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 Oct., in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three. 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. 1903, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

MARY P. CULLINAN, late of Norway, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by George H. Cullinan, son.

JERE H. WINSLOW, late of Paris, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Ella W. Burbank and Lizzie A. Winslow, the executrices therein named.

ANN R. RAY, late of Paris, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by James S. Wright, the executor therein named.

LEWIS H. REED, late of Mexico, deceased; petition for allowance out of personal estate presented by Abbie S. Reed, widow.

CHARLES M. CHASE, non compos mentis, of Dixfield; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by A. C. Harlow, guardian.

MOSES F. SPAULDING, late of Sumner, deceased; final account presented for allowance and petition for order of distribution of balance remaining in his hands presented by Lewis H. Bisbee, administrator.

LURA DEAN, late of Oxford, deceased; final account presented for allowance also petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by Roscoe F. Staples, administrator.

JAMES SMITH, late of Norway, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by J. Orin Smith, the executor therein named.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—attest:

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

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 Oct., in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three. 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 Rumford Falls on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1903, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

ALBERT LECLAIR, non compos mentis, of Rumford; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Joseph O. Gagnon, guardian.

CHRISTIAN ALFELT, late of Rumford, deceased; petition for the appointment of Tewksbury L. Sweat or some other suitable person as administrator, presented by Anders Ohlsson, father.

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

EMMA M. SWIFT, 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. 20th, 1903. JAMES S. WRIGHT.

NOTICE.

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

ADELINE E. BARRETT, late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased. 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 20th, 1903. BENJAMIN SPAULDING.

NOTICE.

The subscribers hereby give notice that they have been duly appointed administrators of the estate of

WALTER W. BARNES, late of Andover, 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.

LLOYD E. BARNES, DANIEL W. BARNES. Oct. 20th, 1903.

NOTICE.

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

KENDALL SWIFT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, deceased. 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. 20th, 1903. ELLEN M. SWIFT.

NOTICE.

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

HARVEY S. CORBETT, 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. 20th, 1903. EVERLINE C. CORBETT.

NOTICE.

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

JOSIAH S. HODGDON, late of Peru, 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. 20th, 1903. W. H. EASTMAN.

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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Dairy Economy.

In no branch of farming is there such deplorable waste and shortsightedness as in dairying; such a large amount of labor for so small a result and that result, too, of a very indifferent quality. Some farmers of to-day are barely existing who ought to be in comfortable circumstances and this with only the same facilities as they now enjoy. A quaint old Yankee used to have the habit of saying, "It is mighty important to have the right idea of things to start with." One day a young bull tackled the old man in his barnyard. Uncle Sam grabbed the bull by the tail and gave him a severe lashing with a heavy whip which he happened to have in his hand. His bullship soon gave up the fight and was glad enough to get away. Uncle Sam said very quietly: "He's sort o' young and foolish; you see he didn't have the right idea of me an' other things to start with."

The idea of trying to put both beef and milk into the same animal is a humbug. If your object is the production of beef, select animals of the beef type, that will gain in flesh rapidly and economically; but if you are keeping cows to produce cream, by all means stick to the dairy cow. The Jersey is my choice and all experimental tests of the different breeds give the Jersey cow the honor of making the most butter at least expense and quality unexcelled. It is very poor economy to milk a so-called dual purpose cow four or five years, knowing that she is not a rich milker, and give as a reason for so doing, that she will be worth something when we want to sell. We allow that the beef cow may be worth $10 or $15 more to the butcher or cow trader when we get through with her, but all tests and experiments prove that the Jersey will give a net profit of $15 or more in one year above that of the heavier animal.

If we could actually double the dairy product of our town and also get a higher price than we now do,—and if to do this we need not keep more, but fewer cattle, at less cost for feed, for attendance and barn room,—would it not alter the whole aspect of dairy matters? We must increase our products and profits as well, and one way of making more profit is to follow the teachings of all our dairy schools and colleges. They continually tell us to "Lessen the cost of production." How is this to be done? By starving our cows? Far from it. But by keeping a better class of cows, feeding and caring for them better, and using more skill and care in making our butter. We thus increase our output, and, at the same time, we lessen the cost of production. Feed generously and of suitable material. In the interest of economy I believe the silo a necessity, by the use of which we can keep up the milk flow through the winter much more cheaply than with hay only.

The man of wealth has the "sinews of war" with which to carry on his enterprise, and we all know what plenty of capital means in business. If united with brains and perseverance, it means assured success. The plain farmer, on the other hand, may not have the capital, but he generally has a good farm, where land value is low and taxes are low, and he has comparatively little outlay for labor; and if possessed of the brains and perseverance may develop a profitable dairy business, even under adverse circumstances and with the very plainest surroundings. My start in farm life and dairying was made under the latter conditions and at times I felt, to use a homely saying, that I was "between the devil and the deep sea." But I have pinned my faith to the dairy cow and time will tell whether or no I have the brains and perseverance to succeed. Every man must be his own school master. He must direct his own mind. If he refuses to make provisions for himself whereby he can secure a supply of good ideas, then he is to blame. Too many of us feed our hogs to the verge of cholera, and starve our minds. We must have a contact with ideas if we expect to secure them. We must get near to the fire if we expect to be warmed. Again we are reminded of the old proverb, "As a man thinketh, so is he."—Edgar H. Merrill in Maine Farmer.

Manures and Soils.

FALL PLOWING.

There are many advantages in plowing land late in the fall for spring crops, says Practical Farmer. If the deepening of the plowing and the subsoiling of the land is the object it can better be done then than at any other time, for the subsoil is seldom in a state that admits of the use of the subsoil plow in the early spring. Whether subsoiling will be of advantage or not will depend on the nature of the soil. A flat, heavy clay soil that needs drainage will never pay for subsoiling. A deep sandy soil does not need it. But high rolling land which is inclined to wash into gullies and has a hard clay subsoil right below the ordinary run of the plow will be immensely improved by a deep loosening of this subsoil. The red clay uplands of the South have washed into gullies because they have been plowed shallow, and when the torrential rains of the South fall the shallow plowed soil soon becomes of a creamy texture, and the only place for it to go is down hill. And down hill it goes, leaving the red subsoil bare and forming a gall that soon deepens into a gully. But if the soil is more deeply plowed, and the subsoiler follows, loosening the clay to a depth of fifteen or more inches, there is a body of loose soil that will take up the hardest rain without moving. Then if we add to this a shallow and flat culture during the growing season, we form no furrows to gather a head of water to break over and go down hill. With deep breaking, subsoiling and flat cultivation which would give no chance for a head of water to gather, there would be no need for terraces, for we believe that the terrraces have caused more gullies than they have prevented.

But there are limitations to the value of the fall plowing. In the far North, where the ground remains frozen all winter and snow covers the land, the deep fall plowing can be made to mellow the land finely for the spring planting without any replowing in the spring, and thus much labor can be saved in the busy season. But in the middle states, where there is alternate freezing and thawing, and snow disappears at times, and there is far more rain than snow, the leaving of the plowed land bare all winter will result in a great leaching of nitrates from the land. Hence, while the fall ploughing and subsoiling will be of great advantage, they should always be accompanied with the sowing of some winter cover crop like rye or wheat or crimson clover, that will be at hand to catch the fleeting nitrogen, and save it in the form of organic matter to return it to the soil in the spring.—Mirror and Farmer.

The resignation of Dr. G. M. Twitchell as President of the Maine Poultry Association because of poor health and inability to attend to the many duties, places the directing forces of the next exhibition in the hands of the able Vice President, Prof. E. E. Peacock, Kent's Hill, and it is a pleasure to learn that he is able to arrange his duties so as to take charge. Under his guidance the success of the winter exhibition in January is assured.—Maine Farmer.

The Cost of Producing Milk.

Of course the cost depends upon the kind of a cow one keeps. It costs as much to keep a poor cow as a good one, and the average cow produces only one-half the milk a good one does. Hoard's Dairyman calls attention to the experience of one of the oldest and best dairymen on this subject:

"At the Wisconsin Dairymen's Convention, last winter, Mr. Gurler exhibited a table showing the cost to him of keeping his cows and the amount of milk produced. A stable of 50 cows showed a milk production of 5,708 pounds per cow, the cost of feed was $41.06 per cow, making the feed cost of milk to him a trifle less than 72 cents per 100 pounds. The best four cows in this stable of 50 cows produced 9,098 pounds of milk each, and the cost of feed was $44.95 per cow, making the food cost of milk just about 50 cents per 100 pounds. The four poorest cows averaged 3,020 pounds of milk and cost of feed was $33.96 per cow, making the food cost of milk with these poorest more than $1 per hundred pounds.

"It is however, not to be forgotten that the feed was charged to these cows at market prices—such as was bought, at what it cost delivered at the barn, such as was raised, at what it would bring in market, and no account was made of the benefit to be obtained from the residual manurial value of these feeds in keeping up the fertility of his farm. This is an item too frequently forgotten by dairymen. It shows, however, very distinctly in the difference there is in producing capacity of farms where stock is kept to consume what is raised on the farm and some purchased feed in addition, and those where all the hay and grain is sold off in the public market.

"It is estimated that this manurial value of feeds is more than ample to offset the expense in time and labor of caring for a herd of cows and their product. Therefore, if a man, by keeping cows, can sell his grain to them, and make their product yield him what his grain would sell for in the market, he is doing quite as well as he would not to keep cows. Indeed, he is doing better, for he saves the expense of hauling his grain and hay to market. Whatever his cows pay him over and above the market value for his feeds is so much profit.

"It should not be forgotten, however, that there is no excuse for keeping cows that do not more than pay market prices for the feed they consume. The best four cows in Mr. Gurler's stable enabled him to sell his feed at more than double the current market price for feeds last year when all kinds of feed were so high in price. Mr. Gurler keeps 200 or 300 cows in order to supply the demand for his milk in Chicago. In the nature of the case, he has to buy a great many of these cows, and some of them turn out poorly as shown above, but he keeps a record of what each cow produces, and one may be very sure he does not keep a cow the second year that does not promise to pay him well for the feed she consumes. Every dairyman should keep a record with every cow, know just what she is doing, and then he can dispose of the poorer cows and give the better ones a chance to show a better average."—Mirror and Farmer.

The Garden and Orchard.

LOW HEADED FRUIT TREE.

Some forty years ago I helped to gather the apples from trees that were so tall that it took two men to put up a ladder long enough to reach the top of the trees. After the ladder was placed in position one man would go up with a handle basket that had a rope attached to it, fill it and let it down for the other man to empty into a barrel, writes N. B. White in American Gardening. This slow and expensive process led me to the conclusion that the top of an apple tree should be grown nearer to the ground, and, having some young stocks in my garden of suitable size to graft, the next spring I commenced my experiment of low head for apple trees.

I grafted fifty trees. The scions all formed a union and made a good growth, and the following spring I cut them back to about 6 inches from the ground, leaving 4 to 6 buds, and from those buds the branches for the future top, or head, were produced.

With a great deal of interest I watched them as from year to year they advanced towards fruiting. When they were three years old, I offered some of them for sale, as I had not room for all of them, but no one would buy. "Too low!" they said. They wanted trees that they could plow under. In vain I stated the advantages of having them low down, but it was of no use. The people wanted apple trees up out of the way, so I planted out most of them myself.

The trees made fine growth, and are in bearing condition now, and seem good for forty years more. Those trees, I think, were the first ever grown especially for low heads in this country. Orchardists are now, and have been for several years, drifting towards that medium of training. Still there are many who object to it, and it is for these doubting Thomases that I am prompted to pen this article.

It might be difficult to state just which is the most important. The great saving of expense and the great ease and comfort in gathering the fruit is certainly an important one. Another is the great convenience in spraying, pruning and thinning fruit.

Again, if an apple drops to the ground it is not ruined by the fall. Another great gain, and perhaps the greatest advantage of all when the life of the tree is considered, is the protection given to the roots from the hot sun in summer. Trees thus protected make a better growth, and seem more healthy and, as I believe, will endure much longer.—Mirror and Farmer.

The Maine Potato Crop.

The Kennebec Journal while naturally feeling local pride in its own county writes in a good natured tone regarding the claims of Aroostook for supremacy in the yield of potatoes. It says:

"The champions of Aroostook County have been stirred up a bit over the potato stories that have appeared in the Journal and the statement that other sections of the state were raising as many bushels to the acre as Aroostook. They insist that Aroostook is still right side up, and that there is nothing else in the state to compare with it. They are bringing on their figures to back up their statements, too. One man up in the Aroostook valley has 40 acres of potatoes, and has dug 1200 barrels of market potatoes from 8 of them. These have paid for the whole crop, and the other 32 acres will be clear profit. Another man has raised 875 barrels on six acres, and still another, 119 barrels on a half acre, which is over 650 bushels to the acre. The same man selected 21 tubers which weighed a bushel, the old starch factory bushel, 63 pounds, and they were not pronged monstrosities like the fur coat winners here, either, but perfectly smooth and handsome. The Aroostook man says there isn't room in Kennebec county for potatoes to grow to that size without tacking on ells and additions wherever space can be found."

Where cows are kept up a good part of the time the stable should be cleaned at least twice a day. Cows are the neatest animals in the world if they have a chance to be. They do not enjoy the bad odors from unclean stables, and will contract disease if compelled habitually to inhale them.

The days only strengthen the conviction that where the potato fields have been properly cared for and thoroughly sprayed throughout the season a large crop of superior quality will be harvested entirely free from rust and rot.—Maine Farmer.

ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER I.

UNDER THE CHERRY TREE.

UP to the days of Indiana's early statehood, probably as late as 1825, there stood, in what is now the beautiful little city of Vincennes on the Wabash, the decaying remnant of an old and curiously gnarled cherry tree known as the Roussillon tree, le cerisier de Monsieur Roussillon, as the French inhabitants called it, which as long as it lived bore fruit remarkable for richness of flavor and peculiar dark ruby depth of color. The exact spot where this noble old seedling from la belle France flourished, declined and died cannot be certainly pointed out, for in the rapid and happy growth of Vincennes many landmarks once notable, among them le cerisier de Monsieur Roussillon, have been destroyed and the spots where they stood, once familiar to every eye in old Vincennes, are now lost in the pleasant confusion of the new town.

The old, twisted, gum embossed cherry tree survived every other distinguishing feature of what was once the most picturesque and romantic place in Vincennes. Just north of it stood, in the early French days, a low, rambling cabin surrounded by rude verandas overgrown with grapevines. This was the Roussillon place, the most pretentious home in all the Wabash country. Its owner was Gaspard Roussillon, a successful trader with the Indians. He was rich, for the time and the place, influential to a degree, a man of some education, who had brought with him to the wilderness a bundle of books and a taste for reading.

It is not known just when Vincennes was first founded, but most historians make the probable date very early in the eighteenth century, somewhere between 1710 and 1730. In 1810 the Roussillon cherry tree was thought by a distinguished botanical letter writer to be at least fifty years old, which would make the date of its planting about 1760. Certainly, as shown by the time stained family records upon which this story of ours is based, it was a flourishing and wide topped tree in the early summer of 1778, its branches loaded to drooping with luscious fruit. So low did the dark red clusters hang at one point that a tall young girl standing on the ground easily reached the best ones and made her lips purple with their juice while she ate them.

That was long ago, measured by what has come to pass on the gentle swell of rich country from which Vincennes overlooks the Wabash. The new town flourishes notably and its appearance marks the latest limit of progress. Electric cars in its streets, electric lights in its beautiful homes, the roar of railway trains coming and going in all directions, bicycles whirling hither and thither, the most fashionable styles of equipages from brougham to pony phaeton, make the days of flintlock guns and buckskin trousers seem ages down the past, and yet we are looking back over but a little more than 120 years to see Alice Roussillon standing under a cheery tree and holding high a tempting cluster of fruit, while a short humpbacked youth looks up with longing eyes and vainly reaches for it. The tableau is not merely rustic; it is primitive.

"Jump!" the girl is saying in French. "Jump, Jean; jump high!"

"Yes, that was very long ago, in the days when women lightly braved what the strongest men would shrink from now.

Alice Roussillon was tall, lithe, strongly knit, with an almost perfect figure, judging by what the master sculptors carved for the form of Venus, and her face was comely and winning, if not absolutely beautiful; but the time and place were vigorously indicated by her dress, which was of coarse stuff and simply designed. Plainly she was a child of the American wilderness, a daughter of old Vincennes on the Wabash in the time that tried men's souls.

"Jump, Jean!" she cried, her face laughing with a show of cheek dimples, an arching of finely sketched brows and the twinkling of large blue gray eyes.

"Jump high and get them!"

While she waved her sun browned hand holding the cherries aloft, the breeze blowing fresh from the southwest tossed her hair so that some loose strands shone like rimpled flames.

The sturdy little hunchback did leap with surprising activity, but the treacherous brown hand went higher, so high that the combined altitude of his jump and the reach of his unnaturally long arms was overcome. Again and again he sprang vainly into the air comically, like a long legged, squat bodied frog.

"And you brag of your agility and strength, Jean," she laughingly remarked, "but you can't take cherries when they are offered to you. What a clumsy bungler you are!"

"I can climb and get some," he said, with a hideously happy grin, and immediately embraced the bole of the tree, up which he began scrambling almost as fast as a squirrel.

When he had mounted high enough to be extending a hand for a hold on a crotch Alice grasped his leg near the foot and pulled him down, despite his clinging and struggling, until his hands clawed in the soft earth at the tree's root, while she held his captive leg almost vertically erect.

It was a show of great strength, but Alice looked quite unconscious of it, laughing merrily, the dimples deepening in her plump cheeks, her forearm, now bared to the elbow, gleaming white and shapely, while its muscles rippled on account of the jerking and kicking of Jean.

All the time she was holding the cherries high in her other hand, shaking them by the twig to which their slender stems attached to them and saying in a sweetly tantalizing tone:

"What makes you climb downward after cherries, Jean? What a foolish fellow you are, indeed, trying to grabble cherries out of the ground, as you do potatoes! I'm sure I didn't suppose that you knew so little as that."

Jean, the hunchback, was a muscular little deformity and a wonder of good nature. How long he might have kept up the hopeless struggle with the girl's invincible grip would be hard to guess. His release was caused by the approach of a third person, who wore the robe of a Catholic priest and the countenance of a man who had lived and suffered a long time without much loss of physical strength and endurance.

This was Pere Beret, grizzly, short, compact, his face deeply lined, his mouth decidedly aslant on account of some lost teeth, and his eyes set deep under gray, shaggy brows. Looking at him when his features were in repose a first impression might not have been favorable; but seeing him smile or hearing him speak changed everything. His voice was sweetness itself, and his smile won you on the instant. Something like a pervading sorrow always seemed to be close behind his eyes and under his speech; yet he was a genial, sometimes almost jolly, man, very prone to join in the lighter amusements of his people.

"Children, children, my children," he called out as he approached along a little pathway leading up from the direction of the church, "what are you doing now? Bah there, Alice, will you pull Jean's leg off?"

At first they did not hear him, they were so nearly deafened by their own vocal discords.

"Why are you standing on your head with your feet so high in air, Jean?" he added. "It's not a polite attitude in the presence of a young lady. Are you a pig, that you poke your nose in the dirt?"

Alice now turned her bright head and gave Pere Beret a look of frank welcome, which at the same time shot a beam of willful self assertion.

"My daughter, are you trying to help Jean up the tree feet foremost?" the priest added, standing where he had halted just outside of the straggling yard fence.

He had his hands on his hips and was quietly chuckling at the scene before him, as one who, although old, sympathized with the natural and harmless sportiveness of young people and would as lief as not join in a prank or two.

"You see what I'm doing, Father Beret," said Alice. "I am preventing

"Jump high and get them!"

a great damage to you. You will maybe lose a good many cherry pies and dumplings if I let Jean go. He was climbing the tree to pilfer the fruit, so I pulled him down, you understand."

"Ta, ta!" exclaimed the good man, shaking his gray head; "we must reason with the child. Let go his leg, daughter, I will vouch for him; eh, Jean?"

Alice released the hunchback, then laughed gayly and tossed the cluster of cherries into his hand, whereupon he began munching them voraciously and talking at the same time.

"I knew I could get them," he boasted, "and see, I have them now." He hopped around, looking like a species of ill formed monkey.

Pere Beret came and leaned on the low fence close to Alice. She was almost as tall as he.

"The sun scorches today," he said, beginning to mop his furrowed face with a red flowered cotton handkerchief, "and from the look of the sky yonder," pointing southward, "it is going to bring on a storm. How is Mme. Roussillon today?"

"She is complaining as she usually does when she feels extremely well," said Alice. "That's why I had to take her place at the oven and bake pies. I got hot and came out to catch a bit of this breeze. Oh, but you needn't smile and look greedy, Pere Beret, the pies are not for your teeth!"

"My daughter, I am not a glutton, I hope. I had meat not two hours since—some broiled young squirrels with cress, sent me by Rene de Ronville. He never forgets his old father."

"Oh, I never forget you either, mon pere. I thought of you today every time I spread a crust and filled it with cherries, and when I took out a pie, all brown and hot, the red juice bubbling out of it so good smelling and tempting, do you know what I said to myself?"

"How could I know, my child?"

"Well, I thought this: 'Not a single bite of that pie does Father Beret get.'"

"Why so, my daughter?"

"Because you said it was bad of me to read novels, and told Mother Roussillon to hide them from me. I've had any amount of trouble about it."

"Ta, ta! Read the good books that I gave you. They will soon kill the taste for these silly romances."

"I tried," said Alice. "I tried very hard, and it's no use. Your books are dull and stupidly heavy. What do I care about something that a queer lot of saints did hundreds of years ago in times of plague and famine? Saints must have been poky people, and it is poky people who care to read about them, I think. I like reading about brave, heroic men and beautiful women, and war and love."

Pere Beret looked away with a curious expression in his face, his eyes half closed.

"And I'll tell you now, Father Beret," Alice went on after a pause, "no more claret and pies do you get until I can have my own sort of books back again to read as I please." She stamped her moccasin shod foot with decided energy.

The good priest broke into a hearty laugh, and, taking off his cap of grass straw, mechanically scratched his bald head.

Although, as Father Beret had said, the sun's heat was violent, causing that gentle soul to pass his bundled handkerchief with a wiping circular motion over his bald and bedewed pate, the wind was momently freshening, while up from behind the trees on the horizon beyond the river a cloud was rising blue black, tumbled and grim against the sky.

"Well," said the priest, evidently trying hard to exchange his laugh for a look of regretful resignation, "you will have your own way, my child, and"—

"Then you will have pies galore and no end of claret!" she interrupted, at the same time stepping to the withe tied and peg latched gate of the yard and opening it. "Come in, you dear, good father, before the rain shall begin, and sit with me on the gallery" (the creole word for veranda) "till the storm is over."

There was not a photographer's camera to be had in those days, but what if a tourist with one in hand could have been there to take a snap shot at the priest and the maiden as they walked arm in arm to that squat little veranda! The picture today would be worth its weight in a first water diamond. It would include the cabin, the cherry tree, a glimpse of the raw, wild background and a sharp portrait group of Pere Beret, Alice and Jean the hunchback. Each of us can see them, even with closed eyes. Led by that wonderful guide, imagination, we step back a century and more to look over a scene at once strangely attractive and unspeakably forlorn.

What was it that drew people away from the old countries, from the cities, the villages and the vineyards of beautiful France, for example, to dwell in the wilderness, amid wild beasts and wilder savage Indians, with a rude cabin for a home and the exposures and hardships of pioneer life for their daily experience?

Men like Gaspard Roussillon are of a distinct stamp. Take him as he was. Born in France, on the banks of the Rhone near Avignon, he came as a youth to Canada, whence he drifted on the tide of adventure this way and that, until at last he found himself, with a wife, at Post Vincennes, that lonely picket of religion and trade which was to become the center of civilizing energy for the great northwestern territory. M. Roussillon had no children of his own; so his kind heart opened freely to two fatherless and motherless waifs. These were Alice, now called Roussillon, and the hunchback, Jean. The former was twelve years old when he adopted her, a child of Protestant parents, while Jean had been taken, when a mere babe, after his parents had been killed and scalped by Indians. Mme. Roussillon, a professional invalid, whose appetite never failed and whose motherly kindness expressed itself most often through strains of monotonous falsetto scolding, was a woman of little education and no refinement; while her husband clung tenaciously to his love of books, especially to the romances most in vogue when he took leave of France.

M. Roussillon had been, in a way, Alice's teacher, though not greatly inclined to abet Father Beret in his kindly efforts to make a Catholic of the girl, and most treacherously disposed toward the good priest in the matter of his well meant attempts to prevent her from reading and rereading the aforesaid romances. But for many weeks past Gaspard Roussillon had been absent from home, looking after his trading schemes with the Indians, and Pere Beret, acting on the suggestion of the proverb about the absent cat and the playing mouse, had formed an alliance offensive and defensive with Mme. Roussillon, in which it was strictly stipulated that all novels and romances were to be forcibly taken and securely hidden away from Mlle. Alice; which, to the best of Mme. Roussillon's ability, had accordingly been done.

Now, while the wind strengthened and the softly booming summer shower came on apace, the heavy cloud lifting as it advanced and showing under it the dark gray sheet of the rain, Pere Beret and Alice sat under the clapboard roof behind the vines of the veranda and discussed what was generally uppermost in the priest's mind upon such occasions, the good of Alice's immortal soul—a subject not absorbingly interesting to her at any time.

"Ah, my child," he was saying, "you are a sweet, good girl, after all, much better than you make yourself out to be. Your duty will control you. You will do it nobly at last, my child."

True enough, Father Beret, true enough!" she responded, laughing. "Your perception is most excellent, which I will prove to you immediately."

She rose while speaking and went into the house.

"I will return in a minute or two," she called back from a region which Pere Beret well knew was that of the pantry. "Don't get impatient and go away!"

Pere Beret laughed softly at the preposterous suggestion that he would even dream of going out in the rain, which was now roaring heavily on the loose board roof, and miss a cut of cherry pie—a cherry pie of Alice's making! And the Roussillon claret, too, was always excellent. "Ah, child," he thought, "your old father is not going away."

She presently returned, bearing on a wooden tray a ruby stained pie and a snort, stout bottle hanked by two glasses.

"Of course I'm better than I sometimes appear to be," she said almost humbly, but with mischief still in her voice and eyes, "and I shall get to be very good when I have grown old. The sweetness of my present nature is in this pie."

She set the tray on a three legged stool which she pushed close to him.

"There, now," she said, "let the rain come. You'll be happy, rain or shine, while the pie and wine last, I'll be bound."

Pere Beret fell to eating right heartily, meantime handing Jean a liberal piece of the luscious pie.

"It is good, my daughter, very good, indeed," the priest remarked with his mouth full. "Mme. Roussillon has not neglected your culinary education." Alice filled a glass for him. It was Bordeaux and very fragrant. The bouquet reminded him of his sunny boyhood in France, of his journey up to Paris and of his careless, joy brimmed youth in the gay city. How far away, how misty, yet how thrillingly sweet it all was! He sat with half closed eyes awhile, sipping and dreaming.

The rain lasted nearly two hours, but the sun was out again when Pere Beret took leave of his young friend. They had been having another good natured quarrel over the novels, and Mme. Roussillon had come out on the veranda to join in.

"I've hidden every book of them," said madame, a stout and swarthy woman, whose pearl white teeth were her only mark of beauty. Her voice indicated great stubbornness.

"Good, good; you have done your very duty, madame," said Pere Beret, with immense approval in his charming voice.

"But, father, you said awhile ago that I should have my own way about this," Alice spoke up with spirit, "and on the strength of that remark of yours I gave you the pie and wine. You've eaten my pie and swigged the wine, and now"—

Pere Beret put on his straw cap, adjusting it carefully over the shining dome out of which had come so many thoughts of wisdom, kindness and human sympathy. This done, he gently laid a hand on Alice's bright crown of hair and said:

"Bless you, my child. I will pray to the Prince of Peace for you as long as I live, and I will never cease to beg the Holy Virgin to intercede for you and lead you to the holy church."

He turned and went away, but when he was no farther than the gate Alice called out:

"Oh, Father Beret, I forgot to show you something!"

She ran forth to him and added in a low tone:

"You know that Mme. Roussillon has hidden all the novels from me."

She was fumbling to get something out of the loose front of her dress.

"Well, just take a glance at this, will you?" and she showed him a little leather bound volume, much cracked along the hinges of the back.

Pere Beret frowned and went his way shaking his head, but before he reached his little hut near the church he was laughing in spite of himself.

"She's not so bad, not so bad," he thought aloud; it's only her young, independent spirit taking the bit for a wild run. In her sweet soul she is as good as she is pure."

CHAPTER II.

A LETTER FROM AFAR.

ALTHOUGH Father Beret was for many years a missionary on the Wabash, most of the time at Vincennes, the fact that no mention of him can be found in the records is not stranger than many other things connected with the old town's history. He was, like nearly all the men of his calling in that day, a self effacing and modest hero, apparently quite unaware that he deserved attention. He and Father Gibault, whose name is so beautifully and nobly connected with the stirring achievements of Colonel George Rogers Clark, were close friends and often companions. Probably Father Gibault himself, whose fame will never fade, would have been today as obscure as Father Beret but for the opportunity

"Here is a letter for you, father."

given him by Clark to fix his name in the list of heroic patriots who assisted in winning the great northwest from the English.

Vincennes, even in the earliest days of its history, somehow kept up communication and, considering the circumstances, close relations with New Orleans. It was much nearer Detroit, but the Louisiana colony stood next to France in the imagination and longing of priests, voyageurs, coureurs de bois and reckless adventurers who had Latin blood in their veins. Father Beret first came to Vincennes from New Orleans, the voyage up the Mississippi, Ohio and Wabash in a pirogue lasting through a whole summer and far into the autumn. Since his arrival the post had experienced many vicissitudes, and at the time in which our story opens the British government claimed right of dominion over the great territory drained by the Wabash, and, indeed, over a large, indefinitely outlined part of the North American continent lying above Mexico, a claim just then being vigorously questioned, flintlock in hand, by the Anglo-American colonies.

Of course the handful of French people at Vincennes, so far away from every center of information and wholly occupied with their trading, trapping and missionary work, were late finding out that war existed between England and her colonies. Nor did it really matter much with them, one way or another. They felt secure in their lonely situation, and so went on selling their trinkets, weapons, domestic implements, blankets and intoxicating liquors to the Indians, whom they held bound to them with a power never possessed by any other white dwellers in the wilderness. Father Beret was probably subordinate to Father Gibault. At all events the latter appears to have had nominal charge of Vincennes, and it can scarcely be doubted that he left Father Beret on the Wabash while he went to live and labor for a time at Kaskaskia, beyond the plains of Illinois.

It is a curious fact that religion and the power of rum and brandy worked together successfully for a long time in giving the French posts almost absolute influence over the wild and savage men by whom they were always surrounded. The good priests deprecated the traffic in liquors and tried hard to control it, but soldiers of fortune and reckless traders were in the majority, their interests taking precedence of all spiritual demands and carrying everything along. What could the brave missionaries do but make the very best of a perilous situation?

But if the effect of rum as a beverage had strong allurement for the white man, it made an absolute slave of the Indian, who never hesitated for a moment to undertake any task, no matter how hard, bear any privation, even the most terrible, or brave any danger, although it might demand reckless desperation, if in the end a well filled bottle or jug appeared as his reward.

Of course the traders did not overlook such a source of power. Alcoholic liquor became their implement of almost magical work in controlling the lives, labors and resources of the Indians. The priests, with their captivating story of the cross, had a large influence in softening savage natures and averting many an awful danger, but, when everything else failed, rum always came to the rescue of a threatened French post.

We need not wonder, then, when we are told that Father Beret made no sign of distress or disapproval upon being informed of the arrival of a boat loaded with rum, brandy or gin. It was Rene de Ronville who brought the news, the same Rene already mentioned as having given the priest a plate of squirrels. He was sitting on the doorsill of Father Beret's hut when the old man reached it after his visit at the Roussillon home and held in his hand a letter which he appeared proud to deliver.

"A batteau and seven men with a cargo of liquor came during the rain," he said, rising and taking off his curious cap, which, made of an animal's skin, had a tail jauntily dangling from its crown tip, "and here is a letter for you, father. The batteau is from New Orleans. Eight men started with it, but one went ashore to hunt and was killed by an Indian."

Father Beret took the letter without apparent interest and said:

"Thank you, my son, sit down again; the door log is not wetter than the stools inside; I will sit by you."

The wind had driven a flood of rain into the cabin through the open door, and water twinkled in puddles here and there on the floor's puncheons. They sat down side by side, Father Beret fingering the letter in an absent minded way.

"There'll be a jolly time of it tonight," Rene de Ronville remarked; "a roaring time."

"Why do you say that, my son?" the priest demanded.

"The wine and the liquor," was the reply. "Much drinking will be done. The men have all been dry here for some time, you know, and are as thirsty as sand. They are making ready to enjoy themselves down at the river house."

"Ah, the poor souls!" sighed Father Beret, speaking as one whose thoughts were wandering far away.

"Why don't you read your letter, Father?" Rene added.

The priest started, turned the soiled square of paper

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

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SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, NOV. 10, 1903.

ATWOOD & FORBES,

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Coming Events.

Nov. 10-12.—Maine State Pomological Association, Auburn.
Nov. 17.—Semi-annual meeting of East Oxford Local Union, Y. P. S. C. E., Paris Hill.
Nov. 26.—Thanksgiving.
Dec. 1-2-3.—Annual Meeting, Maine Dairymen's Association, Dover.
Dec. 8.—Annual meetnig of Oxford Pomona Grange, South Paris.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Outing Flannel Gowns and Underskirts.
Ideal Wrappers.
Long Belt Overcoats.
Cold Weather Has Come.
Decorated Lamps.
Petition for Pole Rights.
Do Not Dose the Stomach.
Help for Your Throat.
Dr. Austin Tenney.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The season is at hand when, according to the custom of our people, it falls upon the President to appoint a day of praise and thanksgiving to God.

During the last year the Lord has dealt bountifully with us, giving us peace at home and abroad and the chance for our citizens to work for their welfare unhindered by war, famine or plague. It behooves us not only to rejoice greatly because of what has been given us, but to accept it with a solemn sense of responsibility, realizing that under heaven it rests with us ourselves to show that we are worthy to use aright what has thus been entrusted to our care. In no other place and at no other time has the experiment of government of the people, by the people, for the people, been tried on so vast a scale as here in our own country in the opening years of the twentieth century. Failure would not only be a dreadful thing for us, but a dreadful thing for all mankind, because it would mean loss of hope for all who believe in the power and the righteousness of liberty. Therefore, in thanking God for the mercies extended to us in the past, we beseech Him that He may not withhold them in the future, and that our hearts may be roused to war steadfastly for good and against all the forces of evil, public and private. We pray for strength and light, so that in the coming years we may with cleanliness, fearlessness, and wisdom, do our allotted work on the earth in such manner as to show that we are not altogether unworthy of the blessings we have received.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general Thanksgiving, Thursday, the 26th of the coming November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations, and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks unto Almighty God for His manifold mercies.

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

Done at the City of Washington, this 31st day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-eighth.

[Seal] THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President: JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

Words with the Roosevelt Stamp.

Two recently published declarations of President Roosevelt have deservedly attracted much attention. That they are genuine can not be doubted by any American who notes their directness, their incisiveness, and the devotion to duty without consideration of personal consequences which they manifest. This honest, outspoken fearlessness may not be good "policy," from the professional politician's standpoint, but it will prove the best in the long run, for it is just the quality which makes President Roosevelt so much admired by the American people, and which will make sure his nomination and election next year. The first declaration mentioned is in answer to Senator Gorman's invoking the race issue:

If I could be absolutely assured of my election as President by turning my back on the principles of human liberty as enunciated by Abraham Lincoln, I would be incapable of doing it.

I do not expect to be elected President by the trust promoters who are fighting for special privileges, nor by the radical labor union men who would shut out all other men from an opportunity to work, nor by those who would close the door of hope against the colored man as a citizen. They are all demanding special privileges, which cannot be recognized by the President, whose oath of office binds him to execute the laws for all alike and recognize none as above the law. If I am elected to this high office it must be on my record as the executor of the law without favors or discrimination.

The other is a private letter, not intended for publication, written to a congressman who had interviewed him in behalf of a man who was in danger of indictment in connection with the post office department frauds. The letter, omitting names, is as follows:

White House, Washington,
October —, 1903.

My dear Congressman:

The statement alleged to have been made by the inspector that I "ordered" the indictment of ——, or any one else is a lie—just as much a lie as if it had been stated that I ordered that any one should not be indicted. My directions have been explicit, and are explicit now. Any one who is guilty is to be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and no one who is not guilty is to be touched. I care not a rap for the political or social influence of any human being when the question is one of his guilt or innocence in such a matter as to the corruption of the Government service.

I note what you say, that the circulation of this report about me may alienate the support of many of ——'s friends from my administration. Frankly, I feel that any one who would believe such a story must be either lacking in intelligence, or else possessed of malignant credulity. If any one is to be alienated from me by the fact that I direct the prosecution of Republican or Democrat, without regard to his political or social standing, when it appears that he is guilty of gross wrong doing,—why, all I can say is, let him be alienated.

If District-Attorney —— has anything which should be known to the Attorney-General or to me as regards this suit, I should be delighted to see him. But frankly, I have not the slightest desire to see him if his visit is to be in the interest "of the welfare of the party," or of my "success." In a case like this, where the crime charged is one that strikes at the foundations of the Commonwealth, I should hold myself unfit for this office if I considered for one moment either my own welfare, or the interest of the party, or anything else except the interests of justice. Respectfully, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Elections.

Elections were held on Tuesday of last week in twelve states. The results so far as they have any bearing upon national politics are generally favorable to the Republicans. There was perhaps as much general interest, at least in the eastern section of the country, in the New York city election as in anything else. New York is the largest and most important city on the continent. Its government has for two years been taken away from Tammany, and put into the hands of a reform administration with Seth Low as mayor. The result shows that Tammany can not be kept out of the city government for more than one term at a time. With practically the entire pulpit and press of the city actively supporting Low, Col. George B. McClellan, the Tammany candidate, was elected mayor of Greater New York by a majority of 63,000. Col. McClellan is the son of the distinguished general of the same name, and is a pleasant gentleman against whom nothing is said except that he is the candidate of Tammany, and that his election puts that corrupt organization in power once more in New York city.

As bearing upon national politics, the result was of special interest in Ohio, where Tom Johnson, the Democratic candidate for governor, has been making a whirlwind campaign. The Republican plurality in that state is over 125,000, and the return of M. A. Hanna to the United States Senate is assured by a Republican legislative majority of over 100.

In Massachusetts the Democrats made the most vigorous campaign for years, and seemed to expect that they were going to accomplish something, but Governor Bates, Republican, had a plurality of 36,000, or only about 1000 less than last year.

Rhode Island re-elected Governor Garvin, Democrat, by a small plurality, and chose a state government and legislature otherwise Republican. Governor Garvin's election is understood to be due to his personal popularity.

Pennsylvania and Iowa give Republican majorities even larger than usual. Kentucky and Maryland are Democratic. The reports from Mississippi do not even specify the size of the Democratic majority.

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. Junior C. E. at 2:30 P. M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7:30 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E. Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Covenant Meeting the last Friday before the 1st Sunday of the month at 2:30 P. M. All not otherwise connected are cordially invited.

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

Fred W. Shaw and family have been visiting the family of his brother, Ernest F. Shaw, at Kennebunk, for the past week.

O. A. Thayer received returns a few days since from his apples which were shipped to Liverpool. The lot in which they were sent sold the best of any that have gone into that port, and they netted him $2.33 per barrel.

The schools observed the close of the fall term with a supper and entertainment in Cummings Hall Friday evening. An oyster supper was furnished to the scholars only, and apparently they thoroughly enjoyed it. A good number of parents and others came in for the entertainment, which included recitations and dialogues, and songs with illustrative motions by the little folks. All was well done, and the audience was liberal with its applause. Following the entertainment, a donkey party afforded much amusement.

The semi-annual meeting of the East Oxford Local Union of Christian Endeavor Societies will be held at the Baptist church in this place Nov. 17th. Day and evening sessions. Morning session opens at 10:45.

The two Sunday Schools will unite in the observance of Christmas, the Baptist school having extended an invitation to that effect which the Universalist school has accepted.

A social gathering for the benefit of the children of the Universalist Sunday School will be held at Academy Hall next Saturday evening, opening at 7:30. Light refreshments will be served, and a general good time, without an extensive fixed programme, will be in order. Admission will be free to the members of the Sunday School; to others the price of admission will be 10 cents. Everybody will be welcome.

Miss May of Boston, who has been at The Beeches for several seasons, has bought a piece of land of several acres off the Brooks farm south of the Beeches, and it is understood will build a house there.

Mr. C. H. C. Wright of Harvard, who spent most of the summer at Paris Hill, has been here over Sunday, and it is understood that he has bargained with Charles B. Andrews for the purchase of his house, the S. P. Maxim place, about a mile and a half east of the village. Mr. Wright a few weeks since bought a portion of what was formerly the Maxim farm.

The members of the Baptist Ladies' circle are requested to meet with Mrs. Lydia S. Hammond, Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, for the election of officers and transaction of other necessary business.

Andover.

Lone Mt. Grange, P. of H., No. 131, held a meeting October 31st. A contest was participated in between the married and single members. The entertainment of single members was held first with the following numbers on the program: Duet, Misses Elliott and Burgess; original poems, Barbara Cushman and Arabella Elliott; declamation, Sidney F. Abbott; music, Margery Burgess; readings, Walter Bailey, Margery Burgess, Harry Merrill and Barbara Cushman; essay, Rev. Samuel Holden; song, E. M. Bailey and Rev. Mr. Holden. The married members' program included: original poems, Mrs. Olney Burgess, Chas. Andrews, John F. Talbot and Wm. Perkins; music, Mrs. John F. Talbot; essay, Mrs. George W. Abbott; readings, Mrs. Chas. Andrews, both Mr. and Mrs. John L. Bailey, Mrs. Chas. Lovejoy, George W. Abbott, Mr. Chas E. Cushman; recitation, Mr. Walter Howe; song, Mesdames Merrill and Gordon; story, Mr. Llewellyn Hall; declamation, Mr. Charles Andrews; song, Mr. Wm. Perkins. The contest is not yet decided. Several new names were proposed for membership.

Oxford.

An interesting memorial service was held Sunday evening by the Christian Endeavor Society for Daniel Alexander McDonald, who died at Good Will Farm Sept. 2d. He was a young man of great promise and sterling character and very conscientious. He had been given positions of trust and was about to be promoted to others. His friends and the community suffer a great loss by his early death. He was a nephew of Mrs. I. N. Keith and Miss Flora McLean of this place.

Mrs. Sarah Averill, wife of Eliab Averill, of this town, died at the asylum at Augusta Sunday, Nov. 1st, aged 68 years. The interment took place Tuesday at the cemetery at Welchville and a funeral service will be held Sunday at the Congregational church, Rev. Mr. Newport officiating. Mrs. Averill was a daughter of Capt. Isaac Newton of Andover, one of the early settlers. She was one of a family of twelve children.

The Pythian Sisterhood entertained visitors Friday from Lewiston, Mechanic Falls, Bryant's Pond, Norway and other places. The Lewiston team worked the second degree and there was a short musical and literary entertainment. A supper was served. About fifty visitors were present.

The Loyal Neighbors had a supper and sale Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th.

Mrs. Octavia Quimby of Phillips and Mrs. Amelia Jordan of Hebron are visiting relatives here.

North Buckfield.

Daniel Fletcher of Peru is at J. F. Bicknell's where his wife is caring for Mrs. Bicknell who has been feeble for some time.

C. S. Richardson, formerly of Hartford, now of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been in our vicinity soliciting subscriptions for mining stock in Nevada, which he is interested in.

Etsel Smith's sons have been visiting him lately.

Green apples are selling quite freely in and around this section.

Heald Brothers are having quite an amount of brush block lumber delivered in their mill yard this fall. Their dry lumber ran short and they were obliged to use green lumber to fill their orders.

Maggie Heald's school on Sumner Hill closed October 31st for a vacation of three weeks when she will again take the school for the winter.

Hiram.

Our esteemed citizen, Mr. Henry W. Merrill, corrects our error in regard to his removing from Hiram, and announces that he is here to stay. We very cheerfully make the correction.

Mr. Elmer E. Black is building a stable for Mt. Cutler Grange, No. 152.

The ladies of the Pythian Sisterhood held a very pleasant entertainment on Thursday evening at Pythian Hall. The supper and the exercises were excellent as usual.

Mr. Ezra W. Bosworth has bought the farm of Joseph H. and Winfield L. Hutchins, and sold the half southwest of the road to John Cotton, Jr. The Messers. Hutchins have bought the Eben Barker farm in Cornish and removed to it.

Mr. Sewall Parker has removed to Cornish.

Rev. P. J. Holmes, an evangelist, of Nashua, N. H., was in town this week.

Mr. Charles W. Osgood is at work in Jackson, N. H.

Dickvale.

Ira B. Wing, Jr., shot a six point buck deer Oct. 30. He sent the head to Nash for mounting.

One of D. L. Chenery's oxen got hurt quite badly by a chain between them. The hook caught in the flank and tore an awful gash.

C. N. Child has bought a Westland colt of his brother George.

Viola Child has gone to Rumford on a visit.

E. G. Child is building a chimney.

Our school closed Oct. 30th. The teacher, Miss Elsie Dolloff, is now finishing a term begun by another on the Ridge.

Buckfield.

Mrs. A. T. Cole and Mrs. N. E. Morrill have returned from an extended visit in Boston.

Irish Brothers have placed electric lights in their die block shop to do away with the danger of kerosene. City electrician H. C. Davis, of Auburn, adjusted the machinery.

Henry McLean, architect, of Newton, Mass., has been in town looking over the Zadoc Long library with a view of duplicating the same for other parties.

I. W. Shaw is having an ell turn.

Charles P. Hatch and R. H. Morrill have recently returned from the lakes. Each shot a deer and some smaller game.

A man telegraphing down the line Wednesday morning, "How has New York gone?" "To h—," came the reply. No more questions asked.

H. A. Irish has traded horses and E. D. Heald claims that Horace has got into his class.

Just as I was thinking about advertising my wife she arrived home on Friday morning's train. Washing dishes was becoming monotonous, and the bread indicated an attack of the jaundice.

Miss Aurelia Bridgham, familiarly known as "Aunt Rill," passed away Nov. 1, and funeral services were held at the Bridgham homestead where she was born 89 years ago. It has been her lifelong home, from which her remains were carried to the family burying lot but a few rods distant. Four young misses as pall bearers preceded the remains. Though out of the regular order it seemed a very appropriate feature. Miss Bridham was the daughter of Dr. William Bridgham, long since deceased. One brother remains, Dr. Wm. P. Bridgham, who carries well his 87 years. Thos. S. Bridgham owns the old homestead and has cared for his aunt for some years. Rev. John C. Prince of the M. E. church rendered a very appropriate service, while a goodly number of old friends and neighbors gathered to pay tribute to the memory of a kind and genial neighbor gone. Relatives of the deceased came from West Minot, and the wife of Chas. B. Bridgham, M. D., from Cohasset; also friends from Rumford Falls, and nature favored with an ideal autumn day.

Miss Ellen M. Parsons is visiting her father, Merritt Parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Hall entertained at progressive whist last Thursday evening. Refreshments were served, and the merry party broke up at a late hour. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Irish, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Cloutier, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Ike Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Taylor. The first prize was won by Mrs. Cyrus Irish. The booby prize by Mrs. A. T. Cole.

Denmark.

Mr. Zebina Whitney has sold his farm in East Denmark to Mr. William Potter. Mr. Augustine Ingalls to have the timber thereon to stand twenty years.

Mr. George W. Gray and wife were in Portland Tuesday.

Mr. A. C. Pendexter of Portland, Me., is at home for a short vacation.

Mr. F. C. Jewett and wife are visiting friends in the vicinity of Mechanic Falls.

It is reported that Mr. A. H. Witham is about to open another store here for the sale of groceries, etc.

Greenwood.

The visitors at the Bennett place, thus far this week, have been Mrs. I. W. Swan with her little girl, and Mont Bryant of Freeport, who is up here with his bride.

George Brooks has moved into the James Gorman house, and Will Swan has moved into the house formerly owned by A. K. Hicks, near the sawmill.

The National Sportsman is the title of an illustrated magazine printed monthly in Boston, and is just what its name implies; if the copy now lying before us is a fair sample, as it claims to be, it must be interesting reading to all those who care for that species of literature.

But wasn't that moon and Jupiter light last Tuesday evening just charming, though? If Venus had been evening star, and thus enhanced the celestial scenery, it must have been equal to anything of the kind that our first parents ever looked upon in Eden. Our young craft saw it and went out on an evening visit.

The bean crop has been called about the same as a failure all the way along, and now that they are harvested the crop proves to be from 10 to 25 per cent of an average.

The apple crop is already familiar to all, but Daniel Bryant has one tree that deserves particular mention. Although not more than an average in size they picked 13 barrels of apples from it, all heaping full, which means, Mr. Bryant says, 40 bushels at least.

Newton C. Herrick's funeral occurred on Sunday, the 1st inst., conducted by the undertaker, Frank Andrews of Woodstock; divine services by Rev. Miss Minard of North Paris, who delivered a very able address from the words: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

East Hebron.

The Freewill Baptist quarterly meeting commenced Tuesday evening with the ordination of Rev. Mr. Kelley. The sermon for the occasion was by Rev. J. B. Jordan, who formerly labored in this place when engaged as an evangelist and did a very successful work here for several years prior to his ordination. The Bowdoin quarterly meeting furnished an unusual number of clergymen, more than on any previous occasion. The service has been very interesting and well attended for this busy season.

The church has recently been repaired and frescoed, giving an improvement to the looks and comfort.

Many strangers have been here the past week with old friends and acquaintances.

C. F. McKenney is with his daughter, Mrs. B. B. Holmes, in North Auburn, to remain until repairs on his room are finished.

Alice Davis has returned to Lynn and is invited to St. Louis to remain until after the fair is over.

H. A. Record is at work a part of each day, but cannot work through the day.

Mrs. M. M. Woodward was in the place last Wednesday for a short time.

Miss Mary Warren's health has gained of late, and she attended meeting by staying with friends near the church during the session.

Dea. Fuller is very feeble again and fears he shall have another winter of suffering as he did last winter.

Wilson's Mills.

Monday night a musical entertainment at the school house. Owing to the bad weather but few were out.

Wednesday circle met with Mrs. F. A. Flint.

Thursday evening a reception at their home was given by Rev. Edward Tuck and Mrs. Tuck. In spite of bad roads some 30 were present. Music and readings by Mr. and Mrs. Tuck made a very pleasant evening.

Mrs. Archie Bennett has moved up to stay with Mrs. B. N. Storey through the winter.

Mrs. F. A. Flint is in very poor health at present.

Harold Flint was given a surprise party on his 13th birthday, Oct. 31st. The young people had a fine time and a nice supper.

F. P. Thomas of the I. P. Company was in town Saturday.

Brownfield.

A public supper and entertainment was given under the auspices of Pearl Rebekah Lodge, No. 90. The supper was served in the banquet hall in the Odd Fellows' building. The entertainment was in the town hall. Program: Music by the Brass Band, vocal and instrumental music, readings by Miss Walker of Fryeburg. There was a very large attendance.

Mrs. Ingalls and Miss Buckly are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Frink.

J. L. Frink is suffering with fever and ague and a very bad cold.

Mrs. Jacob Hatch is in very poor health.

Mr. Dale is boarding at the Pequawket House.

The schools in this village close this week.

Leah Eaton is boarding at Mr. William Rowe's.

West Paris.

The event of this week was the marriage last Tuesday morning of Mr. William Cookson and Miss Agnes Herrick. They were quietly married at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. D. F. Nelson in time to take the 9:15 train for a few days' wedding trip to Boston. On their way to the station and while boarding the train they were plentifully showered with rice and good wishes by a number of the young people. On their return they will at once go to housekeeping in the rent in the west side of the new double tenement built by L. C. Bates. This rent Mr. Cookson has already fitted and furnished for a cozy, pretty home. Congratulations are in order!

Mr. Frank A. Shurtleff of South Paris has leased the store owned by Mrs. Mary G. Bradbury for three years. He intends to open a drug store here by the first of January and will carry a good stock. The building will be repaired and fitted up for the business, and Mr. Arthur Shurtleff will come here and take charge of the store. Mrs. Bradbury will continue in the store until Mr. Shurtleff can arrange to take possession, when she will move up stairs. She is selling all her hats and millinery at and below cost prices. She will have special sales of her goods from now until she vacates the store.

Miss Jennie L. Bradbury visited in Bethel a few days last week.

Mrs. Clara A. Ridlon is spending two weeks in town.

Frank L. Willis spent several days last week at his mill in Greenwood repairing and getting ready for winter work.

Mr. J. F. Emerton of Auburn and Mr. Veazie of Troy are here for a month of fox hunting. Mrs. Emerton and Mrs. Fred Scott are also with them and they are boarding at Mr. Frank Reed's.

John Brock has moved his goods up to the Packard house where Mrs. Brock's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hammond, are living.

Mr. Irving Merrill, who is engineer for the Paris Mfg. Co., has moved his family of wife and three children from South Paris into the rent vacated by Mr. Brock, which is the lower tenement in the double house next the Methodist parsonage.

Granite Lodge, No. 182, F. and A. M., elected the following officers for the coming year at their regular meeting last Wednesday evening:

W. M.—John L. Marshall.
S. W.—Chester H. Lane.
J. W.—J. A. Bicknell.
Treas.—C. Howard Lane.
Sec.—A. L. Mann.
S. D.—W. E. Bryant.
J. D.—Clarence E. Stearns.

The W. C. T. U. meeting to have been held Thursday of last week with Mrs. S. N. Young was postponed until Friday on account of the rain. Special topic for this meeting was mercy work by the superintendent of that department, Mrs. David Emmons. The Vice-President from the Methodist society, Mrs. Anna C. Young, presided at the meeting, which was both pleasant and profitable.

L. C. Bates is improving his property by putting a coat of paint on his house on the corner of Church and Main streets, also on the double tenement house on Main St.

Our citizens have reason to be grateful to Mr. Bates for his interest and help toward the improvement of the village. The grounds around the Baptist church have also been graded, and on the whole it has made a very marked and desirable improvement in this section of our village. We suggest that a Village Improvement Society would be a good thing to stimulate a greater interest in the general appearance of our pleasant little town. And again we say, why not organize a fire company to protect the homes? We think we could guarantee the boys an occasional complimentary dinner or supper, and they have some idea whether the ladies in our village can cook.

Mrs. F. E. Wheeler has been visiting her parents in Bath for a few days.

Mrs. James Bowker of Bryant's Pond was at Charles Barden's the first of the week.

John Murphy is running the extra engine here during the vacation of Mr. Cookson. Mrs. Murphy stayed over Sunday with him last week.

Rev. D. F. Nelson was away all last week assisting Rev. Mr. Kennison of Gorham in special services. Mr. Nelson begins a series of special meetings in this place the first of this week.

The German Medicine Company are having a fair patronage at their evening entertainments. They intend to stay until Thursday of this week.

The father of Mr. E. D. Stillwell arrived recently. He will make it his home with Mr. Stillwell.

Mrs. Arthur L. Mann and Miss Ethel M. Young went to Lewiston Saturday.

A large one story storm shed is being built by the Paris Manufacturing Co. on the west end of the mill. This will give the teams a place to unload lumber and logs away from the snow and storms.

The fox hunters have secured several prizes. In digging out a fox which had reached home Mr. J. F. Emerton was quite severely bitten on the hand. Although somewhat painful the wound is not serious.

Here is another woman who can shoot to kill. Miss Nellie Marshall is spending a vacation at home at Trap Corner, and Thursday morning went out with a little party looking for foxes. When they discovered one of the animals, Miss Marshall had the distinction of making the lucky shot.

Bryant's Pond.

Percy Bowker returned to Wakefield Saturday morning.

Rev. Nathan Hunt will preach at the Baptist church Sunday morning.

Miss Louisa Chase visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Chase, last week. Mr. Chase does not improve any in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Small came to her mother's last week. Mrs. Small will remain a couple of weeks with her mother, who is recovering slowly from her accident.

Verne McAllister of Fort Williams is at home on a twenty days' furlough.

Jefferson Chapter, No. 89, have purchased a nice set of jewels. The chapter is increasing steadily in numbers, and bids fair to become a large and flourishing chapter. This order needs no words of eulogy from me, for being auxiliary to the ancient and honored Masonic fraternity which has stood from time immemorial, is recommendation enough.

Percy Bowker and his mother spent the day with friends at West Paris Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cordwell of Walker's Mills have moved into the upper rooms of Mrs. Blodgett's house.

Hebron.

Rev. Mr. Crane, field secretary of the Y. P. S. C. E., preached here Sunday.

Rev. S. D. Richardson, Mrs. A. M. Richardson and children and her mother, Mrs. H. A. Cushman, went to Portland, Wednesday, for the winter.

Henry Sturtevant has shipped 4000 barrels of apples, so far, and has 2000 more engaged. What the amount will be at the end of the season remains to be seen.

Other apple buyers have been in the place.

We have no faith whatever, in regard to bear stories, after having been interviewed by three different individuals in regard to having seen a bear this fall. We will say now that we have seen nothing even thought of being a bear, but we did early in the season rescue a broody hen from the clutches of a skunk and although we did not see the animal have no doubts on that score.

North Paris.

S. H. Dow visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Dow, last week.

Mrs. Evelina Corbett wishes to sell her farm and will go to Farmington to reside with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Andrews and Mrs. Minnie Morse and child, called on their uncle John Butterfield one day last week.

Rev. Seth Benson found a few ripe strawberries Nov. 1. How is that for the State of Maine?

T. J. Jennings of Wayne, general agent for the M. E. Wheeler fertilizer Co., was at E. E. Field's, Nov. 4th.

Miss Lizzie Murphy and Miss Iva Kilgore have visited at A. L. Curtis' lately.

Mrs. John Crawford and Zilpha have gone to Stark, N. H., to visit relatives.

Bethel.

Saturday evening, Oct. 31st, about sixty of Mr. L. T. Barker's neighbors and friends were entertained at his home on Main Street in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday. Hearty congratulations were extended and a short program was most pleasingly carried out, consisting of an original poem by Mrs. De'Albra Hopkins, vocal solos by Dr. Wight and Miss Jane Gibson and a few friends joined in singing some of the old songs. A beautiful lamp was presented by some of the friends and Rev. C. N. Gleason made a most appropriate little speech. Although Mr. Barker was entirely surprised he made a short speech of thanks and appreciation. Upon the table were flowers and other gifts which were sent by friends near and away, who had remembered their friend. Dainty refreshments were served and all went home wishing the host many happy returns of the anniversary. Mr. Barker has been closely identified with town affairs for many years having served as postmaster and still holds the office of town clerk, which office he has filled for many years.

Tuesday, Mr. Sylvester Robertson reached the eighty-ninth milestone on life's journey, and is still seen upon our streets nearly every day and possesses a most wonderful memory of past events.

The W. C. T. U. met Tuesday with Mrs. Andrews. The next meeting will be a mothers' meeting and an interesting program will be prepared.

We are sorry to record the death of one of our old citizens, Mr. Jacob Annas, who had been confined to his home but a short time. He is survived by a widow and two sons, Horace, who resides in Bethel, and George, who lives in Montpelier, Vt.

Several from the Universalist society attended the Universalist conference at Dixfield, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. Ernest Cross of Portland has just opened a drug store here in the "Hastings building."

Sunday, Nov. 8, Rev. C. N. Gleason exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Parker of Mexico and remained for several days to assist in special meetings there.

Rev. F. C. Potter has been holding a series of meetings at Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Abner West, who has been a guest of her niece, Mrs. N. E. Richardson, has gone to Norway and will soon meet Mr. West in New York and return to their home in Norfolk, Va.

East Waterford.

Mrs. Myra Keen and little son of Bridgton spent last week at Henry Young's.

The Kenistons have moved away and Hubert York occupies the Hersey house and works for L. E. McIntire. Mr. McIntire is making great improvements on the Hersey place which he bought some months ago, putting an addition on the barn, clearing the fields of rocks and stumps and ditching.

Helen Sanderson has been spending a fortnight at her uncle John Shaw's.

Mrs. Philo Goodwin is very low. Her daughter, Mrs. Lizzie McKenney, and four children, are with her.

William A. Emery has been confined to the bed a fortnight. His son Will, wife and little son, of Rumford Falls, are here for a short time.

There was a Halloween party at G. A. Miller's. Mr. Miller's daughters have a nice organ their grandmother sent them from Boston.

B. W. Sanderson spent three days in Lewiston and Auburn returning Tuesday.

North Albany.

Mr. Abner Kimball and Miss Bertha Burris of Nova Scotia were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage at Bethel, by Rev. F. C. Potter, Wednesday, the 4th inst. Their many friends wish them a long and happy wedded life.

John Kimball cut his leg quite badly while at work in the woods Wednesday.

Frank Upton is visiting at Roscoe Emery's.

T. G. Kimball has returned from New Hampshire and is now doing odd jobs of masonry.

Roscoe Emery and Herman Brown have each killed a pig.

Our school is now keeping after a vacation of two weeks.

Newry.

Mrs. Mary Foster has gone to Gorham to visit her daughter, Mrs. John Dailey, who moved a short time ago from Rumford Falls to that place.

We have been having delightful weather for a week past, but it is getting dry. The springs and wells are very low. Fall rains are greatly needed.

Levi Butters, who is working for J. S. Allen, shot a fine deer Thursday of this week.

A. W. Powers is moving his family into the parsonage at Newry Corner.

Moses W. Bryant is visiting his sister, Mrs. Mary Baker.

It is reported that Will Small has sold his farm to Portland parties and will go soon to St. Louis to reside.

East Sumner.

By the kindness of Rev. L. M. Robinson of Philadelphia a library of some 600 volumes has been placed in the post office for the benefit of all that desire to patronize the same. A fee of only two cents is asked to help pay the librarian for handling. Mr. Robinson has now furnished over 3,000 volumes for the place. About 2500 books were furnished by him for the Good Templars library. All these were furnished free.

Labeling at the corn shop closed Wednesday. Some over 200,000 cans of corn were put up.

Dea. C. E. Tolman of South Paris was in the place on Wednesday.

Work on the Grange Hall is progressing finely.

Lots of apples are being shipped and they are very plenty.

East Bethel.

School in this place closed the 12th on account of diphtheria.

C. C. Kimball from Milan, N. H., visited here last week.

Mrs. Melinda Bean is visiting her sister, Mrs. Olive Bartlett.

Mr. Porter Farwell has recently purchased a new threshing machine from Gray & Co.

Mr. M. E. Coburn is entertaining two of his sisters from Massachusetts.

Mrs. L. C. Russell from Butte, Montana, visited at M. E. Coburn's last week.

Lovell.

H. D. Walker has returned from Boston and F. L. Howe is here also for cattle.

Jessie A. Chapman was home from Fryeburg over Sunday.

Frank Harmon has been out of the mill a few days on account of illness but is now at work again.

The town schools closed Friday.

There were 23 visitors at the village school who enjoyed the closing exercises.

Mrs. W. E. Decrow of Boston is visiting at her father's home.

Benjamin Russell, Jr., is having the lumber for Mr. Stark's boathouse at the Center sawed at the village mill. The house will be quite a large building.

Chairman Carleton of the fish and game commission reports that up to this time about 1100 hunting licenses have been sold to non-residents, making the amount received about $16,500. This is expected to be considerably increased before the end of the season.

Just What You Need.

CHAMBERLAIN'S STOMACH AND LIVER TABLETS.

When you feel dull after eating.
When you have no appetite.
When you have a bad taste in the mouth.
When your liver is torpid.
When your bowels are constipated.
When you have a headache.
When you feel bilious.

They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach, and regulate your liver and bowels. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Stevens, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

For sick headache try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets; They will ward off the attack if taken in time. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Stevens, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

The Keeley Institute in Portland, Me., on Munjoy Hill, is successfully curing drunkards and drug users. jun3tfy

Vacuum.

The space above the mercury in a thermometer is not a perfect vacuum. There is not infrequently a small portion of air left in such space, and there is always an atmosphere of the vapor of mercury. Physically speaking, it is perhaps impossible to procure a vacuum. It is most likely that even if a real vacuum could be procured for an instant air or other vapor would at once begin to be disseminated from the sides of the vessel in which it was made, and it would thus instantly cease to exist.

It is true that Dexartes denied the very possibility of a vacuum and says, "If a vacuum could be effected in a vessel the sides would be pressed into contact," but it is hardly correct to say, "Scientists say that a vacuum cannot exist." What scientists do say is what Gallilei said, "Nature abhors a vacuum." As the statement of a fact is true, Nature does, to the best of our knowledge, abhor a vacuum. She never suffers it to exist to the extent of allowing any space which is perceptible to our senses to be vacuous. Vacuum, in scientific speech, simply means a space from which air has been expelled.

A Dance Without a Smile.

They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his cap and challenges his girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent. The youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand and leads his lassie round and round.

No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round, and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who in all that summer revelry has never spoken and never smiled.

Stilt Walking is Ancient.

Strange stilts are those used by Japanese and Chinese boys. Instead of having side blocks, like the American boys, they have foot rests mortised on the stilt stick and projecting backward. These stilts can only be used where the Japanese boys' feet are bare, for the stilt stick must be grasped between the first and second toe of each foot.

Spanish boys are great stilt walkers, and they invariably use sticks that reach to the hips and are strongly bound there as well as at the ankles.

In some of the islands of the south Pacific ocean very rough sport is engaged in by boys on stilts. Perched high on their thin support and with their faces and skins grotesquely painted, these semisavage lads, sometimes as many as twenty at a time, meet and try to trip each other up or knock each other down.

Like most sports and games stilt walking is of very ancient origin. Cut in the stone which forms one of the oldest Pharaoh's tomb there is a crude picture of a man leading a procession and walking on stilts. This ancient stilt walker must have been very skillful, for he is holding no side sticks, but is using both hands in holding a great horn to his mouth, which he is apparently blowing.—Washington Star.

Kings and Handicrafts.

George III., when not engaged in performing the operations which had so much to do in gaining for him the popular nickname of "Farmer George," amused himself at one period of his long life with the making of buttons and attained a very respectable degree of skill in the manufacture of the different varieties then most in fashion.

George IV., his son and successor, affected another sort of unkingly distraction for idle hours and particularly prided himself on the perfection with which he could "cut out" a pair of breeches. Outside the glorified ranks of the fashionable outfitters of the day, the Stultzes, the Meyers, the Schweitzers and Dandrons, only Beau Brummel was thought to be his rival at the shears, but for elegance and accuracy and style the king considered himself the Beau's undoubted superior. The unfortunate Louis XI. was an expert locksmith, with a general turn for mechanics, and spent whole days in his forge, as did one of his predecessors on the throne of France, Louis XIII.

The Story of a Vision.

A Scottish newspaper prints the following "remarkable and dreadful experience," which a correspondent says he heard from the lips of a fellow passenger, a member of parliament. This man had left home early in the morning, traveled about a hundred miles by rail and put up at a village hotel. Feeling fatigued, he retired to his bedroom at an early hour. He was in the act of undressing when there appeared to him what was evidently the ghost of his four-year-old son arrayed in the vestments of the tomb. A conviction that his son, whom he had left in the morning in perfect health, was dead urged him to drive to the nearest station in time to catch a train that passed at midnight. On reaching home early next morning he found that his boy had died about the time the vision had appeared to him.

Our First Railway.

The first American railway—not built for steam cars, however—was made to haul Quincy granite for the Bunker Hill monument. That was in 1826. It was three miles long. The first railway built for steam cars was the Charleston and New Hamburg line, in South Carolina. This was for some time the longest line in the world, 137 miles.

The first locomotives weighed three to five tons. An imported English locomotive weighing ten tons was too heavy

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing Oct. 4, 1903,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down (east)—5:26 A. M., (daily, Sundays included), 9:30 A. M., 4:40 P. M. Sunday only, 6:00 P. M.

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

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

Universalist Church, Rev. J. H. Little, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. Evening service, 7 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

N. E. O. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets 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. 6967, meets second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Golden Cross Hall.

Royal Arcanum.—Paris Council, No. 1621, meets first and third Monday evenings at 7:30.

The labeling crew at the corn factory have finished work.

L. M. Lunt & Co. have a handsome sign out at their store.

Miss Grace Murch is clerking in the store of L. M. Lunt & Co.

A. E. Morse read at an entertainment in Cornish Friday evening.

John Murray of Lewiston is at work for F. E. Barrows in his blacksmith shop.

The sociable of the Universalist Sunday School has been postponed from Nov. 4th to Nov. 12th.

Mrs. Hagan, who has spent the summer at Deacon S. R. Parsons', has gone to Lynn, Mass., for the winter.

Miss Mertie Maxim and Miss Florence Jewett were the guests of Miss Lola Lane at West Paris Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mary Louise Phelps, who has been at Mrs. Alice P. Thayer's for a few weeks, returned to her home in Portland Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Knight have come to the village for the winter. They are boarding with Mrs. William A. Frothingham.

Miss Abbie Starbird left Sunday morning for Fort Monroe, Va., where she will keep house for her brother, Capt. Alfred A. Starbird.

The high school boys waked up the town Wednesday evening, celebrating their football victory over Norway with fife and drum, and other appropriate noise.

B. M. Greeley will sell at auction next Friday at 9:30 A. M., at his farm on High Street, two wagons, about fifteen tons of hay, and twenty head of young cows and heifers, full description of which is given on the bills.

Mrs. J. J. Emeley received the set of silver table ware, containing 27 pieces, given to the most popular lady by the German Medicine Co. which showed here. Mrs. Emeley's total vote was 10,168, and her majority 2496.

Latest reports from Oliver G. Curtis are that he is somewhat more comfortable, and indications in his case are rather favorable, though he is suffering from homesickness. There is no prospect that he will leave the hospital for some months yet.

The Stuart brothers have about finished their work of painting at the new school house, and the building is practically complete. The seats have arrived and will soon be put in, and the building will be ready for occupancy at the opening of the winter term.

The fall term of the schools in town closed last week, except the high school and one or two others. The high school will continue two weeks longer, and such schools as have had to suspend for a week or two during the term will make up the time lost. The winter term will open the Monday following Thanksgiving.

The Good Cheer Society furnished supper for somewhere from 175 to 200 people at their hall Tuesday evening, and the supper was first-class. The Briggs Kids orchestra played during the supper, and also for the entertainment. The entertainment was "The Scientific School"—not a profoundly intellectual affair as its name might intimate, but one which proved vastly amusing. The net proceeds of the evening were a very satisfactory sum.

The names of those not absent one half day at the Brick Intermediate school, are as follows:

Marguerite Swan.	Elmer Lane.
Wilber Swan.	Geneva Young.
Cora Wight.	Berryl Churchill.
Roy Witham.	Kenneth Witham.
Myrtle Child.	Rose Clark.
Clinton McKeen.	Marion Hall.
Philip Bonney.	Ruth Farrar.
Charlie Ripley.	Ralph Easson.
Ida Dean.	Walter Pratt.
Ruth Bolster.	Henry Howe.
Muri Monk.	Irving Barrows.
Earle Clifford.	Norris Newell.
Mary Berry.	

SUSIE M. WHEELER, Teacher.

Closing exercises were held at the Shurtleff intermediate school Friday afternoon. The following pupils were not absent one-half day:

Mildred Scribner,	Blanche Scribner,
Cecil Maxim,	Merton Ellis,
Herbert Woodworth,	Bertha Wight,
Robert Parlin,	Ethel Campbell,
Edith Lowell,	Freeland Witham,
Harold Merrill,	Marion Everett,
Murray Bigelow,	Irving Lowell,
Dwight Gowell.	

Absent one day only:

Elsie Holman,	Guy Culbert,
Ivan Waldron,	Ralph Turner,
Frances Cummings.	

MERTIE G. WALKER, Teacher.

Here we are apparently at the verge of winter, and the question which agitates this part of the country is, if we do not have heavy rains in the immediate future, what is to become of our water supply? If the ground freezes up and snow comes on without more rain, it must be a very dry winter. This is not merely a local matter, but applies to this whole section of country. Although there has been much rainy weather during the season, there has been but one heavy rain since the snow went off. The Rangeley Lakes are reported lower than for twenty years, and there is even a possibility ahead of a shortage of water for power on the Androscoggin.

The pupils of Mrs. Cora S. Briggs gave their second recital of the season at Highland Cottage on the evening of November 4th. The following program was rendered:

Louise Sumner,	German Folk Song.
Margery Barker,	Seven Scales, from C to F sharp.
Willie Frothingham,	Grandfather's Song.
Beryl Churchill,	Waltz.
Mildred Bosserman,	Song of the Bobolink.
Richard Stiles,	Fairy Boating Song.
Helen Bangs,	A Wee Story.
Lilla Farrar,	Organ Selection.
Bernice Nash,	A Night in May (Wilson).
Pearl Cook,	Old Oaken Bucket (Ryder).
Ollie Libby,	Valse Staccato (Schmitt).
Elsie Bolster,	Normandy Song (Spindler).
Ida Dean,	Home, Sweet Home (Grobe).
Nellie Jackson,	Consolation (Mendelssohn).
Fannie Hobbs,	Il Desiderio (Cramer).
Marion Everett,	Andantino (Hayon).
Mildred Bangs,	Dolcinelle (Macy).
Earle Thibodeau,	Am Feenee (Heins).
Winnie Hayes,	A Rose Garden (Nudds).
Addie DeCosta,	Canzonetta (Lynnes).
Helen Barnes,	Neapolitan Boat Song (Wachs).
Izah Pike,	In a Cozy Corner.

The Universalist parish has a meeting Tuesday evening, to act upon various matters.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Benjamin Swett Thursday afternoon at half past two.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office Nov. 9:

Mrs. Chas. E. Wheeler.
Mrs. Herbert Holt.
Fred A. Morton, Esq.

The Ladies' Relief Corps will give a supper and social at Grand Army Hall next Saturday evening at 6:30. Supper 15 cents. All members are requested to bring or send food for tables.

The date of the Rainbow Festival is changed to Dec. 2d and 3d. The concert by the Lotus Club, assisted by Miss Livermore, reader, will be given the 3d. No one should fail to attend this entertainment.

A handsome individual communion service has recently been presented to the Congregational church in memory of the late Deacon and Mrs. Henry Fobes. It was used for the first time at the service a week ago.

A week of special evangelistic meetings will begin at the Baptist church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. The week day services begin at 7:30. The pastor will conduct them. There will be good singing. All are cordially invited.

Those not absent a day from the Pleasant Street Primary school, during the term just closed, are as follows:

Hilda Chandler.	Marjorie Chandler.
Marion Gray.	Eulalia Millett.
Rena Tribou.	Frank Thomas.
Alton Thomas.	

FLORENCE RICHARDSON, Teacher.

A complete list of those on the committee who have done efficient work compiling recipes for the cook book to be issued by the ladies of the Congregational society for their Rainbow Festival includes the names of Mrs. C. M. Howard, Mrs. W. O. Frothingham.

The ladies of the Baptist Social Circle will meet at the parsonage Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 10th, from 2:30 to 5 P. M., to sew for benevolent purposes. All ladies of the church and congregation are most cordially invited to be present. A large attendance is most earnestly desired.

The sidewalk in front of the store of N. Dayton Bolster & Co. is in process of rebuilding. New curbing has been put in, and the walk has been raised several inches, so as to bring it to a level with the sill of the building. The crossing of the driveway to the sheds will be raised to the level of the walk.

The November supper and entertainment by the Congregational society will occur on the 19th inst. "A Vision of Fair Women", a dramatic paraphrase in one scene based upon Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" will be given by about thirty young ladies and children. This promises a very enjoyable evening.

A school sociable, in connection with the close of the fall term, was held at Elm Hill school house Friday evening. Nearly $8.00 was realized as the net proceeds of the evening. A box supper was eaten. During the evening the scholars presented the teacher, Miss Grace Bennett, a cup and saucer, and requested her to return next term.

Leslie F. Keene, formerly of South Paris, is Republican candidate for alderman from his ward in Melrose, Mass., where he resides. Mr. Keene will be remembered by many South Paris people, though he left here in 1882 when a young man. He is now vice-president, director and head salesman in the W. S. Keene Leather Company of Boston, and is an active, hustling business man.

The following pupils at the Porter Street school were not absent during the term:

Joyce A. Whitney.	Lena K. Everett.
Bell Ames.	Mildred J. Maxim.
Ruth A. Bridgham.	Iva L. Merrill.
Velma I. Twitchell.	Leon M. Allen.
Fred L. Coffin.	Gerald E. Bonney.
Thanie E. Whitney.	Philip C. Bolster.

Those absent one day or one-half day were:

Alton M. Porter.	Ralph C. Andrews.
Clarence K. Winslow.	Clarence L. Jackson.
Fred L. Chase.	Margaret Bridgham.

HATTIE M. LEACH, Teacher.

The ladies of the Baptist Social Circle held an adjourned business meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, to complete the work of electing officers. The following officers have been elected and committees appointed:

President—Mrs. Hermon S. Pinkham.
Vice-President—Mrs. Henry Morton.
Secretary—Mrs. Scott N. Marston.
Treasurer—Mrs. Albert DeCoster.
Executive Committee, elected for one year: Mrs. Freeman Merrill, chairman; Mrs. Emery Bonney, Mrs. Luther Hollts, Mrs. Walter Bonney, Mrs. Albert Ames, Mrs. Luther Winslow.
Sewing committee, elected for six months: Miss Addie Whitaker, chairman; Mrs. Harry Brown, Mrs. Edward Thayer, Mrs. Walter Denison, Mrs. Freeman Whitney, Mrs. E. O Jewell.

Arrangements have been made for a musical and literary entertainment to be given at the Baptist or Congregational church, South Paris, Monday evening, Nov. 23, for the benefit of the Christian Endeavor cottage at Good Will Farm. The entertainment will consist of instrumental and vocal music by the best local talent, and humorous readings will be given by C. D. Crane, Field Secretary of the Maine C. E. Union. All of South Paris should turn out to this entertainment. Mr. Hinckley's work for poor boys at Good Will is too well known to need any praise. Thanksgiving week will be a good time for everybody to show a little practical interest in Good Will Farm. And then the entertainment itself will be delightful and ought to pack the house. Mr. Crane is to read in a similar entertainment at Farmington, Friday evening, Nov. 13. Buy your tickets in advance and come early for a good seat. Tickets are 15 and 10 cents.

A Fine Entertainment.

The Norway Concert Band will give a concert at Norway Opera House, Tuesday evening, Nov. 10, assisted by the Ladies' Quartette of Norway and Mrs. Gove of Auburn, reader. The program is as follows:

PART I.

1. March, "Joyce's 71st N. Y. Reg't." ..... Boyer
2. Overture, "The Fall of Jericho." ..... Maillochand
   Band
3. Reading, "Jack." ..... Anon
   Mrs. Gove
4. "Lady Bird." ..... Cowen
   Ladies' Quartet
5. "Balcony Scene from Romeo and Juliet." ..... Shakespeare
   Mrs. Gove
6. "Peaceful Henry." ..... Kelly
   Band

PART II.

1. "Soldier's Chorus from Faust." ..... Gounod
   Band
2. "The Mouse Trap" ..... Howells
   Mrs. Gove
3. "Legends." ..... Mohring
   Ladies' Quartet
4. Valse, "Rose." ..... Laurendeau
   Band
5. Selected Reading ..... Cox
   Mrs Gove
6. March, "Stars and Stripes Forever." ..... Sousa
   Band

Tickets 25 cents. All seats reserved at Stone's Drug Store.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

Oxford Pomona Grange will meet with Paris Grange Dec. 8th.

PROGRAMME.

Routine business.
Reports of committees.
Song, Norway Grange.
Election of officers.
Reading, Frederic Robie Grange.

DINNER.

Song, Hebron Grange.
Installation of officers.
Reading, West Paris Grange.
Song, Paris Grange.
Essay, S. M King, How to feed and care for stock.

Personal.

Harry E. Ethridge of Rumford who has recently been a corporal in the United States Army, having served three years, has received his discharge and has gone back to civil life, and is now a conductor on the Brookline and Brighton surface cars of the Boston Elevated Railway.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to extend my sincere thanks for the assistance of my neighbors and general sympathy received, during the brief illness and death of my wife.

J. S. CLAPP.

Paris, Nov. 3, 1903.

Mr. Folsom of Waterville recently caught a pair of black foxes in China and has taken them to Corinna with the purpose of starting a fox farm.

Maine News Notes.

The town of Freeport voted against lighting the village streets, 161 to 116.

Danby Varner of Gardiner, who recently shot himself while under the influence of liquor, did not die from the effects, but seems to be doing well.

Chairman L. B. Goodall and Secretary E. C. Swett of the Maine World's fair commission have recently been to Aroostook County for the purpose of selecting the logs for the Maine building at the exposition and to look over the great potato county with a view to exploiting it at the fair.

If present plans of the American Realty Co. are carried out the coming season's lumber cut in Androscoggin valley and the tributaries of the Androscoggin river in Maine and New Hampshire will be 100,000,000 feet and in Penobscot and Kennebec waters about 30,000,000.

The Munroe, Packard & Linscott shoe factory at Auburn was started by the National Shoemakers of Lewiston last Monday. One hundred and twenty-five dozen shoes a day will be made the remainder of the fall, the output being increased to 200 dozen during the winter. Employment will be given 500 hands.

Mark Cross of Lowell, Mass., was mistaken for a deer at Tuft's Pond, Kingfield. Four shots entered his head. He was still alive at last accounts. According to reports of the affair the shooting was done by Cross' companion—Bert Libby of Amesbury, Mass. Another report says Cross was mistaken for a bear. In either case the effect is the same.

The badly decomposed body of a man supposed to be Capt. Willard G. Poole of the schooner George F. Edmunds, which was wrecked off Pemaquid Point on the night of Sept. 17, was picked up off Friendship, Saturday. The Edmunds struck the rocks off Pemaquid Point during the severe gale of Sept. 17, and fourteen members of a crew of sixteen, including the captain, were lost. All the bodies but one have been recovered now.

It is now known that David J. Ames, farmer of Thwing's Point, North Woolwich, and keeper of the government light on Ames Ledges, committed suicide. He disappeared from his home, Saturday morning, and about noon his boat was picked up at the lower end of Swan Island. His body was found Tuesday. He had gone out in his boat, tied about his body a rope to which was attached a 50-pound rock, and jumped overboard. He left a widow and two children.

Football.

Paris met and defeated Norway for the second time this season, at the fair grounds Wednesday afternoon.

The game started by Paris kicking off to Norway, who fumbled the kick-off. Paris thus secured the ball, and rushed it over the line, the ball having been in play less than two minutes.

The next touchdown was the result of a double pass on which Briggs ran for about 25 yards for the touchdown. This finished the scoring for the first half, as Paris failed at the try for both goals. The score was 10 to 0.

Paris was able to cross Norway's goal line twice more in the second half. Norway did not threaten Paris' goal at any time through the game.

During the game Paris made first down eighteen times. Norway was able to make first down only three times. Paris held Norway for downs once and forced them to punt four times. Norway held Paris for downs once and forced them to punt once. This shows that Norway was outplayed throughout the entire game.

Fifield, although this is the first game he has played for the High School, played a nice game and strengthened the home team considerably. The team work of the Paris boys was more noticeable than any of the individual playing.

The score at the end of the game was 21 to 0 in Paris' favor. The following is the line-up:

P. H. S.		N. H. S.
F. Record,	l.e.	True, Gammon.
C. Record,	l.t.	L. Brown.
Sumner, E. Kenney,	l.g.	Barron.
Strout,	c.	M. Brown.
Merrill,	r.g.	Buck.
H. Kenney,	r.t.	Allen.
Clement,	r.e.	Boynton.
Briggs,	q.b.	Stone.
Lindley, Capt.	l.h.b.	Berry.
Fifield,	r.h.b.	Bussell.
Penfold,	f.b.	Cotton.

Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes. Touchdowns, F. Record, Briggs, 2, Penfold. Referee, Walter L. Gray. Timers, Fletcher and Hathaway. Linesmen, Wheeler and Whitman. Umpire, Thibodeau.

Hebron Academy defeated Bridgton Academy at Hebron Saturday afternoon by the score of 49 to 0.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CROUP.

[*From the Atchison, Kan., Daily Globe.*]

This is the season when the woman who knows the best remedies for croup is in demand in every neighborhood. One of the most terrible things in the world is to be awakened in the middle of the night by a whoop from one of the children. The croup remedies are almost as sure to be lost, in case of croup, as a revolver is sure to be lost in case of burglars. There used to be an old-fashioned remedy for croup, known as hive syrup and tolu, but some modern mothers say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better, and does not cost so much. It causes the patient to "throw up the phlegm" quicker, and gives relief in a shorter time. Give this remedy as soon as the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Stevens, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

The slaughter of porcupines still goes on down in Washington County, and neither the zeal of the hunters nor the supply of porcupines is exhausted, though the treasury of the state promises to be. Millard Andrews of Northfield probably has the record for the largest number in one week, his best week being 72 of these animals, and it will be readily seen that at 25 cents each, it made a very good week's work. His second best week was 62 of these animals. Fred Colson of Wesley comes a close second with 66 as his best week, but as he killed two bears during the week his total bounty money for the week will exceed that of Mr. Andrews.

STEPPED AGAINST A HOT STOVE.

A child of Mrs. Geo. T. Benson, when getting his usual Saturday night bath, stepped back against a hot stove which burned him severely. The child was in great agony and his mother could do nothing to pacify him. Remembering that she had a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house, she thought she would try it. In less than half an hour after applying it the child was quiet and asleep, and in less than two weeks was well. Mrs. Benson is a well known resident of Kellar, Va. Pain Balm is an antiseptic liniment and especially valuable for burns, cuts, bruises and sprains. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Stevens, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

One of the Maine boys who is rising to fame and success in the Philippines is W. A. Roberts, Jr., of Biddeford. He enlisted when the Spanish war broke out and saw service in Cuba, the Philippines and China and is now military governor of the island of Samar, which has a population of over half a million. Young Roberts is less than 25 years old, and has risen on his own merit, without pull.

FOR A BAD COLD.

If you have a bad cold you need a good reliable medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to loosen and relieve it, and to allay the irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Stevens, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

CONFESSIONS OF A PRIEST.

Rev. Jno. S. Cox of Wake, Ark., writes, "For 12 years I suffered from Yellow Jaundice. I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for twelve years." If you want a reliable medicine for Liver and Kidney trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; Noyes Drug Store, Norway. 50c.

Here and There.

This recent report of fights with the Indians in Wyoming carries people's minds back to the days of two or three decades ago. In one respect, however, there is a very modern flavor to the news. Eagle Feather, the leader of the Indians, is a graduate of the Carlisle school, where he was duly trained in football and all other features of the white man's twentieth century civilization. They seem not to have been entirely successful in making a "good Indian" of him—but perhaps a bullet from a white man's rifle may yet accomplish that.

"St. Louis on time," is the heading used over articles which describe the condition of the exposition to open in that city on the first of May, 1904. Let's see. We believe that it has been advertised as a unique feature of every great exposition ever held in this country, that it was to be ready on the opening day. And each one has been a little farther behind than the preceding one.

Very suggestive articles begin to appear in those papers which advocate license, telling, as a matter of news, how the liquor trade has fallen off in New Hampshire since the license law went into effect. Yes, we have been assured over and over that license was a temperance measure and that liquor sellers preferred prohibition. That's why the late resubmission convention in Bangor was largely made up of liquor sellers.

Congress assembles this week in special session, on the summons of the president. The purpose of the session is to establish reciprocity with Cuba, and the president's message will deal with that topic alone. Although Cuban reciprocity failed utterly in the last congress, it seems to be confidently expected by those who are in a position to catch the trend of things, that it will go through all right.

Whether legitimate newspapers have anything to complain of in the administration of Edwin C. Madden, third assistant postmaster general, during the past few years, is a mooted point. But it is certain that there are a great many publishers in the country who will read with entire equanimity the report that the inquiry into the post office frauds has reached the office of the third assistant, and that Mr. Madden is under investigation.

The Democrat notes the death of Maj. Eliphalet Rowell of Hallowell with sorrow. His death occurred Oct. 31st, at the home of his son in Minneapolis, where he was spending the winter. Maj. Rowell was an honored citizen who has done service for the people of the state in various capacities, and was highly esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. He was one of the original members of the Maine Press Association, and although 81 years of age at the time of his death, he has missed few of either the business meetings or the summer excursions of the association. The list of original members of the Press Association has been rapidly reduced of late, and there are now only three remaining—Joseph A. Homan of Augusta, Hiram K. Morrell of Gardiner, and Frank G. Rich of Bangor.

Events move with breathless rapidity in this twentieth century. A South American revolution is apt to be a speedy affair anyway, but the past week's shake-up is out of the ordinary. When the last issue of the Democrat was printed, there was no hint of any trouble in Colombia. Now the isthmus of Panama has revolted from Colombia, set up a Republican form of government for itself, the Colombian troops which have been there have sailed for home, and the new *de facto* government has been recognized by the United States, and has existed under that recognition for three full days. Truly, that is a record-breaking change in the map of the world. It was the canal that did it, and the outcome is not to be wondered at. On the face of things recognition of the new government on the part of the United States seems at least sufficiently prompt, but it is to be presumed that this government is acting strictly according to the accepted law of nations in the matter. Our interests are so connected with those of Panama that it behooves us to act in this affair with much circumspection, that the accusation of using our might against the rights of even a little short-sighted country like Colombia may not be made against us.

John's Letter.

We do not enjoy keeping all the good things literary to ourself, and so we send the following to be divided up among your patrons—if you see your way clear to pass it round. It has lain dormant in our scrap book since war time. We have never used it for a recitation, but have often threatened in our own mind to do so.

JOHN.

UNDER THE SNOW.

By Gen. F. W. Lander.

The spring had tripped and lost her flowers,
The summer sauntered through the glades,
The wounded feet of autumn hours
Left ruddy footprints on the blades.

And all the glories of the woods
Had flung their mockery silence down,—
When, wilder than the storm that broods,
She fled before the winter's frown.

For her sweet spring had lost its flowers;
She fell, and passion's tongues of flame
Ran reddening through the blushing bowers,
Now haggard as her naked shame.

One secret thought her soul had screened,
When prying matrons sought her wrong,
And Blame stalked on, a mouthing friend,
And mocked her as she fled along.

And now she bore its weight aloof
To hide it where one ghastly birch
Held up the rafters of the roof,
And grim old pine trees formed a church.

'Twas there her springtime vows were sworn,
And there, upon its frozen sod,
Where wintry midnight reigned forlorn,
She knelt, and held her hands to God.

The cautious creatures of the air
Looked out from many a secret place,
To see the embers of despair
Flush the gray ashes of her face.

And where the last week's snow had caught
The gray beard of a cypress limb,
She heard the music of a thought
More sweet than her own childhood's hymn.

For, rising in that cadence low,
With "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Her mother rocked her to and fro,
And prayed the Lord her soul to keep.

And still her prayer was humbly raised,
Held up in two cold hands to God
Till while as some old place-tree blazed,
Gleamed far o'er that dark frozen sod.

The storm stole out beyond the wood,
She grew the vision of a cloud,
Her dark hair was a misty hood,
Her stark face shown as from a shroud.

Still sped the wild storm's rustling feet
To martial music of the pines,
And to her cold heart's muffled beat
Wheeled grandly into solemn lines.

And still as if her secret's woe
No mortal words had ever found,
The dying sinner draped in snow
Held up her prayer without a sound.

But when the holy angel bands
Saw this lone vigil, lowly kept,
They gathered from her frozen hands
The prayer thus folded, and they wept.

Some snow-flakes wiser than the rest—
Soon faltered o'er a thing of clay,
First read this secret of her breast,
Then gently robed her where she lay.

The dead, dark hair, made white with snow,
A still, stark face, two folded palms,
And (mothers, breathe her secret low!)
An unborn infant asking alms.

God kept her counsel; cold and mute
His steadfast mourners closed her eyes;
Her head-stone was an old tree's root,
Be mine to utter:—"Here she lies."

Maine's Log Cabin.

It is through inadvertence that this issue of the Democrat does not contain a description of Maine's building at the St. Louis exposition. In the absence of a full description it may be said that the building will be erected on plans made by John Calvin Stevens, the Portland architect; will be 140 feet long and 68 feet wide; and will be built of logs cut in the Maine woods. It is of pleasing architecture, really artistic and not at all like a primitive log cabin. While it is to be expected that the first glimpse of it will give to careless people not familiar with our state the impression that Maine is away back in the woods, there will be much inside the building to remove that impression. Not only will the advantages of Maine as a vacation state be set forth, but there will also be exhibits of the various industries and natural resources of the state. Esthetically at least the building will be a credit to us.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

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

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

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

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

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Friday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Royal Arch Chapter, No. 20, 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' Ha l, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month. Mt. Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 58, meets on first and third Friday of each month.

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

K. G. E.—Oxford Castle, No. 2, meets in Ryerson hall, first and third Thursday evenings of each month.

The hunters are enjoying life these days. Walter W. Frost shot a deer the first of the week that tipped the scales at 186 pounds. It was a good one truly.

All town schools close on Wednesday before Thanksgiving. The Pike Hill school re-opened the first of the week.

Charles E. Holt and wife visited in Harrison during the week.

G. I. Cummings, of the firm of C. B. Cummings & Sons, left for New York the first of the week on business. He will be gone several days.

Grand High Priest Howard D. Smith, assisted by Past Grand Master Alfred S. Kimball installed the following officers of Oxford Chapter, No. 29, Wednesday evening:

High Priest—Walter L. Gray.
King—Albert J. Stearns.
Scribe—Charles P. Barnes.
Treasurer—Eugene F. Smith.
Secretary—George E. Tubbs.
Chaplain—Rev. J. E. Budden.
C. H.—E. E. Andrews.
P. S.—A. C. Wheeler.
R. A. C.—Geo. W. Haskell.
M. of 3d V.—J. N. Favor.
M. of 2d V.—C. E. McArlle.
M. of 1st V.—L. L. Powers.
S. S.—C. F. Ridlon.
J. S.—H. L. Bartlett.
Sentinel—Thaddeus Cross.
Organist—H. P. Jones.

The installation service was followed by work and a banquet. Grank King Herbert Harris of Bangor made the chapter an official visit during the evening.

Alton P. Fales of Sumner for intoxication paid a fine in the municipal court Saturday of $5 and costs. Isaac Moody paid a similar fine and costs Wednesday for intoxication. E. D. Barker and Wendell Tripp for assaults each paid fines of $10 and costs. The last two cases were the outgrowth of the Flint investigation by Deputy Bassett.

Freeland Howe visited his daughter, Mrs. A. E. Morrison, at Rumford Falls, last week.

Charles W. Kingman of Waterford is working for Elmer H. Haggett in the carriage shop on Deering Street.

The friends of N. A. Noble are congratulating him upon his promotion from the Norway Branch job as fireman to a position on the main line which in the near future will give him charge of an engine as engineer.

The Bartlett store, opposite the Elm House, is being fitted up for a meat market and will be occupied by James Pledge. Mr. Pledge will run the store on Winter Street just the same as heretofore we understand.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Faunce announce the engagement of their daughter, Grace Louise, to Walter Clark Leavitt of Swampscott, Mass.

Mrs. Otis N. Jones and daughter Mary of Boston are visiting at her son's, Wm. F. Jones'.

Dr. F. N. Barker is having another hen house erected on his lot at the south end of Danforth Street.

The walk to the assessors' office on the east side of the Opera House has been repaired by M. N. Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Sanborn, of the Ginn Hotel, are visiting their old home in York County for a time. It has been several years since they were there.

Emma J. Smith returned to Dorchester, Mass., with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moffatt the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Fernald of Wilton were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Fickett recently. Capt. Fernald and wife are members of the Wilton church over which Rev. Mr. Fickett presided three years.

Levi Shedd of Paris has purchased the S. S. Stearns homestead, corner Main and Elm Streets, and will take possession about the first of March.

Oxford Lodge, No. 1, of Ark Mariners, held a special voyage at Masonic Hall Thursday evening. Large attendance present.

Ralph I. Trask, who has been employed by Capt Nash at Haines Landing during the summer, has returned to Norway.

A. F. Marston, of the shoe firm of B. F. Spinney & Co., has returned from a trip to New York and Chicago.

Capt. Wright Bisbee has returned to Skowhegan where he has a position with the Commonwealth Shoe Co.

A party consisting of A. P. Farnham of Norway, H. C. Harmon and Nathan Stewart of Portland, J. W. Stolley of Boston, and Geo. E. and E. B. Tubbs of this place, have returned from a week's hunting trip at Pappoose Pond. They report an excellent trip.

The Board of Trade meeting at Engine House Hall Thursday evening was largely attended by citizens interested in the town's business. The reports of the committees were heard and the following officers elected:

President—Henry J. Bangs.
Vice-President—Albert J. Stearns, Frank H. Noyes, Fred W. Sanborn.
Secretary and Treasurer—G. Leon Curtis.
Executive Committee—Henry B. Foster, Henry J. Bangs, Albert J. Stearns, G. Leon Curtis, Eugene E. Andrews, Ed S. Cummings, Charles F. Ridlon.

A party of fifteen members of Wildey Encampment, No. 21, of Norway I. O. O. F., visited Casco Encampment at Bridgton Wednesday evening. They drove across country in teams. The company report a most pleasant visit.

A stated assembly of Oxford Council No. 14, R. and S. M., was held at Masonic Hall in this village, Friday evening, November 6. Work on the degrees and an official visit was made by R. I. Gr. P. C. W. Charles B. Adams of Waterville. A banquet was in order following the work and an hour of speech and song was most pleasantly passed. The attendance was large.

Thousands suffer and hundreds die every year in this country from some form of Bowel Complaint. The best remedy for these diseases in children or adults is Dr. SETH ARNOLD'S BALSAM. Warranted to give satisfaction by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris, Maine.

Water is lower than for over 20 years in the entire Rangeley system. Mooselucmeguntic lake is eight feet lower than usual at this season and Rangeley lake is about five feet.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family pills are the best.

The First Parish Congregational Church of Scarboro observed its 175th anniversary last week. The communion service used Sunday was made of pewter in 1723 and at that time brought from England for use by the Scarboro church. The communion cloth in use was made of flax grown and spun by the ladies of the church in 1823.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testim

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

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

Scientific American.

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

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Boys Wanted

IN SHOE FACTORY.

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

Apply at once to
CHASE, MERRITT CO.,
Mechanic Falls, Me.

J. WALDO NASH,
Licensed Taxidermist,
MASONIC BLOCK,
Telephone Connection. NORWAY.

W. H. Winchester,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

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Phonographs,

Records, Blanks, Horns, and Supplies.

Berlin, - N. H.

Catalogues sent on application.

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.

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.

Livery Stock for Sale!

20 horses, two-seated carriages, 10 top buggies, 4 surries, 4 bicycle carriages (open), 1 nice three seated wagon, harness, whips, robes, etc. Will lease stable to run livery business. This is a nice, clean livery stock and excellent opening. No competition. Will sell on easy terms.

F. B. FOGG,
May 3, 1903. South Paris.
Home Telephone Call, 103-5.
Andrews House Stable Call, 103-12.

Black Stallion,

DECORATE,

"Every Inch a King."

By Dare Devil, record 2:09. Dam, Jewel, dam of Lord March, 2:11 1-2, and Point Dexter, 2:21 1-2. Send for circular.

W. J Wheeler,
South Paris, - - Maine

Played Out.

That "played out"—"done up" feeling makes life miserable for every sufferer from Kidney ills, backaches, headaches and urinary troubles, painful and annoying.

Doan's Kidney Pills

bring new life and activity, remove the pain and cure the cause, from common backache to dangerous diabetes.

Mr. L. T. Wilson, sailmaker on Market street, Portmouth, N. H., says: "I contracted a very bad cold which affected me in the loins and in the upper part of the chest, causing distressing lameness, some urinary difficulty and I was quite stiffened up. As I had read considerable about Doan's Kidney Pills I went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. They went to the spot at once, and I did not use but part of the box before I was quite over my trouble. I gave the balance of my box to a friend, and there was plenty to cure him, although neither of us are very lightweights. I am prepared from my personal experience and from their effects on others to highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. You can refer to me."

For sale by all druggists; 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CAMERAS & PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES!
W. P. MAXIM,
23 Main St., South Paris, Me.
Mail orders promptly filled.

Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

Mr. D. Kauble, of Nevada, O., says: I had stomach trouble and was in a bad state as I had heart trouble with it. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for about four months and it cured me.

Kodol Digests What You Eat

and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure:

Bottles only. $1.00 Size holding 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50c.

Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO

Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

S. RICHARDS,
OPTICIAN,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

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.

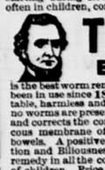
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER 50 CTS. GRAYS FERRY ROAD ELY BROS. New York

Farm for Sale.

Situated 3 miles from South Paris depot on the East Oxford road. Contains 200 acres. Lots of wood and pine. Buildings in good repair. Inquire of SARAH P. PAGE, Old Ladies' Home, Norway. Or of H. M. Berry at the farm.

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; starting during sleep; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions.



TRUE'S 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.

Special Club Offer.

By a special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer that best of all agricultural papers

The New England Farmer

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THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT

at $2.25 per year in advance. Subscriptions may begin now and will be sent until Jan. 1, 1905. The only condition attaching to this proposition is that all subscriptions to the Farmer shall be new ones. Address or call at the office of

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Only the True L. F.

Has used it Thirty Years and can't be Fooled by Substitutes and Imitations

"Kindly send me by express another bottle of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters. I am unable to obtain it in this city. Was offered bitters put up by Moses Atwood in package resembling style in which the 'L. F.' is packed, but not knowing anything of the value of other bitters, and having known and loved the 'L. F.' Atwood's Bitters for nearly thirty years, I am going to continue using it."—G. W. GREELEY, 1036 N. 43½ St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Relieves the Over-Charged Stomach and Bowels, Quiets the Nerves and Brings Restful Sleep

We Do all Kinds of....
JOB PRINTING.
Atwood & Forbes, South Paris.

THE PUZZLER

No. 338.—Primal Acrostic.

Primals spell the name of a month.

Crosswords: 1. A tropical fruit. 2. A handsome fall flower. 3. An early spring flower. 4. A tropical fruit. 5. A tropical fruit. 6. A flower that grows in the mountains of Switzerland. 7. A beautiful flower of which there are many varieties.

No. 339.—A Bit From Boz.

The picture represents one of Dickens' characters.

No. 340.—Riddlemeree.

In banner, not in shield;
In farm, not in field;
In fence, not in rail;
In thunder, not in hail;
In shout, not in call;
In yard, not in hall;
In post, not in pillar;
In moth, not in miller.
Whole is a precious gem.

No. 341.—An Anagram Story.

One day in "Boer cot" some "rich lend" went into the woods to gather "such tents." They started at "yard beak," and as they scampered along in the frosty morning they heard the "sore sort" in the barnyard "cow grin." Each carried a "ask bet," and they ran with "yes cats" across the "owed ma." They had good luck, and after they had filled their baskets to their utmost "icy cat pa" they returned home to "far basket," which they ate with hearty "spite pate." The nuts which they "the grade" they "bid leo" or "red oats" and ate them with much "airy hilt."

No. 342.—Proverbs With Vowels Omitted.

1. F, n, t, h, r, t, n, v, r, w, n, f, r, l, d, y.
2. B, j, s, t, b, f, r, y, r, g, n, r, s.
3. S, p, c, h, s, s, l, v, r, s, l, n, c, s, g, l, d.
4. D, s, y, w, l, d, b, d, n, b, y.

No. 343.—Double Curtailings.

[Example: Doubly curtail in pursuit of, rearrange the remaining letters and make fleshy. Answer—Aft-er, aft, fat.]

1. Doubly curtail a garment worn throughout the Levant, rearrange the remaining letters and make a reality.
2. Doubly curtail a common remedy for bruises, rearrange the remaining letters and make to fall in drops.
3. Doubly curtail a bug that destroys wheat, rearrange the remaining letters and make a measure of length.
4. Doubly curtail a descendant of Levi, rearrange the remaining letters and make wicked.

No. 344.—A Train of Cars.

1. This car is a red gem.
2. This is a large comb for wool.
3. This is a ship's freight.
4. This is pure charcoal.
5. This is a kind of short gun.
6. This is a precious stone.
7. This is merry festival.
8. This is a dead body.
9. This is a massacre.
10. This is a fresh water fish.
11. This is a builder.
12. This is a large globular bottle.
13. This is a beautiful flower.
14. This is gristle.
15. This car explodes.

A Puzzle That Puzzles.

Take the number of your living brothers.
Double this amount.
Add to it three.
Multiply the result by five.
Add to it number of living sisters.
Multiply the result by ten.
Add number of deaths of brothers and sisters.
Subtract 150 from result.
The right hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters, the left figure the number of living brothers.

Knows His Business.

"There goes a man who is always anxious to see his name in print."

"Really? Is he one of those idiots?"

"No; one of those wise men. He's an advertiser."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 329.—Metagram: 1. Cull. 2. Dull. 3. Bull. 4. Gull. 5. Hull. 6. Full. 7. Null. 8. Pull. 9. Mull.

No. 330.—Beheadments: S-tory. M-arch.

No. 331.—Charade: Sun-dry.

No. 332.—Geographical Acrostic: Madeira. 1. Manchester. 2. Andes. 3. Don. 4. Edinburgh. 5. Iceland. 6. Rhodes. 7. Alderney.

No. 333.—Transpositions: 1. Shoe. Rose. 2. Pier. ripe.

No. 334.—An Arrow:

```
S S         L I
S T O T S S T I
H I A W A T H A
P L E R Y E N L
E R           Y S
```

No. 335.—Picture Puzzle: Napkin. Cabin.

No. 336.—Diamond: 1. U. 2. Sea. 3. Paper. 4. Neptune. 5. Round. 6. One. 7. U.

No. 337.—Additions: Last, least. Nose, noise. Lover, clover. Each, peach. Fame, flame.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

"I have two difficulties to overcome in connection with my flying machine," said the inventor. "What are they?" "Getting it into the air and making it stay there."

CURED OF PILES AFTER 40 YEARS.

Mr. C. Haney of Geneva, O., had the piles for 40 years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, lacerations, eczema, tetter, salt rheum, and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package—all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

A husband said to his wife: "I dreamed last night that I caught a man running away with you." "What did you say?" she asked. "I wanted to know what he was running for," replied her husband.

Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses and heals the membrane. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and cures Catarrh easily and pleasantly. Cold in the head vanishes quickly. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

Teacher—"What is velocity?" Pupil—"Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

A Variety of Thanksgiving Desserts.

A little variety to a Thanksgiving dinner, especially one of the orthodox kind, is oftentimes very welcome. The usual rich pie and cake which is served at the close of a very hearty turkey and vegetable course must be declined by some of our cautious friends who are mindful of the reckoning on the morrow. The following recipes will be helpful to the busy housewife:

PUMPKIN PUDDING.

Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed and pressed through a colander; warm one-half pint of milk and add one-quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar to it, stirring them well together. If you can get cream it will be much better; use one pint, omitting the milk and butter. Beat eight eggs very light and add them gradually to the other ingredients. Stir in two glasses of wine, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed and a grated nutmeg. Stir the whole mixture very hard, put into a buttered dish and bake three-quarters of an hour.

STRAWBERRY SOUFFLE.

Rub one quart of berries either fresh or canned, (any other soft fruit can be substituted, like peaches) through a fine strainer, add sugar to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and mix immediately and well with the mashed berries. Place the mixture in a low baking dish and bake in a quick oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve as soon as baked.

APRICOT TRIFLE.

Put one-half pound of dried apricots to soak over night in half a cupful of water. Next morning add one-half cup of sugar and cook until thick and soft. Press through a coarse sieve, when cool fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat thoroughly and pour into a mould which has been rinsed in cold water. Place in the ice box. When it is to be used, turn it out of the mould and cover with a custard sauce made from one pint of milk, the beaten yolks of two eggs, two tablespoons of sugar and flavor to taste.

ORIENTAL ICE CREAM.

Heat one pint of milk; take from the fire and add it gradually to the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Take the pulp of one-half pound of well-cooked and sweetened prunes, one quart of sweet cream and a teaspoon of vanilla. Mix this all together and freeze as usual. Finely chopped almonds make a fine addition.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.

Two pounds of apples pared, cored and sliced into a pan; add the juice of three lemons and the rind of one finely grated, and about one pound of sugar, if the apples are quite sour. Boil all together until it becomes thick which it will do in about two hours. Turn into a mould, serve cold with a rich custard or cream.

NUT DROPS.

Chop finely one cup of hickory nut meats. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs and slowly fold in the nuts and one cupful of powdered sugar. Mix thoroughly and drop on buttered tins. Bake slowly. You will find these a delicious addition to a cup of a tea.

PING-PONG CARAMELS.

Boil together one cupful of sugar, one of molasses, one of milk and a half cupful of butter until the syrup will roll into a ball when cooled in cold water. Stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla and half a cupful of chopped nuts. Turn into shallow buttered pans and when cool mark into squares and dip each separately into melted chocolate. Put on waxed paper in a cold room to harden.

BANANAS IN JELLY.

Make a mound of lemon jelly. Cut bananas in slices and line the bottom and sides of a mould; pour the lemon jelly in slowly, that it may not float the fruit. Keep in ice water until hard. If you have no mould use a small, round, glass dish. Put the sliced bananas on the bottom, then turn in a little jelly, when hard put a row around the sides, fill the center with bananas, add more jelly, enough to cover. Reserve a cupful of jelly and break it up and scatter over the top when ready to serve.

CURRIED APPLES.

Core six large, tart apples and arrange them in a baking dish. Cream together four tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of brown sugar and beat in a teaspoonful of curry powder and a tablespoon of lemon juice. Fill the spaces left by the cores with the mixture and bake in a quick oven. Serve cold. This may be used as a dessert or to take the place of cranberry sauce.

CHINESE RICE PUDDING.

Whip one pint of sweet cream to a froth, add one-third cup of sugar, flavor with vanilla, add one ounce of rice that has been boiled in one cup of milk until soft and tender, then cool. Just before serving add one-half cup of preserved ginger.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Pare and cut fine six oranges, strew over them one cup of powdered sugar. Beat the yolks of six eggs with four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and strain it in one quart of boiling milk. Put this over the oranges while hot; beat the whites of the eggs with two tablespoons of powdered sugar and pour over the pudding. Brown in the oven; serve cold.

MOCK CHERRY PIE.

Cut in halves one cup of cranberries, add half cup of raisins stoned and chopped, half a cup of boiling water, one tablespoonful of flour, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, piece of butter. Mix butter and flour together, add hot water, then the rest of the ingredients and cook ten minutes before filling the pie.—McCall's Magazine.

Taking Care of Children's Hair.

Mothers should teach their children to care for their hair as early as possible.

If the little girl is coaxed into the habit of giving her hair a hundred strokes with a stiff brush every morning and evening and braiding them loosely for bed, the foundation for a future beautiful head of hair will be laid.

Counting the strokes will lighten the task for her, and she will soon become accustomed to it and make it a part of her daily toilet. Too many children are allowed to go to bed with their hair in a tousled condition, only to have it jerked and tangled hastily when school time comes round.

Such a practice is disastrous to the nerves of a sensitive child and ruinous to the hair. Teach the little daughter to take care of her hair.—McCall's.

Rest Your Feet.

The feet really need far more rest than it is usual to grant them in these days of hurry-scurry and tight shoes. Few people have any idea how injurious to health and temper, to heart and brain, an uncomfortable feeling about the feet is. The feet of children should never be cramped. They may be injured mentally and physically for life by such a practice, except when absolutely necessary. Always keep a pair of nice soft house shoes, and get into them as quickly as possible after your return from walking or cycling. If you have an hour to spare in your own room, take off your shoes and stockings both and bathe the feet in cold or warm (never hot) water, whichever is most agreeable to the feelings. Keep the feet naked while you rest on a sofa, read your paper and sip your coffee. The best stockings or socks are lamb's wool, and they should fit as well as a glove. Never have them too loose nor too tight. If you can always keep your feet nice and comfortable you will add years to the term of your life.—McCall's.

An easy way to peel beets is as soon as the beets are sufficiently cooked, place them in a vessel and pour cold water on them, and by gently pressing them the peel will come off easily.

Jet ornaments are increasing in popularity. Gray-haired women especially affect them.

The Passing of Fads.
(Harper's Weekly.)

All fads tend to live on a while after the taste for them has been satisfied. The force of habit preserves them for a time, but their doom eventually arrives. It is no longer compulsory on persons of all ages to play golf. The game survives, and will survive, for it is a good game and useful. But it is played this year by people who like it, and not so much as it was by people who think they ought to like it. It takes a good deal of time, and people who would rather do something else feel freer than they did to devote their leisure to other things.

Bridge-whist is a younger fad than golf, and is still very prevalent; but it is as certain as the taxes that presently a great many people who have made it the chief of the secondary objects of their existence will yawn in its face, and inquire if there are not other pastimes which it would be expedient to test. Bridge-whist, attentively played, takes a fairly large slice out of the waking moments of its patrons, and most of them are bound to come in time to a point where they wonder whether it pays.

Only a few diversions are permanently attractive. Money never gets entirely out of fashion, and its pursuit comes near being a permanent fad. Feeding, if judiciously cultivated, shows a wonderful permanence of attraction. Drinking seems to wear well as a form of enjoyment, in spite of all the blots upon its record and all that may be truthfully said in disparagement of it. And good talk adds steadily to human happiness. But all these are old and tried employments. The new diversions change from year to year, have their turn, and give place to something newer, to be resurrected again, if they happen to be good, after every one has forgotten them.

Cleveland Did His Part.
(New York Mail and Express.)

At a recent dinner in Washington Captain —— of the United States navy told the following story about a certain shallow-pated naval chaplain who was looked upon with scant respect by his brother officers. From traveling salesman the man had turned preacher, and, backed by influence, came to Washington in Mr. Cleveland's time to get a naval chaplaincy. When he was introduced at the White House Mr. Cleveland looked him over in his grave, penetrating way, and said:

"Mr. ——, this is no case for favoritism. We want a man of merit and ability for this post."

The applicant rejoined:

"Mr. President, if it is God's will that I go into the navy, neither you nor anyone else can keep me out."

The president eyed him for a moment and then said dryly:

"Well, Mr. ——, I'll do my part, anyway. Good morning."

"The cream of the joke is," said the narrator, "that the fellow—who really did get into the navy later—told the story himself, with all seriousness, adding, 'And as I left that room I had a strong conviction that it was not the will of Providence that I should enter the navy at that time.'"

Naval Evolution.

Once upon a time a cultivated people inhabited a small island and were happy.

"But," they suddenly exclaimed, "we have no navy commensurate with our territorial importance! How stupid of us to have overlooked this!"

Accordingly they set to work and built a large skiff, which required a crew of ten men in its effective operation.

Now there were eleven men, all told, among these people, and they were thus able to have a taxpayer in addition to their navy.

The taxpayer was disposed to murmur until he was told that he thereby revealed an inadequate conception of national destiny, whereupon he gracefully took off his hat and exclaimed:

"My country! May she always be right! But right or wrong, my country!"

CAUTION!

This is not a gentle word—but when you think how liable you are not to purchase the only remedy universally known and a remedy that has had the largest sale of any medicine in the world since 1868 for the cure and treatment of Consumption and Throat and Lung troubles without losing its great popularity all these years, you will be thankful we called your attention to Boschee's German Syrup. There are so many ordinary cough remedies made by druggists and others that are cheap and good for light colds perhaps, but for severe Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup—and especially for Consumption, where there is difficult expectoration and coughing during the nights and mornings, there is nothing like German Syrup. The 25 cent size has just been introduced this year. Regular size 75 cents. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

So wonderful is the mixture that we can not easily understand the state of mind of a little girl who asked her father, "Pa, where were you born?" "In Boston, my dear." "And where was mamma born?" "In San Francisco, my dear." "And where was I born?" "In Philadelphia, my dear." "Well," said the little dear, "Isn't it funny how we three people got together?"

A REMARKABLE CASE.

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 148 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Stringer—"My son saved 63 lives one day last week." Easyun—"Is it possible? How did he do it?" Stringer—"Rescued a cat and six kittens from a burning stable."

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does for the stomach that which it is unable to do for itself, even when but slightly disordered or over-loaded. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and enables the stomach and digestive organs to transform all food into rich, red blood. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Boys, don't you know it's wicked to fight? Now, if I were you I'd kiss and make up." "Say, wot do yous tink dis is—a woman's club?"

A GOOD NAME.

From personal experience I testify that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are unequalled as a liver pill. They are rightly named because they give strength and energy and do their work with ease. —W. T. Easton, Boerne, Texas. Thousands of people are using these tiny little pills in preference to all others, because they are so pleasant and effectual. They cure biliousness, torpid liver, jaundice, sick headache, constipation, etc. They do not purge and weaken, but cleanse and strengthen. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Mr. Wise—"What makes Bobby's cough so bad this morning?" Mrs. Wise—"It's nearly time for him to start for school."

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Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
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"Mamma," said little Frances, "I dreamed of you last night. We were all sitting in the parlor, and you began to scold me." "What did I say, Frances?" asked mamma. "Why, you ought to know, mamma," replied Frances with some astonishment. "You were there."

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.

HOW SLEEP MAY BE WOOED

Movements of the Feet Will Quiet the Nervous Brain.

Most of the mental devices for wooing sleep have failed because they have nearly always tried to resort to "local treatment." In other words, they have made a homeopathic attempt to stop thinking by thinking about something else, a process which might also be called "elimination by substitution." But all thinking, spontaneous or forced, draws more or less blood to the brain, prevents deep inhalations and bars the gate to the kingdom of dreams. Any device, on the other hand, which will make one take deep, long breaths spontaneously, the invariable forerunner of sleep, may be counted upon as a genuine remedy for insomnia. Even deep breathing which is forced is better than any purely mental attempt to win sleep, but if the deep breathing can be produced involuntarily one is sure of a passport to Nodland.

After several nights of experiment to this desired end the writer decided to apply the principle adopted by the masseurs, who begin their manipulations "at the point farthest from the seat of difficulty," which in the case of insomnia would be the feet. Lying on the right side, with the knees together and considerably flexed, the victim of insomnia should begin to pedal both his feet slowly up and down, with the movement entirely in the ankles. The pedaling should keep time with the natural rhythm of respiration and be continued until it is followed by deep and spontaneous breathing.

Several people who have tried this remedy report that involuntary deep breathing invariably begins before they have pedaled up and down a dozen times. In obstinate cases of insomnia the patient may need to keep up the pedaling two or three minutes or even more, with intermissions, if necessary. The treatment may also be varied by moving the feet alternately instead of simultaneously, though the latter method has proved the more speedily efficacious in the cases known to the writer. The explanation of the result obtained is probably simple. The blood is pumped from the head, and with the removal of brain tension a general relaxation follows, with a sequent deep respiration and its resulting sleep.—Good Housekeeping.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

Sounds Both Shrill and Low That We Cannot Hear.

Most people suppose a mole to be dumb, but it's not. A mole can give a sound so shrill that it hasn't any effect on the human ear at all and another sound so low and soft that no human being can hear it. Yet a weasel can hear both these sounds as plainly as you can the report of a gun, and a sound registering machine—the phonautograph—will show them both, with scores of other sounds you are deaf to.

The usual note of the mole is a low pur, which it uses a good deal while at work underground, and it can also shout at the top of its voice if hurt or alarmed; but, though it shouted and purred in your ear, you wouldn't hear it. The sound register, however, with its delicate pencil that marks the volume of sound on a paper, gives the quality of both sounds.

A weasel, too, which is one of the mole's enemies, can hear these sounds through a couple of inches of earth and often catches the mole when he throws up his hillocks of earth. The common field mouse, too, has a pur that is altogether beyond you, though you can hear him squeak plainly enough if he is hurt. A death's head moth, too, can squeak, but that is done by rubbing his wings together and is not a voice at all.

But the champion of all creatures for good hearing and one that can hear a sound that is over 100 degrees beyond your own limit is the common thrush, and you may often amuse yourself by watching him at it. He can hear a lobworm moving underground, locate him by the noise and haul him out.

Often you may see a thrush stand perfectly still on your lawn, cock his ear and listen intently, then make a couple of steps and haul out a fat lobworm. Even the starling, which is about the size of a thrush, cannot do this, but he knows the thrush can, and, being a disreputable person, with no common honesty, he follows the young thrushes about on their worm hunts and steals the worms from them as soon as they are caught.—London Answers.

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

Plato died in his eighty-third year, and his last hour was devoted to intellectual work.

Isocrates was ninety-four years old when he wrote his famous work, "Panathenaikus."

Terestius Varro lived to be nearly a hundred, and he continued to write up to the day of his death.

Hiero, king of Sicily, lived to be ninety, and Masinissa lived to be still older and ruled for sixty years.

Quintus Fabius was appointed augur when he was past middle age, and he held the office for sixty-two years.

Cato Censorius transacted business until he was nearly ninety and retained to the end all his old time vigor.

Gorgias Leontium, the teacher of Isocrates and other distinguished men, was in excellent health at the age of 107 years.

Chrysippus began to write his work on logic in his eightieth year. Cleanthes taught his pupils up to his ninety-ninth year.

Sophocles lived to be nearly a hundred, and during his last days he wrote the "Œdipus Coloneus," one of the greatest tragedies ever written.

Arganthonius began to rule when he was forty years old and held power for eighty years, and in the third book of the "History" Asinius Pollio tells us that he did not die until he was past his one hundred and thirtieth year.

Valuable Insects.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more extensively beneficial than certain species of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical purposes than those beautiful, shining, green colored insects known as blistering beetles, or cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends. They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine.

Curious Mode of Catching Turtles.

A curious mode of catching turtles is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish known as the remora. The live fish is then thrown overboard and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged at the top of his head. Once attached to the turtle, so firm is his grip that the fisherman on drawing the line brings home both turtle and the sucker.

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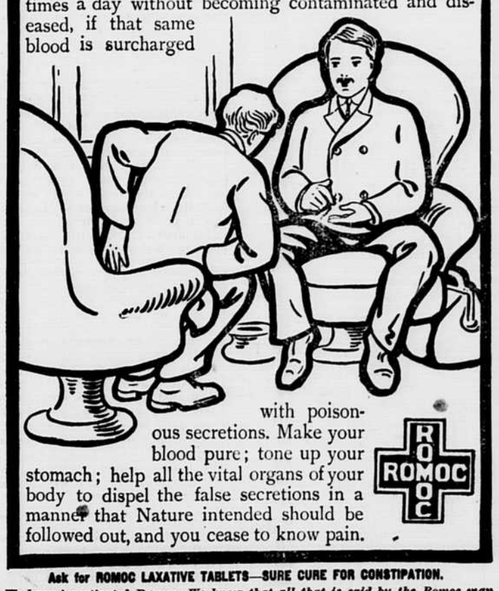

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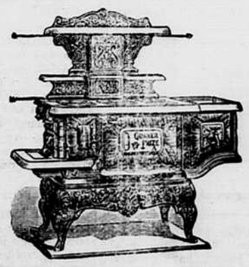

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