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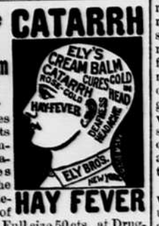

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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

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

Aroostook a One-Crop County.

We are all so accustomed not only to refer to Aroostook County as the land of fertility and plenty that it is really an effort to try to think of it in any other way than as a great fertile garden, where all manner of good things grow in great abundance and lavishness.

Now, I am not going to discuss the much mooted question of whether or not the present three-year rotation of crops is sufficient to keep up the fertility of the soil, for the very good reason that I do not know, and I suspect that there are others who are in the same condition, but there are, to say the least, two sides to the question. Columbus Hayford, who has cultivated a good farm in the very heart of the county, tells us that he has made a thorough study of the situation, and he is confident that the soils on the farms that have practiced the three-year rotation, viz.: first potatoes, then oats or wheat, then clover and then potatoes again the fourth year, or clover two years and potatoes the fifth year, are all right, the clover crop restoring the elements of fertility taken out in great quantities by the potato crop. It is only fair to say that in the opinion of some of the best known authorities who have given the subject carful consideration this is only a partially correct theory. But, be that as it may, as long as Aroostook farms continue to sell at the present skyward prices it is difficult to get any one to give the matter serious consideration. It is like talking to a hungry man about the probable scarcity of toothpics before this country again celebrates its next centennial. As one man said to me recently: "If I can get the old farm to do as well for me for just ten years longer I do not care if it won't grow sorrel even, for it won't have to." This remark exactly shows the feeling in a great majority of instances, and no amount of argument or philosophy will shake their faith; no, never, as long as they can figure a clear profit of eight cents on every bushel of potatoes that sells for 25 cents even. If this is correct—and it seems to be about the average that they all figure—what percentage of profit is it when they sell, as they have sold this year, all the way from 40 to 85 cents? Will some one figure it up and tell us what a six hundred acre farm is worth that will grow five hundred bushels to the acre?

But I have got led off my subject. The peculiar thing about Aroostook agriculture is not what they raise, but what they neither raise nor buy, for buy it is if you have it. For, notwitestanding the fact that the soil is such as to produce practically every kind of vegetable that can be successfully raised in New England, you see but few gardens, and the most of the vegetables consumed are raised on poor soil, and as a rule under adverse conditions, and shipped to the garden spot for consumption. The same is true of fruit, which is produced very sparingly.

But the greatest lack is seen in dairy and poultry products. The visitor to Aroostook County at most any season of the year must go prepared to put up with case eggs and store butter, even at the best hotels; while the dressed poultry, if any such there be, will come either from Bangor, or more likely Boston. Standing on the platform at the station of Easton, where potatoes by the hundreds of carloads had been shipped, a farmer addressed the workers on the Farming Special recently. The speaker, a well-to-do farmer said: "You gentlemen have told us a good many interesting things; perhaps I can tell you some. For instance," he said, "you see our potatoes, houses and our farms, and good, comfortable buildings, and good, thrifty looking farm teams; but would it surprise you if I should tell you that not 10 per cent of us raise our own butter, eggs, poultry, flour or even pork? As for horses, that could be and should be raised right here, we hardly think of raising them, and they are growing scarcer every year, and now if we want a really good team we have to give up from $600 to $800 for it, and only this morning one of my neighbors started down river with $1,000 in his pocket to get a good team." When the speaker was asked why there was so much opposition to diversity of crops, he turned a disgusted look upon his inquirer and asked, "Do you know the price of pertaters?"

That question was the key to the whole situation. Potatoes had just gone up to $2 a barrel. Who, with potatoes at $2 a barrel, would stoop to milk a cow or bother with a fussy hen, not to say weed an onion bed, or feed a squealing pig? "Guess not, not at least, until the price of potatoes drops very decidedly several years in succession, and keeps dropped."

"But," says some one, "supposing from all over Maine and New England the potato raising habit should become a fad, how long can Aroostook County keep up her present style of agriculture, not to say her royal manner of living?"

Said a careful observer of events to the writer recently: "If people could conduct dairying, gardening and fruit growing, and could tend hens seated on a handsomely painted farm implement, to which was hitched a pair of 1,700-pound horses, they would go into these lines of business on at least a small scale, but to desert that team with its brand new harness and the improved farm implement for a milk stool, a trap nest or a pruning knife—well, rather not, just yet."

We are content to leave the result to some one who is wiser and can see further ahead than the writer.—Cor. in New York Tribune.

Advancing Maine Agriculture.

The usual promptness on the part of the Maine department of agriculture is again evinced by the fourth annual report of Commissioner A. W. Gilman. This is a substantial publication of over 400 pages, and is now being mailed. Among other things, Commissioner Gilman calls attention to the following points: We are gratified to be able to state that a good degree of success has attended the efforts of the farmers of Maine during the year 1905, and the work of this department in their behalf. Maine is undoubtedly destined to be the great agricultural section of the east. Her soil and her climate are in her favor. Farmers are becoming awakened to the possibilities of our agriculture. There never has been a time in the history of the state when the agricultural people were so thoroughly alive to the development of our agricultural resources as at present.

Many factors are at work along the line of the development of agriculture in Maine. The experiment station stands ever ready to explain any new proposition and also aims to assist the farmers in every way possible. The grange, too, has done a great deal towards the advancement of agriculture. The methods employed by farmers are changing somewhat to suit the demands of the times. More extensive and intensive cultivation is being practiced. More land is under the plow than five years ago and the farmers are tilling more intensively. This annual volume of the department of Maine agriculture. also includes extensive reports of the state dairymen's association and the state pomological society. Full accounts of their meetings, together with the principal addresses are included.—New England Homestead.

Usually a sow will raise better pigs when from two to four years old than at any other age.

The Hay Crop.

Few farmers in New England realize the capacity of their lands to produce this most important and profitable of all farm crops. One of the chief reasons for this prevalent, non-realizing state of mind is found in the fact (which is pounded into the heads of each succeeding generation of farmers) that New England soil has long been shorn of its virgin fertility and is consequently worn-out, hence their energies are weakened and delusion controls their acts.

The dawn of science has begun to illuminate the farmers' horizon and those of us who begin to harken to its unmistakable teachings have clearly demonstrated that the old-time theory of exhausted soils is but a delusion.

To raise profitable crops of hay, a heavy yield per acre must be produced of the very best quality and kind demanded for the market or feeding purposes. Having first settled the purpose for which you are raising hay, then direct your energies to growing the most of the very best varieties desired. What are these varieties and how shall we obtain them? are questions that are asked all along the line. Here allow me to emphasize what I tried to impress upon the minds of the farmers of Maine when on my pleasant sojourn with A. W. Gilman, your efficient Commissioner of Agriculture, that the clovers for dairy feed are by far the most satisfactory and profitable crop to raise. But to successfully grow clover it is necessary to observe and practice some well defined rules, some scientific methods relating to fitting soils and correcting certain hindrances to clover growth. First, it is of great importance to thoroughly prepare the soil. A mellow, deep, fine seed bed is indispensable. Intense cultivation is the watchword. It unlocks the latent fertility of the soil, it conserves moisture and enables the plant to feed where plant food was never before liberated.

Another hindrance to clover growing prevails to quite an extent on New England soil. By long continued use in pasture or meadow, land becomes more or less acid. The presence of acidity in soil may be discovered in several ways. The land will become moss grown or perhaps covered with a growth of sorrel; or if either of these are not apparent the use of litmus paper placed in the soil will detect the presence of acidity. Surely clover will not thrive upon such soils. Hardwood ashes or rock lime will correct this evil. In Vermont ashes is the most economical remedy.

Intelligent fertilization is an important factor in producing any crop, and grass is no exception to the rule. Years of experience, observation, study and practice have confirmed me in the belief that a great waste of stable manure, which is in its truest sense the farmer's bank, has been going on among New England farmers by the application of too large quantities of it to the acre, half mixed with the soil. Ten good loads of manure to the acre, or its equivalent in the best commercial fertilizers, thoroughly mixed with the soil, are all and in many cases more than it is profitable to use. Really it is all the crop requires or can economically utilize. More frequent application in smaller quantities will result in better profits.

One other point I cannot pass without mention, namely, the inclination of farmers to apply too little seed to the acre, and the persistent purchase of a cheap quality of seed. The best is none too good and is by far the cheapest in the end. Recent analyses by our experiment stations have shown an immense quantity of obnoxious weed seed in the cheap seed supply. Seedsmen will furnish it as long as farmers create a demand for it. Demand good seed and pay for it and there will be a marked difference in the stand and vigor of the plant growth. Remember that "like produces like," and use nothing but the best.

Never allow your clover to go to seed before cutting. Its destruction will follow if you do, and besides, you will lose much of its feeding value. Clover is itself a soil reclaimer. It feeds upon the free air of Heaven and carries its enrichment to the earth from which it springs. See to it, brother farmers of the Pine Tree State, that your fields blossom with the red clovers of the land, and farming will prove more profitable and life will be laden with more blessings and greater joys will attend the humble farmer's home.—Maine Bulletin of Agriculture.

Crop Conditions.

(Reported by Maine Bulletin.)

ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY.

Condition of grass, compared with last season, 93 per cent. Acreage of grain, as compared with average, 97 per cent. Trees have wintered well; but very little injury from mice is reported. Varieties of apple trees which are being most generally planted, Baldwin and Ben Davis. Blossoms of fruit, as compared with average, 92 per cent. Japanese millet is not grown to any extent. One trial is reported, with good results. The raising of colts is increasing in most sections of the county. The number of sheep will not be increased.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Condition of grass, 99 per cent. Acreage of grain, 86 per cent. Trees have wintered well. Some injury to nursery trees from mice is reported. Baldwin, McIntosh, Wealthy and Ben Davis are the varieties of apple trees most generally planted. Blossom of fruit trees, 96 per cent. Japanese millet has been raised in some localities, with very satisfactory results. The raising of colts is increasing slightly in most sections. No increase in the number of sheep is reported.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Condition of grass, as compared with last season, 90 per cent. Acreage of grain, as compared with average, 98 per cent. Trees have wintered well. No material injury from mice is reported. Varieties of apple trees most generally planted, Baldwin and Ben Davis. Blossom of fruits, 73 per cent. One correspondent reports fine results from the raising of Japanese millet, large yields having been obtained. The raising of colts is increasing to quite an extent in some parts. There will be but little increase in the number of sheep.

OXFORD COUNTY.

Condition of grass, 82 per cent. Acreage of grain, 101 per cent. Trees have wintered well in most sections. Quite extensive damage to small trees by mice is reported from a few localities. Varieties of apple trees most generally planted, Baldwin and Ben Davis. Blossom of fruits, 106 per cent. The raising of colts is increasing in many localities. The number of sheep will not be materially increased.

Orchard Cultivation.

The department of agriculture has been gathering some information on results of different treatments of orchards, i. e., cultivating vs. cropping. The deductions to be drawn seem to be that trees in clean cultivated ground suffer less from drought and hot winds than do those in pasture or grass lands; that the fruit from cultivated orchards is larger than that from trees in grass and that tree roots extend more rapidly than may be generally supposed. Instances are cited of trees five years old with roots extending in various directions 10 feet from the trunk. The roots of trees which have stood in sod since planting were found just beneath the surface of the soil, while the roots of those in cultivated soil were nowhere less than eight inches from the surface. This makes it clear that if orchards are to be cultivated from at all they should be cultivated from the first; otherwise even shallow plowing will seriously injure the roots.

If you are working for profit, see that the hogs have an abundance of food above the necessities of life.

The Trainmaster's Story

Of the Old Guard

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright, 1900, by S. S. McClure Co.

I NEVER found it very hard to get into trouble. As far back as I can remember that has come dead easy for me.

When this happened I hadn't been railroading a month, and I was up with my conductor on the carpet, sweating from sheer grogginess and excitement. The job of front end brakeman on a mountain division is no great stake for a man ordinarily, but it was one for me just then. We knew when we went into the superintendent's office that somebody was to get fired. The only question was, who, the train crew or the operator? Our engine crew were out of it. It was up to the conductor and to me. Had the operator displayed red signals? The conductor said no; I said no. The operator said yes, but he lied. We couldn't prove it. We could only put our word against his, and, what made it the worse for me, my conductor was something of a liar himself.

I stood beading in a cold sweat, for I could see with half an eye it was going against us. The superintendent, an up and up railroad man every inch and all business, but suspicious, was leaning the operator's way the strongest kind.

There wasn't another soul in the little room as the three of us stood before the superintendent's desk except a passenger conductor, who sat behind me with his feet on the window ledge, looking out into the yard.

"Morrison's record in this office is clean," the superintendent was saying of the operator, who was doing us smooth as smokeless powder. "He has never to my knowledge lied in an investigation; but, Allbers," continued the superintendent speaking bluntly to my conductor, "you've never told a straight story about that Rat River switch matter yet. This man is a new man," he added, throwing a hard look at me. "Ordinarily I'd be inclined to take the word of two men against one, but I don't know one at all and the other has done me once. I can't see anything for it but to take Morrison's word and let you fellows both out. There wasn't any wreck, but that's not your fault, not for a minute."

"Mr. Rocksby," I protested, speaking up to the division boss in a clean funk—the prospect of losing my job that way, through a lying operator, took the heart clean out of me—"you don't know me, it is true, but I pledge you my word of honor"—

"What's your word of honor?" asked the superintendent, cutting me like a hatchet. "I don't know any more about your word of honor than I do about you. Allbers, take your man and get your time."

A wave of helpless rage swept over me. The only thing I could think of was strangling the lying operator in the hall. Then somebody spoke.

"Show your papers, you fool."

It came calm as sunshine and cold as a northwester from the passenger conductor behind me, from Dave Hawk, and it pulled me into line like a bugle call. I felt my English all back at once. Everybody heard him and looked my way. Again it was up to me. This time I was ready for the superintendent, or, for that matter, for the blooming Mountain division. I had forgot all about my papers till Dave Hawk spoke. I put my hand, shaking, into my inside vest pocket for a piece of oilskin—it was all I had left. I was a good way from my base that year. I laid the oilskin on the superintendent's table, unfolded it jealously and took out a medal and a letter, that in spite of the carefullest wrapping was creased and sweated. But the letter was from my captain and the bit of bronze was the cross. Rocksby picked up the letter and read it.

"Have you been in the British army?" he asked curtly.

"Yes, sir."

He scowled a minute over Picton's scrawl, laid it down and gratified his curiosity by picking up the medal. He studied the face of the token, looked curiously at the dingy red ribbon, twirled it and saw the words on the reverse, "For Valor," and looked again at me.

"Where'd you get this?" he asked, indicating the Victoria.

"In the Sudan, sir."

Dave Hawk kept right on looking out the window. Neither my conductor nor the operator seemed to know just what the row was. Nobody spoke.

"What you doing here?" Rocksby went on.

"I came out to learn the cattle business." His brows went up easy-like. "They cleaned me out." Brows dropped gentle-like. "Then I went bad with mountain fever," and he looked recent at me.

"You say you had your head out the cupola and saw the white signal?" he asked, sort of puzzled.

"I saw the white signal." Rocksby looked at the operator Morrison.

"We'll adjourn this thing," said he at last, "till I look into it a little further. For the present go back to your runs."

We never heard any more of it. Allbers got out quick. I waited to pick up my stuff and turned to thank Dave Hawk. He was gone.

It wasn't the first time Dave had pulled me out of the water. About two weeks before that I had crawled one night up on the front platform of the baggage at Peace River to steal a ride to Medicine Bend on No. 1. It was Dave's train. I had been kicked out of the McCloud hospital two days before without a cent or a friend on earth outside the old country, and I hadn't a mind to bother the folks at home any more, come Conan or the devil.

The night was bitter bad, black as a Fuzzy and sleeting out of the foothills like manslaughter. When the train stopped at Rosebud for water, what with gripping the icy hand rail and trying to keep my teeth steady on my knees I must have been a hard sight. Just as the train was ready to pull out Dave came by and poked his lantern full in my face.

If it had been a headlight I couldn't have been worse scared, and I found afterward he carried the brightest lamp on the division. I looked up into his face, and he looked into mine. I wonder if in this life it isn't mostly in the face after all? I couldn't say anything. I was shaking in a chill as I climbed down into the storm.

Yet I never saw a face harder in some ways than Dave Hawk's. His visor hid his forehead and a black beard covered his face till it left only his straight, cold nose and a dash of olive white under the eyes. His whiskers loomed high as a Cossack's, and his eyes were onyx black with just such a glitter. He knew it was no better than murder to put me off in that storm at a mountain siding. I knew it, but I didn't much care, for I knew before very long I should fall off anyway. After I crawled down he stood looking at me, and, with nothing better on, I stood looking at him.

"If you get up there again I'll break your neck," he promised, holding up his lantern. I was quiet. The nerve was out of me.

"Where are you going?" he asked shortly.

"Medicine Ben"—

"Get into the smoker, you fool."

How it galvanized me. For twenty-four hours I hadn't eaten. I was just out of a hospital bed and six weeks of mountain fever, but I braced at his words like a Sioux buck. I hurried back ahead of him to the smoking car,

Dave came by and poked his lantern full in my face.

drenched wet and tough, I know. I looked so tough that the brakeman grabbed me the minute I opened the front door and tried to kick me out. I turned snarling then, crazy as a wolf all in a second, and somehow backed the brakeman against the water cooler with his windpipe twisted in my bony fingers like a corkscrew. The train was moving out. I had been cuffed and kicked till I would rather kill somebody than not; this seemed a fair chance for a homicide. When the poor fellow's wind went off—he wasn't much of a scrapper, I fancy—he whipped around in the aisle like a dying rooster. As he struggled in my grip there behind him in the doorway stood Dave, lantern in hand, looking on with a new face. This time he was smiling. Dave's smile meant just the parting of his lips over a row of glistening teeth, perfectly even teeth and under his black mustache whiter than ivory. It appeared to amuse him to see me killing the brakeman. The instant I saw Dave I let go, and he watched the crestfallen trainman pull himself together.

"Guess you'll let him alone now, won't you?" said Dave pleasantly to my rattled assailant. "Sit down," he growled harshly at me, stringing his lantern on his arm. He walked unconcernedly down the aisle, and I dropped exhausted into the front seat facing the Baker heater. It was heavenly hot; red hot. I have loved a car heater ever since, and Baker to me is hardly lower than the angels. My togs began to steam, my blood began to flow, the train boy gave me a wormy apple, an Irishman with a bottle of rank whisky gave me a stinger, and I wanted to live again.

I curled up in the seat, and in five minutes I was roasting—oh, such a heavenly roast—and dozing—Lord, what a heavenly doze—before that Baker heater. All night the forward truck beat and pounded under me. All night I woke and slept in the steaming, stinking air of the hot car. And whenever I opened my eyes I saw always the same thing—a topping tall conductor looming in the aisle, his green hooded lamp like a semaphore under his arm. And above in the gloom a bush of black beard and a pair of deep set, shining eyes back under a peaked cap. Dave often comes back as I saw him, waking and dreaming, that night in the smoker of No. 1.

It was breaking day when he bent over me.

"We're getting into the Bend," he said gruffly. "Got any money for breakfast?"

"I haven't a cent on God's earth." He put his hand in his pocket and, pulling out a handful of loose bills, shoved one into my fingers.

"I'll take it from you, and gladly," I said, sitting up. "But I'm not a beggar or a tramp."

"Off track?"

"Yes. I'm going to enlist." His teeth flashed. "That's worse than railroading, ain't it?" Something came into my head like a rocket.

"If I could get started railroading"—

"Get started easy enough."

That's how I happened to show him my Victoria. He gave me a card to the trainmaster, and next day I went to braking for Allbers, who, by the way, was the biggest liar I ever knew.

But the morning I got into Medicine Bend that first time on No. 1 I had another scare. I went into the lunch-room for coffee and sandwiches and threw my bill at the boy. He opened it, looked at it and looked at me.

"Well," I growled, for I was impudent with luck and a hot stomach. "Good, ain't it?"

"Smallest you got?"

I nodded as if I had a pocketful. He hustled around and came back with a handful of money. I said nothing, but when he spread it out before me I sat paralyzed. I had just assumed that Dave had given me a dollar. Sinkers, deducting the price of two coffees and six sandwiches from the bill, counted out $19.30 for me.

That change kept me running for a month, and after my first pay day I hunted up Dave to pay him back. I found him in the evening. He was sitting alone on the eating house porch, his feet up against the rail, looking at the mountains in the sunset.

"Never mind," he said as I held out a twenty dollar bill and tried to speak my little piece. He did not move except to wave back my hand.

"Oh, but I can't let you do that," I protested.

"Put up your money, Tommie." He called me Tommie.

"No," he repeated, putting by my hand, his face set hard—and when Dave's face did set it set stony. "Put up your money. You don't owe me anything. I stole it."

It was a queer deal out on the West End in those days. It was a case of wide open from the river to the Rockies. Everybody on the line, from the directors to the car tinks, were giving the company the worst of it. The section hands hooked the ties for the maintenance, the painters drank the alcohol for the shellac, the purchasing agent had more fast horses than we had locomotives, and what made it discouraging for the conductors the auditors stole what little money the boys did turn in.

A hard place to begin railroading the old line was then, but that's where I had to tackle the game, and in all the hard crowd I mixed with Dave Hawk was the only big man on the division. There were others there who fixed the thing up by comparing notes on their collections and turning in percentages to make their reports look right, but Dave was not a conspirator, never made a confidant of any man in his stealing or his spending and despised their figuring. He did as he pleased and cared for no one. No superior had any terror for Dave. He had a wife somewhere back east of the river, they said, that had sold him out—that's why he was in the mountains—and he lived among free and easy men a lonely life. If anybody ever got close to him I think maybe I did, though I was still only a freight conductor when the lightning struck the division.

It came with a clean sweep through the general offices at the river—everybody in the auditing department, the executive heads down to general manager, and a whole raft of East End conductors. It was a shake-out from top to bottom, and the bloods on our division went white and sickly very fast.

Of course it was somebody's gain. When the heads of our passenger conductors began to drop they began setting up freight men. Recksby had resigned a year earlier, and Haverly, his successor, an ex-dispatcher and as big a knave as there was on the payroll, let the men out right and left with the sole idea of saving his own scalp. By the time I was put up to a passenger train the old force was pretty much cleared out except Dave.

Every day almost we looked to see him go. Everybody loved him because he was a master railroad man, and everybody except Dave himself was apprehensive about his future. He moved on just the same, calm and cold as ice water, taking the same old chances, reckless of everything and everybody. I never knew till afterward, but the truth was Haverly, with all his bluff talk, was just enough afraid of Dave Hawk to want to let him alone. The matter, though, focused one day up in the old office in an unexpected way.

Haverly's own seat got so hot that, bedeviled by his fears of losing it and afraid to discharge Dave, who now sailed up and down the line reckless as any pirate of the Spanish main, he cowered, called Dave into the little room at the Wickiup and asked him to resign. In all the storm that raged on the division the old conductor alone had remained calm. Every day it was somebody's head off; every night a new alarm. Dave alone ignored it all. He was through it all the shining mark, the daredevil target. Yet he bore a charmed life and survived every last associate. Then Haverly asked him to resign. Dave, bitter angry, faced him with black words in his throat.

"It's come to a showdown," muttered the superintendent uneasily after a minute's talking. "Do you want to resign?"

Dave eyed the mountains coldly. "No."

"You will have to"—

"Have to?" Hawk whirled dark as a storm. "Have to? Who says so?"

The superintendent shifted the paper weight on the desk uncomfortably.

"Why should I resign?" demanded the old conductor angrily. "Resign?" He rose from his chair. "You know I'm a thief. You're a thief yourself. You helped make me one. I've carried more men for you than for anybody else on the whole division. I don't resign for anybody. Discharge me! I don't ask any odds of you."

Haverly met it sullenly, yet he didn't dare do anything. He knew Dave could ruin him any day he chose to open his mouth. What he did not know was that Dave Hawk was molded in a class of men different from his own. Even dishonor was safe in the hands of Dave Hawk.

There was no change after except that darker, moodier, lonelier than ever, Dave moved along on his runs, the last of the old guard. Better railroad man than he never took a train out of division. Stress of wind or stress of weather, storm, flood or blockade, Dave Hawk's trains came and went on time or very close. So he rode, grim old privateer, with his letters of marque on the company's strong box, and Haverly trembled night and day till that day came that fear had foretold to him. A clap of thunder struck the Wickiup, and Haverly's head fell low, and Dave Hawk sailed boldly on.

I was extra passenger man when John Stanley Bucks took the West End. He came from south of our country, and we heard great things about the new superintendent and about what would happen as soon as he got into the saddle. What few of the old men in the Wickiup were left looked at Bucks just once and began to arrange their temporal affairs. His appearance bore out his reputation. Only everybody, while pretty clear in his own mind as to what he would do—that is, as to what he would have to do—wondered what Dave would do.

He and Bucks met. I couldn't for the life of me help thinking when they struck hands, this grizzled mountaineer and this contained, strong, soldierly executive who had come to command us, of another meeting I once saw when I carried Crook out on a special and watched him at Bear Dance strike hands with the last of the big fighting chiefs of the mountain Sioux.

For three months Bucks sat his new saddle without a word or an act to show what he was thinking; then there came from the little room a general order that swept right and left from trainmaster to wrecking boss. The last one of the old timers in the operating department went except Dave Hawk.

The day the order was bulletined Bucks sent for Dave; sent word by me he wanted to see him.

"Come on," said Dave to me when I gave him the message.

"What do you want me for?"

"Come on," he repeated, and, greatly against my inclination, I went up with him. I looked for a scene.

"Dave, you've been running here a good while, haven't you?" Bucks began.

"Long as anybody, I guess," said Dave curtly.

"How many years?"

"Nineteen."

"There's been some pretty lively shake-outs on the system lately," continued Bucks. The veteran conductor looked at him coldly. "I am trying to shape things here for an entire new deal."

"Don't let me stand in your way," returned Dave grimly.

"That's what I want to see you about."

"It needn't take long," blurted Dave.

"Then I'll tell you what I want"—

"I don't resign. You can discharge me any minute."

"I wouldn't ask any man to resign, Dave, if I wanted to discharge him. Don't make a mistake like that. I suppose you will admit there's room for improvement in the running of this division."

Dave never twitched. "A whole lot of improvement," Bucks, with perceptible emphasis, added. It came from the new superintendent as a sort of gauntlet, and Dave picked it up.

"I guess that's right enough," he replied candidly; "there is room for a whole lot of improvement. If I sat where you do I'd fire every man that stood in the way of it too."

"That's why I've sent for you," Bucks resumed.

"Then drop the chinook talk and give me my time."

"You don't understand me, Dave. I want you to give up your run. I want your friend, Burnes here, to take your run"—

A queer shadow went over Dave's face. When Bucks began he was getting a thunderstorm on. Somehow the way it ended, the way it was coming about—putting me into his place—I, the only boy on the division he cared anything about—it struck him, as it struck me, all in a heap. He couldn't say a word. His eyes went out the window into the mountains; something in it looked like fate. For my part, I felt murder guilty.

"What I want you to do, Dave," added Bucks evenly, "is to come into the office here with me and look after the train crews. Just at present I've got to lean considerably on a trainmaster. Do you want the job?"

The silent conductor turned to stone.

"The men who own the road are new men, Dave. They didn't steal it; they bought it and paid for it. They want a new deal, and they propose to give a new deal to the men. They will pay salaries a man can live on honestly; they will give no excuse for knocking down; they want what's coming to them, and they propose the men shall have their right share of it in the pay checks.

"But there's more than that in it. They want to build up the operating force, as fast as it can be built, from the men in the ranks. I aim to make a start now on this division. If you're with me, hang up your coat here the 1st of the month and take the train crews."

Dave left the office groggy. The best Bucks could do he couldn't get a positive answer out of him. He was overcome and couldn't focus on the proposition. Bucks saw how he had gone to pieces and managed diplomatically to leave the matter open, Callahan, whom Bucks had brought with him as assistant, filling in meanwhile as trainmaster.

The matter was noised. It was known that Dave, admittedly the brainiest and most capable of the old guard, had been singled out, regardless of his past record, for promotion. "I'm not here sitting in judgment on what was done last year," Bucks had said plainly. "It's what is done this year and next that will count in this office." And the conductors, thinking there was a chance, believing that at last if they did their work right they would get their share of the promotions, began to carry their lanterns as if they had more important business than holding up stray fares.

Meantime Dave hung to his run. Somehow the old run had grown a part of him, and he couldn't give it up. When he told Bucks at the end of the week that he would like another week to make his decision the superintendent waved it to him. Everybody began to make great things of Dave. Some of the boys called him trainmaster and told him to drop his punch and give Tommie a show.

He didn't take the humor the way one would expect. Always silent, he grew more than that—somber and dejected. We never saw a smile on his face. "Dave is off," muttered Henry Cavanaugh, his old baggageman. "I don't understand it. He's off. You ought to talk to him, Tommie. You're the only man on the division can do it."

I was ordered west that night to bring a military special from Washakie. I rode up on Dave's train. The hind Los Angeles sleeper was loaded light, and when Dave had worked the train and walked into the stateroom to sort his collections I followed him. We sat half an hour alone and undisturbed, but he wouldn't talk. It was a heavy train and the wind was high.

We made Rat River after midnight, and I was still sitting alone in the open stateroom when I saw Dave's green light coming down the darkened aisle. He walked in, put his lamp on the floor, sat down and threw his feet on the cushions.

"How's Tommie tonight?" he asked, leaning back as if he hadn't seen me before, in his old teasing way. He played light heart sometimes, but it was no more than played; that was easy seeing.

"How's Dave?" He turned, pulled the window shade and looked out. There was a moon, and the night was bright, only windy.

"What are you going to do with Bucks, Dave?"

"Do you want my punch, Tommie?"

"You know better than that, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"You're blue tonight. What's the matter?" He shifted, and it wasn't like him to shift.

"I'm going to quit the West End."

"Quit? What do you mean? You're not going to throw over this trainmaster offer?"

Without a word he opened on the forward robbers.

"I'm going to quit. What's the use?" he went on slowly. "How can I take charge of conductors, talk to conductors? How can I discharge a conductor for stealing when he knows I'm a thief myself? They know it; Bucks knows it. There's no place among men for a thief."

"Dave, you take it too hard. Everything ran wide open here. You're the best railroad man on this division; everybody, old and new, admits that."

"I ought to be a railroad man. I held down a division on the Panhandle when I was thirty years old."

"Were you a railroad superintendent at thirty?"

"I was a trainmaster at twenty-seven. I'm forty-nine now, and a thief. The woman that ditched me is dead; the man she ran away with is dead; my baby is dead, long ago." He was looking out as he spoke on the flying desert, ashen in the moonlight. In the car the passengers were hard asleep, and we heard only the slew of the straining flanges and the muffled beat of the heavy truck under us.

"There's no law on earth that will keep a man from leaving the track once in awhile," I argued; "there's none to keep him from righting his trucks when the chance is offered. I say a man's bound to do it. If you won't do it here, choose your place, and I'll go with you. This is a big country, Dave. Hang it, I'll go anywhere. You are my partner, aren't you?"

He bent to pick up his lantern. "Tommie, you're a great boy."

"Well, I mean it." He looked at his watch. I pulled mine. It was 1 o'clock.

"Better go to sleep, Tommie." I looked up into his face as he rose. He looked for an instant steadily into mine. "Go to bed, Tommie." He smiled, pulling down his visor, and, turning, he walked slowly forward. I threw myself on the couch and drew my cap over my eyes. The first thing I felt was a hand on my shoulder. Then I realized I had been asleep and that the train was standing still. A man was bending over me, lantern in hand. It was the porter.

"What's wrong?" I exclaimed.

"There's trouble up ahead, Mr. Burnes," he exclaimed huskily. I sprang to my feet. "Have you got your pistol?" he stuttered.

Somebody came running down the aisle, and the porter dodged like a hare behind me. It was the hind end brakeman, but he was so scared he could not speak. I hurried forward.

Through the head Los Angeles sleeper, the San Francisco cars and the Portland I ran without meeting a living soul, but the silence was ominous. When I caught a glimpse of the inside of the chair car I saw the ferment. Women were screaming and praying, and men were burrowing under the foot rests. "They've killed everybody in the smoker!" shouted a traveling man, grabbing me.

"Damnation, make way, won't you!" I exclaimed, pushing away from him through the mob. At the forward door, taking me for one of the train robbers, there was another panic. Passengers from the smoker were jammed together there like sardines. I had to pile them bodily across the seats to get through and into the forward car.

It was over. The front lamps were out and the car smoking bluish. A cowboy hung pitched head and arms down over the heater seat. In the middle of the car Henry Cavanaugh, crouching in the aisle, held in his arms Dave Hawk. At the dark front end of the coach I saw the outline of a man sprawled on his face in the aisle. The news agent crawled out from under a seat. It must have been short and horribly sharp.

They had flagged the train east of Bear Dance. Two men boarded the front platform of the smoker and one the rear. But the two in front opened the smoker door just as Dave was hurrying forward to investigate the stop. He was no man to ask questions. He saw the masks and covered them instantly. Dave Hawk any time and anywhere was a deadly shot. Without a word he opened on the forward robbers. A game cowboy back of him pulled a gun and cut into it and was the first to go down, wounded. But the train boy said Hawk himself

ESTABLISHED 1843.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, JULY 10, 1906.

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. 7.—Oxford Pomona Grange, Hebron.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Trunks, Suit Cases, Bags.
Negligee Shirts.
Cut in Garments and Suits.
Carriage Work.
Hot Weather Clothing.
Bugs and Insects.
For Sale.
Haying Tools.
For Sale.

State Election Monday, Sept. 10.

For Governor,
William T. Cobb,
of Rockland.

For Representative in Congress,
CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD,
of Rockland.

For Senator,
HENRY H. HASTINGS, - of Bethel.
For Clerk of Courts,
CHARLES F. WHITMAN, of Norway.
For County Treasurer,
GEORGE M. ATWOOD, - of Paris.
For County Attorney,
CHARLES P. BARNES, - of Norway.
For Register of Deeds,
J. HASTINGS BEAN, - - of Paris.
For Register of Deeds, Western District,
ECKLEY BALLARD, - of Fryeburg.
For County Commissioner,
ADELBERT DELANO, - of Canton.
For Sheriff,
HIRAM R. HUBBARD, - - of Paris.
For Representatives in the Legislature,
ALBERT J. STEARNS, - of Norway.
FRED R. DYER, - - - of Buckfield.
WILLARD B. WIGHT, - of Newry.
ELWIN H. GLEASON, - of Mexico.
JERRY H. MARTIN, - of Rumford.

Camp Cookery.

Mrs. Alice Chittenden gives in the New Idea Woman's Magazine for July, a number of suggestions for solving the problem of serving sufficient meals in camp without breaking too much into the housekeeper's holiday. "For you must not," she says, "start with the delusion that there is no work to be done." She advises a vegetarian diet, to avoid flies and unpleasant odors, with the exception of a few ragouts and the morning bacon; and gives a number of "modified Spanish dishes," which she avers she has found take the place of meat. Some of these are Vegetables with Peppers, Vegetables with Cheese, Vegetable Soup and Black Bean Soup. Although avoiding canned goods as much as possible, the writer would make use of "certain brands of canned clams and others of salmon which are excellent when one wants to prepare a hasty dish with little trouble." In regard to breads, she recommends making it in camp, unless it can be bought from some farmer's wife, though she would limit it to such kinds as require no kneading, such as graham bread and corn bread. "Space fails me," she says in closing, "to tell of the variety which you can have if you will be content with one dish at a meal. If vegetables are fresh and plentiful, a huge dish of new potatoes and peas boiled together and seasoned with butter, cream, salt and pepper, is always acceptable. Do not try to make fancy salads or to concoct 'made dishes.' Let all cooking ware be of granite, which is easily kept clean, and be resigned to let the outsides of all vessels used on top of the stove get blackened with wood smoke. When you are ready to break up camp, soak them over night in a large boiler filled with a strong solution of washing soda; bring to a boil in the morning and ten minutes' work will give you bright ware again."

Fourth of July Fires.

At about 3 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 4th, fire was discovered in the house of George Gagne at Mexico Heights. Mr. and Mrs. Gagne were both away for the night, and the fire had a big start before it was discovered. It could not be checked and the loss was total. It is supposed that the blaze was started by firecrackers in the shed. There was an insurance of $1300 on the building and contents.

Soon after 10 o'clock Wednesday evening fire was discovered in Bernier's restaurant, in a building owned by E. E. Allen on Congress Street, Rumford Falls. Loss some $2500, mostly covered by insurance. The fire also communicated to the stable of Philip Ash on River Street, and that was heavily damaged, with an insurance of only $300. Other buildings on Congress Street were slightly damaged.

Nominations for Representative.

At a Republican caucus at Rumford Falls Tuesday, Jerry H. Martin was unanimously nominated for representative to the next legislature from the town of Rumford. Mr. Martin was representave in the last legislature.

Alfred S. Kimball of Norway has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for representative from the district composed of Norway, Oxford and Hebron.

Thomas S. Bridgham of Buckfield has been nominated by the Democrats as candidate for the legislature from the district composed of Buckfield, Paris and Milton Plantation.

Oxford Pomona.

Time, 1st Tuesday in August. Place, Hebron Grange. Programme:

A. M.

Opening in 5th degree.
Routine work.
Conferring 5th degree.
Woman's half hour. Topic—"Does it pay to have ladies' clubs in each neighborhood? Opened by Secretary of Hebron Grange.

P. M.

Music.
Reading,.....Paris Grange.
Reading,.....Norway Grange.
Question, "What is the best package for fruit, and should fruit growers co-operate in selling?" Opened by C. H. George.
One-half hour, in charge of lecturer of Hebron Grange.
Reading,.....Buckfield Grange.
Song,.....West Paris Grange.

SEC.

Objectionable Shows.

(The Field.)

Such exhibitions as "looping the loop," including lion den entries and the like, should be made criminal as to all promoters of the same, agents and principals alike. At common law the individual who aids and abets a suicide is guilty of murder. The principle might well be extended to apply to all who, in their own greed, induce or even solicit, performers in search of a livelihood to risk life or even bodily harm for public entertainment and harvest of gate money.

Old Town Enterprise: Men have various ways of carrying money. Grocers, butchers and millers carry it in a wad. Bankers in clean bills, laid full length in pocketbook. Brokers only fold the bill once, doubling the money as it were. The young business man carries it in his vest pocket. Farmers and drovers in their inside pockets, whether it be $50 or 15 cents. Newspaper men usually carry their money in other people's pockets.

Register of Deeds Campbell of Hancock County, who died just after he was renominated, had filled his office over 30 years.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Olban A. Maxim visited their son in Newtonville, Mass., last week.

Unclaimed letters in Paris post office July 1st:

Mr. J. Osborne Clarke,
Mrs. Mary Hickey.
Mrs. Gertie Graves.
Mrs. Guy O. Smith.
Mrs. Margaret Smith.
Mr. F. Briggs.
Mrs. Daniel I. Gould.
Pacific Trading Co. (two).

Too much praise can hardly be given the boys for their kind consideration of the sick as evidenced by the quiet and orderly manner in which they celebrated the Fourth. The thanks of the community are due the boys; they did more than well.

Miss Helen R. Cole is the possessor of a nice new piano.

After the present week the library will be open on Monday afternoon from half-past two to half-past four and Wednesday evening as usual.

Mr. Fred Pierce of Minneapolis is the guest of his uncle, John Pierce.

On account of the condition of Mrs. Hubbard's health, Landlord Hiram R. Hubbard has decided to close the Hubbard House for the remainder of the season. The house will close next Saturday. It is a matter of regret that such a step should be necessary, as the prospect for a large business was never brighter.

Frederic T. Case, Esq., of New York, and his sister Miss Mary Case joined the family at their summer home here last week. Mr. Frederic T. and Master Lyman Case started Monday morning to walk to the Adirondacks, camping along the way.

Mr. Alley of New York arrived Saturday and is with his family at Crossroads.

Friday and Saturday furnished two excellent days for the golf tournament. There were twelve entries, every couple playing every other couple. Fred Shaw and Miss Josephine Cole winning the most times were awarded the prizes.

The first regular golf tea at the links was given by Mrs. Chas. L. Case Saturday afternoon. It was well attended and a very pleasant affair.

The second Universalist circle of the summer will be held at Academy Hall Friday evening of this week.

Henry S. Knickerbocker, who has been spending the summer here, goes this week to Detroit where he will attend the National Convention of the Y. P. C. U. as a delegate from the Arlington, Mass., society.

Frank L. Hartrand of Philadelphia is the guest of Orland Daniels.

Prof. C. H. C. Wright has arrived and opened his summer home.

Misses Endicott, Albertson and Greenshields who have been the guests of Miss Dorothea Carter have returned to their homes.

A party of young people enjoyed a picnic and bonfire at Hooper's Ledge Saturday evening.

Mrs. Wirt Stanley of South Paris recently spent a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. Horace Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews of Everett, Mass., are the guests of Mr. Andrews' parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Andrews, and other relatives.

Samuel H. Rawson, who has been at the Maine General Hospital for treatment for more than a year, has returned home, his condition being improved.

Prof. Edwin A. Daniels and son Orland arrived at their summer home last week. Mrs. Daniels and Miss Mary Daniels are visiting their relatives in Canton a few days before coming here. Prof. Daniels is principal of Public School No. 87, of New York city and a believer in school athletics. Under his coaching the boys of his school have this season won the public school championship of Manhattan at base ball.

In the death of Mrs. Mary A. Greene, which occurred at her late home Sunday, Paris Hill lost one of its oldest and most respected residents. Mrs. Greene was the widow of the late William K. Greene, formerly Register of Deeds for Oxford County. She was born in Weld, in Franklin County, in 1829, her maiden name being Mary A. Houghton. In 1862 she married Mr. Greene and settled in his home in Peru, coming with him to Paris Hill when he was elected Register of Deeds. Both Mr. and Mrs. Greene were charter members of Oxford Pomona Grange, of which organization Mr. Greene was treasurer up to the time of his death. Although having no children of her own she had the care and bringing up of three boys, Mr. Greene's two sons by a former marriage, Wm. L. of Everett, Mass., and Frank P. of Malden, Mass., and her nephew, U. Hiram Heald of Paris Hill, who has continued to live with Mrs. Greene and made for her a home in her declining years. Mrs. Greene was one of a family of nine children only three of whom are now living. One brother, O. P. Houghton of Indian Territory, and two sisters, Dr. M. M. Houghton of Paris Hill, and Mrs. Matilla K. Greene of Revere, Mass. Mrs. Greene was a most estimable Christian woman, a member of the Congregational church at South Paris with which denomination she has been identified for many years. She was a woman of rare good judgment, quiet and unassuming, enjoying the respect and esteem of all who knew her. The funeral services will be held at her late home on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Oxford.

Mrs. Fannie Morse, while visiting her son, Arthur Morse, a professor at Harvard College, slipped and fell on the stairs fracturing her wrist. She is now at her home at Willow Brook Farm.

Thirty or more students arrived Saturday to attend the summer school of Professor Adelbert Caldwell at Camp Oxford on the shore of Hogan Pond.

No services were held at the Congregationalist church Sunday, Rev. Mr. Newport being absent.

Presiding Elder C. F. Parsons held a quarterly meeting at the M. E. church here and at Welchville.

Charles Durell has been engaged as principal of the high school at Abington, Mass.

Leon Frost of Massachusetts visited his sister, Miss Eva Frost, and aunt, Mrs. N. T. Frost, last week.

Dr. Orin Stevens has purchased an automobile.

Frank Cook of Poland has bought and put on Lake Thompson a motor boat, thirty feet in length and seven feet in width, capable of carrying twenty passengers.

The night preceding the Fourth of July was passed with the usual festivities, ringing of church bells, etc. Among other diversions a whiskey bottle was thrown at the head of a man employed here, cutting his forehead and face so that six stitches had to be taken to close the wounds. Another man will lose a finger from the explosion of a cannon cracker.

Mrs. Jordan of Massachusetts is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wormwood.

Mrs. Lizzie Kennison and daughter, Miss Florette Kennison, are at Old Orchard.

M. Curtis is having a bay window put in his house.

Miss Lena Perkins is attending the summer school at Orono.

Married, June 22d, by Roscoe Staples, Esq., Mr. Fred Waterman and Miss Eva Mayberry, both of Oxford.

North Stoneham.

Elden McAllister while at work on his house Tuesday fell and injured his leg and back quite severely.

H. B. McKeen, wife, and three youngest children visited relatives in Norway last week. Mr. McKeen attended the state convention at Portland, Wednesday and the county convention at South Paris Thursday.

Mrs. Wm. Gammon visited her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Keniston, of Lovell, last week. Since she returned home she is very sick, requiring two doctors.

Blanche Adams has finished her school at Norway.

Buckfield.

Ward Maxim and wife of Indiana are guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lunt.

Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Pottle spent this week at Bowdoinham on business.

Miss Marguerite Dohemy of Northfield, Vt., is a guest of Shirley Hall.

Several young ladies from this place are camping out at Norway Lake.

Mrs. Lucy Skillings has returned from a month's visit with friends in Biddeford.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Record have recently visited friends in Dixfield. Guy Gardner brought them home by auto.

C. H. Prince's auto is in commission nearly all of the fair weather, and many of the villagers have enjoyed rides.

Howard Holmes of Auburn was in town Wednesday with his auto.

Alice Morrill of Massachusetts is visiting her brother, R. H., and other old-time friends.

A. E. Cole is having large show windows placed in his store which will add greatly to the lighting and appearance of the building.

Brother John is convinced that "there is many a charm in solitude." He is now dwelling alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Benson are now at home. She has been stopping in Deering, and he near Boston. A nephew of Mr. Benson's from Whitman, Wilfred Benson, came with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosby of Norway were in town Thursday, returning from visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Horton of Sumner.

O. E. Waite was seen early Friday morning wending his way to the depot. Doubtless it means the yearly visit to a daughter in Freeport.

There was not so much "ushering" on the 4th as usual. About an hour of bell ringing at the Baptist church and a small amount of fire crackers, was about the sum of it. What might have happened if that dynamite had exploded we know not.

Greenwood.

Probably several events occurred previous to July 4th, 1776, when our country notified John Bull that henceforth she proposed to paddle her own canoe; and that she has done so ever since with fairly good success is a matter of history which we think needs no argument to prove. And now, since 130 years have rolled in and out since that noted day took place, suppose we notice a few that have transpired within our own memory, going no further back than 1848.

On the 4th of July, of that year, we attended a temperance celebration at Turner village, the oration being delivered by the late Rev. Nathaniel Butler, D. D. The children were out in full force, and on their banner were inscribed the words: "The Youth, the Hope of the World." There was a free dinner, everything was first class and the celebration has ever been remembered as one of the best we ever attended.

On the 4th of July, 1851, it rained nearly all day quite similar to the present time; and whether there was to be a celebration anywhere in the vicinity, is now uncertain. We were then at work for Capt. James Staples, of Canton, and during the day a Mr. Abbott came there, who had circumnavigated the globe, been in the Mexican war, and the stories he related were about equal to those told by Sinbad the Sailor.

In 1852 we worked for John B. Nash of Winthrop, and in the afternoon of the 4th of July, in company with hundreds of others, went to Waterville to see the fireworks the following evening. It was a good show and well worth the time and expense.

During the summer of 1856 we were on the Newfoundland Banks, catching cod and halibut. When called to dinner the cook remarked that since it was the 4th of July, and the facilities rather poor for celebrating, he concluded to have some new potatoes for a sort of luxury. The potatoes were stowed away near the forecastle and the heat of the fire used in cooking, caused the new potatoes to grow to the size of acorns. Of course they were not eatable and were cooked merely for a joke, for which purpose they answered very well.

In 1890 Sylvester Cole lived on Howe Hill, and on the 4th of July, of that year, his oldest daughter, Birdie, was married to Samuel W. Cummings. The knot was tied by Rev. Mr. Smith, and we were invited there to see that everything was done decently and in order. It was, and passed off as a red letter day. The marriage was blessed with a son and daughter, and when the latter was hardly more than an infant, the mother was left a widow. Later she married Charles Swan of Milan, N. H., where they have resided when not running the boarding camp for Frank Willis. The marriage has resulted in the same number of children as the first, and of the same kind.

There are two other 4th of July events which may be briefly noticed next week.

Miss Annie Kimball's school at the Center closed last Friday with declamations and a treat in the afternoon. She expects to commence again after a vacation of five weeks.

There was a visitor at the Bennett place the other day, who may be said to have had trouble by the wholesale. His name is Charles Lewis, 77 years of age, a carpenter by trade and has lived much of his life in Boston; but now resides in Bridgton, this state. He was married when a young man and one son was born to them, who died when 35 years old, leaving a widow and one little boy. Some six years ago Mr. Lewis buried his wife, since which all the relative he has had, nearer than one nephew and two nieces, is his grandson. Before reaching middle age rheumatism began to trouble him and now he can only get about a little with the help of a crutch and staff. But his troubles do not end here; he is quite deaf and so nearly blind as to be unable to read with the best of glasses. This naturally reminds us of a poem called The Three Warnings that we used to read in an old school book, two lines of which run thus:

"If you are lame, and deaf and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings."

East Waterford.

George A. Miller has the telephone in his house. The ring is 6-15.

Mrs. B. G. McIntire has been very ill, requiring the services of a trained nurse. She is now improving.

Miss Mary Chadbourne of Brockton, Mass., and Mrs. Sylvia Kilbourne and two children of New York, are at the old home for the summer.

Fifteen of Sidney S. Hall's neighbors spent the evening of the 4th at his place. They brought ice cream and cake and fireworks with them.

There was a dance in Haskell's Hall the evening of the 4th.

Denmark.

Mr. George Chase, wife and son, and Mrs. Emma Warren of Portland spent the 4th with Mr. and Mrs. Dudley S. Perkins. They came and made the journey in an auto.

Mr. Harold Perkins is in Portland for a day or two.

Miss Margaret O. Moulton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Moulton, aged 13 years, died at the home of her parents July 1st, after a long sickness. The family have the sympathy of their many friends in their loss.

A very quiet 4th of July in this section.

Mr. Ralph Lowd of Cambridgeport is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jones at the Maplewood.

East Brownfield.

There are to be a series of school house meetings under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. on Sunday afternoons, commencing at East Brownfield, July 15, at 4 o'clock. There will be an exercise by the children; a service of song entitled "The Saving of Daddy," also a short address by Mrs. Gertrude Stevens Leavitt.

The Congregational Circle met with Mrs. Frank Pooxe, July 6.

On June 30th Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney and daughter Isabel went to Boston to meet Samuel Stickney who has just returned from the Philippines where he has been engaged in business for several years.

Mrs. Florence Mansfield has just returned from a visit to relatives in Providence, R. I.

Leon Mincher is being entertained by Ralph Giles.

Hartford.

Rev. F. E. Barton will preach at Allen's Grove, Hartford, Sunday, July 15th, at 2:30 P. M.

West Paris.

Although the weather was unfavorable for the celebration of July Fourth there was quite a good number of visitors about town and a good sized crowd in attendance in the afternoon and evening. The programme was carried out as arranged only somewhat delayed in the morning on account of the rain, everything going smoothly with R. T. Flavin as chairman of the committe of management. At the flag raising Mr. H. G. Brown made a few remarks and announced the program. There was singing of patriotic airs by the male quartette and remarks by Rev. Mr. Whiteside, the flag being raised amid hearty cheers and the playing of Star Spangled Banner by the band. The parade went over the principal streets before noon, and while it was not very extensive it was good, with list of prizes as follows:

1. Yankee Doodle Girl. Decorated fancy hitch, driven by Mrs. F. S. Farnum, 1st prize.
2. Best team driven by lady. Light carriage and pair driving horses owned by Roscoe Tuell, driven by Mrs. I. L. Bowker, 1st prize
3. Best decorated team. By Bell Telephone Co, Helen Dexter as telephone girl, 1st prize.
4. Decorated team. Goddess of Liberty, Mrs. C. H. Lane; Uncle Sam, L. M. Irish; 2d prize.
5. Best local hit. Local Telephone Co., by Vernie Ellingwood and Ellsworth Curtis, 1st prize. Paris road machine and crew, 2d prize. Syracuse Plow Co. Decorated plow and pair of mules driven by Mr. Morrill, 3d prize.

At the afternoon ball game between North Waterford and West Paris, our team won by a good score. The games were won as follows:

100 yard dash—R. C. Chapman, 1st; James Farnum, 2d.

Obstacle race—Geo. Emmons, 1st; George Jones, 2d.

Tug of War—Prize divided between Greenwood men and a team of sturdy Finns.

Next and last was walking a greased pole placed over wooden horses in the edge of river near the bridge for a pig in box at end of pole. Geo. H. Jones finally brought the pig to land as his property but not until 10 men had taken an impromptu bath in the Little Androscoggin. This was witnessed by a large crowd and was the most fun of the day. In the evening there was quite a display of fireworks, a band concert, and a dance at Dunham's Hall with 60 couples on the grand march, Buckfield orchestra furnishing music.

Bryant's Pond Band was in attendance during the day and received many compliments for their excellent playing. The dinner and supper at I. O. O. F. Hall was a success, between four and five hundred people being fed. The ice cream table was also well patronized. Mrs. F. S. Farnum devoted her prize money to the Public Library, and in all the net proceeds of the day toward the library fund will be nearly $60 which is quite an encouragement to the officers and committee. The library members wish to extend sincere thanks for the exceedingly generous manner in which the village people responded to the request for food and material for the meals served at the hall for the benefit of the library; also for much kindly assistance which was willingly given.

The Finns in this vicinity held another religious service at the Baptist church last Wednesday evening, also having another the next morning. About 75 were in attendance and nearly all took part in the communion, and for them the occasion must be of much interest and significance. The women had quite a number of young children with them which were attractive in appearance, and this nationality is constantly increasing by immigration. Rev. Alfred Hoapanen, who has just graduated from a fitting school in Michigan, and who is now in missionary work, came here from Boston to conduct the services, and seemed to be a ready and interesting speaker. Forty or fifty of our townspeople were interested listeners at the evening service, and in closing Mr. Hoapanen spoke a few words in excellent English, saying that his people liked America and came here with the intention of making good citizens.

Miss Blanche Penley and Miss Ethel M. Howe have gone to Kennebunk Beach to work for several weeks as table girls at one of the summer hotels.

Miss Jennie L. Bradbury has taken the place of "central" telephone girl at West Sumner and if she likes will continue it as a permanent position.

Miss Lura Bradbury, who was quite severely scalded about the shoulder with hot water, about two weeks ago, is recovering from the effects, and it is hoped will soon be entirely well.

Mr. Vernal W. Bates of New Haven, Conn., arrived in town about a week ago with the intention of remaining for a month's vacation. He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. C. K. Groesbeck, who is connected with the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. Mr. Groesbeck remained at the home of Mr. L. C. Bates for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Towne of Newton, Mass., are boarding for several weeks at J. R. Tucker's. On Sunday Mr. Tucker had quite a delegation for the day, the party including Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Jose, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moulton, all of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Field were also of the party, being on their wedding trip and staying three or four days before sailing for Europe.

Lovell.

The Fourth of July passed without much excitement here. Some went to North Chatham and many attended the celebration at North Lovell. No accidents or disturbance as far as we know.

The summer residents are coming to town quite freely now, and we are pleased to see them again.

A gas plant has been put in and the piping done at Hotel Kezar, the lights making a fine effect by the water and among the trees.

The schools have closed and have all been very successful.

The village school closed with a picnic, and as the day opened rainy the scholars gathered at the house of C. K. Chapman and had the use of the stable, carriage house, piazza, and whatever else was needed. The weather clearing up dinner was served in the yard. The tables were waited on by Misses Katharine Walker, Bessie Knight, Leola Noyes and Carrie Chapman. Later in the day the school and the young ladies who assisted enjoyed a hay rack ride to the Center, provided by Miss Small, the teacher.

Miss Jessie A. Chapman has returned from Silver Bay, N. Y., where she attended the meetings of the Student Missionary Movement. She went as delegate from the Farmington State Normal School.

Mrs. Marion S. Walker, who visited her brother, Dr. H. C. Stearns, recently, finds that she brought the measles home with her. She has been sick in bed with them.

What is thought to be whooping cough is prevalent in the village.

Mrs. Lucy Walker and daughter Annie are visiting in Portland and vicinity.

Mrs. P. B. Walker and little son have returned from a visit to Portland and Salmon Falls.

Hebron.

On Saturday evening, June 30th, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Merrill gave an entertainment to many friends, it being the tenth anniversay of their marriage.

Miss Nina Glover has gone to Burlington, Vt., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cushman went to Auburn Monday where they will visit friends before returning to Lynn.

Mrs. Ezera Marshall and Miss Alma Merrill visited relatives in West Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridgham of Mechanic Falls have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. M. Glover, the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Boston are at H. L. Whitney's.

O. H. Tripp of Rockland spent Wednesday with his cousin, Miss C. S. Tripp.

Mrs. Jennie Packard Hanscom of New York with her little daughter Charlotte is with her sisters at her old home for the summer.

A mine is being opened on the farm of Alton Hibbs for feldspar and mica. Very fine specimens of the latter have been found.

Brownfield.

Congregational church, Rev. Dr. James J. G. Tarr, pastor. Morning worship at 10:45, with sermon by the pastor, "The Joy of a Used Opportunity." Sabbath School at 12 M. Evening worship at 7:30. Subject, "The Turnkey." The orchestra is expected to lead the singing. All seats are free. A hearty welcome to all.

The Sabbath School of the First Congregational church is planning for a grand picnic in the near future.

Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Whitney are enjoying a rest at Peak's Island.

Mrs. Abbie, widow of William Godwin, who went to Pomona, California, nineteen years ago, is calling upon friends in Bethel. Her home is now with her brother in Virginia.

Mrs. Fred Chandler and daughters have returned to their home in South Paris.

Mrs. Clinton Metcalf and daughter Therese, of Farmington, are with Mrs. Metcalf's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Walker.

A very pleasant wedding took place in Gleasondale, Mass., June 27, in which many Bethel people were interested. Miss Pauline Dodge of Gleasondale and Mr. Herman Mason of Bethel, Maine, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Philip Foster. Rev. George B. Frost, pastor of the Congregational church in Hudson, officiated. The rooms were prettily decorated. Leading were the ushers, Misses Martha and Catherine Robinson, then followed the flower girl, the little niece of the bride. Frank Mason, of Boston, brother of the groom, was best man, and the bride was attended by Miss Lydia Rowell. Brigham's Orchestra played the bridal chorus from Lohengrin and enlivened the occasion during the reception and serving of the wedding lunch which was served by Caterer Morse. After a trip of a week the happy couple returned to Bethel where a host of friends wish them much happiness in their new home.

Mr. Galen Blake, one of Bethel's oldest citizens, died at his home at East Bethel Wednesday.

The former pupils of Prof. Stephen Thurlow, who was once principal of Gould Academy, will be interested to know that the alumni of Pottsville High School have recently tendered him a reception, which marks the close of twenty-five years' service as principal of that school. He was presented with a check of $2000 in recognition of his faithful service and untiring efforts for the school and community. Prof. Thurlow is one of our Maine men who has won distinction not only as an instructor of youth, but is recognized as a noble hearted citizen and Christian gentleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Thurston are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

There was no particular demonstration upon July 4th in our village and owing to several severe cases of illness an effort was made to have it more quiet than formerly "the night before." It was successful to a certain degree, but when the difference between noise and patriotism is learned a great lesson will have been taught.

Mr. J. V. Holt of Andover, Mass., came Friday evening to spend a short time with his family at Mr. J. U. Purington's.

Mr. Ebenezer Richardardson, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this village, died Friday afternoon. Some months ago Mr. Richardson submitted to an operation, but it did not stay the progress of the disease, and two weeks ago the arm was amputated above the elbow, in hopes to add a few months to his life, but he was too weak to rally.

Bryant's Pond.

On July 4th, Mr. Stephen Rowe of Bryant Pond celebrated his 91st birthday. Besides his children and his grandchildren, his sister, Mrs. Hannah Billings, and his niece, Miss Deborah Rowe, of Norway, came to enjoy the day with him. Mr. Rowe is a remarkably well preserved man for his years and retains his mental faculties wonderfully well. He has a vegetable garden that many a younger man might be justly proud of.

East Bethel.

Mr. Lester Bean and Master Freeborn passed the week of July 4th with relatives in Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. N. F. Swan, accompanied by Mrs. Olive Blake of Milan, N. H., visited relatives in Fryeburg last week.

Mrs. E. E. Witt and friend, Miss Florence Grover, of Norway, were guests of Mrs. Etta Bean last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blake, son, and daughter, of Malden, Mass., arrived last week for their summer vacation.

Miss Margaret Whidden closed a very pleasant and profitable term of school here June 29th. In the evening a very pleasing entertainment was given in the hall. The stage was prettily decorated with evergreen, wild flowers and the school flag. After the exercises ice cream and cake was served and music furnished for a short order of dancing. Twenty-one dollars and fifty cents was cleared for the benefit of the school league.

Died at East Bethel, July 4th, Mr. Galen Blake, aged 80 years, 5 months.

West Sumner.

The Glorious Fourth passed off very quietly thanks to the rain. The dinner given by the Baptist Society was very successful. Quite a large and very lively company partook of the dinner and as soon as the tables were cleared music was in order. A potato race was run by two ladies followed by several races by gentlemen which made a good deal of sport. Among those from out of town were Rev. and Mrs. E. O. Taylor and son Norman of Paris Hill, Mrs. Hattie Bessey and daughter Marian of Bryant's Pond.

Howard Curtis has sold his farm to Clarence Foster, the lumber dealer. Mr. Curtis has bought F. M. Chandler's farm and will move later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Stanwood Field and Mr. Chas. Field of Rosebury, Mass., and Mrs. J. R. Tucker of West Paris were in town Monday calling on friends. The Fields formerly lived in this village.

W. Stanwood Field was united in marriage, June 27th, to Mary Winnifred Bryan of Kirksville, Missouri. Mr. and Mrs. Field expected to extend their wedding tour to Europe.

Clinton Bisbee of Auburn spent the Fourth here.

Charles Buck went to Auburn spent the Fourth with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Buck.

Flossie Phillips of Livermore is spending a few days here with friends.

Dr. E. J. Marston left for Brewer Monday to join Mrs. Marston who is there with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sparks.

Luther Howe of Brockton, Mass., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Howe.

Frank Chandler of Massachusetts is spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Chandler.

North Buckfield.

Wallace Varney of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Wash Heald.

Ira Bearce and wife were guests at B. F. Heald's July 5.

Josephine Monk left Friday for Massachusetts where she will visit relatives in Boston and Lynn for a few weeks.

Gus Sturtevant and wife of Auburn spent several days last week at M. A. Warren's.

The dance at the Grange Hall July 4th was well attended and a good time is reported.

J. F. Bicknell is stopping for a short time at his son's in Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Warren are at Falmouth Foreside for a few days' vacation.

B. F. Heald was at Norway and South Paris Tuesday on business.

East Sumner.

About fifty persons from East Sumner attended the grove meeting at Lake Anasagunticook on July 5th. It was a lovely day and while the crowd was not large, all seemed to enjoy the occasion. Dennett, the impersonator, was the chief attraction and his selections were received with great delight. A. S. Bisbee gave an excellent temperance address. The singing was led by Rev. Mr. Warner of Mexico. A picnic dinner was much enjoyed. On the whole, the occasion was much enjoyed and afforded a pleasant outing, especially for the children. A fine place for an outing is Lake Anasagunticook.

Northwest Bethel.

H. H. Chapman and family are home from New York for the summer.

A family has moved on to the Howard Chapman farm for a while.

J. A. Brown has bought another horse to take the place of the one he lost a few weeks ago.

Seth Mason has been working for Fred Kilgore on his new house.

Frank Brown has quite a crew working on his barn.

Miss Ruth Bean has taught a fine school at this place.

The Personality of Senator Frye.

After all it is the human element that forms the most interesting characteristic of distinguished men, and the greater the man, with the more eagerness are his humanities studied.

It has always been easy for his home folks to study the human side of Senator William P. Frye, for when he gets back to Lewiston he fits into his niche of neighborliness with the true zest of the Maine-born, hankering for the real instead of the sham. During all his public career and in his exalted station in Washington he has always been candid, manly, plain-mannered and unpretentious. The false coin of so-called affability in others has rung hollowly beside his own sincere cordiality. Maine folks who have come to his attention in Washington have always found his courtesy and kindliness just as warm there as they are at home.

And at home! Well, it will never be possible to convince Lewiston folks that "William P." ever enjoys Senate cloakroom stories one half as much as he does the fish yarns in Wallace Maxfield's barber shop.

Somehow—with all the respectful admiration his home-folks feel for him—he isn't Senator Frye any longer when he gets over the Maine border among us once more. He isn't the president pro tem of the United States Senate. He isn't the Spanish war peace-commissioner. He isn't the great orator and leader of statesmen. He's plain "Bill" Frye—and happy is the big man for whom his own people have a loving nickname!

Over in Auburn there is still living Aunt Salina Reed who taught our seventy-five years old senator his letters when she was a school ma'am and he a little shaver at her knee. The fact that Aunt Salina is still alive to chat about her most distinguished pupil makes the human element in William P. Frye pleasantly real.

"William was a very mischievous boy in school", she says, "as the brightest boys are apt to be. But he was always so cute that I couldn't catch him at his didoes. He would snap paper balls at the girls and when I looked up he would always be demurely studying his lesson. But under all his mischief were the same kindliness and honest courtesy that have marked his character all through life. I never knew him to fail to take off his hat and say 'Good morning', when we first met for the day. He was the only boy in school who observed this custom in punctilious manner. A few years ago I met him up at a lawn party at Frank Briggs' and he asked me, 'Why do you call me Senator or Mister nowadays? Why don't you call me William or Bill as you used to do?' I have never had the heart to call him Senator since".

The biographer of Mr. Frye will not find a wealth of material among his private papers. Many men in public life treasure letters and memorials from distinguished persons, no doubt feeling that these will shed lustre on them, the possessors. Mr. Frye has received thousands of letters, the ownership of which would have flattered most men. He has not saved them.

But he guards a few priceless memorials. Chief among them is the magnificently wrought silver and gold loving cup presented to him by the United States Senate and inscribed as follows: "Presented to Hon. William P. Frye at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress by all the Senators, in token of their high appreciation of the ability and impartiality with which he has discharged the duties of president pro tempore of the Senate, and of their esteem and personal regard for him."

Senator Hoar in making the presentation speech in the presence of all the Senators said that the suggestion of the presentation had come from the Democratic side of the chamber, from a political opponent of Senator Frye. He added that Mr. Frye's administration of the rules of the Senate had been rather an administration of the laws of courtesy than of statutory enactments.

It would be a work of supererogation to go into the details of the high and codial esteem in which our Maine "grand old man" is held by his fellows in Washington. The people at home in Maine have had repeated evidence of the high honor in which he is held. For more than a third of a century he has been in the fiercest limelight, in the fore-front of the battle for the right things, brilliant orator and far-seeing statesman, and stands to-day, even in these troublous times when reputations are assailed, as a true gentleman and honest patriot, without spot or smirch. Henry McFarland has voiced the sentiment of Washington in the following writing:

"Senator Frye has certainly been an honest, faithful, industrious and successful legislator and well deserves the steadfast confidence of the people of his state. He is not like many men of his temperament, who, having the oratorical gift, content themselves with exercising it occasionally and spend the rest of the time in idleness or worse, but he is as hard-working and as business-like as any silent and methodical man of affairs. He has served on some of the most important committees in both houses and always most acceptably and with great influence on legislation, although no particular piece of it is called by his name. But that signifies nothing, for, like many other forms of fame it is apt to be largely an accident if a man becomes known as the author of one particular measure, and it indicates nothing as to the man's real character or value as a legislator. Certainly Senator Frye has looked out for all interests of his state and of his section with the greatest fidelity, which is more than some of the men whose names have been linked with particular bills have done. He is personally popular on both sides of the Senate because of the respect for his ability and his attainments and the regard for his character and because, too, of his agreeable manners and the kindliness of a warm heart."

It is well known that Senator Frye, though in comfortable circumstances financially, is yet a poor man judged by the ordinary standards now extant. He gave up a law practice that was netting him $10,000 to $12,000 a year when he entered public life, and of course the same assiduity and abilities that have made him pre-eminent at Washington would have made him a very rich man years ago.

Some one a little while ago asked him if he did not regret this financial sacrifice.

He said, and Maine will heartily amen the sanity of his utterance:

"I would not exchange my life for any monetary consideration. If

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 17, 1906,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down(east)—4:51 A. M., daily; 9:44 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:04 P. M., daily; 6:00 P. M., Sunday only.

Going up (west)—10:07 A. M., daily; 3:26 P. M., daily except Sunday; 10:15 P. M., daily; 10:22 A. M., Sunday only.

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 evenings of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

D. of R.—Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge, No. 26, 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. 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.

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

Miss Mary Louise Phelps of Portland is a guest at Mrs. Alice P. Thayer's.

Seward Stearns, who has finished work as freight clerk at the station, is employed in the store of W. L. Farrar.

Mrs. J. A. Kenney returned Thursday night from a visit of nearly four weeks to Mr. Kenney's sister in Epping, N. H.

Mrs. C. A. Record and son Miles of Abington, Mass., are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Crockett.

Miss Gertrude Hall and Miss Maud Carter are spending a few days with the family of Dr. F. H. Packard at their cottage near Locke's Mills.

Ernest J. Townsend of Lynn, Mass., has been spending his vacation in West Paris and South Paris. He returned to Lynn Saturday, July 7th.

Mrs. E. W. Pierce and daughter Alice have gone to Canton, N. Y., Mrs. Pierce's childhood home, to spend a number of weeks with relatives there.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan A. Chase returned from their short bridal trip the first of last week, and on Thursday left for their new home in Ilion, N. Y.

Miss Fannie Hersey of Buckfield, who is camping at Norway Lake with a Buckfield company of young people, called on a few of her friends here last Thursday.

Mr. William F. Nottage, son of Josiah T. Nottage of Sparks, Maine, and Miss Mabel S. Chase, daughter of George O. Chase of Paris, were married Tuesday evening, July 3d, at the residence of Rev. J. H. Little, 16 High Street.

A party consisting of Mrs. H. C. Ripley, Miss Bessie Ripley, Miss Alta C. Walker, Miss Susie L. Porter, Miss Tardy of Foxcroft, who is visiting Miss Porter, and Roy H. Porter, are spending a few days at Camp Owsley, Harrison.

The first crop of oats to ripen in town is that in the ruins of the old grain mill, but it is rather stunted, owing to the lack of soil and irregular water supply. The crop of corn in another part of the ruins is looking quite flourishing.

The work of repairing the house of Walter P. Maxim, burned in the fire of April 20th, has begun. A portion of the main house is only somewhat damaged, and will do to repair. The ell was practically all burned, and what remained of it has been taken out of the way and the main house will be extended to about the same length.

At the Congregational parsonage Saturday evening, June 30, Henry P. Austin of this place and Miss Ava Hebbard of Shelburne, N. H., were married by Rev. A. K. Baldwin. Mr. Austin has been employed in C. L. Hathaway's house finish mill at Norway for the past few years. Mrs. Austin is a niece of the late Wm. H. Hebbard of this place. They will live at Norway.

An impromptu and informal party of relatives to the number of about twenty gathered at Mrs. L. C. Morton's Wednesday evening, to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Morton's brother and sister, Rev. H. P. Forbes, D. D., of Canton, N. Y., who was visiting here, and Mrs. George B. Crockett of this place. These twins being of a patriotic turn of mind, made their advent on the anniversary of the nation's independence. A very pleasant evening was passed socially, and light refreshments were served.

The post office contest which has caused considerable interest in South Paris was terminated by notice received here last Tuesday that the present incumbent, Samuel F. Davis, would be recommended for renomination as postmaster. The other candidates were Nelson G. Elder and Wirt Stanley, and the contest has been carried on with entire good nature and friendliness. Mr. Davis has served eight years as postmaster, his second term expiring some months ago, and has always been pleasant and accommodating.

The Cummings Manufacturing Co., which has been getting ready for work at the Merrill foundry, bought by R. L. Cummings a few weeks since, is now ready for business. They will do carriage work of all kinds, in wood, iron and paint, also manufacture plows and keep repairs. Castings of all kinds will also be made to order. Considerable repairing and remodeling has been done on the buildings since Mr. Cummings purchased them. Some new roof has been put on, and a number of new windows added, making the rooms much lighter than before. The carpenter shop work will be attended to by Henry Muzzy, the carriage work by E. H. Marshall, the foundry work by J. Mellen Cummings, and the carriage and ornamental painting by J. A. Record.

The many friends of Miss Belle Corbett will undoubtedly be interested in the following extracts from a letter written to a friend here by Miss Corbett, now Mrs. Thomas Jones of Boerne, Texas. The letter is dated Boerne, Texas, June 23. In it she says:

"You will wonder why I am in Texas instead of San Francisco where I told you we were going. Owing to my husband's mother's sudden illness we were obliged to postpone our western trip till later in the year. We were married June 21 and then came directly home.

"The weather is intensely warm, and of course not being used to the climate I feel the unpleasant effects of the heat, but on the whole I like Texas. My cook is German, and I have two other girls, one a negro. I have the dearest saddle horse and ride every morning and evening. The nights are always cool and one can sleep fine. Last Monday night my husband and I started from Boerne and rode forty-five miles before morning, remained at the hotel at Fredricksburg all day, then went thirty miles further Tuesday night, did not get back home till last night, and I feel rather lame but otherwise am as good as new.

"My home is very beautiful. I wish you could be here and see it and stay with me all summer. 'Tis on a hill about five minutes' walk from the business part of the town, where Mr. Jones' office is. There are sixteen large rooms, and two verandas, one up stairs and the other down, all the way round. The help sleep in the annex, that is the custom here. We keep four horses, two for riding and two for driving. Just a little way out of town my husband has a large ranch with stock, about forty acres of cotton, and the same of corn.

"Give my love to all my friends and tell them I would be pleased to hear from them.

Address MRS. THOS. JONES,
Boerne, Texas.

"Mr. Jones' business card is
Thos. Jones, Attorney at Law,
Boerne, Texas.'

A few friends here knew that Miss Corbett met Mr. Jones in Florida a few years ago when she was there and they knew some little time before the wedding that the event was coming. We all wish her much joy.

Miss Grace Murphy is visiting in Locke's Mills for a week.

Miss Albertha G. Andrews of Lovell is visiting friends here for a week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis are visiting their daughter, Mrs. C. L. Buck.

Rev. Albert K. Baldwin has been spending the week in Boston and vicinity.

Rev. H. A. Clifford will hold a service in the Biscoe school house next Sunday afternoon.

Fred Swan of Boston, Bates '04, has been the guest of his classmate, F. Wendell Rounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Z. Perkins visited relatives at Rumford Falls for a few days last week.

Mrs. John Akers of Errol, N. H., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. I. F. Evans, for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Ordway were at their cottage at Poland Campground over the Fourth.

Mr. E. N. Anderson, who returned from Dr. King's Hospital last Tuesday, is improving fast.

Mrs. J. J. Hayden and daughter, Miss Amy Hayden, of Haverhill, Mass., are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Barrows of Waltham, Mass., are visiting his father, A. F. Barrows, for a few days.

Miss Mabel A. Hayes of Auburn was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alton C. Wheeler, a few days last week.

Miss Lena Leighton, who has been in Bangor for some time, is with her mother, Mrs. W. O. Frothingham.

The prayer meeting at the Congregational church will be held Wednesday evening at 7:30 instead of Tuesday.

Mrs. C. A. Frost of South Framingham, Mass., was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Stewart, a few days last week.

Harold Cady, who has been spending the past week with Mrs. Anderson, returned to his home in Gorham, N. H., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Knight of East Rumford are expected to visit their daughter, Mrs. H. A. Clifford, over next Sunday.

Rev. Herbert R. Purinton of Lewiston, Me., delivered an eloquent sermon at the Congregational church last Sunday, July 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Chase of Lynn, Mass., formerly of Paris, have been spending a week with relatives here, returning to their home on Saturday.

Mrs. S. C. Ordway entertained the members of her Sunday School class at her home Saturday evening. The time was pleasantly passed with games, and refreshments were served.

The brick school house has been unlawfully entered during vacation and considerable damage has been done. All persons who break glass ought to report to the school committee.

The trustees of the Methodist church meet this Monday evening. There will be a business meeting of the Epworth League Thursday evening and all members are urged to show their interest by attending.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Needham of Portland have been spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. E. N. Anderson. Mr. Needham returned to Portland Monday but Mrs. Needham will remain for a longer time.

The ladies of the Universalist Good Cheer Society will hold a food sale in their hall Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. The letters of the first division who have the sale in charge are asked to meet with Mrs. Irving Andrews this Monday evening at 7:30.

G. W. Fernald, the Bethel veterinary surgeon, was in the Hammond neighborhood Saturday examining herds from which cream is supplied to the Oxford Creamery. He tested twenty-eight cows, and gives them all a clean bill of health.

George A. Bolster of Albion, Mich., is visiting his father, Capt. H. N. Bolster. Capt. Bolster, who underwent a surgical operation some weeks ago, and has been very weak since, has appeared slightly better for the last few days.

The members of the W. C. T. U. with the ministers and their wives are invited to meet with Mrs. E. O. Taylor on Paris Hill, Thursday afternoon, July 12th, for the annual Field Day. A team will leave the square at half past one. All wishing a seat in same will please notify Mrs. Hattie Bonney as early in the week as possible.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office July 9, 1906:

Mr. Winfield S. Wood.
Mr. A. G. Wentworth.
Mr. E. H. Wentworth.
Mr. Javin M. Russell.
Mr. James E. Dresser.
Mrs. Mary E. Currier.
Mrs. Jennie C. Smith.
Miss Lucy Everett.
Miss Hattie Crockett.
Ella Paine.

S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

A union praise service of the four churches was held in the Methodist church Sunday evening. The singing was led by Professor W. S. Wight and a chorus. Besides numerous hymns in which all joined, there were several choruses, quartettes, duets and solos. Short addresses, relating principally to the influence of music in worship, and the significance and power of certain hymns, were given by Rev. Messrs. Clifford, Chesbro and Little.

Miss Eunice W. Fobes, who teaches in Wakefield, Mass., was here a few days last week, returning Friday to start on a trip abroad. She sailed from Boston Saturday, on the White Star line, with a party of Cook's tourists bound for the world's Christian Endeavor meeting at Geneva. The first stop they make is at Naples, from which place they go to Geneva where the meeting is held. Later they travel through France and England, the entire trip occupying forty-three days.

The closing concert of Professor Wight's singing class will be given in New Hall Tuesday evening of this week. Professor Wight and his chorus will be assisted by some of the best singers of the place, including the Schubert Quartette, and Mr. Tower, Mr. Dunn, and Mrs. Bradbury of Norway. The programme of the concert is as follows:

1 Chorus—Morning Serenade, Steffin
2 Solo and Chorus—Far from Home, Steffin
3 Solo—Selected, Miss Jessie Tolman.
4 Chorus—Sailing on the Sea, Steffin
5 Duet—Selected. Mrs. Ava Bradbury, Miss Marguerite Finney.
6 Comic Quartette—Professor at Home, P. P. Bliss. Miss Leach, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Burnham, Mr. Wight.
7 Chorus of girls and boys—Bird of Springtime, Steffin
8 Solo—A May Morning, Denzer. Miss Hattie Leach.
9 Duet—Excelsior, Balfe. Mr. Frank S. Pike, Mr. W. S. Wight.
10 Chorus of little girls with dolls—Our Baby Boy, Hopping
11 Solo—Angus MacDonald, Roeckel. Mr. F. E. Tower.
12 Patriotic Chorus, Steffin
13 Solo—Selected, Mrs. Ava Y. Bradbury.
14 Double Quartette—Spring Song, Pinsuti. Mrs. Wilson, Miss Thayer, Mrs. Smiley, Mrs. Stover, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Pike, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Wight.
15 Solo—Grand Vocal Medley, Mr. Frank S. Pike.
16 Quartette—Carmena, Schubert Quartette.
17 Solo—Cradle Song, Kate Vannah. Miss Sue Wheeler.
18 Solo—Song of the Forge, Felton. Mr. W. S. Wight.
19 Chorus—Oh, My Love's like a Red, Red Rose, Garrett
20 Chorus—Anthem, Wake the Song of Jubilee, Steffin

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

O. E. Pratt is confined to the house by illness.

Ahira Smith of Bethel was at J. S. Brown's last Tuesday.

A. M. York of Caribou is visiting his sister, Mrs. F. C. Stowe.

On his eighth birthday which occurred last Monday, Bertie Wheeler entertained a party of his young friends.

Henry Pratt and sisters Margaret and Ruth, and brother Arthur of Orange, N. J., are passing a few weeks at the home of Walter Swett.

Celebration at Norway.

The numerous and varied weather of Wednesday interfered considerably with the extensively advertised celebration of the Fourth at Norway. In fact, in the morning it looked so doubtful, to say the least, that it was questionable whether anything could be done.

The 8 o'clock parade was finally organized, what was left of it, about 9 o'clock, in Printing House Square. The Norway Band and the Berlin Band led the respective sections of the parade, though there was hardly enough of it to divide in two sections. Co. D, N. G. S. M., and the two bands, with fine disregard for the three inches of mud and water in the street, marched to the fair grounds, and the horribles fell in behind.

A take-off on the Norway Band, made up of "kids," took the first prize in the horribles. Besides this there was a good hit on the long-deferred "Waterford electrics," and two or three minor affairs. An independent company of colored riders from Paris Hill whooped into town a little late and went back again. Some thirty decorated teams were got ready by the merchants and others, but none of them started in the mud, and it did not take the procession long to pass a given point, unless the point was moving in the same direction.

At the fair grounds the base ball tournament simmered down to two games—if they were entitled to the term—which are reported elsewhere. The sky cleared in the middle of the day, but a little before 2 o'clock a tempest of a shower beat through the grand stand, moistening somewhat the large crowd assembled there, and making the track a sea of mud, so that no races could be run. Co. D gave quite a pretty exhibition drill soon afterward, with soldierly disregard for wet grass and things, and the ball ground dried out so as to allow the game to be started about 3 o'clock—and contrary to the expectations of the spectators, it was finished before dark.

A potato race was run off during the day, the first prize of $2 going to Thomas Leonard, and the second of $1 to Frank LaFrance.

In the evening there was a band concert at Witherell Park, and a good display of fireworks near the residence of C. W. Horne on Elm Street. There was also roller skating at Central Park, which was opened for the season that evening.

Independence Day at South Paris.

The Glorious Fourth was unmarked by anything sensational or even unduly exciting here. There was an average amount of noise, or perhaps a little more, in the hours following midnight. The authorities at the Methodist church had decided not to allow that bell to be rung on account of the risk to the clock, and posted watchmen there to see the decision was carried out. Therefore the bell was not rung, although it is said that some of the enthusiasts declared they would ring it in spite of anything this side of a place which people are a little careful about mentioning in polite society.

In their zeal the celebrators secured a pair of pole climbers, and attempted to scale three several corners of the building, punching holes in the finish and splitting some of the clapboards. How they thought they were going to get over the wide jet at the eaves of the building is something that no one has found out, but at any rate they got only a few feet above the ground. The other bells were rung, and a fair amount of powder burned.

During the day there was the Grand Army picnic, which the weather drove into the hall. Dinner was served there, and in the afternoon an address on the Declaration of Independence was given by Rev. J. H. Little.

There being nothing in the nature of a general programme here, a good number of the people took in the Norway celebration, both in the forenoon and afternoon, but the weather and other considerations took the heart out of so many of the features of that that what was left was rather tame.

There were fifteen different varieties of weather in the course of the day, by actual count, but only one condition of the roads, and that was mud.

The Corn Bin Broke Down.

CRASHED THROUGH TWO FLOORS AT SHURTLEFF'S GRAIN MILL.

There was a crash and a smash at the grain mill of A. E. Shurtleff Friday forenoon, fortunately without injury to any one, though R. N. Hall, who was just coming through the outside door of the mill, was within six feet of the wreckage which would have buried him if it had struck him.

The corn bin on the second floor of the building is a square bin, half the width of the building. The floor was new, put in during the repairs since the fire, and was supported by new hemlock timbers, 2x10, with gains cut at the ends to go on to the timbers of the frame. With five or six hundred bushels of corn in the bin, the weight proved too much, and the timbers broke off, letting the whole section of the floor through. On a portion of the floor directly below were piled barrels of flour and sacks of bran. Adding to the weight of this the corn which fell from the floor above was too much, and the section of the first floor also gave way, dumping the whole pile into the cellar.

The flour and feed, being in sacks and barrels, is not difficult to get back. The loose corn is more troublesome. No other part of the mill except that one section was injured, and none of the machinery was damaged.

MODEST CLAIMS OFTEN CARRY THE MOST CONVICTION.

When Maxim, the famous gun inventor, placed his gun before a committee of judges, he stated its carrying power to be much below what he felt sure the gun would accomplish. The result of the trial was therefore a great surprise, instead of disappointment. It is the same with the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. They do not publicly boast of all this remedy will accomplish, but prefer to let the users make the statements. What they do claim, is that it will positively cure diarrhœa, dysentery, pains in the stomach and bowels and has never been known to fail. For sale by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

The trustees of the Brunswick and Topsham water district have announced that they will be able to pay the interest on the bonds and all running expenses out of the income of the district for the six months. This is somewhat of a pleasant surprise as it was prophesied that there would be a large deficit.

BOWEL COMPLAINT IN CHILDREN.

During the summer months children are subject to disorders of the bowels which should receive careful attention as soon as the first unnatural looseness of the bowels appears. The best medicine in use for bowel complaint is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy as it promptly controls any unnatural looseness of the bowels. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

In the mammoth storage house, now under process of construction at Stockton Springs, 22 tons of nails will be used, which fact will give one an idea of the size of the building.

OLD CHRONIC SORES.

As a dressing for old chronic sores there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Salve. While it is not advisable to heal old sores entirely, they should be kept in good condition for which this salve is especially valuable. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

The safe in Franklin Lunt's grocery store at South Durham was blown Sunday night, but only a small amount of money was taken.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR BOWELS.

Many serious diseases arise from neglect of the bowels. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are a pleasant and agreeable laxative. They invigorate the liver and regulate the bowels. For sale by Shurtleff & Co., South Paris; Jones Drug Store, Oxford; Noyes Drug Store, Norway.

NORWAY.

CHURCHES.

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

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

Methodist Church, Rev. C. A. Brooks, Pastor. Preaching service, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Social Evening Meeting, 7:00 P. M., prayer meeting, Tuesday evening; class meeting Friday evening. Epworth League, Sunday evening, 6:00 P. M.

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

The July session of the Norway Municipal Court was held on Tuesday. Some new business. No trials.

The Fourth was properly observed. No damage done by the boys. Considerable noise the night before. No injuries on the Fourth of a serious nature. Notwithstanding the rain the programme was very successfully carried out in the greater part.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hills of Union visited his son, Vivian W. Hills, this week. They came on Saturday and returned after the fourth.

The masons finished their work on the Whitmarsh foundation, Bridge Street, Saturday. The carpenters will commence work at once and forward the building as fast as possible.

Prof. V. M. Whitman and family of Peterboro, N. H., are stopping with his people, Judge and Mrs. Charles F. Whitman. They will spent the summer vacation in town.

V. W. Hills went to Portland Thursday and drove up with his new auto. He did not employ a teamster (with horses) but actually made the trip without an accident to machine or damage to citizen or property along the road.

The team to shoot at Wakefield, Mass., from Co. D, 1st Regt., N. G. S. M., consists of Capt. John W. Nash, Lieut. Moses P. Stiles, Sergt. C. A. Marston, with Privates W. P. Marston and L. H. Daughraty, first part. Sergt. W. C. Leavitt, Corporals S. S. Maxim, A. L. Wyman, Privates W. M. Russell and F. F. Swan make up the second part. Two substitutes with each division allowed.

Thomas F. Harney of South Framingham, Mass., is visiting his Norway friends. Mr. Harney some years ago was one of B. F. Spinney & Co.'s foremen. He is now employed in the same position with R. H. Long Shoe Company where the Waldorf shoe for men and women is made.

It is now reported that Mr. Ellsworth Young, late of Lynn, Mass., and not A. L. F. Pike, is the purchaser of the John L. Horne place recently occupied as an Old Ladies' Home.

Several cases in the Municipal Court Monday. Intoxication. One discharged for want of proof, one fined $5 and costs amounting in all to nearly $20. Paid. Two others convicted and appealed to the October term of Supreme Judicial Court.

The frost out of the ground and everything is ready to build that Norway and Western Railroad. Now comes the report that "it hardly seems probable that the proposed railroad will be built this season." There is little question, among those who are supposed to know, about its construction next year.

Mrs. A. F. Andrews is spending the summer at her cottage at Old Orchard where her daughter and other members of the family are with her most of the time.

The merry-go-round is up and doing business on Whitman Street on the F. Howe lot.

Monday John A. Woodman, Fred W. Sanborn, Oscar Needham and Napoleon Champaigne made up the fishing party at Harrison. They captured over forty (40) pounds of white perch.

Aaron H. Kenerson was home for the fourth. He has been somewhat under the weather with rheumatism for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Bowker of Portland were with their Norway friends this week. Mrs. Bowker assisted in the National Bank during Cashier Smith's absence at Vinalhaven, where Mr. and Mrs. Smith attended the wedding of their son, Fred E. Smith, to Miss Vinal, Wednesday.

Dr. Harry Nevers and wife of Bingham are with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nevers. Dr. Nevers has sold his business, and while looking for a place to locate will take a post-graduate course.

Hal R. Eaton and wife are with Mrs. Eaton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sargent, for a few weeks.

Fred Gibson and family of San Rafael, Cal., who have visited Norway relatives for some days, left for Colebrook, N. H., Thursday.

Thaddeus B. Roberts, son of Hon. John A. Roberts, will take a course at an electrical school in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Roberts graduated from Bowdoin this year and is one of Norway's smartest young men.

Leon E. Frost of Salem, Mass., is visiting his Norway relatives and friends.

Dr. Thompson of Philadelphia came to town Saturday.

Rev. C. E. Angell of Freeport, for nearly twenty years pastor of the Norway Universalist church, made her many friends a visit the past week.

The citizens of Norway are talking "play grounds for the children." At present the only place they have is the streets. All seem to be in favor of providing them with a ground.

Maine News Notes.

The State Grange will meet at Augusta, Dec. 18, 19 and 20.

The office of Charles M. White, a log driving contractor at Argyle, was entered on the morning of the 1st, the safe was blown and about $900 in money was secured.

State Bank Examiner Fremont E. Timberlake of Phillips has resigned, and Governor Cobb has nominated as his successor Ex-Mayor William B. Skelton of Lewiston.

A TRAGIC FINISH.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth McIver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a little cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure, at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

As the outcome of the San Francisco earthquake, insurance rates in the "congested districts" of the cities are being raised 20 per cent, and property in the main portion of several Maine cities takes the increase.

ONLY 82 YEARS OLD.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., druggists. Price 50c.

A wallet containing $300 in currency and a note for $2000 was stolen from C. I. Barker of Lewiston while he was boarding a car in a crush at the state fair grounds Wednesday.

A HARD LOT

of troubles to contend with, spring from a torpid liver and blockaded bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills; the pleasantest and most effective cure for Constipation. They prevent appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c. at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store.

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

Democratic County Convention.

CANDIDATES NOMINATED, INCLUDING ONE REPUBLICAN, AND AN ADDRESS BY CANDIDATE M'GILLICUDDY.

It was the largest Democratic county convention in some years that met at South Paris last Tuesday. There was a full representation of the 74 delegates entitled to seats under the call, although it was apparent that the list was made full by filling vacancies from numerous towns. And it was a fairly representative body of men, its Democracy apparently not being in any way disturbed by the fact that a number of delegates honked into town at a merry clip in their own automobiles.

Like most bodies of size, it was a little slow about getting started, and it was 10:40 when the assembly was called to order in the court room by Chairman B. G. McIntire of the county committee. He read the call, and stated that the county committee had invited Hon. A. S. Kimball of Norway to act as temporary chairman of the convention.

In taking the chair Mr. Kimball spoke briefly, expressing his appreciation of the honor and his pride in the gathering and in the old county of Oxford, and saying that the Democratic party has always been and is to-day the party which is nearest to the people and dearest to their hearts.

Ralph I. Trask of Norway and Goodwin R. Wiley of Bethel were chosen secretaries by nomination from the floor.

The county committee was made committee on credentials, and retired to prepare its report. As this occupied a little time, the chairman invited Col. A. W. Bradbury of Buckfield to address the convention during the wait. Col. Bradbury responded, saying that the plain people had in the past had little to do with the management of state affairs, that having been attended to principally by a little coterie of Republicans at the state house. Now the people are getting roused, and he urged that they take interest enough not only to talk about it, but to get out to vote in September, emphasizing the need of organization to accomplish that end.

The committee on credentials reported that 74 delegates were entitled to seats, and that 74 were present, and read a list of the delegates, without specifying the towns which they represented. The announcement was received with applause.

The temporary organization was then made permanent.

On motion of Col. Bradbury, the following committee on resolutions was appointed:

Col. A. W. Bradbury of Buckfield.
A. A. Hartford of Hiram.
F. H. Bartlett of Rumford.
S. A. Reed of Mexico.
Eugene Nelson of Waterford.
H. O. Blake of Oxford.

On motion of M. L. Kimball of Norway, the following committee was chosen to nominate a county committee for 1907 and 1908:

M. L. Kimball of Norway.
Willis H. Kilgore of Waterford.
Y. A. Thurston of Andover.
J. L. Howard of Mexico.
A. E. Shurtleff of Paris.
Matthew McCarthy of Rumford.

After a recess to allow these committees to do their work the committee to nominate a county committee reported the following list, which was accepted:

M. A. Waite, Canton.
J. L. Howard, Mexico.
Matthew McCarthy, Rumford.
Arthur Gauthier, Rumford.
Fred L. Edwards, Bethel.
M. L. Thurston, Newry.
T. S. Bridgham, Buckfield.
Wm. O. Frothingham, Paris.
Frank P. Towne, Norway.
H. O. Blake, Oxford.
George W. Richardson, Greenwood.
A. D. Fessenden, Denmark.
H. D. E. Hutchins, Fryeburg.
Frank C. Palmer, Porter.

The Oxford County members of the state and district committees to be members of the county committee *ex officio*, and the state committee member to be chairman of the county committee *ex officio*.

The committee on resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

The Democrats of Oxford congratulate their brethren of the state and second district upon their great conventions held at Bangor and Auburn.

We approve the sound doctrine laid down in both platforms and declare our hearty support of the candidates these put in nomination.

We believe the citizens of Oxford County are fully competent to govern themselves; and we resent all attempts to control or coerce our home administration by outside commission or otherwise.

We pledge our best efforts to elect the candidates named by this convention, having full confidence in their ability and honesty.

Profoundly impressed by the important principles of the initiative and referendum, we adopt as our war cry for this campaign the inspiring words of our candidate for Governor: "Back to the People!"

Nominations for the several offices being then in order, W. L. Farrar of Paris moved that a committee be appointed to present a list of candidates for the consideration of the convention. This motion was opposed by M. L. Kimball of Norway and T. S. Bridgham of Buckfield, and was lost on a show of hands.

B. G. McIntire of Waterford then nominated for Senator Dr. Frank W. Morse of Canton, and it was voted that one of the secretaries cast the vote of the convention for him.

For Clerk of Courts M. L. Kimball nominated A. M. Edwards of Bethel, and he was made the candidate by acclamation.

For County Treasurer W. L. Farrar nominated William O. Frothingham of Paris, and the nomination was made by acclamation.

Chairman Kimball at this point called Mr. Wiley to the chair for a few moments, and taking the floor placed in nomination for County Attorney Matthew McCarthy of Rumford. Mr. McCarthy was also nominated by acclamation.

The nomination next in order being that for Register of Deeds, M. L. Kimball took the floor and asked the convention to make an exception to its usual practice, in giving the nomination to one who was not a member of the party, but an exceedingly efficient and courteous officer. He asked it, "not because we expect him ever to become a Democrat, but to show the Republican voters that we appreciate the policy of continuing an exceptionally good man in office, and that we are not afraid to do what we are going to ask them to do." He then nominated J. Hastings Bean of Paris, the present incumbent, a Republican. The nomination was seconded by W. L. Farrar, and was made unanimously.

For Register of Deeds in the Western District, A. A. Hartford of Hiram nominated Norman Charles of Fryeburg, and the nomination was made by acclamation.

For County Commissioner Fred L. Edwards of Bethel nominated Young America Thurston of Andover, and the nomination was made by acclamation.

The nomination for sheriff being the last on the list, T. S. Bridgham of Buckfield expressed his pleasure at nominating Bertrand G. McIntire of Waterford, the present sheriff. The nomination was instantly seconded by at least two other delegates simultaneously, and was carried with enthusiasm.

Mr. McIntire thanked the convention, and stated that whether he was successful or not in this campaign, he should not be a candidate again two years hence.

Mr. McCarthy, who had been nominated for county attorney, was called upon, and spoke briefly, predicting Democratic success in the fall elections in state, congressional district and county.

The chairman then introduced Hon. D. J. McGillicuddy of Lewiston, the Democratic candidate for congress in this district, who had arrived on the forenoon train and had been present during the convention. Mr. McGillicuddy spoke about forty minutes in clear and vigorous style. He said the Democrats of the country ought to take off their hats to the Democrats of Oxford County, who had done the work of the party for so many years entirely without hope of reward. He saw an awakening of the people this year, and was satisfied that many Republicans will vote the Democratic ticket, because it is the only way to redeem the state from the domination of a political machine.

Turning from general principles to particular matters, he took up the Sturgis law, which he pronounced a dishonest law from the start, and as dishonestly enforced as any law that was ever on the statute book, quoting at some length from the Lewiston Journal's summary of liquor conditions in Maine in support of his contention. In regard to resubmission, he declared that "the people" wanted a chance to vote on the prohibitory amendment, and scored the Republican party for denying them their right.

Taking up the matter of taxation, he declared that taxes had been very inequitable under Republican administration, and for special illustration cited the law passed in 1891 by which the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, which had not then been built, was to have ninety-five per cent of its taxes returned to it by the state, in return for the free transportation of troops in time of war, and gave figures to show what the cost had been to the state. He closed with an exhortation to the Democrats to get out their vote.

The convention closed a few minutes after 1 o'clock.

While appreciating fully the compliment paid him by the nomination, Mr. Bean, the Register of Deeds, does not think advisable for him as a Republican to accept the nomination of the Democratic convention, and it is understood that he will not sign the nomination papers.

A SUSTAINING DIET.

These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier, and tonic,—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

Glasses on weekly payments. Dr. Parmenter. Read my ad.

Born.

In Greenwood, July 2, to the wife of Grover C. Yates, a daughter, (9 lbs.)

In Brownfield, June, to the wife of Fred R. Lord, a son, Arthur William.

In Hanover, June 26, to the wife of Forrest L. Howe, a son.

In Andover, June 28, to the wife of Matthias Mooney, a son.

In Bethel, July 6, to the wife of Guy Thurston, a son.

Married.

In South Paris, July 3, by Rev. J. H. Little, Mr. William Frank Nottage and Miss Mabel Smith Chase, both of Paris.

In Oxford, June 22, by Roscoe F. Staples, Esq., Mr. Fred Waterman and Miss Eva Mayberry, both of Oxford.

In South Paris, June 30, by Rev. A. K. Baldwin, Mr. Henry P. Austin of South Paris and Miss Ava Hebbard of Shelburne, N. H.

In Calais, June 28, by the Rev. Charles G. McCully, Mr. Albert Moore Rollins and Miss Edna May Clark, both of Calais.

In East Hebron, June 28, by Rev. W. T. Boyd, Mr. Charles W. Billings and Mrs. Emma Boy

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DAILY NEWS-PAPER.

The New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune

is a metropolitan newspaper for busy people, almost as good as a daily, and your Rural Free Delivery Carrier brings it to your door three times every week.

It is published on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and contains all the most important news of The Daily Tribune, which is a guarantee of its value.

If you live in the village or on a farm and have not time for a daily newspaper you may be kept in close touch with all important news of the world at a very small cost.

The regular price of THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, **The Oxford Democrat,**

Both Papers One Year for $2.25.

Send your order and money to The Oxford Democrat, South Paris, Maine.

Your name and address on a postal card to THE NEW-YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, New-York City, will bring you a free sample copy.

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.

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:—"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat.

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

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

Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

The Measure

— OF ALL —

Typewriters

Commercial Brains measure every typewriter—quality for quality—attribute for attribute—by the

Underwood.

How approach it in responsiveness—in mechanical perfection. How resemble it in appearance, design and finish. Its increasing fame makes permanent the Standard—

THE ORIGINAL OF ITS KIND.

Imitations are Never so Good.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., 241 Broadway, New York. 76 Exchange St., - Portland, Me.

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.

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 10, 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, General Agent, Franklin Wharf, Portland, Me.

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

THAYER'S Meat Market.

Fresh meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

Corned beef and salt pork a specialty.

Fresh fish arrives every Monday afternoon and Thursday morning.

Am shipping live stock every week, and paying full market price.

T. Thayer,

MARKET SQUARE, SOUTH PARIS.

Cord Wood, Slab Wood, Edgings, Stove Wood and Coal at

A. W. Walker & Son's,

South Paris, 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.

Wanted.

PEELED PULPWOOD.

Spruce, Fir, and Poplar delivered at any station.

E. H. PIKE,

WEST PARIS, - MAINE.

SOUTH PARIS FRUIT COMPANY.

NEW STORE:

Pythian Block.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WE RUN A TEAM, AND MAKE FREE DELIVERY.

COME IN AND SEE US, AND SEE IF WE DON'T HAVE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

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 June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six. 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 said Paris, on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1906, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

RACHAL L. MORSE, late of Oxford, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of George Hazen or some other suitable person as administrator with the will annexed presented by David Morse, widower.

MARY F. BENNETT, late of Paris, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by John Bennett, the executor therein named.

MARTHA A. MARSTON, late of Hartford, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by John C. Marston, the executor therein named.

ALBERT L. SOULE, late of Oxford, deceased; petition for determination of collateral inheritance tax presented by Truman B. Soule, administrator.

PETER N. HASKELL, late of Waterford, deceased; petition for confirmation of trustee presented by Joseph B. Haskell.

WILLIAM G. HAMMOND, late of Paris, deceased; final account presented for allowance by Henry D. Hammond, executor.

LUCETTA M. WINSLOW, late of Paris, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Lizzie A. Millett, executrix.

THANKFUL C. BACON, late of Buckfield, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Eugene F. Smith, administrator.

OLIVE F. HEALD, late of Sumner, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Cyrus B. Heald, executor.

JOHN D. DUNN, late of Sumner, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Charles H. Bonney, administrator.

ALBERT L. SOULE, late of Oxford, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Truman B. Soule, administrator.

NELLIE E. DECOSTA, late of Buckfield, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by Fred W. Record, administrator.

ELVA E. STETSON, late of Buckfield, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by Washington Heald, administrator.

FRANCETTA FLETCHER, late of Paris, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Alton C. Wheeler, administrator.

HERBERT L. SWIFT, late of Paris, deceased; petition for the appointment of Annie L. Swift or some other suitable person as administratrix presented by Annie L. Swift, widow.

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

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

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

MARIA E. J. RICE, late of Paris,

in the County of Oxford, deceased. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

June 19th, 1906. CHARLES F. CHASE.

NOTICE.

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

CALEB FULLER, late of Paris,

in the County of Oxford, deceased. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

June 19th, 1906. MARIETTA A. FULLER.

NOTICE.

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

DAVID M. STURTEVANT,

late of Magalloway Plantation,

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.

MELVIN D. STURTEVANT.

June 19th, 1906.

THE PUZZLER

No. 175.—Sense Out of Nonsense.

Take the sentence, "The sun rose before Joe did." Now, here is the best use of the interjection that can be given.

The paragraph above appears to relate only to grammar, but really contains a hidden question in geography. What is the question?

No. 176.—Triple Cross Word Enigma

My FIRSTS are in governor, not in bill;
My SECONDS in seek, but not in gill;
My THIRDS are in rowboat, not in lead;
My FOURTHS in formerly, not in bed;
My FIFTHS are in good, but not in brace;
My SIXTHS in remain, but not in lace;
My SEVENTHS in take and also in skates;
My WHOLES are three of the United States.

No. 177.—Letter Changes.

Supply the first missing word and retain its initial and final letters in each succeeding one.

She was •••••• to discover a ticket •••••• to her husband's coat, showing that it had been ••••••. On the ticket was •••••• the name of a firm across the ••••. She knew his business ventures must have •••••• out badly, but he only joked and •••••• when she asked him about his finances, and she ••••• over his lack of confidence.

No. 178.—Geographical Square.

1. A river in Utah.
2. A river in Spain.
3. A river in Italy.
4. A town in California, also in Indiana.

No. 179.—Riddle.

Above your head I flutter high;
No color do I lack.
Red, brown or green or gold am I,
Again plain white and black.
I have no mind, I nothing know,
Yet all that you have learned
Of heaven above or earth below
By me you have discerned.

No. 180.—Double Acrostic.

• o o o o o o •
• o o o o o o •
• o o o o o o •
• o o o o o o •

Primals name a shrub; finals a plant of the largest growth.

1. A private or obscure street.
2. Further; remoter.
3. Full of hope.
4. Inheritance.

No. 181.—Illustrated Rebus.

No. 182.—Anagrams.

The same letters are used to fill the blanks in each sentence.

1. I find it growing •••••••••• in the fields.
2. •••• •• •••• seldom feel the heat.
3. See the stately ••• •••• ••• branches with the wind.
4. ••• ••• •••• soon found its way home.
5. •••• •• •••• tired I would excuse him.
6. Molly wrote the letter all ••• •••• ••• self.
7. •• •••• •••• foolish were he even to consider it.
8. I don't like the resorts ••••• ••••• person goes.

No. 183.—Charade.

My FIRST across the country fares;
My SECOND stands at the head;
My THIRD the luggage often bears;
My WHOLE through deserts is led.

No. 184.—Curtailings and Additions.

1. Triply curtail anything which yields a large income, add T and Y and make the science of plants.
2. Triply curtail to equip, add N and T and make a statement of facts.
3. Triply curtail a large pleasure coach, add O and W and make melted suet.
4. Triply curtail a heavy woolen cloth, add O and N and make a tropical fruit.

Why, of Course.

Jack—Her heart is as hard as glass. I've little hope of making an impression on it.

His Sister—Why not try a diamond? —Illustrated Bits.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 166.—Arithmograph: Chattanooga.

No. 167.—Easy Picture Puzzles: Cornell. Tuskegee.

No. 168.—Enigma: Ear, nest—earnest.

No. 169.—Word Square: 1. Grates. 2. Relent. 3. Alpaca. 4. Teapot. 5. Encore. 6. States.

No. 170.—Charade: Chris, Ann, the, mum—chrysanthemum.

No. 171.—Double Acrostic: Abraham Lincoln. 1 All. 2. Bacelli. 3. Rain. 4 Arc. 5. Halo. 6. Awl. 7. Moon.

No. 172.—An Aviary: Macaw. Oriole. Canary. Kite. Indigo. Nightingale. Goldfinch. Bluebird. Ibis. Robin.

No. 173.—Double Beheadings: 1. Ch-eat. 2. Ba-yard. 3. Fr-eight. 4. Impart.

No. 174.—Hidden Names: 1. Edith. 2. Madeline. 3. Caroline.

Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar is the original laxative cough syrup and combines the qualities necessary to relieve the cough and purge the system of cold. Contains no opiates. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Here! wait a minute," cried the proprietor of the restaurant. "This half dollar is bad."

"Well," replied the customer, as he hurried out, "so was the dinner it pays for. Good-by."

It has caused more laughs and dried more tears, wiped away diseases and driven away more fears than any other medicine in the world. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Tom—Well, what do you think of her?

Dick—Nice girl; but isn't she a bit reserved?

Tom—You bet she is. She is reserved for me.

A prompt relief for croup, One Minute Cough Cure, cuts the phlegm, allays the inflammation—the cough syrup with a reputation. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Employer (sternly)—I have too good a memory to work the same trick on twice, boy. Your grandmother died last fall season.

Boy—(timidly)—Please, sir, I had two.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

"He is too extravagant for a husband."

"Yes, but he's a dandy to be engaged to."

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

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

How to Treat Servants.

The reason the majority of women have a difficulty in keeping servants is because they have acquired the habit of looking upon maids as a separate and distinct species of human beings, who could not be expected to respond to considerations which govern the life of their mistresses, and who are almost, if not quite, incapable of feeling. "Only begin to show you are interested in your servants and you simply can't keep them in their place," you hear women say. That may be, but, after all, is it not a thousand times better to win the love and respect of your dependents rather than keep them at arm's length by assuming a spurious sort of superiority? Try for a moment to put yourself in their place, and look at life from their point of view. This is absolutely essential if you wish to understand the life of a servant, and how different it may be under a mistress who really tries to treat her maids as fellow creatures. Here is a series of rules to practice which will do much to keep servants contented and happy:

Always pay your servants as much money as you can afford as a compensation for the services they render you, and always pay them regularly. So far as you can without offending, take an interest in the way they use their wages, and help them to be economical.

Always state your orders pleasantly, briefly and clearly. Maids, as a rule, are not mind-readers, neither are they responsible for a mistress's poor memory.

Have the kitchen and the servant's room or rooms clean and cozy. Pictures are not necessary, but comfortable beds, chairs, and sunshine are.

Do not assume a superior tone in speaking to servants. It makes them either servile or resentful, while the qualities you should seek to cultivate in them are self-respect, honesty and affection.

Never permit children to be disrespectful to a maid; this rule is as necessary for the proper bringing up of the children as for the comfort of the maid.

Remember that she needs rest and fresh air and sunshine; that social relationships are as essential to her as to you; that her life is brighter and her work better for her afternoons and evenings off; that sorrow depresses her and pain hurts her even as they do you and yours.—Ex.

To Preserve the Complexion.

Eat plenty of spinach. It acts as a tonic and a beautifier.

Good soap, soft water, plenty of fruit, early hours, and a daily walk in all weathers.

Bathe the face every night with equal quantities of warm milk and water. It keeps the skin fair and smooth.

To preserve a good complexion, never wash the face with hard water. If natural soft water cannot be obtained, throw a little oatmeal in the water used.

Anyone can have a clear complexion. There is a simple remedy at hand, and it is water which should be drunk freely, but not at meals. The water taken must not be too cold.

Madame Patti's Recipe. Take one cupful of hot mutton fat, into it stir as much glycerine, adding a few drops of perfume. Stir until this begins to harden, and then place in jars. Massage with this cream every night, and rub off in the morning.

Avoid the use of highly scented and highly colored soaps. Wash the face in hot water, using a free lather of mild soap. Rinse in clear cold water and rub with a moderately rough towel. When east winds are blowing, dab a little glycerine mixed with an equal quantity of rose water on the face after drying it. Eat plenty of fruit and green vegetables.

To prevent sunburn after a long walk or ride in the hot sun, rub your face with a little almond oil instead of washing it. Almond oil is excellent for the skin, and used in this way will prevent that burned, uncomfortable feeling that so often follows exposure to the sun. Leave on the oil for ten minutes, and then wipe off with a soft rag. The oil will remove any dirt there may be as well as washing would do.

Careful ablution and the use of a good soap, strict attention to diet, plenty of outdoor exercise, an occasional mild aperient, and a little cold cream rubbed well into the face on a windy day, also on retiring. These little attentions will secure for anyone a complexion to be envied.

Abstain from tea and coffee. Eat plenty of fruit. Go to bed early, sleep with the window open, and rise early. Don't use cosmetics. Nothing should be put on the face but soap and water and a little cold cream. Don't worry. Beware of constipation. Don't stay indoors too much, but take plenty of exercise.

Procure half a pound of mutton fat, render down gently in a stone jar. Strain through a hair sieve, then add the same quantity of glycerine as of fat. Mix well and it will form a white cream. Wash the face in hot water every night, and rub in the cream. This will prevent wrinkles, and make the skin beautifully soft.

Health is the best cosmetic. To be in health one must to some extent learn its laws and conform to them. By living on plain, wholesome food, taking due exercise (both indoors and out), and by keeping the entire skin of the body in active condition by means of thorough cleanliness, we will, never doubt it, improve our complexions. For the most part a complexion may be impaired or improved according to the foods one eats. Indigestible dishes render it thick and dull. Avoid pastry, too much tea and candy, and laziness. These are all foes to the possession of a fair face. A disordered condition of the stomach, biliousness, constipation, and a fretting, anxious temper, all tend to render the complexion muddy-looking and thick. Simple health rules, conscientiously followed, will beat any cosmetic on the market.—McCall's.

Hints.

A damp pantry and warm cupboard are both bad places in which to keep bread.

To beep brown shoes clean and new looking, rub well first with a piece of cut lemon and then with a little salad oil, milk, vaseline or boot polish.

To clean raisins and currants, roll in flour and then pick off all the large stalks. If currants are washed, they must be dried before being added to cakes.

A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly and without the slightest injury to leather, and is far better than the usual brush.

When pouring hot fat into a glass dish, place the latter on a wet cloth. This prevents any chance of the glass cracking, which would otherwise be very likely to happen.

When bottling pickles or catsup it is a good plan to boil the corks, and while hot press them tightly into the bottles so that when they are cold they are tightly sealed.

When lighting a gas stove it will often give a slight explosion and light wrong, thus giving no heat. Turn the gas off very quickly and on again. It will then light properly without any further trouble.

It is not generally known that eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more nourishing and easier digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil furiously for three and half minutes.

To prevent thread from knotting always thread your needle at the end of the cotton as you undo it from the spool, and make the knot at the end that is cut off. If this is done your thread will never knot.

Although this is a great white season, many colored wash dresses are seen, particularly for morning wear. Chambray, linen, gingham and fancy lawns are being largely used. Plain light colors with white trimmings are very effective, but the darker shades are more serviceable. Fancy plaids, checks and neat figured materials make up attractively, particularly when they are relieved by white or some contrasting color.

Touches of color on white are very Frenchy and are used a great deal this season. A white pique Russian dress has a sailor collar and shield of Alice blue.

Shock all Around.

At an unexpected interruption in an after-dinner speech Senator Hale smiled.

"These words," he said, "surprise and confuse me. They come with a shock. They come with a shock like that which a young girl of Lode received one night.

"This young girl sat in her bedroom with a novel. Her hair was down and her feet were in red slippers. Now and then, extending her white arms, she yawned.

"You see, it was very late, and down stairs in the parlor her elder sister was entertaining a young man. She naturally felt a deep interest in the entertainment. She was waiting to hear how it would terminate.

"And, at last, there was a sound in the hall, a crash as of a closing door, and it was plain to the impatient girl that the young man had gone.

"She threw down her novel, and, running forth, peered over the balustrade down into the hall's intense blackness.

"'Well, Maude,' she said, 'did you land him?'

"There was no immediate reply to her question. There was a silence, a peculiar silence, a silence with a certain strained quality in it. Then a masculine voice replied:

"'She did.'"

"Is your horse afraid of automobiles?" asked the tourist who was mending a broken tire.

"No," answered Farmer Corntossel, "he's hauled too many of 'em home fur that."

A sweet breath adds to the joys of a kiss. You wouldn't want to kiss your wife, mother or sweetheart with a bad breath. You can't have a sweet breath without a healthy stomach. You can't have a healthy stomach without perfect digestion. There is only one remedy that digests what you eat and makes the breath as sweet as a rose—and that remedy is KODOL FOR DYSPEPSIA. It is a relief for sour stomach, palpitation of the heart, and other ailments arising from disorder of the stomach and digestion. Take a little Kodol after your meals and see what it will do for you. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

DISTANT RELATIVE.

Henry's father was a lieutenant in the navy and frequently absent on cruises of a year or more, therefore the boy had not the privilege of a very extended acquaintance with his parent. When the selection of a school for Henry was being made, it was suggested that it might be well to learn his father's preferences.

"Aw, what do we want to ask him for?" inquired Henry.

"Why, my son, he's your father," said his mother reprovingly.

"He's only my father by marriage," replied Henry in scorn.

Many sufferers from nasal catarrh say they get splendid results by using an atomizer. For their benefit we prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Except that it is liquid it is in all respects like the heating, helpful, pain-allaying Cream Balm that the public has been familiar with for years. No cocaine nor other dangerous drug in it. The soothing spray relieves at once and cure is certain. All druggists, 75 cents, including spraying tube or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

COULD USE THE OTHER KIND, TOO.

"Here," said the salesman, exhibiting another one, "is something new. We call this the 'lovers' clock.' You can set it so it will take two hours to run one hour."

"I'll take that," said Miss Jarmer, with a bright blush. "And now, if you have one that can be set so as to run two hours in one hour's time or less, I think I'd like one of that kind, too."

Try a little KODOL FOR DYSPEPSIA after your meals. See the effect it will produce on your general feeling by digesting your food and helping your stomach to get itself into shape. Many stomachs are overworked to the point where they refuse to go further. Kodol digests your food and gives your stomach the rest it needs, while its reconstructive properties get the stomach back into working order. Kodol relieves flatulence, sour stomach, palpitation of the heart, belching, etc. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

OVERLOOKED A BET.

"Tom's a fool!"

"Why, Margery! I thought you liked him."

"Well, we were sitting on the sofa last night, and he bet me that I couldn't whistle, and I turned to him and puckered up my lips to start, and—

"Well?"

"Well, he let me whistle!"

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.

CONVINCING PROOF.

"I don't think I'll let my daughter marry you, young man."

"Why not, sir?"

"Well, you have very expensive tastes."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, you want to marry my daughter."

It is always well to have a box of salve in the house. Sunburn, cuts, bruises, piles and boils yield to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Should keep a box on hand at all times to provide for emergencies. For years the standard, but followed by many imitators. Be sure you get the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

PREPARING.

"Blank is going to run for office next fall."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but I just met him on the street and he gave me the glad hand. We have not spoken before in two years."

N. B. TRUTH, St. Paul, June 31, '08.

I've lived so long, I remember well when the Mississippi was a brook. My good health came by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"A man in politics should have lots of friends, shouldn't he?"

"It depends," answered Senator Sorghum, "on whether they are friends who want to do something for you or who want you to do something for them."

Does evil still, your whole life fill?
Does woe betide?
Your thoughts abide on suicide?
You need a pill!

Now for prose and facts—DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most pleasant and reliable pills known to-day. They never gripe. Sold by F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"What is the chief product of Panama?"

And the great statesman never looked up from the momentous document as he replied:

"Conversation."

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50 cents.

Mere Trifles—Folks all well this morning, Tommy? asked a friehd of the family. "Yes'm," replied Tommy. "I am glad to hear it. The last time I heard from them your papa was suffering from rheumatic gout and your mamma had neuralgia." "Oh, yes, they've still got 'em. I thought you meant was any of us sick."

A little love, a little wealth,
A little home for you and me;
It's all I ask except good health,
Which comes with Rocky Mountain Tea.

F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"The Briggs' honeymoon is over."

"What makes you think so?"

"When they go out together on a rainy day now each carries his own umbrella."

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Mosquito Is Found

The greatest excitement prevailed in Mosquitotown, for Eugene Mosquito had lost himself. Eugene was a stylish young fellow, who was last seen sitting on a cheese box in his mother's kitchen.

Everybody started out to find poor Eugene, and his mother wrung her hands in anguish as she thought of what terrible things might have happened to her boy.

But, search high and low, no one could find him, and the mosquito's father's hair turned gray when some one declared that Eugene must have been run over by an automobile and stuck to the wheels.

"We will not give up the search!" cried the lightning bug gravely. "Come on, fellows! I'll lead the way."

They were gone a long time, but presently a loud cheer was heard, and

HE WAS A STYLISH YOUNG FELLOW.

they were all soon back at Mr. Mosquito's house, and there was Eugene in their very midst.

"Where did you find him?" asked the mother as she wrapped her arms around the truant.

"The lightning bug found me!" cried Eugene.

"Yes; he crawled into a keyhole, where Eugene had hid from a big spider," added the water bug.

"After I got in I couldn't see to get out," said Eugene.

"Until I came in and lit my trusty lamp," said the lightning bug.

"Hurrah!" cried everybody.

"Hurrah!" cried Eugene.

Then they gave a grand ball, and everybody praised the noble lightning bug, and the next day he married the mosquito's cousin, and it was a grand affair.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Dog.

It is related by Professor Bell that when a friend of his was traveling abroad he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he intended making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined he took out his purse to pay and found he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening his servant informed him that the dog seemed very ill, as they could not induce him to eat anything. He went at once to his favorite, and as soon as he entered the room the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the gold coin at his feet and then devoured the food placed for him with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat lest he should lose his master's property before an opportunity was afforded him to restore it.—Chambers' Journal.

Origin of Crescent Bread.

The origin of the Viennese bread shaped like a crescent, which is found in most places on the continent, dates back to the time when the Austrian capital was being besieged by the Turks under the terrible Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, and as they failed to take the city by assault they decided to dig a passage under the walls and so penetrate into the town. In the daytime the noise of the siege made the sound of the tunneling inaudible, and at nighttime the defenders of the place were asleep, all but the sentries and the bakers. It was the bakers who, as they baked the bread for the garrison, heard the pickaxes of the miners coming nearer and nearer and gave the alarm. In the fighting the Bakers' association took their share with the utmost bravery, and as a reward for their services the emperor gave them permission to make a special cake shaped like the Turkish crescent.—London Sketch.

Once a Nest of Pirates.

Lundy, in the Bristol channel, is an island where one may see an earthquake at any time. There is nothing alarming about these "earthquakes," however. They are simply certain curious crevasses in the west of the island, which the local people call by that name. Lundy in former centuries was a notorious nest of pirates. In King Henry III.'s time William de Marisco, a traitor to the king, built a castle there and set up as an early Captain Kidd. And so it went on through the centuries until in the middle of the eighteenth Thomas Benson, a Barnstable merchant, who was then lessee of the island, was convicted of piracy and smuggling and expelled. He had a contract for carrying convicts to the American colonies and used quietly to land them on Lundy and use their labor there.

The Nine In the Calendar.

The figure 9, which came into the calendar on Jan. 1, 1889, will stay with us 111 years from that date, or until Dec. 31, 1999. No other figure has ever had such a long consecutive run, and the 9 itself has only once before been in a race which lasted over a century—that in which it continuously figured from Jan. 1, 889, until Dec. 31, 999, a period of 111 years. The figures 3 and 7 occasionally fall into odd combinations, but neither of them has ever yet served for a longer period than 100 consecutive years in our calendar since the present mode of calculating time was established. It is also clear that from their relative positions among the numerals it is an impossibility for either of them to appear in date reckonings continuously for a longer period than a century.

Blessings of Work.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

Easy Enough.

Insurance Superintendent (suspiciously)—How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount? Widow—He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums.

They Come In Flocks.

One way to gain lots of relatives is to die rich and leave no will.—Baltimore Sun.

Very Severe BILIOUS COLIC

Steuben, Me., Sept. 1, 1904.

Dear Sirs:— For a number of years I have had a bad liver trouble and it grew worse. At last I had Bilious Colic and thought sometimes I should die. At last a friend asked me to take the "L. F." Bitters; I took nine bottles and can happily say I have not had an attack since.

Very respectfully, MRS. C. C. FARREN.

Acute Bowel Trouble and Chronic Constipation are quickly and pleasantly relieved by "L. F." Atwood's purely vegetable Bitters.—A guaranteed remedy for all diseases of the digestive organs.—35c. at the store.

Free. Colored Postal Cards. 50 subjects. Write us. H. H. Hay's Sons, Selling Agents. Portland, Me.

Warning.

As rock blasting is a daily occurrence on Crocker Hill, the owner of the property hereby gives notice to this effect: All persons entering the property do so at their own risk.

Paris, Maine, May 18, 1906.

Farm for Sale.

Rare Chance for a Great Bargain.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm situated in South Hartford, containing 80 acres, well divided into tillage and pasture, wood enough for the use of the farm, good house and out buildings, one barn 40x60 feet, one stable 24x28 feet. Said farm cuts from 20 to 25 tons of good hay, a good orchard, more than 100 apple trees set out 4 years ago. There is running water in the house and stable, also never failing water in the pasture. Terms made easy. For further particulars inquire of William Cushman, Buckfield, or A. D. Park, South Paris, Maine.

Plants! Plants!

I have a nice stock of

Bedding and House PLANTS,

now on sale in the Howe Store, open afternoon and evening this week.

A good Walter A. Wood, two horse mowing machine, almost as good as new, price $20.

A. D. PARK.

Insurance.

W. J. Wheeler & Co. have been advised by nearly all the companies they represent that the terrible loss at San Francisco will be paid in full and that the companies will not be in any way involved in regard to their financial standing. Many of the foreign companies have wired their United States Managers to contribute aid to the sufferers in San Francisco and both foreign and American companies will do their part to alleviate the suffering in the stricken city.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.

Job Team Work.

Jobbing of all kinds with one horse or two horses, also corn planting.

L. E. NOYES,

April 30, 1906. South Paris.

FARMS

IF YOU want a quick cash sale for your country property, write for our improved FREE listing blanks. No advance payment required.

If you desire to purchase real estate, write or call on us. We have for sale some of the best farms in Oxford County.

The E. A. Strout Farm Agency,

"Largest in the World."

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

MOSES P. STILES, District Mgr., Norway, Maine.

HOLSTEIN BULLS

For Sale.

Having bred Holsteins for the past 18 years we are headquarters for anything in that line. We have sold 12 young things within the last 5 months and have 4 more bull calves and 1 yearling for sale. Also a big trade in a three year old if taken soon.

W. W. DUNHAM,

North Paris, Me.

DRILL WELLS for your NEIGHBORS

We can start you in a paying business on small capital. Machines easy and simple to operate. Write for free illustrated catalogue and full information.

STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO.,

Factory: Akron, O. Office: 108 Fulton Street, N. Y.

WANTED.

Any one having an Atlas of Oxford County by Caldwell and Halfpenny, 1880, wishing to sell please drop a postal to the subscriber, stating price and condition of book.

JAMES PLUMMER,

Augusta, Me.

For Sale.

Eight acres of nice orcharding, grafted and in bearing. Two acres of nice tillage land, just out of village. Also a new milch cow, and four weeks old pigs. Call on or address, A. J. PENLEY,

South Paris, Me.

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MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

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For Sale in South Paris.

The house and land belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. Sarah W. Hewett, situated in the center of the village, has two apartments of seven and eight rooms with sheds, large attic, &c., and is in excellent condition. The grounds are extensive, containing additional house lots.

W. T. HEWETT.

JAMES S. WRIGHT, Agent, S. Paris.

WANTED.

An experienced man to bunch dowels. Must be of good habits and give good reference.

J. A. KENNEY,

South Paris.

WOOD ASHES FOR SALE

In any quantity desired.

CAR LOAD LOTS A SPECIALTY.

For Price and Particulars address,

SIMON STAHL,

ALSO DEALER IN COAL AND WOOD.

BERLIN AND GORHAM, N. H.

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 have now used many million square feet of it. The Panama Canal Commission placed their whole order for Paroid, although nearly a hundred bids on imitations were submitted. Railroads, manufacturers and farmers all over the country use it and indorse 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 four years, having sold over 130,000 feet and the sale is rapidly increasing. In 1905 we sold enough to take the place of 700,000 shingles.

It is practically fireproof; the National Association of Fire Underwriters accept it in the class with gravel roofs as it is proof against sparks and cinders.

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. Is 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