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A Dairy Sermon.

PREACHED BY JOHN GOULD, THE VETERAN DAIRY FARMER.

Recent years have developed a number of problems for the dairy farmer to study out, says John Gould in the Ohio Farmer. They have shown him some things he needed to know. One has only to talk with a dozen different dairymen and get their opinions, to realize the "drifting," the vagueness of thought, and the lack of solid intelligence that prevails. The majority persistently ignore the helpful side, believing that outside of themselves there is little worth seeking, and that dairying at the best is a game of luck and chance.

When one finds a man who is making a success with his dairy, making an actual profit, he finds one who seeks after knowledge continually. He is always on the alert for information that will apply to his business. He knows what he don't know, and seeks for the information needed. This leads to the question, "What should a dairyman know in these fast passing years?" No business on earth needs a wiser, more calculating head than dairying does. We briefly group some of the essential things to know in future dairying.

The dairyman must, first of all, be intelligent, must be of an inquiring mind, active in seeking out facts instead of evidence to confirm pet notions or hobbies. A collection of errors always brings waste and loss. The owner of a dairy must read, think, plan and marshal all the forces at his command. He must spend time, and money sometimes, to get the knowledge needed. What father knew is no more applicable to dairying to-day, than the methods of iron mills in 1860 are to the processes in vogue now. Dairying is not a business governed by a few cast-iron rules. It is a constant evolution, and the dairyman must meet the new conditions and environments that arise and surround him.

One of the greatest needs is better "cow-judgment." Seven dairies out of ten are mixtures of all breeds and qualities, under the shadow of "poor relations." No dairy of mixed breeding ever gained high prominence, nor did the crossing of two dairy breeds ever produce the excellent qualities of both, or either, for that matter, and the second cross deteriorated in production and breed characteristics. "Sports" may, and do, crop out, by reversion, and may be of astonishing excellence, but are of little value as foundation stock. A dairyman may be a good judge of cows, able to pick the best out of his neighbors' herds, but his success contributes to the failure of all the herds he draws from. The dairyman must be well grounded in breeding, mating, "nicking". He must believe that the dairy cow of the future is to be an animal of home-farm production. He must be the moulder of his herd and know how to do it.

The farmer was never brought "up against" the feed question as he is to-day. Rapidly increasing values of grain, the mixing of feeds, the balanced ration, and the cheapest feed, are some of the things that perplex him. Ignorant of what a good dairy ration is, he often gets the most worthless feeds in seeking for the cheapest. In a season of cheap wheat and high corn a farmer who saw the sign out, "Hominy $28," said: That settles it; I'll buy 65-cent wheat, grind it, and stiffen up its protein with oil meal at $28." Mill sweepings, screenings and oat hulls ground to-gether and sold at $28 (probably worth $7), would not tempt this man. This is one thing to know—what are cheap feeds and what are dear ones. A man can easily denounce "balanced rations" as "cow bosh," but it is costly to buy feeds and guess at results.

Closely akin to this is the question—what can the farm produce for the dairy? It is time for the farmer to find out how he may be independent of the grain pits of Chicago. It has been said that "the wheat pit of Chicago is only 30 feet across but it is as deep as hell." Dairymen must shun these pits and buy and produce on the farm with more understanding. This leads to the question of raising protein on the farm. Will alfalfa grow? Can clover be made to catch with more certainty, and how? Can the silo be made to play a greater part in feeding? Is it the solution of the summer soiling business? Will a bushel of ensilage take the place of a grain ration in July? Will succulent food benefit cows more than the same food dried? Will roots added to silage make a better ration than either alone? What is the limit of feeding for profit? All these are questions for study and solution.

What about soils, tillage, fertility? How are these to be made to work together for profit? What is humus? What is "virgin fertility" and how can the cow man restore it? What about the barn, and sanitation? In the northern states cows are housed in good stables 22 hours a day for four or five months. What about light, ventilation and health? There are plenty of cow stables, but how many have "comfort" written on every board in the structure? This is a question for much study, with all notions and prejudice put aside. Cow comfort is cow profit. The cow can't talk but the scales, used 365 days in the year, talk for her. If any one thing calls for greater study in dairy management it is ventilation—not the wind blowing through the stables as it listeth, but real, proper, sanitary ventilation.

We have given only a few hints. More and more is continually being required of the dairy and dairyman. A better cow must be secured and she must be fed with better understanding and care. The dairy reflects the handiwork of its owner. If the majority of dairies fall below the requirements of the times, it is because such sermons as this are really needed.

Twice or Thrice per Day Cow Feeding.

Prof. J. H. Grisdale, before the agricultural committee of the house of commons, reported an experiment to ascertain whether cows should be fed two or three times a day. The latter was the custom among the majority of farmers, but at the Experiment farm only two feeds a day were given. Mr. Grisdale said that practice at the farm was to feed the cows in the morning, about 5:30, with ensilage and roots, meal and a small amount of hay. The same ration was given again about 3:30 in the afternoon. During the past winter, an experiment was conducted to find out whether it would be more profitable to give three meals a day. A number of cows were given two meals a day, and another lot three meals. At the close of the experiment the following conclusion was drawn: That there is practically no difference in the amount of feed consumed or in the amount of milk produced between two or three feeds a day. The former is the more profitable way, however, on account of involving less labor and time.—The Farmer's Advocate.

The college graduates from the agricultural courses, if not so situated as to return to the home farm, find places open and awaiting them at liberal salaries. Are the classes from any other course as well situated as a body? And better than this, should they hold to their chosen calling there are homes awaiting them where a larger share of the comforts and pleasures of life and a larger measure of independence are to be found than in any other field of effort.

Mud endangers foot rot, but dirty, wet pens are worse in this respect than mud.

Renovating Meadows and Pastures.

As pastures and meadows get old they become sodbound and less productive. The available fertility of the soil has largely been exhausted and much of it is locked up in the immense root system which has developed by the thick growth of grass. If the field is one which can be used in growing other crops, the best plan is to break the sod when the grass has reached the stage described, and seed new fields to grass. If it is desirable, however, to continue the use of the meadow or pasture, a new growth may be secured with some grasses by thoroughly disking and harrowing the sod early in the spring. This will have the effect of destroying part of the grass plants, whose roots will soon decay, furnishing plant food for the growth of new grass. The disking also breaks up the compact condition caused by the tramping of the stock, and aerates the soil, and the mulch of mellow earth acts to conserve the soil moisture, thus favoring the growth of grass.

Now, if with the above treatment fertilizers be applied the yield of grass may be profitably increased. No better fertilizer can be applied to grass than barnyard manure. The top dressing applied in the fall or early winter serves during the winter as a cover to protect the grass roots from the extremes of temperature. As spring opens the rain carries the nutriment from the manure down to the roots of the grass, stimulating an early strong growth which continues throughout the season. During the summer the manure acts as a mulch to keep the water on the soil, thus protecting the plants more or less from the influence of drouth.

There is no more convenient place to haul the manure than on the grass land, and there is no crop which responds more rapidly and gives more profitable results than does grass, and it is not necessary to wait until the pasture or meadow is old and worn out before making liberal applications of manure. When the purpose is to plow up the sod, the manure should be applied a year previous to breaking. This will not only cause a larger growth of grass during the season following the manuring, but by increasing the root growth and adding to the humus of the soil the land will be left more fertile for seeding crops.—A. M. Ten Eyck, Kansas Experiment Station.

Bits of Barnyard Sense.

When the cattle are through the bars put them up, and put them all up. Do not leave one or two down and then drive stock that way. Lots of cattle, especially young stock, are made unruly just that way. Make them jump over one bar to-day and to-morrow they are ready to go over two and so on until no bars, however high, will stop them. There is more human nature about cattle than you and I imagine.

Every living thing needs exercise; cows are no exception. I think of this when I see some folks advise keeping the cows in the stable the year round. It is not the natural thing to do. You would not be at your best shut up that way; neither is the cow. Takes fresh air and sunshine to make a cow kick up her heels, and it is the cow that does kick up her heels that gives good, healthy milk.

Now, this does not mean that the cows should be driven off a mile or two through howling winds and storms to get what water they want to drink. This is the way more than one man does, though, and it is going to the other extreme. The middle of the highway is the best place for you and me to do our traveling.

I know of men who are in the habit of currying off their cows with the milking stool. That is not the best way. The teeth are too far apart to do good work. The cows know it, too, and sit down on every man who treats them that way.—Farmer Vincent, in The Farm Journal.

Poultry Pointers.

It is too much to ask a chick to furnish enough blood for its own growth and that of a colony of lice. Rout the vermin and give chickie a show.

A surplus rooster is an expensive ornament in the poultry yard. Eat or sell the surplus roosters before they eat double their value.

Time spent in learning to prevent poultry diseases will be less than that spent in trying to effect cures.

Don't wait for mites to appear before beginning to fight them. Whitewash the house twice a summer, and kerosene the perches every week or two.

For confined chickens an excellent green food is onion tops chopped fine and mixed in the mash twice a week.

A noted breeder says whenever he hears much complaint of eggs not hatching, he is pretty sure the layers were croupy the winter before.

It hardly pays to starve chicks into eating what they do not like. Cut it out of the diet, and find other things.

The cost of food to increase the live weight of chickens 100 lbs., is from $3 to $5 less when the birds are fed in crates, than when fed in yards. When a fowl is at rest, and food is turned into flesh instead of energy, it is evident the same amount of food will lay more weight on the carcass than when the fowl is exercising, though confinement can only be brief, or health will finally suffer. Skim milk with ground grains is a good fattening ration.

Dry bread crumbs, mixed with one-quarter their weight of raw egg, then dried until not sticky, is a fine food for young chicks or poults.

If you wish to build up a good trade, stamp your eggs and label your boxes of carcasses, that he who eats may know their source. But don't put your address on addled eggs or consignments of old roosters.

The man who thinks a few mongrels, any old shed, a bag of musty corn, and a pail of stagnant water, are going to enrich his farm, will get left.

Poultry culture used to be thought fit for women only, to make their "pin money." But it must be thought men's business now, so many men are editing poultry papers. Anyway, raising 20th century poultry takes brains, whether masculine or feminine.

Curing diseased fowls is rarely worth while, because they are not likely to be "as good as new." They are likely to become diseased again, and to perpetuate the same sort of sickness in their offspring.

Whitewashing poultry houses two or three times a year, with a little carbolic acid and coal oil in the wash, will largely prevent mites and lice. Let the wash be hot and thin, and put into all cracks.

The chick does not come from the shell with gravel in its crop. Fine gravel should be furnished in the shape of sharp sand and powdered bone.

Quality Wins in Eggs.

The grocer soon learns that he must send good eggs to his customers or he will not have them long, and the farmer who is progressive will soon learn that he must do the same, says Farm and Live Stock Journal. The word "fresh" when applied to eggs may mean a great deal, or it may not. The egg-grower who wishes to create a regular demand for his eggs at high prices must market his stock promptly, for there is nothing that so disgusts the experienced handler of eggs as to find that the eggs he bought for fresh have been held in the country for two or three weeks. Storage eggs that are put in the refrigerator immediately after they are laid, come out better, after four or five months have elapsed, than the eggs that are allowed to remain in the farmer's pantry for a month after they are laid before they are marketed.

A successful poultryman offers the following simple hints for keeping the young brood in health: Give clean water and plenty of variety of cracked and whole grains, mostly in a dry state; keep chicks out of the grass in rain or dew.

Nothing and Everything

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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SWITCHBACK lay between two summer resorts in Colorado, one a large and prosperous town, a very swell town with a group of very swell springs, the other nothing more than a huge hotel up the gorge at Spanish Peaks, hung about by granite tapestries hard as the manager's heart.

When El Toledore mine was smoking, as they put it for a lively market, Switchback boasted a lively population, with three shifts on—500 men—but never at any time more than one boss. He was El Toledore manager, mining engineer and superintendent—John Blair. He was boss.

The highway that connected the resorts crossed the Switchback street between the boarding house and the depot. The sun at the noon hour beat intently on it, and John Blair, on the porch of Mrs. Jackson's boarding house, melting the last of his favorite tobacco into blue haze, was sinking into a doze when his ear caught the sound of laughter, different from Switchback laughter. He opened his eyes—like the cliff road, they were gray and dusty—and saw a man and a woman coming down from the gorge. The man led a bear, and the woman carried a violin.

Right in front of the boarding house the bear became perverse. Whether from heat or from the odors of Mrs. Jackson's kitchen, he settled back on his haunches and vigorously resisted every effort to get him forward. The man pulled at him, and the woman pulled; both together pulled and seemed to find it very funny. The boss of Switchback—let us say flatly, the autocrat—gradually woke to the contest. Mining engineers know a little of everything, even bears, and with half an eye exposed the autocrat saw the animal was thirsty and that the "dagoes," to use the word in his mind, were more stupid than their class, for they seemed wretchedly awkward at handling their property. The man began to prod him with a stick. The woman shook her violin rather alarmingly at the beast, and bruin, accepting the challenge, squared himself.

"Hey, there, Tony," sang the autocrat, interfering by virtue of his job in everything inside camp limits, "why don't you water the brute, you idiot? Don't you see he's thirsty?" The musician turned in surprise. "I say, why don't you water him?" repeated the autocrat, lazily insolent. "You'll never start him that way."

The woman caught her companion's arm and, looking John Blair's way, spoke to her associate. John was only a brownish, mineral looking chap, but his voice rang in a domineering way. The Italian, nodding, gave his companion the chain and trotted over to the corner store. Just as he entered it Mrs. Jackson's little girl, spying the show, rushed from her kitchen into the street with a western slice of bread and butter and headed straight for the bear. The apparition must have seemed to him in the nature of a special Providence, for, jerking the chain from his mistress' hand, he dashed at the bread and butter like a grizzly. The Italian girl screamed, and Mrs. Jackson's youngster yelled. John heard, and to hear was to move, but before he could cross the narrow street the bear had borne the child, slice and all, to the ground.

The frightened girl with the violin—John saw she was young and slight—beat her hands and panted in a pretty terror. Reaching the child's side with astonishing bounds, the autocrat, seizing the bear's collar, jerked it off the bawling urchin. Thoroughly and excusably enraged, the beast turned on the interloper, and with the utmost air of business. The encounter was short, for miners and bears are instant in fight. The frightened Italian girl, grasping her violin, saw the bear, springing wickedly, tear at Blair's arm, thrown out as a buffer. In a very flash the struggling pair fought in blood. The Italian rushed from the store with his tardy bucket, but not until the autocrat had by a shrewd and merciless twist hurled the bear to the ground and put back into its sheath a dripping knife he had passed across the brute's throat. The unfortunate bear had taken the worst of it.

Meantime the child's mother ran shrieking into the street, and a dozen women from as many shanties swarmed after her. The Italian girl shrank in dismay beside her companion, while John Blair stepped quickly to them.

"Sorry I had to kill your bear, Tony," he said to the bewildered musician. "It's your fault, not taking care of him. He jumped on the child. I interfered to keep you out of trouble. This is a bad camp for your sort. They hang three dagoes here a few years ago. They'd swing you up and light their pipes on you if your bear did any damage. You'd best get out—see?—and be lively about it! Understand?" he added in Italian, for the women were already closing about the frightened pair.

"Them's the murderin' villains!" shouted Mrs. Jackson, dragging her innocent vindictively up by the wrist. "Look a' the poor little grurl! They'd ought to be lynched!" There was a chorus of echoes.

"'Ow can we get out?" anxiously asked the man of John Blair.

"Blast it! Get out the way you got in—hit the path!" exclaimed the autocrat impatiently; but, glancing at the gathering mob of women and children—the men were fortunately underground or asleep—the autocrat changed his advice. Things were shaping themselves with the speed of a cyclone. The Italian girl shrank closer to him. A burly Switchback dame tore at her face, and she huddled, frightened, against his arm. The virago's fingers missed the girl's cheek, but they caught the kerchief off her neck. The bear tamer interposed to resent the assault. John Blair, pushing him back, snatched the scarf from the woman's hand and rebuked her by name. Then he turned.

"Great God! Don't touch one of these women. They'll tear you to pieces. Keep cool, now, my boy, or your heels will cool in the air." There was a touch of anxiety in his voice. With a deft move he got the Italians behind him and tried to appeal to the women.

"'Twas she set the beast on the child!" screamed John's landlady, making a rush.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Jackson!" scoffed John. "It was all an accident. The kid isn't even scratched. There's no harm done. Didn't I see it? Here, wrap this around my arm. Have a little sense," coaxed the man of blood and steel, confronting the serious danger as he twisted the kerchief in his hand about his forearm. All the while, too, he had been edging back toward the depot, with his Italians behind him. John Blair had been through one lynching at Switchback. Before the women saw the feint he had the pair in the waiting room. But men were straggling down the street. The autocrat listened with growing anxiety for the screech of the Kerkwater train, then nearly due.

"It will be here in a minute!" he exclaimed as the frightened musicians looked to him. "Get on this train and get out of here! Get your tickets!" he repeated in Italian to the bear tamer. "What are you crying about?" he asked of the girl as the man started for the ticket window. "I couldn't help killing your bear. It was his fault. He gave it no water. Understand? Is that your husband?"

"Si, signor," she stammered trembilingly. He looked at her closely. Where the neckerchief had been torn away the creamy skin contrasted with her travel stained face, and the tears, coursing down, channeled through the dirt to a color that burned with blood.

"Husband, eh? Look here, does he beat you?"

"N-no, signor."

"Yes, he does," persisted the autocrat, queerly eying her.

"Oh, no, no, signor!"

The train lumbered down to the station. There was one more bridge to cross, the distance from the depot door to the cars. The platform was black with a fermenting crowd. However the musician felt, the autocrat looked lazily confident, and the minute the train pulled in he threw open the door and marshaled the silenced minstrels out. It needed just a match to fire things, yet no one cared to strike it in the autocrat's face. There was covert crowding and shoving, the trio were jammed into a pocket, and the Italians were assailed by every one in swearing distance with a torrent of abuse. The steps of the passenger coach had been blocked by ugly men. Without a word the autocrat shoved sideways and brought his pair to the door of the baggage car, where the conductor stood.

"Curran," exclaimed John Blair hastily, "take these people down to the Springs. They got into trouble here with a bear. Jump in there, Tony, lively!" The man vaulted into the car. "Come!" exclaimed the autocrat to the girl, taking her arm. Then his eyes met hers, and he hesitated. "Look here," he muttered, bending over for her answer, "does he beat you?"

The women behind crowded menacingly up. The yelling was a bedlam, yet no one broke over the arm that barred the frightened girl.

"No, no, signor!" she cried, shrinking with fear. "Puta me in—up—please!" The autocrat laughed. He bent down again, and with the conductor lifting his hand for the starting signal he said something to her in Italian and looked into her fluttering eyes.

"No understanda, signor," shivered the girl, clinging to her violin.

"Hang it," burst out John Blair, "can't you talk your own lingo? I say if he beats you, come back here to me, and I'll kill him." The mob was surging, and the train was moving.

"Puta me in! Oh, puta me in!" she cried.

"Here you go, then!" he laughed, softly catching her by the girdle. "Get back there, Tony!" he roared as the bear tamer leaned anxiously forward. "Get away—will you—you brute?" John was carrying the frantic girl forward with the movement of the train. "Now, up you go! One, two, three!" With the word he swung her. She rose light as a watch spring, bounded cleanly into the open door and into her companion's arms. Curran smiled.

Blair turned on his campful of pets and, raising both arms, chaffed them back and across the street to show the dead bear. Then, as if by inspiration, he appointed a committee for a grand barbecue that night, in which his good people should feast on the spoil of the enemy.

Peace restored in Switchback, he walked to the boarding house, telephoned for the company surgeon and went to his room. Spilling a basinful of water, he unwrapped the neckerchief from his arm. As he was about to throw it into the paper basket a faint odor arrested him. He looked at it again. The coloring was gray, delicate as the texture, soft—very soft it was—and made a setting for the red that dabbled the sober ground. His arm was bleeding freely.

The surgeon arrived and heard all about it. He cauterized the wounds. There was some laughing and more tobacco. But John took a moment, when the doctor's eyes were in his instrument case, to drop the gray kerchief, with its red blotches, into a drawer. The medical man spoke of the teeth of the bear, but the mind of the autocrat went to the woman's teeth as "signor" trembled between them. The idea stole over him that maybe, in spite of her half hearted denials, the brute did beat her. In Switchback, where but one woman passes in a lifetime, one may indulge fancies, and that night when the print of the bear's claws itched he wondered whether she would ever come back if she were beaten and speculated on how bad she would have felt if he had just let them hang Tony and pulled her safely out of it.

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East for a vacation—the first in years—John Blair went home to Buffalo, got his sister Hattie and took her with him up to the Rangeley lakes. Passing thirty-three, the autocrat was grayish; his eyes sleepy as ever. Hattie was barely twenty and overflowed.

The tour included a halt at the Lawford House, at the foot of Mount Washington. By the happiest possible chance it developed that the landlord of Lawford was likewise landlord of the Spanish Peaks, the huge hotel up the gorge from El Toledore itself, a stone's throw from Switchback. He had, with favored guests, himself inspected the famous mine. The Blairs found themselves unexpectedly at home. The autocrat, not himself a dancer, could not escape the ballroom—at least not with Sister Hattie.

The Fourth of July was an especially lively one. From Lynn there came a party almost boisterous with gayety—seventy odd of them—no end of splendid women. How could there be in an American rout? And they gave the dances a color bewildering.

That night the dance room was too surging with all a man hungers for to think seriously of staying out—only music and women, true, but such music and such women! The very ensemble disposed John to impression, and it was not slow to sweep over him when one slender, girlish woman glided near him in the whirl of the waltz and so drew away again that she actually took his breath. John Blair's mind went instantly to exhaust fans. He knew about such things, knew the pull of them, how they sucked the atmosphere out of a corner all at once, and his gasp was evidence that the air had left the corner he occupied. John knew nothing about summer hats, as big as Toledore ore baskets, nothing of trains that spread like Japanese fans over waxed floors and dresses that made the autocratic blood sweep into the heart and out again at precisely the same instant, but he did know something of ventilation.

Again the feat of the music drew her from across the room toward him, and he felt the pressure registering inside. He caught again a glimpse of her face, her lips just parted by a smile. At the turn—the turn which bore her away—her eyes for an instant certainly rested on his, and she was gone.

Twice again that evening John saw her fairly, once in the promenade, when she passed on the arm of the ivoried youth who had led her through the waltz. Passing, her glance met his look. Her eyes, no matter where cast or how, were glorious. And Sister Hattie whispered, "John, isn't she magnificent?" But John was silent.

They were birds of passage, the Lynn people. Next day they were off to their headquarters at Stelle's, up the Notch.

One day the autocrat was driving with Hattie when a big drag from above rolled swiftly past them. In the back of it, beside a particularly offensive looking chap, sat the presence of the ballroom, and again the marvelous creature took John's breath. That day no more he thought of El Toledore. Mining problems after her face offered nothing. Even next day in the morning hour with the Buffalo set and after the luncheon and after the lazy interval John Blair's repose was still unsettled as if by a swell that marks the sea after the wind dies.

She charmed her spectators.

Toward evening the women began, as was their wont, to gather on the porches. Hattie, happy with a Yale man of promise—summer promise—sat in the Buffalo corner and tried to comprehend something about the fall gridiron. With her friends, the Ramsey girls, sat Mr. Howard Tifft, and, like a convalescent toper, among various guests of distinction lounged John Blair. It was one of those groups set down by society Bradstreets as AaAa A1.

While the jests flew or were at least diligently launched and laughter made response more or less sincere there came down the Notch road a pair of wandering musicians. The woman, in the lively colors of Italy, carried a tambourine, the man a violin. As they drew near the Buffalo angle of the porch and a prospective audience the man halted, stuffed his cap into his pocket and with a muddy bow began a rambling tune on his violin. His companion, her eyes cast down, stood beside him in an attitude of waiting; yet most eyes fell on her, resting, rather than on the man gradually working himself into a grotesque physical effort.

The tune done, there came some perfunctory applause. The violinist, a little man, with trousers generously long, bent in acknowledgment, and, taking his cap from his pocket as an artist of greater pretense might a bit of cambric, he wiped his face on it with the gentle pathos of Naples. This drew more applause. He put his hand upon his heart and bent lower. Even his companion smiled, but only at him; her face held rather away from the audience.

Stooping then, the musician dusted with his cap a spot on the macadam no bigger than a dinner plate. He dusted in turn the ill used cap apologetically on his trousers and stuck it back into his pocket—all of this with an air of introduction. He bowed again—this time to his companion—and profoundly. It was as if he humbly said, "Signora, will you honor them?" and, smiling, he looked toward his audience as though to beg their consideration. The pantomime was Italian and good—applause, a slight courtesy from signora and a tuning at the violin to enhance the importance of the introductory steps.

Then a queer little dance tune rippled from his fingers. Signora, slowly drawing up her little body, swayed to it, at first as if by suggestion. Then a little more bending and smiling, until with a quivering, a soft trembling, of the tambourine, she charmed her spectators with her into the rhythm of a plate dance.

Never for once did her feet leave the dusted spot. It was done without a step; just a swaying, molten motion, light as fancy—done so marvelously and so quickly that men and women found themselves shouting and clapping and the dancer nodding and nodding her thanks before they realized it was over. No one had eyes except for her. No one saw the autocrat staring helpless. He had leaned abruptly forward and watched with amazement.

Look and look as he would, he never caught her eyes; unless once, in the repeated nodding—so peculiarly girlish—one nod for him. Her thoughts seemed far from her business, and her companion nudged her to circulate among the audience for such coin as might drop into her tambour. Yet her eyes were cast always away from those between whose chairs she stepped, scant beggary in her manner. The autocrat, sitting a little apart and back, watched her savagely. Him she could not pass without perceptible dodging. She barely hesitated—taking two steps forward, she held out her tambourine, her eyes not on him, but on it.

The autocrat put out his hand. Something heavy dropped from between his fingers in upon the gathered coin. Then leaning across the arm of his chair, he looked under, up and into her face, his fingers resting on the rim of the tambourine, just to detain it. It was a challenge she dreaded, yet she would not retreat. Her eyes rose clearly to his.

"He is not the same who was with you in Colorado—Switchback?" he exclaimed abruptly in Italian.

"Si, signor."

"I say no. Why didn't you come back—ever?" he blurted in the impatient southern tongue.

"Si, signor."

"Hang it! Can't you talk your own lingo?" he muttered in English. "You must be Mexican," he growled in Spanish.

"Oh, no, signor. Please letta d' go."

By that time every Buffalo eye was riveted on the autocrat and the dancer; every Buffalo ear was attuned to their restrained tones. But fewer languages are picked up in Buffalo than among miners, and Buffalo curiosity was only inflamed by the unknown tongue.

The autocrat's fingers slipped from the tambourine. The dancer made a quaint, quick courtesy, but she did not escape. Instead John Blair rose to her side. She made a rapid way along the porch toward the next group of idlers. The autocrat was close.

"Let me take the tambourine," said he, putting out his hand. "I can get more than you."

She turned almost frightened. "Oh, no, signor," she protested, with a timid quiver. He laid a finger on the instrument. They were just out of earshot between two watching groups.

"Tell me, will you not, who you are?" said John Blair, speaking almost over her shoulder as she paused at the foot of a flight of steps. "I know you are masking. I saw you in Colorado last summer with the bear. I will swear my life on it. Didn't I?"

"Won't you please leave me, signor?"

"How can I till I know more? That man with you is a gentleman. It is a mask. Why did you mask there at Switchback—and now here?"

"Every one is looking."

"But I do not care, signora."

"I do."

"You send me away without a word?"

"I must go."

"Then I must follow."

"Do not persecute."

"Do not torture. Say you will come back."

Two hundred eyes were focused on them.

"What can John mean?" faltered his sister. And the Yale man laughed. But John clung like a turtle to his inaudible conversation.

"He acts as if he meant business," suggested Mr. Howard Tifft mildly. "I reckon he's dropped in too much money, and he's kicking for change, but she's not giving up."

When the big engineer finally rejoined his group the Italians were scurrying down the road, and Hattie was ready to be carried upstairs.

"It's nothing," explained John lazily. "We had a lynching at Switchback three years ago—bad affair; three Italians. I was sure that girl was one of the two who escaped. She insists not. Is it too near dinner time for an apollinaris or lemonade?"

"It will take something more than lemonade to square this, J. B.," declared Howard Tifft, with dignity, whereupon John offered to pay whatever penalty might be inflicted.

• • • • • • •

It was the regular night of the Lawford dance, and the Lynn crowd from Stelle's had come over in force. The autocrat, if anything, sleepier than usual, trailed with the Buffalo contingent.

"Aren't they just too swell?" exclaimed Hattie excitedly. "Oh, why don't they make shoes in Buffalo, John? See that baldheaded man. Is it his picture we see on the billboards, John? I'm going to meet some of those people or die. Howard Tifft knows that stunning fellow with the mustache, John! There she comes!" It was the Lynn girl with the queen's sweep and the basket hat.

"Green dress and black hat—and green shoes. Did you ever? Well, it is swell, isn't it? Why don't you wake up?" rattled Hattie. "Oh, there comes Howard—by by!"

It was not until long after the dancing had begun that Hattie came back under the shadow of the Lynn mustache. But on the other arm leaned an especial prize—she whose costumes had so long been Hattie's despair, she of the black hat.

"Oh, John! Come down, brother! I want to present you." The autocrat, staggering a bit within, stepped out on the dancing floor.

"My unknown friend, Miss Rucker, John. My brother, Miss Rucker." Miss Rucker hardly bowed under her prize hat. It was more of a nod, which just frightened the black plumes and set them shivering.

"John," added Hattie after more prescuting, "I have dragged Miss Rucker all the way from Lynn for an ice with us"—

"I could not escape her."

"My sister is never satisfied with less than the reddest apple," bowed the autocrat.

"The greenest apple this time, dear," retorted Hattie, eying the Lynn gown.

"You confuse the leaves with the fruit," persisted the autocrat, not looking at Miss Rucker.

"Your brother is not dancing tonight," remarked Miss Rucker, looking at Sister Hattie. "I am sure," she added, with the easy indifference of society, "because I have noticed him sitting so long in this corner. And I thought," she continued, with a little pause perfectly mastered, "that he appeared absorbed. Are we to be seated? Oh, thank you, Mr. Blair. No; you sit there, Miss Blair. Leave me the shadow."

"Why?"

"There's still a number on my card, and I've no mind for it."

"John," interposed Hattie, "don't forget your table manners. Get your refreshment started this way. You know how slow they are. We may have to make it a breakfast order."

"Let's adjourn to the porch, then," suggested her brother. "The tables are less crowded."

"Cooler, isn't it?" remarked Miss Rucker as the night air struck her shoulders. "I shall need a wrap." And after all the gentlemen had offered to go for it Miss Rucker decided that she herself must go, and, the orders being given, John Blair went with her. She started through the dance room.

"Not that way," he begged.

"Which way?" she asked, with a silent laugh.

"Round."

She turned on an impulse. "Then I must take your arm," she said, almost in a bubble of mischief. As they went on his silence, growing like a portent, seemed to alarm her, and she said pretty little nothings to ward it off. The autocrat responded not. At the cloak room he took her wrap from the attendant and held it silently over her shoulders. She smiled as the web settled across them. "Thank you."

"It is I who have you to thank. I am trying—to think—how to do it."

"Pray, for what do you thank me?" she asked.

"For coming tonight."

She stood, pausing in the glare of an arc light. He was looking with his dusty lashes hardly raised.

"I don't understand," she responded, in the gentle inflection which only suggests a question.

"I am not sure that I do," he continued evenly, but the heavy eyes were burning. "It's this." He took from his pocket the gray kerchief of Switchback. "Unless I am very wrong, this is yours."

"What is it?" she stammered, panting a little in spite of herself as she put out her hand.

"You have forgotten?"

She gazed at the clinging thing, speaking evasively, "You are so mysterious."

"I have staked a good deal," he persisted, "on being right."

She passed it over her hands. "It is spotted," she mused, but could not for her life raise her eyes.

"That is my fault. If it isn't too late, may I be pardoned for using it on my arm?"

And she felt then something compelling, and she looked openly, fairly, honestly at him.

"If it is not too late," replied Miss Rucker rapidly and steadily, "may I thank you for rescuing me from a very dangerous escapade?"

"Not unless I may thank you for getting into it. And it was really you," he said, as if, with the doubt gone, he could do no more than believe the reality.

"Since you have unmasked me, yes. And I have something for you, Mr. Blair—oh, may I keep this?" she asked, holding the kerchief and looking at him.

"It is yours."

"No; yours. But if you give it back to me I will keep it."

She tucked it hastily in her bosom and produced from somewhere—no man could say just where—the El Toledore nugget the autocrat had dropped into her tambourine.

"We do these crazy things in our set for charity," laughed Miss Rucker lowly. "But this"—holding the nugget between her thumb and finger—"this I could not turn in to my padrone. I kept it for my own self. Still, it is yours."

"No," he protested. "'Twas fairly earned."

"You frightened me so yesterday I vowed I would never mask again."

"I hope you never will—to me."

"Let us go back," she urged nervously. "They will think we're lost."

"I am lost."

"Oh, pray"—

"It isn't all quite for nothing, is it? Why did you come tonight?"

"It was ungenerous of you to make me promise, but how could I disregard my word after Switchback? We must return."

"Tell me all your name."

"Juliet Rucker. Shall we go?"

"May I come to see you tomorrow?"

"I shall be home all morning, Mr. Blair," she rippled, with half a laugh. "If you will bring your sister I will present my cousin, Robert Gales. He is the musician of our combination, but since you hurried us out of Switchback in the baggage car I call him Tony—do you remember?"

"I can't remember a thing"—

"If you do not take me back I shall run; indeed, I shall."

"Don't do it; they'd possibly notice me running after you. And—before we go—may I trouble you for one more thing?"

"Pray, what?"

"My breath."

"Your breath!"

"You took

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, AUG. 8, 1905.

ATWOOD & FORBES,
Editors and Proprietors.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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

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

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

Coming Events.

Aug. 10.—Oxford Pomona Grange Field Day, Opera House, Norway.
Aug. 16.—Reunion Twenty-third Maine Regiment, Lake Grove, Auburn.
Aug. 17.—Reunion of 12th Maine Regiment, South Paris.
Aug. 17.—Pythian Field Day, Lake Grove, Auburn.
Sept. 5.—Oxford Pomona Grange, North Buckfield.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

August Sale.
Giving Away Clothing?
It Pays to Blanket Your Horse.
Mark Down Shoe and Clothing Sale.
Auction.
Drs. F. A. & J. A. Greene.
Hay Fever for 27 Years.
Now is the Time to Get Well.
Petition for Discharge in Bankruptcy.

A Visit to Elmwood Stock Farm.

Your reporter recently visited Elmwood Stock Farm, Poland Spring, and Summit Spring Hotel, all in the somewhat noted town of Poland. We were met at Elmwood station by our genial friend of the Maine Farmer, Dr. George M. Twitchell, who, seated behind one of the famous brood mares of the farm, gave us over an hour's ride over that noted estate of the late J. S. Sanborn.

Right here we wish to correct a false impression that has gone out regarding that estate and its management. Somehow the idea has prevailed in the minds of some unacquainted with the facts in the case, that the best stock had been closed out, and that little was being done to keep up its former reputation as a place where the best of French coach horses were being bred and trained for first-class road horses. A brief observation by any one willd isabuse his mind of this idea, which has no foundation in fact. True, there are not as many animals kept on the place as at some former times, as it has been deemed best to weed out a few of the least promising ones and give better care and attention to a less number, but by no means inferior grade of stock.

We have visited the place several times in the past, and frankly say that at no time have we seen better or more promising stock. Especially is this true regarding this season's produce of colts. They are exceptionally fine in conformation and style. The finest type of a pure bred imported stallion yet seen here is "Aristo," the beautiful, perfect high conception of a model stock animal. He is four years old, and imported from France in 1903.

About sixty animals, consisting of stallions, brood mares, and colts of varying ages, are now on the farm, and we wish that every lover of a fine road horse could only see them. It would certainly pay any one who desires to breed for a high grade of gentlemen's road horses, to visit the place and see for himself. Visitors are cordially welcomed.

But we did not start in with the idea of a puff for this establishment, but rather to call attention to what is being done on one of our Maine farms that are said to be degenerating. We saw a field of eight acres from which twenty-seven tons of fine hay had been cut this season; another field which had produced over three tons to the acre. We also saw fifteen acres of stout grown oats nearly ready for harvest in one field, and about twelve acres of fine oats in another. There are about five acres in potatoes, several acres in crops of fodder corn, root crops and other vegetables. Some over 200 hills of squashes of the Hubbard variety in one piece. About fifty acres are being tilled, and everything is looking well. A second crop of rye has attained a good growth and is well headed. The apple crop will be less than usual, as elsewhere.

No, the farm and its stock give no sign of "pettering out." We say to any one who likes good stock, good crops, good courteous treatment, visit the farm and see. Later, we will speak of the other places visited. SLOCUM.

Here and There.

Next week is Old Home Week in Maine, but it hasn't made much noise this year.

According to the papers, Edison is again announcing that his storage battery is a success. It is to be hoped so, certainly; but the announcements cover quite a series of years.

According to information received by the Democrat from the press bureau of the Lewis and Clark exposition at Portland, Ore., confirmed by the testimony of visitors, a remarkable piece of letting not its left hand know what its right hand doeth has been accomplished by Maine's commission to that exposition. According to this information, Maine now has a state building at the exposition named, built in the form of a reproduction of Longfellow's birthplace, and this building is now finished and furnished, and has been visited by thousands. There are two mysteries about this affair. First, how did the commission succeed in getting such a piece of work done without letting the people of Maine know anything about it? Second, how did they pay for it? The legislature authorized the choice of a commission, but did not place at their disposal a cent of money. If they have raised any money by private subscription, it was such a still hunt that the general public has never heard of it.

Autoists are kicking at Iowa's new automobile law because it requires an automobile to stop when meeting a team if the driver of the horse holds up his hand. Maine has had a similar law for two years, but it has caused the autoists no serious distress, so far as reported.

A peculiar fact about the Maine marriage law has been discovered, namely, that while the law requires the recording of intentions of marriage with the town clerk five days in advance when at least one of the parties is a resident of the state, non-residents can come into the state and get married without previous notice to anybody. It is unusual for a law to be more stringent with citizens of the state than with outsiders.

Centennial Celebration at Harrison.

The town of Harrison celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation on Thursday. The day was perfect, and there was an attendance of 3000 or 4000 people. A salute of 100 guns in the morning opened the programme. The buildings in the place were beautifully decorated for the occasion. Music for the day was furnished by the Norway band, and a quartette from Norway sang in the literary exercises.

At 8:30 a parade was formed, which was a very taking feature and did great credit to the town.

The literary exercises were held on the green. Albert W. Weston, Esq., gave the address of welcome. Hon. Charles Sumner Cook of Portland acted as permanent chairman of the day, and made an address. The historical address was given by Granville Fernald, Esq., of Washington, D. C. There were also addresses by Hon. George A. Hibbard, postmaster of Boston, Rev. Fred E. Winn of North Bridgton, and Hon. Amos L. Allen, representative in congress from the First Maine District, and a centennial poem by Mrs. Grace Bray Pugsley.

A dinner was served free to everybody, of which it is estimated that 3000 partook, and there was enough left to supply another multitude.

Athletic field and water sports finished the afternoon, and in the evening there was a gay boat carnival and fireworks.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

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

Paris Hill.

First Baptist Church, Rev. E. O. Taylor, pastor Preaching Every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7:30 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E. Tuesday evening. 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. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:45 A. M.

Prof. Maynard Maxim of Newton, Mass., with his wife and two daughters, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Maxim.

Mrs. Edward L. Parris of New York arrived last week and opened the summer home here.

Miss Ione Harlow of Dixfield was the guest of relatives here last week.

Miss Marion Parris and Edward L. Parris, Jr., arrived at their summer home here last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Adams of Turner were guests at Charles L. Case's last week.

Charles L. Case, Esq., is at his home here for the month of August.

Do not forget the annual midsummer sale is to be Aug. 17th in Cummings Hall. Any one who has fancy work, aprons, &c., to contribute, is kindly invited to send them to the hall on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 16th, or hand them any time to the president, Mrs. L. B. Merrill. Our object is to aid the work done in the Baptist society. A full programme of the evening concert will be given next week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Whittemore of Boston are guests at Mrs. Drake's.

Advertised letters in Paris post office Aug. 1st:

Miss Carrie Webster.
Mrs. M. E. Robinson.
Miss Hattie E. Clifford.
Mr. Robert Parks, care Walter Parks.
Prof. C. C. Bonnett.
Clifton Bemis (Postal).

The Universalist Circle will be held at Academy Hall on Friday evening of this week. The program, though not yet complete, will be an unusually attractive one, and include singing by Miss Cobb of Boston, piano solo by Miss Pottle of Lewiston and readings by Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker. The entertainment will be followed by a promenade with music by Stearns, Norseworthy and Young. Admission 15 cents; dancing 25 cents. Ice cream will be on sale during the evening.

The principal event of the past week was the golf tournament on Friday and Saturday. It drew out a good number of spectators and the contests were exceptionally close and interesting throughout. The first prizes were won by Mr Fred Shaw and Miss Helen Cole; second by Chas. F. Mathewson and Miss Marion Hallett. Mr. Mathewson however gave the prize won by him to Mr. Charles Shaw, who held the next score. The prizes as awarded were as follows: Mr. Fred Shaw, tankard; Miss Helen Cole, silver goblet and stand; Miss Marion Hallett, pair silver hat pins; Mr. Chas. Shaw, silver match box.

The tea Saturday afternoon when the finals were played was given by Mrs. Case, but as she was obliged to be out of town on that day, her daughters and Mrs. Carter poured tea. The score for the tournament was as follows:

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. Knickerbocker and Mrs. Brooks beat Mr. A. J. Daniels and Miss Day, 2 up, 1 to play.
Mr. Mathewson and Miss Hallett beat Mr. Thayer and Miss Carter, 2 up.
Mr. Chas. Shaw and Miss Case beat Mr. Cole and Mrs. Brown, 1 up, 16 holes.
Mr. Fred Shaw and Miss Helen Cole beat Mr. N. Cummings and Miss Josie Cole, 1 up.
Mr. Clark and Miss Thompson beat Mr. Hammond and Miss Brown, 1 up, 16 holes.

SECOND ROUND.

Mr. Mathewson and Miss Hallett beat Mr. Knickerbocker and Mrs. Brooks, 4 up, 3 to play.
Mr. Fred Shaw and Miss Helen Cole beat Mr. Clark and Miss Thompson, 7 up, 6 to play.
Mr. Chas. Shaw and Miss Case, bye.

SEMI-FINAL.

Mr. Fred Shaw and Miss Helen Cole beat Mr. Chas. Shaw and Miss Case, 6 up, 5 to play.
Mr. Mathewson and Miss Hallett, bye.

FINAL.

Mr. Fred Shaw and Miss Helen Cole beat Mr. Mathewson and Miss Hallett, 1 up, 16 holes.

Next Saturday Mrs. Davies gives the tea and an approaching contest will be played off.

The following books have been added to Hamlin Memorial Library since the last list reported:

FICTION.

Bennett, E. C.: Musket and Sword.
Bouve, P. C.: Their Shadows Before.
Churchill, Winston: The Crossing.
Clark, B. A.: Minnows and Triton.
Crawford, F. M.: The Heart of Rome.
Dumas, A.: Forty-five Guardsmen. Chicot the Jester. Three Guardsmen. Memoirs of a Physician. Marguerite de Valois. Ten Years Later.
Eckstrom, F. H.: The Penobscot Man.
Gaskell, Mrs.: Cranford.
Goethe: Novels and Tales.
Howard, B. W.: Seven on the Highway.
Pemberton, Max: A Daughter of the States.
Phlgin, C. F.: Blennerhassett. Quincy Adams Sawyer.
Smith, F. Hopkinson: Col. Carter's Christmas.
Stockton, F. R.: Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.
Viljoen, V. J.: Under the Vierkleur.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Blodgett, M. F.: Fairy Tales.
Carryl, C. E.: Dalsy and the Goblin.
Coolidge, Susan: Rhymes and Ballads
Harris, J. C.: Nights with Uncle Remus.
Lang, Andrew: Pink Fairy Book. History of Whittington.
Morris, J. O.: Dogs and Their Doings.
Underhill, Z. D.: Dwarf's Tailor. Golden Picture Book.
Wilkins, M. E.: Pot of Gold.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lincoln, Abraham: Letters and Addresses.
Rils, Jacob A.: Making of an American.
Stevens, H.: Life of Gen. Isaac I. Stevens.

SHAKESPEARE.

37 volumes, one play in each volume.

BYRON.

Works in one volume.

SCIENCE.

Bert, J.: First Steps in Scientific Knowledge.
Burritt, Elijah H.: Geography of the Heavens.
Broderip: Zoological Recreations.
Comstock, J. L.: Mineralogy.
Dana, James D.: System of Mineralogy.
Dana, Mrs. Wm. G.: How to Know the Wild Flowers.
Goodrich, S. G.: Animal Kingdom. Pictorial Natural History.
Gosse, P. H.: The Romance of Natural History. Introduction to Zoology, 2 vols.
Gullemin and Mead: Wonders of the Moon.
Harper, John: Seaside and Aquarium.
Herschel, Sir John F.: Outline of Astronomy.
Holden, Charles F.: Book on Birds.
Houghton, Rev. W.: Walks of a Naturalist.
Lyell, Sir Charles: Manual of Elementary Geology. Principles of Geology.
Main, Robert: Rudimentary Astronomy.
Morwood, V. S.: Facts and Phases in Animal Life.
Parsons, F. T.: How to Know the Ferns.
Penchot, G.: Primer of Forestry.
Rennie, James: Insect Architecture.
Searle, Arthur: Outlines of Astronomy.
Steinmetz, A.: Sunshine and Showers.

HISTORY AND TRAVELS.

Abbott, W. J.: Bluejackets of 1812. Bluejackets of 1776.
Butterworth, H.: Zigzag Journeys to Northern Lands.
Coffin, C. C.: Boys of '76. Drumbeat of the Nation.
Co'quhoun, A. R.: Across the Chryse, 2 vols.
Du Chaillu, P. B.: Viking Age, 2 vols.
French, H. W.: Our Boys in India.
Livingston, D.: Travels in South Africa.
Lummis, Charles: The New Mexico David.
Mossman, Samuel: New Japan.
Morfill, W. R.: Russia.
Newcomb, R. L., ed.: The Jeanette.
Pumpelly, R.: Across America and Asia.
Stoddard, John L.: Lectures, 11 vols.
Taine, Henri: Italy, Rome and Naples.
Thomson, J.: Straits of Malacca, etc.

FORBES DISTRICT.

Fred Allen is at home haying for his father.

Lottie Allen is at home from Hartford, where she has been at work all summer.

Mrs. Olive Downs and daughter, Mrs. Hagerman, and two children, from New Jersey, are visiting her aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ripley.

Joe Leonard lost a valuable cow recently.

Brownfield.

Mrs. David Seavey and her daughter with her two children have gone to the eastern part of Maine to visit friends.

Frank Eastman, dentist, of Cornish, is in the village.

The latest report is that Rev. Mr. Cameron is going to leave Brownfield for Falmouth.

Last Sunday and Monday, the hardest storm here for years.

The whooping cough is somewhat abating in this village.

Quite a good many blueberries have been brought off the mountains, but they are very scarce on low land.

Nearly all the farmers are through haying.

All kinds of vegetation are looking fine.

Mrs. Meserve, an old lady, fell down over some steps last Sunday and hurt herself quite seriously.

West Paris.

Mr. Daniel Shaw, who formerly was a resident of this place, died last week at the home of his son in Rockland. The body was brought here last Tuesday, accompanied by his widow, and other relatives. The relatives made a short visit at James Perry's, Mrs. Perry being a relative. The funeral service was held at the Methodist chapel Thursday morning, Rev. D. F. Nelson officiating. Interment was at Greenwood.

Rev. Mr. Nelson, accompanied by Mrs. Nelson, took the children of the Junior Epworth League to a hay rack ride and picnic at North Paris last Wednesday.

The blind musician, Mr. Everett M. Harmon of Milford, Mass., gave a musical entertainment last Wednesday evening at Dunham's Hall, consisting of piano selections with songs new and old. Mrs. O. D. Ellingwood assisted in the singing. The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church had ice cream for sale.

F. L. Wyman is now in the midst of the raspberry season at his fruit farm. There will not be so heavy a crop as last year, but the berries net a very good price in Portland. There was also a light crop of strawberries, and blackberries winter-killed somewhat but he had the largest amount of cherries on the farm this year ever raised there.

Mrs. L. W. McLeod of Portland, and Mrs. L. C. Parks of Cambridge, aunts of Mrs. Chester H. Lane, came last Wednesday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lane for two weeks.

Miss Evis Hazel Bridge of Mechanic Falls also arrived Wednesday for a visit of a week with her cousin, Miss Lola A. Lane.

Mrs. Emma W. Mann is visiting for a couple of weeks in Canton.

About forty children attended the lawn party given by the W. C. T. U., on the grounds at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bates last Thursday afternoon. The weather was perfect and the occasion was much enjoyed. The children carrying flags and the long chains of red, white and blue pledge cards signed by them, marched from the Methodist chapel to the lawn, singing Onward Christian Soldiers. The members of the Union were gathered in Mr. Bates' barn which had been decorated and arranged for the occasion. The children halted before the door and sang patriotic and temperance selections and gave an appropriate rally cry. The remainder of the time was pleasantly spent in playing games, and ice cream and cake were served.

Miss Florence Daily of Cambridge, Mass., has been spending a week with her cousin, Mrs. H. R. Tuell.

Advertised letters in West Paris post office:

F. I. Bean.
B. Backelenick.
N. Walton Bailey.
Miss Ella H. Downing.
Mildred Lewis.
Frank Massi.
J. A. F. Stevens.
Mrs. George H. Hardy.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Hamilton and two little daughters from Greenfield, Mass., arrived in town last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Hamilton returned to his home the next day, but Mrs. Hamilton and the children expect to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dunham, and other relatives in the vicinity, through the month of August.

Rev. E. C. Bolles will preach at the F. B. church for the Universalist society on Aug. 13 and 20, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. All those interested are requested to extend the notice.

Greenwood.

They used to tell about the early and latter rain; the former, late years, has been a failure in part at least; while we think everyone will admit that the latter was a grand success. When the reports are all in from this state, without going beyond, it will be found that the damage done by carrying away bridges, destroying crops, wasting roads, etc., will count up into a good many thousand dollars.

Last Monday our mail carrier found one of the bridges gone on the Center road, thus obliging him to turn about and bring our mail to us from the other way. Tuesday the road was repaired so that he went through on his usual route.

Scott Merrill and wife came up from Norway Saturday, intending to go farther the next day; but for obvious reasons they stopped here until Monday afternoon, and then returned home.

Going out two miles Tuesday among our neighbors, a good deal of grass was found standing, and no one through haying at that time. It is generally claimed about here that this has been one of the most difficult seasons for securing the hay crop within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. (The last clause is not claimed to be strictly original.)

Mrs. Ransom Cole has been declining in health for some time, in consequence of hard work, and recently became prostrated so as to be unable to move her person. Dr. Yates is attending her, and her recovery at this writing is very doubtful.

Ever since the grass and other vegetation started in the spring, our kid has been hitched by a long chain on the premises, and this has given us a good opportunity to study goatology. It is found by experiment that he prefers almost any kind of browse or weeds that grow about the buildings, to the best of grass, mustard being his preference. He has refused but two kinds of plants for food, thus far, and they were the stinking elder, so called, and mullein.

And here is another accident caused by an auto, although slight compared to some, since no one was killed nor seriously injured. Wilber Yates was on his way to West Paris with a two horse team, loaded with lumber, when he encountered one of those machines, causing his horses to shy into the ditch, thus upsetting his load and adding a good deal of hard work to his trip.

Ezra Tobin worked for my father during the season of 1838, and proved to be such a steady and trustworthy young man as to be held in high estimation by him ever afterwards. On getting his discharge from his three years' service in the navy, he visited father and gave him a brief history of his cruise, and how he was used while in the employment of Uncle Sam, which was highly interesting to us, but not very creditable to the officers of the ship.

The last time I saw Ezra Tobin was on a very solemn occasion, it being the hanging of Cox and Williams in Auburn jail yard on August 26, 1858, being my 28th birthday.

After my first mention of the Tobin brothers, I received a card from H. W. Park of Mexico, giving further information in regard to Mathew Tobin, and being of special interest I enclose it for publication with his permission:

SIR:—I knew the Tobins. Joe Tobin, Democratic politician, county commissioner, &c. After several years in Bryon he returned to Hartford. Mathew lived in Byron many years. Several years ago, possibly six, any way after much had been done at Rumford Falls and Mexico in the boom line, he rode past my store. As soon as I could I started out to stop him. He had driven under some shade trees just above my stable. He came back into the store and we had a long talk of men and events passed on, and past the memory of but few. He then lived in Turner, and is now dead. Ezra has passed the Jordan also, I am sure. Joseph, Jr., lived in Weld many years; probably under the sod now. Mathew had son and daughter, perhaps sons and daughters. A daughter married Lucius Washburn of West or North Paris. I knew all the Tobins and Irelands.

HENRY W. PARK, Mexico, Me.
July 15, 1905.

South Rumford.

Miss Marge Fleck drove to Harrison, Aug. 2, to attend the centennial and visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Fleck. She was accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Eva Woods, of Peru Annex.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl O. Russ of Oxford are visiting his uncle, John Russ, and looking for work and rent.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Miller and baby are at their brother's, W. A. Wyman's, where Mr. Miller is helping finish haying.

Norway Lake.

Quite a number of people from the lake attended the centennial at Harrison.

Mrs. Geo. Adams of Harrison visited her niece, Mrs. W. R. Flood, recently.

Mrs. F. E. Pottle visited her grandmother, Mrs. Dorcas Barrows, of Norway, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Strout of Bridgton were at David Flood's Wednesday night.

Buckfield.

A. F. Tilton, wife and son, returned to their home in Auburn Friday, their return being hastened by the illness of Mrs. Tilton.

C. N. Taylor, contractor on the water works, arrived here a few days since. The pipe is laid on High Street and excavating is going on over the hill near J. B. Damon's.

Ex-Governor Long's help came early in the week by train, he and his wife and son arriving Thursday by auto.

Two daughters of architect Stevens of Portland are guests of Mollie Cole.

The Bailey Island pleasure seekers have all returned.

Laura Dean has rented a cottage at Old Orchard.

Miss Rand and sister, who have been stopping with Thos. S. Bridgham, have returned to Auburn.

The friends of Mrs. K. N. Prince sympathize with her in her long illness, and hope for a speedy recovery.

Oxford.

Rev. Mr. Newport, Mrs. Newport and their daughter, Miss Bessie Newport, and little granddaughter, Doris Keene, have gone to Vermont to visit Mrs. Newport's mother.

Bishop Linde of Michigan and Prof. Edward Hughes, also of Michigan, a brother of Rev. Matt Hughes, are guests of Prof. Caldwell at Camp Oxford.

A grange picnic was held Saturday in Mr. Hunting's grove on the shore of the pond. It was a very pleasant occasion and much enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Jewett of Norway, a student at Clark University, was in town last week with stereoscopic views.

Verna Dennen has been quite sick, threatened with pneumonia.

Born August 1st, to the wife of Arthur Storer of West Poland, a son. Mrs. Storer was formerly Miss Lucella Brackett of this place.

The water in the pond is very low, eight feet below the dam. Last week it fell eight inches but since the rain has risen five or six inches. The Little Androscoggin River rose six or seven feet, overflowing the intervale and damaging hay and grass.

Alton Verrill, wife and little boy, are at North Paris.

Mrs. Cushing of Damariscotta is at Mr. Brackett's.

Craigie Assembly, No. 50, Pythian Sisterhood, installed the following officers, July 5th, the work being done by P. C., Mrs. Geo. W. Cash, as G. C. C., assisted by Mrs. W. E. Holden, G. M. at A., Mrs. A. N. Record, G. A. M. at A., and Mrs. O. A. Lovering as G. Prelate:

P. C.—Mrs. W. E. Twitchell.
C. C.—Mrs. S. E. Eaton.
V. C.—Mrs. F. A. Delano.
Pref.—Mrs. J. E. Ordway.
M. at A.—Miss Sarah Dunbar.
A. M. at A.—Mrs. Chas. McKinnon.
M. of E.—Miss M. Peterson.
M. of F.—Miss Eliza Bowie.
K. of R. and S.—Mrs. O. A. Lovering.
I. G.—Mrs. Herbert West.
O. G.—Mrs. Quimby Millett.
M. O.—Mrs. W. E. Pike.
Orz.—Miss Lula Stone.

After the installation, a short programme was given consisting of music, recitations, songs, etc., also a drill by seventeen of the sisters, after which ice cream and cake were served.

North Buckfield.

Frank Turner of Waterloo, P. Q., is visiting his sister, Mrs. R. J. Warren.

Mrs. Mary Capen is spending several weeks with Mrs. Enos Heald.

Lilla Verrill spent Sunday with M. M. Mayhew.

Mrs. Martha Swallow of Sherbrooke, P. Q., is visiting relatives in this place.

Laura Sturtevant of Hebron has been visiting Margaret Heald.

Hazel and Gertrude Warren spent Sunday at their home.

Mrs. Annie Damon, who has been ill so long, is gaining slowly.

Mrs. Rose Bowley of Provincetown, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fogg.

Rev. George Varney, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Washington Heald, has gone to Haverhill, Mass., where he will preach during the month of August.

Mrs. Washington Heald and daughter Carolyn spent several days with friends at Rumford Falls last week.

On July 26th occurred the marriage of John Smith and Alice Flagg.

Hebron.

Mrs. Nellie Warren and little grandson have gone home to Boston and Miss Bessom and her brother to Lynn.

Miss Helen Butterfield, who has been at H. T. Glover's a few weeks, will spend the remainder of the vacation at Squirrel Island with Dr. Crane's family.

The heavy rain Sunday and Monday washed the roads badly.

The Cushman and Richardson families with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cummings went on a picnic to Hall's Pond, Thursday.

Many are going to the mountain for blueberries this week.

Mrs. Cornelia Moody was at West Sumner last week on a visit to her brother, Mr. Rollin Stetson.

East Brownfield.

The Congregational circle held a fair at Bradbury Hall last Wednesday afternoon and evening. During the evening Miss Adela Bowne of Philadelphia, who is visiting Miss Isabel H. Stickney, sang several selections very sweetly.

Miss Alice Quimby of Westbrook is with her cousin, Grace Giles.

Dr. Stickney, wife and child, have returned to their home in Beverly.

Insley Jewett and family are visiting Mrs. Jewett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Butterfield.

Mr. Bray, who lives on Hiram road, is entertaining his brother of Salem.

Mrs. Elbridge Carr and two boys of Cumberland Mills are at Will Carr's.

Last Tuesday evening a party of friends was delightfully entertained at the Stickney homestead. After listening to phonographic selections by Miss Stickney and songs sung by Miss Bowne in her usual pleasing manner, the company adjourned to the lawn to witness a huge bonfire upon a near-by hillside. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and watermelon were served. Those present were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney, Dr. Stickney, wife and child of Beverly, Miss Stickney, Miss Bowne of Philadelphia, Mrs. Marston of Conway, Misses Cora and Marion Giles, Miss Gatchell, Miss Harmon, Ralph Giles, Howard Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, Richard Bray, Clarence Allen, Mr. Williams, Jesse Rowe.

West Sumner.

E. L. Tuell and wife of Watertown, Mass., spent a week with Mr. Tuell's father and other relatives in the place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crockett held a reception at the vestry Aug. 4th.

The remains of Mrs. Hannah Bates were brought here for interment Aug. 1st from the home of her son, Dr. J. H. Bates of Rochester, N. H. Services at the Universalist church conducted by Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker. She was a great sufferer for many weeks. Mrs. Bates will be greatly missed, as she was highly respected by all. The floral tributes were many and very beautiful.

Nearly all the people of this place have been blueberrying with most excellent success.

Miss Amy Young has been on the sick list for a few days.

Miss Maude Bates is spending a few weeks with her uncle, Carlton Bates, at West Paris.

Capt. G. M. Small, wife and daughter, who have been spending a few weeks at Bailey's Island, have returned home.

Three guests arrived at the Deaconess Home Aug. 3d.

Harry Pulsifer has lost a valuable bull recently.

East Bethel.

C. M. Kimball visited Portland on business the first of the week.

Miss Jennie Swan is visiting friends in Berlin, N. H.

Miss Sarah Moore and sister, Mrs. Annie Young, returned to their homes in Massachusetts the 4th.

Miss Elsie Bartlett from Lowell, Mass., has been spending her usual vacation at her home here.

Mrs. Etta Bean is at home from dressmaking for a short vacation after which she will visit relatives in Litchfield and Bangor.

Miss Belle Kimball, from Berlin, N. H., is visiting relatives here, also at Songo Lake.

The mid-summer rain storm overflowed the lower intervale land and floated away quantities of cut hay.

Bethel.

The rain of Sunday and Monday caused a rise of 10 feet in the Androscoggin River and crops on the intervale were under water and hay was carried from its place and landed upon grass that was uncut. Fortunately the high water soon receded.

Tuesday Mrs. Nellie Leach, wife of Davis Lovejoy, passed away after months of suffering. Less than two years ago they buried their only child and the whole community expresses much sympathy for Mr. Lovejoy.

Mrs. John Yates of Colebrook, N. H., was in town Wednesday to visit her mother, who has been ill, and to take home her little daughter.

Mrs. Frank Coffin, formerly a resident here, has been calling upon friends, but will return to her home in East Weymouth, Mass., the first of next week.

Mr. E. C. Bowler and family and Mr. Ceylon Rowe returned from the Pacific excursion Wednesday.

The stock of E. E. Cross was sold at auction and the family have returned to their former home in South Portland. A party from Saco will occupy the drug store recently vacated by Mr. Cross.

John Nelson, employed in the News office, has returned from a three weeks' vacation.

Mr. Chester Wheeler and Miss Cornelia Bennett of Gilead were married in Gorham, N. H., Wednesday. Friends are extending congratulations. Mr. Wheeler is manager and part owner of the Bethel creamery, and Mrs. Wheeler attended Gould Academy before teaching, so is no stranger to the Bethel people, who wish them a happy and prosperous life.

Mr. Chauncy Bryant is in the Central Maine General Hospital for treatment.

Miss Isabel Shirley is the guest of Miss Cornelia Dow of Portland for a short time.

Mrs. Gleason and daughter, Mabel, returned from a three weeks' vacation Friday.

Thursday, Aug. 17, the Ladies' Club will hold the annual mid-summer fair. Afternoon and evening there will be a sale of useful and fancy articles, and the candy table will not be forgotten; ice cream and cake will also be ready for customers, and the supper will be served at 6 o'clock.

Bryant's Pond.

A large number of summer people came to town Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Mitchell, son and daughter, of Boston, are occupying Camp Hobson.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hall arrived at their cottage, also several new arrivals at the Wiske cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ricker have a house full of boarders. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bartlett of New York.

Rev. and Mrs. Harrison Whitman are visiting their relatives here.

Mrs. Frank Whitman and Miss Bessie Blackburn of Haverhill, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dean and son Parker of Lawrence, Mass., arrived at the Felt cottage Saturday. Mrs. Bertha Blackburn and Miss Annie Whitman arrived Wednesday.

Mrs. Nellie Johnson and the Misses Edith and Alice Trefry of Salem, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson.

Rev. E. A. Davis was in town Tuesday.

Miss Mae Cummings of Boston is the guest of Mrs. Benj. Billings.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trumbull and son Delmont are visiting her brother, Dell Cole.

Capt. John Dearborn had a very bad spell Thursday, and was thought to be dying, but was brought out of it by Dr. Clark. He has not fully recovered his usual health.

Archie Felt was at Portland Tuesday.

Elmer Bowker and Roy Crockett went to the circus at Norway Thursday.

Bryant's Pond first nine will play with the Oxfords Saturday, August 19.

East Hebron.

Showers keep every kind of vegetation on the gain. Potatoes are nearly one month in the time ahead of last year, but were planted much later.

Haying is nearly over, excepting very large farms are not finished as yet.

Mr. Noah Bearce of Sebec visited his cousin, Mr. Frank Pierce, last week. They had not met for forty-one years. He was formerly a resident of Hebron.

Mr. George Conant bought Mrs. T. L. Rogers' grass.

Mr. Wm. Packard bought Mr. Fred Packard's grass.

The Misses Millett and Mr. Charles Donohue returned to Lynn last Saturday, having passed three weeks with H. A. Record and his sister, Mrs. Moschides.

Stillman Hersey passed two days with his daughter, Mrs. Ella Harper, and Mr. John Harper, his son-in-law. He can raise his arm but a very little. His doctor gives no encouragement that he will ever labor again.

Mr. Everett Pierce of Mechanic Falls passed the Sabbath with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Pierce.

Miss Clara Merrill's health is improving of late.

A company having a team of four horses went to Lake Grove, Auburn, last Saturday evening to a dramatic entertainment.

Those who would not buy grass a short time since are now in search of it since it is cut and stored.

North Albany.

Mrs. Martha Kimball has gone to Shelburne, N. H., to care for her son's wife, who has had an operation.

Mr. Frank Upton is at Roscoe Emery's.

Bryce Kimball has bought and is cutting the hay on the Hastings farm here.

Mr. John Upton is helping Frank Emery through the haying season.

Leslie and Abner Kimball with their families and Ed Arsenault attended the centennial at Harrison Thursday.

The Misses Hazelton and Mrs. Eli Grover also went to the same place.

Ed Good has finished his haying on the upland and is helping Frank Sloan a few days.

Lovell.

Wednesday evening a very pleasing entertainment was given at the Center Congregational church. Readings were given by Prof. Morse of South Paris, assisted by local talent. The proceeds go toward the purchasing of a piano for the church hall.

Friday evening an entertainment of sleight of hand and magic was given at the town hall by Mr. Brainerd Phillipson, a young man spending the summer at B. E. Brown's. The entertainment was of a high order and much enjoyed.

Owing to the heavy rain of Sunday and Monday, the logs have been run down the Kezar River and are now at the village mill pond.

The poplar that was boomed in the Little Kezar, near the Harbor, was driven back into Kezar Pond by the sudden rise of the Saco, costing quite a sum to gather it again.

Denmark.

Mr. Melvine Pingree and wife are visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pingree, for a short time.

The heavy rain storm of Sunday and Monday has raised the rivers and springs.

Saco River is the highest ever known at this season of the year, and the parties who had logs left over are now getting them into the river.

Mr. Elwood Pingree and wife, brother and wife, and Rev. Mr. Palmer enjoyed a pleasant drive to Mt. Washington Tuesday.

Mr. N. C. Burnham of Portland spent the day Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Belcher.

North Paris.

Mrs. Jane Robbins visited Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Dow a fortnight recently.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Field and family returned from their visit to Prospect Harbor Thursday, after a stay of four weeks. On their way home they visited Rev. D. B. Dow and family at Oldtown having a very pleasant visit there. Mr. Dow is presiding elder of the M. E. church for the Bangor district, and is very popular among the people there.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Adams of Berlin, N. H., are visiting at B. K. Dow's.

Lincoln Holmes and family and Mrs. Ernest Mason and Charlie went to Robbins' circus Thursday.

There is a month more to wear straw hats. Buy one of us now at wholesale price and get the good of it. F. H. Noyes Co.

Straw hats at cost. F. H. Noyes Co.

Letter From Bailey Island.

SEA BREEZE COTTAGE,
BAILEY ISLAND.

"He lifted up his voice like a loon; and like a loon he lifted it up."—Anon.

To say that life on this island is delightful does not half express it. I have searched my vocabulary in vain for a word that will fill the bill. I am reminded of what a man said who was just a little "boozy." He with others had been invited to take tea at a neighbor's. When all were seated around the festal board, loaded with good things, and he had been bountifully served, he looked up with a puzzled expression of countenance, and exclaimed, "How shall I begin?"

Oh, these bright, beautiful days! When the atmosphere is so clear one can see the far distant islands on the very verge of the horizon. Oh, these dreamy days! When one is filled with a delicious languor. Here is a sure cure for insomnia. I believe one could sleep here the twenty-four hours, waking only long enough for meals. We are sitting on the veranda listening to the splash of the waves on the beach. My breast is filled with calm and peaceful thoughts that lull all cares to rest, and

"I feel o'er me stealin'
That noddy, sleepy, snoozy feelin'."

There is only one abiding care, and that is to be sure and get your name in the dinner kettle. For, to tell the truth, my appetite has attained enormous proportions, and I have frequently felt the necessity of reminding my fellow-cottagers of the need of temperance in all things, when the lobsters and clams were disappearing too rapidly. We have flung all bitters and tonics to the winds. Fish is on the menu daily. We find the sea breeze one of the best of tonics, and an occasional bath in cold sea water imparts vigor and vim.

Bailey Island is about two and one-half miles long, varying from one-half to one mile wide. It boasts of three hotels and forty or fifty cottages. There are very few trees, and these are mostly small spruce and fir. Wood is very dear, and the large quantities of driftwood that come ashore are a boon to the citizens. On arriving here I looked in vain for what I might call a barn. The barns were so small and so far from the dwelling houses I thought they were fish houses. The only barn in sight from our cottage is of such dimensions that a man standing on the ground can pitch hay from the ground

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 18, 1905,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down(east)—4:51 A. M., (daily, Sundays included), 9:44 A. M., 4:04 P. M. Sunday only, 7:40 A. M., 6:50 P. M.

Going up (west)—10:07 A. M., 3:26 P. M., 10:15 P. M., (daily, Sundays included). Sunday only, 10:22 A. M., 7:45 P. M.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

CHURCHES.

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

Methodist Church, Rev H. A. Clifford, 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 7:00 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday evening; class meeting, Friday evening.

Baptist Church. Rev. J. Wallace Chesbro, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:25 P. M. Prayer meeting 7 P. M.; Tuesday evening prayer service at 7:30. Seats free. All are welcome.

Universalist Church, Rev. J. H. Little, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12 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 first and third 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. 5687, meets second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Golden Cross Hall.

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

Next week is Old Home Week.

Miss Hope Soule of Washington, D. C., is a guest at E. N. Haskell's.

Miss Amy Hayden of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting relatives at South Paris.

W. Z. Brown and family of Chicago are guests at Mrs. Alice P. Thayer's.

Master Ralph Andrews is visiting relatives at Lovell for a week or two.

W. H. Jenne has been nominated as justice of the peace by Governor Cobb.

Miss Ruth Maud Graves of Somerville, Mass., is visiting at James R. Tucker's.

Mrs. Grinfill Stuart went to Peak's Island last Tuesday for a stay of two or three weeks.

Professor W. T. Hewett of Cornell University is visiting his mother, Mrs. S. W. Hewett.

The Misses Woodbury of Sweden were guests at William J. Wheeler's a few days last week.

Mrs. Warren of Livermore Falls has been the guest of Miss Catherine G. Briggs for a few days.

Miss Nettie Getchell of Boston is at South Paris visiting Miss Maud Carter and Miss Iva McArdle.

Mrs. Mary Tolls of Brockton, Mass., has been visiting her brother, George M. Giles, during the past week.

Montana Harry is occupying the east store in Maxim Block for a couple of weeks, selling Indian remedies.

Victor Mason lost the tips of two fingers of his left hand on a saw at the Paris Manufacturing Co.'s factory Wednesday.

Mrs. William L. Gray, Roscoe C. Gray and Miss Marion Gray returned Saturday from a vacation spent in Aroostook County.

Edwin E. Whitman and family of Boston are at South Paris to visit Mr. Whitman's sisters, Mrs. J. H. Jones and Mrs. J. H. Stuart.

"Old Kit," a large bay mare used by L. S. Billings for a number of years, became hopelessly lame and was laid away last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bean, and Miss Thompson, who is visiting at R. N. Hall's, made a trip to New Meadows Inn and other places Wednesday.

Miss Addie L. Giles is taking a two weeks' vacation from the Democrat office. She and her sister, Miss Lottie Giles, left Saturday for a week's visit to relatives at Salem Willows, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Morton, F. A. Heidner of Springfield, Mass., Miss Florence Richardson, Mrs. E. A. Howe and Master Henry Howe went to Camp Concord Wednesday for a stay of a week.

Thursday was a sort of holiday here. On account of the circus and the Harrison centennial, the plants of both the Paris Manufacturing Co. and the Mason Manufacturing Co. were shut down, and the streets were lively all day.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Douglas of Hopedale, Mass., arrived Thursday for a visit to Mrs. Douglas' relatives, coming in Mr. Douglas' Orient automobile. They started from Hopedale the preceding Saturday, and ran into the big storm, which hung them up in Portsmouth three days.

Ernest E. Cross and George R. Bray, who have been in jail a number of weeks under several indictments for liquor selling, were released on bail Wednesday. The Cross drug store business at Bethel has been closed out under an assignment, and the parties did not go to that place, but it is understood that they left the county immediately.

Saturday's excursion of Mount Mica Lodge, I. O. O. F., to Portland was very successful. The lodge guaranteed a hundred tickets, and 126 were sold. Tickets were good only on the early and late trains, giving the excursionists about thirteen hours in Portland, in which city and its immediate vicinity there is plenty to see and do. The day was the thirty-first anniversary of the lodge.

A party of about twenty-five summer residents came from Bridgton in a big buckboard Thursday, had dinner at the Andrews House, and took in the afternoon performance of Robbins' circus. They were supplied with a big dinner bell and a number of horns, with which they made their presence known to everybody, and which they also used to manifest their approval of the good acts in the circus. Indeed, some thought they were too noisy. But at any rate they had an awful good time, and added life and color to the scene.

The Public Library, which has been closed on account of stock taking, will be open to its patrons Tuesday, August 8. The library was in such a condition as to necessitate a classification which has made it necessary to move and renumber all the books. This classification will be of great assistance to all, especially to the scholars and clubs. The new system of numbering which has been used is one which is employed by all the up-to-date libraries of the present time. This system is a fine one, and we are sure will prove its worth in the future, as the books will never again have to be re-numbered.

Miss Susie L. Rounds arrived home Wednesday afternoon from the trip to the Pacific coast with the Bowler excursion party, on which she was gone just four weeks. She reports an exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable trip. During their travel of several thousand miles there was nothing to mar their pleasure except an accident to their train Monday morning of last week. Near Joliet, Ill., the train went into an open switch, striking a work train which had taken the siding. The dining car was crushed, and a waiter and four passengers were injured, none fatally. One of the injured passengers was Mrs. Thomas Smiley of Portland, who was cut about the head and shoulders, but was able to come on with the party. The other passengers were only somewhat shaken up.

Mrs. N. G. Sessions is visiting relatives in Oxford for a few days.

Miss Alice Messer of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting her uncle, E. N. Anderson.

A wire cable fire escape has been put on Pyth'an Block at the northeast corner.

A number from South Paris attended the centennial celebration at Harrison Thursday.

Miss Catherine G. Briggs and Carl S. Briggs are spending the present week in Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Haynes will spend most of the present week visiting in Hallowell.

Mrs. W. B. Strickland is spending a vacation with friends and relatives in Massachusetts.

W. W. Walker and family of Portland are guests of the family of Mrs. Walker's father, A. C. Jones.

Mrs. William Hayes, Jr., of Auburn, and Miss Edith Kelley of Springfield, Mass., are guests at Alton C. Wheeler's.

The sight of a horse driven into the village with a hat on a few days since was a reminder of that formerly favorite but forgotten fad.

C. E. Handy paid a fine of $1.00 and costs, amounting to about $10.00, imposed in the Norway Municipal Court for intoxication, last week.

Rev. W. F. Wilson and family of Amesbury, Mass., are guests at Mrs. L. C. Morton's. Mr. Wilson preached at the Baptist church on Sunday.

Miss Stella A. Record of Poland, accompanied by her friend, Miss Blanche Black, of Portland, has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Record.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Eastman and Mrs. Dolliver and children are spending two weeks at Lovell, where they are occupying Dr. Hubbard's cottage on Lake Kezar.

P. E. Wheeler and family left Monday to spend a week with the family of Mr. Wheeler's brother, U. G. Wheeler, at the Curtis cottage at Casco Terrace, Falmouth Foreside.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth Edgerley, Mrs. E. P. Parlin and son Albert, and W. A. Blake and family have been spending a few days at Camp Owsley, Harrison.

Mrs. James H. Loucks, (formerly Miss Julia Harlow) and two children, of Rome, N. Y., have been at Franklin Maxim's for a few weeks, and expect to remain until the first of September.

The Fan-Tans and some friends spent the day at Penley's Grove Friday, and with a perfect day, and a fair week's supply of substantials and dainties for dinner and supper, they enjoyed the time immensely.

Paris Grange will have a picnic at Penley's Grove Aug. 24th. All farmers, whether members of the grange or not, are invited to attend. The Grangers will please notice the change of date, as the first date conflicted with other things.

Mrs. George Newhall of Indiana, accompanied by her son George and wife, are guests of Mrs. Newhall's sister, Mrs. Newton, on Gothic Street. The sisters have not met before for over twenty years. Mrs. Newhall was a former resident of this town.

There was a good audience at the Methodist church Sunday when the pastor drew lessons from the dreams of Joseph. Next Sunday, Rev. D. C. Abbott of Lisbon will preach by exchange. Mr. Abbott is a graduate of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn.

There was a quiet wedding at the Methodist parsonage Saturday evening when Mr John Bennett and Miss Lelia Felton were united in matrimony by Rev. H. A. Clifford. Light refreshments were served and congratulations were extended by some visitors present.

The Schubert Quartette will go to Ferry Beach the last of this week to sing during the remainder of the series of Universalist meetings held there. They were engaged for the whole series, but were unable to fill the entire engagement on account of the illness of Mrs. Wilson.

In the month of July the first Sunday and the last Sunday were rainy, and the circumstance has called attention to the long time that we had no stormy Sundays. It is a fact that previous to the second day of July we had not for at least thirteen months had what could fairly be called a stormy Sunday.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the parlor of the M. E. church Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Subject, "Purity," and all interested are cordially invited, especially the mothers. Mrs. H. A. Clifford, state superintendent of that department, has the programme in charge.

At the plant of the Paris Manufacturing Co. a new building is being erected for a bending room, adjoining the old building. When the new part is in condition so it can be occupied, the work will be moved into it, and the old building will be torn down and the new extended on the site, making the total capacity of that part of the plant about three times what it was before.

A party of fishermen started Saturday morning for Four Ponds for a week's fishing. They drove to Buckfield and went by train from there to Summit, where they hit the trail for Four Ponds. The party includes E. E. Andrews, F. W. Sanborn, John F. Swain and J. F. Bolster of Norway, A. W. Walker, W. O. Frothingham and Walter L. Gray of this place, and C. H. Flood of Oxford.

Three of the employes of Robbins' circus seemed to feel the need of a holiday when they reached here Thursday, so without mentioning the matter to "the boss," they hired a team and started for the Harrison centennial. They were rather a rough looking lot, and along toward midnight, when they hadn't showed up, the stable keeper began to think he had lost a team. They got back after the circus was loaded, just in time to take the train.

Ray A. Chapman is at South Paris for a few days. He has been for the past few weeks working with his father, James L. Chapman, putting up spool stock at McIntire & Foster's mill in Township No. 6, near Byron. James L. Chapman was here for a short time last week, but left Saturday for Piscataquis County, where he has charge of several matters for the Clark Thread Co., and is also head fire warden for northern Piscataquis. Ray will follow him in a few days.

Little Jackson Dolliver, 10 years of age, died Thursday night at Dr. Hubbard's cottage at Lovell, where he had gone with his mother and other relatives for a vacation stay. His home was in Baltimore, but he came here about a year ago, and on account of the condition of his health has since remained with the family of his uncle, George F. Eastman. He had a heart trouble, with which he grew slowly weaker, and for a number of weeks his mother and her other children have been here with him. The funeral was held Saturday at Lovell, which was his mother's former home, and burial was there.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

Time, 1st Tuesday in September; place, Mountain Grange, North Buckfield. Programme:

Opening Grange in 5th degree.
Routine Business.
Conferring 5th degree.
Woman's half hour.
Paper, by members of Mountain Grange.
Discussion.
Intermission.

P. M.

Music, ... Choir.
Reading, ... Paris Grange.
Song, ... Franklin Grange.
Paper, ... West Paris Grange.
Entertainment of one-half hour,
..... Mountain Grange.
Song, ... Hebron Grange.
Question, What influence has the grange on methods of farming? Opened by Mountain Grange.
Paper, ... Norway Grange.
Reading, ... F. L. Starbird.
Music, ... Mountain Grange.

SEC.

You are liable to an attack of some form of Bowel Complaint and should provide yourself with the best known Remedy, DR. SETH ARNOLD'S BALSAM. Warranted by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris.

Burglars at South Paris.

WHEELER'S INSURANCE OFFICE ENTERED AND OTHER PLACES TRIED SUNDAY NIGHT.—NO PLUNDER TO SPEAK OF.

South Paris was visited by burglars Sunday night, but they did an amateurish job and failed to secure any plunder of value.

Apparently the only place entered was the insurance office of W. J. Wheeler & Co. in Billings Block. The marauders got into the basement through a window which was open. At the head of the stairs they broke a panel of the door which opens into Wheeler's back room. Here are kept pianos, stools, &c., also a safe belonging to the town, in which Mr. Wheeler, who is town clerk, keeps the town records. The combination on this safe was tried, but it was not opened.

The door between the two rooms was also opened by breaking a panel. In the front room the desk drawers were pulled out and ransacked, but the safe, which contained no money and has not been locked for years, was apparently not disturbed.

All that is missing, so far as discovered, is a penknife belonging to Miss Baker, Mr. Wheeler's partner, and possibly a piano stool.

An iron tool, which was evidently at some time part of a machine, was left on one of the desks.

At the store of F. A. Shurtleff & Co. a pane of glass in a basement window was broken and the window taken out, but there is nothing to indicate that any one has been either in the store or in the basement.

The screen over one of the basement windows in Odd Fellows' Block was partially taken off, but not enough to let one through.

A window was found open in F. E. Barrows' blacksmith shop in the morning, but no tools have been missed as yet.

Mrs. George H. Robertson saw a man in a light suit standing in the Square at some time in the middle of the night. George W. Frothingham heard a sharp whistle, and looking out, saw a man walk from the vicinity of Porter's store across the Square. This was before the electric lights were out, but not enough of them were burning around the Square to see very distinctly.

Whistles and sounds of pounding were heard by two or three others, but nothing which aroused suspicion in a place as thickly populated as the middle of this village.

There is nothing to indicate the identity of the burglars.

Frank A. Robbins' Circus.

Robbins' circus, billed at the fair grounds Thursday, was decidedly late about arriving, according to the circus man's schedule, which generally calls for the show to be unloaded as early as it is possible to see. The preceding day's stand was at Rumford Falls, where the grounds were a long distance from the station, and it was so slow work loading that they were not ready to start until after three o'clock, and it was nearly eight when the train pulled in here.

Railroad Square was pretty well filled with people to watch the unloading, which was done systematically and without accident. Devoid of all the gaud and tinsel and color of the show, this part of the programme illustrates the hard part of the work, and emphasizes to the spectators (and probably to the workmen) the fact that it is a dog's life, under the best of circumstances, to go with the circus. The men were undoubtedly tired, but the work must be done before there could be any rest.

A patient crowd of people lined the streets of South Paris, waiting for the street parade which was not expected until nearly noon. In fact it didn't come at all, and the people had to go home disappointed. The parade went to Norway, but didn't have time to extend the route over here. This undoubtedly cost them some patronage, but they were able to start the afternoon performance on time.

There is a small animal show connected with the circus, and it must be admitted that the poor beasts confined in the cages are on the whole a pretty seedy lot. The circus proper, while on a much smaller scale than the big shows, is excellent in quality. There is a small amount of riding, not enough to justify the two rings which the tent contains, as it could just as well have been done in one. The acrobatic work is particularly good, in all lines, and the acts were pronounced by competent judges as good as those to be seen at any circus. The programme is well varied, and perhaps it is just as well not to have so much but that the spectator can see most of it, as it is to have the tent so full of performers that nobody sees the whole of anything. The indispensable clowns are "on to their job" in good shape, and taken as a whole, the two hours' programme was very entertaining.

As much can not be said for the "concert" following the performance, which was a pretty feeble affair.

There were two good audiences afternoon and evening, and everything was orderly. Except for the time-dishonored institution of outside ticket offices which milk an extra ten cents out of the unwary and uninformed, the whole show as given here was clean and devoid of objectionable features. In the morning the "legal adjuster" of the show called on Jailer Farrar, and, offering him a liberal supply of tickets, which were declined, asked if they would be allowed to run certain games which he would be glad to have the jailer inspect at the grounds. Mr. Farrar did not go to the grounds, but told his caller if the show kept within the law, which was plain enough, there would be no trouble. The suggestion was apparently carried out, and nothing out of the way was seen here.

A different plan seems to have been followed in other places. It is openly reported that gambling went on in one of the show tents at Rumford Falls Wednesday, and one Rumford Falls man, who dropped $107 at the game, came down here with some warrants, which were duly served, and the management settled, refunding the money with expenses. The man who was running the game at Rumford Falls was not seen here.

Intent to Kill Charged.

PARTIES BOUND OVER IN A STABBING CASE AND A POISONING CASE IN THE RUMFORD FALLS COURT.

John Flagg, who lives at Ridlonville, made complaint that his wife attempted to poison him on Saturday, July 29th, by putting Paris green in his coffee. On his complaint Mrs. Flagg was arrested, and a hearing was held in the Rumford Falls Municipal Court on Monday. No attorney appeared for the state, the complainant, Flagg, conducting the case. Mrs. Flagg had counsel. Flagg testified that he was sick and vomited several times after eating breakfast on Saturday, and produced the bottle of coffee put up for his lunch by his wife, which he alleged contained Paris green. Witnesses for the defence testified to the good reputation of Mrs. Flagg and the bad reputation of her husband. Judge Johnson bound Mrs. Flagg over in the sum of $1000. Mrs. Flagg was held principally owing to the fact that there was no prosecuting counsel at the hearing, and Judge Johnson considered the ends of justice demanded that the affair be thoroughly inquired into.

At the Italian settlement at Rumford Falls, Saturday, July 29th, there was an affray in which Francisco Drucisco and his wife Josephina figured on one side, and Antonio Smobelo and Salvadore Trecadio on the other. In the fracas Drucisco was stabbed or slashed in the shoulder. The other two men were arrested, and a hearing was held in the Rumford Falls court Tuesday. Stephenson appeared for the state, and McCarty for defence. Salvadore Trecadio was discharged, and Antonio Smobelo was bound over in the sum of $300.

Bail was furnished in both these cases.

Auction of Stock and Tools.

A. O. Wheeler, having sold his farm in the Whittemore District, will sell at auction, at the farm, on Friday, Aug. 11, at 1 P. M., most of his stock and farming tools, including two cows, two shoats, and a long list of implements and appliances more particularly named on the bills. If stormy, first fair day.

Base Ball.

OXFORD 7; BRYANT'S POND 6.

One of the largest crowds of the season turned out Saturday afternoon to see the game between Bryant's Pond and Oxford at the fair grounds, and although the game was exciting and Oxford won by only one score, it was not the kind of a game that the crowd had expected and hoped to see. It was thought that it would be a well-played pitchers' battle, instead it was a loosely played game in which both pitchers were hit hard and received poor support. In batting the teams were very well matched, Oxford making 9 hits with a total of 12 bases, while Bryant's Pond made 9 hits with a total of 11. Oxford's hits, however, were a little more timely, especially DeWolfe's three-base-hit, which came in the third inning with three men on bases and two men out.

The first two men at the bat for Oxford scored her first run, Pike leading off with a single and was followed by Foss with a fine double. In the third inning singles by Davis and Foss, an error by Day, a three-base hit by DeWolfe, and a pass ball gave Oxford four more runs. Again in the fifth, singles by Foss, Adams and DeWolfe, and a sacrifice hit by Wilson added two more to Oxford's score column. This ended their scoring, Bryant's Pond waking up and retiring them easily in the last three innings.

Bryant's Pond was able to do nothing in the scoring line until the sixth inning. Davis, the first man up, bit to left field, Billings also sent a fly to left field but Davis of the Oxford team muffed it; J. Farnum also sent a fly to left field, Davis allowing it to drop; Bearce hit to Pike and Davis was thrown out at the plate; F. Farnum singled and Billings and J. Farnum scored; Nelson's throw home was wild, Bearce scoring on it and F. Farnum taking third; Currier singled, scoring F. Farnum; Cole doubled, putting Currier on third; Rowe flied out to Adams; Day was given a base on balls, filling the bases, and Davis coming to the bat for the second time in this inning, flied out to the center fielder. Bryant's Pond got men on second and third in the seventh but could not score. In the eighth, Rowe was hit by by a pitched ball; Day was safe on Stone's error, and both scored on Adams' error; F. Farnum reached third in the ninth inning but was unable to score the tieing run.

The best play of the game was a running catch by Billings in the seventh inning. Foss played a fine game for Oxford, making three hits out of four times at the bat, scoring two runs, and accepting his five chances in the field in nice form. Nelson, usually one of Oxford's best batters, struck out each of the four times he was at the bat. The score:

OXFORD.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pike, 1.b.	3	1	1	5	1	0
Foss, s.s.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Adams, p.	3	2	1	3	2	1
Nelson, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
DeWolfe, c.	4	1	2	7	0	0
Wilson, 2.b.	3	0	1	3	3	0
Bowie, c.f., l.f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Stone, 3.b.	4	0	0	1	1	2
Davis, l.f., c.f.	3	1	1	4	0	1
Totals,	31	7	9	27	9	6

BRYANT'S POND.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Billings, c.f.	5	1	2	2	0	0
J. Farnum, l.f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Bearce, c.	5	1	1	10	0	0
F. Farnum, 2.b.	5	1	1	2	1	0
Currier, p.	3	0	1	0	3	1
Cole, r.f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Rowe, 3.b.	4	1	0	0	3	0
Day, s.s.	3	1	0	0	2	1
Davis, 1.b.	4	0	1	9	0	1
Totals,	36	6	9	24	9	3

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Oxford,	1	0	4	0	0	2	0	0	0 X—7
Bryant's Pond,	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	2	0—6

Earned runs, Oxford 3; Bryant's Pond 2. Two-base hits, Billings, Cole, Foss. Three-base hit, DeWolfe. First base on balls, off Adams 2; off Currier 8. Struck out, by Adams 5; by Currier 8. Left on bases, Oxford 5; Bryant's Pond 9. Double play, Adams, Wilson, Pike. First base on errors, Oxford 1; Bryant's Pond 4. Hit by pitched ball, Rowe. Umpires, Holden and Shaw. Scorer, Thayer.

A game played at the high school grounds Thursday forenoon between South Paris and the Volunteers of South Paris, resulted in a score of 3 to 0 in favor of the town team. It was a pitchers' battle, both Cole and Webber, the opposing pitchers, having an unusually large number of strike-outs.

West Sumner defeated West Paris in a more interesting game than the score would indicate, at West Sumner last Saturday. Farrar pitched a nice game for Sumner, striking out ten men.

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total
West Sumner,	2	0	2	1	0	0	5	2	2—14
Wert Paris,	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	1—5

Business Notices.

Clothing cleansed, repaired, pressed and dyed promptly. F. H. Noyes Co.

We are ready for fall and winter custom tailoring. Give us your order early. F. H. Noyes Co.

Read our advertisement this week. Chance for you to make quite a saving on your clothing bills. F. H. Noyes Co.

A Canvassing Trip.

HARTFORD, July 27, 1905.

We have not suffered much from the hot weather yet, thanks to the pure air of Hebron. We are in sight of the sanatorium on Greenwood Hill, where they are building a $10,000 barn and soon they will build a house to correspond with the barn. They advertise to cure everybody that isn't very sick.

The hill is black with Italians, who dig and pick all day and sing and drink beer part of the night. They are a happy set and why shouldn't they be?

I thought the other day after I had the garden truck clear of weeds and had a little leisure time, I would pick up a few subscribers for the Oxford Democrat, so I started out with fairly good courage. The first man I met was some kind of a foreigner. He claimed to be a Scotchman but I have my doubts about it. I told him my business and praised the paper all I thought it would bear. He wanted to know what kind of a paper I had. I told him it was the world renowned Oxford Democrat. "Be gorry," says he, "I wan't no dirty Democrat around me. They are a low lived rum party, and if I had forty votes in my pocket I would not throw one of them for the dirty scalawags." Then he stopped to take wind and I got in a word. Says I, "My fleshy friend, you labor under a mistake. The editors are all rank Republicans." Now you can do as you are a mind to, but I think it would not be a bad idea to change the name and call it the Oxford Republican.

My friend Bert Conant, the wide-awake and good hearted mail carrier, wishes me through the columns of the Democrat to express his sincere and heartfelt thanks to his kind friends and neighbors for the help they rendered in securing a brace for his crippled daughter, who has been suffering for a long time with a bad knee. W. C.

The publication of a compilation of vital statistics of the state for the year 1904 discloses some interesting facts. One of these is that the marriage rate in proportion to population is highest in Oxford County of any county in the state. The report kindly refrains from particularizing the divorce rate for Oxford County.

Pierre Lapointe, a Lewiston jeweler, is in the hospital as the result of an assault by Napoleon Beliveau, aged 22. His injuries are considered serious. Although both men are said to have been intoxicated at the time, the reason given by Beliveau for the attack is that Lapointe had induced Beliveau's father to drink.

ONLY A MASK.

Many are not being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not eat nor sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pupils and teachers generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine, which, as we know, "builds up the whole system."

NORWAY.

F. W. Faunce of the Smiley Shoe Store is taking a two weeks' vacation.

All hands attended the circus Thursday.

Many went to Harrison the 3d and enjoyed the celebration in that town. They report a most pleasant gathering.

John P. Judkins, mail messenger, Route No. 1, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation in Portland and with relatives in various places in Massachusetts. His substitute, George G. Twitchell, of Paris, delivers the mail on his route during vacation time.

Adelbert Y. Locke, Esq., of Farmington, visited his sister, Mrs. L. M. Lunt, last week. Mr. Locke was one of the successful candidates at the Portland examination this week for admission to the bar. He studied with E. E. Richards of Farmington.

The August term of the Norway Municipal Court was held Tuesday. No trials but several new cases entered upon the docket and numerous old matters disposed of in various ways.

Grace Bicknell, Frank P. Stone and Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Smith returned from their western trip Wednesday afternoon. They have been gone about thirty days and report a most delightful trip.

Mrs. John Swain and company are stopping for a few weeks at the Old Orchard Cottage.

E. E. Andrews, J. F. Swain, J. F. Bolster, F. W. Sanborn and others of a party of ten left Saturday morning for a week's fishing at the new camp, Four Ponds.

Work on A. C. McCrellis' mill at the tannery lot has commenced. Mr. McCrellis will have a modern grist mill in every respect when it is completed, which will probably be by the middle of September.

A special voyage of Oxford Lodge, No. 1, Ark Mariners, was held at Masonic Hall Friday evening. There was work followed by a banquet and a social hour.

Arrangements are being made to hold a reunion of school district No. 5, at Norway Lake Wednesday, August 16th. The one of '04 was a most successful affair.

Wm. F. Young thrust his left wrist against a scythe blade Tuesday and was badly wounded. The tendons of the back of the wrist were severed and will probably result in the loss of the use of several fingers of the left hand. He is as comfortable as could be expected.

The tent show, the Shaw Comedy Company, at the corner of Whitman and Pearl Streets, commenced business on Tuesday evening. The company give very good entertainments and have the place well filled with patrons.

Don C. Seitz, of the New York World, came to town Tuesday. He is the guest of Dr. Bial F. Bradbury.

The late rains have caused a flow of water from the meadows and bog at Norway Lake into the lake proper. This has called the trout to that point to feed. This movement of the trout has attracted the fishermen to Norway Lake. Large numbers of trout weighing from one to two and one-half pounds were captured near the bridge during the week.

Will Gary has purchased the Stearns house on Whitman Street and taken possession. It is one of the most desirable places in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pendexter and family are visiting Mrs. Pendexter's family, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Faunce.

Mr. and Mrs. James N. Favor, who were of the excursion party West, are stopping with Mrs. Favor's brother, E. K. Hayes, at Emmett, Idaho. They will visit Mr. Favor's uncle, Henry Tucker, at Logansport, Ind., upon their return in about three weeks.

Mrs. M. L. Kimball left Wednesday for a month's visit at her old home at Ellsworth. Mr. Kimball went to Belfast with her.

Mrs. W. A. Drake gave a musical at the Weymouth cottage Friday evening.

F. E. Tower has leased the Welch house and will move into it September 1st.

Road Commissioner Wood is putting a split stone crossing in on Pearl and Deering Streets near H. L. Libby's.

The Congregational church will be closed during August. Services will be resumed on the first Sunday in September. Rev. B. S. Rideout will spend the most of his vacation with his family at his former home at Garland.

Harry Kimball, with C. F. Ridlon, is enjoying his vacation at North Bridgton.

Mrs. Wm. F. Jones and children are at Small Point for a month.

Inspector General Chas. E. Davis and Col. L. H. Kendall inspected Co. D, 1st Regt., N. G. S. M., on Monday evening. The attendance was good and the inspection first class in every respect.

George R. Stephenson is to place a motor boat on the lake. The engine weighs thirty-six pounds and is a one-half horse power.

Hon. A. S. Kimball was elected president of the Fern Park Club, Peak's Island, Saturday.

SUMMER DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN.

During the hot weather of the summer months the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. O. Stockland, Pastor of the first M. E. church, Little Falls, Minn., writes: "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for several years and find it a very valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders in children." Sold by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

There is a lesson in the work of the thrifty farmer. He knows that the bright sunshine may last but a day and he prepares for the showers which are so liable to follow. So it should be with every household. Dysentery, diarrhœa and cholera morbus may attack some member of the home without warning. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which is the best known medicine for these diseases, should always be kept at hand, as immediate treatment is necessary, and delay may prove fatal. For sale by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

Lawrence Winston, the 6-year-old son of Selectman Edwin B. Carter of Scarboro, fell into a small pond near the home of his parents Friday morning and was drowned.

UNNECESSARY EXPENSE.

Acute attacks of colic and diarrhœa come on without warning and prompt relief must be obtained. There is no necessity of incurring the expense of a physician's service in such cases if Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is at hand. A dose of this remedy will relieve the patient before a doctor could arrive. It has never been known to fail, even in the most severe and dangerous cases and no family should be without it. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

An Italian named Fabario Danandie is in the hospital at Bangor seriously wounded by shots fired during a quarrel in an Italian camp at Hampden.

STOMACH TROUBLES AND CONSTIPATION.

No one can reasonably hope for good digestion when the bowels are constipated. Mr. Chas. Baldwin, of Edwardsville, Ill., says, "I suffered from chronic constipation and stomach troubles for several years, but thanks to Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets am almost cured." Why not get a package of these tablets and get well and stay well? Price 25 cents. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

The intense itching characteristic of salt rheum and eczema is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. As a cure for skin diseases this salve is unequaled. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Noyes Drug Store, Norway; Jones Drug Store, Oxford.

Bring old glasses to Dr. Parmenter. Read ad.

Born.

In South Paris, Aug. 5, to the wife of Byron Leach, a son.

In Mexico, July 28, to the wife of Leslie Varney, a son.

In Peru, July 31, to the wife of Arno Austin, a daughter, Beryl.

In Byron, July 25, to the wife of Stephen Donahue, a son.

In Canton Point, Aug. 1, to the wife of Charles R Ellis, a son.

In Rumford Falls, July 24, to the wife of F. F. Howard, a daughter, Elizabeth Pearl.

In Greenwood, Aug. 1, to the wife of Robert Morgan, a son.

In North Fryeburg, July 29, to the wife of E. O. Buzzell, a son.

In Norway, July 27, to the wife of George B. Larrabee, a daughter, Jennie May.

In Norway, July 30, to the wife of Ephraim Durben, a son.

In South Paris, July 29, to the wife of J. S. Record, a son.

In West Bethel, July 29, to the wife of Prof. L. G. Whittier, a daughter, Esther Page Whittier.

Married.

In South Paris, Aug. 5, by Rev. H. A. Clifford, Mr. John Bennett and Miss Leila Felton, both of Paris.

In Gorham, N. H., Aug. 2, by Rev. E. W. Kenison, Mr. Chester Wheeler of Bethel and Miss Cornelia A. Bennett of Gilead.

In Norway, July 29, by Rev. C. A. Brooks, Mr. Charles Bartlett and Miss Annie Cora Currier, both of Norway.

In West Buckfield, July 29, Mr. Harry Crockett of West Sumner and Miss Vina Bonney of West Buckfield.

Died.

In Bryon, July 25, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Donahue.

In Lovell, Aug. 3, Jackson Dolliver, aged 10 years.

In Bethel, Aug. 1, Mrs. Nellie, wife of Davis G. Lovejoy, aged 40 years.

In North Fryeburg, July 27, Walter Pillsbury.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET WELL

NATURE HELPS MI-O-NA CURE STOMACH TROUBLES IN SHORT ORDER.

The summer months are the best in the whole year for the treatment and cure of stomach troubles. The out-door life, with natural exercise, the fruit and berries which are so freely eaten, all help to restore healthy action to the digestive organs.

Now when Nature will aid Mi-o-na in curing indigestion and giving strength to the stomach and whole digestive system, is the best time to use this remarkable remedy.

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

Plumbing and Heating.

Jobbing promptly attended to. Telephone connection. No charge for team.

L. M. Longley,

Norway, - - Maine.

Hay Tedder for Sale.

Osborne tedder, new last year and very little used.

J. A. NOYES, South Paris.

Tent for Sale.

I have for sale a new tent, made of nice heavy duck. Size 14 x 28 feet.

Apply to

HARRY DUDLEY,

Buckfield.

DeWitt

DeWitt is the name to look for when you go to buy Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the original and only genuine. In fact DeWitt's is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the unadulterated

Witch-Hazel

All others are counterfeits—base imitations, cheap and worthless—even dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a specific for Piles: Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles. Also Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Lacerations, Contusions, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all other Skin Diseases.

SALVE

PREPARED BY

E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago

Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Eastern Steamship Company.

Portland Division.

PORTLAND AND BOSTON LINE.

Fare $1.25.

Superb new steamers of this line leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, and India Wharf, Boston, daily (except Sunday) at 7 P. M.

ADDITIONAL SUNDAY TRIPS.

Commencing June 11th, from Portland at 8 P. M., and from Boston at 7 P. M.

All cargo, except Live Stock, via the steamers of this Company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

J. F. LISCOMB, Agent, Franklin Wharf, Portland, Me.

CALVIN AUSTIN, Vice President and General Manager, Boston, Mass.

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 July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five. 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, on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1905, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

H. CLIFFORD NEWMAN, late of Dixfield, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by William W. Blanchard, administrator de bonis non.

DEBORAH B. FOYE, late of Hartford, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by William Foye, administrator.

JAMES G. DAVIS, ward, of Canton; second account presented for allowance by Geo. A. Wilson, guardian.

ESTELLA M. JUDKINS, ward, of Greenwood; first account presented for allowance by Edward W. Penley, guardian.

ZERA MAY BEAN et als, wards, of Denmark; petition for license to sell and convey real estate and invest the proceeds presented by A. Maude Witham, guardian.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court. A true copy—Attest:

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of GEORGE C. RUSSELL, of Canton, Bankrupt. } *In Bankruptcy.*

To the creditors of George C. Russell in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1905, the said George C. Russell was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the Court House, in South Paris, on the 9th day of Aug., A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, July 24, 1905.

GEO. A. WILSON,

Referee in Bankruptcy.

TORTURING PAIN.

Half This Man's Sufferings Would Have Killed Many a Person, But Doan's Cured Him.

Thousands of grateful people are telling every day how Doan's Kidney Pills cured them of distressing and dangerous kidney and bladder troubles.

Yet other thousands are suffering every day from these same ills. Why? They are either very negligent or very skeptical. Neglect of kidney disorders leads to dropsy, diabetes, Bright's disease and other fatal diseases.

Sincere, honest testimony like the following should convince every skeptic.

A. C. Sprague, stock dealer, of Normal, Ill., writes: "For two whole years I was doing nothing but buying medicines to cure my kidneys. I do not think that any man ever suffered as I did and lived. The pain in my back was so bad that I could not sleep at night. I could not ride a horse and sometimes was unable even to ride in a car. My condition was critical when I sent for Doan's Kidney Pills. I used three boxes and they cured me. Now I can go anywhere and do as much as anybody. I sleep well and feel no discomfort at all."

A. C. SPRAGUE.

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Sprague will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.

Pianos.

I am still at the Andrews House, South Paris, and selling the finest pianos and organs, new and second hand, at the lowest prices ever offered. I sell for cash or on easy payments. Write for list of bargains. I have the best self player for pianos in the world, don't fail to hear it.

LOY S. EYSTER, South Paris, Maine, or 211 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Hebron Academy

1804-1905.

The Fall Term

Of Hebron Academy will open

Tuesday, Sept. 12, '05.

INCREASED endowment enables the Trustees largely to increase and strengthen the teaching force. Best and most thorough instruction, at the lowest rates. The school has been placed on the approved list of the New England College Certificate Board. Send for catalogue to

W. E. SARGENT,

PRINCIPAL.

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 RELIEVES HEADACHE 50 CTS. ELY BROS. NEW YORK

Picture Frames and Pictures, Mats, Mirrors & Mouldings in all Styles.

High Grade Portrait Work in Crayon, Water color, Sepia and Oil a specialty.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

L. M. TUFTS,

Nichols St., - SOUTH PARIS.

TRUE'S ELIXIR

The only sure, safe, entirely vegetable remedy for worms in children or adults. 35c at your druggists. DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

Wanted.

PEELED PULPWOOD.

Spruce, Fir, Hemlock and Poplar delivered at any station.

E. H. PIKE,

WEST PARIS, - MAINE.

FOR SALE.

Six pigs, five weeks old, and pure blood Holstein bull, two years old.

H. M. BERRY, South Paris.

To the Stockholders of the Oxford Central Electric R. R.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders and subscribers for stock of the Oxford Central Electric R. R. at No 3 Deering Street, Norway, Maine, Thursday, 17th of August, 1905, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to see what action said stockholders will take upon the question of dissolving the corporation.

C. H. PRIDE, Clerk.

We want to spin You a yarn about

In the first place you should know that Paroid is no experiment. It has been on the market about ten years and has stood the test. In 1898 the U. S. Government used a large amount of it in Cuba; four years later, it having proved so satisfactory, they ordered 1,200,000 feet for shipment to Manila, and they are still using it. The sales of Paroid now are well up to 400 carloads a year or approximately 20,000,000 feet.

We have handled Paroid for about three years and have sold **nearly 100,000 feet** and the sale is rapidly increasing.

Another thing to be considered is the low cost as compared with shingles, being 20 to 40 per cent cheaper, according to the quantity and thickness used, than a medium quality cedar, making allowance for the extra cost of laying the shingles. There are many roofs so flat that shingles are entirely unsuitable, while Paroid would be as good as a gravel or tin roof at a small part of the cost. It is especially adapted to piazzas and dormer windows. By using Paroid it is practicable to build sheds, poultry houses, &c., with flat roofs at a big saving in material. We have the well known Neponset Red Rope Roofing which is an excellent low-priced roof, good for five years or more. We shall be pleased to furnish samples and further information on application.

S. P. MAXIM & SON, Agents,

South Paris, Maine.

THE PUZZLER

No. 181.—Arithmograph.

(A short proverb.)

9, 10, 12, 11, 8, a French city.
9, 7, 10, 12, a delicious fruit.
12, 10, 8, 9, a kind of file.
3, 2, 4, 5, to turn in different directions.
12, 11, 9, to tear, to cut asunder.
1 2, 10, 5, close at hand.
1, 2, 5, 3, 4, 8, organs of sensation.
8, 9, 10, 11, 1, a country in the south of Europe.
8, 9, 10, 1, a very short space.
6, 5, 11, 9, to fall in drops.

No. 182.—Charade.

To my FIRST a beggar came;
He said his need WAS LAST.
"Come in," I said; "here's food for you."
(The quantity was vast!)
Too plain for him my offering;
He threw it in my LAST,
Then fled as in an angry tone,
"My WHOLE!" I cried, aghast.

No. 183.—Sense and Nonsense.

1. Isaac Sala sells 2 bags of corn to J. Kemp for $6. What I. Sala keeps track of in his daybook is the cash paid—Is that not clear?

In the above statement in bookkeeping lies hidden a question in geography. What is the question?

2. In the sentence, "Jack Fish is as good as his word," parse Jack. What is "as word?" Fish is what tense?

In the above paragraph ignore the grammar and look for a hidden question in natural history. What is that question?

No. 184.—A Flight of Steps.

The last three letters of each word are the same as the first three letters of the following word.

```
o o o
o o o o o o
    o o o o o o
        o o o o o o o
            o o o o o o
                o o o
```

To court; made of wood; pertaining to the teeth; the work which embodies the civil and canonical laws of the Jews; a bird inhabiting streams and marshes; a fowl.

No. 185.—A Famous Structure.

What famous structure is here shown?

No. 186.—Jumbled Verse.

Het felsmase torps hatt wocnrs eht yad
Fo ynam a Snairy phessrehd nos
Sigiueeb eth tilelt dias ta yalp
Yb tighn ni teastyl Bnolbay.

No. 187.—A Musical Instrument.

A musical instrument, a deep breathing, and strings of a musical instrument, make a musical instrument.

No. 188.—Missing Rhyme.

The heart of a hero named ——
Once failed him. He had some ——;
But, taught by a spinner,
He fought and was winner.
The lesson he found of some ——.

No. 189.—Indian Tribes.

If this Indian is beheaded there will be a great tumult.

I saw an Indian who carried a dry multiple fruit and a coarse, stout boot

This Indian has the foot of a bear which take away and note the articulation of the thigh and leg bones.

He gave me "a quick, smart blow" with "a garden tool."

No. 190.—Curious Gems.

A journey, a relative and a course make a gem.

A letter and a nobleman make a gem.

One-half of garden and mesh work make a gem.

In Good Condition.

Nervous Old Lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?

Porter—Yes, mum; he has the place inshoored for twice what it's worth.—Tit-Bits.

A Happy Thought.

Mrs. Bacon—I see the walls of many of the houses in Mexico are from three to six feet thick.

Mr. Bacon—I wish you'd run down there and see if you can find a flat to suit us.—Yonkers Statesman.

Financially Embarrassed.

"Why is Harkins rushing around so excitedly?" "Why, he says his baby is financially embarrassed." "Get out! How could a baby be financially embarrassed?" "Oh, he swallowed a cent, you know."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 173.—Prefixes: F-ollo. B-ale.

No. 174.—Picture Puzzle: 1. F Pipe. 2. Ear. 3. Anchor. 4. Ax. 5. Cable K. 6. Oar S. Firecrackers.

No. 175.—Charade: Brace-let.

No. 176.—Double Acrostic: Sweetbrier. Crosswords—1. Scrub. 2. Warbler. 3. Ell. 4. Erie. 5. Transfer.

No. 177.—Arithmograph: Thackeray.

No. 178.—Diamond: 1. I. 2. End. 3. Hedge. 4. Impeded. 5. Recipient. 6. Independent. 7. Reconquer. 8. Produce. 9. Avert. 10. End. 11. T.

No. 179.—Riddle: A hat.

No. 180.—Two Cities: Simplicity. Pugnacity.

If you are troubled with dizzy spells, headache, indigestion, constipation, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well. If it fails get your money back. That's fair. 35 cents. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; Orin Stevens.

The Boss—First, I'll have to test your ability as a singer of popular songs. Go ahead. The Prospective Officeboy—Excuse me, sir, but I can't sing a note. The Boss—Can't! Then you're the boy I want. I'll give you $3 a week and you can start in now.

Dear Gus:—I have solved the mother-in-law problem, just give her regularly Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It will make her healthy, happy and docile as a lamb. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; Orin Stevens.

First Cannibal.—"How'd it happen that the shipwrecked dude was scratched off the bill of fare?"

Second Cannibal—"We found at the last minute that he was a cigarette fiend."

It will wash and not rub off
This complexion all envy me,
It's no secret so I'll tell
Take thou Rocky Mountain Tea.
F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; Orin Stevens.

The Magazine Editor—That blank verse of yours—

The Poet—Beg pardon, but why do you call it "blank verse?"

The Magazine Editor—I'm a religious man and don't like to swear.

Foley's Kidney Cure is a medicine free from poisons and will cure any case of kidney disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

New Dance is Like "Dan Tucker."

A popular dance this season at the seashore and in the mountain resorts where a weekly "hop" is a feature is called "Dan Tucker," because it includes a few of the changes danced in the old-fashioned measure that was such a favorite a generation ago. It combines the ever popular two-step with a few lancer changes that give the dancers time to cool off after their exertions.

Perhaps the reason it is in such demand by the young people is because of the frequent change in partners, for when "Dan Tucker" is called the person you are dancing with is your partner, whether a stranger or friend. Another good feature about it is the fact that no definite number of couples is necessary. It may be danced by ten or twelve, or by fifty or sixty couples.

When "Dan Tucker" is announced a lively two-step is played, and the couples who intend to dance, two-step about the hall in a big circle, or if it is too warm they simply march. The only rule necessary to follow is to keep all the women on the outside of the circle, leaving their partners on the inside. They dance or march as long as they wish, and then the one man who has been selected as the "caller" takes his position in the centre of the hall, and when he calls "Dan Tucker" the dancers stop and circle about him, making him a centre for the big ring.

The first call is "Ladies to the centre." The women then two-step past their partners a little way toward the centre and stop. This makes two separate circles, and is very attractive, as they all two-step to the music, when the girls are prettily gowned in light dresses and the men on the outer ring are in evening garb.

The second call is "Ladies face your partners." In this figure the women are dancing in one direction and the men in the other.

But the beginning of the fun is when the caller announces, "Right hands to partners and all grand chain." Everybody hurries and talks to every one else as they go round the circle, for when "Dan Tucker" is called the person whose hand you are holding is your partner through the two-step, until the next grand chain is called.

Occasionally the caller substitutes for some man who is tired or can't dance the two-step, and when he calls "Dan Tucker" there is always a shout, "It's not fair to wait until you get the partner you want and then call 'Dan Tucker!' or "Why didn't you let us grand chain a little longer?"

Dan Tucker has enough variety to keep all the dancers interested, and is frequently danced for an hour at a time. It is an especially good dance to have at a summer resort where there are many strangers, for after "Dan Tucker" everybody feels acquainted.

Little Hints on Good Breeding.

One's ailments are never matters of public interest, and one's troubles annoy those whom they do not sadden.

Guests should not allow their hosts to incur needless expense on their behalf. When visiting city friends they should pay their own cab hires, car fares, express charges, and telephone tolls, if messages are sent at long distances, but, if the host will not permit it is in better taste to yield the point than to prolong a discussion.

In order that children may learn politeness, they must be treated with courtesy—thanked when they do little services, and spoken to in a controlled voice when reprimanded. Above all else, parents and elders must treat one another with well-bred politeness before them, for children are very imitative little creatures.

The behavior of father and mother toward each other sets an example that will probably serve as the standard of conduct in the households of which the children in their turn will be the heads.

It is no longer customary at the tables of those socially well-placed to serve the hostess first. It is an old fashion, a survival of the times when for the hosts to taste wine or food first was the assurance to the guests that it was not poisoned.

At church weddings every woman, including the bride, should wear a hat—unless she wears a veil. This is according to custon and precedent.

In well-regulated households no caller is ever told at the door that the servant "will see whether the mistress is at home or not." Instructions to that effect should be given in advance so that a caller's time may not be wasted in such investigation.

In going upstairs a woman is given precedence by a man, but in descending a staircase he goes first, to avoid the risk of stepping upon her gown, or, in case of a misstep, to afford her support.

In nothing does a girl show herself underbred so much as when lacking in respect and deference to her mother, except when such affront is offered to her father. If such a one had the gift of seeing herself as others see her, she would feel nothing but disgust.

It is very bad form not to return a first call unless the caller be a really objectional person to know. But the first call returned, none other need follow and the acquaintance may be allowed to drop. For the person, however, who makes the first call not to make a second after the former one has been courteously returned would be indefensible for some very cogent reason. Why begin an acquaintance only to drop it?—Ex.

Dress Becomingly.

To youth and health the girl who wants to be attractive must add the grace of neatness and suitable dress. She should study herself, her good points, that she may heighten; her bad points, that she may lessen their effect.

A girl with red hair, for instance, may so dress herself that she will be delightful to look at. She must learn to choose the right shade and color. She must avoid purples, crude pinks, and violet contrasts; but the bronze-browns, creams, faint blues, and delicate greens will suit her, and bring out the loveliness of her complexion, and the rich lights in her hair.

A stout girl must not wear plaids, nor load her dress with trimmings and flounces. A slender girl, on the other hand, should avoid stripes that add to her inches.

Attention to shoes and gloves, to nicety in the matter of neckwear, to cuffs and collars, and the trifles that give pretty finishing touches will make a girl seem beautiful, when perhaps she has little claim to that distinction.

The name of "old maid" is often applied to the girl who takes exquisite care of her wardrobe, and in a tone meant to be depreciative. Why should such a trait which is so estimable be generally regarded as objectionable? It would be a blessing if more women, married and single, were endowed with it or cultivated it. Women take the best of care of precious bits of jewelry, rare old lace, pictures and bric-a-brac; why should they not be equally good to the clothing, for which they pay large annual sums? As for its being old-maidish to shake and brush and carefully put away each article as it is taken off—that is all nonsense.—McCall's.

Household Hints.

A little chloride of lime mixed with water will quickly remove ink stains from silver ink stands, etc.

Clean flatirons with very finely powdered brick dust and paraffin. Polish with dry brick dust or emery cloth.

To stiffen a felt hat place a wet cloth on the brim of the hat and pass a hot iron over this till it is dry. This treatment will render the felt quite firm.

An easy way to clean lamp chimneys is to hold them for a minute or two in the steam of a boiling kettle; rub dry with a clean cloth and polish with a piece of soft paper.

To give linen a gloss pour a pint of boiling water on two ounces of gum arabic, cover till next day, then strain it carefully and put it in a clean bottle. Two teaspoonfuls of this stirred into a pint of ordinary starch will give collars and cuffs an appearance of newness.

Tar stains should be rubbed with paraffin or turpentine.

Soot may be removed from the chimney by burning a piece of zinc in the stove.

Wonderful.

A tourist who sat behind a bridal couple on the Pike's Peak railway says that he overheard the bridegroom giving his bride information regarding the difficulties that had been overcome in constructing some of the Rocky mountain railroads.

"Do you know, dear," he said, "that the grade of this road we are riding over is more than 13,000 feet to the mile?"

"How wonderful!" she said languidly.

"Yes, and there is a line of road in this state where there is what they call the 'loop,' and they say that when a long train of cars is going over it they have to run very slow to keep the cowcatcher from shoving the last car of the train off the track, for it is right in front of the engine."

"How wonderful!"

"Isn't it, though? And there is one place here where if you drop a stone from the car window it will fall in a straight line 19,000 feet before it strikes anything."

"How wonderful!"

"Yes, and they say that the velocity of the wind on Pike's peak sometimes reaches 46,000 miles an hour."

"Just think! Isn't it wonderful?"

"And the ties and rails for some of these Rocky mountain railroads had to be brought away up here on the tops of the mountains on the backs of some of those little burros we saw down below."

"How remarkable! And how sweet of you, dear, to bring me out here where such wonderful things have happened. It's ever so educational and awfully interesting. You are sure we will get down all right, dear?"

"O, yes, there's no danger. They say they never had but one accident on this road, and that was a mighty curious one. They had a big mountain landslide once, and a section of track a quarter of a mile long with a passenger train on it slid half a mile right down the side of the mountain, and the train never left the track, and not a person was hurt."

"How wonderful! And how jolly to have been in an accident of that kind. It would be something to remember all one's life. What a lot one can learn by traveling!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Open to Criticism.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman with the fatherly eyes, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why-why-why, sir, what do you mean?" stammered the young man.

"From the shelter of these palms," explained the elderly person, "I have watched you while you sat with that beautiful young lady in the dim corner of the hotel piazza for the last hour and a half."

"Well, sir?" asked the younger one, haughtily.

"When a young man and a young woman sit side by side in a secluded spot for that length of time it is generally conceded that there are at least five or six opportunities for stealing a kiss."

"Sir, I am amazed at you! No matter what you may think you saw I can say on my word of honor that I have not kissed the young woman."

"Exactly. Didn't I just say you ought to be ashamed of yourself?"—Chicago Tribune.

Item of Strength.

George Ade was telling about some buildings that had collapsed, half finished.

"I once heard two of these builders, who, over a glass of beer, met and talked together like this:

"'Jones, you always have better luck than me.'

"'Better luck? How so?'

"'Why, how else do you account for my row of new houses blowing down in last week's wind while yours weren't harmed? All were built the same—same woodwork, same mortar, everything.'

"'Yes,' said the other builder, 'but you forget that mine had been papered.'"—New Orleans States.

Customer—I want a book that will do for hot weather reading.

Bookseller—All right, sir. Here is a ghost story that is warranted to make your blood run cold.

A woman never judges a man's ability as a liar by the compliments he hands her.

MEN PAST SIXTY IN DANGER.

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate gland. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rock Port, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years although I am now 91 years old." F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Katherine—I wonder who wrote the poem "Down in a Coal Mine"?

Madeline—One of the minor poets, I suppose.

Important to Mothers.

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

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

"And do you find married life all you expected it to be?" asked the bachelor friend. "More," replied the ex-bachelor. "I find it a whole lot of things I never even dreamed of."

CONSUMPTION THREATENED.

C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: "I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption. I tried a great many remedies and was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cured me and I have not been troubled since." F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"If you go any deeper," said the patient bald-headed man to the mosquito, "I'll smash you."

"If you do," sang the tormentor warningly, "your blood will be on your head."

QUICK RELIEF FOR ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthma sufferers in the worst stages and if taken in time will effect a cure. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Young Nerveleigh—Congratulate yourself, old man; I'm to be a son of yours.

Old Gotrox—What! You don't mean to say my daughter is going to be your wife?

Young Nerveleigh—Oh, no; but she has promised to be a sister to me.

Many persons in this community are suffering from kidney complaint who could avoid fatal results by using Foley's Kidney Cure. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Excuse me, madam," said the polite hobo, "but I crave your assistance. The iron has entered my soul."

"That," replied the icy-hearted lady, "is doubtless why you look so rusty."

And she slammed the door.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE.

Will cure Bright's Disease.
Will cure Diabetes.
Will cure Stone in Bladder.
Will cure Kidney and Bladder Diseases.
F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Grandpa, do you have to be awful good to get into heaven?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, I've about made up my mind to try for the booby prize."

"I had diabetes in its worst form," writes Marion Lee of Dunreath, Ind. "I tried eight physicians without relief. Only three bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made me a well man." F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Mr. Corrigan—How much d'yez charge fer pullin' teat'?

Dentist—With gas, one dollar.

Mr. Corrigan—An' how much wid electric loight?

Foley's Kidney Cure will cure all diseases arising from disordered kidneys or bladder. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

MR. ROOSTER LEARNS SOMETHING

Mr. Rooster finished his breakfast and picked up a book to read. He was a great reader and he liked books.

"This is good," he said, as he glanced down the page.

"What is?" asked his wife.

"I'll read it," answered Mr. Rooster, and he read:

"'Never let a day go by without learning something.'"

"That is very good," said his wife.

Mr. Rooster laid the book down and strolled out into the street.

"I wonder what I can learn today?" he said to himself.

Several boys were gathered in the street about a big red thing that looked like a very fat bologna sausage to Mr. Rooster. As he looked on the boys turned and ran away.

"That is foolish," said Mr. Rooster. "They should have waited and learned what the thing is. Now I shall go over there and learn something."

IT SENT HIM FORTY FEET IN THE AIR.

So he strutted over to the big red thing and looked at it all around and at both ends, but he couldn't make out what it was.

"All I see," said he as he perched himself on top of the affair—"all I see is a little fizzing fire over at this end."

At this very moment there was a terrible explosion as the firecracker went off.

Forty feet in the air it sent Mr. Rooster. Every feather in his tail and half the feathers on his back were blown out. His eyes were filled with powder; his feet were burned to blisters.

When he landed on the ground he didn't know whether he was dead or alive.

He finally pulled himself together and hobbled home to roost as best he could.

"Have you learned anything today?" asked his wife as he entered the chicken house.

"Yes," he answered. "I've learned something, but I don't know what it is."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Corsica and England.

It is an almost forgotten fact that for a period of a little more than two years during the Napoleonic wars Corsica was a British possession. After the evacuation of Toulon the British government felt it necessary to take the island, and Lord Hood, with Nelson as brigadier, was sent to drive out the French. With the capture of Calvi, July 12, 1794, where Nelson lost his eye, the island fell into British hands, and George III. formally accepted the crown of Corsica, appointing Sir George Elliot as British viceroy and allowing the Corsicans to retain their legislative assembly. In 1796 the activity of the French navy in other parts of the Mediterranean resulted in a sudden decision of the British government to withdraw from the island. The evacuation was completed on Oct. 26 of that year, and Corsica reverted to France.

Cooking In Naples.

In Naples cooking is done anywhere and anyhow—inside and outside, on sheet iron stoves, on tin boxes, in stone jars or in clay baked earth. Here a cobbler sits from early to late out on a corner of a sidewalk near a public "Latrina," to which he attends whenever necessary; when not, he mends; also makes shoes. Near him is a granite arrangement where he cooks his meals. It is about one foot high, square and open at the top, with space deep enough for some charcoal. Below the coal is a grate. On one side at the bottom is an opening for draft, and a savory smell always arises from a little black pot if one passes there at noon or toward the evening. I saw a stove and a woman busy cooking out on a balcony, with about six feet of stovepipe braced against the railing.—Chicago Tribune.

How Dew Forms.

Dew was formerly supposed to fall softly from the heavens, and to this belief may be ascribed many current and poetical phrases; but dew does not fall in the exact meaning of the term. The condensation of watery vapor follows upon the chilling of the air. This is seen as the earth cools toward night, and it takes place most rapidly near the ground. Grass and other vegetation cools more rapidly than the air above it. The air in contact with plants is thus chilled and deposits its moisture upon the leaves of the plants in dew. When the chilling of the air proceeds further, the moisture may be precipitated to a considerable height above the earth's surface, and it then becomes what we call fog.

The Muff.

In many of the portraits of the sixteenth century one often sees a strip of rich, soft fur wound around the wrist of a noble dame. This was used to cover the neck or fulfill the function of the muff, and to it was often attached a small animal's head or a skull cunningly wrought in metal and adorned with precious stones. The first Venetian muffs were small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk lined with fur, the opening enriched with gold or silver buttons set with stones. By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as the necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a woman of fashion.

His Last Wish.

"What are you doing with that sheet of paper, Orville?" sharply asked his wife.

"I am making a wish," answered Mr. Meekun.

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cuckoo That Stutters.

Even the cuckoo, which has no home, is strangely faithful to locality. In an Essex district an old cuckoo, known to the whole place by a distinctive stammer in his speech, was seen and heard regularly in the same parish for seven consecutive years.—London Outlook.

Continual Opportunity.

Great opportunities seldom present themselves, but every moment of every hour of thy conscious life is an opportunity to improve thyself, which for thee is the best and most necessary thing.—Ruskin.

A Large Order.

Artists sometimes find that persons who are abundantly able to buy pictures are not so well able to appreciate the possibilities and the alms of art.

The artist Hoppner related that a wealthy stockbroker, with his wife and five sons and seven daughters, once called upon him. The gentleman said: "Well, Mr. Painter, here we are, a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us, prompt payment for discount?"

"Why, that will depend," replied the artist, "upon the dimensions, style, composition and"—

"Oh, that's all settled!" replied this person, who evidently followed the excellent plan of knowing exactly what he wanted when he went shopping "We are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham and all singing 'God Save the Queen.'"

Where Martha Washington Died.

Martha Washington did not die in the same room as her husband, but in a room in the garret, under whose sloping roof the heat was insufferable in summer and the cold not slight in winter, lighted only by a dormer window. The lower corner of the door of this attic room is cut off. This was done for the convenience of the cat which was Mrs. Washington's sole companion in her lonely vigil of eighteen months after the general's death, a companion which the old general himself had often petted. It was the custom of the family to shut up for two years a room in which a death had occurred, and this was the reason why Martha and her cat moved to the shabby and stuffy little garret.

A Man Eating Tiger.

In 1891 one of the Hagenbecks and Herman Boger, a hunter in the family's employ, went to India for tigers. Hearing of a savage man eater in a certain district, they organized a party and sallied forth to find him.

Crouching like a cat, with back up and whiskers bristling, it waited its chance for a spring. One of the natives, more venturesome than the rest, boldly charged it. With a sudden blood curdling growl it was upon him and he was brushed from his horse like a man of straw. And then, though he was a man of fully 145 pounds weight, the great beast seized him as a cat seizes a kitten and started off with him toward the jungle. It was impossible to shoot for fear of killing the man, and so we had to make the chase one of strategy. Finally, near the edge of the undergrowth, we cornered the tiger, and it dropped its luckless burden. Then a bullet from an express rifle ended its days of pillage. It had carried the man half a mile, and, strange to say, he was little injured.—Leslie's.

She Remembered.

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the husband.

"No," replied his wife sweetly, "I've come back for something I remembered."

He who expresses his willingness to die for a woman always reserves the right to fix the date of his demise.

Mary Churchill Emmett

The Talented Actress Finds the "L. F." Medicine Indispensable

"WHILE in your city some time ago I bought several bottles of the True 'L. F.' Atwood's Bitters at your store and found that it greatly benefited me. I wish to get some more. I send you my route and several addressed stamped envelopes. Please tell me where I can procure the medicine when I reach New York. I am anxious in the matter, for it did me more good than anything I have ever taken and I must have several bottles right away." — MARY CHURCHILL EMMETT, of "Sowing the Wind" Co.

So Certain, Safe and Reliable that No Other Medicine Can Take Its Place

Dr. Austin Tenney,

Oculist,

will be at Elm House, Norway, Tuesday, Aug. 1st, and 1st Tuesday of each following month. Office hours, 10:30 A. M. to 4 P. M. Eyes Examined free.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of FRANK G. DAME, of Rumford Falls, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Frank G. Dame in the County of Oxford and district aforesaid:

Notice is hereby given that on the 1st day of April, A. D. 1905, the said Frank G. Dame was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the Court House, in South Paris, on the 9th day of Aug., A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

South Paris, July 29, 1905.

GEO. A. WILSON,

Referee in Bankruptcy.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

A. C. THOMAS KING, 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.

July 18, 1905. ALICE M. HALL.

NOTICE.

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

HORATIO WOODBURY, 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.

July 18, 1905. ALTON C. WHEELER.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby g