THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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JOHN S. HARLOW,

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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 Woodstock, 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 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

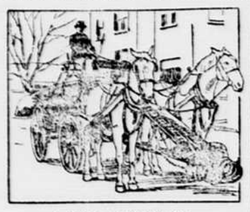
WILSON & GRAY, So. Paris, or S. M. KING near the premises.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

A NEW CORNHUSKER.

A Nebraska Invention and Some Things That Are Claimed For It.

A Nebraska man has invented a cornhusker, of which the Farm Journal presents the accompanying cut, with some information about it from a correspondent. The construction of this husker is declared to be most simple, yet thoroughly practical. Two large spiral coils work on either side of an elevator that projects beyond the wag-



A NOVEL CORNHUSKER.

on tongue. The corn is gathered both from the stalk and from the ground and elevated into the wagon.

The husker is fastened on the front part of the wagon, strips the husks from the ear, drops ear into the wagon and forces the husks by a blower into a huge pipe the length of the wagon box and slightly elevated in the rear, enabling the husks to fall into sacks on the platform or broad end gate of the wagon. The machinery is light. One team and driver can work and take charge of it. One farmer suggests attaching a press to press husks after the manner of baled hay.

Cover For Strawberries.

"I always use cornstalks as a winter covering for strawberries, but in connection with leaves. My strawberries are on stiff land that heaves very badly in winter, so plants have to be well covered. I find the stalks keep the leaves in rows from blowing away better than such brush as I can get. The stalks are put lengthwise of the rows," says a writer in Rural New Yorker. And another correspondent's opinion is:

"I consider evergreen boughs the ideal strawberry covering, but quite an expense to cover several acres and clear away the same. My second choice is cornstalks. If the stalks are very long, I should put lengthwise to save material. If light, fine stalks, I should spread with a fork. I think a light covering of corn fodder alone is quite sufficient, as all that is required is to shade the ground and have something to hold the snow from blowing off."

Hen Killing Dogs.

We lost a good many hens a few summers ago from dogs, says a Rural New Yorker correspondent. Occasionally young dogs will develop a mania for killing hens, as they do for killing sheep. Such dogs are apt to train in pairs. They will catch a hen, bite it through the back, crushing the ribs, and then chase down another. We found two strange dogs at work one day in this manner, but not until they had killed over twenty. After a few days they reappeared and killed about the same number before the hired man appeared on the scene with a gun. One of the dogs fell a victim to his sure aim, but the other made his escape. With the dead dog in the wagon we scoured the country for miles to locate his mate. A suit at law resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff and established the fact that the owner of a dog is liable for damages in a case of this kind.

Storing Onions.

With some precautions onions may be kept in good condition without serious loss, says Rural New Yorker. They should be entirely free from dampness and never piled or stored together in large quantities, especially in warm weather. They should never be piled under any conditions, but should be stored in level condition and not to exceed two feet in depth. Stored in level heaps and kept dry and cool as possible, they will keep fairly well. They will keep well in frozen condition provided they can be kept thus until required for use, but gradual thawing is necessary, and they must not be allowed to freeze the second time. If freezing is attempted, they must be allowed to freeze clear through, then cover with straw or other material thickly enough so that weather changes will not affect them.

News and Notes.

Granting that the bulk of the apple crop will be liberal in the aggregate, only here and there does the quality compare favorably with the bumper crop of 1896, says Orange Judd Farmer.

Trucking sections in Michigan, Indiana and Illinois have established new pickle plants. Cucumbers yield from 200 to 300 bushels an acre, returning a profit of $100 to $125, remarks American Agriculturist.

Up to the present time our production of both cane and beet sugar amounts to only about one-fifth of the amount we consume.

The discovery of a new saccharine plant known to the natives of Paraguay as "sugar bush" and "sweet herb" is reported. A German scientist is experimenting in its culture.

One of the biggest cigar leaf crops ever secured seems to be the general estimate for this season.

Hog Cholera.

Hog cholera is quite prevalent in Ohio and Indiana and seems to be on the increase. In other states of the corn belt some loss is reported. Quite a number of sick hogs are appearing at the stockyards in Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha and St. Joseph. This is a serious matter now because of the high price of hogs and the strong demand for them as feeders to follow cattle. Every effort should be made to prevent loss, says Orange Judd Farmer, and tells how this may be done. Avoid feeding excessive quantities of new corn, provide pure water, clean up the hog lots and houses and disinfect them and give plenty of salt and ashes. In a word, keep the animals thrifty and reduce the loss to a minimum.

Apple Pomace For Cows.

Fifteen pounds of pomace per cow have been fed daily with entire satisfaction in Vermont experiments. Apple pomace needs no special care in ensilaging. If leveled from time to time as put into the silo and left to itself uncovered and unweighted, it does well.

Three Great Navigators.

To review the work of Columbus without referring to that of Vespucius and Magellan would leave the story of new sea and world discovery disconnected and incomplete. This will be patent when it is remembered that, though a believer in the rotundity of the earth, it was not Columbus, but Magellan, who first physically demonstrated that fact by circumnavigation. And Magellan might have failed but for the previous work of Vespucius. The latter had explored the Atlantic coast of South America farther south than any of his predecessors and the south Atlantic ocean eastward to the islands of South Georgia, nearly to the parallel of Cape Horn.

By this journey Vespucius demonstrated with a considerable degree of certainty that the strait, which had for some years been looked for, leading to the elusive unknown sea that bounded the eastern coast of Asia, was not to be found through the new lands of the west north of 54 degrees south at all events. The mouth of the Amazon, the bays of Rio Janeiro and of the La Plata had been explored and were found to contain fresh water, so that through none of these could an entrance to the unknown sea on the farther west be found.

The Teacher and the Shirt.

There is a teacher in a school in a town in New Jersey who has Brooklyn relatives, since it is her birthplace and was her residence until she wandered into the wilds of Jersey to train the youthful savage in the way he should educationally go. Among her scholars was one boy, a Tommy Russell, who was well nigh incorrigible. One day, patience exhausted, the teacher caught the lad and gave him a shaking that made his teeth rattle in their sockets. More, so vigorous was her clutch that she tore his shirt. The next morning the lad appeared with a neat bundle, laying it before the teacher on the desk.

"What is this, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"I dunno, teacher," was the reply. "Me mudder sed giv' t'youse."

The teacher opened the bundle to find Tommy's torn shirt with this memorandum:

"You tore the shirt; now you can mend it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Worm Class.

"Hello, papa!" cried the daughter of the Wall street operator after the father reached his porch after his ride out from the city on a suburban train and seated his little one on his knee. "But, papa, I've got one you can't guess."

"Can't guess?" said the financier. "Another new joke?"

"A good one, too," chattered the little girl. "You ought to guess it, but you can't. Now, if a student is a bookworm what kind of a worm are you?"

"Well, that is a hard one. We're all supposed to be worms in one way," said the speculator.

"Yes, but you'd be a tapeworm," broke in the little girl, with a burst of laughter; "you read the ticker tape so much."

"That's right," was the answer.—New York Tribune.

English Meat Pie.

The veal and ham pie which is a common English dish should be better known here. The bone end of a piece of veal is stewed till the meat is tender, with an equal amount of smoked ham. Take out the bone, strain the stock and separate the veal and ham pieces. Cut each in strips and lay in alternate layers in a deep baking dish. Season, cover with the clear stock and finish the dish with a flaky crust that will bake quickly. The dish is eaten cold, and when cut like any pie it will be found that the meat is set in a delicious jelly.

A Remarkable Petition.

The keeper of the menagerie at Versailles during the reign of Louis XVI. had orders to administer six bottles of burgundy every day to a dromedary which had grown feeble with old age and which the king was very anxious to keep alive. In spite of this ultra generous treatment the animal died, to the great despair of his nurse, who petitioned the king with a view of obtaining the "succession of the dromedary"—that is to say, all the advantages attached to his person.

Odd Ideas.

Some of the Virginia applicants for registration as voters give queer answers to the questions asked them. One negro thought the general assembly was "you three gentlemen sitting there," with a bow to the registrars. Another thought it was "a place in the woods where they went to worship the Lord." A third negro was asked to explain the freedom of the press. "When you get in a crowd, shove as much as you please," he replied.

Women In Command.

In several villages of Finland the woman has authority, for a religious sect exists there whose disciples are forced to marry and to take a vow to submit to the wife in all things. The women choose one of their number for governing head, whose duty it is to see that the men behave themselves and to punish them if they transgress. Similar are the "Purificants" of Liberia, who also recognize the supremacy of women.

To Clean Brass.

To clean brass and keep it always bright rub it with a solution of oxalic acid, one ounce of acid to one pint of water, and alternate with a solution composed of one-half pound of rotten stone and one ounce of oxalic acid, with as much water as will make it into a stiff paste. Apply the solutions and polish with a piece of leather or an old silk handkerchief. Both solutions should be labeled "Poison."

Attended To.

"I've sent for you," said the old merchant, "to paint a new sign for us. I've taken my son into partnership."

"Yes, sir," said the sign painter, "but your son gave me the order for the sign several days ago."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir. He told me to make it read, 'Job Lotz, Jr., & Father.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Just Like the Real Thing.

"So your amateur dramatic club is a success?"

"Well, in one way it's real professional—everybody in it is fearfully jealous of everybody else."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It's an easy matter to get into the habit of meeting trouble half way.—Chicago News.

If you associate with a fool, don't let the fool control you.—Atchison Globe.

THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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CHAPTER V.

THE SUDDEN INTERRUPTION OF A JOURNEY.

MR. GORDON was beginning to feel anxious. He knew just how long it took to go to Perm and return. Frances had often taken long journeys by herself, but she was now three days overdue, and the engineer was eager to get to the Obi.

"Where can she be?" he asked himself. "She must stop this racing all over the world alone. Something will surely happen to her one of these fine days. I'll stop it."

Frances arrived while he was making the resolve.

"Where have you been?" asked Gordon.

"To Perm."

"To Perm! But you have been away three days longer than was necessary. I do not like this way you have of going off by yourself."

"I fancy I can take care of myself. I've been in Perm the three days."

"With the blacksmith and his people?"

"No. The blacksmith and his people! Vladimir has been sent to Siberia."

"What! Not the ironworker Paulpoff?"

"Vladimir Paulpoff, Mamma Paulpoff and Papa Paulpoff are now on their way to Tomsk."

"The devil!"

"Yes, the devil! That is just the individual who did it."

"What is his other name?"

"Prince Neslerov."

"What! Neslerov sent Paulpoff to—Come, tell me what you mean."

"A man like Neslerov can do anything he likes in Russia except marry an American girl. Tell me just what conversation you had with the prince a few days ago."

"A few days ago! Oh, two weeks ago!"

"I don't know when it was. But he asked you for my hand, did he not?"

"Yes."

"You never told me."

Gordon laughed.

"I haven't told you the names of half the men who have asked me that."

"But in Russia we should know, because there are tricks. Now, what was it? Did he say much?"

"No, not much; said he was rich and powerful and wanted you as an ornamental wife or something to that effect."

"He told me the same thing."

"Told you! Where?"

"In Paulpoff's house."

Gordon panted and sat down.

"I wish you would tell the whole story," he said.

"I wish you would answer my questions first. What happened when Neslerov was here? What did he say and what did you answer?"

"He didn't say very much—the usual thing. Said he loved you and was rich and powerful and could give you a good station in Russian society and the world."

"And you said what?"

"Why, I said you wouldn't marry the best man on earth unless you loved him. I said if you would marry the man I wanted you to you would long ago have been the wife of Jack Denton, who"—

"Never mind Mr. Denton. We were speaking of Neslerov."

"Yes—but the deuce! You pick your old dad up so short! I am telling you what I said. Don't you want to hear?"

"Yes," replied Frances, laughing and kissing him. "Dear old dad, what did you say?"

"I said I liked Jack Denton better than any other man on earth and that you hated him worst. But I wanted you to marry him because he was good and noble and a rising man, a brave man and altogether a"—

"Hero and angel in one. What did the prince say to that?"

"He only repeated what he had said before."

"Then what?"

"I said—why—now, don't get angry at your old dad—I said you were a self willed creature and acted on your own whims."

"That is nothing to get angry about. I do. But I fear that between us we have sent the Paulpoffs to their doom."

"For goodness sake, how?"

"It was natural that"—

"It wasn't natural at all. What did I say—what have you done—to cause Vladimir Paulpoff to plot against the czar?"

"Heavens! Are you so blind? The Paulpoffs are as innocent of this charge as you or I. It was against Vladimir the plot was laid."

"I begin to catch your meaning. Who was it—Neslerov?"

"It is impossible to say whether he did or not, but I suspect him. You remember the day he was here. I met him as I came home from the bazaars, where I had been buying books for Vladimir. I did not, of course, suspect that he had been talking with you about marrying me. Unwittingly I told him they were for Vladimir and asked him also to take an interest in him."

"I also told him of a blacksmith in whom you were taking a great interest. He has put that and your independence together and has imagined Vladimir. Well?"

"I had my fears that something was said about Vladimir. It was so clearly a plot that I knew the jealousy of Neslerov had been aroused. When I learned what had been done, I waited two days at Perm to see Governor Guslav, but he was away, and I could not see him. It was the superintendent of police who gave me the little information I got. It seems that an inspector discovered—so they say—that nihilists were meeting in the forge. Letters were found on them which implicated Vladimir. There was a trial, so it was claimed, and Vladimir was found guilty. I am sure Vladimir would have sent to us if he could."

"I don't want to get mixed up in any nihilist scrape."

"But you will help Vladimir, will you not?"

"What can I do?"

"You can at least stop at Perm and see the governor. It will not delay us long."

"I will do that, certainly; but I don't fancy there is much use talking to Guslav. He is a stern old soldier and has no sympathy for lovers or plotters."

"But he is just and honorable."

"Yes, I am sure of that."

"Then come. We will go to Perm together and see him."

"Well, I suppose I must do as you say, but we are about ready to start for the Obi. We can stop at Perm for a day."

"That will do."

The preparations were hastily made and four days more saw them at Perm. The governor was at home and received Mr. Gordon, the name being an open sesame anywhere in Russia. Mr Gordon plunged at once into the matter of Vladimir's arrest.

"That he was arrested, if the circumstances were suspicious, I grant, was proper enough," said Mr. Gordon. "But was there a fair trial? Pardon me if I speak plainly. Your institutions of justice here are quite different from ours at home. I have known where men were hustled off to Siberia with no semblance of a trial."

"But they were guilty," said the governor, with a smile.

"Yes; I believe in all the instances that came under my observation they were."

"It was the same in this case. The Paulpoffs had been using their isolated position for base ends. A circle of the brotherhood of nihilists congregated there. Letters were found upon them. These letters were all signed by Vladimir Paulpoff."

"Did he admit anything?"

"They never do. It is only when a man is captured in the very act of assassination, and he knows he cannot escape the death penalty, that he admits his crime and glories in it. The Paulpoffs denied everything, of course."

"Poor Vladimir! He was as innocent as I am!" broke in Frances.

"Impossible. The letters were proof enough."

"Are the letters here?"

"No; unfortunately, they were carried away by one of the men who escaped."

"Then you did not see the letters?"

"No; I regret that I did not."

"What was said concerning them?"

"Their import was given by Inspector Jansky and Prince Neslerov, who found them. Their testimony so pleased the minister of justice that Jansky has been promoted to be superintendent of the police at Tomsk. You seem to think there is some doubt of the guilt of these people," said the governor, turning to Mr. Gordon.

"For my part I am quite sure they are innocent. My daughter has been interested in them since the railway ran through Perm. It is not like them to plot. They are too simple and—ignorant."

"But Vladimir is not. He is shrewd and intelligent. He has been a reader of books."

"Yes; my daughter furnishes them."

"I am not at all doubtful myself," said the governor, with a grim smile. "Were I, I would begin an open investigation at once. But, you understand, the accuser was a prince and the governor of Tomsk, and the minister of justice has set the seal of his approval on the thing. It is a delicate matter for me to reopen. But I promise you this: I will guardedly look into the thing, and if I see any chance for doubt for your sake I will do what I can to help the Paulpoffs."

"Thank you. That is all we can ask," said Mr. Gordon. "We may see them

She looked out at the savage faces and shuddered.

at Tomsk. I may say to them that your excellency is working to know the truth?"

"You may."

The interview ended, and Mr. Gordon and Frances continued their journey.

The first person they saw when they entered the train was Neslerov. The mark made by Frances' bullet was still there, but he had not, to all appearances, been seriously injured. He looked curiously at the two travelers, as if wondering when the outbreak of wrath from Gordon would come. But that gentleman walked up to him and held out his hand.

"How do you do, your excellency?" he said. "We are going to Tomsk together, it seems."

Neslerov was almost stunned, but he took the hand. Was it possible that Frances had not told her father of the scene in Paulpoff's cottage?

It was so, and Frances had her own reasons. She loved the liberty she had for years been permitted to enjoy. But she knew that if dangers and narrow escapes came to her father's ears her liberty would soon come to an end.

It was a long journey, and a weary one as well. Day after day they passed through the same scenes, crossed rivers on bridges that had been built by Jack Denton, Frances' old playmate, and the strong structures perhaps caused her to think of the hardworking young man who built them and was now planning a very large and excellent bridge across the Obi. But whatever was in Frances' mind did not find expression through her lips, for her father and Neslerov smoked and chatted and played cards with two officers going to garrisons on the border.

Frances said nothing more about the prince, for in the place to which they were going he was supreme, and to involve her father with him in a quarrel would have been to invite a disaster similar to that which had overtaken the Paulpoffs.

Day after day Frances leaned her head against the glass window and watched the flitting scenes. At last they reached the Irtish and crossed the border into that province, which was almost as much Neslerov's own as though he were a king.

There were but few passengers by that time, for the road had not been finished, and the train must stop at the Obi. Frances, half dreaming, lay back, looking at the great expanse of tundra, the new villages springing up, the old huts that were now deserted and the waste of railway supplies along the track.

The prince had asked her father to go into another car and smoke. This left her alone, and she closed her eyes and dozed.

She woke up with a start. A hand was on her shoulder. She saw Neslerov bending over her. A smile of triumph was on his face. Frightened, she glanced out of the window. The car was still. She looked forward—the rest of the train had gone on.

"What has happened?" she cried, leaping to her feet. "Where is the train? Where is my father?"

"Speeding toward the Obi, my dear," said Neslerov. "Unfortunately, at this point the couplings between this car and the next were broken, and the officers of the train, not missing you or me—for I had just come in with a cup of coffee for you—left us and went on. We are in a wild place, surrounded by various tribes of the remarkable collection of savages over whom I am governor. But I am governor, and if you will obey me I promise that you will reach Tomsk in safety."

Frances leaned back weakly and stared.

"My father gone!" she cried, and as she looked out at the savage faces that passed and looked at the car in wonder she shuddered.

"Unfortunately, your father was in a forward car. It was with his consent I came to you with coffee. Fear nothing, however, for, though we are in a wild region, I am governor and will protect you. I love you, and no harm shall come to you—if you obey me."

CHAPTER VI.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S PLUCK.

ANOTHER glance from the window showed Frances that the car had come to a stop near a new bridge over a branch of the Irtish. Involuntarily she sighed for the man who had built that bridge—Denton, whose eye was keen and steady, whose muscles were of iron.

But Denton was miles farther on, at the Obi.

"Now," said Neslerov, as the girl sank back in her seat, "let us face this situation, my dear. Let us realize the true significance. We are practically alone, you and I. Save for the poor wretches in that village yonder, we are the only people on this earth just now. Can you realize the fullness of that statement? You are mine—absolutely and wholly mine."

"Oh, you cur! You coward!" exclaimed Frances. Her hand went as if by instinct toward that pocket from which she had drawn her revolver on a previous occasion. Neslerov saw her face turn whiter still, and he laughed pleasantly.

"Of course I guarded against that," he said. "I knew you would, with your American impulsiveness, try to shoot me again. So, while you slept, I quietly took your little toy pistol from your pocket. I have it here. This, I believe, deprives you of the power to do any more mischief."

"Oh, you miserable coward! You thief!" said Frances in a tense voice. "I wish there was a good American fist here to strike that grinning face of yours!"

"Undoubtedly," said Neslerov, with an exasperating coolness, "that would be pleasant for you, but it would be unfortunate for the American who owned the fist. One blow—peste! He would be torn apart by my agreeable savages yonder."

She could not resist the temptation to follow his finger as it pointed through the window on his side of the car. A short distance, on the banks of the stream, she saw a wretched, miserable village of rude huts. Men and women, dressed in leather, undressed skins, heavy cloths from Moscow merchants, stood in groups, all with their faces toward the car.

"Were I to say the word," said Neslerov, "these people would tear you limb from limb and would perform the same agreeable service for any fool who attempted to interfere between us."

"Monster!" she gasped.

"Of course I am a monster to you," he said. "All Russians are monsters to those who do not like us. We may have our little peculiarities. One of them is that what we cannot get by fair means we get some other way. I spoke to your father, and I spoke to you. I offered the honest love of a Russian prince. I was spurned. But now the game is mine, and I shall win. You shall become my wife before your father has time to return from the Obi."

"Never! I would prefer to be torn apart by your villagers!"

"You believe that now while you are in the heat of anger, but a short period of rest and contemplation will show you the folly of your refusal. Think of this. I shall go out now and obtain some food. We may remain here a week. Who knows? Before I leave you I wish to say that until you consent to have the priest of that village make you my wife you shall not be permitted to leave this car. I much prefer, as would any man, a willing bride; but, denied this, I will compel you to obey. It will be the worse for you. I offered love—an affectionate embrace. You refused. Now I command! Think this matter settled only when we are married."

"Never! You have my revolver and, I suppose, one of your own. Shoot me if you will. I will not marry you!"

"It will not be you I shoot. What do you think your father will do when he finds you are left behind?"

"Without doubt he will obtain a special train and come here after me. Then, Prince Neslerov, beware!"

He smiled like a wolf and showed his teeth.

"That is what I wanted you to say. If when your father comes here you are not my wife, I will shoot him dead."

"You dare not!" she gasped.

"I dare anything. No report of mine would be discredited at St. Petersburg. I could prove that your father was a conspirator against the government and was shot while fighting my soldiers."

"There is a government of the United States of America!"

"True, but at a distance. I do not fear it. But consider what I have said. I will return with food."

He left the car, securing the doors to prevent her escape. When she saw him striding toward the village, she leaned against the window and studied the rude people.

"I am helpless—absolutely helpless!" she moaned. "Oh, if he had not taken my revolver I could have shot him—or myself."

She looked about her for some method whereby she could, if the need should come, take her own life rather than submit to his demands. She knew that if there were a priest in this squalid place he would obey Neslerov, and mumble some words perfectly meaningless to her, but which would give Neslerov power over her. She walked the length of the apartment like a caged lioness.

Women turned into their huts and came out again. She saw Neslerov start back toward the car carrying a wooden tray. She shuddered again.

"God give me strength, courage, calmness!" she murmured. "To lose consciousness would be to fall a victim to him."

She nerved herself to meet him as his footsteps sounded on the platform. The door opened, and he entered with a bowl of gruel, some steaming potatoes, roast fowl, coffee and some coarse bread.

"It is not quite like our usual fare," he said, "but it is better than being hungry."

He set the dishes on a table he improvised out of the back of a seat. He had a large traveling bag with him, and from it he took a bottle of wine.

"We will pledge each other," he said, with a laugh.

"I do not wish any," said Frances.

"Come, don't be churlish! Let us get over the unpleasant part. Drink a toast to your future husband."

"I will not. I will not touch it!"

"Drink—drink my health!" he commanded.

"I will not!"

"I will make you!"

He held the cup in his right hand. With his left he grasped her by the hair. He bent back her head.

"Open your mouth. Swallow the wine. I will choke you!" he cried.

With a powerful effort she wrenched herself free and to her feet, and the wine went to the floor with a smash.

Her eyes were glaring with desperation. She clinched her fist and rained blow upon blow upon his face.

Curses deep and terrible burst from him. He clutched her round the waist and struggled with her. She exerted all her strength. She was like a ferocious tigress. Her nails scratched his face and tore his hair. Her blows cut his lips on his teeth. But he was a powerful man and used his strength against this captive woman. With a gasp she succumbed and sank helpless and exhausted almost in his arms.

"Curse you!" he spluttered between his swollen lips. "I have wasted my kindness on you! I should have starved you. But I will delay no longer. I'll drag you to the priest, and in ten minutes you will be the Princess Neslerov—and my slave for life. I'll break your heart, you devil!"

He closed his arms tightly about her and dragged her from the car. The villagers stared in astonishment as they saw him coming toward them with his burden.

"What means this strange happening, little father?" asked a woman of an older man of the village. "Is the man killing her?"

"Let be!" growled the man. "Use your eyes in your house, but meddle not with others. The man's gold is good. He will not hurt her. She is probably his wife."

Russian wives are accustomed to cruelty from their husbands. A beating is but part of their demonstrations of authority as head of the house. The women looked on with apathy, while the men smiled.

"He has married a Tartar," they said among themselves.

"Help! Save me from this man!" gasped Frances as Neslerov half dragged, half carried her into the nearest group.

"Where is your priest?" Neslerov demanded. "Get him at once. Not only he, but all in the place, will receive pay. Call the priest at once!"

"Save me! I am an American! Gordon—the man who built—the road—is my father!" cried Frances, struggling again.

A bent old man was seen shambling toward them.

"Come," said Neslerov roughly. "This young woman and I are to be married. Hurry. We have been left behind in that car, and to save her good name she must become my wife. Proceed!"

"No! For pity's sake, do not!" cried Frances. "My father will pay you well! Do not compel me to marry him! I hate him!"

"I command you to marry us!" shouted Neslerov.

A tall man of about middle age stepped from the crowd.

"It is wrong," he said. "Who you are I know not, but it is not the way to win a wife. Release the young woman. Let us hear what she has to say."

"What she has to say! Curse you!" howled Neslerov. He did release her for a moment and sprang forward. His fist shot out against the man's face. Without an effort in his own behalf he fell.

"I am Neslerov, governor of Tomsk!" shouted the prince, now perfectly frenzied. "I command you, old dotard, to say the words that will make this girl my wife."

"Please do not!" cried Frances. "He has stolen me from my father! He is a cruel monster! I cannot marry him!"

"He is his excellency, the governor," muttered the old man. "We must obey."

Neslerov seized her by the wrist and swung her toward the priest. The villagers crowded round, awestruck at the great name they had heard. They well knew the governor. Many of them had felt the knout at his command.

"It must be done," again muttered the priest.

"No, no!" cried Frances, trying to wrench away from Neslerov.

A boy slid quietly away from the crowd and ran.

"Stand there, curse you!" said Neslerov, grasping Frances by the hair. The pain of his rude hand on her lovely hair made Frances cry out in terror, pain and shame. "I'll kill you if you move again!"

There was the sound of a quick and stealthy tread. There was a swish in the air. There was a gasp, a murmur from the crowd, which fell back in consternation.

A heavy Russian riding whip swung through the air in an arc and, descending, cut the skin across the face of Neslerov.

"Curse you!" said a hearty American voice. "I'll have your life for this!"

"Jack! Oh, Jack!" cried Frances, and then, the last vestige of her strength deserting her, she fell unconscious into Jack Denton's outstretched arms.

CHAPTER VII.

A DUEL.

NESLEROV recoiled, and the writhing of his face in pain and fury, together with the long red cut made by the whip, gave him the expression of a demon.

"You! You!" he gasped.

"Yes, I!" said Denton. "Fortunately, I arrived in time to foil this dastardly attempt of yours to take advantage of a defenseless girl. I have been riding along the railway from stream to stream examining the bridges. I reached this place on my horse a moment ago. A boy saw me coming and hurried to tell me what was going on. I had no idea I should find a friend in need of help. But, thank God, I was in time."

"You will never leave this place alive!" said Neslerov.

He plucked a revolver from his pocket and aimed at Denton.

A woman standing near held out her hands and caught the form of Frances and bore it into her house. Denton, with flashing eyes, leaped forward and closed with Neslerov.

"It is a battle to the death between giants!" cried a man in the crowd.

The pistol fell from the grasp of Neslerov, and the whip before wielded by Denton dropped to the ground.

The iron fingers of Denton would close on the throat of Neslerov, and it seemed as though the struggle would

And now began a duel.

end that moment, but Neslerov would wrench himself free and leap at his enemy with a curse and growl.

"It is you or I! One of us must die!" cried Neslerov.

A swinging, crashing blow from the American's right hand sent the governor to the ground, where he lay as if stunned.

"Take care of him, somebody," said Denton in Russian. "I don't want to kill him."

He turned without a look at the fallen man and started toward the hut into which Frances had been carried.

"Look out!" cried a woman.

At the cry, which was echoed in the crowd, Denton turned suddenly. The dastardly Neslerov had feigned. He had risen to his feet and was creeping upon his enemy with a dagger drawn.

"Oh, you are an assassin, eh?" said Denton as he drew his revolver. "Let me see if we can't settle you once for all."

While it might be that not one of the villagers sympathized with Neslerov, yet his act was not a crime to them. With their sordid understanding of women having no rights, no freedom, no liberties save what their lords and masters gave them, the men of this place looked upon the eagerness of Neslerov to be married to so beautiful a girl as natural.

One of them, realizing that the governor's safety was necessary to their own, sprang upon Denton and drove a knife through the fleshy part of his arm.

The pistol fell to the earth near that of Neslerov and two villagers picked them up and hid them.

Like a flash Neslerov was upon his unarmed foe, and his knife was raised to strike, but Denton, with a quicker movement, drew a knife from his belt. He had ridden too often over the tundra to go unprepared for enemies, human and otherwise.

And now began a duel the like of which the banks of the Irtish or its branches will probably never see again.

Steel flashed on steel.

The blood from the wound in Denton's arm was flung over the face and clothing of Neslerov, while that from the bruises on the governor's face grew thick and dark, making him truly hideous.

With a grasp as of iron Denton seized the hand of Neslerov that held the dagger, but with a wrench the governor got it away and cut to the bone half the length of Denton's finger.

But the American scarcely felt the wound. He was not fighting now for life, nor for vengeance. He was fighting for that girl who lay in the hut. He knew that if Neslerov killed him and was not killed himself, her life would be made such a hell in the power of this monster of brutality that death would be preferable.

A year ago she had told him she did not and never could love him. It had been a quarrel. She didn't want to get married, and he asked her if his rough exterior, the result of years of hard work in rude and dangerous places, was disagreeable to her. He said there were fine gentlemen at Paris, New York, London and St. Petersburg. She had answered that she knew it. She preferred their company to boors. They parted then and had not met till now.

Denton and Neslerov kept fighting on, the villagers too much aghast to step between or utter a word.

Neslerov felt his right arm getting weaker. Denton's knife had slashed through the sleeve of his coat and found the bone near the elbow. An artery must have been cut, for the blood was thrown from the end of the sleeve. Made desperate, he gathered all his strength for a final effort and sprang bodily upon his foe.

Denton, seeing an opportunity and knowing that nothing but a deathblow seemed likely to end the fight, met the plunge and drove his knife into Neslerov's side.

With another curse, a spluttering of blood and a groan the governor of Tomsk sank to the ground at the foot of his adversary unconscious.

"Take care of him, you fellows; no need to let him die," said Denton, examining the wound. "His lung is not touched. Nothing fatal here, I am glad to say. Here, you!"

The old priest came mumbling toward him.

"You know more about surgery than the rest. Get some water, bathe these wounds, take a few stitches in the long cuts and bandage him up."

"Yes, little father," said the priest, trembling. "But what of you?"

"I can take care of myself."

He strode to the bank of the stream, over which he had but a few months before built a bridge, and bathed his wounds. Then he went into the hut to see Frances, as if nothing had happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOOD FARM Condition Powders

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The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, NOV. 11, 1902.

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COMING EVENTS.

Nov. 18.—East Oxford Local Union, Y. P. S. C. E., South Paris.
Dec. 2.—Annual meeting Oxford County Pomona Grange, South Paris.
Dec. 3-5.—Annual meeting of Maine State Dairymen's Association, Waterville.
Dec. 16-18.—Maine State Grange, Portland.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Blankets.
Bring Your Feet.
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Dr. Austin Tenney.
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Notice.
Horse for Sale.
For Sale.
Twenty-five Dollars Reward.
Notice of Bankruptcy.

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."

GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

The year about to close has been filled with many occasions for thanksgiving. Both the State and the Nation have enjoyed to a remarkable degree the blessings of prosperity. Our harvests have been more than sufficient for our requirements, our wage earners have been well employed, and nearly every material interest has prospered as never before.

In accordance with the custom which has prevailed since the time of the Pilgrims, who set apart a day of thanksgiving after the harvests had been gathered, and conforming to the proclamation of the President, I, John F. Hill, Governor of Maine, hereby designate Thursday the twenty-seventh day of November instant, as a day of Thanksgiving.

On that day let us suspend our usual vocations and in the Church and by the fireside render thanks to Almighty God the Giver of all good, for the many blessings which we have received at his hand. Let the gratitude of our hearts find expression in acts of benevolence and charity, and remembering the suffering and needy let these unfortunate ones also have reason for rejoicing and thankfulness.

Given at the Council Chamber in Augusta, this third day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-seventh.

By the Governor. JOHN F. HILL.

BYRON BOYD,
Secretary of State.

LAST WEEK'S ELECTIONS.

Most of the states of the Union had elections last Tuesday for representatives to Congress and various state officers. While there are some slight surprises in the results, they are in general about what was forecasted. The Republicans retain control of congress, the majority in the house being between twenty-five and thirty, perhaps the last named number. While this is not an overwhelming preponderance, it is a good working majority, and sufficient for all practical purposes. It would have been unfortunate if the house had gone into the hands of the Democrats, with a Republican president and senate. The Republicans, retaining full control of the government, must continue to bear the full responsibility, and will not shirk it.

The Republicans have lost a few congressmen in the East, particularly in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York, and on the other hand they have gained some in the West and Northwest.

In New York, which was the state arousing the most interest, Odell, Republican, is re-elected governor by a plurality of about 12,000. The noteworthy features of the New York vote are the large Democratic majority in Greater New York—nearly 120,000—and the large Republican majority in the rest of the state, both of which exceed expectations. The result is evidently a disappointment to the Democratic managers, as they are raising the old familiar after-election cry of fraud.

While the general result is not so strongly Republican as that of the elections of 1900, there is no reason why it should not be considered satisfactory. It is to be expected that in the "off year" the administration party will show a little less strength than in the presidential year. There is one point, however, that it is well to heed. It is unquestionable that the Democratic party is beginning to recover from the damage done by its lapse into Bryanism, and is getting once more into its normal condition; and provided the Democracy does not again exercise its noted proclivity for blundering, the Republican party must take into account that it will now have to meet a united opposition. This is the situation, and it must be taken into account in future campaigns.

The success of the Republicans in this election makes it morally certain that unless something unforeseen occurs, President Roosevelt will receive a unanimous nomination for president from the Republican convention in 1904. No president since Lincoln has got such a hold upon the people as he has, and he stands so high in their esteem that no other candidate is likely to be seriously considered.

HERE AND THERE.

President Roosevelt has left Washington on a trip of several days west and south. The well-meant advice of those who think it is the president's duty to remain chained to his desk in Washington, and the protests of friendly persons who fear for his personal safety, are alike disregarded by him. He wants to get out and breathe a little fresh air occasionally, and meet the people; and as for personal safety, the measures taken to secure it, at home or abroad, are submitted to by him simply as a necessary evil. No perpetual chaining to a Washington desk, for one who has been reared a Rough Rider!

Boston's "Jack the Slugger" case promises to excel Maine's Sarah Ware case, in the rapidity with which evidence is discovered and then contradicted.

The man who fired at "something moving" in a clump of bushes, and thus instantly killed one of his hunting companions who was the moving object, is said to have been always "very cautious in the use of firearms"!

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.

Frank Andrews is at home on a vacation from Rockville, Conn., where he has a position in a grocery store.

Henry Shaw, son of Mark P. Shaw, got kicked by a horse Monday, in a field near the school house. The hoof struck him on the nose, cutting a gash which required several stitches to close. He is doing well.

Frank Bennett has laid a pipe to bring water into his buildings from the spring near the forks of the road north of his place. The distance is one-half mile. The spring, which is quite well known, runs excellent water, and a lot of it.

On Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Cummings Hall will occur the annual business meeting of the Baptist circle. Officers for the coming year will be chosen. Each lady of the society is expected to be present as committees will be chosen for the annual fair.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 11, at Cummings Hall, the young people of the Christian Endeavor Society will give a Character Costume party and harvest supper. Supper will be served at 6 o'clock. All are invited to come dressed to represent some noted character. A short entertainment and sociable will be given. A cordial invitation is given to every one. Admission 10 cents.

The first Universalist Circle for the winter will be held on Friday evening, the 14th, at Academy Hall. Supper will be served at 6:30. As has been the custom, those not bringing food will be charged 15 cents for supper. A short play, "Sunbonnets," will be given by the young people. Admission 10 cents; dancing 15 cents.

The primary school will close Thursday afternoon. The children will give a short entertainment at 2 o'clock to which all are invited.

Another deer was shot Saturday morning. The name of the man who got it was not learned. He was a Hebron man on his way to Newry for a deer hunt. While driving through the woods on the river road, near where the road goes down to the "burnt piece," he discovered the deer in the bushes and shot it. It was a fawn, weighing not over forty pounds. It has been in that vicinity all the season, and its track, about the size of the end of a man's thumb, ha been frequently observed.

Mrs. Cullen L. Carter has been here for a few days. She left Monday morning for Montclair, N. J., to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Lord of Bangor are at the Hubbard House.

Charles D. McKenney and wife of Auburn visited relatives and friends in town last week, returning to their home Friday.

Lewis B. Brown, who has been engaged in mining in Siberia since his graduation from college, is expected to arrive here Monday afternoon on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Brown.

Mrs. F. E. Shorey and daughter Gertrude of Portland spent Sunday with Mrs. Shorey's parents, H. E. Hammond and wife.

Miss P. N. Andrews has closed her house here, and left Monday morning for Waldo County to visit her relatives there. She will go a little later to Worcester, Mass., to remain for the winter.

WHITTEMORE DISTRICT.

Mr. Herbert Record has put running water into his barn yard from the old well across the road.

The Thayer boys, Mr. C. H. Colby, Mrs. J. B. Drake and Mr. A. O. Wheeler are having the telephone put in.

School closed last Friday with exercises by the school in the evening, also a box supper and sociable. Philip G. Smith was the only scholar who did not miss a day. Elmer Briggs and Arthur Tucker missed two days during the term.

Mr. Fred Shaw and wife have moved over to the Daniels place, as they have hired out to work for Alfred Daniels for a while.

WEST PARIS

At the M. E. church, on Sunday, Nov. 16th, there will be an "Old Fashioned Quarterly Meeting." Services as follows: Roll call and love feast, 9 A. M.; preaching by Presiding Elder, A. S. Ladd, D. D., at 10:30 A. M.; basket dinner at 12 M.; sacrament of the Lord's Supper at 1:30, to be followed by preaching by Rev. B. F. Fickett of Norway; evening service at 7 o'clock, conducted by Rev. B. F. Fickett.

DENMARK.

Miss Mollie P. Davis, daughter of S. G. Davis, Washington, D. C., and Mr. Elwood Pingree, son of Edwin Pingree of this place, were united in marriage at the church Monday evening, Nov. 3d, Rev. Geo. Woodward performing the ceremony. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens. Miss Mollie Berry, Miss Ethel Hilton and Miss Delia Pingree were bridesmaids; best man W. G. Davis. The bride was given away by Miss Clara Davis. After the ceremony a reception was held at the old homestead, where they will make their future home. Many valuable and costly presents were given by their friends and neighbors. Cake and coffee were served to all. Mr. and Mrs. Pingree are now spending their honeymoon in Freeport.

Rev. Geo. Woodward and wife of Freeport are spending a short vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pingree.

Silver Rebekah Lodge, No. 19, by invitation visited Arbutus Lodge, No. 108, Cornish, Thursday evening, Nov. 6, and were highly entertained by that lodge. The work of the degree staff was very fine and the crack teams of the state will have to look out for their laurels or they will lose them.

Mr. Ed Whales is at home on a short visit.

Mr. Fred Sanborn's mill is busy sawing barrel staves for apple barrels.

The farmers are busy having their cider made.

Mr. Geo. W. Gray is able to be out of doors again.

Mr. Fred Wood is reported as being quite sick.

EAST BETHEL.

Indian summer weather is enjoyed by all.

Mrs. N. F. Swan is seriously ill. She is attended by Dr. Twitchell of Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Farwell recently gave an old time husking.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swan are working at Z. W. Bartlett's.

A number of deer have been shot in this vicinity.

The wires have been strung for the telephone and instruments are being put into the homes of Porter Farwell, Z. W. Bartlett, Galen Blake, Geo. Swan, D. W. Cole and a number of others.

OXFORD.

The Parsonage Society has resumed its meetings. The following officers were chosen:

President—Mrs. Frost.
Vice-President—Mrs. Richmond.
Secretary—Miss Evie Parrott.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. H. Hill.

The first meeting was held at Mrs. Frost's on Thursday.

Mrs. Susan Hale will visit her sister, Mrs. Stuart, in Brunswick.

Miss Rosie Hale is passing a short vacation at home.

Rev. Mr. Kenniston of Gorham, N. H., a former pastor, visited friends in town last week.

EAST SUMNER.

Cyrus B. Heald was up from Norridgewock last week on business and calling on old acquaintances.

E. I. Brown who purchased Mr. Heald's farm here is building a stable and making improvements about the buildings. He has brought water into the house by means of piping and will doubtless make other changes. He employs several men and teams in his wood and lumber business, which is quite extensive.

On Tuesday, election day, political campaigners were not the only croakers, as the frogs added their music, as in summer time robins were also heard.

Some repairs are to be made at the Congregational parsonage.

BETHEL.

The funeral of Mrs. Clinton Barker was held Sunday afternoon at her late home on High Street, attended by her pastor, Rev. C. N. Gleason, assisted by Rev. F. E. Barton of the Universalist church.

Mr. C. C. Bryant has purchased of Mr. Spaulding Coburn his residence on Summer Street and his shop on High Street. Mr. Coburn has served the public for years at shoemaking and mending and has many friends who regret that he has decided to make his home in Bridgton.

Mr. Glidden of Aroostook Co. is spending a short time in Bethel calling upon old friends.

The Gould Academy football team has been photographed by our artist, Mr. Vandenkerckhoven.

The freight business at the Grand Trunk station has been very heavy the past month. Large quantities of wood, boards, lumber and shook are being loaded at the car, also apples and potatoes.

A. M. Dunham, of Norway, the snowshoe manufacturer, was in town Friday en route for the lake region. While here he took orders for several pairs of snow shoes.

The ladies of the Congregational society held a cake sale Thursday, which was generously patronized.

Friday evening, the first of a series of suppers and socials was given by the ladies of the Universalist church.

Thursday evening, the students of Gould Academy held a social as a benefit for the football team. Socially and financially it was a success.

The corn shop will open for labeling this week.

Mrs. E. E. Whitney is in Lancaster visiting her sister, Mrs. Spaulding.

The carpenters are all busy repairing and building.

Mr. Harlan Clough, for a long time in the employ of the G. T. R., is at his home in Bethel awaiting orders to go to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where he has secured a fine position as machinist.

WEST BETHEL.

"This is the summer's burial-time.
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And cold upon her rosy prime
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime;
Yet I am not as one that grieves;
For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The Mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes."

Mrs. Elmer Stiles is very sick.

Leon H. Tyler has bought Charles F. Brown's farm in Mason.

Bertie Briggs visited his sisters and brother in South Paris last week.

Mrs. Charles Grover of Albany visited L. D. Grover and family this week.

Lysander Ordway has sold his store and goods to Herbert E. Mason, and has moved to Gilead.

A. J. Haskell is having enough apples hauled to keep his cider mill running and the juice is being sold for five cents per gallon.

Addison S. Bean is repairing the house which he recently purchased and now occupies. E. P. Philbrook is doing the work.

Albert K. Maines, of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting relatives and friends here. He is a manufacturer of automobiles and bicycles, and is doing well in that far distant city.

The present compulsory education law in this state is a puzzle which no one can tell when correctly solved, and causes our most able lawyers to disagree. If a scholar does not become exempt from the law until his or her fifteenth birthday it should have been so worded in the act, and made clear to all.

It has been suggested to us by one of our local poets, now too far advanced in age to win fame and fortune with his pen, that a volume of poems be compiled entitled "The Poets of Oxford County." Our local papers often show that talented writers of verse reside in Buckfield, Paris, Norway, Greenwood, Waterford, Bethel, and other near-by towns, and a collection of their poems would make an interesting work.

EAST WATERFORD.

Alfred Dustin of Philadelphia is visiting his mother, Mrs. Nancy Hilton. He is a native of Waterford.

L. Willis of West Paris is putting up a mill near the Bean bridge. He is to saw lumber for L. E. McIntire and Will Chadbourne, who have large timber lots near.

William Emery has returned from a carriage drive to Poland and Otisfield. His son Will has returned to Rumford Falls to work.

George Keen shot a deer near W. A. Hersey's Tuesday.

E. S. Keen has sold all his cows. He intends to spend the winter with his parents in Bridgton.

Haskell & Rolfe have put hot water pipes into their house.

Mrs. Helen Crooker is visiting her brother, Jonas Atherton.

WILSON'S MILLS.

The heavy rain of the 27th and 28th made a rapid rise of water Wednesday morning. The streams were at a driving pitch.

Mr. Littlefield of Stoneham was in town Tuesday in spite of the rain.

The Berlin Mills Co. are building a store house up the Abbott brook.

Percy Ripley is also building a set of camps there and will move his engine up there and sawing apparatus for the manufacture of river driving tools.

The circle met with Mrs. John Olson Thursday. The members decided to hold a fair and give a chicken pie supper, Nov. 15th.

E. S. Bennett has purchased a pair of heavy horses, grays, for work in the woods.

SUMNER.

O. L. Varney had a husking Nov. 4th.

Mrs. Julia Bowker visited at West Sumner last week.

Arno Austin and family of West Peru visited at O. L. Newell's recently.

E. H. Thompson and E. H. Russell worked on Moses Young's barn last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Torrey, Cora Stackpole and Mr. Otis Shaw have returned to their home in Rockland, Mass.

H. A. Sturtevant and J. F. Davenport have been shingling the back side of their houses.

NORTH PARIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Fuller visited at W. E. Curtis' Nov. 2d.

Capt. and Mrs. G. M. Small visited at E. E. Field's Nov. 6, and brought Mrs. Delia Noonan, a sister of Mrs. Small, who will remain a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwards visited at A. D. Andrews' Nov. 6.

Three or four days of delightful weather makes one wish for more.

Oscar Kimball has hired the saw mill at North Paris for the winter run and is making repairs upon it.

Dr. Wheeler, Nov. 5, was called to G. G. Fuller's to see Mrs. Fuller who was indisposed a few days.

School in the Tuell District closed Nov. 7, a ten weeks' term. The following scholars were not absent a day during the term:

Lizzie Churchill, May Elwell, Keith Field, Iona Littlehale, Edith Littlehale, Bertie Elwell, Ora Field, Eunice Gowell, Walter Littlehale, Lorenzo Littlehale, Carl Nevers.

RETTA C. BERRY, teacher.

Mr. R. A. Stevens is stopping at P. A. Crawford's.

Union revival services are to be held at North Paris, beginning Sunday, Nov. 9th, at the Methodist church, one week. Preaching by Rev. H. A. Brown, solo singing by Mrs. Brown. At the Baptist church one week beginning Nov. 16th, preaching by Rev. R. A. Rich.

DICKVALE.

J. C. Wyman and daughters are attending the Baptist quarterly meeting at East Otisfield.

Mr. Wyman has resigned the office of postmaster at Dickvale and a petition has been sent in for the appointment of Oscar Allen in his stead. Mr. Wyman was our first postmaster and has served twenty-two years.

HARTFORD.

Mrs. Addison Shaw is very sick at the present time.

Luther Whiting from Minot is visiting his friends in Hartford this week.

Foxes are very plenty in this vicinity this year and fox hunters are more so.

The miserable drunken sneak thief who stole a wagon load of our turnips had better skip to Sweden or some other foreign country.

BUCKFIELD.

Wm. Irish is getting over his injury by a fall.

T. H. Lunt went to Mechanic Falls Monday.

H. E. Lynch and wife went to their old home at Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday.

Virgil P. and Mrs. DeCoster left for Farmington to attend the meeting of the State Pomological Society, Monday.

Cyrus Heald of Norridgewock was in town Monday.

Mountain Grange held a session Saturday.

Mr. Fictitious not calling for the liquor seized, it was confiscated.

Mr. Bigelow and housekeeper have moved to Chase's Mills.

Edward L. Parris and wife of New York were over Tuesday from their summer home on Paris Hill.

Philip L. Withington has recently returned from New Brunswick after a wedding trip to Massachusetts, accompanied by Mrs. Withington, until recently Miss Annie M. Devine.

Mrs. C. H. Prince has been called to Waterville by the illness of a grandson, a child of H. C. Prince of the Waterville Mail.

Mrs. Clara Gardner of Sumner is with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Irish.

Social happenings are so meager at the present time I am hard pressed for news. Being short of ammunition I dislike to waste it on too small game.

What do I read? Well, after using up my home stock I go to the Long library and call for a book. The librarian having acquired a pretty thorough knowledge of our eccentricities can select in short order. None of the latter day bob-tailed novels for me. If I read a fictitious tale, (which I seldom do,) I want some kind of a wind up, or some fancied result. If we peruse a biography of a man, or woman, the most essential part is to know the result of their life-work. So with the fictitious, the result is of greater interest than the leading up.

She asked me how a treatise on Hell would suit; I demurred. I met a hornet once, face to face, or rather—

A book by W. D. Howells, descriptive of the works and characters of the literary men of his acquaintance, is very interesting. He has a good word for all, and for such men as Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell, he can scarcely find words of commendation strong enough to suit his taste, and in his pen-pictures I was curious to discover if he would place one a little higher than another, but he kept within the bounds he had set.

Once, many years ago, I knew an old man who was trying in a small way to carry on a manufacturing business, employing two men. In speaking of them in a mechanical way, he said, calling by name, "One is the most ingenus feller I ever see, and the other is more ingenus than he."

And while engaged with Howells, in looking into McClure's, a pleasing coincidence occurs, in personal recollections and appreciations of men of letters by George W. Smalley, concerning some of the same characters mentioned by Howells, placing them on as high a plane, in form a little more breezy perhaps.

And now Charles rises to explain that the Big Four are knocked out entirely, and that we have no quaint characters left, that we have no cute sayings, and the present generation is entirely dependent on a rehash of a former generation's eccentricities.

GREENWOOD.

Some say we are having our Indian summer, and really it is fine weather thus far this week, although Jack Frost reminds us every morning as to the real season of the year.

Various kinds of work are going on including butchering and shingling buildings.

Last Saturday evening A. S. Brooks had a husking bee, comprising both sexes and all ages from old to young. About 40 took supper there, and a first-class time was reported. On the following Wednesday evening Austin Morgan had a similar gathering, and about the same number took supper.

Dea. S. B. Cummings has left his hermitage, and gone to stop with his grandson, George C. Cole, Jr., for the winter. His diseased arm is giving him a good deal of trouble.

S. B. Swan, whose death was reported last week, was the oldest son of the late John and Louisa (Briggs) Swan, and lived the most of his life in this town. He was married about 50 years ago to Sibbel B. Cummings, the union never being blessed with children. His widow and two brothers survive him.

There is a coincidence in connection with the decease, which perhaps may be worth mentioning. On the last day of October, 1898, Mr. Swan was baptized in Twitchell Pond by Rev. Seth Benson, and joined the Greenwood Baptist church, all the members being present on the occasion, except A. J. Ayer, who was too feeble to attend. In just four years from that day Mr. Benson preached his funeral sermon, all the members of the church being present, except Mr. Ayer, who was absent for the same reason as before. The remains were buried in the new cemetery at the Centre, which is situated about midway between the place of baptism and the little chapel in which he received the right hand of fellowship four years ago.

And now we are called upon to relate another fatal accident. It will be remembered that several years ago Edward Estes was married to Dea. R. L. Cole's only daughter, Mattie, the marriage being public and a full report given at the time. He soon moved to Lynn, Mass., and worked at his trade, which was that of a carpenter. The other day the sad news came that he was killed by a fall while at work on an elevator. He leaves a widow to mourn his untimely death, but no children.

There will be no service at the Greenwood City church, Sunday, Nov. 16, on account of the quarterly meeting at the West Paris M. E. church, which see notice of in West Paris items.

HIRAM.

Mrs. Helen B. West, Miss Grace G. West of Boston and Miss Emily H. Sweet of Arlington Heights, Mass., who have boarded four months at Eli C. Wadsworth's cottage, have returned home. The season has been very prosperous with the usual number of boarders.

Mrs. Ellen L. Pierce has bargained her farm to a Mr. Fletcher, of Waterville, and will remove to the village.

Mr. Charles W. Osgood has removed to the Wm. H. Craig house.

Gardner H. Rankin is rushing his force making apple barrels at 35 cents each.

The grange is holding interesting meetings twice a month, on the second and fourth Saturday evenings.

Mr. E. W. Bosworth is repairing the Scammon Hill house.

Frank J. Martin, having sold his farm, will occupy the Hill house.

BROWNFIELD

About 125 relatives and friends, by invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Gatchell of East Brownfield, met with them November 1st to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their marriage, and showed by their presence and by the many beautiful and expensive presents the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Gatchell are held. The interior of the house was artistically and beautifully decorated in green and gold and yellow chrysanthemums. Ice cream, wafers and fruit punch were served.

Mrs. Sarah Johnson accidentally fell into the cellar, fracturing two ribs besides other injuries.

Mr. George Peabody, while working in his clothes horse factory, in removing a belt from a pully caught his arm in the belt, fracturing two bones.

Mrs. Lizzie Hatch is gaining slowly; also Mrs. E. B. Bean.

Miss Adams, an elocutionist, gave a reading Monday evening at Town Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Adams have closed their house for an indefinite time.

FRYEBURG.

Mr. Harry Hubbard has returned from Washington, D. C., and resumed his duties at the station.

Mrs. Mary Warriner Lord of Windham is visiting her mother.

Mrs. Susan Ballard from West Fryeburg is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eckley Ballard.

Mrs. Hastings and Miss Alice left Wednesday for Milwaukee where they will spend the winter with Mrs. Hunt. In the spring Miss Alice intends to go abroad.

BRYANT POND.

There have been a good many improvements and changes in the village this fall.

Almon Hill and Hugh Robinson of Deering are in town this week putting in the Whitelight acetylene gas apparatus to light Edwin Andrews' house, store, post office and hotel. The store and post office were lighted for the first time Thursday evening.

Arthur Ricker has bought the Stephen Rowe stand. It is not known whether Mr. Rowe and daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Whitman, intend leaving town or not, but their many friends are in hopes they will remain in the village, as they have been residents here a good many years, and would be greatly missed.

John Golden, an old war veteran, drove one of Dudley's teams to Rumford Falls Tuesday. The team came back alone about 9 o'clock. Dudley and Jacobs drove back in search of him, and ascertained that he was seen this side of Milton about six o'clock, and that was the last that had been seen of him. They searched and inquired until two o'clock in the morning, and then gave it up until daylight, then started out again. Golden was finally found by Mell Hathaway lying under a tree on Whale's Back. As his overcoat was in the carriage, fears were entertained that he would be chilled, but he merely remarked that it was a pretty frosty night.

Mrs. Mamie Crockett is still on the sick list, but is improving slowly.

Mrs. Mary Farrar is recovering from her injury, but is still very lame. Mrs. Abbie Russell is doing her house work.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Young of Norway have been visiting their relatives here this week.

Arthur Ricker and James Day went to Portland to attend a Masonic meeting Thursday.

Horace Cushman has returned to his work in Berlin Falls.

Archie Felt is stopping at home for the present.

Misses Ola and Mamie Swan of West Paris were guests of Ida Ford Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Mann went to Lewiston Saturday to see a match game of football, going to Lisbon toward night and returning the next day.

Work will commence with a small crew at Mann's mill this week.

ANDOVER.

Married in Andover, Oct. 27, Mr. George T. Farrar and Mrs. Mae Farrington. A grand reception followed.

Rev. Mr. Taylor of Byron preached in the M. E. church last Sunday.

Hon. H. V. Poor and family left town for their home in Brookline, Mass., last Tuesday.

Chas. T. Poor has been appointed road commissioner in place of H. R. Porter resigned. So much wet weather here has made the roads horrid this fall.

The Farrington Brothers have made nearly 5,000 gallons of cider at their mill thus far.

The K. P. members are preparing a drama to play in a few days.

Deer hunting is the favorite sport of the loafers about town. Several have been taken the past week.

George Jordan, a young hunter, shot a large bear a few days ago near the Upper Dam; it had a fine glossy coat and was fat.

Several teams go past here for the woods each day laden with the necessary equipments for logging. Irving Thompson and Bert Dunn are operating on Black Brook; Warren Marston, Will Cole and Herbert Morton each have a contract on Sawyer Brook; Henry Porter and John French are near Bemis logging.

The high price of grain, with no advance on lumber necessitates close figuring to come out with a fat purse in the spring.

The Universalist parish meeting was held in their vestry and the church officers for the ensuing year were chosen.

The Universalist social will be held in the church vestry next Tuesday evening. A chicken pie supper will be served. A cordial invitation to all good men, fair women and innocent children, is hereby extended.

The ladies of the M. E. circle gave an ice cream supper in the Town Hall last night. A good company was present.

The schools are prospering finely.

Judge A. H. Walker of Bridgton was in town several days last week in the interest of his property here.

We hope the Andover Manufacturing Co. will conclude to rebuild in the near future as the loss of the mill is a loss to the town.

LOVELL.

Rev. M. K. Mabry of Turner, who with his wife has been visiting in this part of the county, was at C. K. Chapman's a few days this week. C. K. Chapman, Dr. C. P. Hubbard and E. H. Witham of this place were among his old scholars from 20 to 40 years ago. He was a great school teacher.

Willard McKusick has closed work at D. P. Lord's shop and gone to Denmark.

The apples are being moved quite freely about here, from $1.50 to $1.75 per barrel.

J. D. McDaniels of Bridgton was here this week.

Blanche Heald of Charlestown has been with B. E. Brown and wife at their cottage the past week.

Elwell Andrews shot a good deer recently.

Elmer O. Andrews and Miss Florence Irish, who were recently married, will have a reception at the town hall on the evening of the 19th inst.

NORTH STONEHAM.

Wm. Gammon went to Bridgton Monday to get pipe to put water into his house.

Linwood Sawyer had the misfortune to cut his foot. He was working in the woods for Charlie Adams.

Lydia McKeen of East Stoneham visited her son, H. B. McKeen, Sunday and Monday.

Leonard Gammon carried Frank Carpenter to his home in Denmark Sunday.

H. B. McKeen killed a deer that dressed 150 pounds, and John Adams killed one that dressed 196 pounds.

DIXFIELD

Treat Howard and Olie Payne are the lucky deer hunters this week.

Chester Durell, our popular stage driver, met with a serious accident Tuesday, breaking his leg, and badly spraining his ankle.

Norman Marsh and his bride, *nee* Miss Anna Knapp, were in town Monday.

At a special meeting of King Hiram Lodge, F. and A. M., Nov. 4, District Deputy Don A. Gates installed the following officers:

W. M.—John S. Harlow.
S. W.—J. W. Taylor.
J. W.—N. B. Woodsum.
S. D.—Walter Small.
J. D.—Charles Ricker.
Sec.—John N. Thompson.
Treas.—E. W. Murch.
Chaplain—W. M. Kidder.
S. S.—George Thompson.
J. S.—Charles Towle.
Tyler—T. P. Houston.

NORTH ALBANY.

Last Wednesday night there was a pleasant reception at the town house given by Mr. and Mrs. Newton Moore. There was a large attendance and dancing was indulged in until a late hour. A nice treat of candy, peanuts and raisins was served.

Mrs. Ingraham is visiting friends in town.

HEBRON.

Ira and Henry Bearce were at home from Orono over Sunday.

Mr. Joseph Hibbs' brother and sister, who have been spending some weeks with him, went to their home in Deering this week.

Mr. Will Hibbs of Boston spent Sunday at Mr. Hibbs'.

Miss Grace Bumpus and Herbert Bowman are at home from teaching in Poland for a two weeks' vacation.

Several from Hebron Grange attended Pomona Grange at West Minot Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mather and daughter from Lawrence, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Mather's sisters, Mrs. S. P. and Mrs. H. A. Cushman.

MASON.

School closed Oct. 31 after a very successful term of ten weeks for a two weeks' vacation. The scholars not absent one-half day were:

Elmer Morrill, Marion R. Bean, Fannie M. Westleigh, Francis S. Westleigh.

Mrs. A. H. Kenerson and children are visiting at Douglas Cushing's.

Ernest Morrill is busy looking after men to work in the woods.

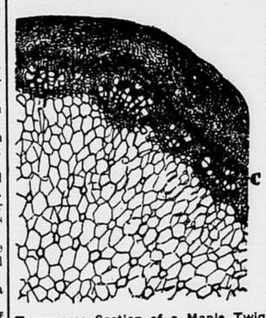
OUR NATIVE TREES

... By ...

THOMAS H. MACBRIDE, Ph. D.,
Professor of Botany, Iowa State University.

I.—What Is a Tree?

TREES in our country are fortunately so common as almost to pass without definition. Everybody knows a tree and knows all about it too. At least he thinks he does. He knows that a tree has an erect persistent stem, widespreading or deep descending roots, waving, far extending branches and abundant leaves, casting in summer a grateful shade, in autumn falling. He knows that trees, some of them at least, bear flowers and fruits and seed, reproducing the species "after their kind." This much everybody knows, and these indeed are some of the patent, obvious features of a tree. Nevertheless, as may be suspected, this is only an outside or surface view of the subject. When we come to inquire how the tree comes to be what it is, how it does all the things that we see it do, how it pushes the roots through the hard ground where a plow can hardly go, how the leaves elaborate its food, how it builds stem and bark and branch and carries pound after pound, ton after ton, away up into the air, how it endures while living summer's drought and winter's cold, not for a few years, but year after year, for centuries and centuries—when we begin to



Transverse Section of a Maple Twig Highly Magnified. C.—The Cambium Line.

think of trees in this way, it is plain that all our surface knowledge counts but little. We are in the presence of a mechanism of wonderful efficiency, but also of great complexity, whose delicate adjustments may tax the cunning of the wisest.

Now, in a few short chapters which constitute this course a complete answer to the problem of the tree or even a complete statement of it is certainly not to be expected. We may perhaps study the problem in some of its simpler aspects, learn a little of the structure of a tree, of its history, and more of its utility and exceeding value to enlightened men and nations.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of the tree is its persistence. Other plants grow, send up stems and leaves and flowers, begin many of the things done by the tree, but these presently perish, survive a few months or years at most and are gone. Only plants of the tree type seem able to accumulate, to carry forward the work of life and make each year contributory to life's perennial triumph. Fortunately this particular property of the tree, taking things as they are, admits of comparatively simple explanation. We find the explanation in so far in the tree's structure, just as in the case of any mechanism we may study the parts and find out how they work and so understand the machine. If we make a thin cross section of the stem of a small tree and lay the section under the lens of a microscope, we shall see something like that shown in the accompanying illustration, which is indeed from a photograph of such a section.

Here the whole section seems made up of little rings. The early observers thought these rings looked like a section of a honeycomb and accordingly called them cells. At a glance we perceive that the rings or cells are not alike. They differ greatly in size and shape. A second glance shows us that the cells fall easily into groups which form together a circle around within the margin. The cells which make up this band or circle are in the growing tree, all living cells and all active, each in its own way. Within the limits assigned us here we may not consider them all, but must pay attention to the very smallest only, those that make up a narrow band, marked C in the figure. It is to these tiniest but ever living cells that the tree of the forest owes its character, its long enduring vigor. Being living cells, these can grow, and by their peculiar way of growing they accomplish three things—they lie between bark and wood, and all the time in the growing season those on the outside become transformed into cells that make up the cortex, ultimately the bark, and are added to its inner surface; those on the inside are in a similar way passing over into the form of the cells of ordinary wood, either to form wood de novo or to be added to the wood already in position; the middle cells of the band simply divide and divide and so keep up a perennial supply of cells of such plastic sort. Here is the secret of the tree's endurance and of its increase in thickness, for we must remember we are studying a cross section of the tree, taken anywhere, and we must therefore conceive these tiny cells to form a living sheath covering the whole tree, lying between bark and wood. In spring we very easily pull the bark from a living tree—a willow, for instance—the separation occurring in the plane of this living but proportionately delicate cell layer. This living, active layer has long been named the cambium. We shall refer to it again.

But let us look at our section again. We may discover still another peculiarity. The border cells arrange themselves in groups, with slight intervals between. The cells of these intervals are continuous with the large cells of the middle, with the pith, or medulla. They may be regarded as at first part of the medulla. They form the medullary rays. They build as they grow verticel plates radiating outwardly from the center of the tree. At first the plates are comparatively few, but as growth proceeds the primary rays are continually re-enforced by others, originating indeed in the persistent cambium and intercalated between those already formed until their number, as may be seen in any bit of wood, as oak, becomes very great. Split a piece of such wood, and the medullary plates appear and shine, called by the artisan "silver grain."

Let us now recapitulate the structures of the stem as we have studied them. In the center of our section lies the medulla, or pith, bounded on the outer side by a ring of forming wood. Next to this outwardly lies the cambium, beyond which, again, is the coftex, the forming structures of the bark. The elements of bark and wood are gathered plainly into groups, and intervening between these several groups, intercepting what would be otherwise a continuous arc, occur the medullary rays.

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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)—3:26 A. M., (daily, Sundays included), 9:20 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. Winkham, 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. 20, 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 Relief Corps Hall.

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

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

N. E. O. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 151, 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. 10367, meets second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Golden Cross Hall.

Mrs. S. F. Briggs visited relatives in Portland last week.

Nathan A. Chase is at home from Rumford Falls for a vacation.

Charles M. Titcomb is here from Rumford Falls for a stay of a week.

Mrs. W. W. Walker of Woodfords is visiting her parents, A. C. Jones and wife.

Master Victor Mills of Bridgton has been visiting his cousin, Mr. Percy Allen.

Mrs. Mary Newell of Sumner has been a recent guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Haynes.

Myron W. Maxim, while hunting Nov. 1st, accidentally shot his pointer and injured him so he had to be killed.

Mrs. Sarah M. Glover has purchased the Lawson Hill stand on Pleasant Street and will make her home there.

C. K. Brooks went to North Bridgton Saturday, to referee the football game between Hebron Academy and Bridgton Academy.

The Charles L. Elder farm near Number Four Hill has been sold to Sylvanus Bean of Minot, who has moved there and taken posession.

Walter H. Swett and family have moved from their place in the village to the home farm occupied for many years by Mr. Swett's father, W. Harvey Swett. The elder Mr. Swett will make his home with them.

That adjourned electric light village corporation meeting comes Nov. 18th, which is Tuesday of next week. And the question is, where are we at? Any nearer to anything than we were three months ago?

A reminder of the coal strike is seen every day, in the number of car loads of slabs and edgings which go down the line on the Grand Trunk. There is more or less of such freight every year, but not generally so much.

The Maine Farmers' Almanac, published by Charles E. Nash of Augusta, makes its appearance at the Democrat office in good season, and the "1903" which is the prominent line on its title page is a reminder of the rapid flight of time.

A church tea and roll-call will be held at the Baptist church Wednesday evening of this week. The tea will be served at 6:45. The roll-call will come at 8 o'clock, and will be followed by a short programme of music and other entertainment.

Most of the schools in town closed Friday. The high school continues two weeks longer, and the grammar school, which was delayed a week in opening, will continue through this week. It is probable that the winter term will open Dec. 1st.

The operetta, "Golden Locks and the Three Bears," is in preparation, to be given under the auspices of the Congregational society about the middle of December. Miss Helen Barnes is cast for the part of Golden Locks. The operetta will be given in connection with the annual fair and sale of the ladies' circle.

The veteran stone layer, A. G. Dudley, is in charge of the work of putting in the foundation for the Universalist church on Pine Street, and a good wall is going in. While they were moving a stone with the derrick Tuesday the cap came off the derrick boom, and it came down with a rush. Fortunately no one was under it, and no damage was done.

There is a South Paris man who might perhaps be induced to buy a good bird dog, as he is short of one just at present. He went into the woods for his first hunting trip, with a dog bought this season, over which he expected to do some good shooting. The first time he fired the dog put his tail between his legs and disappeared, and hasn't been seen since.

Edward St. Peters, variously of Fall River, Auburn and Lynn, according to the person to whom his story was told, was arrested by Sheriff Tucker on the street Wednesday evening, in a somewhat advanced stage of intoxication. The next morning, in the Norway court, he took a sentence of $5.00 and costs. He said he should have to write home to get the money, and went back to jail.

David Bonney, who died Oct. 31st at his home on Pleasant Street, was a long-time resident of Paris. For a number of years he lived on a farm in the Whittemore neighborhood. He had lived in South Paris village, near Norway Pine Grove Cemetery, for the last years of his life. He was a member of the Norway Methodist church, and a highly respected citizen. A widow, a son and a daughter survive him.

A whist party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Morton Thursday evening, at which six tables were filled. Play continued from 8 till 10:30, and refreshments were then served. The first prize went to J. J. Emeley, and the booby prize to Miss Maud Douglass, while a consolation prize was added for R. N. Hall, who at one time during the evening seemed to have a dead sure thing on the booby prize, but later met with so much luck as to lose it. The evening was enjoyed by all.

"Did you ever try to buy a yardstick? And where did you go to get it?" asks a Lewiston lady in an exchange, and then narrates her travels in search of the aforementioned article. The Democrat knows something about it. A while ago the only yardstick possessed by the office got broken, and after vainly endeavoring to buy another, and going without one for a few weeks, we finally succeeded in scaring up a good friend who made us a present of one. Trade in yardsticks is evidently not brisk.

The pupils in the Brick Intermediate School, Miss Susie M. Wheeler teacher, who did not miss one-half day during the term just closed, are as follows:

Harold Cutting,	Carroll Cutting,
Frankie Perkins,	Mildred Ham,
Ethel Barrows,	Louise Sumner,
Earl Bessey,	Mabel Cash,
Stanley Shurtleff,	Roland Haggett,
Ray Jenne,	Merton Hiller,
Angie Thayer,	Geneva Young,
Ida Field,	Elmer Lane,
Bertie Curtis,	Malcolm O'Brien.

Those who missed only one-half day:

Florence Cummings, Wilbur Swan, Cora Wight.

Vacation again!

This is the greatest weather ever—surely Indian summer if such was ever seen.

Rev. and Mrs. M. K. Mabry of Turner have been stopping at Lyman S. Merrill's for a few days.

Advertised letter in South Paris post office Nov. 10, 1902:

Mr. Franklin E. Walker.

Nathaniel G. Bacon, who has been at the town farm for a year or two, died there Thursday at the age of 85 years.

The Bates-Bowdoin football game at Brunswick Saturday drew a large number of the college and sporting men from this place.

Rev. M. K. Mabry of Turner preached at the Methodist church Sunday morning, and Presiding Elder A. S. Ladd, D. D., in the evening.

Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Pottle went to West Paris Monday morning, to attend the meeting of the Oxford Club, which met with Rev. R. A. Rich.

Percy P. Allen, who has been in E. P. Parlin's drug store for some years, finished his engagement there Saturday night. Mr. Parlin will do without a clerk at present.

A Democrat correspondent, during a ramble Sunday afternoon, picked quite a number of dandelions and strawberry blossoms, besides another small yellow flower which he is unable to name.

Register of Probate Park goes Monday afternoon to Rumford Falls to attend the regular November term of Probate Court there on Tuesday. Mrs. Park will accompany him to East Sumner, and make a visit there.

The East Oxford Local Union of Christian Endeavor Societies will meet at the Congregational church in this place Nov. 18th. A good program is in preparation, which will be published next week. Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., is expected to be present.

Harry M. Wheeler of this place has been chosen vice-president of the freshman debating club at Harvard. This election is considered no small honor, as it is out of a class of something like a thousand members, and there were candidates against him from both Andover and Exeter.

The Methodists fed a large number at their harvest supper Friday night, and it was unanimously pronounced an excellent supper. After the supper a short entertainment was given, comprising musical selections by Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. H. E. Wilson and Miss Tolman, and readings by Mrs. Allen, Miss Florence Scothorne, A. E. Morse and Myron Farnum.

Mt. Pleasant Rebekah Lodge have accepted an invitation to visit the Buckfield Lodge Tuesday evening of this week. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Fogg to carry all who wish to go at 50 cents apiece for the round trip, team to leave the post office at 4 o'clock P. M. Let all who possibly can go. It is understood that quite a few will go with their own teams.

While on a visit to his old home at Mason recently, J. Hastings Bean bought a barrel of apples, to be shipped to him by freight. When the apples were shipped, he received a letter saying that as the freight would be no more on two barrels than on one, two barrels had been sent. No charge was made for the second barrel, and Mr. Bean, after looking the situation over, has concluded that the joke is on the Grand Trunk.

The Pleasant Street Primary School closed Oct. 31st. Those not absent one-half day:

Hilda Chandler,	Marion Gray,
Marjorie Chandler,	Arthur Dow,
Willie Abbott,	Freeman Abbott,
Gertrude Howard,	Frankie Thomas,
Beryl Knight.	

Those absent one day only:

Grace Howard,	Gladys Spiller,
Sadie Howard,	Hattie Crockett.

EVA E. WALKER, Teacher.

Shurtleff Primary School closed Nov. 7. Whole number attending, 45. Average number 41. Those not absent one-half day are:

Minnie Cash,	Elsie Holman,
Merton Ellis,	Freelie Witham,
Ralph Ham,	Harold Merrill,
Guy Culbert,	Philip Jones,
Raymond Penfold,	Lovel Churchill,
Wendell Howe,	Nettie Newell,
Verna Howe,	Albert Pratt.

Stevie Clifford absent but one-half day.

EMMA SHURTLEFF, Teacher.

The following pupils of the Shurtleff Intermediate School were not absent one-half day during the term just closed:

Ruth Blood,	Kenneth Witham,
Mildred Scribner,	Leroy Witham,
Myrtle Child,	Clinton McKeen,
Beryl Churchill,	Paul Libby,
Frances Benson,	Robert Parlin,
Kate Cash,	Irving Lowell,
Norris Newell,	Walter Pratt.

Absent only one day:

Clifford Cash,	Eugene Lowell,
Ernest Cash,	Irving Barrows,
Eddie Lowell,	Prescott Pratt.

MERTIE G. WALKER, Teacher.

At the Porter Street primary school, the following pupils have not been absent during the term:

Ruth E. Farrar,	Charlie K. Ripley,
Lila S. Dean,	Ivan N. Walbron,
Ruth M. Bolster,	Philip C. Bolster,
Muril J. Monk,	Ralph C. Andrews,
Marion J. Everett,	Willie L. Frothingham,
Frances I. Cummings,	Clarence Winslow,
Gladys I. Damon,	Harold Abbott,
Marie Newton,	Robert L. Whittle,
Florence Scothorne,	Belle Ames.

Those that were absent one-half day:

Alton M. Porter,	Newell H. Powers,
Mildred Maxim.	

In this issue of the Democrat is published the first of a series of twelve articles on "Our Native Trees," by Thomas H. MacBride, Ph. D., professor of botany in Iowa State University. The series is not a classification and description of our many varieties of native trees—or rather, is not that alone, but is a clear and simple treatise on the general subject of trees, telling us what they are, how they grow, what they do, how they may be preserved, &c. The series of twelve articles will appear one each week until completed.

The Ladies' Social Circle of the Congregational Society will give a supper and entertainment at their vestry Thursday evening, Nov. 13. "Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party" will be given with the following cast of characters, and cannot fail to please:

Jerusha Dow,	Mrs. T. S. Barnes.
Hepzibah Spooner, dea'ss,	Mrs. T. F. Hathaway.
Hannah Pike, old maid,	Mrs. Rose C. Davis.
Jemima Hines, widow,	Miss Sue Wheeler.
Rachel Gray, Quakeress,	Mrs. W. L. Gray.
Patience Peabody, old maid,	Mrs. C. W. Bowker.
Mrs. Simeon Stubbs, gossip,	Mrs Agnes B. Penfold.
Druscilla Thimpkins, lecturer,	Miss Eva Walker.
Charity Cooper, old maid,	Miss Merrie Walker.
Mrs. Deacon Simpkins,	Mrs. W. P. Maxim
Mrs. Aaron Pride,	Mrs. John Chute.
Phebe Miranda Pride,	Miss Olive Mae Stuart.
John Dow,	Ralph Penfold.
Deacon Simpkins,	Frank P. Burbank.
Squire Pride,	W. P. Maxim.
Neighbor Jones,	E. R. Dean.
Preacher Lovejoy,	J. Hastings Bean.

Supper and entertainment 20 cents. Children under 14 at reduced prices as usual.

The last lecture of the People's Lecture Course will be given at the Methodist church this Monday evening by Rev. C. C. Phelan, until recently of Lewiston. Mr. Phelan, who has lectured here a number of times, has not yet announced his subject. The course will close Friday evening with a concert, given by the Alpha Ladies' Quartette of Lewiston, Carl Jean Tolman, organist, and Mr. David of Bates College, reader. The programme will be as follows:

Offertoire, Mr. Tolman.	Batiste.
Greeting waltz, Alpha Quartette.	Macy.
Reading, Mr. David.	Selected.
Life's Merry Morn, Mrs. Miller.	Valley.
Fantasia, Mr. Tolman.	Lemmens.
Sky-Lark, Alpha Quartette.	Bavarian.
Reading, Mr. David.	Selected.
The Gypsies, Mrs. Nevens.	Buck.
Reading, Mr. David.	Selected.
"Annie Laurie," Alpha Quartette.	Buck.
Scherzo, Mr. Tolman.	Grison.

HEBRON'S FOOTBALL RECORD.

The Hebron Academy football team beat Bridgton Academy at Bridgton Saturday, 12 to 0. Hebron has played nine games this year, and has been beaten only by college teams. Bates beat Hebron 10 to 0, and Bowdoin 12 to 6. In only one other game has Hebron been scored on, and no school team has scored on her.

LONG LIBRARY'S FIRST YEAR.

The first annual report of the Zadoc Long Free Library of Buckfield for the year ending August 30th, 1902, is as follows: The Zadoc Long Free Library was opened to the public September 7th, 1901, with 2307 books. 498 books have been given during the year, making whole number at present time 2805.

The number of persons borrowing books 390. The library has been open 101 days, Wednesdays and Saturdays being library days.

The number of books taken each month is as follows: September, 431; October, 698; November, 771; December, 643; January, 750; February, 819; March, 700; April, 704; May, 607; June, 527; July, 616; August, 779.

The whole number of books borrowed during the year, 8045, of which 5274 were fiction, 1896 juvenile works, 437 history and travels, 250 biography and literature, 130 arts and sciences, 58 religion, philosophy and sociology. The amount collected for fees on books kept over-time, $17.70.

The following persons have given books since the library opened: Mr. F. V. DeCoster, 1 volume; Col. A. W. Bradbury, 4 volumes; Dr. C. B. Bridgham, 1 volume; Mrs. Chas. H. Hardy, 2 volumes; Miss A. H. Prince, 1 volume; Mrs. Stephen L. Bartlett, 235 volumes; Miss Caro Nash, 1 volume; Hon. John D. Long, 253 volumes.

Other gifts to the library: Sons of Thomas Chase, heating apparatus; Ladies' Dramatic Club, chandeliers and street lamp; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Spaulding, the furnishings for fire place; P. W. White, pictures of the Long family; Nezinscot History Club, bookcase for reference books; Hon. John D. Long, portrait of himself.

LIZZIE L. ALLEN, Librarian.

MEMORIAL

adopted by William K. Kimball Post, G. A. R., Saturday, November first, A. D. 1902.

Comrade Ethan Willis has gone to his reward. Mustered out here below, he has been mustered in as a member of that grander army above whose joy and privilege it is to serve under the Supreme Arbiter of our destinies. Our loss has been his gain. And while there is some consolation, yet it does not destroy the force of the fact that his comrades of the old war will find it difficult to fill the place in their counsels and hearts left vacant by his death.

Ethan Willis was a typical American citizen, brave, modest, honest and conscientious. Brave, for in the hour of his country's peril, he did not shrink from the storm but rushed boldly to her rescue. Modest, for while never shrinking from any position or responsibilities forced upon him by his convictions, he nevertheless often distrusted his own ability to accomplish great results. Honest, for he was true and faithful according to his light. His honesty of purpose was so transparent and natural that it was scarcely noticed by his fellowmen. Conscientious, for his mind was free from any taint of deception or insincerity. He was not content to disapprove of wrong, he assailed it.

His life was one healthy and useful and in accord with our institutions and we place on record to-day, not only our grief at the great loss we have sustained, but also our gratification that comrade Willis has left so fragrant a life behind him.

"No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand, a comrade in the street."

GEORGE A. WILSON,
FRANKLIN MAXIM,
WINFIELD S. STARBIRD, } Committee.

Voted, That this memorial be published in the Oxford Democrat and that a copy thereof be forwarded to the family of the deceased comrade.

WEST OXFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the West Oxford Agricultural Society was held at Fryeburg Oct. 31st, when the following officers were chosen:

President—J. A. Farrington.
Vice-President—W. H. Wakefield.
Secretary—B. Walker McKeen.
Treasurer—W. R. Tarbox.
Auditor—Wm. Gordon.
Trustees—C. H. Walker, H. D. Harnden of Fryeburg; J. Wesley Perkins, Brownfield; W. B. Dacey, Denmark; Charles R. Bean, Hiram; E. N. Fox, Lovell; S. Lyman Plummer, Sweden; E. L. Pike, Waterford; Sidney Walker, Porter.

In spite of the bad weather during this year's fair, the gate receipts were well toward those of the best year in the society's history, and the debt of the society has been considerably decreased. Preparations are being made to improve the track and build more accommodations for cattle before another year. Amendments to the by-laws were adopted, increasing the life membership fee from $5 to $10 and the annual membership from $1 to $2.

THE OLDEST TWINS.

HIRAM, MAINE, Nov. 8, 1902.

Mrs. Mary Stuart of East Hiram, Maine, and her sister, Mrs. Caroline Boothby of North Leeds, Maine, born in Maine July 25, 1813, are supposed to be the oldest twins in the United States. Will the newspapers pass the item around and see if older ones can be found? Mrs. Stuart is the widow of the late Jedediah Stuart. She has reared ten children of whom three sons and three daughters are living. The twin sisters are in good health and their faculties are well preserved. Mrs. Stuart lost her voice some years since and speaks in a whisper, but always with good, practical common sense. Both ladies are highly esteemed by a large circle of relatives and friends. It is hoped that they may complete their century.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, in the dispensation of Providence, sister Martha Spofford has been called from this earth life to, as we believe, a higher and more perfect life, therefore, be it

Resolved, that we cherish her memory as a good and loyal member of the Woman's State Relief Corps. That we deeply deplore her loss and that an expression of sympathy from the Relief Corps be extended to the bereaved family.

Resolved, that these resolutions be entered in the secretary's book, published in the Oxford Democrat and a copy sent to the family; also that our charter be draped for the period of thirty days.

E. M. CURTIS,
M. E. ABBOTT,
J. A. GARDNER, } Committee on Resolutions.

FLORA A. MAXIM, Sec.

GOOD SWINE STOCK

E. E. Conant of Buckfield is the fortunate possessor of one of those fine young Berkshire boars, such as are bred at Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass. This boar is a son of Manor Poem's Duke XIII, which makes him a grandson of the great imported sow, Manor Poem B. He is also, on his sire's side, a great grandson of the famous show boar, Duke III of Hood Farm. His dam is Hood Farm Highclere XXIV. The improvement in swine stock which will be the result of introducing such blood as this into a herd, should make the breeding of swine a more profitable business for Maine farmers. Hood Farm is doing a good work in making it possible to obtain, at reasonable prices, such richly bred animals.

OXFORD POMONA.

The annual meeting of Oxford County Pomona Grange will be held at South Paris on Tuesday, December 2d, 1902. Programme:

Reports of secretary, treasurer, and finance committee.
Election of officers.
Installation of officers.
Song by Franklin Grange.
Recitation by West Paris Grange
Reading by Frederick Roble Grange.
Music by Paris Grange.

J. A. ROBERTS, Sec.

The State Pomological Society at its annual meeting at Farmington last week, chose the following officers:

President—Z. A. Gilbert, North Greene.
Vice-Presidents—D. F. True, Leeds Centre; H. L. Leeman, East Sangerville.
Secretary—D. H. Knowlton, Farmington.
Treasurer—Charles S. Pope, Manchester.
Auditor—G. M. Twitchell, Augusta.
Executive Committee—President and vice-presidents ex-officio, V. P. DeCoster, Buckfield, C. A. Arnold, Arnold.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Smiley Shoe Store has one of the largest stocks of footwear in the state.

A North Anson man shot a calf for a deer the other day, and the joke of it was that he owned the calf.

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. Fickett, 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.—Norway Lodge.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wildey Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 38, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block every Thursday Evening. U. R., A. D. 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

New earth sidewalk in front of Geo. L. Noyes' on Main Street.

The election returns proved very satisfactory this week.

Miss Helen Alexander of Boston is visiting her cousin, Mrs. E. F. Smith, for a week or ten days.

Stove wood can be purchased at five to six dollars per cord.

The Bassett store building on the tannery lot, Main Street, has been leased and is now occupied by G. F. Stone as a studio.

The Professional Whist Club held its first meeting with Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Bartlett Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Carrie L. Jordan died at her home on Bridge Street Saturday morning after a long sickness. Services Monday morning attended by Rev. B. S. Rideout. Interment at South Waterford. She was born in Hollliston, Mass., in 1836. Her late husband, Edwin J., died in 1893 at North Waterford. She is survived by her six children, Sidney, Llewellyn, Frank C., Fred and Ruby Jordan, and Carrie, wife of F. M. Brown. Mrs. Jordan was a member of the Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F., North Waterford, and a member of the North Waterford Congregational church. She was held in high esteem by a large number of friends and neighbors.

W. R. Kimball is improving his buildings by the erection of a stable.

Merritt Welch of Sanford was in town on a business trip this week.

J. H. Aldrich is employed by E. M. Thomas & Co. repairing shoes, etc.

Large shipments of apples are being made from the Norway station. The apple crop seems to have been very large.

The Safety Rail Joint Co. had on exhibition a sample of its work at the Beal's House this week. It attracted much attention.

A Longfellow Literary Club has been formed for the purpose of studying Longfellow's works. The full membership is twelve.

Mrs. S. P. Harmon, who for some months has been stopping with her son Will, at Mechanic Falls, has returned and is now visiting friends.

A calico ball will be given Dec. 4 at the Rebekah fair instead of the drama as heretofore announced.

Edward St. Peters from Fall River, Mass., was before His Honor on Thursday and fined $5 and costs for intoxication. In default of payment of same he was sent to jail.

C. B. Cummings & Sons were engaged in repairing the steam pipes on Main Street in front of F. P. Stone's store Tuesday.

The second entertainment in the People's Course will be given on Tuesday evening, Nov. 18th, by the Wagner Harp Orchestra at the Opera House.

The promenade at Concert Hall by the Pythian Sisterhood Tuesday evening was attended by about twenty-five couples.

Vivian W. Hills went to Boston Wednesday morning on a business trip. He returned Friday evening.

Stella B. Prince, of the firm of S. B. & Z. S. Prince, was in Boston last week on business.

The new foreman of the cutting room of the Radcliffe Shoe Co. is J. S. Leavitt of Swampscott, Mass.

The Ladies of the Congregational Society will hold their first circle of the season on Wednesday evening, Nov. 12. Supper will be followed by an excellent entertainment.

Wallace W. Sheen has resigned as night watch and G. Albert Morse has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Aaron Paige is supplying for Geo. F. Hathaway at the freight station. Mr. Hathaway's finger is troubling him considerably.

On Nov. 13 the Woman's Relief Corps will give an apron sale and supper at G. A. R. Hall. After the supper a very pleasing entertainment will be an attraction for those who attend.

Sidney A. Stevens of Norway Lake has gone to his daughter's, Mrs. J. Orin Smith's, at Presque Isle, for the winter. Mr. Stevens has passed the summer in town and nearly all the time has been very hard at work surveying.

The vacancy caused by the death of Dea. William S. Pratt in the Baptist church has been filled by the election to that office of Robert Libby.

A very neat sum was realized by the Veranda Club fair and the best is that it will be devoted to chairitable work by the club.

W. F. Jones has hired L. D. Cummings for the winter.

Cyrus Buck had a slight shock a few days ago but is improving.

DISASTROUS WRECKS.

Carelessness is responsible for many a railway wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Cragg of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

WILL INVESTIGATE.

A remarkable case comes to light at Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there by the name of G. W. Roberts had long suffered with incurable cancer. Everybody believed his case hopeless until he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The treatment cured him completely. Now everybody who knows of it is investigating Electric Bitters. It exerts a mighty power to expel biliousness, Kidney and Liver troubles and it's a wonderful tonic for run down systems. Don't fail to try it. Only 50 cts. Satisfaction guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

A RUNAWAY BICYCLE,

Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for Burns, Scalds, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c. at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s, South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

DOESN'T RESPECT OLD AGE.

It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Fever, Constipation all yield to this perfect pill. 25c. at F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

MAINE NEWS NOTES.

Francis J. Breslin of Roxbury, Mass., committed suicide by shooting Thursday night, in Portland, where he had been occupying a small rent for a few months. He was about 45, and unmarried.

Rev. Mr. Hanscom of Bar Harbor, enforcement candidate for sheriff of Hancock County, who contested the election but was turned down by the governor and council, will carry the matter to the courts.

The association to erect a monument to the memory of the late Elijah Kellogg has accumulated quite a fund, and Gen. Chamberlain hopes to see it in place at Harpswell before the close of 1903. Portland also wants a Kellogg monument.

Thursday afternoon, Byron Harnden while busily engaged at Bridgton creamery fell through a scuttle and struck the hard floor of the basement on his head and shoulders, causing severe internal injuries, from which it is feared he will not recover.

Word was received Friday, that Harry Fisher of Smyrna Mills, was mistaken for a deer and shot through the shoulder by Chas. De Long, son of the Smyrna Mills hotel proprietor, about 14 miles from that town. Fisher's wound is not considered serious.

Henry C. Brown of Brunswick, section foreman on the Maine Central, was killed on the morning of the 2d, on the bridge between Brunswick and Topsham. He was on a handcar and a freight train ran him down in a dense fog. He leaves a wife and four children.

W. D. Wilson, while hunting in the woods, some distance from Ellsworth, was mistaken for a deer and shot through the thigh by L. E. Treadwell, a companion. The wound is serious but not necessarily fatal. Wilson was mistaken for a deer last fall and shot through the wrist.

Edward Dostie, a resident of the "Plains" at Waterville, on Monday shot his wife and then himself. Although his wife was hit three times, she will recover. The bullet which he directed at himself went through his brain, and he will die. The couple had separated a short time before.

Herbert Young of Shirley was so badly injured by the accidental discharge of a gun loaded with buckshot that it was necessary to amputate one leg at the knee. The accident happened in a hunting camp. The gun, which was left standing against the wall of the camp, fell over and was discharged.

It looks as though the Grand Trunk would do a bigger business at Portland this winter than ever before. Mr. Hays, the general manager of the road, says that "in addition to getting our share of the crops in the Western States our line to Portland will handle a far greater amount of live stock and dressed meats than it has ever before contracted for."

Job Rines, 55 years of age, was seriously and probably fatally injured at South Portland Wednesday. He is employed as a carpenter by the Portland Ship Building Co., and while at work on the deck of a schooner which was being unloaded, he was struck by a portion of the cargo which had been hoisted out of the hold and swung around. His skull was fractured.

Edward Adams, a blacksmith, was foud dead Thursday morning in the hallway of a house at Waterville. An empty bottle which had contained chloral was found beside the body. Coroner Edwards and City Physician Bunker viewed the remains and deemed an inquest unnecessary, stating that death was due to alcohol rather than chloral. Adams had been on a protracted spree for nearly a month.

For several months 100 men have been at work about the grounds of the Samoset, Rockland, and the Rickers make it plain that they propose to make this hotel and surroundings the best on the whole Atlantic coast. The hotel itself is enlarged, new stables, carriage house, and bath houses built, the extensive oak grove transformed into a fairyland, massive gates erected, new drives laid out, golf links improved and the great easterly lawn, stretching from the hotel to the sea, made level as a billiard table. The Ricker brothers do nothing by halves and the Samoset will not be second to Poland Spring as a great objective point for the highest class of summer travel which comes to Maine.

O. W. Knight of Bangor, in a letter to the Commercial, has something to say regarding the reported discovery of coal in the Fish River region. He says he recently spent five days in this region and made a thorough examination of the alleged coal deposit. The rock formation there is of that type of slate or shale, so common in many parts of the State, containing small pockets and incrustations of a graphitoidal carbon. Instead of being an indication of coal, this formation is the best possible indication that coal does not exist in the vicinity. Mr. Knight is of the opinion that if coal is ever discovered in Maine it will be somewhere in the eastern part of Washington county and that to seek for it elsewhere is a waste of time and money.

A 16-year-old hunter, David Fuller, was shot and instantly killed by a companion Monday, the latter having fired into a clump of alders which were being shaken as if by a moving animal. The fatality occurred at Little Brassua Pond, about three miles from Ashwith Station on the Canadian Pacific road. A party of three, consisting of Mark Fuller and his son David, and Arthur Bagley of Henderson, had been hunting in the woods for two weeks. Monday all three started down a wood road. After a while David struck into the woods, leaving his father and Bagley to follow the path. Suddenly Bagley is said to have fired at a moving object in a clump of alders. Upon hearing the death cry of a human being, Bagley and Fuller ran to the place and found the lad dead. He had been shot through the neck. Bagley has been arrested.

$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.

BORN.

In Oxford, Oct. 30, to the wife of Frank Cotton, a son.

In Norway, Oct. 30, to the wife of Edwin Gammon, a son—Edwin Augustus.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 28, to the wife of John Campbell, a son.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 25, to the wife of Will Kerr, a son.

In Norway, Nov. 3, to the wife of Chester E. Flint, a son.

MARRIED.

In Denmark, Nov. 3, by Rev. George Woodward, Mr. Elwood Pingree of Denmark and Miss Mollie P. Davis of Washington, D. C.

In Brownfield, Oct. 29, by Rev. Newton Clough, Mr. Wesley Rowe and Miss Edith Walker, both of East Brownfield.

In Bangor, Oct. 20, by Rev. W. W. Ogler, Mr. Chas F. Blanchard of Rumford Falls and Miss Annie F. Woods of Bangor.

In Ridlonville, by Rev. C. L. Parker, Mr. Samuel H. Bumpus and Miss Cedora J. Andrews, both of Mexico.

In East Andover, Oct. 28, by Rev. W. E. Purinton, Mr. George Farrar of Rumford and Mrs. Marion Farrington of East Andover.

In Woodstock, Nov. 2, by Alden Chase, Esq., Mr. Eugene F. Haines and Miss Fannie E. Brooks, both of Bethel.

DIED.

In Paris, Nov. 6, Nathaniel G. Bacon, aged 85 years.

In South Paris, Oct. 31, David Bonney, aged 67 years.

In Greenwood, Nov. 5, Eveline E., wife of G. G. Cordwell, aged 65 years.

In Oxford, Oct. 31, George, son of Charles and Jessie Smith, aged 6 months.

In Norway, Nov. 1, Mrs. Caroline L. Jordan, aged 66 years.

In Norway, Oct. 31, infant son of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS;

SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, WEAK STOMACH, and Kindred Diseases — IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER and FEMALE AILMENTS.

Sold everywhere, in boxes, at 10 cents and 25 cents each. Annual sale over 6,000,000 boxes.

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.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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PORTLAND DIVISION.
PORTLAND AND BOSTON LINE.

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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.

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CALVIN AUSTIN, Vice Pres't & Gen'l Manager.

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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.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents 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.

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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.

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.

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

Hundreds of Children and adults have worms but are treated for other diseases. The symptoms are:—Indigestion, with a variable appetite; foul tongue; offensive breath; hard and full belly with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; eyes heavy and dull; itching of the nose; short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; startling during sleep; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

is the best worm remedy made. It has been in use since 1851, is purely vegetable, harmless and effectual. Where no worms are present it acts as a Tonic, and corrects the condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels. A positive cure for Constipation and Biliousness, and a valuable remedy in all the common complaints of children. Price 35 cts. Ask your druggist for it.

Dr. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

Special treatment for Tape Worms. Free pamphlet.

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.

Painkiller

(PERRY DAVIS')

the seaman's friend, for **cholera, cramps or chills.** It acts like magic. **Take no substitute.** Price 25c. & 50c.

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.

THE PUZZLER

No. 334.—Word Building.

Select a preposition of two letters, add one letter at a time and have:

1. An action necessary to support life.
2. A cardinal point.
3. A distinct order in society
4. A fortified building.

No. 335.—Illustrated Rebus.

A quotation from a well known poem.

No. 336—Charade.

A king had many wives,
Of whom my FIRST was one;
He spoiled their happy lives,
Apparently for fun.

And some he sent away,
Of home and friends bereft;
Of some, ere they could pray,
The steel my LAST had cleft.

With each successively
The king found some pretext
To banish them, and he
Would then my WHOLE the next.

No. 337.—Numerical Transpositions.

1. Transpose 2,002 and 100 and get to imitate.
2. Transpose 504 and 6 and get bright.
3. Transpose 1,051 and 50 and get a machine for grinding.
4. Transpose 500, 150 and nothing and get not warm.

No. 338.—Progressive Enigma.

1, a bird.
1, 2, a command to certain beasts of burden.
3, 4, an herb which is very bitter.
5, 6, 7, 8, a business transaction.
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, a city in Massachusetts, famous in colonial days.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, a city famous in the annals of the world long before colonial days.

No. 339.—Riddlemeree.

My first is in even, but not in odd.
My second is in fish, but not in cod.
My third is in can, but not in jug.
My fourth is in beetle, but not in bug.
My fifth is in boat, but not in ship.
My sixth is in ear, but not in lip.
My seventh is in high, but not in low.
My eighth is in run, but not in flow.
My ninth is in gold, but not in lead.
My tenth is in board, but not in bed.
My whole is the name of a celebrated writer.

No. 340.—Lost Syllables.

1. Take the first syllable from territory and leave principal.
2. Take the first syllable from refractory and leave submissive.
3. Take the first syllable from to exalt and leave stately.
4. Take the first syllable from tumult and leave movement.
5. Take the first syllable from a mariner and leave a conjunction.

No. 341.—Some Ships.

My first made my word law.
My second was freighted with love.
My third brought me before the public eye.
My fourth gave me rank and command.
My fifth was freighted with kind wishes.
My sixth bestowed upon me a title.
My seventh gave claim to property.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 326.—Triangles. I.—1. Craft. 2. Rena. 3. Ant. 4. Fa. 5. T. II.—1. London. 2. Osier. 3. Nice. 4. Dee. 5. Or. 6. N.

No. 327.—A Crossword: Brooklyn.

No. 328.—Progressive Enigma: Patented.

No. 329.—A Diamond: 1. B. 2. Has. 3. Halls. 4. Balloon. 5. Sloop. 6. Sop. 7. N.

No. 330.—Maltese Cross:

No. 331.—Tit-tat-toe:

I		
E 1	X 2	O 3
N 4	E 5	R 6
A 7	T 8	E 9

II		
P 1	R 2	I 3
M 4	I 5	T 6
I 7	V 8	E 9

No. 332.—Transpositions: 1. Rope. pore. 2. Pear. reap.

No. 333.—Industrious Ants: 1. Antecessor. 2. Antecedent. 3. Antelope. 4. Anthony's fire. 5. Anthracite. 6. Antic. 7. Anterior. 8. Antique. 9. Antler. 10. Anthem.

BEECHAM'S PILLS—No equal for Constipation.

"Do you think they really have a family tree?" "They must have. There are five girls in the family and they are all peaches."

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.

"To-morrow never comes," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but the day after the night before always does."

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

"What makes you think he would be a great success in politics?" "He can say more things that sound well and mean nothing than any other man I ever knew."

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.

"How do you like the music, Mr. Judkins?" said Miss Parsons. "I'm sorry, but I have no ear for music," he answered. "No," put in Mr. Jasper. "He uses his for a pen rack."

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

One beau doesn't make a marriage.

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.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

CHICKEN AND FOWL

According to Brillat Savarin, "Poultry is for the cook what his canvas is to the painter, or his wonderful hat to the conjurer."

Many housekeepers seem to think that poultry is too costly for their tables, and allow it to appear only on holidays. But much depends on conditions, and when wisely chosen and served, this meat is no more expensive than the choice cuts of beef and mutton, and should appear on our tables in some form once a week. More labor and discretion seem to be required for its preparation, and that may be the reason for its absence from the family menu, even when prices are low.

In some markets little distinction is made between "chicken" and "fowl," but usually the former is much higher in price. Perhaps the average price in Boston markets would be about fifteen cents a pound for fowl and twenty cents a pound for chicken. This, of course, is subject to variation, depending on season, cold storage, etc. At that rate one would obtain four pounds of fowl for what three pounds of chicken would cost. Moreover, there is an average of over forty per cent waste in the chicken, as purchased, and only about twenty-five per cent waste in the fowl.

Three-quarters of the edible portion of the average broiler is water, but less than two-thirds of the fowl. The amount of protein is about the same in the young and the old birds, but fowls contain much more fat, thus making the fuel value of the fowl much higher than the chicken.

For economical serving, we should choose good fowls and cut them up before cooking. The breast-bone, neck, and tips of the wings should be put in cold water and slowly heated. When the water boils, the other pieces are to be put in the kettle. Then cook very slowly until tender, which may require one or three hours, according to the age of the fowl.

For a family of two or three persons, a fowl cooked in this way may be served in several fashions. The two legs, two thigh bones, and two wings may be rolled in flour and browned in hot fat, and served with brown gravy made from part of the broth. The breast may be served hot with white sauce, or cold as a salad with celery and mayonnaise. If any bits of meat are left, they may be combined with the remains of the broth as minced chicken on toast, or if there is too little meat for that, a cream soup may be made.

At this season poultry raisers see to it that all unprofitable birds, those that cannot pay their way by producing eggs, are dressed for the market. Sometimes when it has not been convenient to market dressed poultry, the thrifty farmer's wife has cooked and canned the old hens and surplus roosters, then they were ready to serve at short notice, and grain was not wasted in feeding them. The best results were attained when the cooked chicken was canned with little broth, the liquid fat being used to fill up the jars.

To cut up a fowl for stewing, first remove the pin-feathers with the point of a knife and then singe off the hairs over a flame of gas or burning paper. Remove feet and oil gland. At the neck take out the crop and the windpipe.

The flesh may be cut away from the breast-bone in two large and two small fillets. The gall bag must be detached from the liver without breaking. If the gizzard is cut carefully on the thicker side, the inner portion may be removed without scattering stones.

When we trust to the market men to cut up fowls for us, it is frequently difficult to recognize the different joints, and there are many disagreeable splinters of bone which appear only when the meat is eaten.

The amount of bone and the shrinkage in the process of cooking leaves only about one-third of the original weight of a fowl in meat. That is, when we buy a fowl that weighs three pounds and stew it, and then separate the meat from the bones, gristle, and skin, as we do for a salad or croquettes, we shall have only one pound of clear meat, which has cost us from forty-five to sixty cents, according to the price paid for the bird. There will also be a small amount of broth, but that hardly pays for the work done. If our time is of no value, and we are content to take cold storage or inferior fowl, we may get one pound for thirty to thirty-five cents. The busy housekeeper will find it wiser many times to depend upon a reliable brand of canned chicken for made dishes, even if a pound can does cost fifty cents.

No sensible person would claim that canned chicken was to be chosen in preference to that freshly killed and cooked, to be served plain, but for croquettes, and such dishes as the chartreuse it is perfectly satisfactory. Moreover, chicken canned by an honorable firm is doubtless more wholesome than much of that which has been kept in cold storage. Every housekeeper should have a few of the pound and half pound cans on hand.

Broilers at this season are not beyond the reach of moderate purses; in the early spring they are luxuries.

For roasting we must either have chickens, or steam the fowls after they are cooked and before they are roasted.

Only young chickens are to be chosen for broiling. They are split down the back, and frequently a portion of the backbone and the "pope's nose" is removed; the breast-bone is flattened, and to prevent contraction while cooking and to keep the bird in good shape the leg and wing joints may be partly divided. Then the bird should be cleaned, dried, and brushed over with melted butter and broiled, inside first, rather slowly that it may be cooked through without scorching. Often it is wiser to finish the process in the oven. After the bird is well browned under the flame of the gas stove, it can be put in the oven to finish, and the gas turned out, since the oven will be already heated by the broiling done underneath.

The birds to roast must be cleaned inside, the same organs being removed as when a fowl is cut up, before cooking. If one has first divided a fowl for stewing and noted the position of the inner organs, it is a simple matter to dress a bird for roasting.

STUFFING FOR ROAST FOWL.

For each cup of crumbs, either cracker or bread, allow one ounce of butter, one level teaspoon of mixed herbs, one-half teaspoon of salt, and a little pepper. Melt the butter, add the crumbs, and mix thoroughly. Moisten slightly with either milk or water. For a crumbly stuffing use twice as much butter and no liquid.

CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP.

In one pint of chicken stock cook one-fourth cup of chopped celery and onion for fifteen minutes, or season with celery salt and onion juice. Mix the stock with an equal quantity of hot white sauce made in the usual way. Season, strain, and serve.

For a garnish use fine chopped parsley or yolks of eggs rubbed through a strainer.

CHARTREUSE OF CHICKEN.

Line a buttered mold with a half-inch layer of boiled rice. Fill with cooked chicken chopped or cut in small pieces, season well, and moisten with stock and beaten egg, using one egg to every cup of meat. Cover with the rice and steam for half an hour, or longer if the mold is large.

Turn out on a platter and around the mold pour a tomato or curry sauce.—American Kitchen Magazine.

USEFUL HINTS.

To take stains out of knives, take a piece of raw potato, dip it into brick dust, and scour the blades with it.

To boil cream the day before enhances the richness of the coffee into which it is poured.

Milk is better for being kept over night in small tins, than if a large quantity is kept over in one vessel.

It is said that raw eggs and milk are a sure remedy for poison of any kind taken into the stomach.

Red tablecloths keep their color if a little borax is added to the rinse water and they are dried in the shade.

If the skin of fowls peels easily it is a sign of youth. If the spurs of chickens are over 1-4 inch long don't buy them—it indicates old age.

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.

Lack of money makes the man, and much of it the fellow.

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.

When the worst comes to the worst we have to make the best of it.

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.

"She's not as pensive as she was before you married her." "No; she's expensive now."

There is one rational way to treat nasal catarrh; the medicine is applied direct to the affected membrane. The remedy is Ely's Cream Balm. It restores the inflamed tissues to a healthy state without drying all the life out of them and it gives back the lost senses of taste and smell. The sufferer who is tired of vain experiments should use Cream Balm. Druggists sell it for 50 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York, will mail it.

Intelligence supports more families than intellect.

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.

In dressing a chicken one should make a clean breast of it.

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.

During a freshet the river is likely to become headstrong.

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.

Musicians on a strike evidently think they have come to a rest.

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.

As soon as the sick shoemaker is able to work he is on the mend.

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

If we could see ourselves as others see us mirrors would be a drug on the market.

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.

The queer things that a bachelor doesn't know are no fault of his women friends.

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.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but ugliness is bone and marrow deep.

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.

Hermits are not the only torpid liver.

We must go from heated rooms to the cold outer air, and the change sets us coughing. Curing winter colds is not hard if you take Allen's Lung Balsam. A neglected cold is troublesome and dangerous.

Men are architects of their own misfortunes.

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.

For every wise thing in law some lawyer has a fool reason.

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.

If gray hairs were the sign of wisdom not one man in a million would have any.

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.

A man who has got out of his first love affair feels like the man who has fallen over a precipice without breaking any bones.

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.

Lawyer's suits are sometimes misfits.

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.

The Smorgasbord.

The Swedes use the smorgasbord as a whet for dinner or supper. The smorgasbord consists of a side table furnished with bits of fish, ham, meat and other things. The fish is nearly sure to be raw. You may eat it in morsels, with hard boiled eggs or with oatcake or bread. There are also butter and cheese and pickles, and you are supposed to vary the entertainment with one or two glasses of corn brandy—a very different spirit to cognac—which may be contained in vessels like tea urns, with taps needing to be turned.

Anglo-Saxons at first acquaintance are prone to imagine that it is all the meal. In this matter I have heard a gentle waitress reproach a countryman of mine inferentially in a way that ought to have staggered his heart. The ignorant gentleman went from one little dish to another and, like a swarm of locusts, left nothing in his track.

He also tossed off the thimblefuls of corn brandy as if they had been so much lemonade. "Monsieur," murmured the girl at length, "your dinner is ready." And she pointed to his soup, which smoked for him at the dining table proper.—All the Year Round.

If Two Worlds Should Meet.

Our world is spinning through space at a speed of over 1,000 miles per minute, says an astronomer. Should it come in collision with a globe of equal size going at the same rate of speed, what would be the result? The very best thinkers of the age tell us that heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform both of the colliding bodies into gigantic balls of vapor many times their present circumferences. Some have thought that in case the center of the earth is composed of solid and colder matter than is the generally accepted belief this might not be the case, but after searching all the leading authorities I must admit that I cannot find a more appropriate "finis" than the following, which is from an eminent scientist: Should such an unheard of event occur the heat generated would be sufficient to melt, boil and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times the bulk of both the colliding worlds—in other words, an ice planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

The Sun Myths.

It was in Bayard Taylor's day that the sun myth had its vogue. One night at a party Taylor was greatly bored by the persistent efforts of a guest to discuss sun myths. No matter what direction the conversation might take, this person would ruthlessly drag it back again to his favorite topic.

At last the distressed poet raised a very interesting question in regard to the threadbare subject. "Did you ever think," he asked, "that the name Smith, so common all over the world, is derived from sun myth?" No one had ever dreamed of such thing. Max Muller had overlooked the point completely.

"Quite possible; certainly most plausible," said Taylor. "Sun myth, Sumyth, Smyth, Smith, and some still spell the name with a y." The discussion was ended.

No Cause For Alarm.

Rev. Mr. Brown, a man of less than medium stature, possessed a high, squeaky voice. Not long ago he was invited to exchange pulpits with a minister in a neighboring city. The church in which he was to preach was much more imposing than the home chapel, says Lippincott's Magazine. Arriving early, he peered from behind the pulpit and watched what he considered an immense congregation with trepidation.

As the last notes of the organ voluntary died away his little head popped up from behind the desk, and without a word of warning he piped out, "It is I; be not afraid."

Obliging.

At a musicale where a priest was a guest a young woman with a robust soprano voice did most of the entertaining. She was very proud of her accomplishments and her musical education. She sang songs in German, Italian, French and English. When she appeared to have exhausted her repertory and the company present were wishing for a change in the programme, the clergyman paid her some compliments and added:

"Why, Miss Jones, I think you could sing ad infinitum."

"I really don't know it," responded the obliging young woman, "but if the music is here I'll try it."—New York Times.

Growing Walking Canes.

Few men who use walking canes are aware that the growing of walking stalks is a special industry and that certain kinds of canes are not merely collected as they may be found growing in forests. One may find at any store where the sticks are sold many canes of almost precisely the same length, weight, shape and material. Canes having a tangle of roots at the handle, for instance, are much sold in England. They are grown by a "farmer" who makes it a specialty to trim and shape young ash plants.

The Astute Salesman.

An astute salesman was enjoined by his employer to be strictly honest, but to sell goods. Next day the salesman displayed some new fabrics, saying to the lady shoppers, "Here is some calico that looks just like silk." But they turned up their noses scornfully. The following day he said to the same shoppers, "Here is some silk that is made to look like calico," and they bought every yard of it. This shows us that we should use due judgment as to which end of a truth is first presented. —Judge.

A Manager.

A golfing magazine tells this story of a man who applied for the secretaryship of a club.

"You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men."

"In that case," answered the applicant sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."

He was bunkered.

Thwarted.

Mrs. Gabble—Mrs. Kraft has been married ten years, I'm sure. I wonder how old she was when she married.

Mrs. Bizzy—I tried to find that out the other day.

Mrs. Gabble—What did she say?

Mrs. Bizzy—I asked her at what age she was married, and she said, "At the parsonage."—Philadelphia Press.

Three of a Kind.

This conversation was heard on a coster's holiday at the luncheon hour: The young hopeful complains, "I say, muvver, ain't I goin' to 'ave any 'am?" "Don't say 'am, Billy; say 'AM." The father of the family, listening with evident scorn, nudged a cultured brother. "They bof finks they're sayin' 'AM."—London Globe.

Find sense in blockheads, honesty in rogues, speak well of everybody, and your fortune is as good as made.—Beaumarchais.

Judicious Advertising.

Every man must blow his own horn nowadays, and judicious advertising is the great horn that enables many to make themselves heard in the din of competition.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Can't Stand It.

Constant backache—
Tired all the time.
Nerves on edge.
Distressing Urinary troubles.
Hard to keep up
With any Kidney ills

Doan's Kidney Pills

Relieve the aches of a bad back promptly—cure all Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Mr. J. E. H. Townsend, of Townsend Bros., carriage manufacturers, of 19 Jefferson street, Beddeford, Me., says: "We used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family, and found them a most valuable remedy. There are so many useless remedies on the market that when one is found which experience proves does what is claimed for it, it is a pleasure to endorse that preparation. I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at John Berry's drug store, under Hotel Thacher, and the satisfactory results obtained warrants me in making the above statement."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold at all drug stores; 50 cents. 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, 7¼ 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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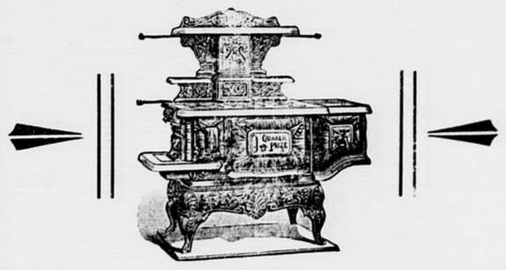

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