. It was not for him to ask questions now.

"I am ready," he said.

"Then tomorrow. I will make still further investigations in my own way, and we shall be ready to act. We must both go to Perm from here."

Jansky, not being asked to remain longer, took his departure. And then suddenly from his repose the prince became a man of quick action. He called from his estate four men in whom he knew he could place the most implicit confidence. He spent some time at his desk writing. To each of the four he gave a letter, unsealed, unstamped, but addressed to each and apparently having been delivered by the hand of a private messenger.

"Go with me, do what I bid you, and you will have gold rubles for a year's pleasure," he said.

Inspector Jansky, happy and yet agitated at the result of the conference with the prince, sat in his office in Perm on the following afternoon. It was growing late, and he had looked hours for Prince Neslerov.

"He was mistaken or he has failed," he said. "He would have come if there was a possibility of success."

As he spoke the prince's horse galloped to the door.

"Good! Then success is possible!" said Jansky, grasping the hand of his noble benefactor.

"Possible! It is certain. Come with me."

Jansky's horse was soon by the side of the steed ridden by the prince.

"I made it my business to ride past the shops of Paulpoff," said the prince. "I met there, just leaving, a man who was, to say the least, discreditable in appearance. I spoke to him, and he was frightened. I saw him crumple a paper in his hand. I snatched it from him. It was a message addressed to 'Number Five' of some mysterious circle, calling upon the person bearing that name to come to the shops at a certain hour tonight. We shall be in time. Let us ride."

It had so chanced that a number of accidents to horses had taken place that day on the forest road. When the inspector of police and Neslerov arrived, four men were within the shop, their horses standing outside, and all were apparently in the greatest eagerness to have their horses shod. Papa Paulpoff was visibly disturbed by this sudden influx of the horseshoeing business, but the giant Vladimir, who never refused a request if he could help a human being, was beginning to make the shoes. The men did not apparently know one another, and each growled continually at the others for being there.

Neslerov, upon arriving at the shop, whispered to the inspector, and both leaped from their horses.

"Seize the old man and the son!" said Neslerov. "I will search these fellows."

Poor old Papa Paulpoff turned white and sank in horror to the ground, suspecting what was coming, but Vladimir, in whose innocent mind there was no suspicion, stood gaping at the newcomers.

"It is the prince!" he exclaimed. "What have these poor men done, your excellency?"

Neslerov did not answer him. He turned to the nearest of the four, wrestled with him a short time, while the others showed evidences of terror, and then pulled from his pocket a letter.

"See!" he cried, waving it in the air and then showing it to the inspector. "It is a message to 'Number Three!' We have here the five constituting the circle."

"Let me read," said the inspector, while Vladimir still looked on unconscious of the tragedy that was being played with himself as its center.

The letter simply commanded "Number Three" to attend a meeting of the circle at the shops at that hour.

The name of Vladimir Paulpoff was signed.

"It is enough!" cried Jansky. Paulpoff, I make you my prisoner in the name of the czar!"

The young ironworker could, had he exerted his strength, have thrust the entire shameless crew from the place and crashed their skulls together. But even now he did not realize the enormity of the thing with which he was charged.

"Attend, Paulpoffs!" commanded Jansky, while the prince went through the pockets of the other three of the circle.

"Oh, have mercy!" cried Papa Paulpoff, falling upon his knees and clasping the legs of the prince. "We are innocent, I swear it! Some enemy has done this thing! The name is not in the writing of my son, I am certain! Oh, let me see the letters!"

Neslerov made a movement as if to hand the letters to the old man when

"See!" he cried. "It is a message to 'Number Three!'"

one of the wretches who had brought them there sprang forward, seized them and rushed unhindered from the place.

"The letters! The proof is gone!" howled Jansky.

"We have seen them. It is enough," said Neslerov calmly.

At this point Mamma Paulpoff came in. In consternation and helpless horror she saw her husband in the grasp of an inspector of police.

"What is this?" she cried.

"It is nothing, mother," said Vladimir. "These men have found some letters, but I did not write them. Have peace. We shall soon set ourselves free."

The three Paulpoffs were thrust into a dungeon. The prince and the inspector told their stories—clear, lucid, convincing—to the governor of Perm. The word of a prince and governor and of an inspector of police was not to be doubted. There was no trial, no hearing—nothing but a report to the minister of justice at St. Petersburg.

In three days the Paulpoffs—old man, old woman and the unresisting giant—were on the way to Siberia on the railway which Gordon had helped to build.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEETING AT THE FORGE.

IT was characteristic of Frances Gordon that, no matter how great the stress of social or other duties, her mind never lost room for such favorite schemes as were closest to her heart.

It was by reason of this characteristic that, while her busy father was deep in the mysteries and intricacies of the Moscow conference, the subtleties of which increased as the time for separation and departure drew nearer, Frances bethought her of a fitting opportunity to make good a promise she had made to Vladimir Paulpoff, the blacksmith.

During a conversation held several weeks before Vladimir had expressed a desire to study certain books which were apparently beyond his reach. Frances promised to obtain the books, and she did so. These made quite a respectable package, and a drosky was called to convey her to the railway station.

It was nothing new for Frances to travel alone as far as from Moscow to Perm, but on this occasion her father, with some sort of premonition, begged her to send the books by messenger.

"Oh, no," she said in her quiet manner of insistence. "We are about to return to the east, and I shall not see poor Vladimir for a long time."

"Hang Vladimir!" exclaimed Gordon as he saw his self willed young lady step into the drosky.

Having alighted at Perm, she hired another drosky to take her and the precious books to the forge.

The driver was a huge, surly individual, whose face was covered with a thick mass of beard and whose voice, when speaking to one not established as his superior, was heavy and insolent.

Responding to the call of Frances, he swung his heavy drosky in toward the door of her hotel. A police inspector stood near, and the driver saluted in humility.

"I hate women!" he said to himself. "They pay nothing and have things happen to them. I shall get into trouble before I lose her."

Frances stepped toward the vehicle, and the driver's mouth opened.

"Such a woman!" muttered the drosky driver. "She must be English or an American. If she was a Russian, she would be a princess."

Frances had had ample experience with his class in all parts of Russia. She calmly stepped into the drosky and handed him a silver coin.

"I want to go to the iron shops of the Paulpoffs, on the South road," she said. "Paulpoff—Michael Paulpoff and his son Vladimir. Do you know them?"

"Yes, I know them. But do you—know—what has happened?"

"No. Has any one been ill?"

"No; but"—

The police inspector came up.

"Any trouble here?" he asked sharply.

"Trouble? Oh, no!" replied Frances. "I was just asking the driver some questions."

"Where is it you wish to go?"

"To the ironworkers'—Paulpoff."

A warning look that meant volumes to the initiated shot from the inspector to the driver.

The horses were whipped up, and the vehicle rolled clumsily over the road.

"You said something had happened," said Frances. "Is any one sick at the Paulpoffs?"

"No; it wasn't that," answered the driver. "But the rain yesterday broke up the road. I did not think you would wish to come."

"Nonsense! There must be a safe way to get there."

In truth the way was as safe and comfortable as it had ever been, but the warning look of the inspector had prevented the driver from imparting the knowledge he had of the Paulpoffs.

"Let the police tell their own tales—they are always true then—according to police standards," muttered the driver.

It was a long drive to the forge, and when the drosky drew near, having passed through the wild and almost unsettled region between it and Perm, Frances was struck with an air of mystery that seemed to have suddenly enveloped the place.

There was no sound of the tremendous blows of Vladimir that sent the ring of steel far into the forest. No smoke came from the chimneys. Old Mamma Paulpoff had been wont to run to her door to see every arrival, but she was not to be seen.

The wolfhound that had been Vladimir's pet sat whining upon the porch and was evidently weak with hunger.

"Old Boris!" cried Frances, leaping from the drosky. "Where is your handsome master?"

The hound, who remembered her, placed his cold nose in her hand lovingly. He seemed to feel that he had found a friend.

Frances stepped to the door and pushed it open.

"Oh!" she cried.

She had opened the door on Prince Nicholas Neslerov, who stood there, about to depart, evidently, with a painting under his arm.

"Mlle. Gordon," he said, with a bow and smile.

"Where are the Paulpoffs?" she asked.

"Why, you have not, then, been informed of their misfortune?"

"Misfortune! I knew nothing of any misfortune. What has happened?"

"They are dead."

"Dead! All the Paulpoffs dead! Impossible! Papa Paulpoff and Mamma Paulpoff might die, they were so old, but Vladimir! Impossible! So young and powerful! Nothing but the weapon of an enemy could kill him in this healthy place."

"I spoke as we speak, mademoiselle. The Paulpoffs are not really dead. We speak of a man who is caught in crime and sent off—exiled—as dead. He is dead to his friends and to the world You understand?"

Frances stood rigid and white, the package of books forgotten in the hands of the drosky driver. Her nails bit into the tender flesh of her clinched hands. Her eyes studied the face of the governor of Tomsk.

"Vladimir has not been caught in any crime," she said, with a sort of gasp. "Impossible! He was so simple and honest! What crime?"

"Conspiracy gainst his imperial majesty the czar."

"And where is he now?"

"On the way to Siberia."

"Siberia! Vladimir Paulpoff sent to Siberia! And where are his parents?"

"One in a family taken red handed condemns all. The old people are also on their way to Siberia."

Frances swayed a little. She had studied Russian customs and Russian justice and shuddered as she realized the horrible torture in store for these simple work people who had never, she felt convinced, harbored an evil thought against any man. To her they had always spoken in terms of loyalty and praise of the czar.

The face of Neslerov was inscrutable. He held the picture loosely and carelessly, and the girl caught a glimpse of the face.

"That is Vladimir's picture!" she cried. "What are you doing with it?"

"I am sending it to him," was the reply of Neslerov. "It so happened that I had occasion to visit my chateau near Graslov and rode by here at the time the inspector of police was making the arrest. I remembered what you said to me at Moscow and tried to do what I could for the poor fellow, at first doubting his guilt. But the inspector was certain, and so all that was left to me was to ask Vladimir what favor I could perform for him. He asked me to send him this picture, and I have arranged with the governor of Perm to permit it to be passed along to him."

"It is a beautiful face," said Frances. "Vladimir has the soul of a great artist in him. But in Siberia he"—

She shuddered and ended her sentence abruptly.

"I have done more for him, for you," continued Neslerov. "There is another picture—he painted from memory. I have arranged to purchase it for a good price, and he shall not lose the money I promised him. It was a beginning to certain steps I had thought of to assist him."

"My own face!" cried Frances in astonishment as Neslerov showed the second picture.

"Yes, and the remarkable part of it is it took him but a short time. I described you, and he remembered you, and between the two he managed a very creditable work. I shall cherish this picture while I live.

"My picture!" murmured the girl again, looking at the sweet yet strong young face the blacksmith artist had placed upon the canvas. "And all from memory?"

"Yes, from memory and my description," said Neslerov. "Your face is so indelibly imprinted upon my memory that I could describe each line, each feature, with the utmost accuracy."

She looked at him in astonishment.

He had made frequent attempts to make love to her, but she had always skillfully repulsed him. That this could be true—that this man whose life was one round of pleasure should have her face so impressed upon his mind seemed to her incredible.

"But you will befriend him," she said, without answering his remark. "You are powerful in Russia. A large part of Siberia is under your control. You can make the life of the Paulpoffs pleasant there if you wish."

He bowed, and his eyes were hidden from her.

"Believe me, I have already taken steps to befriend them. In Tomsk there is great need of such ironworkers now that the railroad has gone beyond the Obi, and I have sent my petition to the minister of justice to have them sent to Tomsk. They will not be treated as convicts, but as honorable workers."

"What was the crime?" asked Frances. She was very pale, but quite calm.

"Why, it became known to Inspector Jansky of the police that a certain number of men congregated here and seemed to hold secret meetings. He investigated and discovered that this was the headquarters of a circle of nihilists. He arrested them all, but many escaped."

"And the proof?"

"Letters from Vladimir found on them."

Frances sighed and turned sadly away.

"You are an American," continued Neslerov, "and cannot understand how a man who appeared to you to be simple and contented with his lot should prove to be an assassin. This same spirit permeates our best society. It comes to the surface even among the relatives of our highest nobles. My own cousin was sent to Siberia. I had no pity for him, because he was rich, educated and had no reason to complain. But the Paulpoffs—now that I know you are interested in them—I will protect them from further harm."

"I thank you," said Frances sadly.

Neslerov slipped a coin into the hand of the drosky driver, and he immediately had cause to go to his horses, which were standing peacefully enough where he left them.

"I wish to speak one word before we leave here," said the prince, taking the hand of Frances, which she, in her surprise, permitted him to hold a moment. "I love you. I have loved you ever since the day I saw you first. We have beautiful women in Russia, but none like you. I am rich, powerful and am not offering you an empty name. Will you be my wife, my princess?"

"Prince Neslerov," said Frances gently, but still in a tone of reproof, "you cannot mean, I am sure, to take advantage of my situation, alone and at your mercy. You are a gentleman. Please leave such words for a more fitting occasion."

"All occasions are the same to a man who loves as I do," answered Neslerov. "I asked your father. He treated the matter as of no concern. To me it is my life. Make me happy, the world is yours. Refuse me, you plunge me into deep despair. I do not care to live without you."

"What nonsense!" said Frances. "Everybody has sooner or later to live without a loved one. My father—I—my mother died many years ago. He loved her. He has been true to her memory, but he has lived."

"Ah, but that is not the same thing at all. Had I possessed you for a time and lost you at the command of death, then I could live, happy in the blessed memory. But to love you and lose you to another! Ah, I would kill him!"

"You are mad. Such words do not inspire love in the heart of an American girl. Fools kill their rivals, but it is a poor revenge. I do not love you, prince, and so cannot marry you. Let that end the matter. I must now return to Moscow."

"You shall not go till you are mine!" cried Neslerov, driven to madness by her coldness. He sprang forward and slammed the door, shutting them alone in the unoccupied house. He stepped toward her. His breath came hot upon her cheeks. His arms were outstretched to seize her. There was a look of mad passion in his eyes.

She knew no help was near or possible. The drosky driver was a Russian and would not fight the prince. She

"Stand back, you insulter!"

might scream, but her voice could not reach within two miles of the nearest house. The threatening lips, the touch of which would be pollution, were near her own. With a quick movement she slipped her hand into her pocket.

"Stand back, you insulter!" she said, with a cold, steely voice.

The shining barrel of a revolver was thrust into his face. It was not a large weapon and was ornamented with silver, but it was large enough to do execution at short range, and it was almost in Neslerov's very mouth. He staggered back, taken by surprise.

"You she devil!" he cried.

With an upward motion he made as if to knock the revolver from her hand. She bent the barrel downward. The contact with his hand exploded one cartridge. The flash blinded him. There was a red mark on his forehead where the bullet grazed the skull. Half stunned and cursing, he fell back.

Opening the door, Frances walked out. The drosky driver was waiting. He had heard the shot.

"Do you see this?" she demanded, pointing the revolver at his head.

"Yes," he stammered.

"I have just shot Prince Neslerov. If you do not take me to the railway station at Perm and get me there before he overtakes us, I will empty the other four bullets into your head."

"Get in," he mumbled. Then to himself he said: "These American women are devils! They are better fighters than the Cossacks!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Abortion Prevented

Saved a Calf—Saved a Foal.

Hood Farm Abortion Cure

"I lost four calves and had three more cows that showed signs of abortion. One lost her calf the year before at a little over 8 months. She was about 7 months along and her udder was badly swollen. I gave her Hood Farm Abortion Cure as directed for three weeks. The swelling all left her and two months later she dropped the best calf on the farm. I had a mare that showed signs of abortion. Gave her this remedy and she foaled a living colt." R. C. THOMPSON, Dows, Iowa.

Two sizes—$1 and $2.50. Large four times dollar size. Call for treatise on Abortion and Failure to Breed.

Hood Farm Remedies are for sale by F. A. SHUTLEFF & Co., South Paris, Me.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"It has been a long time since we have been without Hood's Sarsaparilla. My father thinks he could not do without it. He has been troubled with rheumatism since he was a boy, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine he can take that will enable him to take his place in the field." MISS ADA DOTY, Sidney, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take them.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Historic City of India.

Delhi is the most historic city in all India. It may not be the oldest, although it lays claim to a respectable middle age, dating from 1000 B. C. At that time the master of Delhi called himself emperor of all the world, and emperors, at least of India, have ruled there almost ever since. Old Delhi, without the walls, is a city of picturesque ruins; imperial Delhi, the modern city, was created by Shah Jehan, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth.

From the date of the first Mohammedan incursion, A. D. 715, perpetual warfare raged round Delhi until at length she yielded to the irresistible power of the Moguls. The city was alternately Mohammedan and Hindoo during a great many years and finally, in 1803, was made British by General Lake. Delhi has the finest and largest mosque in

ESTABLISHED 1885.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, NOV. 4, 1902.

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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

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

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

COMING EVENTS.

Nov. 4.—Oxford Pomona Grange, West Minot.
Nov. 4, 5, 6.—Annual meeting of Maine State Pomological Society, Farmington.
Dec. 16 18.—Maine State Grange, Portland.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Crocker Fountain Pen.
Comfort and Health.
Prospectus of Country Gentleman.
For Sale.
Notice of Bankruptcy.
For Sale.
Situation Wanted.
Notice of Appointment.

NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

(This letter was intended for last week's paper, but being necessarily late in reaching the office, was unavoidably deferred.)

The 29th annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held in Jefferson Theatre, Portland, Oct. 17 to 22.

There was a large attendance, several states sending a large number of delegates. Many of the Maine White Ribboners also attended, making large audiences at each session.

Many brilliant capable women were present from the various states, and the state presidents, national organizers and lecturers, and department superintendents, represent a galalaxy of bright consecrated Christian women of which all may justly feel proud. But none were more loved and honored than our own Mrs. Stevens, for she was unanimously elected to again fill the office of National President.

The morning and afternoon sessions were principally devoted to reports of department superintendents, introduction of visitors, and the necessary business attending such a great convention.

During each day there were also many department conferences, conducted by the various national superintendents, which cannot fail to be of great value to those who attended; and this convention, pronounced to be as good if not the best of any held since the institution of the W. C. T. U., will have great influence and educational value, especially in the Eastern States.

The special feature of the opening Friday morning was the annual address of the National President, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens of Portland. The address was carefully prepared at some length, was widely reported in the newspapers, and printed in pamphlet form for distribution. This address was filled with wise counsel and able recommendations which we have not space to enumerate.

I quote these words from an editorial in the Lewiston Journal of Friday, Oct. 17: "We read with profound interest and pride the able annual address of Mrs. Stevens, and heartily concur in all she says of the benefit to this state of the laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors."

Friday evening was "welcome night," with cordial speeches of welcome from Mayor Boothby and others, and an able address by Judge Bonney. Songs were sung by L. T. L. of our State Reform School.

Saturday evening was in charge of the L. T. L. and Y. branch. There was a chorus of 200 children from the Portland Sunday Schools, and an address by Miss Christina Tinling of Manchester, England.

Sunday afternoon was given a most helpful and inspiring annual sermon by Miss Elizabeth W. Greenwood, New York.

Sunday evening the meeting was held in city hall, which was literally packed to the doors, hundreds being turned away. Lady Henry Somerset of England, world's W. C. T. U. president, was given a great ovation, and the addresses by Lady Somerset and Rev. Henry S. Sanders of London were listened to with profound interest and attention.

Monday evening was "Demonstration Night" by the National Superintendents of Departments and was of great interest.

Tuesday evening was Platform Night, Subject, Does Prohibition Prohibit?

Sheriff Dunn of Portland gave an address of much interest to the audience. At request of the delegates he sent to the convention the next afternoon Deputy Sheriffs Skillings and Bisbee to exhibit many of the traps and devices captured from the liquor sellers by the late Sheriff Pearson.

The next address was by Miss Anna H. Shaw of Pennsylvania and by many was considered the most brilliant of the whole convention. It was an able argument in favor of prohibitory law. Lady Somerset and Rev. Mr. Sanders then bade farewell to the convention.

Wednesday evening was State Jubilee Night in charge of those states who had during the past year made a gain of 500 or more members over and above all losses. The following states were represented on the platform: Maine, New York, Alabama, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts. To Maine was accorded the first demonstration, and great enthusiasm was aroused from the audience by the gathering of about 200 Maine White Ribboners upon the platform and the singing of a state song, especially written for the occasion by Miss Anna Gordon. Pine branches were waved during the chorus.

The other states furnished a very interesting program, then there was the presentation of several handsome prize banners.

Among those introduced to the convention were several prominent workers from Canada; Miss Tami Imai, Tokio, Japan; M. Le Tour of Paris, France, sent as special ambassador from his country to study American methods of public school education and temperance instruction; and Madam Barakat, a native of Syria.

On Saturday, at 5 P. M., Miss Cornelia M. Dow held an informal reception at the Gen. Neal Dow residence, and a throng of interested visitors filled the rooms. The hospitality of President Stevens' home was also extended to delegates and visitors during the convention.

Viewed from every standpoint this convention was a great success, and it cannot fail to have a mighty influence, and be an uplifting inspiration to all who were there. God speed the day when the teachings and principles of this great organization shall so permeate and educate all classes of society as to permanently bless and uplift all humanity. J. M. B.

West Paris.

HERE AND THERE.

A woman got hurt and had a bad nosebleed in a Maine city the other day, and this is the way the enterprising reporter improved the opportunity:

"Mrs. John Smith of Portwater fell recently, sustaining injuries which resulted in a severe nasal hemorrage. Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Jennie Jones of this town."

The Actors' Church Alliance, composed of actors, clergymen and other church people, declares its purpose to be to oppose Sunday performances, and to suppress immoral plays, such as now run riot on the stage of the large cities. If it can make any substantial progress toward the accomplishment of those purposes, it will prove itself one of the most valuable moral agencies that the country has ever known.

PENSION MATTERS.

Caroline P. Carr of Rumford Point has been granted a widow's pension of $8.00 per month.

Samuel F. Stearns of Norway has been granted an increase to $12.00.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

PARIS HILL.

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

Universalist Church, Rev. J. H. Little, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

It is not perhaps generally known that a deer has been shot in town this fall. The Democrat did not learn of it until last week, though it was some two weeks ago that it was done. George S. Boutelle and L. K. Stone were out early one morning. Boutelle fired at the deer in the woods near the river a little above where Irving Andrews cut off the wood two years ago. She went down but was immediately up again and off. They tracked her toward the north a short distance and then lost her. An hour or two later Stone, coming out on a high bank beside the brook, some distance below Cole's mill, saw the deer in some bushes under the bank, and fired a shot which finished her. They found that Boutelle's shot had broken her foreleg. It was a doe, thought to be a yearling. There have been several deer in the woods in that vicinity during the past few months, but this is the only one captured so far.

Miss Mary H. Taylor of Boston is at Mrs. A. T. Forbes' for a few days. She goes next week to New York to take a post-graduate course of three months in a hospital there.

Mr. Case is in town for a few days.

The schools in the Partridge and Forbes Districts will unite in an entertainment to be given at the Partridge school house Friday evening. Proceeds to be used to purchase a dictionary for the Partridge school.

Monthly meeting of the directors of Paris Hill Library Association Tuesday, November 4, at 3 P. M., at Hamlin Memorial Hall. A. E. EASTMAN, clerk.

News has been received here of the death of Samuel C. Kelley of Sweetland, Iowa. He was the last of a family of ten children. He leaves six children, four sons and two daughters, also several grandchildren. His wife, who died about ten years ago, was the oldest sister of H. B. Eastman, Paris, Maine. Mr. Kelley was about 77 years old.

Advertised letters in Paris post office, Nov. 1st:

Mrs. Eliza Tibbetts.
Miss Elva Lee.
Mrs. Charles Harris.
A. C. Elkins.

Hiram R. Hubbard and wife have been spending two or three days at Lewiston and Augusta.

Mrs. E. H. Guyer of Rock Island, Ill., is at the Hubbard House for a few days.

Mrs. F. E. Beedy of Bailey's Island and Mrs. L. M. Goodwin of Auburn are spending the fall with Dr. M. M. Houghton.

The funeral of Mrs. Maria Marble, widow of Franklin S. Marble, was held at Woodfords Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence, No. 1 Rackleff Street. Rev. H. E. Townsend, pastor of the Woodfords Universalist church, of which the deceased was a member, conducted the services. The interment was at Evergreen. Mrs. Marble has many friends in this village and vicinity. Mrs. O. A. Thayer and Mrs. John Pierce attended the funeral.

FRYEBURG.

The Union conference of Congregational Churches met here Wednesday and Thursday. There was a large attendance.

Mr. Eugene Kenerson has moved into Mrs. Perkins' house.

The drinking fountain is completed.

Mr. Charles Kimball and Mrs. Cora Stevens were married Oct. 29 by Rev. B. N. Stone.

Social at the academy given by the sophomore class Thursday evening.

Wednesday evening a praise service was conducted by Mr. C. G. Willard. Rev. J. B. Saer of Bridgton lectured on Jerusalem.

The annual business meeting of the ladies' circle was postponed until Monday evening on account of the rain.

A dance at Red Men's Hall Friday evening, Oct. 31.

Mrs. Joseph Chandler and her daughter, Mrs. Charles, of Bryantville, Mass., are the guests of Miss Fannie Tibbetts.

HEBRON.

Miss Annie Glover was in Portland a few days last week.

Mrs. Cornelia Moody got home from Massachusetts Monday. While away she visited her son, J. F. Moody, Jr., who is teaching in Exeter, N. H.

The ladies' circle met Tuesday and gave a supper in the vestry.

Rain has been in order as often as anyone could wish the past few weeks.

The telephone poles are nearly all set and we understand the wires will be put up next week.

Many apples have been sold in this vicinity and many more still on hand.

GREENWOOD.

Again 'tis November, just the time to cut timber,
And prices rule higher than ever before;
Whether pinwood or spoolwood, pulpwood or schoolwood;
They want all your surplus and many times more.

Think of it for a moment; a little less than 50 years ago a man bought a quantity of stumpage for cordwood—maple, beech and birch, and paid 50 cents per cord. Then he paid 75 cents per cord for cutting it, hauled it four miles to market, and sold it for $2.50, by taking store pay. No comments seem to be called for.

The roads are in a deplorable condition, and the prospect is that they will be in no better shape before winter. The recent rain did not improve them in the least.

Thanks to Will Swan for one-half of a big fat coon. Such meat at this time of the year must be relished by any epicure.

There was no meeting at the Center last Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Brown being called elsewhere.

Orison Bryant made us a pleasant call while in the place recently. Mr. Bryant left here for the West about 32 years ago, and after living in several different places finally went to Los Angeles, Cal., where he found an ideal home, if not indeed the veritable Garden of Eden.

Alon Cole is still at work on Grover Hill in Bethel, but has moved his family back to his father's, George C. Cole's.

The widow Coburn left town for Washington, D. C., nearly a year ago, since which nothing has been heard from her, although promising to write on reaching her destination. Her son-in-law, Roscoe Coburn, has moved into the widow Jackson's rent, lately occupied by Adoniram Swan, who has gone to live with Elmer Cole.

A recent letter from D. O. Davis, Minn., informs us that they are having fine weather out there, but the wolves are more numerous and troublesome than ever before. Mr. Davis and a few others went wolf hunting one day, captured two and the very next night the wolves killed fourteen sheep in the neighborhood; probably by way of retaliation.

Mrs. Luther Foster came up from Addison, together with her two children to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Emmons, and soon after returning to Livermore, her former home, her parents received a telegram that her boy baby, about a year old, was dead. No particulars as to the cause of its death.

And now the report comes that Solomon B. Swan died Thursday morning. He had been in feeble health for some time.

EAST BETHEL.

Miss Rose Kimball visited her home here last Saturday and Sunday.

E. Foye Brown was at home from Auburn last week.

Mrs. Foye Brown is visiting relatives in Rhode Island.

Mrs. Sarah Farwell has returned home from Lovell, where she has been spending the summer.

Mrs. Olive Bartlett is staying with Mrs. John Howe a few weeks.

Mrs. Z. McAllister from Lovell visited at Porter Farwell's and other relatives in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Blake from Milan, N. H., visited relatives here last week.

Miss Jennie Swan, accompanied by Miss Mattie Tubbs from West Paris, visited her home here last Saturday and Sunday.

BUCKFIELD.

The familiar form of Amial Jones appeared in town on the arrival of the train Thursday morning.

C. H. Prince and wife came to their home from Portland Tuesday.

J. F. Packard and daughter Lenora arrived from Boston Monday.

J. A. Rawson and Mrs. Rawson went to Portland Thursday.

J. F. Packard and daughter Lenora arrived from Boston Monday.

J. H. Cary and Wm. Cressey, of Salem, Mass., returned from up country with two young deer Tuesday. Thursday, Mr. Carey taking the deer and other game, with the remark "That all good times have an end," left for his home in Salem.

Wm. Irish fell down cellar last Monday cutting his scalp quite badly with other bruises. It took an hour and a half of doctoring. He is getting along quite well, though not in condition to sit for a photo.

BRYANT POND.

Alonzo Felt has had part of the store lately rented by W. G. Morton for furniture rooms and fancy articles, finished off for a dwelling house, and it is occupied by Charles Swan's family.

Miss Lida Wheeler of Gorham, N. H., visited Miss Essie Bowker recently.

Miss Nell Preble visited at Dexter Peverley's last week.

Mrs. Fred Stevens has been visiting her people at Athol, Mass.; returned home last week.

Miss Mary Stevens is at home on a two weeks' vacation from her school at Hiram.

Miss Lena Felt has been at home for a short time.

Fred Lurvey has finished work at the grist mill of Edwin Andrews and will work for Edwin Mann in the clothes pin mill.

The sick folks are convalescing. Mrs. Bessie Billings was able to be moved to her father's, Horatio Bryant's, the first of the week.

G. L. Stephens, Harry Day and Fred Farnum have returned from the lakes, and the deer are still roaming free and unmolested as they were before they took their hunting trip.

Horace Cushman is stopping at home for a while. He and his little brother, Ernest, and Master Alden Chase have been camping out part of this week.

Miss Helen Cushman went to Rumford Falls last Sunday and returned home the middle of the week, bringing her brother, Arthur, with her.

Mrs. Ada Barden and Laura and Alice of West Paris, visited at James Bowker's and Fred Lurvey's, leaving here on the stage in the afternoon for Rumford Falls to visit her brother, Frederick Dunhams.

Mrs. Lalia Estes went to Montreal last Friday, meeting her husband there, making some visits in other places and returning home Monday.

GRAFTON.

The ground is white with snow this Thursday morning.

Mrs. Nettie Fuller was here on a visit to her father, Gilbert Tyler, last week.

Gilbert Tyler, who fell from the high beams in his barn nearly two weeks ago, receiving quite severe injuries, has nearly recovered from the effects of his fall I hear.

George Newton is a guest at Mrs. N. M. Brown's.

Mrs. Floyd Searles and little daughter, who have been visiting at her father's, A. F. Brooks', the past few weeks, have returned to their home in Andover.

John Howe and Leon Brooks, who bought Arthur Farrar's farm, came here the first of the week, to cut pulp wood from the place.

Mr. Sewell Pratt has a new door for his house, and a new hard wood floor is to be laid in the kitchen.

Mrs. C. T. Parker and two children went to Hanover on a visit to her sister, Mrs. S. P. Davis, recently, also to friends in Bethel and Newry.

NEWRY.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Mr. Baker of Lawrence, Mass., has bought the John Eames farm.

Mr. Long has returned from Bemis and is finishing F. Kendall's house.

Will Powers has taken a lumber job in Ketchum.

R. M. Williamson is getting a nice crop of potatoes.

Laura Littlehale went on the excursion to Boston. She will spend the winter there.

Miss Preble of Bryant's Pond will keep the winter term of school here.

H. Kendall is running his cider mill.

Miss Locke and sister, Mrs. Douglas, visited relatives in Upton last week.

WILSON'S MILLS.

J. C. Bean is having the family burial lot graded, posts set and a nice fence put around it.

The circle, King's Daughters, met with Mrs. F. A. Flint Thursday. They are now working, hoping to help a little on a salary for a pastor when the church is finished.

Mrs. Nora Bennett is up on a visit to her sister, Mrs. C. T. Fox.

N. K. Bennett is at home for a few days but will return to Colebrook early in the week to be under the care of Dr. E. E. Jones.

The annual meeting of First Union Society was held Saturday evening, Oct. 25th. The old board of officers were re-elected:

President—E. S. Bennett.
Secretary—S. S. Bennett.
Treasurer—R. A. Storey.
Auditor—D. C. Bennett.
Executive Committee—E. S. Bennett, H. G. Bennett, F. A. Flint.

RUMFORD.

Dr. W. T. Elliott from Bartlett, N. H., was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Elliott, last week.

Mr. Wm. Martin and wife from Oxford, formerly of this town, were in town recently.

Mrs. Estes, Mrs. Julia Barker and several others went to Boston last Monday.

Mr. Asa Martin and Mr. Eugene Barker have had the telephone put in recently.

EAST SUMNER.

Rev. L. W. Muttart of Union, N. H., supplied the Congregational pulpit on Sunday.

Mrs. Sharon Robinson, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. B. Heald, down in Norridgewock, returned on Thursday.

The Minot Packing Co. have begun the work of labeling their cans. It will be a shorter job than usual as the pack was lighter.

The streets leading to the railroad station are full of teams hauling wood, apple barrels, cream cans, spool stock, &c.

Owing to so much heavy teaming, the roads are getting to be rather rough. The powerful rain of last Tuesday did not mend the matter at all.

But few apples have as yet been shipped.

EAST WATERFORD.

Will McGown is selling his stock and farming tools at private sale. Will sell his farm if he finds a customer. The whole family are going to Berlin, N. H., together with Dana Berry and wife, who came here intending to spend the winter.

Harold McGown of Berlin has been visiting his parents.

Miss Jenne's entertainment was very good indeed. It consisted of an illustrated poem, "The Magic Mirror," tableaux, shadow pictures, and music on the graphophone. The boxes containing supper were auctioned off by C. H. Pride. Money to be used for the school room.

Phil Rolfe has improved the looks of the store by a new floor and steps to the piazza and a general renovating inside.

Wilma Millett s at home from the Lake House.

NORTH STONEHAM.

Alonzo Adams has gone to work for J. Bartlett.

Ina Gammon was at home for a week's vacation last week. She will have another term of seven weeks school at Albany.

Charles Lawrence was at Leonard Gammon's Saturday and Sunday. He is at work in Bethel.

Charles Adams has taken seven hundred cords of hard wood of J. Bartlett to saw. He and his crew are camping in the Shirley house.

Willis McKeen is making cider at the mill.

Corey McAllister has been visiting at Wm. Gammon's for two weeks. He has been in the army at Cuba three years.

BETHEL.

Rev. F. E. Barton has been visiting in Boston and no morning service was held in the Universalist church last Sunday morning.

Mr. Charles D. Manny of Newcastle, N. B., joined his family for a few days' visit here. Formerly Mr. Manny had charge of the spool mill in Gilead, but for several years has been in the employ of the Clark Spool Co. and has entire charge of the business in Newcastle.

Mrs. O. M. Mason, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. G. R. Wiley and Mrs. F. L. Edwards attended the Universalist convention at South Paris, representatives from the Universalist church in Bethel.

Whooping cough has appeared in the public school in our village and many of the scholars in the primary department are unable to attend.

Thursday evening the C. E. served a supper in Garland Chapel, followed by a very pleasing programme, consisting of a short entertainment from the phonograph, followed by a piano solo by Miss Billings. Miss Alice Chamberlin rendered a vocal solo; Prof. Hanscom gave a reading and Mr. and Miss Weed of Cleveland, Ohio, gave piano solos. Mrs. E. C. Bowler read a selection and Rev. C. N. Gleason gave a paper upon "Words," which was interesting and instructive. It was a very pleasant affair and brought satisfactory financial results.

Thursday night about midnight, Mrs. Clinton Barker passed away suddenly at her late home on High Street. Mrs. Barker had been critically ill for several months from organic heart disease, but her condition for the past few weeks had given her family hopes of a comfortable degree of health. The fatal attack was very sudden. A husband has lost a good wife and a daughter and son have lost a most devoted mother, and a host of friends and neighbors will miss the cheery smile with which she always greeted them. Mrs. Barker had been a member of the Congregational church for years.

Prof. and Mrs. Chapman will close their summer residence in Bethel, Nov. 10.

The Ladies' Club will hold a cake sale next Thursday.

BROWNFIELD.

Oct. 24, Miss Patty Wentworth passed her 99th birthday. She is totally blind and very hard of hearing, still she will converse with friends as intelligently as a much younger person. She keeps well-informed on what is going on around her. She is kindly cared for by her sister, Miss Mary, who devotes her whole time in trying to make her comfortable and make her life pleasant.

Mrs. Daniel Wentworth of Michigan, and Mrs. Merrill of Gray, sisters of the Misses Wentworth, are visiting at the old homestead.

Mrs. Josiah Davis of Denmark, while visiting at Mrs. Mary Spring's, was taken sick and died Oct. 25. The remains were taken to Denmark for interment.

A. R. Hill, representative-elect to legislature, held a reception and entertainment at Town Hall, Oct. 29. Oyster supper at Odd Fellows banquet rooms. Vocal and instrumental music and speeches were the order of the evening and the effect was enjoyed by a full house.

Mrs. E. B. Bean and Mrs. Jacob Hatch are sick with pneumonia. Dr. Fitch is the attending physician.

WEST BUCKFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson of Turner visited Mrs. Emma Bonney last week.

James Richards has returned from Wilton.

Henry Cummings is at work for Harry Buck.

Levi Turner spent a night last week with his niece, Mrs. H. H. Buck.

Fred and Mont Bennett were at work at Buckfield last week.

Thomas and Montelle Bradbury were at home Sunday.

Mrs. G. H. Warren, Gertrude and Hazel Warren were at Harry Buck's Saturday and Sunday.

OXFORD.

Rev. Mr. Newport attended the semi-annual Congregational conference at Mexico.

The W. R. C. took in fifty dollars at their recent fair.

Wilfred Perkins is buying and packing apples.

NORTH ALBANY.

Mrs. Imogene Brown and Mrs. Martha Kimball returned fom their visit to Massachusetts Monday.

The Brown boys are cutting timber on the old Hill farm. John and Robert Kimball are at work for them.

H. D. Pike of Sweden visited his sister, Mrs. J. E. Good, last week.

Mrs. Martha Kimball has gone to Stark, N. H., to work this winter for a Mr. Potter.

T. G. Kimball is now stopping at his son's, Leslie Kimball's. Abner Kimball is at work for him too.

NORWAY LAKE.

C. A. Stephens' family are to go to the village to stay this winter.

Benj. Cary, who has been visiting his uncle, David Flood, returned to his home in Portland Wednesday.

Norway Lake Woman's Club will meet with Mrs. C. A. Boober Nov. 12. Programme:

Roll call answered with current events.
Reading, Brave Little Holland, Frances Partridge.
Questions, Sylvia Bennett.
Story or Poem, Ursula Perry.

Warner Kneeland is moving into the house lately vacated by John Wood.

EAST HEBRON.

On Thursday morning snow was plainly seen on Streaked Mountain. The sun quickly caused a change.

The young men still have work on the telephone.

George F. McKenney is still laid up and the prospect of his walking on the foot he cut so badly is not very flattering for the winter. He rides out often.

Preparations are going on for winter. A few are looking forward to a fine long Indian summer before winter closes in.

This week H. A. Record's visitors are all gone away, but more are expected soon.

The fall term of school closed last week, but no vacation has been granted and school is still in progress.

The school house is going on toward completion well for the small number of workmen.

Colds are the general complaint, but very few are free from them.

Fred Packard has a bad lung trouble.

L. R. Hodsdon has sold all of his old hens and is fattening his chicks. His hen house has been unmolested so far. But few can say the same in this locality.

A short time ago a man that owned a very red nose went through the place and called at every house with the exception of your correspondent's, and called for something warm to drink, for his mother died of palpitation of the heart and he had the same trouble. He strongly refused hot coffee or tea.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Heald Brothers' flume burst very unexpectedly a few days ago, as it was built but six years ago. It is rather unfortunate at this time as the water is high and they were rushed with orders.

Maggie Heald is at Sumner on a visit this week.

Everett Bicknell of Norway was at his father's, J. F. Bicknell's, the 26th.

Joseph Cummings has shot about 90 partridges this fall. He, Fred Harlow and Will Cressey brought in fourteen one night this week.

Will Cressey brought in two deer last Tuesday which he shot Monday. He shot them both within fifteen minutes.

Miss Abbie Keene of the lower village was a guest of Mrs. Celia Dunham last week.

The apple buyers in our vicinity have got all the two dollar apples they want at present.

Frank Brown and his brother passed our place last night with a large buck deer in their wagon.

WEST SUMNER

Miss Edith Bradford is at work at Dr. E. H. Andrews'.

Chas. Buck is packing apples for Lewiston parties.

H. C. Thomas' oldest child Margery fell out of a cart dislocating her right elbow.

Mrs. Louise Gurney is poorly in health.

Mrs. Herbert Ryerson, who has been at the hospital in Lewiston, has returned much benefited by the trip.

Mrs. Annie B. Andrews went to Massachusetts on the Mechanics Fair excursion.

Apples sell for $2.00.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Mont Cole has moved his family into the house lately vacated by Al Herrick. Mr. Cole has charge of the grist mill.

D. D. Cross is doing carpenter work for Mont Abbott.

The G. T. R. Company have a crew at work here to lengthen the side-track.

Orison Bryant and Scott Merrill were at L. P. Bryant's last Sunday. Mr. Bryant is living in Los Angeles, Cal., and this is his first visit to Maine for thirty-one years.

NORTH PARIS.

Daniel Ross has sold his farm to Mark Niskanen. It is understood that Mr. Ross will return to Prince Edward Island, his former home.

He Had a Conscience.

"Wonderful fellow, that Herlock Solmes," remarked the captain a few evenings ago in the smokeroom. "I remember the occasion when I was introduced to him. It was at a crush at the Van Astorbilts. There was an awful crowd, and we were standing up in a corner talking, when all at once I missed my watch.

"'What's the matter?' inquired the detective when he noticed that I was upset, and I told him.

"Looking at the time, he observed, speaking so as to be heard for a yard or two around, 'Gentlemen, my friend here has lost his watch, but fortunately it is a striking repeater, and as it is now fifty-eight minutes to 10 when it strikes the hour we shall be sure to hear it and can so detect the thief if you will kindly listen for it.'

"Two or three fellows laughed, but all took it good naturedly except an ugly looking foreigner, who colored up under his dirt and tried to shuffle away.

"'That's our man,' said Solmes.

"And so it was, for my watch was found on him.

"Was it a repeater? Oh, no! There's where the talent came in."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hanged and Buried and Lived.

It is not given to many men to be hanged and buried and yet be able to tell the tale, but such was the experience of one John Bartendale, who was executed at York in 1634 for felony. After his body had hung for nearly an hour it was buried. A gentleman passing by the grave, which had not been filled up, thought he saw the earth move, and with the help of his servant he disinterred the convict, who was still alive.

It was the custom in those days to bury suicides and executed criminals without any coffin. The man was carefully treated and entirely recovered. He became hostler at the coaching house in York and lived a most exemplary life. When asked what he could tell in relation to hanging, as having experienced it, he replied, "That when I was turned off flashes of fire seemed to dart from my eyes, from which I fell into a state of darkness and insensibility."

Not Superstitious, But—

"No, I am not a believer in the supernatural," said the hard headed woman. Nevertheless, she went on to tell how some oriental personage she had met had declared that if you lost anything it is no good to look about for it, but to visualize it. Last week this woman lost a valuable hatpin. She searched high and low for it in vain. Then all of a sudden she remembered the words of the native, and she sat down and closed her eyes tightly and thought of nothing but her loss. A few minutes passed, and upon a disk of darkness there appeared the bright outline of a hatpin seen through the folds of a blanket. Immediately afterward my friend was startled by her maid's voice: "I have found the pin, ma'am. It was lying in the folds of a blanket on your bed!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ring Sickness.

Unfortunate passengers aboard steamers are not the only ones to endure the agonies of nausea. Any circus man will tell you that it is a most difficult thing to overcome the miserable sensation caused by constantly circling round a small ring. Clowns even and ringmasters suffer from it, merely from seeing the horses go round and round, and one well known ringmaster, even after years of experience, still finds that if a horse balks a little or gets behind time, compelling him to follow close upon it, he will probably undergo a painful fit of sickness after leaving the ring.

A Cold Snub.

Edmond About was once invited to the house of the Princess Mathilde, and before dinner, seated beside his hostess, he was sending off a brilliant display of fireworks. Looking up, he noticed that the Count Nieuwerkerke was coming over to join in the conversation. "Go away," he called to him familiarly. "Leave us alone, you great, jealous person!"

At which the princess rose, touched her finger to the bell and said to the servant: "Conduct M. About to his carriage. He is not dining here tonight!"

A Grand Success.

The story of a Scotchman who attended a funeral which lasted two days is told by a man who was present. On the second day, having imbibed too freely, he rose and proposed the health of the bride and groom.

A friend urged him to sit down, saying, "This is not a wedding; it is a funeral."

"Well," retorted the Scotchman, "whatever it is, it's a grand success."

Presence of Mind.

The Caller—is Miss Araminta at home?

The Maid (who has received general instructions)—She is not—

A voice from the upper landing: "Oh, yes, I am, Janet."

The Maid (continuing)—Apt to be out when you call, sir.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Money and Politics.

Simple—I suppose the correct way to go into politics is to go in with a barrel of money?

Wyse—It is not so much how one goes in, but how one comes out. Come out with a barrel of money, and you may be sure you are a successful politician.—Boston Transcript.

All Amateurs.

Cultured Mother—My dear, your sister Clara is an amateur pianist, Dora is an amateur photographer, Edna is an amateur painter, and Elvira is an amateur astronomer, but you don't seem to be anything.

Pretty Daughter—Oh, yes, mamma, I am an amateur fiancee. Here's my first engagement ring.

His Class.

Augustus (no longer the young)—Well, there's one comfort—they say at forty a man is either a fool or a physician.

Angelina (nearly swallowing a yawn)—And are you a physician, then?

Augustus—No.

Angelina—Oh!

What Jarred Her.

Mother (soothingly)—You mustn't mind what he says about his mother's cooking, my dear. All men do that.

Married Daughter (warmly)—I don't, mamma; it's the things he says about my cooking that annoy me.

Some men never acquire enemies because they have no money to lend to their friends.—Chicago News.

The Art of Brevity.

The Spartans were distinguished for the brevity and conciseness of their speech. On one occasion during a terrible famine the inhabitants of an island in the Ægean sea sent an embassador to Sparta, who made a speech imploring its aid. He had hardly finished before the Spartans sent him back these words, "We did not understand the end of your speech and have forgotten the beginning."

The poor, starving people chose another spokesman and impressed upon him to make his request as brief as possible.

He therefore took with him a quantity of sacks, opened one before the assembly and said simply, "It is empty; fill it."

The sack was filled as well as the others, but the chief of the assembly said as he dismissed the embassador, loaded with meal: "It wasn't necessary to inform us that the sack was empty. We saw it ourselves. Neither was it necessary to request us to fill it. We should have done it on our own account. Be less long winded next time."—Christian Endeavor World.

A Seared Corpse.

"It was, I think, at the Haymarket that one of the most amusing of unrehearsed incidents occurred," says a writer in M. A. P. "The play was 'Romeo and Juliet.' Mrs. Scott Siddons was the Juliet of the occasion. All went well until the final scene. Paris was duly slain, and Juliet lay stretched upon her bier. Just then some of the scenery caught alight somehow, but some men from behind soon extinguished it. Juliet, with commendable presence of mind, did not move an eyelid, but the corpse of Paris was nervous. He raised himself to a sitting posture, then got upon his feet and fled from the stage. The danger being removed, his courage returned, and the audience was afforded the pleasing spectacle of a corpse crawling along the stage from the wings to take up the proper position for the final curtain. It was too tremendous an anticlimax to the tragedy of the play, and the house was simply convulsed."

Flowers and Poisons.

Ever since the days of that floral abomination, the green carnation, we have known that flowers are susceptible to the influence of drugs and can be made to change their colors by proper, or, rather, improper, treatment. This branch of floriculture has been pursued further by inquiring people, and it seems that plants are as liable to the effects of poisons as are human beings. If you give a flower too much chloroform, it will not agree with it. In the words of the operator, "it droops and dies." It is difficult to see what is the advantage of this particular study. Every one knows that flowers can be killed far too easily. If some scientific person would find a way of causing them to bloom all the year round in our climate, that would be something of a discovery—less scientific, perhaps, but much more acceptable.—London Tatler.

Looking Up.

The lecturer pleaded with the crowd to "look up." In impassioned tones he cried: "God always helps the man that looks up! Never look down, my friends, and do not waste too much time looking sideways. Look up, and keep on looking up! I never knew a man to fail if he looked up. Is there a man in this audience who can say that he always looks up?

A seedy stranger arose in the back row to say: "I can say that I always look up. I have steadily looked up for thirty years, and am no better off for it. Looking up is my business."

"What do you do for a living, my good man?"

"I'm a ceiling decorator."

The uproarious applause that greeted this sally broke up the meeting.—New York Press.

Prima Donna and Her Voice.

Once upon a time there was a famous prima donna who made a contract with a noted impresario to sing in concerts for him at a price which made each of her notes of about the value of $1.

All went well until the prima donna found a dressing room assigned to her that did not meet with her approval. Then she complained that she was entirely too hoarse to sing, and the impresario had to make polite remarks to his audience and dismiss it after refunding the money paid for admission.

The remarks that he made out of the hearing of the audience were not so polite.

Moral.—Impresarios wish that they might have hoarseless prima donnas.—New York Herald.

Languages in India.

Twenty-eight languages are spoken in India and none of these is spoken by fewer than 400,000 persons, while the most general is the mother tongue of 85,500,000. Besides these there are in the remotest parts of the country dialects spoken by no more than 500 persons, which none other than themselves can interpret. India has nine great creeds, numbering their followers from the 208,000,000 Hindoos down to the 9,250,000 Animistics and the innumerable sects included in the 43,000 "others."

Needed, Too, Apparently.

Teacher—Now, what do you understand by brain work?

Boy—When a man works with his head.

Teacher—Correct. And what is manual labor?

Boy—When a man works with his hands.

Teacher—That's right. To which of these classes do I belong when I teach you? What do I use most in teaching you?

Boy—A strap.

Changed View.

"He's dreadfully disagreeable and boorish."

"Tut, tut, my dear. He used to be, but he is no longer."

"How is that?"

"Why, since he has become famous we have decided to consider him only delightfully eccentric and original."—Chicago Post.

Relative Importance.

"And you really think that the political boss of your party is a greater man than Henry Clay?"

"Well," answered the candidate, "I won't exactly say he's greater, but he has a great deal more influence with the people with whom I am doing business at present."—Washington Star.

Put the Paint on Himself.

The Plasterer—I thought you were working on old Kay's new house?

The Painter—So I was, but we had a row, an' he said he'd put the rest of the paint on himself.

The Plasterer—And did he?

The Painter—Yes; at least that's where he put most of it.

E is the most common letter. In 1,000 letters e occurs 137 times in English, 184 times in French, 145 in Spanish, 178 in German.

Most people put in a lifetime planning for some great pleasure and die before they get around to it.—Atchison Globe.

Making "Moonshine" Whisky.

"So this is the only liquor distillery in all these mountains?" remarked the visitor to a little mountain settlement in North Carolina in a tone that was half questioning.

"It do be," said the mountain whisky maker.

"How much do you turn out in a day?" asked the stranger.

"Waal, I reckon we make along about twenty gallons a day."

"And is that all the whisky that's drunk in these parts?"

"Say, you be-ent no revenue sharp, be you?" he demanded suddenly. "'Cause if you be I ain't got nothin' to say. I pays my taxes, as ever one knows, an' that's all there is to it."

After a time the stranger persuaded him that there was no ulterior motive in his questioning, and the old man explained the whisky situation.

"I tole you this was the only still around here, an' so it is—the only one that pays a tax. But," he continued, "every old woman in these mountains has a copper kettle in which she boils her washing. Every old woman has a lid that fits the copper kettle tightly, and that can be fastened down. They boil clothes in them on Monday, and they boil whisky in them the other six days of the week."—New York Tribune.

Seeing the Beautiful.

Franklin tells a story of a man whose two legs were very unlike—one handsomely turned, the other deformed. Whenever any one who visited him looked at the ugly leg and commented on it, he held the man to be looking for the bad side of things and folk. But if the visitor saw his handsome limb and commented on its beauty he held the fellow to be worth esteem, for he looked at the good side of things and probably would see the best in his neighbors and friends. Is it easier to see other people's virtues than their faults? I have at last come to see that folk are far better that they get credit for being.

When Carlyle and Emerson walked London and saw the horror of gin palaces and the miseries of poverty, the former said, "What do you think now of the Saxon stock?" Emerson answered, "The more I see of the English people the more I admire their power and wonder at their progress."

A Department Story.

It was during the Spanish-American war. A wealthy merchant, who had left his business to offer his services to his country, was pacing up and down on picket duty one dark night. Suddenly he detected sounds of approaching footsteps and, quickly bringing his gun in position, commanded in a

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing Sept. 28, 1902,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:36 A. M., (daily, Sundays included), 9:30 A. M., 4:40 P. M. Sunday only, 6:00 P. M.

Going up (west)—10:00 A. M., 3:38 P. M., 8:47 P. M., (daily, Sundays included). Sunday only, 9:22 A. M.

CHURCHES.

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

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

Baptist Church, Rev. H. S. Pinkham, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath school 12 M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening.

Universalist Church, Rev. J. H. Little, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., in New Hall. Sunday School at 3:30 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Modern Woodmen of America.—South Paris Camp, No. 10067, meets second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Golden Cross Hall.

Thanksgiving Nov. 27th—only a little over three weeks off.

G. W. Q. Perham and wife of Bryant's Pond were at South Paris Saturday.

There is at least apple crop enough so the demand for barrels has sent the price up to 35 cents at the car.

Mrs. W. L. Farrar visited her father in Mexico, and attended the meeting of the Oxford Congregational Conference, last week.

Mrs. H. W. Dennison and children have been visiting at West Bethel for a few days. Mr. Dennison joined them over Sunday, and they returned home with him.

Miss Gertrude Bryant of Foxcroft, formerly of South Paris, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Tirrell, at West Paris, was in town Thursday and attended Mrs. Barnes' tea.

J. T. Stetson of East Sumner made his daughter, Mrs. F. C. Merrill, a visit of a few days the first of last week. In spite of somewhat advanced years, Mr. Stetson is still vigorous and active.

The auction of the household goods of the William C. Witham estate was postponed, on account of the severe storm, from last Tuesday until Tuesday of this week, Nov. 4. The same hour, 1:30 P. M.

Clarence G. Morton, who is taking a course in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is expected home this week, having been obliged to give up study for a year on account of trouble with his eyes.

Dwight Wise, formerly of this place, now of Gardiner, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Wise, a few days last week. He is in the clothing business, and besides his Gardiner store, has stores in Hallowell and Madison.

E. E. Chapman is getting the foundations ready to move and build over some of his buildings on the west side of the road, so as to have them connected and more convenient. He is also clearing out some of the boulders about his premises.

F. A. Shurtleff & Co. have put in a stock of the latest improvement in fountain pens—the Crocker-Blow pen. As per advertisement in another column you blow it to do everything but sell it. It sells at sight on account of its convenience. From experience we can endorse the claims made for this pen.

Mrs. T. S. Barnes gave a tea Thursday afternoon in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Holman Barnes of Portland, who was her guest for a few days. Mrs. C. W. Bowker and Mrs. Walter L. Gray poured tea and chocolate, and Mrs. F. A. Taylor and Miss Olive M. Stuart served. Mrs. Barnes returned to her home in Portland Friday.

The breaking of the main shaft at the Paris Manufacturing Co.'s factory Tuesday night caused a brief shut-down, but a coupling was promptly secured and put on, and the factory was running again Wednesday afternoon. The rush of work at the factory now is altogether too great to allow of any unnecessary suspension of business.

Mrs. George W. Cook and Mrs. Luella Smiley left Monday for Southern Pines, N. C., where they will spend the winter. Mr. Cook, who is now at work on a contract in Lisbon, will join them when his contract is finished about the first of January. Mrs. E. A. Howe and Miss DeMotte are to occupy the Cook house while the family are away.

Isaac Douglass, who figured as a suspect in the Olive Broad case at Cornish, was at South Paris Wednesday night. It will be remembered that he was arrested in Somerset County and taken to Cornish, but it was promptly shown that he could have had nothing to do with the affair, and he was immediately discharged. He came through this place on his way to the home of Herbert W. Record, where he visits occasionally.

The Universalist Society had a fine gift on Monday of last week, of a handsome silver communion service, with individual glasses. It was left at the residence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Little, and was inscribed simply "From a friend." Notwithstanding the anonymous character of the gift, surmise as to the identity of the donor is very pointed. The service was used for the first time at the observance of the Lord's Supper in the session of the Oxford Association Wednesday afternoon.

A large boiler drawn by six horses went through the town Saturday. The boiler came from West Poland, and is going to be used in a portable mill in North Sumner, above what is known as "Farrar's Mills," where E. I. Brown, the well-known lumberman, is to put in a winter's work getting out spruce and pine. The outfit made a little longer stop in town than was anticipated, as the boiler tipped over coming down the little hill about opposite the railroad bridge Friday night, and it took some time to right it.

A good audience attended the lecture in the People's Course Friday evening, by President Charles L. White of Colby College. Before the lecture there was a fine trio by Mrs. H. E. Wilson, Mrs. Smiley and Mrs. Burnham. President White's subject was "A Bicycle Trip through Europe," the trip, covering about three months, having been taken in the summer of 1887, immediately after his graduation from college. For an hour and a half he took his audience with him, over England, France, Switzerland and Germany. Of course to compress such an extensive tour into the limits of a single lecture made necessary a very rapid movement over most of the route, but his description while concise was full, and at a number of the most important points he went into quite full details. He went with his eyes open, and in three months saw a great deal. His description is very vivid, his style graceful and pleasing, and his narrative illuminated by frequent flashes of humor and adorned by occasional philosophical digressions suggested by something seen in his travels. It is rarely that an audience is enabled to see so much of foreign lands without the aid of at least a lantern, and he was listened to throughout with delight. The next lecture of the course will be given next Monday, Nov. 10, by Rev. C. C. Phelan.

Newell Cook, who has been quite ill, is now gaining well.

John M. Murch of this place has filed a petition in bankruptcy.

Hon. and Mrs. James S. Wright are spending a week in Boston.

Special meeting of Mt. Pleasant Rebekah Lodge Friday evening of this week.

John A. Nickerson has sold his farm to Fred Bennett, who will take possession soon.

The Methodist Society have their annual harvest festival and entertainment Friday evening.

There will be a business meeting of the Epworth League Tuesday evening at the close of the prayer meeting.

Charles H. Clifford suffered a slight paralytic shock on Tuesday. At present he is fairly comfortable, though far from well.

Mr. Stowe has been off the line of his usual activity for the past week and has been enjoying the quiet of home life under the auspices of his M. D.

The many friends of William Deering will be pleased to learn that although far from well he is very much improved in health after his long and serious illness.

Rev. A. S. Ladd, D. D., will preach at the Methodist church next Sabbath evening instead of the usual prayer meeting. The collection for conference claimants will be taken.

The supper and entertainment which was to have been given at the Congregational vestry Thursday evening of this week is postponed to Wednesday evening, Nov. 12th.

C. N. Porter, who has a heart trouble, suffered a severe attack of it Thursday, the immediate cause of it being acute indigestion. He has recovered somewhat, though he is still very feeble.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Nov. 3, 1902:

Mrs. C. C. Pratt.
Miss Lillian Young.
Moses Merrill.
Mr. Trafton (2).

Roy H. Porter was at home from the University of Maine over Saturday night, coming from Orono to Lewiston on the special train which brought the football crowd to the Bates-U. of M. game.

Clayton K. Brooks went to Waterville Saturday to referee the game of football between Coburn Classical Institute and Hebron Academy. Will Atwood went with him to see the game. Hebron didn't do a thing to Coburn, to the tune of 53 to 0.

A pocket book containing a sum of money was dropped in the electric car on Pleasant Street in getting out of the car in front of R. N. Hall's residence. The pocket book contains the owner's name and the finder is asked to leave it at the Democrat office.

One or two cases of scarlet fever are reported from the Pleasant Street Primary School. The school will not be closed because the disease apparently came from another town and therefore in all probability has not gained a hold among the scholars. The present week is the last one of the term.

Most of the football enthusiasts went to Lewiston Saturday to see the Bates-U. of M. game. They report an unusually good game and tell us that F. Wendell Rounds of this place was the star of the twenty-two players. The Bates team give him a large share of the credit for the Bates victory. Score 6 to 0 in favor of Bates.

An informal meeting of Wm. K. Kimball Relief Corps will be held Tuesday afternoon at 3:30. On Wednesday afternoon at the same hour the ladies will gather at the hall to meet Mrs. Burr, the inspector, who is to arrive on the afternoon train. The corps members will take supper at the hall and the annual inspection will take place in the evening.

The Bach Music Club met with Mrs. Cora Briggs Saturday afternoon, at 2:15. There are now 22 members enrolled. The programme was as follows:

Roll call,
Responded to by items of interest concerning Bach.
Secretary's report.
Paper on the life of Bach, Nellie Jackson.
1st Prelude from
"The Well-Tempered Clavichord."
Isabel Morton.
Paper on the Composition of Bach, Eva Swett.
"Ave Maria," for violin and piano, by Gounod, founded on Bach's 1st prelude.
Carl Briggs and Mrs. Briggs.
Exercises in ear training.
Recitation, "Johann Sebastian Bach."
Marion Everett.
Question Box, and voting on name for the club.
"Glocoso," for piano, Helen Barnes.

George Frederic Handel is the composer to be studied at the next meeting, Nov. 15, at 2:15. All who are interested in musical study are cordially invited to join the club.

The community was considerably startled by the sudden death of Wallace F. Atkins, which occurred on Sunday. Mr. Atkins did the stable work regularly for his nephew, E. N. Haskell. While at work there Saturday evening he sustained a paralytic shock. He was unconscious when found, and did not regain consciousness, dying Sunday afternoon. Mr. Atkins had been a resident of the town for some more than thirty years. From the time he came here until a few years since he was baggage master at the Grand Trunk station. When the Grand Trunk, a few years since, laid off a large number of its employes of advancing years, Mr. Atkins went with the rest. He leaves a wife but no children. Mr. Atkins was a member of the South Paris Congregational Church, of Harry Rust Post, G. A. R., of Norway, and of Paris Lodge, F. and A. M. He was a man well liked and respected by every one, and his loss will be felt not merely by his immediate relatives. The funeral will be held at the home of E. N. Haskell at 2 P. M. Tuesday.

EX-SECRETARY LONG AND THE NAVY.

A series of articles which will undoubtedly be of distinct historical importance, begins in the Magazine Number of The Outlook for November. The subject is "The New American Navy," and the author is Ex-Secretary John D. Long—the man who from experience, special knowledge and official connection with the building up of the new American navy is best fitted to write such a book, for undoubtedly the series of articles will appear in book form after their magazine publication. The first chapter deals with the birth of the new navy. It is illustrated by Mr. Reuterdahl, who is perhaps the most successful of all American illustrators who deal with the sea and with ships. In addition to Mr. Reuterdahl's original drawings, the series of articles will be illustrated by portraits and in other ways. The story as Ex-Secretary Long tells it in these articles is one to cause a patriotic American to feel a thrill of pride in the achievements of our navy in recent years, and in the foresight and skill with which preparation has been made for any possible future demands.

CONDENSED, ACCURATE, HELPFUL

The busiest people read The Youth's Companion because it is condensed, accurate and helpful.

Its weekly summary of important news is complete and trustworthy.

Its editorial comment on political and domestic questions is non-partizan; it aims to state facts in such a way that the busiest person can use them as the basis of an intelligent opinion.

It reflects on every page the wholesome, industrious, home-loving, home-making side of American life, the life of noble aims and honorable ambitions.

A full Announcement of the new volume will be sent to any address on request. The new subscriber for 1903 who sends $1.75 for the new volume at once will receive free all of the remaining issues for 1902, including the Double Holiday Numbers; also The Companion Calendar for 1903, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

The governor and council on Wednesday gave a hearing on the contested election case of the sheriff of Hancock County. The petition of Rev. S. L. Hanscom of Bar Harbor that a certificate should be issued to him was denied.

Fur coats. Best quality at lowest prices. F. H. Noyes Co., South Paris and Norway.

UNIVERSALIST ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COUNTY ORGANIZATION IN SOUTH PARIS.—TWO DAYS OF PROFITABLE SESSIONS.

On Wednesday and Thursday the Oxford Association of Universalists held its annual meeting with the new parish at South Paris. The programme filled the two days full, the sessions beginning after the arrival of the forenoon trains Wednesday, and continuing with only reasonable recesses until the final adjournment at 8:30 Thursday evening. Fifty or more delegates and visitors from other parishes were present, and the meeting is in general considered very profitable to all concerned.

The meeting opened with very little delay Wednesday forenoon. About forty delegates and visitors from other parishes were then present.

The association was called to order by Dr. S. A. Bennett of Norway, the president, who spoke briefly but with enthusiasm of the remarkable work done in the past year in the organization and development of the South Paris parish and church.

Rev. J. H. Little, the South Paris pastor, responded, recounting the progress of the movement in South Paris for the year, and noting its various stages. He gave the visitors hearty welcome to the new field, and extended to them the hospitalities of the parish.

The address of the forenoon service was by Rev. W. J. Taylor of Lewiston, on the topic of the inequality of men, and Christian brotherhood. He realizes and thinks the church should realize the actual inequality of men. Nevertheless they are all children of God, and entitled to that which a spirit of Christian fraternity would dictate. The speaker drew lessons from the coal strike, and noted that in it appeared a new factor, the people, whose only desire was to see justice done by all parties. For the next twenty-five years, he said, the country will be busy working out a solution of the social problems such as are suggested by this strike, and in the solution of these problems he believed the church should take part.

Wednesday afternoon a service of song was led by Rev. Mr. Little. Following this, Rev. C. R. Tenney of Auburn gave an impressive address on "The Importance of the Lord's Supper." The communion service was then observed, Rev. J. H. Little and Rev. C. R. Tenney officiating, assisted by Rev. F. E. Barton, Rev. W. J. Taylor, and Rev. Miss Angell, and was participated in by most of those present.

The address which followed, by Rev. C. E. Angell of Norway, was on the topic, "Outside Friends of Jesus." The census, said Miss Angell, declares by its statistics that only one in five of the people in the country is a Christian believer, and only two in five attend church or have any connection with it. But the census can not thus limit Christian faith by hard and fast lines. A great deal of Christian faith exists, in greater or less degree, in those who are entirely outside of connection with any church. Christ recognized the faith in many whom the world did not know as his followers, and the same kind of faith there is to-day, in many of these "outside friends."

At a business meeting following Miss Angell's address, routine business was transacted, and an appropriation of $25.00 from the funds of the association was made to assist the Dixfield parish in paying the expenses of repairs on their church building. George L. Merrill of Dixfield reported that they had thoroughly renovated the building, at an expense, not including several memorial windows, of nearly $1300.

Rev. C. E. Lund of Portland spoke Wednesday evening on the topic, "Men Wanted," emphasizing the value of men to the church, and of the church to men, as well as to society and the home. The home life, as contrasted with the modern life where father and mother are at the club, received his special consideration.

Mr. Lund was followed by Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes of Gray, who spoke briefly on the work of the church, and by Rev. W. W. Hooper, the state missionary, well known throughout the denomination in the state, who spoke earnestly for a few minutes.

A conference meeting at 8:30 Thursday morning was led by George L. Merrill of Dixfield, and proved so interesting that it was continued a little beyond the time assigned.

The regular business meeting of the association was called to order by President Bennett after the close of the conference meeting. The committee on credentials reported eleven ministers present, and delegates from thirteen parishes within the limits of the association.

The nominating committee reported the following, and the officers named were unanimously elected:

President—Kilbon Perham, Bryant's Pond.
Vice-President—J. H. Barrows, Bethel.
Secretary—Rev. J. H. Little, South Paris.
Treasurer—George L. Merrill, Dixfield.
Executive Committee—Rev. J. H. Little, South Paris; George L. Merrill, Dixfield; Rev. Gertrude Earle, Gorham, N. H.; O. A. Thayer, Paris Hill.

Reports from the parishes followed. Nearly all the parishes reported, and the reports may be summed up as generally satisfactory.

Rev. J. H. Little moved that $5.00 be appropriated toward the fund which the Paris Hill parish is collecting for the purchase of a bell, and it was so voted without division.

A question box followed, in charge of Rev. C. R. Tenney. The first question, regarding dancing in connection with church entertainments, provoked an animated but friendly discussion. So much time was occupied with it that the further consideration of the question box was cut short by the arrival of the dinner hour, and it was continued to the afternoon session.

The question box feature was continued for an hour in the afternoon session, and a number of questions had to be left without discussion from lack of time. The topics discussed were all very practical, and covered a wide range, from the best method of conducting family devotions to the question of church fair methods of raising revenue.

Resolutions pledging renewed allegiance to the cause, and expressing thanks for the courtesies shown by the railroads and the local parish, were presented by the committee and adopted by the association.

The afternoon session closed with an address by Rev. W. E. Gaskin of Mechanic Falls. Mr. Gaskin reviewed the history of Universalism from the first century to the present, undoubtedly giving many of his hearers a more concise view of the progress of the doctrine than they had ever had before. He showed how Universalism was the prevailing doctrine of the early church teachers; how it gradually disappeared during the dark ages, so that only an occasional glimpse of it was seen; and how it has had a wonderful revival in the last 125 years, so that now its essential ideas dominate the religious world. In conclusion he made an earnest appeal to his hearers, and especially to this new society, to make it a living, working faith.

The addresses of the closing service Thursday evening were by Rev. A. Gertrude Earle of Gorham, N. H., on the topic, "Have We a Living Faith?" and by Rev. F. E. Barton of Bethel on the topic, "Small Things and Great in Religion." Both are very clear and forcible speakers, who always give their hearers something to carry away with them, and their addresses were not only practical but inspirational.

Dinners and suppers were served on both days, by the ladies of the Good Cheer Society, in Grand Army Hall. Food and service were first-class, and the social benefit of gathering around one table is not inconsiderable. The ladies' patrons included not only the visitors but many of the people of the village. The tables were filled at each meal.

For the day services there was congregational singing with Mrs. Burbank at the organ. For the evening services the singing was by the regular church choir, with Mrs. I. E. Andrews in place of Miss Thayer Wednesday evening, Miss Thayer being out of town. The music by the choir was highly complimented by the visitors.

Go to F. H. Noyes Co.'s for your new overcoat. You will be sure of getting the latest style.

Winter caps, gloves and mittens, F. H. Noyes Co.

A PARTICULARLY SAD DEATH.

BUCKFIELD, Nov. 1.

Wednesday the remains of Harold B. Thomes arrived at this place for interment at the cemetery near Chase's Mills. He was a son of George V. Thomes, a native of this place.

Being a fireman on an engine at South Acton., Mass., having just arrived at his destination, grasping the rail and swinging from his engine he was struck and instantly killed by an incoming express train.

The remains were accompanied to this place by his father, George Thomes, and his step-mother and three members of the lodge to which he belonged. He was a member of Paul Revere Lodge, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, No. 485.

Funeral services were in charge of undertaker E. G. Cole, Rev. G. B. Hanaford officiating clergyman. Good music was rendered by Buckfield's quartette. Beautiful flowers were conspicuous.

This appears to be one of the sad cases that would seem to require more than a passing notice, concerning the father and grandmother, Mrs. Nahum Moore. Mrs. Thomes, the wife and mother, was a daughter of Mrs. Moore by a former marriage to a Mr. Snell. She died about eighteen years ago. About three years ago Guy B., just having arrived at 21 years of age, passed away, and now Harold B., the younger and last, at the same age of 21 years has gone. A young daughter, Ellen, died about twenty years ago.

How sad! We cannot comprehend
Why some are called so oft to mourn,
While others, best the way along,
Until they reach the last sad bourne.

GILBERT TILTON.

MAINE NEWS NOTES.

Biddeford has two cases of small pox.

The Maine State Grange will meet in Portland, Dec. 16, 17 and 18.

Frank Sherman and Thomas Barclay, school boys of Milltown, Maine, were drowned while canoeing on Middybump Lake, Oct. 25th.

Edward Penley, aged 45, Harvard '81, formerly of Medford, Mass., shot himself fatally at Auburn Monday. He was despondent from business troubles.

Maine's first snow storm is a reminder that although our summers are occasionally tardy our winters always get around on time, if not a little before.

Albert Jones, a young man, was run over and killed by a train at the freight yard crossing of the Boston and Maine in Portland, Saturday night, Oct. 25th. He was slightly deaf.

Fred Murray of Skowhegan, aged 29, was found dead Wednesday morning in a room at the Hallowell House. Asphyziation by gas was the cause of death. Murray was a laborer.

Mrs. Samuel Clark, 60 years old, of Monroe, was burned to death in her home a few days since. It is presumed that her clothes became ignited while building a fire in the kitchen stove. She is survived by her husband.

The through New York train, the "Knickerbocker limited," made its last trip Sunday morning. The travel was found to be not sufficient to warrant granting the request of the Maine business men for its continuance through the winter.

Some two weeks since Franklin Brown of Abbott, an inmate of the insane hospital at Bangor, disappeared from that institution. His body was found a few days ago in the woods near the hospital, where he had committed suicide by hanging.

It is said that Mr. Carnegie has added $10,000 to his $50,000 gift for the Lewiston library, Senator Frye having explained the matter to Mr. Carnegie. The building has cost a trifle under $60,000 if this report is verified. Mr. Carnegie has assured the builders that he will see the library properly completed.

The biennial election of the Oldtown Indians will take place on the first Tuesday in November, but the political pot is not violently agitated for the reason that the Indians have a way of managing things in the interest of a constitutional aversion to unnecessary activity on the part of the seeker for office. They have two parties, the new and the old, and these parties take turns in choosing officers. When the turn of one party comes, the other stays away from the polls.

Bangor theatrical critics are a fussy lot anyway. An Uncle Tom's Cabin Company recently played to a large audience in the Queen City, and while the critics admit that Eliza crossed the river on the ice and Little Eva died as per schedule, they find fault because two of the bloodhounds had to be dragged across the stage in pursuit of their prospective victim. When this company next plays in Bangor the manager should introduce the innovation of Eliza chasing the bloodhounds.

Is it any wonder that Sanford people swear by the Goodalls, the makers of their prosperity? Unlike the wealthy magnates of the common stamp, they are not content with building up the business of their own town, but strive in every way to better the condition and contribute to the comfort of their fellow townsmen. For example, when the recent stringency in fuel supply resulted in the suffering of the poorer classes in Sanford, E. M. Goodall secured 1000 cords of wood and furnished it to his employes at cost.

The establishment of Henry B. Hartford, including a general store, dwelling house, stable, carriage house, post office, sale workshop and printing office, at Standish Corner, was destroyed by fire Monday morning, entailing a loss that must exceed $10,000 and upon which there was an insurance approximating $6,000. The buildings consumed by the fire occupied a square of land in the center of the little village of Standish, covering nearly a half acre of land. The loss is a severe one to the community. About 15 people are thrown out of employment besides those who did outside work for the sale work firm.

George H. Harvey, a well-known citizen of Augusta, was out hunting for deer in the vicinity of that city Thursday, in company with his uncle, John W. Harvey, and William S. Butler, a neighbor and friend. They became separated in the swamps and later on Harvey was shot in the leg by Butler, being mistaken for a deer. The bone of the right leg just below the knee is shattered for a space of three inches, and the man is in a critical condition. After being shot he dragged himself over the ground, crossing two brooks of some width, for a distance of a mile before he was discovered by his friends.

A burglary and murder of somewhat unusual character took place in Westbrook Monday night. The victim was William Thompson with several aliases, known as the "hobo burglar," with whom the police are well acquainted, but whom they have never been able to connect with any serious offence. The break was at a store at Coal Kiln Corner, and the amount secured did not exceed $20. Apparently the gang were all drunk and Thompson was shot in a quarrel over the division of the booty. After lying unconscious for several hours, he appeared at a house in the edge of Westbrook about daylight, and was removed to the police station, where he died that afternoon. He died game, and would not give the police any information as to his companions. The authorities have ordered the arrest of three men known to have been previously Thompson's pals, but so far they have not been found.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75 cents per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Leather coats, corduroy coats, lamb coats, mackintosh coats at the Blue Stores.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

Second Congregational Church, Rev. B. S. Rideout, Pastor. Preaching service Sunday, 10:40 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Men's Prayer Meeting at 6:30; Social Meeting, 7:15 P. M.; regular weekly Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening; Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting Friday evening 7:30.

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

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

I. O. O. F.—No way Lodge.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Widney Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 58, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

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

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

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

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

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

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

U. O. P. F.—Elm Tree Colony, No. 199, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.

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

The turkey must die Nov. 27, '02.

Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Opera House Nov. 6th.

A number of new volumes of magazines have been added to the Norway Public Library.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Williamson have been at Rumford Falls during the week. They will not move from Norway as has been reported.

D. C. Clark has a position on the Courier-Gazette at Rockland.

Mrs. Minnie A. Edwards fell on the stairs Sunday, the 26th inst., and broke her right arm.

A. W. Graves will move from his Alpine Street home to Rumford Falls where he has a job in the paper mill. Mr. Graves for a long time was employed by C. B. Cummings & Sons and later by the Paris Manufacturing Co.

The Masonic funeral of the late Josiah H. Drummond of Portland was conducted by Grand Master Alfred S. Kimball of this place assisted by the Grand Lodge.

Mrs. J. M. Odiorne of Richmond visited her sister, Mrs. E. F. Smith, during the week. Mrs. Odione's husband is cashier of the First National Bank of Richmond.

Capt. J. Waldo Nash has moved from Grange Block to Masonic Block on Cottage Street. His business has increased so fast that he has for some time required much more room and a larger workshop. He has the large store on the first floor and the basement at the Cottage Street place.

It is thought that night watchman Sheen frightened three men in the neighborhood of the post office Wednesday night about two o'clock. His attention was attracted to the place and he saw three men drive away as he approached.

Sidney I. Sanborn of Hallowell is visiting friends in town. He has been away for a year and more.

The report is that the Bassett building on Tannery Brook, Main Street, has been leased to G. F. Stone who will open a studio there at once.

Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge will hold their fair at the Opera House Dec. 3 and 4. Stearns' Orchestra has been engaged for the opening night.

Mrs. Ai J. Rowe has leased her house on Danforth Street to Professor C. A. Stephens for the winter. They will take possession at once.

Norway Grange observed its 28th anniversary at its hall Saturday. The service was a most pleasant one and lasted all day. Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ryerson, Mrs. Thomas Witt, Mrs. May Hall and Elhanan Tubbs, charter members, were present. The time was taken up in the discussion of the corn question, music, and a lecture by Prof. L. C. Bateman on "Lost Arts."

H. F. Andrews of A. F. Andrews & Sons will return from Iowa with a lot of horses on or about Nov. 7th.

The new choir at the Universalist church is now composed of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kimball and Mr. and Mrs. Verne M. Whitman.

Walter L. Sanborn is studying law with W. F. Jones, Esq.

The old shoe factory, known as the Sanborn shoe factory, upon which the sum of $8000 was recently expended, has been practically vacated by the shoe firm of B. F. Spinney & Co. The firm find very convenient and ample accommodations in the newer and more modern shop on Beal Street. The firm, it is understood, still hold the old factory by lease however. It has been suggested that a new shoe firm would find the old factory something of an inducement for business in case it could be leased for a term of years.

Word has been received in Bangor of a shooting accident at the camp of H. C. Cunningham & Sons on Monday. It seems that a man named Wiggin, who was stopping at the camp, was engaged in cleaning his rifle when a Mr. Barker of Houlton, also a guest at the camp, passed in front of the rifle. As he did so the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball passing through Barker's left chest. It is feared Barker is fatally wounded.

GOES LIKE HOT CAKES.

"The fastest selling article I have in my store," writes druggist C. T. Smith, of Davis, Ky., "is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, because it always cures. In my six years of sales it has never failed. I have known it to save sufferers from Throat and Lung diseases, who could get no help from doctors or any other remedy." Mothers rely on it, best physicians prescribe it, and F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway; guarantee satisfaction or refund price. Trial bottles free. Reg. sizes 50c. and $1.00.

HIS LIFE IN PERIL.

"I just seemed to have gone all to pieces," writes Alfred Bee, of Welfare, Tex., "biliousness and a lame back had made life a burden. I couldn't eat or sleep and felt almost too worn out to work when I began to use Electric Bitters, but they worked wonders. Now I sleep like a top, can eat anything, have gained in strength and enjoy hard work." They give vigorous health and new life to weak, sickly, run-down people. Try them. Only 50 cts. at F. A. Shurtleff & Co's., South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS BEAUTIES.

Look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Sores, Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains. Infallible for Piles. 25c at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s, South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

OUT OF DEATH'S JAWS.

"When death seemed very near from a severe stomach and liver trouble, that I had suffered with for years," writes P. Muse, Durham, N. C., "Dr. King's New Life Pills saved my life and gave perfect health." Best pills on earth and only 25c. at F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris, and Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry.

Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Chilblains, Swollen, Sweating, Sore, Aching, Damp feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents.

Frank A. Elwell of Portland was killed on Saturday, Oct. 25th, by the breaking of his machine while on a motor cycle run on Long Island, N. Y. Mr. Elwell was a son of the late Edward H. Elwell of the Portland Transcript. For several years he had made a business of conducting parties on European tours, both by bicycle and rail.

THANKSGIVING.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

According to the yearly custom of our people, it falls upon the President, at this season, to appoint a day of festival and thanksgiving to God.

Over a century and a quarter has passed since this country took its place among the nations of the earth and during that time we have had on the whole more to be thankful for than has fallen to the lot of any other people. Generation after generation has grown to manhood and passed away. Each has had to bear its peculiar burdens, each to face its special crisis and each has known years of grim trial, when the country was menaced by malice, domestic or foreign levy, when the hand of the Lord was heavy upon it in drought or flood or pestilence; when in bodily distress and anguish of soul, it paid the penalty of folly and a froward heart. Nevertheless, decade by decade, we have struggled onward and upward; we now abundantly enjoy a material well being and under the favor of the Most High we are striving earnestly to achieve moral and spiritual uplifting. The year that has just closed has been of peace and of overflowing plenty. Rarely has any people enjoyed greater prosperity than we are now enjoying. For this we render heartfelt and solemn thanks to the Giver of good and we seek to praise him not by word only but by deeds, by the way in which we do our duty to ourselves and to our fellowmen.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving Thursday, the 27th of the coming November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks unto Almighty God for the manifold blessings of the past year.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the city of Washington this 29th day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-seventh.

(Seal) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
"By the President.
JOHN HAY, Secretary of State."

BORN.

In South Paris, Oct. 25, to the wife of Walter T. Knightly, a son.
In Kennebunk, Nov. 1, to the wife of O. E. Curtis, a son.
In East Stoneham, Oct., to the wife of A. G. Smith, a daughter.
In Norway, Oct 30, to the wife of Walter S. Buck, a son.
In Rumford Falls, Oct. 16, to the wife of J. F. Walker, a daughter.

MARRIED.

In West Paris, Oct. 27, by Rev. R. A. Rich, Mr. George A. Jackson and Miss Hilda McKeen, both of Paris.
In Paris, Oct. 29, by Rev. H. H. Bishop, Mr. Jas. M. Hannaford and Miss Annis S. Delano, both of South Paris.
In Bethel, Oct. 24, by A. W. Grover, Esq., Mr. Michael Kennagh and Miss Gladys M. Fletcher, both of Bethel.
In North Lovell, by Levi McAllister, Esq., Mr. Sewell Rutters of Stoneham and Miss Millie McAllister of Lovell.
In Gorham, N. H., Oct. 25, by Rev. E. W. Kenison, Mr.

Ivers & Pond Pianos.

The Conservatory Expands.

The New England Conservatory of Music is about to move into its beautiful new buildings on the Back Bay. This is the largest school of music in the world, and its pre-eminence among American institutions has been conceded ever since it was founded in 1853 by Dr. Eben Tourjee.

Twenty years ago, when the department of pianoforte instruction was being developed, a few Ivers & Pond pianos were purchased. Since then, as the conservatory has expanded, there have gradually been acquired 268 Ivers & Pond pianos. With the expansion incidental to moving into the new building, the board of directors of the conservatory have placed their order for 31 additional Ivers & Pond pianos, making a total of 299.

Higher tribute to this famous Boston art product would be hardly possible than 20 years' continued patronage by this most critical of musical institutions.

From the Boston Herald, the leading newspaper of New England, in its issue of July 13, 1902.

W. J. WHEELER, Agent,
South Paris, Oxford County, Me.

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,
West Sumner, - - - - - Maine.

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50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Eastern Steamship Company.

PORTLAND DIVISION.
PORTLAND AND BOSTON LINE.

FARE ONLY $1.00.

To Sea Coast and Interior Resorts of New England.

Steamers leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, and India Wharf, Boston, daily, except Sunday, at 7:00 P. M.

Through tickets issued and baggage checked for New York, Philadelphia and Washington via all rail and Sound lines.

Freight rates always as low as other lines.

All freight via this line insured against fire and marine risk.

J. F. LISCOMB, Agent, Franklin Wharf, Portland.
A. H. HANSCOM, G. P. & T. A.
CALVIN AUSTIN, Vice Pres't & Gen'l Manager.
General Offices, Foster's Wharf, Boston, Mass.

Hay Makers Attention!

Don't fail to see the

Deering Ideal Mower, Horse Rakes, Hay Tedders,

and Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machinery.

We also have Second Hand Machines, Rakes, etc., at good bargains. A good line of repairs always on hand.

A. W. Walker & Son,
South Paris, Maine.

A LOW PRICE

— ON —

Wool Carpets

to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

Chas. F. Ridlon,

Corner Main and Danforth Sts.,

NORWAY, - MAINE.

THE CLEANSING AND HEALING CURE FOR

CATARRH

is

Ely's Cream Balm

Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drug.

It is quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once.

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation.

COLD IN HEAD

Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail. Trial Size 10c. by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

SALESMEN WANTED to look after our interests in Oxford and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. Address

THE VICTOR OIL COMPANY,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Satsuma Interior Enamels

are better than paint.

They work easy, make a smooth surface, and any one can apply them to walls, ceilings, inside woodwork, pantries, kitchens and furniture. Many beautiful tints. The surface is non-absorbent and can be kept bright and clean by wiping with a damp cloth.

Don't pay fancy prices when your dealer will furnish you "Satsuma Interior Enamels" at the same price as ordinary paint.

FREE Color card and our booklet, "How to Refurnish the Home Without Buying New Furniture."

Made by Heath & Milligan M'f'g Co., Chicago.

Also Floor Paint, Floor Varnish, Coach and Spar Varnish, Muralo, &c., Masury's Railroad and Liquid Paints, For sale by,

S. P. MAXIM & SON,
SOUTH PARIS, - - MAINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

taken at night will make you feel right, act right and look right. They cure Constipation.

10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

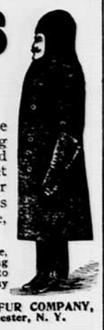
Maine Typewriter Exchange.

Use tells the story. We recommend buyers of Typewriters to purchase a second-hand machine. Why? The Second Hand Machine wears as well as a new. Slightly used machines bought without thought and exchanged for a whim are our goods. We sell on long time, on short time or for cash, guarantee our machines as represented and satisfy our customers. This week we offer two hundred dollar standard machines at a bargain. If you buy we show you how to use them also. Our trades:

Nearly new Smith-Premier, the self-cleaning writer — cost $100; sells for $50. 4 Caligraphs, good as new, $20, $22, $24, $25. Each machine has a fresh ribbon, new platen and rollers and is first-class in every way.

Maine Typewriter Exchange,
97 Canal Street,
RUMFORD FALLS, - MAINE.

SEND US A COW,



Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

CHARLES S. LEWIS

will resume teaching on the

BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR

at ANDREWS HOUSE, South Paris,

TUESDAY of each week commencing Feb. 18th

Permanent address, 56 James St., Auburn.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. Is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary.

Cures all stomach troubles

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago
The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size

Before you Buy a Piano

Let me tell you about the

STRICH & ZEIDLER

A strictly high-grade Piano. Don't make the mistake of buying an inferior Piano, that you will always feel ashamed of. I will tell you all I know about it if you will give me a chance.

MRS. CORA S. BRIGGS,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Worms?

cause sickness, and sometimes death, in children, before their presence is suspected. Give them a few doses of

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

If worms are present they will be expelled. A harmless vegetable tonic. 25c. at druggists. Dr. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

J. WALDO NASH,
Licensed Taxidermist,

GRANGE BLOCK,
Over Advertiser Office, NORWAY.

No! I did not ask for a bottle any cheaper, or twice as large, I did ask for

PERRY DAVIS' Painkiller

and will not have any substitute, for I have used it, my father used it, and there is no substitute as good.
Sold everywhere. 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Boys Wanted

IN SHOE FACTORY.

Several boys about 16 years of age who are strong and who wish an opportunity to learn the shoe business. Good positions are open to smart, capable boys.

Apply at once to

CHASE, MERRITT CO.,
Mechanic Falls, Me.

FOR SALE.

A first-class Mueller Furnace suitable for wood or coal. It has been used but very little. All piping and fixtures go with it. Enquire of

GEO. F. HAMMOND,
Paris, Maine.

THE PUZZLER

No. 326.—Triangles.

I.—1. Manual art. 2. A girl's name. 3. A small insect. 4. Two-thirds of fan. 5. A letter.

II.—1. A large city in England. 2. A species of willow or the twig of the willow. 3. A city in France. 4. A river in Scotland. 5. A connective that marks an alternative. 6. A letter.

No. 327.—A Crossword.

My first is in buzz, but not in talk.
My second is in ride, but not in walk.
My third is in sword, but not in pen.
My fourth is in woman, but not in men.
My fifth is in king, but not in queen.
My sixth is in lima, but not in bean.
My seventh is in yearn, but not in wish.
My eighth is in net, but not in fish.
My whole is the name of a ship so fine
That it challenges any that sails the brine.

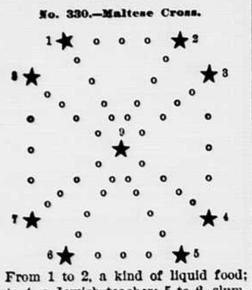
No. 328.—Progressive Enigma.

1, 2, a familiar household title.
1, 2, 3, a gentle blow.
1, 2, 3, 4, the head.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, a small plate used in certain churches; it is so formed as to fit the chalice as a cover when not in use to contain the bread.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, a kind of leather.
2, 3, a preposition.
2, 3, 4, the goddess of vengeance.
3, 4, 5, a certain number.
3, 4, 5, 6, a portable lodge.
6, 7, 8, a boy's nickname, extremely popular in the United States of very recent years.
7, 8, a boy's nickname, if not so popular at present, more familiar for many years.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, protected by an official document securing certain privileges or rights to a person or party for a given term of years fixed by a congressional act of 1870.

No. 329.—A Diamond.

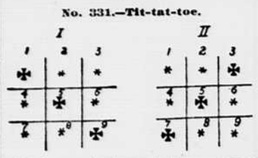
1. In Ben. 2. Possesses. 3. Public rooms. 4. A large bag of silk cloth which when filled with gas will rise in the air. 5. A vessel having one mast. 6. To dip. 7. In ban.

No. 330.—Maltese Cross.



From 1 to 2, a kind of liquid food; 3 to 4, a Jewish teacher; 5 to 6, slumber; 7 to 8, a sweetish secretion from many trees. Beginning with 1 and spelling toward the center we have dusky reddish colors; from 2 to 9, the plural of where love should reign; 3 to 9, the plural of an American song bird; 4 to 9, a group of islands in both the eastern and western hemispheres; 5 to 9, charms; 6 to 9, certain documents; 7 to 9, early morning worship; 8 to 9, ministering spirits.

No. 331.—Tit-tat-toe.



Find a word of nine letters meaning to absolve, acquit, exculpate. The first letter will be repeated in the center; also in the final square. The tit-tat-toe will be diagonal, as represented by the three crosses.

Find another word of nine letters meaning first, original. The third letter will be repeated in the center; also in the seventh square, so that the diagonal will be the reverse of the diagonal in No. 1.

No. 332.—Transpositions.

1. I am a word of four letters and mean a very stout cord. Transpose me, and I am the small opening in the skin.

2. I am a delicious fruit. Transpose me, and I become what the farmers do in the harvest time.

No. 333.—Industrious Ants.

1. The ant that is a predecessor.
2. The ant that is a prior date.
3. The ant that is an animal.
4. The ant that is a disease.
5. The ant that is a fuel.
6. The ant that is a buffoon.
7. The ant that is previous.
8. The ant that is ancient.
9. The ant that is part of a stag's horn.
10. The ant that is heard in churches.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 318.—Metagram: 1. Cart. 2. Wart. 3. Hart. 4. Dart. 5. Tart. 6. Mart. 7. Part.

No. 319.—Illustrated Acrostic: Third row—Robert Bruce. 1. Carrot. 2. Plover. 3. Sabot. 4. Sleeve. 5. Parrot. 6. Fathom. 7. Rabbit. 8. Turtle. 9. Church. 10. Orchid. 11. Beetle.

No. 320.—Additions: 1. S-tea-k. 2. S-lid-e. 3. G-ran-d.

No. 321.—Riddlemeree: Whittier.

No. 322.—A Useful Article: A peg.

No. 323.—Diagonal: King. 1. Kite. 2. Miss. 3. Line. 4. Ring.

No 324.—Beheadings and Curtailings: 1. F-lash-y. 2. S-late-s. 3. P-love-r. 4. S-pear-s. 5. S-tilt-s. 6. G-reed-y. 7. P-lane-s. 8. G-rate-s.

No. 325.—Definitions: 1. Dangerous. 2. Certainty. 3. Natural. 4. Hospital.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for stomach and liver ills.

The oldest of underground railroads has a worm for station agent.

No matter how long you have had the cough; if it hasn't developed into consumption, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it.

One trouble with most men who have lofty arms is that they are miserable shots.

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds: reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

NOTICED TOO MUCH.

We mark the weather when its hot,
We talk of cold and rain,
Perhaps all this attention's what
Has made the weather-vane.

Energy all gone? Headache? Stomach out of order? Simply a case of torpid liver. Burdock Blood Bitters will make a new man or woman of you.

A woman who isn't jealous about her husband doesn't love him; if she is jealous it is hard for him to love her.

Foley's Honey and Tar always stops the cough and heals the lungs. Refuse substitutes. F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

To get rid of their criminals the French authorities have a way of heading them off.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. F. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

Nothing but leaves—books.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

WHAT IS ECONOMY?

There is an idea prevalent that economy and saving are allied terms, but the idea is false. Economy and saving may be, but are not necessarily one. Sometimes economy is spending and spending with a liberal hand. Economy is the wise use of the material one has. To save a dollar and waste one's nervous energy to the point of exhaustion is the grossest extravagance. This is one of the lessons which is hardest for a woman to learn. She can gauge the comparative values, however, in this way if she will. The essential things are those which abide and which one has in himself, beyond all changes of fortune and of time. Whatever improves these, adds to them, enriches them, is something worth gaining and to obtain it is wise economy. Whatever weakens it or lessens it is false economy. It matters little in the course of a life whether one has a ruffle more or less or not; it matters much whether in seeking for that adornment one has grown so weary that cross words have come. Every strain of that kind, if it comes as the result of trying to save, has cost more than it saved. It is a wise economy, whatever it costs, which saves one's nature whole and sweet, one's brain clear and keen, one's body responsive to one's will and one's entire being in perfect tune with the Infinite. This is the only economy, and to put one's self in this condition is the wise expenditure of time, strength, will and money. One economizes too much in the essentials. Our eyes become blinded until we lose just values or we look at things from a wrong perspective, so that we do not see what is the essential. Only that which is genuine is essential. That lasts. The false fades. The rule is true, no matter where it is applied.—The Household.

GLOVE POINTERS.

HOW TO PUT THEM ON AND THE BEST KIND TO BUY.

The way in which a glove is first drawn on and shaped to the hands has much to do with both its beauty and durability, says the San Francisco Examiner. Unless you have ample time do not have them fitted at the shop, but at leisure draw them on as here recommended, and if possible wear them half an hour without closing the fingers.

When the hands are all moist, they should be powdered. Insert all the fingers and work them on evenly, leaving the thumb loose until the fingers are fully in place. Then insert the thumb and work the glove down smoothly over the hand.

In buttoning a glove the greatest strain comes upon the first button so before attempting to fasten this button the others, commencing with the second one, then the others, lastly the first.

Do not begin at the tips of the fingers to pull them off. Turn back the wrists and draw them off inside out, but on no consideration leave them in this shape or roll them. Turn them right side out, smooth lengthwise and put away by themselves, with a strip of flannel under and between them.

In buying gloves there are more important questions than their color and the number of buttons to be considered. Black gloves are generally less elastic than white or colored ones, and cheap grades are dear at any price.

Dressed kid usually retains its freshness longer and is more durable than suede. The best and most serviceable kid is soft, yielding and elastic. A glove so small that it cramps the hands and prevents grace of motion gives poor service. Short fingered gloves are ugly and certain to break soon between the fingers, if not at their tips.

WELL-KEPT HANDS.

Over my sink are two bottles and a nail-cleaner. One bottle contains five parts of lemon juice to one of alcohol, which will keep indefinitely. The other contains the following lotion: One-fourth of an ounce of gum tragacanth added to one pint of rain water, which has stood three days, then one ounce each of alcohol, glycerine and witch hazel, also a little good faint perfume. After washing dishes or preparing vegetables, I apply a little of the lemon juice, then the lotion, and in a moment my hands are dry, soft, and very smooth. All stains disappear as if by magic, and the nails are cleaned easily. The time required is not over two minutes. This process repeated five or six times daily will certainly repay housekeepers, for what is there more indicative of refinement than well-kept hands? Then, too, the expense of these lotions is comparatively nothing. Be sure to have them in a handy place.—Woman's Home Companion.

NOTES ABOUT SHOES.

Here are some hints on the buying of shoes that the average girl will find useful:

Never wear a shoe that pinches the heel.

Never wear a shoe or boot tight anywhere.

Never come from high heels to low heels at one jump.

Never wear a shoe that presses up into the hollow of the foot.

Never wear a shoe that will not allow the great toe to lie in a straight line.

Never wear leather sole linings to stand upon; white cotton drilling or linen is healthier.

Never wear a shoe with a sole narrower than the outline of the foot traced with a pencil close under the rounding edge.

Never wear a shoe with the sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords on the upper part of the foot to contract.

Never have the top of the boots tight, as it interferes with the action of the calf muscles, makes one walk badly and spoils the shape of the ankle.

Never think that the feet will grow large from wearing proper shoes; pinching and distorting makes them grow not only large, but unsightly. A proper natural use of all the muscles makes them compact and attractive.—Modern Women.

USEFUL HINTS.

Some French ladies always wash their cashmere and merino materials in potato water, and then rinse them in soft water, hanging up immediately without wringing them. It is not generally known, that a slice of potato will clean woolen materials of mud.

Blue flannel may be washed in bran and water, in which salt is added to keep the color.

Silk underclothing may also be washed in potato water. Slice the potatoes, wash them and put in clear cold water to soak for forty-eight hours, then strain off the water, and dip the silk garment in it several times, then lay them on a table and dry with a soft table napkin. Iron on the wrong side.

There is nothing better for cleaning black silks than beef gall. Mix the gall with an equal quantity of boiling water, and sponge the silk, laying it smoothly on a clean table, on both sides. After this sponge it with clear rain water and stretch on a white cloth to dry.

Never brush silk, only rub it with a cloth, or better still a piece of velvet.

Spots on black or dark colored silk can be cleaned by rubbing them with common brown packing paper.

Wax spots are taken off any material by rubbing with eau-de-cologne.—McCall's Magazine.

Light kid gloves can be cleaned satisfactorily by rubbing them with dry bread crumbs.

To whiten cloths add a tablespoonful of turpentine to the water when boiling.

When beating eggs a small pinch of salt added to the whites will cause them to beat to a stiff froth more readily.

Cut flowers may be revived when wilted by placing the stems in boiling water and allowing them to stand until the water cools.

Boiled starch can be improved by the addition of a little borax or a tiny lump of lard.

To test the heat of an oven, place a piece of white paper in it, and if the heat is too great the paper will blacken or burn. The paper should turn a golden brown when the oven is fit for pastry baking, and when a dark yellow shade is produced the oven is just right for cake and heavier baking.—Modern Women.

A STRONG GUARANTEE.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung troubles. Bauer's Instant Cough Cure is generally conceded to be the quickest and surest remedy known to science. It loosens and clears the bronchial tubes, and prevents pneumonia. Constant coughing racks and inflames the lungs. It weakens their action and consumption often follows. Why do you run such a risk when in Bauer's Instant Cough Cure you have a remedy that acts quick and sure. It is pleasant to take and does not cause that nausea at the stomach so commonly following the use of other cough cures. Children can take Bauer's Instant Cough Cure and they like it. This famous remedy is sold under the strongest guarantee possible. If it does not do the work your money will be cheerfully refunded. For sale by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; A. Dudley, Bryant's Pond; Orin Stevens, Oxford.

Chinese actors are expected to furnish their own cues.

All who use Atomizers in treating nasal catarrh will get the best result from Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price, including spraying tube, 75 cents. Sold by druggists or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

New Orleans, Sept. 1, 1900.

Messrs. Ely Bros.—I sold two bottles of your Liquid Cream Balm to a customer, Wm. Lamberton, 1415 Delachaise Street, New Orleans; he has used the two bottles, giving him wonderful and most satisfactory results.

GEO. W. MCDUFF, PHARMACIST.

A married man says the best alarm clock is his wife's elbow.

HE COULD HARDLY GET UP.

P. H. Duffy of Ashley, Ill., writes: "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such shape that I could hardly get up when once down." F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

A poet's memory may be fickle, but his thoughts often come back to him—if he incloses a stamp.

A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least half a dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two-thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

Failure of a joke is often due to the indigestion of the victim.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poisons it can be safely given. F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

A man never needs aid more than when he is loafing.

Important to Mothers.

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

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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

The industrial clock invariably stops when it strikes.

NATURAL ANXIETY.

Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little lives than croup. Such cases yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure. Cures coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble.

Crime is most dangerous when it wears its glad rags.

THE WORST FORM.

Mrs. Cranfill, Troy, I. T., writes: For years I was troubled with indigestion in the worst form. Finally I was induced to use Kodol and after using four bottles I am entirely cured. I heartily recommend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia.

To be great is to be measured up against little men.

E W Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

The average person's soul seems to lie pretty close to his digestion.

FORTY YEARS' TORTURE.

To be relieved after 40 years' torture might well cause the gratitude. C. Haney, Geneva, O. He says: "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of piles after I had suffered 40 years." Cures cuts, burns, wounds, skin diseases.

Widows are like made-over dishes.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT.

Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

In the ranks—strong butter.

No Reasonable Man expects to cure a neglected cold in a day. But time and Allen's Lung Balsam will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

It takes time to make a good watch.

W. A. Herren of Finch, Ark., writes, "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

Ferryboats were made for cross purposes.

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure. F. A. Shurtleff & Co. Orin Stevens, Oxford.

Telephone girls never invite you to call again.

Hundreds of lives saved every year by having Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, heals burns, cuts, wounds of every sort.

Silence is the counterfeit of wisdom.

Hives are a terrible torment to the little folks, and to some older ones. Easily cured. Doan's Ointment never fails. Instant relief, permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

She—Although my father is rich, I have never cared for wealth but as a means to an end.

He—Well, I'm ready to go as an end man at a moment's notice.

LOOK OUT FOR FEVER.

Biliousness and liver disorders may be prevented by cleansing the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These little pills do not gripe.

Mattie—I want you to know I don't stand on trifles.

Helen (glancing at her feet)—No, dear; I see you don't.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents.

Death and the Philosopher.

A certain philosopher was in the habit of saying whenever he heard that an old friend had passed away: "Ah, well, death comes to us all. It is no new thing. It is what we must expect. Pass me the butter, my dear. Yes, death comes to all, and my friend's time had come."

Now, Death overheard these philosophical remarks at different times, and one day he showed himself to the philosopher.

"I am Death," said he simply.

"Go away," said the man, in a panic. "I am not ready for you."

"Yes, but it is one of your favorite truisms that Death comes to all, and I am but proving your words."

"Go away! You are dreadful!"

"No more dreadful than I always am. But why have you changed so? You have never feared the death that has come to your friends. I never heard you sigh when I carried off your old companions. You have always said, 'It is the way of all flesh.' Shall I make an exception in favor of your flesh?"

"Yes, for I am not ready."

"But I am. Your time has come. Do not repine. Your friends will go on buttering their toast. They will take it as philosophically as you have taken every other death."

And the philosopher and Death departed on a long journey together.—Charles Battell Loomis in Brandur Magazine.

An English Sanctuary.

Beverley minster, 180 miles north of London, is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died in the year 721. In 938 Athelstan, king of England, gave several privileges to the monastery, one being the privilege of sanctuary. This was not merely for manslaying; it was open to all wrongdoers except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offenses, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be four crosses on the main roads leading to Beverley marking the limit of the area. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in a stone chair known as the "frid stool" or "freed chair." To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country.

The Wonderful Starfish.

There are scores upon scores of different forms of marine animal life that come within the category assigned to starfishes, but the most singular specimen in the whole group is the splendid astrophyton—the "sea basket" of the sailors. It is truly a wonderful specimen of marine life, having hundreds of long and short, straight, twisted and curled tentacles, and but for the geometric precision of the plan upon which the starlike "body" is fashioned might be mistaken for a miniature, circular specimen of the devilfish. The center of the creature, the "hub," from which the five stout arms radiate, is the body, head and "thinking machine" of our curious astrophyton.

The whole, not including the labyrinthine tentacles, which branch to all the points and intermediate points of the compass, looks for all the world like an animated Fourth of July firewheel. The five main arms are divided into three each within a short space from the astro's body, and these three are almost immediately subdivided into innumerable other arms and tentacles, the whole forming a net by means of which it captures its prey and holds its victims until the life has been sucked out of them.

Saws That Cut Each Other.

A proverb has been defined as "the wisdom of the many and the wit of one;" but, clever as this definition is, it is scarcely borne out by a comparison of the most familiar of our proverbs. The following are some of the most striking: "Penny wise and pound foolish" is the exact opposite of "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves;" so "Birds of a feather flock together" and "Two of a trade never agree." "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" and "Out of sight, out of mind," are just as contradictory as "Many hands make light work" and "Too many cooks spoil the broth." So, too, "Delays are dangerous" is the flat opposite of "Second thoughts are best," while the philosopher who invented the axiom "The early bird catches the worm" had apparently never heard of King Alfonso's world renowned saying that "All things come to him who waits." On this particular subject the opinion of the worm and the bird might be worth having.

Surprised His Wife.

A story is told of a Pennsylvania farmer who wore his old suit until every one was tired of it, and his estimable wife was almost ashamed of the hustling man who had been inside it so long. But one day he went to town to sell his produce, and while there he determined to buy a new suit and, happy thought, surprise Eliza. So he bundled a neat suit into the wagon and drove homeward.

It was after night as he hurried homeward, and at a bridge over a river he stood up on the wagon and "peeled" and threw the despised old suit in the water. Then he reached for his new clothes. They were gone—had jolted out of the wagon. The night was cold and his teeth chattered as he hurried home. He surprised Eliza even more than he anticipated.

Worth Trying Again.

The impecunious author passed over the manuscript with a faltering hand. The aged but truthful editor started.

"Er—Mr. Wrightly," he said, with the air of a man who has just become saddled with a great thought, "did you ever hear that Walter Scott received the suggestion of his first successful novel while he was washing his hands?"

"I—I believe I read of it," stammered the impecunious author, slipping his hands into his pockets. A faraway look came into the face of the aged but truthful editor.

"I was merely throwing out the suggestion," he said softly.

Pepys on Lent.

The scarcity of fish in old times in England made it difficult for the poor to keep Lent. Pepys remarks, "The talk of the towne now is whether Lent shall be kept with the strictnesse of the king's proclamation, which is thought cannot be, because of the poor who cannot buy fish." He also says: "Notwithstanding my resolution, yet, for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent," and again, "Our dinner was only sugar sopps and fish, the only time we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent."

Opportune.

Miss Lily (after the proposal)—I don't think you'd better see papa today, Tom. My dressmaker has just been here with her bill.

Tom Featherhead—This is just the time. He will be glad to get rid of you.

The Inducement.

The Sister—I have become engaged to Fred.

The Brother—Whatever induced you to do that?

The Sister—Why, Fred, of course!

A Hard Struggle.

It's a hard struggle to fight the battles of life with the heavy burdens of kidney ills. The constantly aching back—The weariness—Distressing urinary disorders—All yield quickly to

Doan's Kidney Pills,

A Modern Medicine for Every Kidney Ill.

Mr. T. H. Hughes, of Saxtons River, Vt., employed by B. F. Locke & Co., says: "My kidneys did not act properly for years, and it gradually grew on me. For two or three years they troubled me very much with a dull, aching pain across my back and in my loins. If I stood on my feet for any length of time, I felt the pain across my back more and my legs became numb. When the pain in my back got so bad that I could stand it no longer, I put on plasters, and I used a great many of them, but they only afforded me temporary relief. I also used medicines of all kinds, but they did not reach the cause. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, and so well recommended, that I was induced to give them a trial, and I got them at Andrew's drug store. They gave me immediate relief. After the treatment I seldom felt any symptoms of my former troubles, but when I did I took a few of Doan's Kidney Pills and it soon left me. My rheumatic pains were not so severe, and I did not have that tired, languid feeling. I had more energy in doing my work and give all the credit to Doan's Kidney Pills. They did me a great deal of good, and I feel justified in recommending them to others as a good and reliable medicine."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all druggists; 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Pianos and Organs

I have a large stock of new Pianos and Organs, and have some nice trades in second hand instruments.

I have one Colonial Style, mahogany case, Pease piano, 7½ octave, almost new for **$185.**

One walnut case Poole piano, almost new, for **$200**, worth $250.

One second hand Ivers & Pond piano, walnut case, for **$250,** worth $300.

I have a nice oak case organ at Rumford Falls, 11 stops, that I will sell at a great trade.

One second hand Estey organ at South Paris, almost new, for **$55.**

One second hand Worcester organ, 11 stops, in nice condition, for **$45**

One second hand Dyer & Hughes, six octave, walnut case, never been hurt, that cost $125, for **$65.**

One second hand square piano, a nice one, for **$115,** worth $140.

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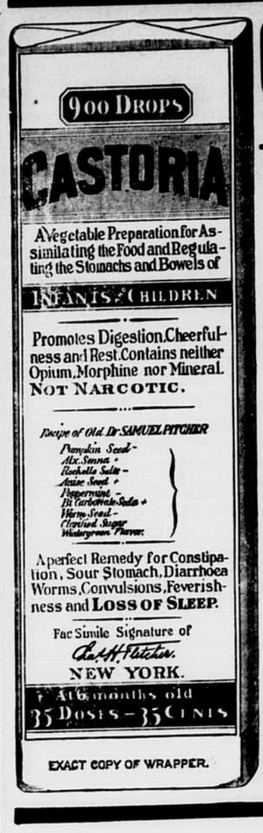

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